

50¢

NO. 30



Old Huntsville

EXTRA!

Founder of Huntsville Daily Times Jailed for Stock Fraud

By
**Thomas
Frazier**

His name was Jacob Emory Pierce. With nothing but a dream he founded a newspaper that would forever change the lives of thousands of people.

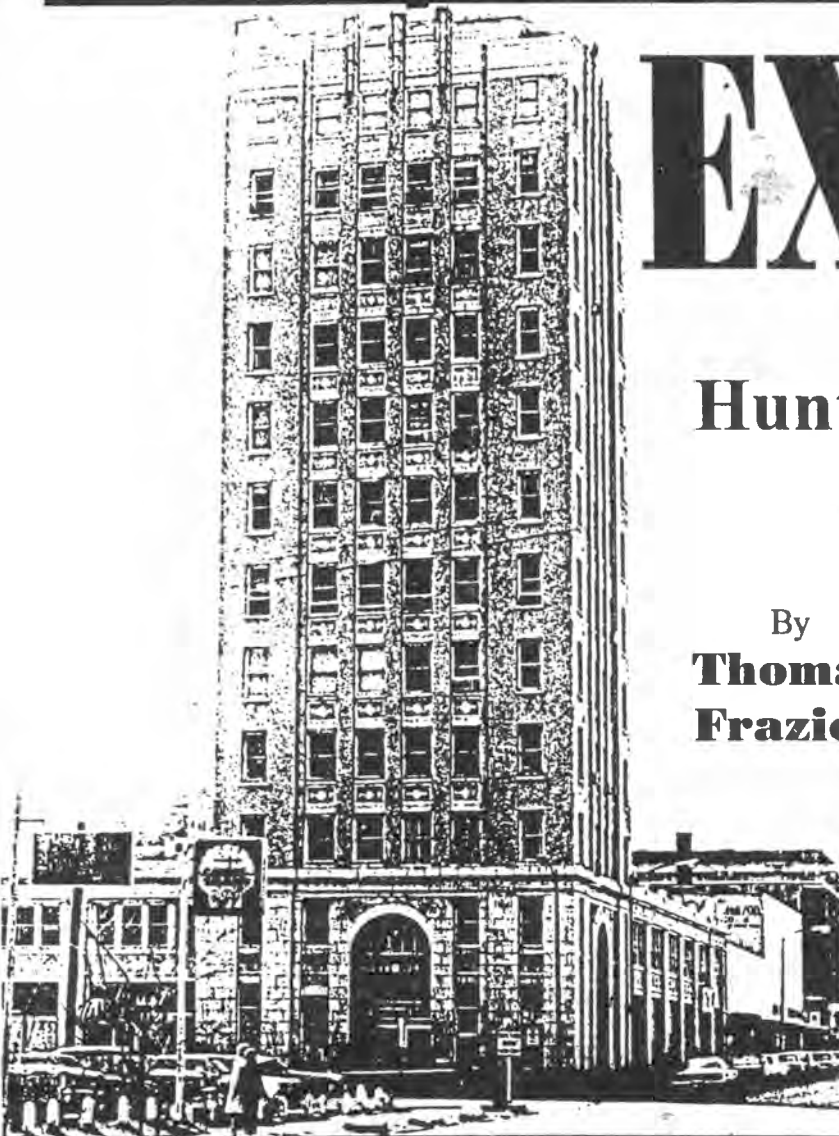
If he had been alive today, many people would have called him a con man. Others would have called him an egotistical eccentric.

He was all of these things.

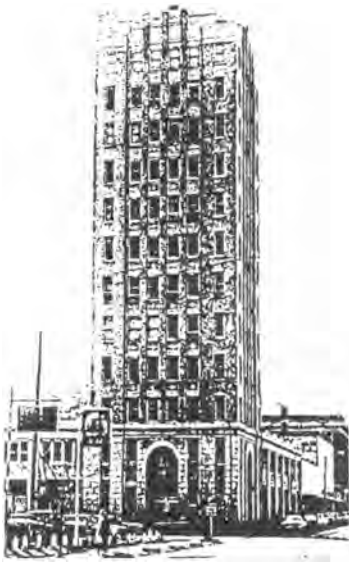
He was a newspaper man.



See Page Two



Also In This Issue: "The Other Side Of Judge Lane"



Jacob Emory Pierce: The Life and Times

(From Page One)

Emory Pierce was a vindictive man, and shrewd. He was controversial around the turn of the century, and still is in some circles. There was one thing for sure, and disputed by none: nobody messed with Emory Pierce.

The publisher of one of Huntsville's early newspapers learned that lesson the hard way in 1909. Exact details have been lost with the passage of time, but it appears that the publisher made the mistake of writing an editorial with which Pierce disagreed. It had to do with whether livestock should be permitted inside the town limits. When Pierce, whose parents owned a small diary on Meridian Street, showed up at the newspaper office to voice his displeasure, the publisher, instead of trying to placate him, added insult to injury by giving him the bum's rush out the front door.

A second such article, even more strongly worded, appeared in print the following week. To say that Emory Pierce was angry would be an understatement. The whole matter was a small thing, the kind of thing that most people would have forgotten in a few days. But Pierce was not like most people. During the next several months he tried many ways to heap revenge on

the publisher.

J.E. Bradshaw recalls hearing his father tell the story.

"Everybody in Huntsville watched the feud. The arguing went on for most of the summer and then all of a sudden Pierce stopped his efforts. This kind'a dumbfounded everybody 'cause that wasn't in character with him. "What nobody knew was that Pierce had lined up a couple of investors and was going to open his own newspaper. It's hard for people today to understand, but Pierce could talk the horns off a billy goat.

"He would say, 'Boys, y'all put the money up and I'll be your partner. Together we'll get rich.'

"Well, it seemed like a good deal; Pierce would be the working partner and these other boys would pay the bills. He figured their finances would be in the black in a few months. They rented this building down there on Washington Street, right up from the old Yarborough hotel, bought a press and hung out a sign. A couple of weeks later he came out with his first issue.

That was the start of the *Huntsville Daily Times*.

"Everyone was excited about the newspaper and thought Pierce had forgotten about his feud with the other publisher. They should have known better.

"Pierce didn't have any advertising salesmen, so he did it all himself. You have to remember that all the businesses in town were used to advertising with the other paper.

"My father told me that Pierce called on every business in town and offered free ads if they would not run in the other paper. Sure enough, it didn't take long before the *Times* was jammed full of advertisers and the other paper was hurting financially. They had also learned "not to mess with Emory Pierce." The bad thing about this whole thing was that the *Times* was in a bad financial way, too. All the ads were free and no money was coming in. The investors called a meeting with Pierce and told him that they could not afford to put any more money into the paper.

"Pierce agreed to buy out his partners for a few pennies on the dollar, rather than let the paper fold.

The following week Emory Pierce became the founder, sole owner and



Old Huntsville

"Yesterday's News Today"

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editor of the *Huntsville Daily Times*. He immediately stopped the free-ad practice, having almost bankrupted his competition.

Furthermore, he raised his ad rates far above those of his competitor. The new paper became an instant success and Pierce, despite his sixth-grade education, quickly became an effective editorial writer. He blended into the journalistic ilk perfectly, considering that worthwhile writers are an eccentric breed.

He had always worn his hair longer than the norm for the era, so as it began to turn gray, he let it flow to shoulder length. He bought a black Stetson hat and it became his trademark.

Edmond Duffy, who went to work for the *Times* in 1924, recalls going to work each morning and seeing Pierce walking down Holmes Avenue.

"There used to be a streetcar line running down the middle of Holmes and sometimes Pierce, wearing his ten-gallon hat and swinging his cane, would purposely walk in the middle of the track. The streetcar conductor would have to almost stop the car and ring the bell furiously before Pierce would step

out of the way. This went on for several months and finally one morning Pierce in an agitated mood turned to the exasperated conductor and said, "Would you stop ringing that damn bell. If I'm not moving fast enough you can get out and walk, too."

"When I first went to work there they were still on Washington Street. Huntsville was just starting to build up at that time and it was his dream to have the tallest building in town. He bought land for a new building and had already dug the basement when his financial backers changed their minds. That big hole in the ground was there for several years and everybody called it 'Pierce's folly.' He finally went to Nashville to find new funding for the building.

"Anyway, he got the money and they started construction. Things were going along real good with Pierce boasting to everyone he met that he would soon have his office on the top floor of the tallest building in town.

"The construction was almost finished when a major bombshell hit, taking the wind out of his sails. Another sky-scraper was under construction, the Russel Erskine Hotel. Plans called

for it to be the same height as the new Times building.

Pierce was livid. Angrily he ordered the workmen to add another floor on his building. The elevator shaft was already in place and couldn't accommodate the extra floor, so a stairway provided the only access to the top floor. The Times Building was finally completed and true to his boast, Pierce had his office on the top floor of the tallest building between Nashville and Birmingham.

Unfortunately, big bills come with big buildings and they kept coming in every month. Advertising revenue was down and expenses were up. Everyone knew Pierce was having trouble financially, but he refused to admit it to himself.

"Pierce was a tyrant to his employees. We used to get paid every Saturday morning," says Duffy. "One such payday morning we were all waiting when Pierce walked in. 'Boys,' he said, 'I'm going to do you a favor. If I pay you today, all you are going to do is spend it ... So I'm not going to pay you today.'

