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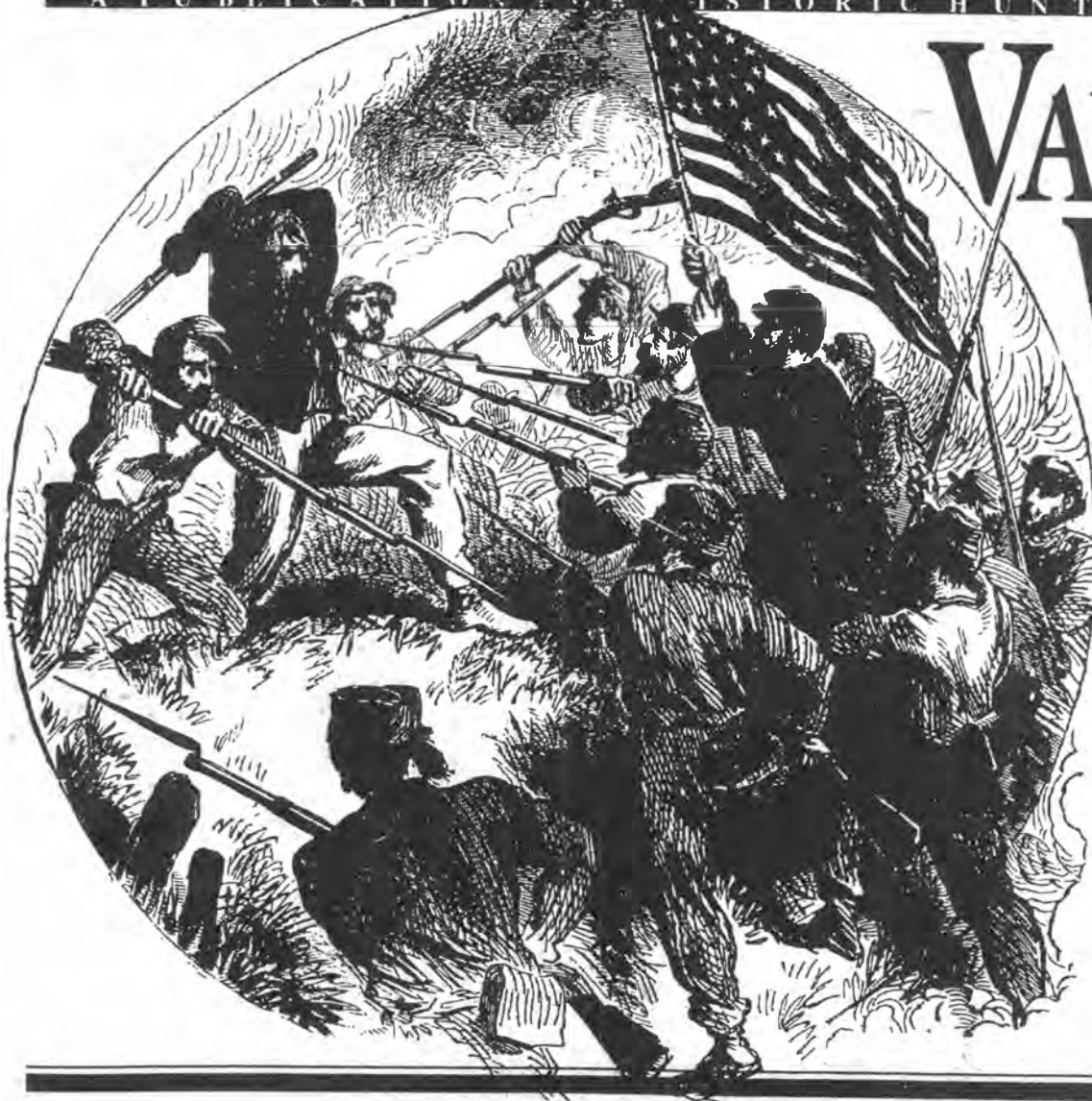


Volume 3 Issue 5

1992

# Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE



## VALLEY WAR

The  
Civil  
War  
Hits  
Close  
To  
Home



## Civil War Comes To The Tennessee Valley

In the early 1900's Marshall C. Wilson wrote of growing up in the Tennessee Valley during the Civil War. His memoirs are remarkable for the insight they give of the hardships the people of the Valley had to face during the war.

Marshall Wilson was born in Franklin County and served as a school teacher in Tusculum. In 1897 he was elected president of the State Normal School. (Now the University of North Alabama.) He died in 1932.

In the midst of intense excitement, Alabama departed (left the Union) on January 11th, 1861—meetings were held everywhere in wildest excitement; there were subscriptions of money and cotton to the Confederacy; confederate bonds were bought eagerly; young men hurried home from college, from the army and navy, from business in the North; companies were formed. There was marching, drilling all day long; making of flags, and presenting them; defense of slavery in the churches on Sundays. The whole state leaped to arms in a month. The boys, even those of 17 years, enlisted and some were babes of 15 and 16.

The Union sentiment that had been prevalent was thrown aside. The of-

ficers had been trained to military matters in college. The men had some training in the state militia. The planters and their sons raised companies and regiments at their own charge. There were no flabby young men grown weak in idle luxury—all were skilled horsemen; all knew how to shoot straight—their fathers had served in the war with Mexico and with the Indians. They left home eagerly, joyously, fearing the fight would be over before they could reach the front. The more impatient rushed on to Virginia to offer their services to Lee and Beauregard.

I shall now hurry on to 1862, when I was myself becoming keenly aware that something very unusual was going on. The terrible battle of Shiloh had been fought on April 6, about 50 miles from my home. All that dreadful Sunday we could hear the booming of the cannons. Gen. A.S. Johnson had fallen in battle and Gen. Beauregard slowly retired.

The Federal Army, under Gen. Buell advanced cautiously toward the Tennessee Valley and by midsummer strong detachments were encamped at strategic points and raids sent out in various directions to seize grain, stock, etc. You will remember that the Federal Army often subsisted entirely on the country invaded. All through this valley every man under 60 and all boys over 16 were at the front—nobody remained at home but the old men, women and children, and the slaves. I remember well the wild rumors that preceded the advance of Gen. Mitchell, who commanded these raiding parties. One was that he marched under a banner, bearing the device of a broom indicative of his intention to sweep the valley clean. Another, that the Yankees ransacked the houses for firearms, food, clothes and any kind of liquors. We were expecting them at our place at any hour, and someone was on the watch for them. One day when the family was seated at the dinner table, Joanna, a little negro maid, ran in exclaiming, "The Yankees are coming, the Yankees are coming." We looked out the windows and sure enough, they were already at the gate, about a hundred of them. Some were hitching their horses to the fence. Others had torn down part of the fence and were riding onto the lawn, while some dismounted, were running to the front door that was open. My father, at the first alarm,



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ran to the back hall to get his hat and cane, and then fled across the back yard, dodging behind trees, making a dash for the garden gate. Joanna alone had witnessed her master's flight and it had amused her. She rushed again into the house, now full of soldiers searching everywhere for firearms they said, and she cried gleefully, "I tell you, old master made the dust fly!" Some of the men gathered around her, asking, "Which way did he go?" but before she could point the way, Harriet, a house maid, knocked her senseless to the floor and my father made his escape.

It was on one of the days of this raid my Mother was seated on the porch talking to an officer and trying

to persuade him to send a letter through the lines to one of my brothers, in prison at Camp Chase. The yard was full of men, riding over the lawn, the shrubbery, the flower borders; we could see a train of wagons going to the barn for loads of corn, the house had been searched and the locked doors and drawers of furniture beaten in, trunks opened while two negro maids were going from room to room protesting that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. The cellar had been emptied. A cask of wine, one of two demijohns, some bottles and jugs had been carried to the front lawn and the men were getting jolly drunk.

Pistols were fired freely. I was terrified and had squatted on the floor by my mother's chair. I can see her as well as hear her yet, pleading, "He is just a lad and I know he must be homesick; he has never been more than 25 miles from home before and a letter from his mother would comfort him. I would be perfectly willing for you to read every word of it." The officer was explaining politely the

difficulties over communicating with prisoners. The letter could hardly be sent. Orders were very strict. Just at this moment one of my sisters and a cousin appeared, wearing every frock they owned and, naturally, the last layers refused to meet so as to be buttoned up. My mother, in amazement, said "What do you girls mean by dressing this way?", and they answered, "We heard the Yankees would take all the clothes, so we put ours on to keep them from getting them." The officer laughed immediately and then sat down to wait while my mother wrote the letter; and I heard him solemnly assure her as he sealed the letter himself that it should be delivered, if possible—and it was delivered to my brother, as we learned from a comrade of my brother, more than a year after his death. (This was William, who died in prison.)

Gen. Mitchell's troops swept the valley clean, and we had little food left. Alabama had never been a cattle country, but depended for meat mainly upon the sheep and hog. The grain was loaded and sent away to the army.

The horses and mules were seized on, but ours were left—as we thought—but one morning we woke up to find that about 25 of our negroes, mostly men and well-grown boys had slipped away in the night, taking with them every horse and mule in the stables.

This was a staggering blow, but we soon saw there was some comfort in the loss of slaves. It had become a serious problem to provide their food and clothing. The slaves remaining on the place recognized the responsibility, too. There was no more thought of planting cotton; the energies of everyone on the place were bent on one purpose of getting food and clothes. My father at this time organized all his forces—everybody was put to work, even the small children. The women were cutting, sewing, and knitting from early morning till late bedtime. The negro women were spinning and weaving and some helping in the fields; the old men and little boys were cultivating the fields with hoes. A large crop of cow-peas was planted for food.

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## Letters To The Editor

*Dear Editor:*

One day last week I was in your city with our DAR group to visit the Constitution Hall Village. We ate lunch at Britling's on Governor's Drive, and I found a copy of your magazine. I was so glad to learn I could subscribe to it. I like to collect info on different places in Alabama and had wondered if your town or county has a history in print that is for sale. If so, please let me know how I can get one.

On page 11 of the magazine under Old Huntsville Trivia, the 1869 note about the child with four legs—do you know I have that woman's picture with her husband and their daughter. She married the brother of one of my great uncles. I also went to our Blount County Courthouse and found her obituary.

Enclosed please find a check for my subscription—I did not want to cut the magazine.

Inez B. Reid

*Dear Editor:*

I enjoy my subscription to Old Huntsville very much and look forward to receiving each issue.

I was elated when I saw the cover page of the last issue proclaim that "Jesse and Frank James Ride Again," I thought that finally I would learn the truth, but, alas, the story was not the one I was looking for.

Ever since I have lived in Huntsville (over 30 years), I have heard that one, or both, of the James brothers robbed what was then, I think, the First National Bank on the square. They reportedly made their escape by leaping their horses over the bluff into Big Spring. I have also been told there was no truth to this story.

Can you or anyone else shed any light on this story—be it truth or fiction?

Thanks so much,  
Larry D. Moyers

*Ed. Note*

Sorry, it never happened, but don't tell anyone. It makes a wonderful story for visiting Yankees and it keeps those tourist dollars rolling in.

*Dear Editor:*

I bought a copy of the "Old Shoals Gazette" (an Old Huntsville publication) at Uncle Charlie's Flea Market at Killen, Alabama, Saturday and enjoyed it very much. The first issue about Jesse and Frank James was most interesting, especially since I have been researching their activities in the area where I live below Wheeler Dam on the west side of Blue Water Creek. My research material doesn't exactly tally with yours, but I am moved to believe your story as opposed to what I have read and researched in my files. I am most interested in the canal system of the Lauderdale County side of the river, the great Tennessee River, that is. My grandmother on my mother's side grew up at Lock 4 on the canal and wrote in her autobiography, that Frank James stayed a few nights at their home prior to the Government payroll robbery and ate a last meal at their home, along with 3 friends on their way to Tennessee after the robbery.

My grandmother, Rella Elaine (Potts) Faust, lived with her grandparents, the Duncan Gracey family, her grandfather serving as the locktender at Lock 4. She is at the Mitchell Hollingsworth Nursing Home in Florence, Ala., due to having Alzheimer's disease. She is 85 years old and was born on groundhog day, February 2, 1906, in Texas, and was brought to Lauderdale County, Alabama, at the tender age of 3 months.

The James Gang crossed the Tennessee River near Wheeler Dam at what was known back then as "Hell Town Bar," a rocky area used to ford the river at times when the water was low. This was known as the "head waters of the canal." This happened after they had eaten at my great, great, grandparents' home. After my great, great grandfather, the locktender, came home and was telling the family about the James gang robbing the Government payroll, he asked if any-

one had seen them. Finding out who the men were, everyone was very frightened. My grandmother had seen the four men cross the river.

If you have any information about the canal and the nine locks or the Jesse James gang (in the form of a paper or just clippings and pictures) and can release the information, I will pay what I can for it. It will sure help me in my research. If I can have issues of your paper sent to my home, please let me know how much and how often you send them out. I believe it will be very successful. I love history and I am retired on medical retirement from TVA. If you can help me, please write or call.

Sincerely,  
Jackie W. Watkins

*Dear Editor:*

A very dear friend of many years, Mrs. Odell Whitt of Huntsville, AL., sent me several copies of "Old Huntsville" magazine. My daughter, Rebecca Buckelew, and I enjoyed every word and picture in each one so much that I immediately sent for a year's subscription.

I was in Huntsville for thirteen years as advertising manager of "The Rocket," the 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, owners and workers. They were all my friends and I loved every one of them. In those issues were names I still remember, especially Grady Reeves. He was my friend and I am sure he had a million others.

Of course, I was interested in the old-time advertising, and I think you all are doing a wonderful job, which, I am sure, brings back many memories to many people.

On the 27th of this month, I will have my 90th birthday, 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 Cedric Heath from New Zealand. He passed away August 21.



continued from page 3

My father got some medical books to read and he learned to make some of the simple medicines. He went from place to place to see the sick and prescribe for them as though he were a physician. You know that in those days blisters were thought to be indispensable for inflammations, pneumonia, etc. There were no drugstores to furnish supplies—we could not even buy a mustard plaster. My father had been experimenting with plants, trying to find a blistering agent. One day it was reported to him that the lightning bugs were eating all the leaves from the potato plants. We were growing potatoes on a large scale because it was a food that could be easily concealed in case of a raid. He found that some rows, at least were swarming with a bug that looked like the firefly, and he ordered the boys to knock them into the water. This was done, but some of the boys reported that their hands blistered. Then these bugs were gathered up, dried, pulverized, mixed with lard, and the mixture proved a fine blistering agent and was sent far and wide for this purpose. The bugs had never appeared before and never came again. Long afterward, we learned that they were the real Spanish fly.

My father also learned to make various colored dyes from roots and bark; cultivated indigo and learned to ferment the plant to get the blue dye. He also found out how to make cheese—and taught the blacksmith how to make wrought nails.

Singularly enough, one of the most precious of articles at this time was common salt. Now salt was needed to season food, but it was absolutely necessary to preserve meat, and the plantation depended for its meat supply on salt pork. On the plantations there were large smokehouses where, winter after winter, many slaughtered porkers would be salted down and much salt wasted on the dirt floors, so this floor was dug up to the depth of two feet and the earth leached with water and the water evaporated off. We got bushels and bushels of salt this way. There was no soda, but we made a substitute for the lye of wood ashes. Parched rye was used as a substitute for coffee—it tasted something like the modern postum. For sugar, we cultivated the sorghum cane and made many barrels of molasses, and when this molasses was all out of the barrel, we usually found a few pounds of sugar.

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Our writing paper gave out very early and at first we tore out the blank leaves from father's old ledgers, and when these were exhausted, we moistened the wallpaper on the walls, tore it off in strips and used the blank side. Sometimes letters went off, decorated on one side with a picture of George Washington crossing the Delaware, or with a wreath of roses. There were no pencils, but we learned to make very good ink from oak balls and copperas, and any boy with a pocket knife could make a perfectly good pen from a goose quill.

There was but one copy of Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book in the community, but the whole school used it by making out a schedule of time when each could have the book. I remember once walking five miles and back to get the book for an hour to learn the next day's lesson.

My own tasks in this new economy were varied and were shared for the most part by my little negro playmate. (We were about seven years old.) We went back and forth to carry leather to the shoemakers and then to bring the shoes home (there were some forty people on the place to shoe). It seemed to me the shoemaker was always drunk when we called, and never had the work done. Then we were sent all around the neighborhood to exchange garden seed—to borrow a tool or lend one; to carry news or gather it, and to do errands generally. I think our gala days came when we were put to melting up tallow and molding it into candles, or to bringing up pails of lye for the soap kettle and keeping the fire going. I believe we were fairly happy, but even we children had our anxious moments and talked of what we would do if the Yankees came upon us while away from home. Once we were tested and ignominiously hid under the floor of an old house by the roadside.

The war wore wearily on—reverses in arms now alternated with victory; we were becoming poorer and poorer. Still we had no thought of giving up and worked all the harder. I remember working all day for days scraping lint from old linen tablecloths and sheets and tearing off bandages to be sent to the nearest hospital. During these years, every yard of cloth was used for clothing, bedding, for table; in fact, every yard required for the forty people on the place, as well as for blankets and clothing for many

soldiers, was spun and woven on the place—and in these four years we didn't spend five dollars for anything. There was nothing to buy.

I have seen my mother working whole days, working and sizing the thread for the looms. About this time, I learned the art of plating straw in several different patterns and mother sewed the braid into straw hats which we bleached with sulphur, and we used for hat bands strips of black silk torn from old worn-out dresses. I could not possibly make anyone understand the isolation in which communities lived. The railroads were torn up, the steamboats burned; the roads mostly impassable. Our heavy old carriage could hardly have gone over them, even if there had been horses to draw them.

One day we had a merry surprise over the arrival of a stately old lady who lived five miles away. All of her horses and mules had been taken; she wanted to visit us but couldn't walk the five miles. Old Ben, her carriage driver, was called in and asked if he could hitch two yoke of oxen to her carriage. He said he would try; so about noon we heard loud cries of "Geel! Wah! Come! Get up!", and then we saw Mrs. Harris' big carriage slowly coming up the hill while she was leaning out the window, waving gaily.

But most of the times were terribly serious. There was far more weeping than laughter. Women sometimes grew white-headed worrying for news of their sons. By this time, there were no mails, no newspapers. The only news we got filtered in as rumors caught from carriers bearing dispatches. We often hear a rumor of a great battle, and then wait days and weeks in suspense before knowing anything. Sometimes, if the front were not too far away, my brothers would send their servant, George, on horseback with their letters and some gathered up from their friends. We were always on the lookout for George, though he came only a few times a year; and then we dreaded to ask him questions, or to open the letters. Every time there would be heavy tidings for some of the neighbors and my father would go as comforter to the house of mourning—to read over and over his son's letters telling how this boy or that had died fighting for his country. And then, in turn, the black news came to us, and our neighbors came to share our grief!



## Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

It's fast approaching that time of year again when we head for the beaches or lay out around the swimming pool. The tendency seems to be to get out in the sun after the long winter and get a good healthy tan. It doesn't always work that way.

We should realize that the sun can be most dangerous. Too much exposure can cause serious burns, and possibly lead to skin cancer. Ultraviolet radiation is primarily responsible for the sun's effect on your skin. One way to minimize the danger caused by exposure to the sun is by the use of sunscreens. Whenever you are in the sun, you should be sure to use one that is appropriate for your type of skin. These sunscreens work by absorbing ultraviolet rays, or by physically preventing them from ever reaching your skin by blocking.

Sunscreens are labeled according to their degree of effectiveness with a "sun protection factor" or SPF. If your skin is dark the likelihood of getting sunburned is rare, and you can probably do with a SPF-2 sunscreen. However, dermatologists recommend a sun protection factor of 15 for maximum protection. Most forms of skin cancer are preventable and a sunscreen with an SPF 15 should do the job for most of us.

If you must sunbathe, do so sensibly. For example, when you are exposed to the sun for the first time of the season, limit your time to not more than about 20 to 30 minutes. This time can be increased each day until you start to tan. Be sure to use a sunscreen, and avoid exposure in the sun during the mid day hours between eleven in the morning, and two in the afternoon. Once your tan is started, use plenty of suntan oil or lotion to soothe your skin. If you do get a sunburn, you should protect the skin, even while in the water swimming, by wearing clothing, or applying a sunscreen or sunblock. You should not sunbathe again until all signs of the sunburn have disappeared. You can take aspirin to relieve discomfort. If it is very painful, you should consult your physician.

I shall try to give but one other picture of the last year of the war when Gen. Wilson came upon us with 15,000 men. He was three miles away in Russellville. We knew that my father had been arrested and would probably be sent off to prison. The yard and house were full of soldiers. Some of them were drinking, some were drunk. In the midst of this confusion, a staff officer with a small squad rode up to the gate, dismounted and came to the front door. My mother, herself, met them at the door and I stood holding onto her hand. I couldn't but admire the tall officer in fine uniform and shining buttons and gold braid; also took note of his deferential manner. He said in a few words that Gen. Wilson had decided to occupy our house as headquarters. My mother exclaimed, "Oh, no! No! I couldn't allow it. I have had five boys in the Confederate Army and two have lost their lives." He quietly said he respected

my mother's feelings, but that Gen. Wilson would choose his headquarters wherever he thought best. My mother then said she could not possibly entertain him, as all of her silver had been sent away and hidden. The officer laughed and explained that Gen. Wilson had his own silver, his own supplies and servants, and that he would only require the lower floor of the house and, tipping his hat, said we might expect him in the late afternoon, and rode away. This was about noon. Very soon after, we were terrified by the shooting and uproar outside and saw the men running from the kitchen with torches threatening to burn our house. My mother went out and said to them, "Gen. Wilson has given me notice that my house will be his headquarters tonight." The torches were thrown away and by three o'clock in the afternoon, all of the soldiers and camp-followers had been rounded up and marched away. There was a lull in

the storm. An orderly rode up and brought a polite note saying Gen. Wilson decided he would not occupy our home. We were watching the long line of blazing fences when an old neighbor came in (Dr. Clarke), saying that he feared we would have a terrible night, there were so many ruffians following the army, and he suggested that my older sister (Mary), a girl of about 19 years of age, should accompany him to headquarters, which he had heard would be a mile away (the East place). He said we might at least make an effort to get a couple of guards for the night. My mother approved the plan and they started at once as the evening was wearing on. I was allowed to accompany them. We didn't dare take the road, but struck out through the fields and came to the main highway. There we had to wait for some time, watching a chance to dash across the road which was filled with troop after troop of cavalry, each marching be-

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hind the wagon trains. At last we got across and soon identified the headquarters by the flag floating over two large tents. We were walking towards these two tents in naive innocence, as if to knock at the front door and ask admittance. To my horror, a heavily armed sentry sprang out with drawn sword, as though he would run our neighbor through—"What do you want here?" My sister, who had the spirit and confidence of youth, and indignant at what she thought the insolence of the sentry, spoke for the party, "We want to see Gen. Wilson." "You can't see Gen. Wilson," sneeringly. "I demand to see him on important business," she flashed back. The sentry turned and went to one of the tents and immediately there came out an imposing looking officer who said he was adjutant general and what was our business? "No, no guards are being given," and we started home.

The sun was just setting and we knew we had to make our way home through the camps. Now we were so alarmed we didn't speak above a whisper. But we walked straight through the camps, watching the stretching of tents and the cooking of food. The men were gaily laughing and chatting and singing so happy while we had such terror in our hearts. We passed a good many negroes in the camps, some of whom we knew. No one molested us. When we reached home it was dark. The candles were lighted and we found my father seated at the supper table with the family. We took our places—there was one cake of corn bread on the table. This, with a pitcher of buttermilk was the supper for the family. My father was telling of his arrest and trial before some sort of tribunal. The charge was that he had aided and abetted the Rebellion, which charge he didn't deny. After some time he was merely told that he could go, and now had just reached home. Before I got my helping of supper, the dining room was suddenly filled with soldiers, the remainder of the cornbread and the pitcher of buttermilk snatched from the table. The men drank from the pitcher and passed it on to the other. My mother rose from the table and said we would go in the sitting room. The men followed us there—some thirty of them. Others went off toward the orchard and fired volley after volley, then crowded into the hall, swearing and charging my father with trying

to bushwhack them with concealed negroes and Confederates.

Both my father and mother kept quietly cool. The men became more abusive, and again we heard many shots. Then my father was seized and they began to drag him toward the door; my mother hanging on to his arm and the rest of us crouched into the corner. They swore the cursed rebels should be shot. At the very pitch of the excitement, as though the stage had been all set for it as in a drama, there appeared a small man in full uniform and pistol drawn. He swore more frightful oaths, took out his watch and said he would give the men two minutes to get out of the room; if one remained after that he would be shot down dead.

The men rushed out; when the last one had gone, the small man lifted his cap and apologized for swearing and said he had come to guard the house, and apparently had reached us just in time. My mother, a little distrustfully, asked, "How came you here? We asked for a guard directly at headquarters and were refused." Then he said, "Madam, I am Capt. Montgomery, of such a regiment and command. I saw the old man, the young lady and the little boy hurrying through the camp and inquired their names from some negroes. When I heard your name, I remembered that my cousin, who had been in West Point with me and is now an officer in the Confederate Army, had written me that he had been nursed through an attack of typhoid fever in your home, and he added the request that if ever I should be in this



HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

**EARLENE**

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

Leather upholstery may be cleaned by using one part vinegar to two parts boiled linseed oil, polishing with a dry cloth after cleaning.

When arranging furniture, remember to place the piano where it will be out of the drafts. Such temperature changes are injurious to the tone as well as the woodwork.

When cooking pinto beans, don't soak the beans overnight. Rather, the morning you are planning to cook them, put your hammocks in cold water in the pot you will use to cook the beans. Let them soak a few hours, then add the dry beans and a little vinegar. Season as you normally would, cook until done. You will find that the juice is much tastier than if you had soaked the beans.

A curtain rod put near the bottom of the closet door will make a simple shoe rack that will serve the purpose.

When using candles with good linen, chill them several hours in the refrigerator before using and they will not drip so quickly.

Mix borax and pulverized sugar and scatter along the trail of cockroaches or in cupboards. You will eradicate them and not risk the lives of pets or children.

## 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 two years.

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



place, I should offer you protection if needed. There are no guards allowed tonight. I have slipped away from camp. If my absence were discovered, I should be court-martialled. I shall stay here until two o'clock, then I must slip back to camp."

So he stayed—and there was earnest conversation. What was said, I do not know, but we all stayed awake all through that dreadful night, not daring to leave the room, and when Capt. Montgomery got up to leave, I saw my father press his hand, and I like to believe that he was asking God's blessing on his head.

The next morning the army was gone. Harriet came in to bring the welcome news, and to say that she heard people were going to the abandoned camp to hunt for things and asked permission to go and to take me with her. So off we started in haste to get there. We saw a good many negroes there, some had found a lead pencil or an old book or a tin of coffee; one a dollar in green back—my first sight of one.

Harriet was practical. We picked up a good many slabs of desiccated vegetables and piled them into fairly good tin pails, and also a few small packages of coffee. Later we came across five old grey horses branded U.S. They could scarcely walk. I am sure that every one of them had at least one hoof as big as a dinner plate and it looked as if it were almost ready to detach itself from the leg. We decided that these horses might be useful in helping to plow the crops so we started home with these poor creatures, plodding and limping on. I had picked up an old saber. It took all day to get our plunder home. My father laughed when he saw the horses and said there was no feed for them, but the grass was beginning to spring up and they might be turned into the pasture. For a week Harriet and I washed the sores and the old horses picked up, so that after awhile they could be plowed a few hours a day. Thus, they did help us to plant the crop. The tin pails proved useful, too; the desiccated vegetables made nourishing soup, and the old saber was used as a poker for 20 years or more.

At last came Gen. Lee's surrender to Gen. Grant and we knew the end had come. About a month after this—that is, in May, 1865—my three surviving brothers (James, Charles, and

Walter) rode home in tattered uniforms, but with no possessions but their horses. There had been no army pay for many months. They found us without money and little food except the vegetables growing in the garden. The stock, except a few sheep and milk cows, was gone; the fences burnt, as well as the gin house, and packs of wolves were prowling about. The red fields were intersected with deep red gullies and dotted with thickets of bushes. This desolation of land is described by our poet, Sidney Lanier:

*"Yon old deserted hill  
Bears to the sun her piteous aged crest  
and seamy breast  
By restless-hearted children left to lie  
Untended there beneath the sky  
As barbarous folk expose their old die"*

Such is the picture of desolation. I remember so vividly; and such it was throughout Alabama.

We had lost—lost our cause, the flower of our manhood, our slaves, our property, our all, except our families and the land.

In 1861 Alabama had barely 600,000 white population, yet she sent 123,000 soldiers to the war—over one out of every five of her whole population; 33,000 of these soldiers lay buried on the battlefields. That is one out of every eighteen of population, and many thousands of those who returned were maimed and broken, but they went to work. Though some came back lacking a leg or arm and some brought back bullets imbedded in flesh or bone, none had shell shock. These young fellows who had been characterized four years before as idle sniggerers went to work to fell trees, split rails, build fences and barns, cultivate food crops, and the women and children went on spinning, weaving and making the things needed in the home. ■



# First American Center

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Satay Deli ~ Southtrust Bank ~ Steve's Card's & Comics  
Ultra Clean Cleaners ~ Vogue Wigs ~ Warden's Barber Shop

# A SAD STORY

We are sorry to notice a special in the Atlanta Journal of the killing of Muller Lamar, who with Mr. Silman, ran the Clarksville Advertiser for a few months last summer. The special says, "The accidental killing of young Muller Lamar by a Seaboard Air Line train near Lawrenceville, Thursday, recalls a very sad story.

Young Lamar was an exceptionally bright young man, a thorough printer and a fair, all-around newspaper man. Several years ago, while living near Jefferson, he met a young lady to whom he became devotedly attached. At first it appeared that his love was reciprocated, but the object of his love gave her hand in marriage to another. Lamar, it is told, said to her on her wedding day that she had treated him falsely, and had ruined and blighted his life forever.

Soon after this he became addicted to drink. While connected with another newspaper, he made a strong fight for prohibition, and while making this fight also made some enemies. One night he was shot while going to his office, and efforts were made to prove that he was not assaulted, but only wanted to create excitement and notoriety for himself. This, however, was not established and young Lamar was able to show that in a fight he was always able to show a clean hand. While he drank to excess at times, he was always gentlemanly and courteous, and those who knew him will regret that he met his death as he did.

From 1895 Newspaper



RUMORS &amp; HEARSAY

## Old Huntsville Trivia

1868

A stray bullet kills Judge Thurlow of Athens, during a meeting of freed slaves and carpetbaggers on the square in Huntsville. The Klan rode in, but never fired a shot, others in the assembly did.

1869

Jefferson Davis makes a trip to Huntsville, staying at the Huntsville Hotel, where he had stayed before.

1869

The city orders the City Marshall to feed the deer in the courthouse yard, while at the same time passing an ordinance prohibiting hitching any stallion or jackass to the courthouse fence.

1869

John Hays catches a 104 1/2 pound Sturgeon in the Tennessee River and auctions it off at the market house for \$3.50.

1871

Thirteen gas lamps are put on city streets and Huntsville appoints its first official Lamplighter, Aaron Franks.

1872

A dread disease strikes Madison County. Cholera leaves 51 dead, and a home is rented from P.N. Drake to be used as a hospital for the victims.

1877

The county poorhouse, located off Whitesburg Drive near what became the airport, is sold to Willis W. Garth.

1877

Huntsville is not a Mardi Gras city - the third annual Mardi Gras celebration is a complete flop.

1883

Eight culprits scale the fence outside the Madison County Jail in October and take Wes Brown from his cell, march him to the courthouse and lynch him on the walnut tree on the northwest corner of the lawn.

1889

The Huntsville city fathers pass an ordinance that forbids lewd women to ride through Huntsville on horseback.

1896

The first long distance phone call is made from Huntsville by the Mayor, W. T. Hutchens and telephone company manager R. A. Moore.

1904

Al Fields and his Blackface Minstrel show arrives in Huntsville. They did not arrive by boat, however, as the Tennessee River was only five inches deep at Bear's Reef, near Whitesburg, and one could walk across the river.

# News

## Announcement

Please carry a short story that we are planning a joint reunion of the Huntsville High School Graduating classes of 1913 through 1937 (27 classes), asking any of your readers or viewers who are interested to contact me, James Record, at home at 717 Randolph Ave., SE, Huntsville, AL 35801, telephone (205) 533-0377.

Tentative plans call for a social hour, banquet and dance on Friday evening, beginning at 6:00 PM, Huntsville Hilton, June 19, 1992, and a reunion Saturday, June 20, at the old Huntsville High School on Randolph Ave. (now Annie Merts Center) at 9:30 AM, followed by a picnic at Big Spring Park.

Tokey Walker, class of 1931, will be the host. Tom Rogers, class of 1936, is the reunion co-chairman.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Sincerely, yours,  
James Record, Class of 1937  
Reunion General Chairman

## Professor McKissick has one of the Wonderful Instruments

The instrument is made of Tungstate of calcium and was recently invented by Edison. The X rays causes the Fluoroscope to fluoresce and by means of it a person can see the bones of the hand by placing his hand between the fluoroscope and Crooke's tube. The image can be distinctly seen through wood, books, and partially through glass and metal. The instrument affords a beautiful way of studying X rays effects.