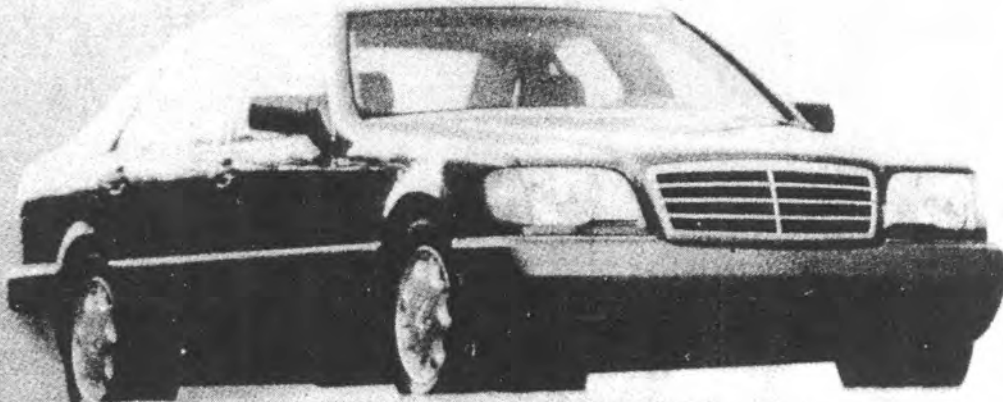
"He abruptly turned and walked

cont. on next page

Huntsville's Finest!



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cont. from page three

out. We were speechless! Of course, we eventually we got our money, but after that we lived in fear from week to week."

But even with this type of tactic, Pierce still could not generate enough revenue to pay all the bills that piled up. Within a few years the business bit the dust.

With the foreclosure of *The Times*, Pierce lost everything. Though everyone agreed that he was an eccentric egotistical character, he was an exceptional newspaperman and had become a prolific writer.

Too proud to remain in Huntsville, he moved to Memphis where he started a small regional paper called the *Tennessee Valley Booster*.

The whole nation was in the throes of the Great Depression and newspaper revenues were hit worst of all. With Pierce's small quarterly paper floundering, there was no way he could compete against the big dailies for the

few advertising dollars available.

Ever the consummate salesman, Pierce decided to create his own market. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had already announced the TVA program. To the small farmers it was seen as a salvation. Pierce, instead of calling on businesses for advertising, called on these small farmers.

Pierce was a sharp dresser and an eloquent speaker. Calling on a farmer he would spend a few minutes talking about hogs, weather or whatever. Eventually the conversation would always turn to the TVA and invariably the farmer would begin praising it.

This was Pierce's cue.

"Friend," he would say, cleverly choosing his words and their timing. "This is your lucky day. I am here to make sure you get your shares of Tennessee Valley -- Authority -- has been given to me by the state of Tennessee and I am the only man living that can legally sell these shares. Now for the small sum of..."

The farmers, illiterate for the most

part, would gladly shell out their savings for what they thought were shares in the TVA project. What they got in reality was advertising in the *Tennessee Valley Booster*.

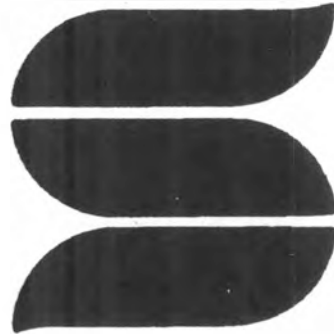
It wasn't long before Pierce's newfound prosperity attracted the attention of a young ad salesman on the *Memphis Appeal*. "How," he wondered, "can Pierce be selling so much advertising." The young salesman got several copies of Pierce's paper and decided to call on the accounts and try to sell them advertising himself.

(This low practice doesn't exist today, of course.)

"Advertising?" the farmers angrily spat. "We ain't bought no advertising. We bought stock in TVA!"

The next day Emory Pierce, the former *Huntsville Daily Times* publisher was a resident of the Memphis jail. A top floor cell, ironically. He had become fairly affluent by this time so it came as a shock to everyone when he refused to post a mere thousand dollar bond in order to gain release. "I have

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committed no crime," he announced, "and I refuse to refute that fact by posting bail. I will stay in jail until I am tried." After ordering that his typewriter be brought to him, he settled down in his new home for the next few months. Strange as it may seem, he continued to sell "advertising" and publish the paper from his jail cell.

When his case was finally called, the courtroom was packed with angry farmers, reporters and salesmen. The first person to be called was the young trouble-making salesman, who discribed his findings. Next, the prosecutor asked one of the farmers:

"Did you buy what you thought was stock in TVA?"

"Yes sir." "Can you identify the man who sold you this stock?"

"Yes sir," pointing at Emory Pierce.

"May I see the stock certificate?"

The farmer reached into a pocket of his overalls and pulled out a crumpled

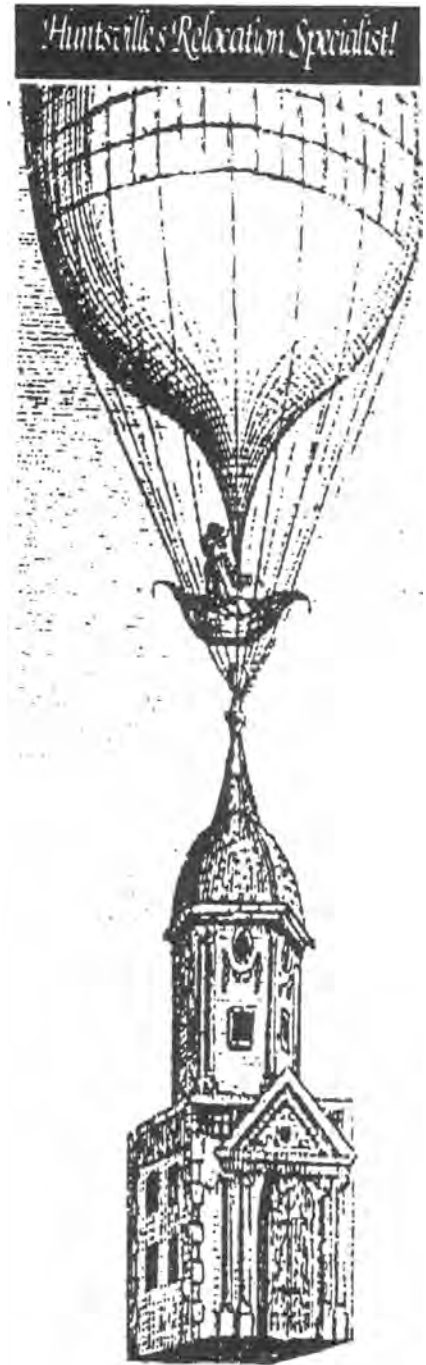
piece of paper. "Your Honor," the lawyer said triumphantly, "I would like to enter this into ..."

He froze in mid-sentence as he stared at the crumpled certificate. The judge sensing that something was wrong, asked to see the paper. The judge slowly put his glasses on, and smoothing the paper in front of him, began to read. The certificate was an expensive, beautifully engraved piece of work. But, it was also a receipt for one month of advertising in the *Tennessee Valley Booster*.

The case was dismissed and Pierce never explained why he chose to spend the summer in jail. Not long afterwards, Emory Pierce died of a heart attack in Tupelo, Miss. A friend said that losing the Huntsville newspaper was what really killed him.

"One of his proudest possessions," the friend said, "was an old calling card that read: "Jacob Emory Pierce, Publisher, *Huntsville Daily Times*."

The end



ANGIE
JONES

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Personal Notes from 1900

Dropped Dead - James Sanford, a breakman on the Memphis and Charlestown railroad, dropped dead near the depot of this city Monday.

Noted: I desire to find my mother and sister who used to belong to Mr. Angelo Steele. My mother's name was Sara. My sister is Harriet. I was sold by Steele to a farm near Canton, Mississippi during the war, and have never seen nor heard from them since my return to Huntsville, August 20, in search of them, where I learned that my mother was sold to a man in Bridgeport, Alabama, by the name of Jolly who has since died. Write me at 1297 Ferrett Street, New Orleans, Louisiana where I now live, or leave notice with the editors of this paper. Alvin Steele

Wanted: an elderly woman with no children and good disposition to take charge of house about 4 miles north of town. Contact the editors for more information.

New Restaurant: Charles Brickie has opened a restaurant and lunch counter on Washington Street where he will be pleased to serve his friends and the public. He states that no food more than three days old will be served.

ALABAMA BALLOON COMPANY



7920 Logan Drive

Gold Discovered in Guntersville

Guntersville - August 3, 1894 - Mr. Degg, superintendant for the new gold mines near Guntersville, brought down supplies and fixtures on the steamer, R.C. Coles, this week, preparatory to starting work. The heavier machinery will follow. The company is preparing to go to work on a large scale and is much encouraged from reports by Colorado and California experts who have visited the mines near Guntersville and pronounced them some of the richest places they have ever seen.

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A Prayer For Children

God in heaven, I am young and don't understand what it is like to be a parent. It must be very hard because so many people are failing at it these days.

I pray for Mom and Dad, God, that you will help them to be good parents, strong in the ways you want them to be, so I can look up to them with admiration and feel confident that their instruction is right.

Help me, Lord, to understand my parents. Remind me that when I don't get my way it is because they love me and not that they are trying to deprive me of anything.

Help me, when I become stubborn and refuse to listen, to accept the fact they have wisdom and experience because they were once teenagers, but I have never been a parent.

Put in my heart the respect and consideration they deserve for their years of hard work and sacrifice. They raised me the best way they knew how. Let me not repay them with grief or shame. Rather, help me to give them obedience, respect, forgiveness and love.

Most of all, God, while I still have them here on earth, help me to appreciate my parents.

unknown

**You Should Never Marry
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You Can Borrow It
Cheaper.
Rick Carleton**

Huntsville Classified Ads From 1894

Wanted - Woman with good disposition to cook and clean house. Inquire at this office.

Go to J.E. Payne and Co., Wells, Old Stand, for the yellow label whisks for medical purposes.

Try our \$3 pants - they can't be beat! Brown Taylor & Co.

Just received - a big lot of penny goods - Lloyd and Gilbert.

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Possible risk from aluminum cans?

An item of news that appeared in "The Medical Journal of Australia," in May of 1992 may be of interest to folks in the U.S., who will probably not see much in the statewide newspapers or magazines.

Concerned that aluminum in canned drinks may hold dietary risks for people, Dr. John Dugan and colleagues at John Hunter Hospital in New Lambton Heights, Australia, conducted a test. They tested the aluminum content of more than 100 samples of beverages, in cans as well as bottles that had been purchased commercially.

They stated that more than 50 different brands of beer and soft drinks were analyzed, with the following results. The amount of aluminum in cola and non-cola from cans was more than 25 times that of tapwater and 3 to 5 times higher than the same drinks in bottles.

The presence of aluminum in the body has long been associated with higher incidents of Alzheimer's Disease.

When you are right, no one remembers. But when you are wrong, no one forgets.

Elly Hendricks
Beautician

Perfume is any smell that you may use to drown a worse one.

Elbert Herbert

The Way it Was In 19th Century America

Ninety-five percent of all Americans lived on farms or in towns of less than 2,500 people - and all within 90 miles of the Atlantic Ocean, with the exception of the American Indians.

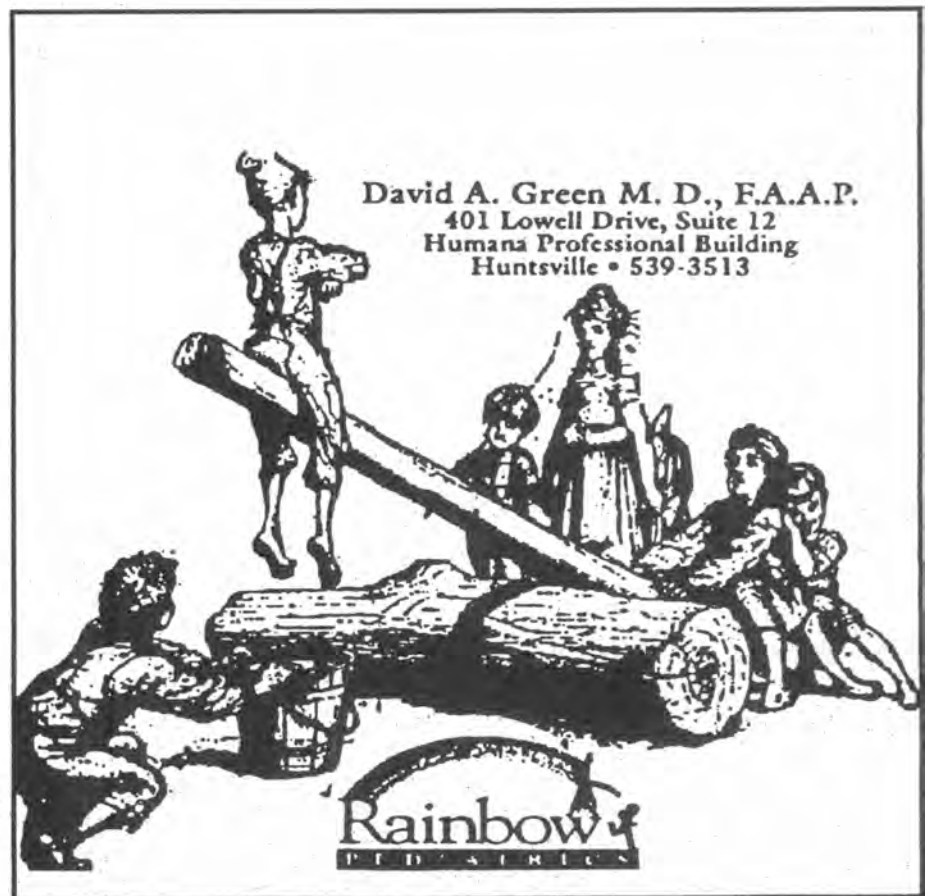
About a third of New England women were pregnant on their wedding day. They could expect to become pregnant every 2 or 3 years afterwards, having 5 to 10 pregnancies. Because the rate of death was so high among children due to illness, she could expect to have 3 to 5 living children.

There were no right and left shoes. All were straight. Each person alternated his or her shoes from right foot to left foot daily so that they wore evenly.

Only the ruffles on a man's shirt showed because the rest of the shirt was considered an undergarment. Indeed, the long shirt tails, which were wrapped between the legs, took the place of today's undershorts.

Most women married at 23 or 24 and most men at 26.

Half the women could write their own names and about two-thirds of the men were literate.



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PEDIATRICS



HOME REMEDIES

If you have pierced ears, and notice that you break out in rashes when you wear certain kinds of jewelry, you may have what is called "Nickel Dermatitis." It occurs ten times more often in women than men and seems to be triggered by having ears pierced. The rashes occur whenever the body comes in contact with nickel-containing metal. If this may be you, the following might help:

1. Stay out of the heat while wearing nickel-plated jewelry - sweat increases the rash.

2. Buy only gold jewelry.

3. Watch what you eat. Apricots, chocolate, nuts, beer and tea are known to have high nickel content.

4. If you are getting your ears pierced, make sure that you use only steel posts until the lobes heal.

If you injure your leg or foot, elevate it as soon as possible. Raising the leg higher than your heart will prevent blood from pooling and swelling the area.

People who suffer from gout oftentimes find relief with cherries. Sweet or sour, a handful a day or half a pound a day, doesn't seem to matter. A small amount of cherry concentrate will also help.

Ginger ale will settle a queasy stomach.

If your nose gets stuffed up in the wintertime, it may be dryness affecting your sinuses. Steam may help - wherever you are, get a cup of hot water, soup, coffee, whatever steams - and breathe in. The vapors may help you to breathe easier.

Try to blink your eyes more often. The eyelids massage your eyes each time you blink, and your eyes are cleansed.

If you grind your teeth at night, try eating a large apple right before you go to bed. It may satisfy a clenching jaw.

If you wake up with red eyes, it may be your eyelids that are causing the problem. At night before retiring, wash your eyes with warm water, make sure that all makeup, bacteria, debris, dust or oils are washed off.

Wheezing, sneezing and general symptoms that seem like allergies may be something else. If you wear glasses they may be pressing on your sinuses and causing these problems. Next time you have a sneezing, coughing or wheezing fit take off your glasses and see if the symptoms stop.

The End

Prosperity makes friends,
adversity tries them.

Robin Scott
Radiation Therapist

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billy joe cooley



SOCCKER referee **Timothy Montoy** and son **John** drove from Gurley during the holidays to shoot pool at **Johnny Tona's Family Billiards**. At the next table were Huntsville High soccer players **Jimmy Inman**, **Daniel Gotvald** and **Patrick Myers**. The whole gang learned to play nine-ball before the night was over. Meanwhile, Johnny has moved his billiard parlor to Heart of Huntsville Mall, a few doors down from Burlington Coat Factory. The new location is easier to find. The last games in the old location were played by Auburn journalism student **Philip Anderson** and a few of his friends from Lincoln Church of Christ. Then, last weekend, artisans **Chris** and **Doug Bishop** brought visiting kin in for a session of nineball.

Balladeer **Tony Mason** is performing Thursday and Saturday nights at Bubba's popular downtown nightery during January. At his side will be dynamic musician **Tommy Sheppard**. In March, Tony will return to Germany (his third trip in less than a year) to pick and sing.

MISS EUNICE of Country Kitchen breakfast fame is mending from knee replacement surgery and will have

her restaurant open again any day now. Her breakfast table was hopping during the holidays. One of her guests was professional water skier **Michael Champion** of West Palm Beach, Fla. He was visiting his mom, flutist **Rosemary**. At the next table was former Decatur Daily sportswriter **Steve Johnston** and his papa **Fred**. Then came **John David Kearney**, who is well on his way to becoming an EMT. Ex-Huntsvillians **Jim** and **Joyce Andrew Sr.** came from El Paso to breakfast at Eunice's with sons **Jeff** and **James Jr.** and the grandkids **James III** and **Timothy** and **Matthew**. Auburn journalism student **Erle Morring** and pretty **Deanne Woodall** (she of University of Alabama) also showed up. **Bryce** and **Dolly Davis** came in, too. Dolly was wearing a unique holiday sweater made entirely by her daughter, astronaut **Jan**. **Steve** and **Kim Flora** made their first visit, being Yankee newcomers.

Arab's **Jeff** and **Kevin Kennamer** brought their mom, **Liz**, shopping here while their dad, **Mike**, took care of business at the Taco Bell.

David Pizitz and pretty **Tina Wildhagen** will wed July 17. His papa

Harold is gleaming all over town.