From 1896 Auburn newspaper



## Weather Wisdom

**Sunset colors:** A gray, lowering sunset, or one where the sky is green or yellowish green, indicates rain. A red sunrise with clouds lowering later in the morning, also indicates rain.

**Sky Color:** A deep blue color of the sky, even when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather; a flowing whiteness an approaching storm.

**Visibility:** Unusual clearness of the atmosphere, unusual brightness or twinkling of the stars indicate rain.

**Fogs:** Fogs indicate settled weather. A morning fog usually breaks away before noon.

**Frost:** The first frost and the last frost are usually preceded by a temperature very much above the norm.

**Halo (Sun dogs):** By halo we mean the large circles or part of circles, about the sun or moon. A corona growing smaller indicates rain; growing larger, fair weather.

**Rainbows:** A morning rainbow is regarded as a sign of rain; an evening rainbow of fair weather.

From 1890 Weather Book

**4th Annual  
North Alabama Scottish Festival  
Saturday - June 20, 1992  
8:00 AM- 4:30 PM**

Scottish Country Dancing  
Highland Dancing  
Scottish Food  
American Food  
Highland Clans  
Highland Athletics  
All Day Entertainment



Herding Border Collies  
Scottish Folk Songs  
Bag Pipe Bands  
Story Telling  
Parade of Tartans  
Vendors of Scottish  
Goods, Clothes and Music

**Sharon Johnston Park,  
New Market, Alabama**

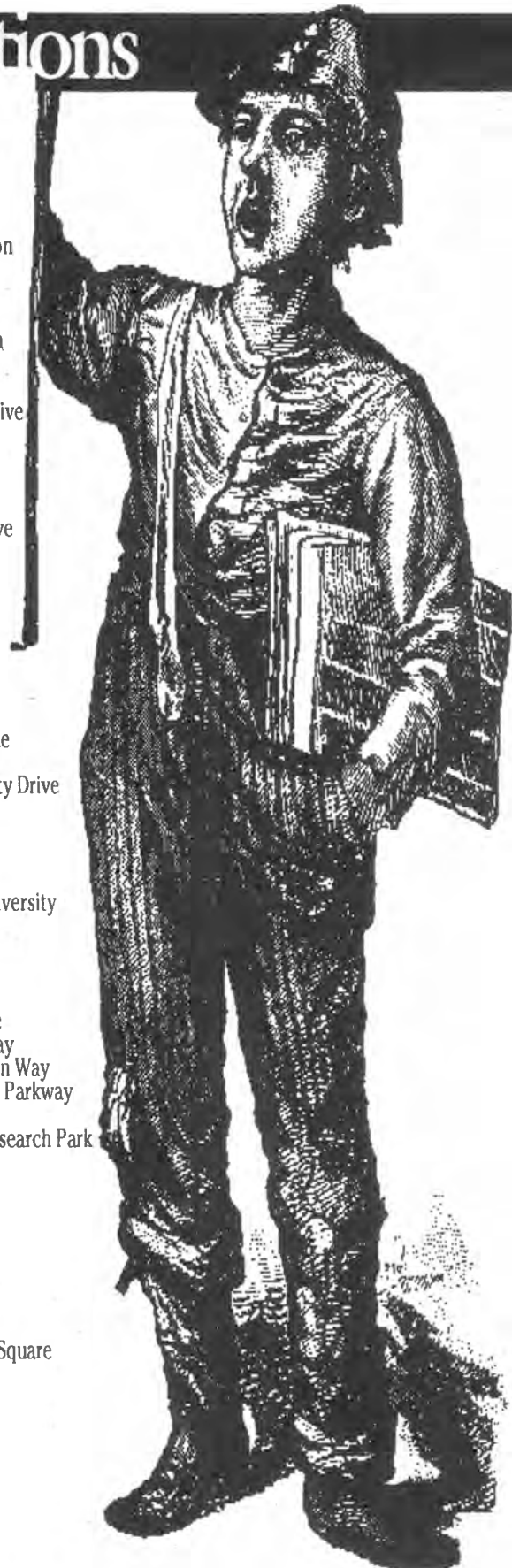
**Admission- \$4.00 Adults, \$2.00 Children 6 to 12  
Children under 6, free.**

# Old Huntsville Locations

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

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

Eunice's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson  
 Secor Bank - Whitesburg Drive  
 Hinkle Barber Shop - Madison  
 Zesto's Drive Inn - Five Points  
 Troup Beauty Salon - Meridian North  
 Duffy's Deli - Whitesburg Drive  
 Humana Hospital - Big Cove Road  
 Shaver's Book Store - Whitesburg Drive  
 Burritt Museum - Monte Sano  
 Chic-Fil-A - Madison Square Mall  
 Madison Square Mall  
 Railroad Depot - Jefferson North  
 Amberly Suite Hotel - University Drive  
 Five Points Restaurant - Five points  
 Krogers - Logan Square  
 Krogers - North Parkway  
 Krogers - Drake Avenue  
 Winn Dixie - Triana  
 Winn Dixie - Oakwood Avenue  
 The Village Inn - downtown  
 Harrison Brothers - downtown  
 David Gibson Barbeque - Jordan Lane  
 Little Farm Grocery - Whitesburg  
 Great American Car Wash - University Drive  
 Cafe III - University Drive  
 Sanders Cleaners - Jordan lane  
 Great Spirits - South Parkway  
 Classic Cafe - University Drive  
 Dunkin donuts - Wynn Drive and University  
 Wings - University Drive  
 Wings - Pratt Avenue  
 J. Gregory's pizza - Jordan Lane  
 Allied Photocopy - Pratt Avenue  
 El Mejjicano Restaurant - Jordan lane  
 El Palacio Restaurant - South Parkway  
 Mullin's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson Way  
 Sam's Wholesale Warehouse - North Parkway  
 Chevron - Pratt Avenue  
 Shell Food Mart - University near Research Park  
 PX - on Redstone Arsenal  
 Commissary - on Redstone Arsenal  
 Kettle - both University locations  
 Olive Garden - University Drive  
 Jim's Restaurant - Holmes Avenue  
 Papa Jack's - Bob Wallace Avenue  
 A&W Drive In - Drake Avenue  
 Holiday Foods - Jordan Lane  
 Food World - Holmes near Madison Square  
 Dorothy's Restaurant  
 Constitution Hall Park  
 Bagel Place - University Drive  
 Wilson Cleaners - University Drive





# Summer Tips for Planting

(From 1900 book)

To ensure Daffodil and Tulip blooms every year, be sure and cut off the flower heads as soon as they wither to prevent bulbs from forming seeds. Never cut the leaves until they begin to turn brown. Every third year take up your tulip bulbs and reset.

To Remove Dandelions - Use a dandelion weeder. Drive the cutting blade into the ground at least an inch from the crown of the weed and cut off the root below the surface. Remove weeder without forcing with the V-shaped tip of the blade, then lift out weed.

Press your foot to the hole, sprinkle dirt and a little white clover seed.

To Destroy Dandelions - Pour a little gasoline or sulfuric acid into the heart of the plant.

To Water Your Ferns - Give ferns a thorough soaking about once in five days, instead of a cup of water daily. Set the fern in a pail of water deep enough to cover the pot, and let it stand until the air bubbles stop running. Or, set the fern in a shallow pan of water and let the pot stand until you feel that the surface soil is wet.

Use a fine spray with a syringe to remove dust and insects on the fronds. During the summer months give your fern a little hardwood soot to brighten the color, and a little commercial fertilizer or fish emulsion to stimulate growth.

Cutting Fresh Flowers From The Garden - Early morning is the best time to cut flowers. Use a sharp knife and not scissors, and make a long slanting cut that will take up more water. Place the

stems immediately in deep cold water and keep for a time in a cool place before arranging.

To keep them fresh, use a Watkins Aspirin tablet, a pinch of salt or small quantity of saltpeter added to the water. Change the water every day. Use a deep holder or vase with plenty of cold water and keep the flowers out of the draft. Remove leaves that would be below the water, when arranging flowers. Keep a corsage wrapped in waxed paper in the refrigerator until you are ready to wear it.

Flower Pots. The Kind to Use - Use porous earthenware or glazed pots or painted pails. Full height pots are the best for house plants; three-fourths height for bulbs, ferns and azaleas. Use a two-inch pot for seedling plants and slips; a five to ten-inch pot for plants lifted from the garden, depending on the size of the root.

Clean all flower pots before using the second time. Immerse new pots in cold water for several hours to remove alkali that might injure the roots. Dry thoroughly before using. ■

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## 1930 Building Information

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred square feet of surface. Five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered because of the lap in siding and flooring.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of horse hair will make good enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

One cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.



## General Sherman And Bishop Lay

The following is a reprint from an early Huntsville newspaper.

Huntsville is featured in an interesting story having to do with Sherman and also the first rector of the Episcopal Church here and now served by Rev. Cary Gamble.

Speaking of "whether or not Sherman was so bad after all," the Florence Times News says that the people of the South and their descendants are accustomed to have no pleasant thoughts of William T. Sherman, the ravages of his army through Georgia having left scars that have not wholly healed even to this day.

It is, therefore, of peculiar interest to find in this month's Atlantic Monthly an article by the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay, Episcopal bishop of Arkansas, who served as missionary bishop with the army of Tennessee in Georgia during the Sherman invasion and who describes an evening spent with the Union commander at his headquarters in Atlanta. The manuscript in the form of a diary was found among Bishop Lay's papers at the University of North Carolina.

Perhaps some of the older Alabamians will recall that Bishop Lay was the first rector of the Episcopal church

# WATCH YOUR BREATHING

If one's health is impaired, or if he wants to preserve it and increase his power to resist disease, he must, first of all, give attention to his breathing. Even food and drink are second in importance to this, for one can live for days without nutrition save the air breathed, but if deprived of that, even for a few minutes, life ceases.

Here are some of the first rules for acquiring a correct method of breathing, as given by a specialist who has made an exhaustive study of the subject:

1. After retiring at night release body and mind from all tension, and take full and regular inhalations through your nostrils; hold the breath about one second; take all the time you can to exhale it; keep this up until you are weary or fall asleep.
2. When you wake in the morning, repeat the exercise at least for five minutes; longer, if time permits.
3. During the day take as many full respirations as possible, exercising care with the exhalations. While taking these exercises, one should bear in mind the thought that he is inhaling new life and power.

From 1898 Newspaper

# GEORGIA MOUNTAIN MADNESS

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at Huntsville and that after the war he became Bishop of Maryland, passing away in Baltimore in 1885. While with Hardee's corps on Sept. 16, 1864, Bishop Lay wrote the following to General Sherman:

"The undersigned respectfully suggests to Major General Sherman that he greatly desires to enter his lines, spend two or three days at Huntsville, and return.

"His object is to visit an old lady who has been as a mother to him and whose situation is such as to require an interview. He is well aware how unusual is a request and urges it with great deference. He can only say that the permission, if accorded, shall not be abused by a covert word or deed."

The reply sent by Gen. Sherman said: "Bishop Lay may come to Atlanta where the necessary papers will be given him to visit the city of Huntsville and return. I will not exact of the Bishop any specific promise, but will presume on his character to observe the war secrecy."

When the Bishop was finally conducted to the commanding officer in Atlanta, his diary records:

"I found him most comfortably established in a fine house near the city hall. The furniture seemed to be that of the owners. There was a parlor handsomely furnished opening into another used as an office. General Sherman greeted me very cordially. He was in slippers and easy in manners. He has that military sort of courtesy which puts one at ease."

The bishop was invited to remain for dinner - pea soup in tin plates and some roast beef and vegetables, no drinkables - and after dinner on the piazza there was an interesting conversation "of an hour or two." "To be sure," he quotes the general as saying, "I have made war vindictively; war is war, and you can make nothing else of it; but Hood knows as well as anyone I am not brutal or inhuman."

After recording many interesting things in his diary, the bishop proceeds:

"He passed hence to speak of war in general. He observed that it was an artificial war brought about by the ambition of individual men; that it was impossible for two nations to exist side by side on this continent. The case was like the effervescence of a soda powder; agitation could be ended only by union. Of course, I dissented from those opinions and expressed



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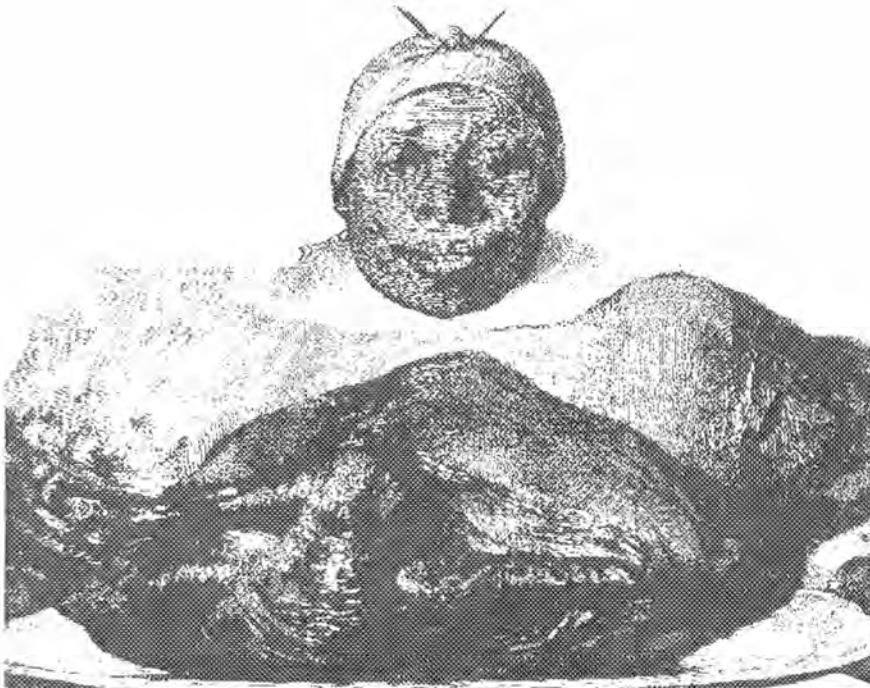
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the belief that the alienation between the nations was of slow growth; that the separation might by prudence have been deferred, but not prevented; there was a deepseated alienation which would render it impossible for them to live together on terms of intimacy. All this be utterly denied. There was no real animosity, he said, and cited in proof of it the friendship which invariably characterizes the intercourse of pickets and others when they are permitted to converse . . . It was of no force with me . . . General Sherman insisted however that if the war were over, the past would be quickly forgotten and both parties would love and respect each other more than ever."

Here is a further unique view which the bishop quotes in the general's own words:

"But you made a great mistake in organizing a Confederacy. Had you clung to the Union and claimed to be legitimate exponents of the American ideas, the true representatives of the American constitution, you would have had better success. As it was, you surrendered at once into our hands the most valuable of the common property - the memories and traditions, the flags and emblems, the songs and national airs. These are invaluable in sustaining the popular enthusiasm. This war ought to be arrested. It is intensifying the greatest fault and danger in our social system.



# Famous Recipes

B Y B A R B

Thanks to all our readers for the letters concerning our recipe sections. We are very happy that you have tried them and like them. Now, in response to those of you who have indicated that you would like to see more low fat, high fiber, healthful recipes, we will start a new column every month entitled "New Ways with Old Recipes," wherein we will print recipes that have either been modified from the old, or those sent in by our readers.

Following are some selections that have been chosen for this month's delectables. These are in the category of High Fiber.

## Savory Lentil-Rice Casserole

1/2 cup cooked lentils  
1 cup brown rice, cooked  
Beef Bouillon  
1 tbl raw, chopped onion  
1/2 cup canned tomato juice  
Pinch of sweet basil

Mix cooked lentils, rice and onion well. Add basil to your taste. Add beef bouillon and tomato juice, mix well. Put into casserole dish. Cover and bake at 325 for 30 minutes. Makes one serving - increase measure of ingredients as needed for more.

## Zucchini in Sour Cream

6 small zucchini  
3 tbl butter or margarine  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
2 tbl chopped parsley  
1/2 pint low fat sour cream  
salt and pepper to taste

Wash the zucchini and slice in 1/2 inch pieces. Heat the butter in a deep casserole (1 1/2 quarts) for 40 seconds.

Stir in the onion and parsley and microwave 1 minute. Stir and cook 1 minute longer.

Add the zucchini and stir until all the pieces are coated with the butter. Cover with wax paper and microwave for 6 minutes, turning the dish every 2 minutes.

Stir in the sour cream and season with salt and pepper. Microwave uncovered for 2 minutes or until well heated.