Fancy meeting **Richard Ruff** at that Lions Club meeting the other day in Ramada Inn. He recently retired here from Welch, W. Va. That was the day **Arnold Hornbuckle**, radio tycoon, brought as his guest **Dr. Bob Markovitz**, proprietor of *North Alabama Eye Care Center*.

COUNTRY music queen **Reba McEntire** will be in Huntsville for seven days and nights during February, rehearsing her new band for a road tour. Her old band was killed in that California plane crash last year. The newly-rehearsed concert will not be available to the local fans until late Match, at earliest.

Then there's the local "mover and shaker" who caught his wife moving and shaking with his best friend. Watch court records for the rest of the story...

Guitarist/songwriter **Larry Byrom** (remembered from his *Steppenwolfe* days) came home to Huntsville for the holidays, reuniting with friends at *Finnegan's Irish Pub*. He brought pretty singer **Allison Taylor** with him. They're to wed May 2 in her hometown of Columbia, S.C. They live in Nashville, of course, where they're both involved heavily in the music industry.

Jean Reeves, widow of TV legend **Grady Reeves**, was in House of Mandarin the other night with daughter **Susan** (and Susan's boyfriend **Jack Bozeman**). Jean runs the Pot-of-Gold shop, corner Oakwood and Meridian.

Stan Bradley of Lynn Haven,



HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of
FINNEGAN'S IRISH PUB

And Enjoy Your Heritage
South Parkway
(Next to Joe Davis Stadium)



Fla., is a new asst. mgr. at Ryan's on University. His wife is cashier at Ryan's South. Meanwhile, two corporate Ryan's bigshots were in town last week, **Timothy Barrs** of South Carolina and **Timothy Barnhill** of Birmingham. First and Second Timothy, so to speak. Our waiter, **Mike Hill**, was extra efficient that day.

Nashville's **Bill and Sara Sturdivant** were here the other day, dining out with **Vicki Casey** and **Chuck Corsetti**. They made interesting conversation at the next table. Then Gurley's **Betty Hollingsworth**, who drives the school bus came in with her pals.

Good morning to **Sue Chatham** and her pal **Chris Ross**.

This is our Valentines season, so our best to barkeep **Ed Killingsworth** and pretty **Amy Moore**. They gather at Finnegan's, where he works. Friday night barkeep there is Civil War buff **Robert Schumann**, who keeps time with the singalong piano of **Nancy Luce**.

This is "Be Nice to Rick and Cindy Yancey Week." He's a waiter at the new Shoney's while she housekeeps and takes care of baby **Brittany**, 2.

Shotgun Evans and his **Connie** celebrated their 11th anniversary the other night with a party in their Boot Skooters Lounge (Carriage Inn). Everybody showed up. Even steel guitarist **Wayne Bridge** and the rest of **Vern Gosdin's** band, with singer **Bobby G. Rice**.

Doyle Brady's midday show on WAFF-TV (Comcast 11) has become one of the top-rated Saturday entertainment offerings for country music lovers. His band was one of those at Carriage Inn on New Years Eve.

The exciting **Marilyn Horne** and hubby **J.D.** took their new live-in van to Tampa to visit son **Jimmy Odom** during the holidays. His wedding looms just over the horizon.

Our hotshot newspaper pal **Scott**

West came home from Houston for the New Year's family gathering, then took a gigantic cold home with him.

Then **Lois "P'Nut" Wilson** took her annual trip home to the mountains of East Tennessee and managed to get her pick-up truck skidding on an ice-slick road and nearly sliding over a bluff. "Scared my sister," laughs she, "but I knew the road better than I had thought. Not a scratch on the truck, either." She snips hair at Jackson Way Barber Shop, of course.

Chris Patterson, a transplanted Californian, turned 16 on Christmas day.

Stephen Harness, manager of **Lee Roy Cunningham's** men's store for so long, has bought the store's stock and has renamed it *Steve's Alterations and Apparel* inside Marketsquare (Heart of Huntsville Mall). An excellent seamster.

Best bet at the movies this month are "Home Alone 2" and "Alladin." The year's finest will probably be "River Runs Through It." All are playing at the Cobb. Meanwhile, **River Phoenix** is filming a new movie in Nashville.

Let us recommend, for the ultimate in musical radio, the still-new DCR (Digital Cable Radio), available from Comcast. It's like having 19 commercial-free radio stations in town, all playing CDs.

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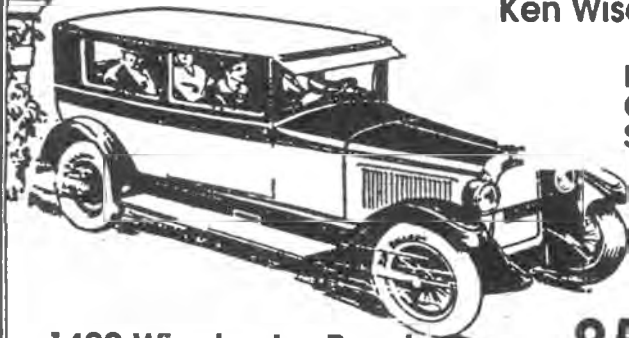
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Sheriff Riddick and the Moonshiner

One of the best stories we have run across about law enforcement here in Huntsville concerns an ex-sheriff and Tyler Moore, a moonshiner.

Back in the days when Mr. Riddick was sheriff, times were hard and jobs were scarce. A lot of people turned to making whiskey in an effort to support their families.

The sheriff had received several tips about Moore making whiskey out on Hurricane Creek and when he went to check it out, sure enough, there was Moore fixing to run off another batch.

Mr. Riddick knew that Tyler had a large family and would be in dire financial straits without the money from that whiskey, but he had no choice but to make the arrest.

Tyler appeared in court and was sentenced to six months. Sheriff Riddick, feeling sorry for Tyler's children began stopping by their home every week or so to carry them groceries and to loan them money.

Six months went by and Tyler was released. Unfortunately he went back to his old livelihood and was promptly arrested and sentenced again, this time for another six months.

Again, Sheriff Riddick provided food and clothing for the children while their father was in jail.

Another six months go by and Tyler is released. Less than a month later the Sheriff received another tip and found Tyler back at his still working on another batch.

The following week Tyler appeared in court and was found guilty. The judge was about to announce the sentence when Sheriff Riddick spoke up and said, "Your Honor, could you make it thirty days this time? I don't think I can afford all those kids for another six months."



The Doctor Sez

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

Emphysema is a disease of the lungs. There has been no one single cause found for emphysema, nor is there a cure for this disease. It involves the progressive destruction of the lung tissue, and about two million Americans suffer from this malady. In emphysema, the lungs become less efficient due to damage to some of the millions of air-sacs (alveoli) which are located at the ends of the bronchioles in the lungs. It is in the walls of the alveoli that oxygen and carbon dioxide exchange takes place. Healthy lungs contract and expand fully and have a elastic texture. When the air-sacs are subjected to higher pressure than normal they become stretched or rupture. As a result the air-sacs burst and merge to make fewer but larger alveoli. This reduces the lung's surface area, and less oxygen is able to travel through the walls of the alveoli and into the bloodstream. Some cases of emphysema are hereditary but almost every case can be linked to smoking. Quitting smoking will usually reduce the frequency of symptoms, but it will not reverse lung damage.

The main symptom for emphysema is shortness of breath. Other symptoms may include excessive mucus, chronic cough, susceptibility to respiratory infections, insufficient oxygen in the blood and easy tiring. Some patients may

develop an enlarged chest. Emphysema is much more common in men than in women and the severity of the disease increases with age. Persons with emphysema are more susceptible to chest infection such as pneumonia that can be life threatening. Once emphysema is fairly far advanced a patient's normal living is limited, and oxygen may be necessary. Common irritants of

emphysema include cigarette smoke, fumes from paint, automobile exhaust, cooking odors, dust, cold air and extremely humid air. Progress of emphysema can often be stopped by the use of air filters, humidifiers, air conditioners and of prime importance - removing the irritant, especially smoke fumes.

the end

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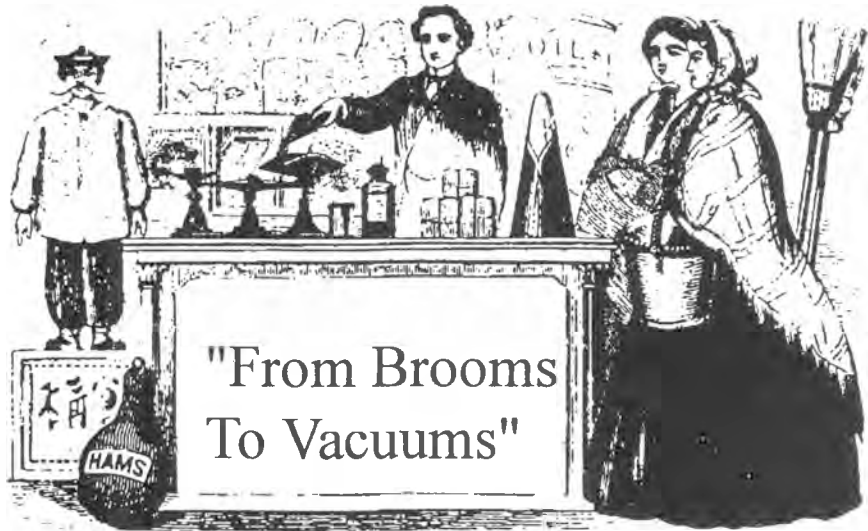


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The following is reproduced from "*Precious Memories... May They Linger*," by Thelma Jones with the kind permission of Dr. James Jones.

As I look back over the past seventy-nine years of my life, I marvel at the progress that has been made in the Twentieth Century. I feel very fortunate to have lived in this century. We have gone from oil lamps to fluorescent lighting, phonographs to video recordings, brooms to vacuums, and horse and buggy to space travel.

Before electricity, listening to a phonograph was an active, rather than a passive, pastime. The first phonograph I remember seeing was in about 1914 when I was seven years old. One of our neighbors, Mr. Brown, had a Victor with a horn and crank. The record was quite different from the disc type of today. It was a cylinder placed on a spindle. After the crank was wound, the needle began vibrating up and down, rather than rotating from side to side

like today's disc. The sound was so different from the sound of modern stereos. Of course, that scratchy, muffled sound was literally music to our ears. We, as children and adults, were always excited to have the rare opportunity to listen to them. One of the first records I heard was "The Preacher and the Bear."

Yes, electricity is the spark that lit the world. In about 1918, electricity became available to the residents of our community. It was then we had our first electric lights, no fancy lighting fixtures in the beginning, only the wiring dropped from the ceiling, with the light being turned on at the bulb. It was a great improvement from the oil lamps - no more smoked chimneys to be cleaned each day before dark!

After electricity our daily work, as well as leisure time activities, became more convenient. But in the old days when my mother assigned chores such as sweeping floors, vacuum cleaners were not a household item. When Irene and I were girls, we did the household work while Mama and Papa were at work. They worked ten hours a day and Irene and I cooked supper. Most of the time supper consisted of bread and milk. During the winter, we cooked hoe cakes (bread) on the coal heater. It was a Franklin, a cast iron stove with two eyes. Sometimes the bread was burned a little. Mama and Papa could smell the burned bread sometimes before they reached the house.

Mama firmly believed that cleanli-

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ness was next to godliness. Since there were no vacuums, my mother could frequently be seen sweeping during the day or at night before we retired. Papa often remarked, "If we could just get Bertha to put that broom down for a few minutes."

Another way in which work changed was with the wringer type washing machine. It eliminated a lot of manual labor that was required when we drew water from the well to fill the washpot. We made a fire under the washpot to heat the water. We added Octagon soap powder to the water. (We liked Octagon because its wrapper had a coupon on it. When we accumulated enough coupons, we could redeem them for gifts.) When the water was hot, we put just enough into the first tub to keep the water warm. The dirty clothes were put into the first tub. Soap was rubbed on the soiled spots and the clothes were washed up and down on the washboard. When we had removed as much dirt as possible with the washboard the clothes were removed to the washpot.

In the washpot the clothes boiled for several minutes. We occasionally punched them with a stick made from an unpainted mop or broom handle. The clothes were then removed from the washpot with the stick. They were held high for a short interval so that much of the soapy water would drip back into the washpot. The clothes were then put into the first of two tubs of rinse water. Into the first tub of rinse water, we poured Mrs. Stewart's bluing, a whitener. If too much was added, we would hang blue sheets, blue pillow cases and blue underwear on the line.

Back then, none of the clothes were permanent press. We either used starch, or lived with wrinkled clothing. Argo was a popular brand of starch in those days. Some people acquired skill in starching and ironing to perfection. I recall the excellent smoothing iron work of Nannie Clinton. We called her and her husband Aunt Nannie and Uncle Bob. She laundered the linens that were placed on the communion table at church. Those linens were as white as snow and smooth as silk. The smoothing irons had to be heated on the stove. Heating the irons on a hot stove in summer made the chore of ironing a very uncomfortable one. Yes, the in-

roduction of electric irons was a great improvement over the old smoothing irons.

World War II brought about many of the changes which occurred in the 1940's. I began working at Redstone Arsenal in 1943. It was my first full-time job, outside the home, after I was married. When I first began working, I rode the bus. Later I rode to work with a fellow employee who worked in my department. My first job at Redstone consisted of putting together crates for shells. It was difficult driving nails into the hard wood that was used in assembling crates. I suffered a slight injury the first day on the job, a small scratch above my eye. I was required to seek first aid at the hospital. It was very embarrassing, but it was my last accident.

Next I was placed on an assembly line. There I used a paint brush to paint a strip on shell crates, as they came down the conveyor belt. Finally, I became a checker. I was required to keep a record of the powder poured into the shells. I was also responsible for keeping employees' time cards.

In 1942 and 43 several food items were rationed. Two of the items were shortening and sugar. At times we ran short of these items and listened to

news sources reporting any stores having them. We would then immediately send one of the children to purchase them before they were sold out. Word was received on a very hot summer day that a nearby grocer had shortening. Mary Jo's job was to buy a four pound carton of lard. She asked some of her friends to go along with her. One of her friends rode along on a scooter. The children took turns riding and while Mary Jo was riding, the carton of lard slipped out of her hands. The lard was hot and melted when it hit the sidewalk. One of the children came running home to tell me. I took a vessel to the spot and retrieved as much of the lard as I could.

Having lived through a depression, World War II, and food rationing of the '40's, it is easy to understand why many of our generation found the progress of the '60's and '70's unbelievable. John Kennedy's New Frontier was unfolding right before our eyes at Huntsville's Space and Rocket Center. Wernher von Braun lived in our very midst. The space program was underway and the day the first astronaut went into space was unbelievable. My mother for one had said it could never happen. However, she was privileged to see this event occur before her death in 1965.

The End



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RUM AND THE PRESIDENCY

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

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

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

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

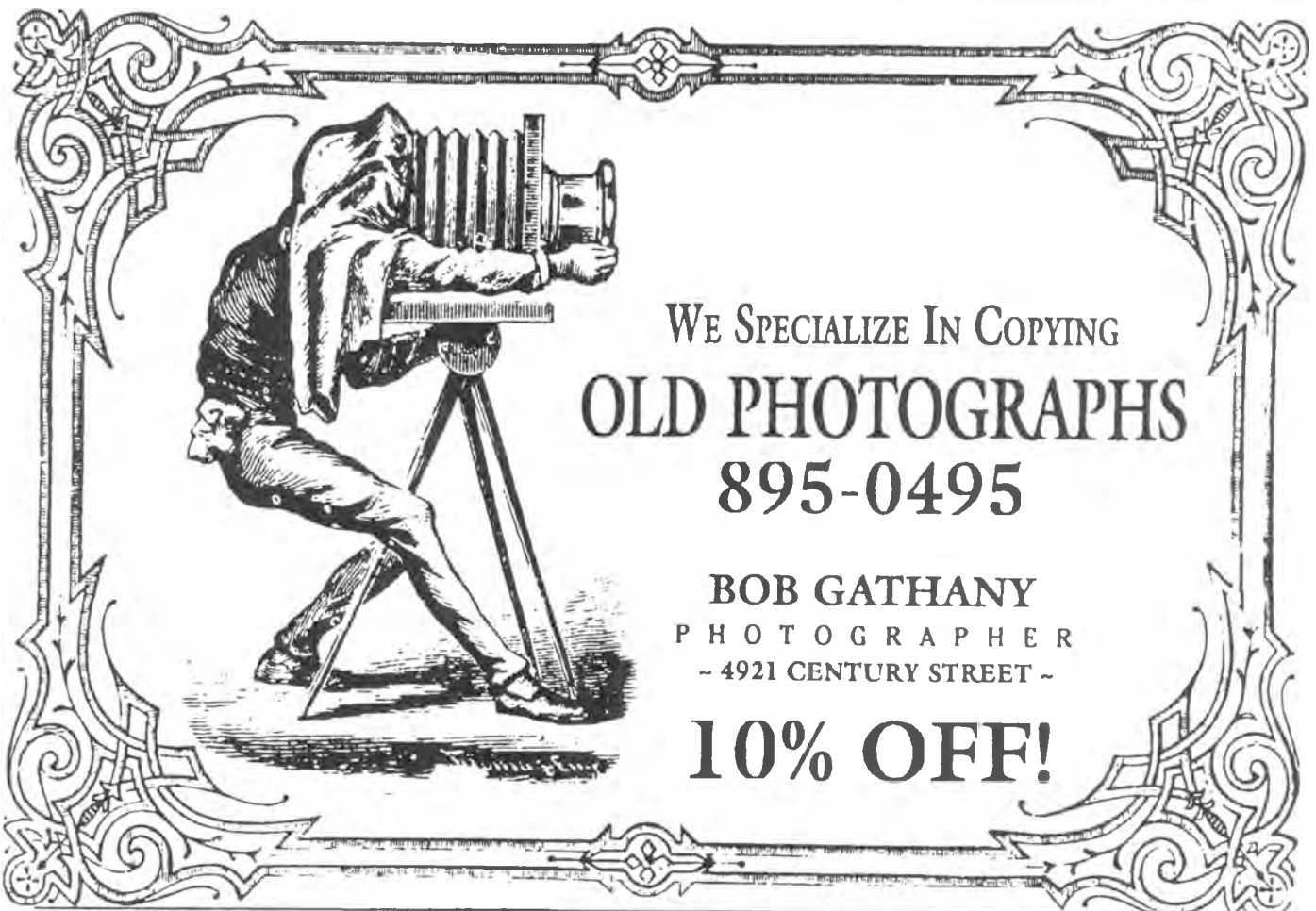
Liquor has had its victims in other countries than this. William Pitt, who conquered Napoleon, was destroyed in his early youth by the enormous potations of strong ale he drank, and such a failure as he made financially would be noted in the United States as the greatest scandal of the age. Says Harriet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

Taken from an 1887 Newspaper.