## Breakfast Muesli

1/2 cup uncooked oatmeal  
2 apples, chopped but not peeled  
2 tbl raisins  
2 tbl pecans or walnuts, finely chopped  
1 tbl wheat germ  
1 or 2 tbl lemon juice  
1 or 2 tbl honey  
low fat yogurt or milk

Mix together the oatmeal, apples, raisins, nuts, wheat germ, honey and lemon juice. Add just enough yogurt or milk to moisten the oatmeal and serve.

If a softer texture is desired, pour a little boiling water over the oats in the evening and let stand overnight. Stir in the other ingredients just before serving.

Following are some of the low fat varieties:

## Grilled Tangy Chicken

1/2 tsp grated lemon rind  
1/2 tsp dry mustard  
1/2 tsp garlic powder  
1/2 tsp onion powder  
1/2 tsp oregano  
1 tsp Worcestershire sauce  
6 chicken breast halves, skinless  
1/2 cup lemon juice  
1/2 cup vegetable oil  
4 green onions, chopped

Mix first 6 ingredients in small bowl. Gradually add lemon juice, then oil and green onions, and pour over the chicken in a large bowl. Marinate for 2-3 hours, grill outdoors or in oven until done.



### Scalloped Potatoes (from "The T-Factor Diet", Martin Katakahn)

1 large onion, sliced thin  
1 tbl butter  
2 large potatoes, sliced thin, skin on  
2 tbl lemon juice  
1 tsp thyme  
1/2 tsp salt  
Nonstick vegetable cooking spray  
1 tbl whole-wheat flour  
1 cup of skim milk  
2 tbl bread crumbs

Saute the onions in butter til translucent. Add the potatoes and combine. Add the lemon juice, thyme, and salt, mix. Spray a casserole dish with vegetable spray. Put half the potato mixture in the casserole and sprinkle with flour. Add the rest of the potatoes. Pour in the skim milk, and sprinkle with bread crumbs.

Bake at 325 for 1 hour or until potatoes are tender and slightly browned on top. Makes 4 servings. (Per serving - 187 calories, 9 mg. cholesterol, 3 g. dietary fiber, 3.5 g. fat, 354 mg. sodium.)

## From the Kitchen of Julia Gilbert

### Garlic Cheese Biscuits

2 1/2 cups Bisquick  
2/3 cup milk  
1/2 cup shredded cheddar cheese  
2 tbl grated parmesan cheese  
1/2 tsp garlic powder

Mix all ingredients just until blended. Drop by heaping tablespoons on lightly greased baking pan at 350 til light brown.  
Makes about 10 biscuits.

### Chicken Pot Pic

2 cups chopped chicken  
1 cup chicken broth  
1 can cream of chicken soup  
1 small can chopped mushrooms  
1 rib of celery chopped  
1 small onion chopped

1 10-oz. package frozen peas & carrots  
2 medium potatoes diced and slightly cooked

1 sheet of puff pastry dough, thawed  
salt and pepper to taste

Mix first 8 ingredients together and bring to a boil. Add salt and pepper to taste. Stir until everything is mixed well. Pour into an 8x8 baking dish. Cover with puff pastry and bake at 375 until pastry is brown.

### Leather Britches

Pick your green beans when they're tender and "snappy", wash them, and snip off their stem ends. Let the beans drain while you thread a large darning needle with ordinary kite thread or quilting thread. Thread the pods on the thread. Make your festoon about four feet tied into a circle. This is easy to handle and is also a unique conversation piece. Hang to dry in the kitchen or any clean, unused room that isn't damp.

When winter comes, take down a string of these "Leather Britches", remove the cord, rinse well, cover with water, and put on to cook. Pour off the first liquid when it begins to boil. Then add fresh water, throw in a ham bone and keep the beans company. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook until tender, and eat with a sliced onion.

Julia Gilbert

### Chicken Roasted in Pastry

From Christina Newburgh's Spadeus in Italy comes this recipe for Chicken Roasted in Bread.

Make a dough of flour and water, roll out in large circle. Sprinkle the cavity of a whole chicken with rosemary; stuff with two lemons, cut in half. Wrap the chicken in the dough and roast; the wrapping of bread will absorb all of the fat (just toss it out) and will make your chicken extra low in calories.

### Mint Vinegar

Gourmet mint vinegar is easy to make at home. Just wash one good handful of fresh mint leaves, shake well and bruise the herb with a mortar and pestle. Pack the leaves in a glass jar and cover with one quart of white or pure apple cider distilled vinegar. Cover the container tightly, and let the mixture stand a good two weeks. Strain and bottle. (You may want to add a few drops of green vegetable coloring).

The vinegar may be eaten with lamb, good in fruit salad dressings, as well.

Julia Gilbert

This Month's Recipe Page Brought To You by



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It daily increases the influence of the masses, already too great for safety. The man of intelligence and education is depressed in value far below the man of mere physical strength. These common soldiers will feel their value and seek to control affairs hereafter to the prejudice of the intelligent classes."

As for his personal impression of Sherman, Bishop Lay writes: "His hair is (not unpleasantly) red; his forehead very fine, his eyes clear and restless. His face is somewhat dyspeptic in its expression. He would be accounted ordinarily a kindhearted man; but when aroused, severe and utterly unrelenting. His manner is very frank and outspoken."

After a trying and eventful journey the Bishop reached Huntsville "and

at last found my way to Mrs. Rice's, a federal colonel occupying part of her house." It may be recalled that it was in the home of Mrs. Rice that Lillie Bibb, afterward Mrs. William Greet, the 16-year-old granddaughter of Gov. Thomas Bibb, was held a prisoner for three months by this Union colonel for burning a bridge across Limestone creek. The Bishop's stay in Huntsville was prolonged more than a month because of the broken lines and inability to use General Sherman's pass to make his way back to Atlanta via Chattanooga, but after reposing in a freight car loaded with oats for two days and two nights he finally made the last seventy miles. ■



## An Ode to a Hog

It is not often that so humble a creature as a hog - and a jugsucker at that - inspires the poet's muse. But here is an instance related by American Farm and Orchard, in which the hog, poetry and business are combined:

A farmer, whose hog had been killed by a train and who imagined himself something of a poet, wrote these lines to the railroad company's claim agent for a settlement:

My razorback strolled down your track  
A week ago today:  
Your 29 came down the line  
And snuffed his light away.  
You can't blame me; the hog you see  
Slipped through a cattle gate,  
So kindly pen a check for ten  
The debt to liquidate.

He was surprised a few days later to receive the following:

Old 29 came down the line,  
And killed your hog we know;  
But razorbacks on railroad tracks  
Quite often meet with woe.  
Therefore, my friend, we cannot send  
The check for which you pine,  
Just plant the dead: place o'er his head  
"Here lies a foolish Swine".

1894 Newspaper

**David A. Green M. D., F.A.A.P.**  
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**Rainbow**  
PEDIATRICS



## Sassafras Tea

Although the sassafras tree is native only to the eastern half of the United States and some parts of Asia, its roots are sold throughout the world for use as tea and as flavoring for medicines and soft drinks.

Sassafras roots may be pulled from the ground at any time of the year. They're all good, but the smaller ones are best of all. As long as you use some reasonable restraint, there's no need to worry about ruining a patch of the little trees by gathering their roots. The more you harvest the more underground shoots the shrubs seem to send out.

Wash the foraged roots thoroughly and cut them into pieces a couple inches long. Then dump a handful of the sections - fresh or dried - into a pot and boil them in water until the liquid is a satisfying red. Sweeten to taste with sugar, honey, or maple syrup and drink hot or iced. The same roots can be used to make three or four batches of tea.

In backwoods, country sassafras has traditionally been reserved for use as a spring tonic that "thins the blood", but many people drink the brew in moderate quantities all year round.

Julia Gilbert

*"Let's go eat some burger's"*



# LEBOW'S

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## Playing Hookey

by Jim Harris

We moved to the Houk farm in Harrison Cove in January of 1946. As much as my brother and I disliked the Lincoln High School, Madison County High School at Gurley appealed to us even less. The second semester of the 45-46 school year was not a happy one for us. The bus would not drive a mile off its regular route to pick up just two kids, so we had to walk the mile to catch the bus. Yes, we had shoes to wear, and it was uphill only one way. Know what? We missed that bus several times during that semester. There were two bridges between our house and the bus stop. The second one was only a quarter of a mile from it. With one exception, we never decided to miss the bus until we reached the second bridge. It took us three quarters of a mile to convince ourselves we couldn't make it that last quarter mile before the bus got there. Of course, we couldn't see the bus from under that bridge.

Missing the bus didn't always work out to our advantage. Part of the time the weather was too cold for us to hang out until that afternoon and then go home as if we had gone to school. We also needed an excuse from home, so we had to go back and say that we missed the bus. Big mistake. Dad always put us to work unless it was pouring rain or too cold for him. It rarely was.

**A** wealthy lady living near a garrison town had her eye on the handsome young officer, Captain Armstrong. She sent him an invitation to take dinner with her. The note began, "The pleasure of Captain Armstrong's Company is requested." And the answer ran accordingly, "Enlisted men Jones and Lee have been detailed to guard duty. But the remainder of Captain Armstrong's Company will accept with pleasure."

1988 Newspaper



After the first semester there was very little hookey playing. There was one time, though, that I remember vividly. The weather was cold and windy and snowing heavily—near blizzard, I guess. We had a bicycle then, and I was determined to go to school in spite of the weather.

I left the house with great confidence, driven by pure dedication to education. By the time I got to the first bridge, I began to think about how much fun it would be to be at home. There was no way Dad would work in this weather.

By the time I got to the second bridge, a quarter of a mile from the bus stop, I was still not fully convinced to miss the bus. After a couple of minutes I decided that it was best to go back home. After all, I couldn't see more than a hundred feet ahead, and the bus may have already passed, so why bother.

My dedication to education struggled with my common sense, but common sense won. I turned around and peddled that bicycle the three quarters of a mile back home.

"Well, what happened? Did you miss the bus?" Now, I could have lied like a bird-dog and gotten away with it, but I told them the truth. It was snowing so hard that I just couldn't make it to the bus stop. ■

## Tea For Stress?

Boil the following for 10 minutes:

1/2 oz. Ginseng root

1 tablespoon honey

2 cups water

Drink 1 cup warm in the morning, and one cup cold at night. Do it when in a period of stress, but discontinue after 10 days.

## Fern Song

*Dance to the beat of the rain,  
Little fern*

*And spread out your palms  
again,*

*And say, "Though the Sun  
Hath my vesture spun,*

*He had labored, alas, in vain.*

*But for the shade*

*That the Cloud hath made,*

*And the gift of the Dew and Rain!"*

*Then laugh, and upturn*

*All your fronds, little Fern,*

*And rejoice in the beat of the rain!*

Anon.

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# CHICKENPOX & HEPATITIS

You might wonder what does chickenpox and hepatitis have in common? The answer is nothing except things have changed and your pediatrician may deal with these diseases differently now. There have been some recent developments and new recommendations concerning the treatment of chickenpox and the prevention of hepatitis.

**Chickenpox:** There is a new drug called acyclovir (Zorivax) that has been approved for use in treating that common childhood disease called chickenpox. There are about 4 million cases of chickenpox in this country every year with a resulting loss of about \$380 million in income for parents who must stay at home until their child can return to school or day care. Chickenpox is considered a benign, self-limited illness; however, about 4,500 children are hospitalized each year due to complications and about 60 deaths occur each year, 25% of them in adults who were unfortunate enough to enter adulthood still susceptible to chickenpox.

Several studies have been performed showing the benefits of treating children with chickenpox with acyclovir. When acyclovir is given to children on the first day of the chickenpox rash, those children had fewer total skin lesions, quicker appearance of lesions, faster resolution of lesions, faster resolution of fever, and less itching. Can this be true? It sounds too good to

be true and you know what they say about something that sounds too good to be true: It probably isn't true. Sure enough, all the improvements were statistically significant; however, the improvements are small and overall not clinically significant. So, do not think that the minute your child develops chickenpox that you can call your doctor and get a medicine that

severe). Acyclovir is available in tablets, capsules, and suspension which are not exactly inexpensive. So, if you or your child get chickenpox, you might want to call your physician and see what the doctor recommends. One last note, there is a chickenpox vaccine awaiting federal approval. If it is licensed, maybe we will not need to use acyclovir anyway.

**Hepatitis:** The American Academy of Pediatricians and others have recently endorsed the recommendation for universal immunization of all infants against Hepatitis B Virus. Just what parents needed, another set of shots for their infant to receive and for them to pay for. Most newborn babies will receive their first dose of the vaccine before they are discharged home from the hospital nursery. The second dose is usually given one month after the initial dose and the third (and final) dose is given about 6 months after the initial dose. The hepatitis vaccine is a recombinant vaccine that is not plasma derived; henceforth, the vaccine is very safe and there is no risk of getting hepatitis or AIDS from the vaccine. This vaccine is for Hepatitis B Virus only and there are other types of hepatitis. A vaccine for Hepatitis A Virus is on the horizon and let us hope that they will be able to combine some of these immunizations so our children do not feel like a pin cushion. ■

David Andrew Green, M.D.  
Pediatrician, Rainbow Pediatrics



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

will prevent your child from getting chickenpox. Henceforth, most pediatricians are probably not going to recommend treating with acyclovir the routine case of chickenpox in otherwise healthy children. Instead, it would probably be considered for adolescents, adults, children with immune deficiencies, and the second case of chickenpox in a household (situations where chickenpox are usually more

## Traveling

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

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

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

Geraldine Farrer





# SHADES OF GRAY

by Emily Lynch

My body was hunched over the summer-heated sidewalk. The sun's rays trickled deliciously down my back in waves of warmth. My blond hair hung in strands around my face. I was continually sending exasperated jets of air upward to blow the offenders aside. I gradually ceased moving, one hand on a paint brush, one beside a bucket, knees on the splotted concrete floor, and relaxed a moment. My periscopic eyes surveyed the area around myself with dismay—the sun was moving slowly across the sky, but it was evaporating the water with amazing rapidness. And with the water, it was taking my hard work. Frustration tensed my huddled frame. The almost empty pail beside me received a sorrowful drop of liquid.

I took my job as a member of the family with determined seriousness. When someone was sick, they would find a heavily blackened piece of toast glued on their bedside table with clumpy jam. This action was often a better remedy than medicine, ending with the relative arising from bed to

cook me and themselves a more conformable breakfast. For special occasions, I would decorate. Upon arriving at the celebration, the guest could sit next to a Big Bird pinata amidst construction paper wall decorations. My parents had encouraged me in this "harmless" pursuit until it was time to take them down; the decorations, tape, and paint came off together.

My willingness to help was more annoying than helpful; adults had to wrack their brains for benign chores for me to do. To my cautious mother, "water painting" the sidewalk had seemed a task that I could handle without making a mess. But no, even with pacific water I could ruin things. It was always a stinging slap to my soul to know that my mother could handle the actual, cruel world with precision, while I was struggling for mediocrity in my pretend world.

During my thoughts, my hands had been moving with the carelessness of reminiscing. With the scrape of my knuckles against the brick wall, my

mind fully came back to reality. Finally finished with my task, I heaved myself up from the splotted ground. Picking up the bucket, I swung it wide. With perfect aim the water hit the canvas of dried clothes on the line. The noise resounded with sickening finality. What had been crisp and fresh a few minutes before had become a limp, soggy mass within a matter of seconds.

I was thoroughly satisfied, not realizing my ever-occurring bad luck had struck again. I then left the sidewalk and proudly entered the house. Walking, on the way to my room, I passed a motherly figure. Her hand sped rhythmically up and down walls, changing dingy gray to glittering white. I was the gray, she was the white, but my gray seeped through the many layers of white that she coated me with. My mother made me feel worthless. She was an image of perfection to be compared to my faults. I know that I'm the only thing she ever failed at...but somehow that's o.k. because I'm also the greatest thing she's ever achieved.

Water denseness formed outside, the birds ended their songs, and the air became still. From God's tilling hand came droplets that easily covered the earth and painted it wet. ■



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# Save the Clearasil—I'm Not Through Puberty Yet!

by Jim Harris

Many kids who went through puberty prior to the fifties will identify with this story. It's not bad enough that hormones kicking in mess up the mind, they kick us in the face, too, while wearing cleats.

Until I left home, I never lived in a house with a closet or a bathroom with a mirror. We had two places to hang clothes, behind a door on a nail and in a thing that I can't spell. The only mirror in the house was on the thing that I can't spell and it was always in a corner or some place out of the way which was also the darkest part of the room.

Next, no room in the house had more than one light and it was always in the middle. After we moved out into the county, it was four years before we had electric lights. About the only difference between the light the coal oil lamp produced and that produced by the electric light was that the electric light was easier to turn on.

The one mirror we had was almost useless. I hardly knew what I looked like until I joined the Air Force, except for that one time. Here I was a teenager with a face only a mother could love, but I didn't know that. I knew that I had a skin problem. I just didn't know how bad because I never saw my face in bright light.

Now, for that one time. My sister and her husband lived in Scottsboro. To supplement his income, my brother-in-law sold Watkins, or some similar product, door to door. Occasionally, I would visit and go with him on his route.

One of his customers had a daughter I liked but never spoke to. I figured my brother-in-law would tease me if I did. One day I told him that I would work his route for him while he

was at his regular job. I didn't want him around because I intended to meet that girl.

It was late in the afternoon and the sun was shining directly on the front door of that house. As I walked to the door, my body blocked the sun. I rang the doorbell and took one step to my right and let the sun hit that door, which just happened to be full-length glass. The room inside was dark which made it a perfect mirror. For the first time, I saw what I really looked like, and it was the biggest mess I had ever seen.

As badly as I wanted to meet that girl, the only thing that I could think to do was to get out of sight as fast as possible. I jumped off the porch and ran as fast as I could to get away. Someone was already coming to the door, but by the time they got to it, I was history. I've never had anything before or since hurt so much.

I had to live with that face until 1954 when I discovered Clearasil. I was in the Air Force and in New Jersey waiting to be sent to Germany when I discovered the miracle drug and that there was not a bad looking face behind



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south side of the Square,  
Downtown...  
and come downstairs



all that hamburger. OK, so it will still stop clocks. I thank God for Clearasil. No kid should have to go through puberty without it.

My skin problem still hasn't cleared up completely, but if I can believe what I hear about growing old and a second childhood, I'm not far away from having clear skin again. I figure that when I go through puberty backwards, my skin will clear up completely. ■

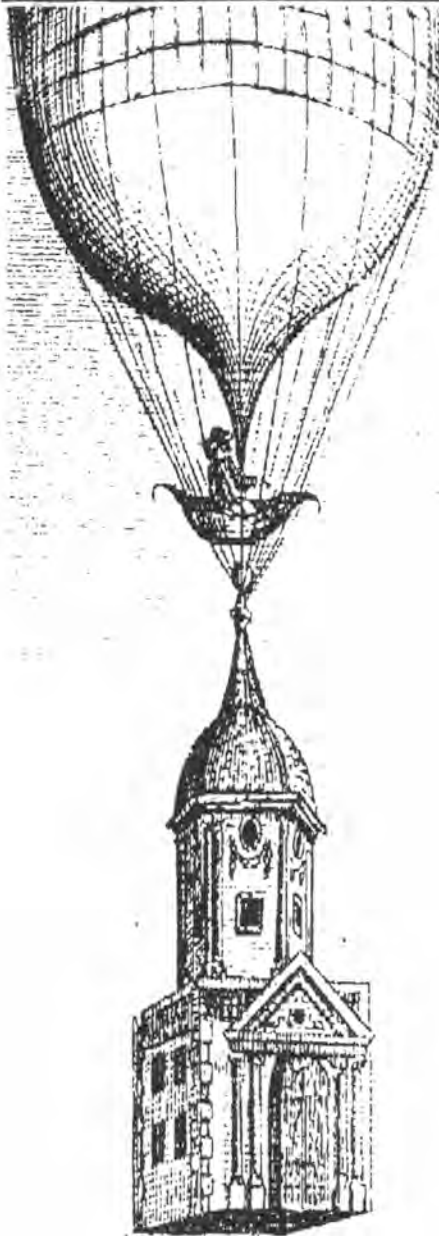


## An Old-Time Fable - But It Works

For babies born with the stretches - they stretch and grunt, the older they get, the worse they become. The baby cannot rest, neither can anyone else. To cure, when your husband pulls off his coat, wrap child in it. Let him sleep in it. May it be day or night, I prefer day after its bath, and dressed, when your husband comes in for lunch, grab his coat, that's what I had to do. It does work, and what a relief.

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# The Insurgents took to Their Heels, But the Brook Ran Crimson. Heartrending Account of the Bloody Engagement.

*(Special war correspondence via Loachapoka and Chehaw) Auburn, Ala. April 18th, 1896 10:30 a.m.)*

This once peaceful village was precipitated into a state of indescribable horror at sunrise this morning. O'Hara's Bottom was the scene of the conflict and your correspondent viewed the crimson arena from a neighboring elevation. Charge after charge was made by the gallant boys in grey and at times the firing time gave way but at last the superior military training won the field.

(Later) The report stating that Capt. Williams led his company into the enemies rank and Capt. Casey was wounded in the back is without foundation. Lieut. Fleming did not desert as was stated in first dispatch.

(On going to press). Dr. Carey states that the cow will probably recover but the horse's case is hopeless.

H.H. Peevey,  
War Correspondent

From Auburn Newspaper, 1896



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## OLD-TYME FOLK REMEDIES

There is a little known folk remedy that some folks swear by. It makes for healthier babies, cools burns, speeds up sleeping at night, relieves lameness, and shrinks varicose veins. According to Dr. D. C. Jarvis, it is simply a mixture of apple cider vinegar, honey and water.

By mixing two teaspoons of honey with two teaspoons of apple cider vinegar and a glass of water, one will feel better almost immediately. It adds potassium to the system, and the blood becomes more acidic rather than alkaline. It has other benefits as well.

It has been proven that two teaspoons of honey, two teaspoons of apple cider vinegar mixed with cold water and taken twice per day, will have the following effect on the pregnant woman and her child, when the baby is born. The mixture will cause a marked decrease in morning sickness.

It adds potassium to the baby's bloodstream. The baby will have so much hair that it will appear to need a haircut the day it's born. Fingernails will be strong, in need of cutting. The

infant will have a strong muscle system, and possibly be able to lift it's head off the pillow in a week.

The child will be mentally bright. And the mother will have plenty of milk, if she wishes to breastfeed the baby.

For those who aren't expecting but just experiencing some health problems, the following may be tried:

A cup of honey mixed with three teaspoons of apple cider vinegar taken before bedtime will help to enable sleep. Keep the mixture by your bed and take two teaspoonfuls of the mixture upon retiring.

For sinus inflammation try chewing honeycomb for fifteen minutes, every hour for 4-6 hours. In a day's time the symptoms should be clearing up.

To maintain, chew honeycomb once per day for a week following. Chewing honeycomb will open up a stuffy nose immediately.

For high blood pressure, he recommends: Decrease substantially the amount of red meat eaten. Eliminate salt from the diet. Increase the amount of juice taken daily to 4 glasses a day - in the form of apples, grapes or cranberries. Take a tablespoon of honey at meals twice per day.

For headaches, put equal parts of apple cider vinegar and water in a pan. As it begins to boil, lean over the fumes and breathe in 75 breaths.

The headache should stop or decrease substantially. This is especially good for migraine attacks. A

## \$\$\$\$\$ MONEY \$\$\$\$\$

Can money really buy happiness? It seems that once people have enough money to live with dignity, whether they are rich or poor matters only slightly to happiness. There is no guarantee of happiness just because of wealth, but prospering through your own actions and efforts does bestow a great deal of satisfaction.

How money is handled, once made, seems to be a large factor in happiness. Effectively using money, according to psychologist Annette Leibermann, gives a sense of control over one's life, more self-esteem, freedom and security. The process of making money is looked at as a challenge to some, while the actual acquisition of it is rather dull.

tablespoon of honey ingested prior to the breathing of the mixture is also good.

If there is a problem with varicose veins, simply apply the apple cider vinegar full-strength to the veins night and morning. At the end of the month there should be a marked difference. In addition to the application, take two teaspoonfuls of the vinegar mixed in a glass of water twice

daily. The pain of burns can be relieved by applying the apple cider vinegar full strength.

From 1958 publication, "Folk Medicine" by Dr. D. C. Jarvis

(Editor's Note: While there is a lot of worth to folk remedies, the editors urge you to see a medical doctor when you have symptoms of health problems.)

# The Paving of Locust Street

by Walter S. Terry

Along about 1925 or 26, I was fortunate enough to live on Locust Street when it was being paved. (Since that was back in what my children refer to as "The Dark Ages," I'm not sure whether or not it was the initial paving, but my fading mind tells me it was.) To see and hear that beautiful smoke-belching monster rumbling and clanking along its way over the newly poured, steaming asphalt was a small boy's dream of heaven—a sure-nuff, really-and-truly steam roller! Across the street lived another four- or five-year-old miscreant named Wells Stanley. As Wells and I watched together this marvelous process, we ran across a treasure almost equally fascinating: a brown paper bag with huge biscuits containing between their halves a greasy white substance we'd never seen before in its purest form (we learned later it was called "fatback"). Not totally innocent of what we were doing, we retreated to a "secret" place under Wells' porch steps and proceeded to feast on this strange and delicious banquet.

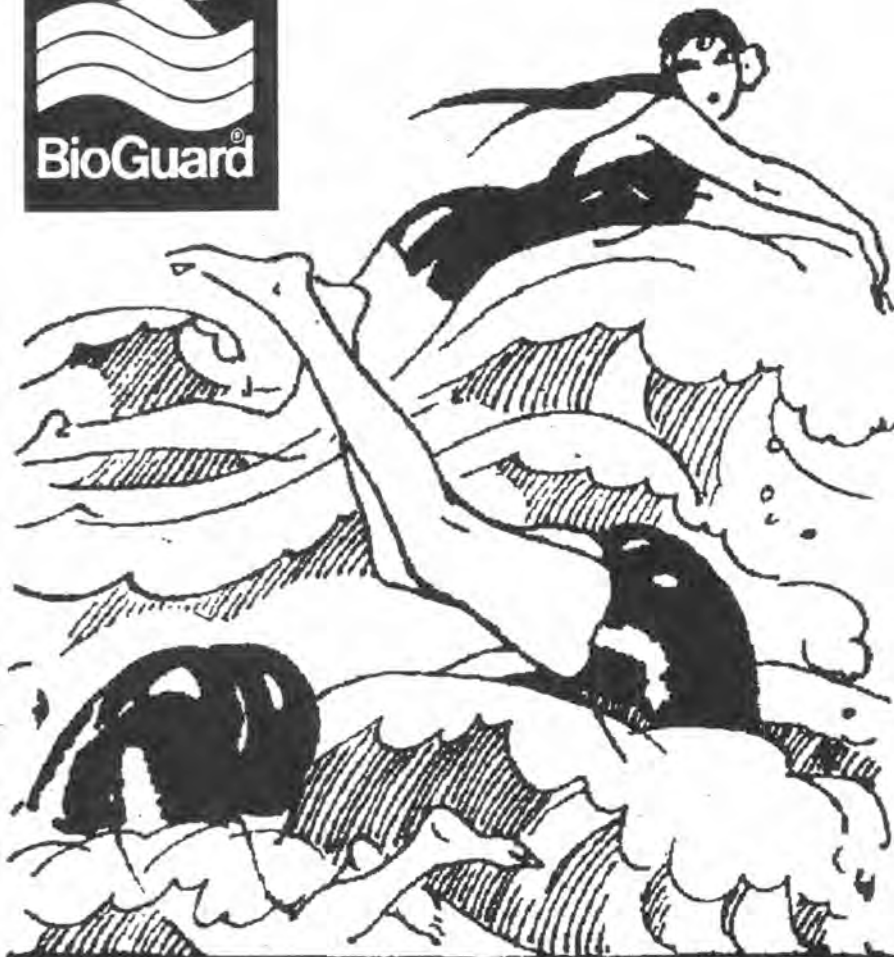
We were, of course, caught. The street department man, on missing his lunch come noontime, somehow tracked us down (crime didn't pay, even at that tender age). The man was as black as the asphalt he worked with but had a heart of gold, and I've never forgotten his kindness. He told our mothers that he reckoned we had "mistook" his lunch for ours.

But with our mothers, we both were in disgrace, though we passionately blamed each other for being the instigator. Our mothers, to make amends to the worker, prepared a feast of fried chicken for him and his fellow crew members. Under these circumstances, we were more than forgiven for our sins by them, if not immediately by our mothers.

I haven't seen Wells Stanley in probably forty or fifty years, but I'm convinced he'd still be quick to say Walter Terry put him up to that thievery.

And I'd be just as quick to deny it.

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# Good Eating In Huntsville

Regardless of what our neighbors to the North may think, all Southerners did not live on hominy, fatback and hog jowl.

The McGee Hotel was built in 1869 and was located on the present site of the Terry Hutchens building on Jefferson Street. It quickly established a reputation of excellent food and service, and if this menu is any indication, a menu that was unbelievable.

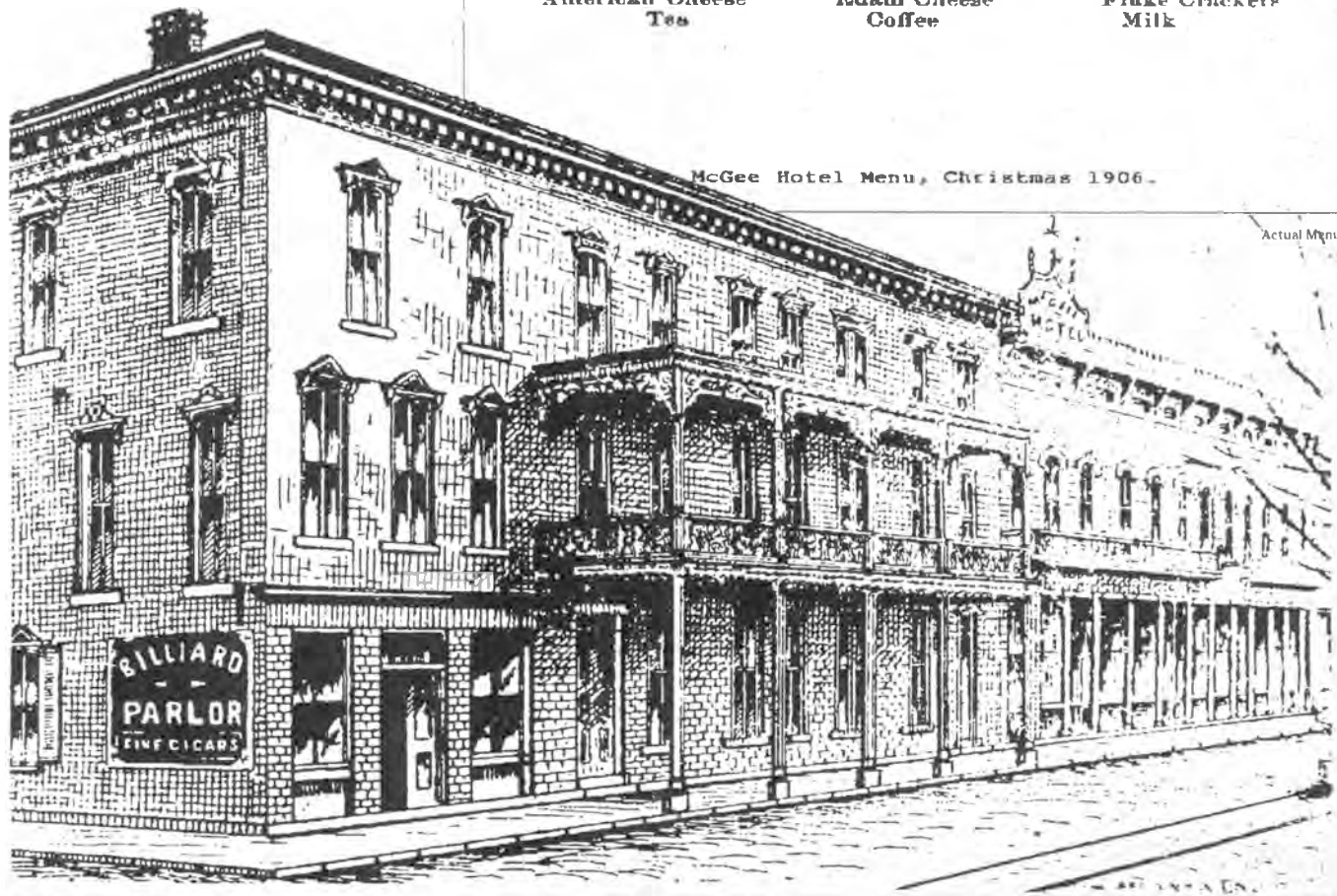
On Christmas Day, 1924, the stately old hotel burned to the ground

## .....MENU.....

	Oyster Soup		
Celery	Lettuce	Chow Chow	Olives
	Mixed Pickles		
	FISH		
	Baked Pickerel—Butter Sauce		
	ROASTS		
	Prime Beef, Demi Glace		
	Turkey—Sage Dressing, Cranberry Sauce		
	BROILED		
	Saddle of Venison, Current Jelly		
	Haunch of Beef, Brown Gravy		
	CHERRY SQUAB		
	ENTREES		
	Pineapple Fritters—Brandy Sauce		
	Frog Legs—Tartar Sauce		
Corn Bread	Chicken Salad	Oyster Patties	Butter Milk
	Asparagus Tips on Toast		
	VEGETABLES		
Mashed Potatoes	Egg Plants in Butter	Stewed Tomatoes	
	Sugar Corn	Candied Yams	
	DESSERT		
Mince Pie	Plum Pudding—Brandy Sauce	Pumpkin Pie	
	Peach Ice Cream	Assorted Cake	
	Charlotte Russe	Fruit	
	Mixed Nuts and Raisins		
American Cheese	Edam Cheese	Flake Crackers	
Tea	Coffee	Milk	

McGee Hotel Menu, Christmas 1906.