A man opened up a business, but refused to spend money for advertising.

The following year he finally advertised - for his bankruptcy sale.

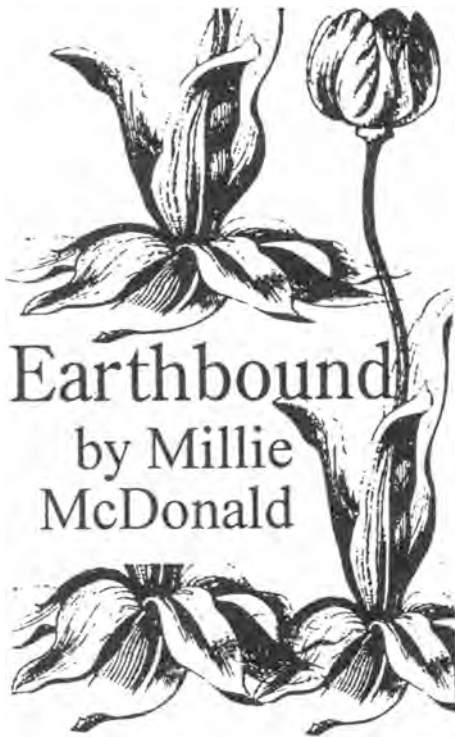
In the olden days they used to call a bigamist a glutton - a glutton for punishment!
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Earthbound

by Millie McDonald

Tulips are one of the liliaceous plants. They have large erect, cup or bell-shaped flowers of various colors. The edges of the blooms may be smooth or ruffled. Tulips grow in three or more sizes.

The ideal time to plant tulip bulbs is late December or early January.

In order to have excellent results, tulips should be planted approximately six inches deep, in groups of twelve or

more in a full-sun area.

To prepare the soil, dig the holes about six inches deep. Sprinkle a small amount of bone meal in the bottom of each hole, then carefully place the bulb in the hole, with the tip of the bulb pointing upwards. Cover with soil, and mulch with leaves lightly to protect the bulbs from winter weather.

As the tulips begin to break through the ground, remove the mulch and lightly fertilize the soil. Tulips usually bloom for several weeks.

After the blooming period, one has to decide whether to dig up the bulbs or leave them in the ground. However, since it is recommended that tulips should be planted in a different location each year for best results, you may want to go ahead and take them up.

If you prefer to take up the bulbs, the following steps should be taken; wait until the stem and leaves turn brown, then cut them off. Remove the bulbs from the earth and wash them thoroughly. Place the bulbs on a flat screen surface to dry, which takes approximately a week. Place the bulbs in a mesh bag - do not crowd them - and hang them up in a cool place.

Although tulips are not subject to disease, it appears that after they are washed and dried, they become more prone to disease.

You may wish to buy bulbs yearly

because the bulbs do not bloom well after the first year, regardless of the care given to them, the blooms will appear stunted and the stems are weak and spindly. I have learned that new bulbs planted yearly is the most satisfactory method.

A word of caution: Please note that when you see an ad offering a large number of bulbs at a very low price, it is wise not to buy them because these bulbs are usually "culls" or poorly developed bulbs and do not produce large blooms.

(Note from the Editor) In our last "Earthbound" column we discussed Azaleas. It was mentioned in that article that azaleas like full shade. That is not quite true, according to Mrs. McDonald. She says that for best results the azaleas need some sun during the day, rather than solid shade all day long.

The Ten Commandments of Business

From 1899 Publication

1. Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.
2. Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success - study his methods.
3. Don't be afraid of criticism - criticize yourself often.
4. Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest of fabrics, however, both may be used to best advantage.
5. Be enthusiastic - it is contagious.
6. Believe that you can do anything - have confidence.
7. Do not be in business only to make money - enjoy what you do.
8. Be fair to others, and do at least one decent act a day.
9. Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.
10. Keep your sense of humor. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate your relationships.

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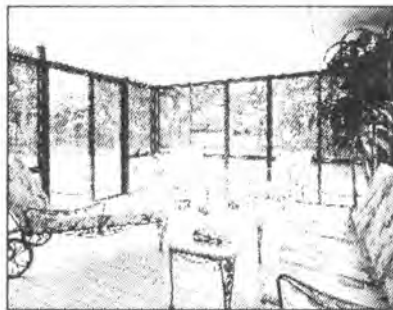
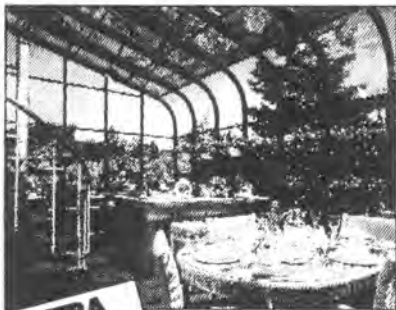
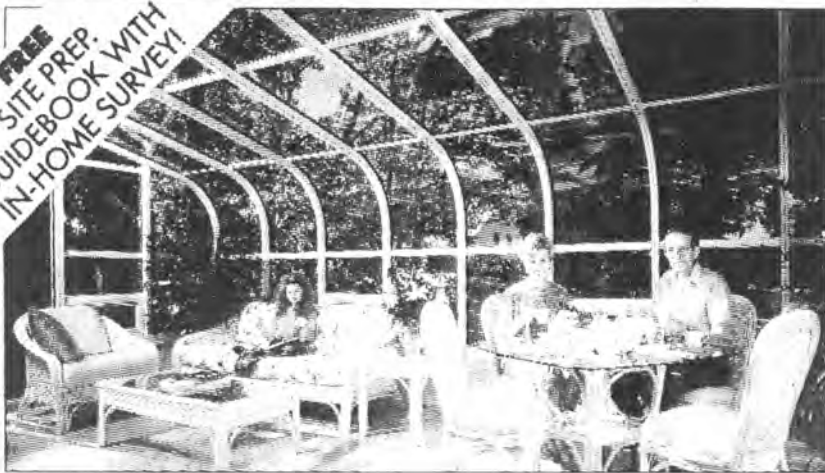


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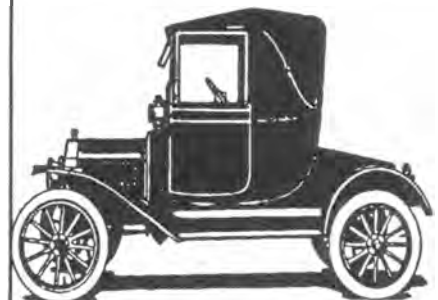
In 1946 Lawrence Brock, a Huntsville radio dealer aquired the first television in Madison County. The television was a seven inch "Sentenal," previously used in a science demonstration in Nashville, Tenn.

It would be another two years, in 1948, before television sets would be sold commercially in Huntsville and the most effective antennae were wire clothes lines stretched between trees.

Among the many advertisements of the day was one that offered a kit to build your own T.V. For the small price of \$59.99 the advertiser would send you a kit, along with parts and instructions.

Unfortunately, the buyers were required, (in small print) to furnish their own cabinet, picture tube, resistors, speaker and antennae.

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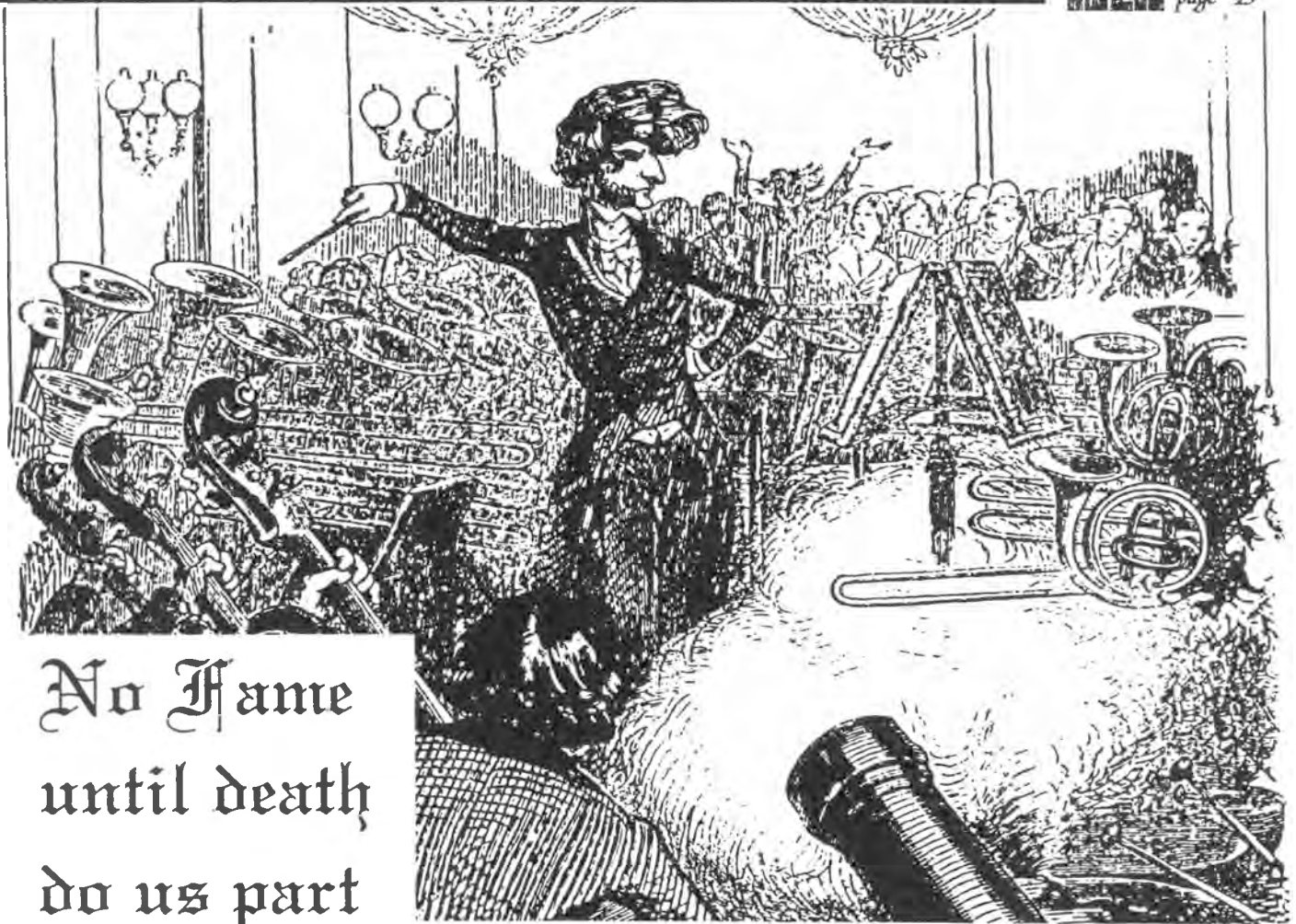