Actual Menu





# Common Sense will Save your Life

## Basement Windows

When you lock your upstairs windows, don't forget to look at basement windows, chutes, ventilation outlets, or other areas which give access to your house, even if you never use them yourself.

Basements are particularly vulnerable areas because they usually are

not occupied. Metal basement windows have latches built into them, so that a padlock can be inserted. If a basement window has no lock, drive a screw into the wood or masonry near the edge of the window, leaving enough of the head protruding to stop the window from being opened.

## Ladies Beware!

Something was recently brought to the attention of Old Huntsville publishers that we feel you should know. A nursing student was leaving her workplace in Pensacola at about one in the afternoon on a sunny, bright day. As she was getting into her car a rough looking individual told her to

get into the car, and he would tell her where she would drive. She was petrified and did as he said. They drove to her Anytime bank window, where she withdrew money and gave it to him, then out of town to a deserted area. He brutally raped and beat her, and left her for dead. Luckily she was found, but she will never be the same. Some say she would have been better off dead.

The whole point of this is, DON'T ever get into a car with anyone you don't know. You are simply putting yourself in a death trap. Scream, run away, do anything but get into the car. Oftentimes when one of these persons takes a lady by surprise, shock sets in and women will obey what these people say, out of pure fear. DON'T!!

## Skylights

Skylights should be locked and protected with metal grilles.

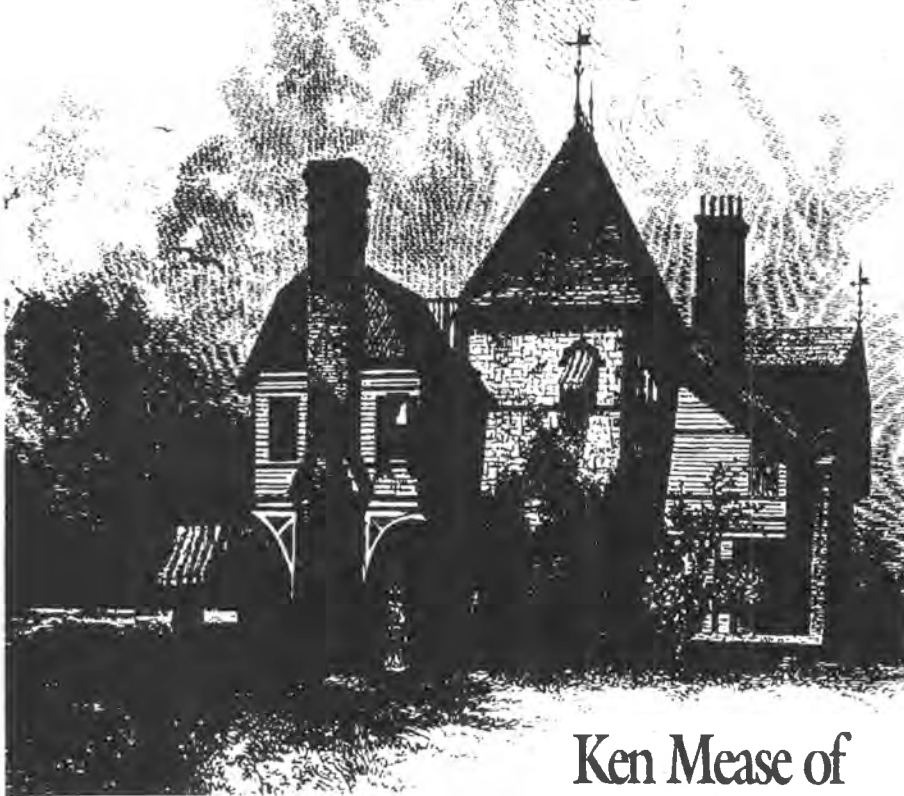
A skylight of polycarbonate glass can withstand a ten-pound sledgehammer, but it costs ten times as much as regular glass. Safety glass with a wire mesh is less expensive but not quite as strong. Bars can be placed over the skylight as an alternate type of defense.

## Telephone Tactics

A common ploy in the suburbs and rural areas is the call for help. "May I use your phone? My car broke down." "I'm lost. Could I call someone for directions?" "My child is sick. Can I call my doctor?" The best response is to ask for the name or phone number and tell the person you'll make the call yourself.

As in most things, common sense and a healthy dose of caution will help protect you in your dealings with strangers at the door or on the phone. Do not tell a stranger that your neighbor is away or anything else about the neighborhood that might possibly be useful to outsiders. Do not tell anyone that you are alone in the house or volunteer the information that a member of the household is not expected until such and such a time.

It is a good idea NOT to display your name on your mailbox or front door. It is very easy for a thief to look up your phone number in the directory and call ahead to see if anyone is at home.



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# A True "Tall Tow(e)ry Tale"

by Leon Towery

At the National Reunion in San Antonio, I was asked to contribute a Tall Tow(e)ry Tale. Well, I have been more than negligent and I am sorry. I will try to do better in the future. I have a bundle or true tall tales to tell if they are favorably accepted by the family. And I'll bet each of you have plenty of tales also, so let's get with it.

I was born seventy-six years ago, one mile east and one and a quarter miles south of Hazel Green, Alabama, on what is now called Jimmy Fisk Road. My parents lived in a tenant house on the farm of James Benjamin Fisk. My mother was a daughter of J.B. and Ida McCaleb Fisk.

At the time of my birth, almost everyone was born at home, and either a doctor or midwife was called to deliver the child. Dr. Robert E. McCown, Sr. lived in Hazel Green, and he was called when it was time for me to be delivered. I guess Dr. McCown must have been forgetful, or he was awfully tired, or maybe I was such an insignificant baby that he failed to report my birth to the county health department. I'm still not sure whether I was born in 1915 or 1916.

Since my birth was never reported to the proper authorities, I never had a birth certificate. This lack of a birth certificate didn't worry me in the least. What did it matter anyway? I knew I had been born—I just didn't know when. But some years later, this absence of a birth certificate worried quite a few people. It didn't keep me from entering military service in World War II. But almost immediately after I enlisted and was assigned to the 650th

Engineer Battalion in Camp White, Oregon, trouble began. The company clerk called me up to company headquarters and said, "Towery, I need your birth certificate." I told him I didn't have one. He said, "Don't give me that line. Everybody's got a birth certificate." I tried to tell him I didn't have one and the more I told him, the louder he yelled. He got so loud that the adjutant, the executive officer, and the company commander came storming out of their offices to see what all the disturbance was about. The clerk said, "Towery is trying to tell me a bunch of bull. He says he doesn't have a birth certificate when I know damn well everybody's got one."

The company commander questioned me at length. He said that without a birth certificate an allotment for my wife and my mother was not possible. I told him that they could not make it without an allotment and that he could just discharge me and

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send me home. That statement sure did upset him. He said that a discharge was out of the question. He made an appointment for me to see the battalion commander. I spent three whole days at battalion headquarters with the commander telling me I had to have a birth certificate and me telling him I didn't have one. Finally, he gave up and sent me to see the general at camp headquarters.

This guy was one heck of a good Joe. When I told him what all had transpired, he said, "Aw, hell, soldier, I've known several GI's who didn't have birth certificates, and they made just as good soldiers as those who had certificates. You go on back to your company, and I'll take care of it." He did take care of it because my allotments began immediately. But things didn't go very well for me. I think because the general chewed out everyone down to and including the company clerk, these chewings resulted in me staying a buck private for one whole year even though I was a college graduate. I'll admit that I didn't make it easy for them to promote me because I resented being told when to get up, when to go to bed, when to stand up, when to "sit down," when to scrub the barracks, when to pull KP and guard duty, when to shine my shoes, and when to clean my piece. ("Piece" is Army slang for gun. I doubt that the Army has ever found out that a piece is nothing but a plain old gun.)

No further trouble came of the missing birth certificate for a while. I became more tolerant of orders and was selected for a cadre to the 655th Engineer Battalion at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. I suddenly jumped from a buck private to a buck corporal. My, wasn't that trucking? In two months, I was promoted to buck sergeant. Wheee! Then a month later, I was promoted to staff sergeant. I was flying and my head was spinning. What was happening? This was mind boggling.

We moved to Camp Livingston, Louisiana, for further training and after six months were ordered to a staging area at Camp Shanks, New York, to board a ship bound for the European theatre of operations. This is when the lack of a birth certificate came up again. I was told that there was no way I could go overseas without a birth certificate. I told everyone all the way up to the battalion commander that it suited me just fine—I

didn't mind staying this side of the pond. That sure didn't suit the brass. They made my life miserable for a while. However, there must have been another general who knew the score because it was less than a week until I was on a Norwegian cargo ship manned by a British crew and headed east.

Now, I have rambled on explaining the trouble I had without a birth certificate. Let us drop back to my boring days. My father was the sixth child of Alfonso Towry, more affectionately known as "Fondsy," and the second child of Hattie Ledbetter Towry. Grandma Hattie said she was a descendant of the Ledbetter cotton and corn planter inventors and manufacturers. She must have been far down the lineage chart because I don't think they included her in their will. My mother was the fifth child of James Benjamin and Nancy Ida McCaleb Fisk.

Jimmy Fisk Road was named for my grandfather, J.B. Fisk. Most people called him Jimmy or "Red" Jim, the watermelon king. I'll explain the latter monicker at another time.

Jimmy Fisk Road was covered with creek gravel and was not paved until the 1950's. North of our house was a swamp area where wagon traffic caused deep ruts that sometimes became impassable. Very early in my life I remember the residents on this road cutting four to six-inch poles, placing them across the road and hauling creek gravel to cover the poles. This would last until the poles rotted, then new poles and gravel were necessary.

This road was not serviced by a rural mail carrier, and our mailbox was located three-fourths of a mile south where Jimmy Fisk Road dead-ends at Walker Lane. I don't recall when mail service began on our road. I left home in 1934, and there was no mail service at that time. As I was growing up, one of the most pleasant experiences was getting to ride Old Daisy, a Shetland pony, to fetch the mail. We didn't have a saddle for her, and we rode bareback.

Old Daisy was quite cantankerous. She would shy at anything, and you had to be alert to stay astride. If a rabbit crossed the road, Old Daisy would stop instantly and you had better have a good hold or she would pitch you right over her head. If a bird fluttered in the bushes, she would jump sidewise.

continued on page 35



GOOD FOR THE BODY

## Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

Here are a few that we found in a 1942 Almanac. Some of these are still used today, however a few have been updated. Don't use this as a first aid guide!

**Fainting** - Place patient flat on back, give plenty of fresh air and sprinkle with water.

**Nose Bleed** - Put a wad of brown paper under the upper lip.

**Intestinal Flu** - Take a laxative. Cramps in stomach can be relieved by taking blackberry compound.

**Prickly Heat** - can be relieved by powdering with starch, flour, or talcum powder. Zinc stearate is also very good.

**Stings** - First make an effort to remove the stinger. Then apply ammonia water or baking soda paste. If neither are at hand, an application mud will relieve the pain.

**Galding** - To prevent becoming galded carry a lump of alum in the pocket or in a small bag hung around the neck. This will relieve even severe cases.

**Burning Feet** - Apply tallow to the insoles of the shoes. This will relieve the burning sensation on the soles of the feet.

**Sore Throat** - one of the best home

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# Wisdom from Days Gone By

## Products that are Not Good for your Body

**Alcohol** - deadens the nerves and the brain, weakens the will, blunts the conscience, and arouses the animal instincts. It is habit-forming.

**Tobacco** - is a narcotic to nerves and brain, weakens the will, and blunts the conscience. It is habit forming.

**Tea, coffee and cola drinks**-injures the nerves, interferes with the functions of the brain, weakens the will, and are habit-forming.

**Cocoa** -is the same as coffee but not as strong in habit-forming.

**Spices** - irritate the nerves.

**Pain-killing remedies** deaden the nerves and the brain to some extent.

**Dope** - the derivatives of opium, and similar preparations - injures the nerves and the brain cells.

**Sour stomach** - makes clear thinking very difficult and the best thinking impossible.

**Constipation** - by causing toxins to be absorbed into the blood, contributes to a dull mind.

**Worry** - has a disastrous effect on both nerves and mind.

**Minerals** - vitamins, air, sunshine, exercise, rest, and other things, build up nerve vitality, strengthen the mind and aid in securing a normal mental poise. When nerves are undernourished because these elements are lacking, the individual becomes nervous, easily irritated, fretful, cross and impatient. This condition seriously mars his relation to his family, his friends and loved ones. This condition is destructive to health, to character, and to spirituality.

From 1850 Paper

# STATE NEWS

• A negro by the name of Columbus Hicks, in Birmingham robbed the commissary of the Woodward Iron Company, and Officer Sharpe went to arrest him. The negro resisted, and Sharpe shot him, inflicting, it is said, a mortal wound.

William Wilson, alias William Stevenson, has been arrested in Huntsville, charged with having robbed the mail in Texas and Arkansas. There is some doubt as to his being the right one, but if he is, those who made the arrest will receive a \$700 reward. He is also wanted in this state for murder in Marshall County.

• Judge W.B. McClure was badly hurt Saturday night by being thrown from his buggy while returning home. His son James was thrown out, and the judge became entangled in trying to jump and was caught in the running gear. He was badly bruised and hurt and has been confined to his home ever since. We trust the judge will soon be out again.

• Mr. T. A. Nixon, at Albertville, was suffering very much one day last week and in order to secure relief he injected strychnine in his arm, thinking he was using morphine. He died in three hours. His wife is in the habit of using morphine sometimes, and she took a dose of the strychnine too, but it happened to be a small one, and she was not considered to be in immediate danger.

• The bucket factory at Gurley operated by the Ninger-Craver Co., is now running up to its full capacity. The present output is seventy dozen cedar water buckets, thirty-five dozen well buckets, fifty dozen lynn and candy buckets and eighteen dozen churns. The proprietors have in contemplation the manufacture of other grades of woodenware, and they may also add washboards to the list.

Taken from an 1895 Newspaper

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## It's The Law

### Indiana:

It was illegal to wear a moustache if the wearer was one who "habitually kisses human beings."

Hotel bed sheets had to be at least 99 inches long and 81 inches wide.

It was illegal for roller-skating instructors to lead their female students astray during a lesson. Taking a bath during the wintertime was forbidden.

### Iowa:

It was illegal for a woman NOT to wear a corset.

### Kansas:

It was illegal to exhibit the eating of snakes. Candidates for public office could not give away cigars on election day.

### Kentucky:

A man could not buy a coat unless his wife was along to help in the selection. It was illegal to sleep on the floor of the Kentucky State House. No one could sleep in a restaurant legally.

A wife had to receive her husband's permission to rearrange the furniture. A state law read that "burglary can only be committed in the night-time. It was illegal for a man to marry his wife's grandmother.

An old law read, "No female shall appear in a bathing suit on any highway within this state unless she is escorted by at least two officers or unless she is armed with a club." The law was later amended to read

"The provisions of this statute shall not apply to females weighing less than 90 pounds or exceeding 200 pounds; nor shall it apply to female horses."

### Louisiana:

By law, any person had the right to grow as tall as he or she liked. It was illegal for a beauty operator to put cold cream or powder on a customer's feet. Whistling on Sunday was forbidden.

### Maine:

Buildings made of round logs were exempt from taxes. All fishermen were required to take off their hat to the game warden. It was illegal to lead a bear around with a rope.

Walking the streets with one's shoelaces undone was forbidden. It was illegal to set fire to a mule.

### Maryland:

It was illegal in parts of Maryland to mistreat an oyster.

### Massachusetts:

Women were not permitted to enter beauty shops for the purpose of hair tinting or hair waving.

It was illegal to show movies that lasted more than 20 minutes.

Eating peanuts in church was forbidden. A dachshund could not be kept as a pet dog.

Digging up the state flower, the mayflower, was punishable by a \$50 fine. If the crime were committed in disguise, the fine went up to \$100.

It was illegal for a bill collector to dress in "unusual or striking costumes." Putting tomatoes in clam chowder was forbidden.

### Michigan:

It was illegal to hitch a crocodile to a fire hydrant. A woman could not lift her skirt more than six inches to avoid a puddle. By state law, a census of bees had to be made every winter. If a woman were to leave her husband, he could take possession of all her clothing.

A woman's hair was the property of her husband.

A married couple had to live together or risk imprisonment.

### Minnesota:

It was illegal for a woman to appear on the street dressed as Santa Claus. Men's and woman's underwear could not be hung on the same clothesline at the same time.

### Mississippi:

It was illegal to soap railroad tracks. When one bought a can of snuff, he or she had to stand at least an arm's length from the seller.

### Nebraska:

It was illegal to picnic in the same place twice within a 30-day period.

A person who sneezed in public could be fined. A mother could wave her daughter's hair only if she had a state license.

### Nevada:

It was illegal to drive camels onto main highways.

### New Jersey:

No one was permitted to delay or detain a homing pigeon.

### New Mexico:

Bicycle horns had to have a harmonious sound. It was illegal to climb a building to get a free view of a ball game.

### New York:

It was illegal to pawn an American flag. A person could be arrested for ringing the doorbell and disturbing the occupant of the house.

A state law once read, "Two vehicles which are passing each other in opposite directions shall have the right of way." It was a misdemeanor to arrest a dead man for a debt.

Car playing on a train was against the law.

### North Carolina:

Bus companies were permitted to provide free transportation to blind clergymen. It was illegal to sing out of tune. Drinking water or milk on a train was not permitted.

### North Dakota:

It was illegal to trap birds in a cemetery. Railroad engineers could not take their engines home with them unless they carried a full crew.

When I was growing up, airplanes were few and far between. When a plane came over, everyone would stare in awe at something that could stay up there and fly like a bird. As soon as a person heard the plane's motor, he would locate it and follow it with his eyes until it was out of sight. One day I was riding Old Daisy to the mailbox at a gallop. I heard a plane coming over and, naturally, I looked up. At about that time, Old Daisy came to a mud puddle, braked instantly, and sent me sailing right over her head into the

mud. To make it worse, there was no mail in the box.

In those days people got a lot of junk mail, as we do today. In those days, however, the junk mail was addressed to "Box Holder." Today, that same type of mail is sent to your address marked "Cart-n- Sort."

I think it's best that I hold up at this time to get a feedback from you, my cousins, to see if my "True Tales" are of sufficient interest for me to continue. If your response is affirmative, I will continue at an early date. ■

**P**robably the most unique affair in the history of our town was the celebration by Mr. R. W. Burton, on Friday last, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of his bookstore in Auburn. Mr. Burton called this his silver jubilee and had his store appropriately decorated for the occasion. The chief attraction, however, was the guessing contest, which was open to all.

On a table were arranged seventeen cards, each of which contained a rhyme suggesting the name of an author; and a prize was offered to the person guessing the most names correctly. The contest aroused a great deal of interest, and the bookstore was thronged all day long with ladies, college professors, cadets and students, each puzzling his brain and trying to guess who were the authors referred to by the catchy verses. All of the rhymes were of Mr. Burton's own composition and many were quite ingenious. We give one or two here which we happen to remember:

*A horseman pale and hollow-eyed  
O'er wildest plains doth wildly ride.  
(Rider Haggard)*

*His first name suggest the house wife's  
stitches;  
His books are used to conjure witches.  
(Cotton Mather)*

*One that puzzled a great many was -  
A doubt is suggested by his name  
But on his essays rests no doubtful fame.  
(Hamilton W. Mabie)*

Mrs. C. C. Thach and Mr. W. O. Scroggs guessed all the names correctly and were awarded each a handsome book as a prize.

Every visitor to the store was presented with a pretty souvenir card. Mr. Burton's numerous friends extend to him their congratulations and wish him many happy returns of the day.

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# Lt. Col. Milus E. ("Bushwhacker") Johnston

The name "Bushwhacker" Johnston carried terror to the enemy during the Civil War in north Alabama, but after the war, he was a fearless preacher for thirty-one years.

Reverend Milus E. "Bushwhacker" Johnston was born in Wilson County near Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 26th of July, 1823. When he was seventeen years old, he was "born again" and was licensed in 1845, at the age of 22, by the Methodist Church to preach. He was first assigned to the Smith's Fort circuit, where the wife of his youth died and was buried near the village of Alexandria.

While assigned to the Larkinsville circuit, Milus Johnston married Mrs. Mary E. (Hammer) Findley, of Madison County, Alabama.

Milus did not leave Tennessee until it became unsafe for people to assemble and worship in their churches. When Federal soldiers invaded Tennessee, Reverend Johnston was assigned to the Fayetteville circuit and was attending to his own business, that being the business of preaching the gospel. Without any cause on his part, he was arrested by Union troops and told to quit preaching. He was later set free and started preaching again, slipping through the hills to his appointments. Again, he was arrested and his horse confiscated. Reverend Johnston then walked the hills and valleys to preach to his congregations. Unable to preach in peace, Reverend Johnston took his wife and moved southward to Madison County, Alabama, to the home of his wife's father.

On arriving home and finding there was no chance to preach the gospel and having no desire to enlist in the army, Reverend Johnston went to work farming. His only goal was to take care of his family to the best of

his ability.

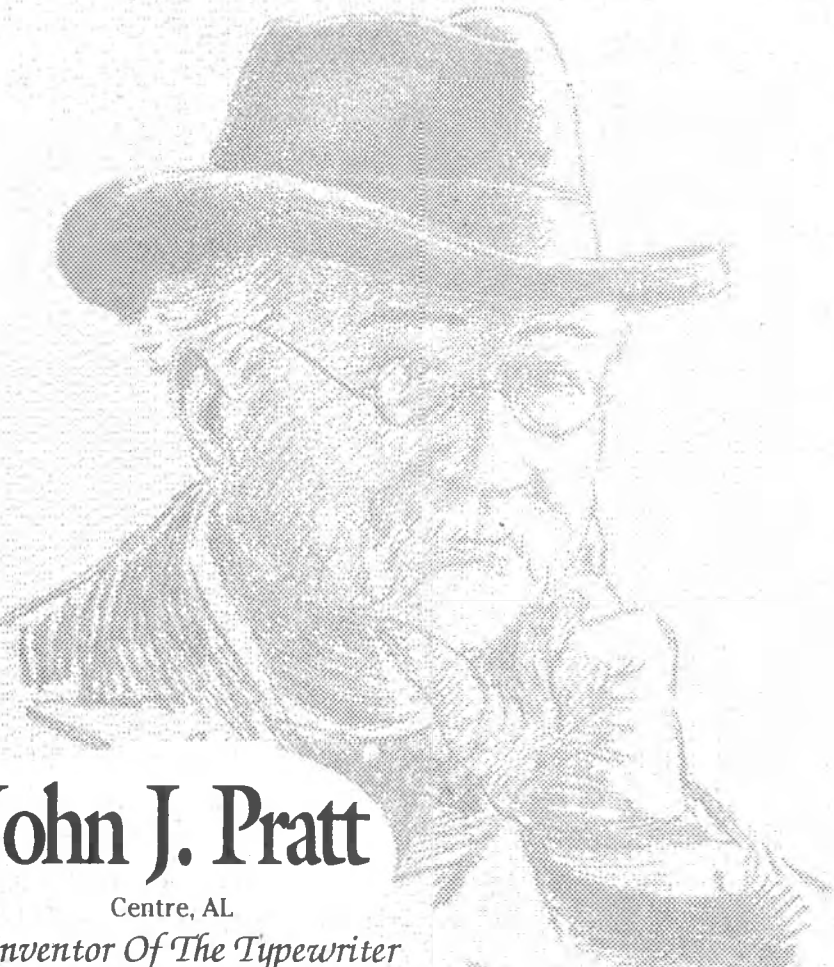
On came the Federal army laying waste to everything in their path. They burned out the Reverend's family three times, taking everything they had including the boots off his feet. He then crossed the Tennessee River at the mouth of the Paint Rock River with the assistance of some of Col. Roddy's (4th Alabama Cavalry) men. Upon reaching the south bank of the Tennessee River, he looked northward and said, "Boys, I have come to the conclusion that God never yet made a man to be slobbered on always by dogs; hence, I'm going to give those fellows a turn—the best turn I can get into the hopper." He immediately went to the Confederate authorities and was given a commission and sent back inside the Federal lines to raise troops. Reverend Johnston helped organize a

company of partisan rangers that was mustered into the Confederate Army and operated primarily in Jackson, Madison and Marshall Counties of north Alabama.

He acquired the name "Bushwhacker" Johnston after being appointed a captain of Company E of Mead's Confederate Cavalry. These units were also known as Mead's Regiment of Partisan Rangers. He was promoted to Lt. Colonel on March 27, 1865, and given command of the 25th Alabama Cavalry, which he commanded until its surrender to Union forces on May 11, 1865, at Trough Spring on Monte Sano Mountain and was paroled at Huntsville, Alabama.

Many amusing anecdotes have been told of Bushwhacker's sayings and doings during the two years of his raids and more than 200 skirmishes.

## FAMOUS ALABAMAISANS



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Some of them were exaggerated and some were true. His mode of warfare was just as legal and effective as those of Morgan and Mosby.

Dr. L. Hensley Grubbs of the Decatur News in 1899 had the following to say about the old Ranger chief: "Milus Johnston was a brave man, a splendid Commander, a victorious fighter and only took up the sword after he was driven out of the pulpit. He knew nothing of the science of war and could not give a single command according to the books, but when he said 'Catch 'em boys,' his Rangers would do it or die in the attempt."

After the war Reverend (Bushwhacker) Johnston lived at New Hope, Alabama, until his second wife's death. His second wife bore him five children while they lived at New Hope. After her death, he moved to Union Grove, Marshall County, Alabama, to live with his daughter, Mrs. Fannie Cadenhead, wife of the inventor of the Cadenhead plow.

In the 1890's Reverend Johnston was assigned to the Warrenton, Alabama Mission circuit. Reverend Johnston helped establish and was pastor of the First Methodist Church

of Arab. He also established Methodist churches at Oleander, Ruth and Union Grove while assigned to the Warrenton circuit. Milus E. Johnston retired in November, 1896, at the age of 73.

On January 4, 1899, Reverend Johnston married Mrs. Jane Jullian, the widow of John Jullian. They were married at the bride's home in Cataco Valley near Oleander, Alabama. He was 76 and she was 69 at the time of their marriage. The ceremony was performed by Reverend John Crofford Hunkapiller of New Hope, Alabama, also a veteran of the War of Northern Aggression, who had served with Company B, 19th Alabama Infantry Regiment, Confederate States of America. It should also be noted that Mrs. Jullian had been a widow for only seven months when she wed Milus. Reverend Johnston lived on his wife's farm, where he wrote his memoirs, until her death.

After his wife's death, Milus E. Johnston moved to Watertown, Tennessee, in Wilson County to live with one of his sons. He died in 1915 at the age of 92 and is buried in Hearn Hill Cemetery near Watertown.

## Mrs. Hodgson, Formerly of Scottsboro, Showed Her Colors During Riots

Galveston, Tex., April 27, 1914—Stories of sudden flight, of privation and of fresh insult to the American flag were brought here today by the score of refugees from Mexico.

When the excitement of Mexicans at Tampico over the fighting at Vera Cruz was so high that the raising of an American flag imperiled its owner, Mrs. Samuel Holt Hodgson, formerly of Scottsboro, Ala., raised a Confederate flag. She is the daughter-in-law of the late Colonel Joseph Hodgson, who was editor of the Mobile Register. Mrs. Hodgson said that she not only was unwilling to leave Tampico, but that she was courteously treated by her Mexican friends even during the rioting, which she declared was confined to irresponsible persons. She said she, as well as many other Americans, agreed to leave Tampico only because they believed American troops were about to fire on the city. She had told her Mexican servants, she said, to abandon the house because the Americans were going to open fire within an hour. During the rioting on the streets, Mrs. Hodgson said, a Mexican friend had come to her and offered to do her marketing to save her from possible annoyance on the streets.

(Taken from The Huntsville Mercury-Banner, 1914)



# The House That Isaiah Built

by Charles S. Rice



Address: 118 Calhoun  
Date Constructed: 1857  
Constructed By: Isaiah Dill  
Cost of Construction: \$9000.00

*This is a continuation of last month's story "The House That Isaiah Built."*

This spacious home was built as one unit, and not added to at various periods as many older antebellum houses are. It is reported to have cost \$9,000 to build Isaiah Dill's home, a considerable sum at a time when a laborer might be paid a dollar a day. The kitchen was located just south of the house in the brick servants quarters, which also contained two comfortable bedrooms for the Dill slaves, a family of nine headed by Uncle Parker and Aunt Nancy. Other structures included the stables and a small shop where Martha Dill's stepfather, William Sydnor, practiced his trade as a cabinetmaker. The city limits passed through the yard, which was completely enclosed by a wooden fence. The original occupants of Isaiah's house were he and his wife Martha, their children—Henry, Mary, Charles, Ellen, and Arthur, and Elizabeth and William Sydnor. Isaiah's brother, Andrew H. Dill, joined him in his law practice for some years and also lived in the house just prior to the Civil War. Andrew left Huntsville about 1860 and moved to Chicago. One child was born to the Dills in the house, a daughter, Carrie, in 1858. Another child, baby Frank, had died on July 30, 1857, possibly in the house.

Just prior to the Civil War, Isaiah Dill's fortunes were at their highest. In addition to his position as register in chancery for Madison County, he was a practicing attorney, an agent for three Northern insurance companies, and secretary of the North Alabama Telegraph Company. He was also prominent in the Odd Fellows and was a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church. Then the war brought disaster.

On the morning of April 11, 1862, Huntsville awakened to the sound of cannon fire near the railway depot. A Union army led by Brigadier General O. M. Mitchell had pounced on the defenseless city. Huntsville would remain under Union occupation throughout most of the last three years of the war.

A Union regiment moved into the buildings of the Greene Academy, the private boys school directly south of the Dills' property, and the war literally came to the Dills' doorstep. Dill family tradition recalls some of the wartime events of long ago. The Northern soldiers made short work of the family's poultry, even though one private who was caught in the act was punished by his commanding officer by being forced to carry a heavy log across his shoulders from sunrise to sunset. The Dills decided to remove temptation from the soldiers' midst by the unusual expedient of covering an upstairs bedroom floor with newspapers and bringing the remaining chickens into the house. The soldiers

could still hear the rooster crowing every morning, but could not find him anywhere. After a few days, chickens were removed to the attic for obvious reasons. The Dill children also were quite distressed when Union soldiers took turns racing on Isaiah's old carriage horse. The overaged animal had been retired and given to the children as a pet. They never saw their horse again.

Nevertheless, relations with the occupying army seem to have been fairly friendly during the early years of the war.

When twelve year old Mary Dill came down with typhoid fever, the Northern officers sent over a slab of beef to make her some broth. Later, however,

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conditions grew worse. The family silver was hidden away, as Union soldiers began entering the kitchen to take anything they wanted. Drunken soldiers often fired their rifles into the air or into the streets. In November, 1863, an inoffensive civilian was shot by a soldier as he walked past the Dills' house. The bullet shattered a bone in the unfortunate man's arm, and the doctors had to amputate. A year later, on November 26, 1864, Union soldiers, angry at having to evacuate the city, set fire to the Greene Academy. The school was destroyed. When the Confederate army reoccupied Huntsville a few days later, 17-year-old Henry Dill took the opportunity to enlist in Company A, 4th Alabama Cavalry. He served under General Forrest until the surrender in May, 1865.

The end of the war found Isaiah Dill in an embarrassing situation. Although he had been a Douglas Democrat and opposed to secession, he subsequently

accepted the appointment of commissioner for the Confederate District Court for the Northern Division of Alabama. He was therefore required to petition for the restoration of his United States citizenship. Isaiah did so on August 9, 1865, and his pardon was granted by President Andrew Johnson on September 29, 1865.

Dill's pardon application provides a glimpse of the ordeal experienced by Huntsville residents during the war. "In October, 1863," he wrote, "a horse was forcibly taken from me by some United States troops under the command of General Crook, who were then passing through Huntsville. During the latter part of the year in 1863, and from thence on to March 1865, at various times, some four hundred feet running measure of my fencing was destroyed by the Federal troops who during that time occupied Huntsville. And, in the latter part of December 1864, my stables and some other out-buildings about the stable lot were removed by the Federal soldiers; whether destroyed or not I do not know." During the Reconstruction period following the Civil War, Isaiah Dill lost the position of register in chancery he had held for a quarter of a century. In 1871, however, he was honored by being selected Alabama grand master for the Odd Fellows. He also represented Alabama in the Grand Lodge of the Odd Fellows of the United States.