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No Fame until death do us part

When Claude Debussy died on March 25, 1918 he left no estate except his author's rights, his manuscripts and his fame. To supplement his income, he had edited Chopin's works, revised Bach's violin sonatas and offered to write a method for teaching piano. Robert Schumann, a gay, light-hearted fellow as ever you'd want to meet, but after he married Clara Weick and they had several children, he discovered he couldn't support his family on the musical pieces he was turning out. So he went insane.

Franz Schubert died at the age of 31 leaving a few articles of clothing, a mattress, bed coverings and some old music. During his lifetime, he had received approximately \$6.00 in payment for his Trout-quintet, \$4.40 for the beautiful Trio in E Flat and about 20 cents apiece for the Winterreise cycle of songs.

Mozart died at 36 and was buried in a pauper's grave. His friends would not even defray the expenses of his funeral and when his wife appealed to them

frantically, she received advice as to the cheapest way to bury him!

At one time Hector Berlioz, famous French composer of The "Damnation of Faust," lived on raisins, bread and salt in order to meet the debts incurred when he paid to have one of his own Masses performed.

Ludwig van Beethoven lived on handouts most of his life. From 1800 on, Prince Lichnowsky contributed to his support and in 1808 three Viennese noblemen guaranteed him 4,000 florins a year if he would stay in Vienna instead of going to Cassel. But sooner or later they dropped the payments and Beethoven was forced to sue them all in order to collect a small part of what he had been promised. Frederic Chopin, ill and poverty stricken, made his last public appearance at a ball in the London Guildhall for the benefit of the Polish refugees. No one listened to him -- no one seemed to care even that he was there, although some mourned when a few weeks later he was dead -- of tuberculosis, aggravated by under-

nourishment. Johannes Brahms was never very affluent but in later years when he earned some money, he still lived alone in a furnished room and got up every morning at 5 o'clock to make his own coffee, so uncertain was he that this 'affluence' would last. George Friedrich Handel died in London on April 14, 1759. According to Samuel Butler in his note-books: "People say the generous British public supported Handel. It did nothing of the kind. On the contrary for some 30 years it did its best to ruin him, twice drove him to bankruptcy, badgered him till in 1737 he had a paralytic seizure, which was as near as might be the death of him and if he died then we should have had no Israel, nor Messiah, nor Samson nor any of his greatest oratorios. What kept Handel was not the public but the court. It was the pension given him by George the First and George the Second that enabled him to carry on."



Bloody Saga Of Alabama's Red Rovers

Bold Band of Fighters Die in the Battle for Texas Independence

From a 1936 Interview


"I remember so well when I was in my sixth year," says the mother of R.M. Clark, pioneer Texan, "the struggle of Texas for freedom from Mexican rule was one of the absorbing topics of conversation wherever people gathered to talk. The sad story of the Alamo had just reached our village, Courtland, Alabama, and the heroic Bowie and gallant Travis and Crockett with their splendid band of heroes had stirred the men and women as nothing else had in all the years.

"About this time a Dr. Jack Shackelford, my father's family physician, began organizing a company of volunteers to go out and help them throw off their shackles.

"I remember the stir and bustle, with all the women, my mother with the others, sewing night and day making their linsey woolsey hunting shirts, all dyed in bright red, brown and green checks and trimmed with fringe down the sleeves and across the shoulders. Even we children were put to work and allowed to ravel the fringe for the trimming. We were wonderfully proud of our part in the work and felt in our hearts that we were helping to free Texas. With this service uniform each man wore a coonskin cap. And then they made for each man a red cap and jacket made of velvet, white trousers and a blue sash, and I tell you, they certainly looked grand as they marched and counter-marched to Capt. Shackelford's commands.

"Finally, everything was ready. The men in their service uniforms looked invincible.

"Our little home town was located



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on the Tuscumbia & Decatur Railroad, a horse car line that had recently been built around the Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River. As they marched to the cars, we children perched on top of our fence to see them go by for the last time, were filled with mixed emotions, some crying, some cheering. The grown folks, too, seemed not all of one mind, for many of them realized the seriousness of the undertaking.

The mails were so slow in
those days but we finally heard
the men had been captured and
shot

"They took the cars to Tuscumbia, then the boat down the Tennessee River to the Ohio and then to the Mississippi and so on to New Orleans. I don't know yet whether they marched from there on by foot or whether they went by water to Texas, but, after entering Texas, it was many months before we had any word of them. And then a rumor, just vague, indefinite rumor, spread its horror over us. The mails were oh! so slow in those days, but finally the rumor was confirmed that our men had all been captured at the Battle of Goliad and shot. Dr. Shackelford, because he was a physician, was saved and made to serve the Mexicans in his professional capacity, but all his men went before the firing

squad. However, two of the men were not touched and a third was only wounded.

"These men fell with the others, and after the Mexicans had left the field these men crawled away and began their weary march toward their homes. They had no food, no water, no medicine or dressing for the wounded man and after a day or two of heart-breaking effort and suffering, carrying the wounded man between them, at his earnest request, they left him alone in the desert to die. Now, think of his condition: hundreds of miles from home and friends in a country filled with enemies, hot, dry, no food and badly wounded, and yet, after untold suffering, sustaining life by eating bugs and lizards and chewing cactus leaves for moisture. In the providence of God, he was found by a Mexican woman. She gave him such simple food as she had, and when he was able to travel she divided her meager store of food with him and directed him to a road by which he could avoid his enemies, thus enabling him finally to reach his home after everyone had mourned him as dead.

"But long before he reached home, Dr. Shackelford and the other two men, the war being over, had come back. I recall so vividly the day the doctor reached home. The word had gotten out that he would be in that day. It seemed to us children that everybody

had come to town. All the day before and that night, men, women and children came from everywhere. As the hour drew near a restrained quiet seemed to pervade the atmosphere, men talked together in low tones, even the children, under the restraint of nervous mothers, ceased their playing and hung around with questing wonder written on their little faces. Soon the car, with its straining horses, came to a stop. There wasn't a sound. And then Capt. Shackelford appeared and walked into their midst. As he stood, a tall rugged man, sunburned, thin, grown old in a few months, with tears running down his cheeks, and told them the fate of husbands, fathers, sweethearts and brothers, with the women wailing, children crying, and strong men with faces drawn in agony, at the cruel recital, it seemed no scene could possibly be more greatly filled with suffering. No one present will ever forget that scene. Six-year-old child as I was, it painted a picture on my mind that my more than four-score years has dimmed but little.

"And thus our brave 'Red Rovers' came back to us, just four men out of all that splendid company, and they were broken in health, and fearfully aged from their terrible experience."

The spirit of these brave men, which prompted them to leave their homes and loved ones, to help the Texans throw off the oppressive yoke of Mexico, is typical of the old West.

Following his heroic experience in Texas, Dr. Shackelford remained at his old home in Courtland, Alabama, to be a leader in his community until his death 21 years later, in 1857.

His life, even before his ill-fated expedition with the famous "Red Rovers," is most interesting.

Born in Richmond, Va., in 1790, the son of a prominent family of that state. In young manhood he removed to Winsboro, S.C., where he married the beautiful Maria Yongue, daughter of a noted Presbyterian minister. His wife is referred to in Southern history as one of the most charming and cultured ladies of the South.