Isaiah died on July 5, 1877, at the age of 71. His funeral was held in the lovely parlor of his home. The Dill children now numbered five, young Charles Dill having died in 1873, at the age of only 23. Uncertain what to do with their home, they turned for advice to one of their father's friends and fellow attorneys. He suggested that they sell their house at public auction on the courthouse steps, as was the common practice. The auction was held on August 12, 1878. The winning bid was \$4,400, considerably less than the \$11,000 the property had been valued at in the U.S. census of 1860.

Sadly, the Dill children divided the money and moved from their home of over 20 years. Henry Dill, M.D., settled in Tusculumbia. Arthur

Dill remained as a Huntsville policeman. Mary Dill dedicated her life to teaching generations of Huntsville's children in a small private school of her own, while her sister Ellen taught in a college at Abingdon, Virginia.

Three other families have called Isaiah Dill's house home in the 113 years since his death. The first of these was headed by Robert L. Pulley, a wealthy landowner of Limestone County who purchased the house at the auction in 1878. The Pulleys and their seven children would live in the house for the next 40 years. Robert Pulley died on April 10, 1901, but his will provided that the house would remain in his wife's possession for as long as she lived.

The old house underwent a number of changes during the Pulley's occupancy. Sometime around the turn of the century, the red brick house was painted ivory. Gaslights were installed and then replaced with electric. A frame kitchen was added just off the backporch, though the brick servants quarters continued to be used. The downstairs bedroom closet was broken through and a frame bathroom added. Water closets were still such novelties that the handle bore the word "Press".

Automobiles were beginning to replace horses in the early 1900's, and one of Huntsville's first cars was a Stanley Steamer owned by Terie Pulley's husband, T. H. Wade. A neighbor recalls that Tom Wade must have spent as much time starting his steamer each morning as it would have taken to walk to his office on the courthouse square. Wade apparently considered it worth the trouble.

The rear sections of the lot were also sold off at this time. Henry Chase of Chase Nursery built his beautiful home on one of them and a dentist named C. Walter Krantz built an attractive Edgar Love-designed house on the other. Dr. Krantz soon had to move to Colorado for reasons of health, and sold his home to the Dreger family, who live in it to this day.

Georgia Strong Pulley died on December 27, 1919, and her children decided to put the house on the market once more.

The next family to occupy the house was that of William H. Cummings, who secured it for \$15,500 on February 2, 1920. Cummings owned the Huntsville Furniture Company, and also was the RCA Victor dealer for all of North





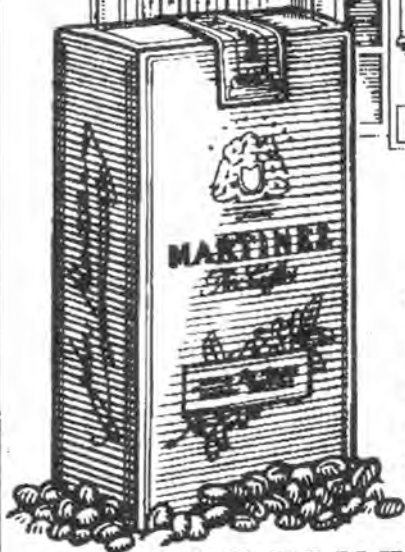
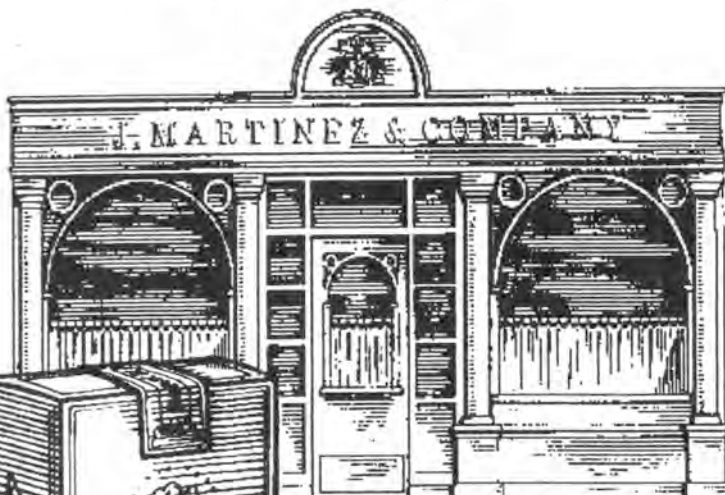
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Alabama. His shop stood on the courthouse square between Harrison Brothers Hardware and H. C. Blake Plumbing.

During the Second World War it became almost a patriotic duty to provide housing for the workers. The house was divided into apartments. Bathrooms and small kitchens were added for each apartment. The end of the balcony was sawn off to accommodate a new staircase for the tenants. In 1955, another section of the property was sold and the century-old servants quarters were torn down. The house remained as apartments until the late 1960's, and then stood empty for several years following Cummings' death.

Water leaking through the roof damaged most of the plaster ceilings while the house was unoccupied. Wallpaper hung in shreds in almost every room. Nevertheless, the basic structure of the house remained sound and about one acre of land remained. The original brick walk still led to the front porch, and much of the old iron fence stretches across the Calhoun Street frontage. In March, 1972, Charles E. and Frances Seaman Rice became the new owners.

The Rices immediately began converting the house back into a one family dwelling. The ceilings almost all had to be replaced and the many layers of damaged wallpaper carefully removed. The floors, which had been painted at various times, were sanded clean and termite damaged boards replaced. Several of the fireplaces had been converted to small coal boxes long ago, and were opened up to their original appearance. The wooden additions made by both the Pulley and Cummings families had been riddled by termites and had to be torn down. Eventually, the old Pulley kitchen was reconstructed in the backyard as a studio.

Some changes were necessary to modernize the house. The downstairs bedroom was converted to a kitchen, and the two upstairs trunk rooms were combined to allow for a bathroom. Both central heating and air conditioning were added. However, only one part of the house as it now appears is not original. A brick utility room was built where the Pulley family's wooden bathroom had stood in the rear of the house. This room contains another bathroom as well as the

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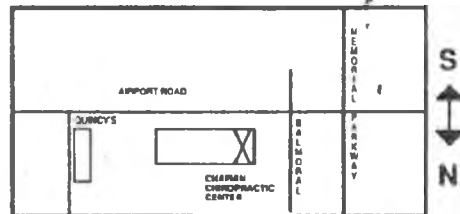
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washer and dryer, and was deliberately made to appear as a late Victorian addition.

One unexpected advantage of restoring an old home turned out to be the interesting people one meets. Over the past 20 years, the Rices have become acquainted with members of all the families who have owned the house that Isaiah built. The late Mrs. Elizabeth Dill Punch, daughter of Isaiah Dill's son Arthur, proved to be a valuable source of information on the early history of the house. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edna Dreger Dill, provided additional information. Edna Dill's brother, Alvin Dreger, has spent his entire life living next to the house and also knows many stories about it. And, one day Robert Pulley, a grandson of Robert L. Pulley, stopped by and told of his childhood memories visiting his grandmother in the house before the First World War. The Rices were very surprised to meet several descendants of Reuben Street, the man who was shot in front of the house during the Civil War.

—Charles Seaman Rice graduated from the University of California and California Polytechnic State University. He served as an army combat engineer in Vietnam and was a Peace Corps volunteer in Thailand. He has been a university lecturer, a freelance writer, and editor of Thailand's leading tourist magazine. He is active in Freemasonry and is a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. ■

## The Language of Flowers

- Bluebell - constancy
- Daisy - innocence
- Heliotrope - devotion
- Magnolia - love of nature
- Mint - virtue
- Nasturtium - patriotism
- Pansy - thinking of you
- Parsley - festivity
- Rosemary - remembrance
- Sage - esteem
- Sweet basil - good wishes

# Examples of a Disturbed Body from a Disturbed Mind

From "Abundant Health", 1890

1. Shame fills the cheeks with blood
2. Fear drives it away.
3. Excitement quickens the heart beat.
4. Grief brings tears from the tear glands. (How many other glands may also be disturbed?)
5. Great shock to the mind will draw the blood from the head and so cause fainting.
6. Worry will stop digestion.
7. Emotion will stop the work of the stomach and the intestines.
8. Nausea can be produced by some disgusting sight.
9. Emotion can increase the sugar in the blood and urine like diabetes.
10. Fright or excitement can cause cold perspiration to come from the sweat glands all over the body.
11. Anger sends blood to the head and makes the face red.
12. Patients given fake sleeping powders often sleep soundly after taking them.
13. Medical students sometimes "get" the diseases about which they study.
14. A lady developed attacks of hay fever when merely a rose was brought into her room. One day her physician brought in an artificial rose, and the usual symptoms followed. He then showed her that the rose was made of paper, and the symptoms speedily disappeared.
15. If you fear that your food will probably hurt you, it will.
16. If we become introspective, it can undo all the benefits of our efforts to secure health.



## SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR CAT

(Taken from 1890 newspaper article)

How cats can foretell the weather:

- If a cat cleans his nose it is going to be windy.
- If his pupils are small it is low tide.
- If they are wide it is high tide.
- If cats twist or turn it is the end of bad weather.
- If your cat turns his back to the fire, there will be a shipwreck.

Cats have been around for a long time. The ancient cities of Alexandria and Carthage had cat populations of more than 100,000.

The first record of domesticated cats came from Egypt around 3000 b.c., where they protected granaries from rats and mice. There were some feline bones found, however, in the dwellings of ancient cavemen.

You and your cat have telepathic ability. The strength of it will vary from cat to cat, and person to person. Here's an easy test to try and determine how you two connect. Pick a time when your cat appears to be resting, half asleep and half awake. Sit down near your cat and get all bothersome thoughts out of your head. Think of some extremely pleasant thought and try to beam that thought to your cat. If your cat turns to look at you within ten seconds, jot down a mark on a piece of paper.

Over the next couple of weeks try this test nineteen more times. Change the hour of day you test your cat. For every head turn in your direction, place a mark on your paper. At the end of the twentieth time, total up the marks and use the following chart to determine your cat's ability:

Number of successes	Psychic Ability
0-2	None
3-5	Slight
6-8	Moderate ESP
9-12	High Level
12 +	Phenomenal!

P.S. If any of our readers try this test, we would love to hear about your results!





# SCHOOLING

by Tommy E. Allen

I was only six years old in 1950, and one of my first memories is of my father and me driving down Whitesburg Drive on the way to the river armed with rods and reels, tackle box, two Double Colas and a brown sack full of Baby Ruths and Moon Pies. We would set up shop on the small slough just upriver from Whitesburg Bridge (now a part of Ditto Landing). I would bait a hook and try to stick my arm out far enough to get it over some limbs into the Tennessee River. I was raised in Huntsville and on the river during a time when all you needed to catch a fish was to get your bait in the water. On the banks of this river, I received my real schooling.

My father was a butcher, never earning more than \$75.00 a week. He had only a third grade education because he had to work in the fields as a child. His father ran a farm on what is now Redstone Arsenal. Even with only a third grade education, he could do almost anything he wanted. He was

self-taught and I can still see him wetting his pencil on his lips, looking into space and figuring out where to cut, nail or screw. But he was really best sitting on the banks of the Tennessee with three rods out drinking a Double Cola and eating a Baby Ruth. This is where he held school for me and prepared me for life.

On the river, he would talk about his early days and lessons he had learned. His teachings were about a hard life as if he never suspected just how many opportunities would be available to me. He told of his hobo days as he traveled this country. These stories made me believe that the world held many strange and beautiful things, but he assured me there was nothing that couldn't be found between the Tennessee River and the Tennessee line. He would tell funny stories and make me realize that he was much more than a butcher and knew about

life's treasures and problems. Here he would listen to me as the peacefulness loosened my tongue and I poured out my problems and feelings. He came to the river when life closed in on him, problems seemed too big, or he felt happy. It was a place to experience emotions.

I always enjoyed those trips, even after I became a teenager and finding the time was difficult. One day, when I was 18 and we were at the Whitesburg bridge, my father told me he was dying. I guess he chose this place because it seemed best to discuss such things. That day was the only time we cried together as he instructed me about how he wanted matters handled and I accepted the responsibility for my mother's welfare. Then the water just sort of swept away our tears and our fears retreated to hide within, never to be mentioned again.

My father died when I was 19, but the river feels like an eternal gift he left for my pleasure. Since his death, I have raised four sons that I am very proud of. A great deal of their schooling took place on the river. I have tried to relate to them a part of him and leave them with at least a hint of gratefulness for the hard times he suffered. Today when I fish from a nice bass boat with a high-powered motor, I sometimes think about us sitting on the bank and wish that he could enjoy the luxury that my sons and I enjoy.

Recently, on an October afternoon while cruising down the river, I passed Ditto Landing and actually thought, for just a split second, that I saw my father on the bank at one of our old fishing spots. I then realized that he is part of this place and that's why it always calls me home when I'm down, hurt, tired, or just plain empty.

I hope that all little boys have a hometown as nice as Huntsville was in 1950, but most of all, I hope that every father has a place where he can really school his sons. A place where laughter, tears, stories, love, and happiness is shared. A place that will be special throughout life, a safe and peaceful refuge from the world.

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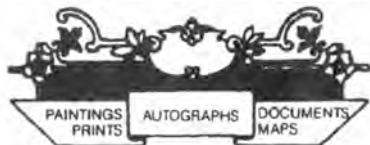
# \$50,000 Reward

For a lost boy, carrying on his back an empty bag containing three railroad tunnels, an auger hole, a monkey wrench. When last seen he was up in a balloon shoveling wind off the college steeple. He was born day before tomorrow, thirteen years ago, his mother being present at the time.

Have you noticed the post-graduate? Having met in the wee small hours of a dark and dreamy night, with nothing to disturb the awful stillness but whistling winds and rushing waters, and solemnly pledged each other to do something to distinguish them from the common herd of humanity, they one and all decided to let their whiskers grow. Some are progressing nicely, but others seem to need an influx of energy such as is supposed to spring from an application of some fertilizer. They are all having a hard time, but some are determined to pull through and make a show, even if it does require an age as long as the life of Methuselah to do so. If anyone can suggest a good receipt, or in any way assist the growth, let him not be backward in offering his help, for it will be cheerfully received.

From 1895 Newspaper

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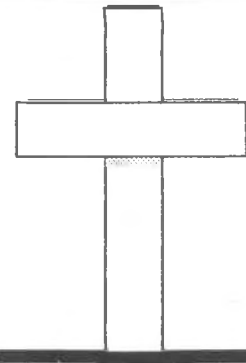
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# Fought Blue and Buried Gray "The Yankee General of Maple Hill"

by Ernestine Clark Patterson

Being a native Huntsvillian, the beautiful Maple Hill Cemetery has always held a special fascination for me.

As a child I spent many hours with my family visiting the graves of relatives buried in Maple Hill, exploring the area and being intrigued by the silent family histories chronicled in stone.

In later years, as my interest in geneology and local history grew, I came to discover many unusual facts surrounding some of those buried in the historic cemetery. Included were those of Gypsy queens, the lady entombed sitting in her favorite rocking chair and many prominent members of our community.

However, the most interesting story might well be that of the Union hero, General Brooks.

William Thomas Harbaugh Brooks was born in 1821 in Lisbon, Ohio. He graduated from West Point in 1841, in a class that contributed twenty general officers to the Union and Confederate armies. As a member of the 3rd Infantry, Brooks took part in the Florida War of 1842-43 and was appointed to major for gallantry in the war with



Mexico. Appointed a brigadier general in 1861, Brooks took part in the Peninsular campaign the following year. Over the next three years, Brooks was wounded twice while in command of various units fighting Confederate forces in such bloody battles as Crampton's Gap, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor and Petersburg. His health became bad, due in part to his wounds, and he resigned as brigadier general on July 14, 1864, to take up residence on a farm near Huntsville. There he was treated with esteem and respect by his Southern neighbors.

He died on July 19, 1870, and was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery in a grave marked with a Confederate emblem secured in concrete.



## Attention, Confederate Veterans

A grand reunion of the Confederate veterans will be held at Houston, Tex. May 22, 23 and 24, 1895. This will be the largest gathering of Confederate soldiers since the war, and Texas is making great preparations to entertain them. The Atlanta and West Point railroad and the Western railway of Alabama (The Atlanta and Houston Short Line) will sell excursion tickets for this occasion at a low rate. Anyone contemplating making this trip will please notify us, that we may furnish them with rates, etc., as soon as they are named.

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