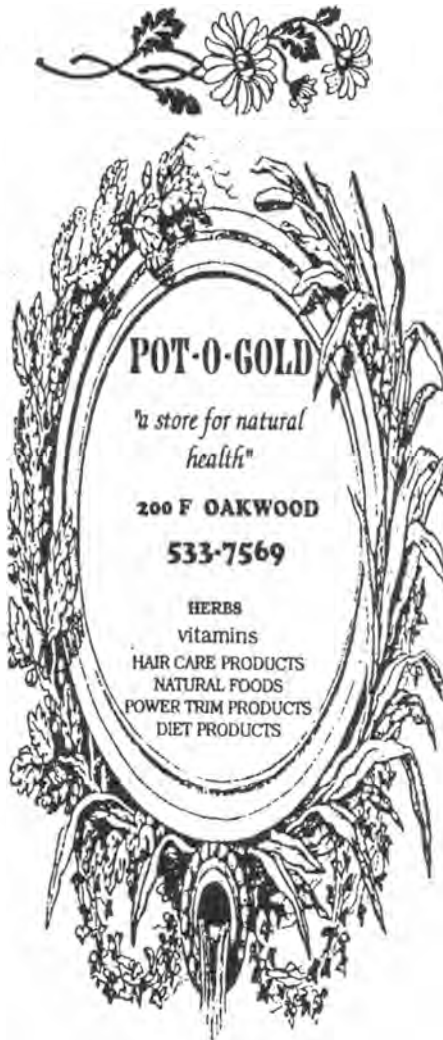
From South Carolina they moved to Shelby County, Ala., in 1812, and published reports state that on a large plantation and a mansion for his home, he lived like a "baron of the middle ages."

Dr. Shackelford was active in organization of the state and was elected to the Senate of the first Legislature. Even at this time he was renowned as a soldier in the Indian Wars in Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama, and was an officer on the staff of Gen. Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812.

Later Capt. Shackelford organized a company of wealthy planters and business men of North Alabama and began the construction of the Tuscumbia, Courtland and Decatur Railroad, which was constructed from Tuscumbia in Colbert (then Franklin) County to Decatur in Morgan County, Ala., a distance of 43 miles. Capt. Shackelford was treasurer of the railroad.

It is said that the completion of this railroad around the Muscle Shoals connected commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The End



Jitney drivers are becoming reckless

from 1915 Huntsville newspaper

That the authorities should take some steps to stop the reckless driving of automobiles from running by street-cars when standing at crossings is the talk of the town, especially so at Jefferson and Clinton street intersection where so many men and women transfer. No regard is paid to the crowd crossing the streets by the reckless drivers of the smoke belching machines.

At dusk this practice is indeed a most dangerous degree when numbers of jitneys and others who know better, run their cars without lights. The police, no doubt will cause somebody a great deal of trouble when some hapless soul is run down.

Grandma's Laundry Tips

Does your laundry never look as clean and bright as you would like it to? Some old-time products that can save the day for you are vinegar, ammonia and baking soda.

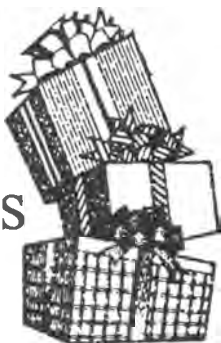
Clean washing starts with a clean washer. Every month, on the same day, fill your washer with warm water. Add 1 cup of white vinegar and let your washer run through the entire cycle. This will remove any soap scum and mineral deposits that build up from laundry detergents.

During other washing times, add 1 cup of vinegar to the rinse cycle for clean, fresh smelling clothes, or when you are hand-washing delicate items, add a cup to the sink. Baking soda is also a good product to use when you wash your hand washables.

Ammonia is a great product for cleaning your laundry. Add 1/2 cup of household ammonia to the wash water and it will help clean the worst of soiled work clothes.



Worst Christmas Presents



Ron Eyestone - a cocktail glass that plays "Jingle Bells" when you drink from it.

Tom Jamison - a dog sweater - he doesn't have a dog.

Billy Hawkins - a pink jogging suit with matching shoes.

Linda Rennings - a matching set of heads carved out of coconuts.

Karen Keith - a certificate entitling her to a discount on a cemetery lot.

Tony Mason - a box of low cholesterol, fat free, sugarless cookies in a recyclable box.

Holly Thomas - a cookoo clock with a miniature nude man instead of a cookoo bird.

Preston Morris - a book telling of 1001 ways to prepare for the coming nuclear holocaust.

Kenneth Worth - a calendar of cows, featuring the top twelve milk producers of 1991.

Charles Ansley - purple socks.

Dullsville as in Huntsville



Billy Joe Cooley, senior editor of *Old Huntsville*, moved here in 1971. He had worked as a reporter for major newspapers covering presidents, crooked politicians, scandalous murder cases and all the other things one would expect in a big city. Needless to say, life was a lot different in Huntsville.

About six months after moving here Billy Joe received a call from an old colleague who worked on the editorial desk for Webster's Dictionary in New York City. After exchanging the appropriate pleasantries the friend asked how the local news was going.

"Dullsville!" replied Billy. "The most exciting news we had last week was the school board meeting."

His friend, a stickler for proper verbiage, replied, "There ain't no such

word as dullsville."

"There is if you try to cover news in Huntsville, Alabama," came the reply.

In about eight months a package came in the mail from his friend at the publishing company. It contained a new edition of "Webster's Ninth Collegiate Dictionary," with a note attached instructing him to look on page 388 for "dullsville."

"Dullsville, dull + -sville (as in Huntsville) slang: something or some place that is dull or boring; also: boredom."

Editor's Note: If you don't believe this one, get a copy of Webster's Ninth Collegiate Dictionary, and look it up yourself.

The End



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Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Use the sun in winter to warm and bring light into your rooms. Snap up the shades, pull back the curtains and remove those screens.

Feet prone to blisters are helped by wearing two pairs of socks - cotton on the outside and nylon inside. Friction, the cause of blisters, is kept to a minimum.

Make a shrunken blanket useful again by sewing on to one end a piece of material large enough to tuck under the mattress.

A rubber band stretched around a drinking glass makes it easy for little hands to keep a firm hold.

Don't let a frozen lock keep you out of your car. Heat the key with a match or lighter and watch the fingers! It may take a few tries but never use hot water.

A parfait glass, a wine glass, or small vase are good containers for makeup brushes.

If you cut an "X" in the stems of Brussels sprouts, broccoli and cauliflower, they will cook in half the usual time.

To keep long fingernails from poking through rubber gloves, push a wad of cotton or lamb's wool into the ends of the fingers.

MAKE YOUR OWN FURNITURE CREAM

You will need:

- 4 oz. beeswax
- 16 fl. oz. turpentine
- 8 oz. lemon balm leaves and stems
- or:
- 4 oz. dried lavender flowers
- 1/2 pint water
- 1 oz. soap flakes
- 1 tsp. lemon balm oil or lemon verbena oil or 1 tsp. lavender oil.

Grate the beeswax and put it into a bowl with the turpentine. Put the bowl into a pan with water to come about halfway up. Set the pan on low heat, without letting the water boil, until the wax is melted.

In the meantime put the lemon balm into a pan with the water. Bring them to a boil, cover and simmer for 45 minutes. Strain off the liquid and measure out 10 fl. oz.

Add the soap flakes to the hot, measured liquid and stir well to dissolve. Add the essential oil. Stir the soap mixture into the beeswax mixture and stir to make a light brown cream the consistency of mayonnaise. Put the cream into jars. Leave it until it is cool and cover it.

Leave the cream for about a week until the turpentine smell is gone. To use, rub the cream into the furniture with one duster and buff with another clean duster.

Fried Bananas

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

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

From 1895 Newspaper

I realize my git up and go has got up and went.
But I don't mind as I think with a grin of all the grand places my git up has been.

Edmund Duffy,
Retired. Age 92.

I met my first love at Mullins Drive-In
She was pretty, I was dumb,
She married my best friend.
'One of the Wynn boys'

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The other side of Judge Lane

Much has been written of the founding fathers of Huntsville, among them, Judge Lane, a man highly respected for his knowledge of the law and fair treatment to all who had occasion to come into contact with him.

At least, that is what the history books say.

We thought it would be interesting to tell the other side. The following manuscript was published in an anti-slavery publication in 1848.

I have lately been introduced to a very intelligent and interesting young man, whose mother was a full-blooded Cherokee. He showed me a very interesting letter from her, and several from his sisters; one of which brought tidings of his mother's death, and enclosed a lock of her hair, fine, black, and glossy, and beautifully braided. He kept it very carefully, in several envelopes of paper. His name is James Fisher. He has suffered shameful treatment from the people in Alabama, and was thereby induced to seek warmer hearts in a colder climate. He told me his story, with liberty to publish it when I was sure that he was safe in another land. Here it is, as he told it to me.

I was born in Nashville, Tenn. October, 1817. My mother's name was Maly Davis. Though an unmixed Chero-

kee Indian, she was kept in slavery all her life. My father's name was Thomas Fisher. He fled from bondage when I was a small child. They pursued, but never caught him. My mother was a very industrious woman. By washing and ironing, she earned money enough to buy herself for \$800.

After my mother had bought herself and sister Ellen, there was a suit brought in favor of some of the others, who had been taken with her; and they were proved to be Indians, and set at liberty. My mother consulted a lawyer, named Grundy, to know if her children could not likewise be proved free. He told her it would cost more money to carry on the suit, than it would to buy the whole of them. This discouraged her, and she gave it up. When I was in my fifteenth year, the widow Stump sold me to a man who kept a boarding-house in New Orleans, by the name of Shawl. He paid \$500 for me, and I lived with him, as a house-servant, for four years. He was a drinking man, and when he was in liquor, abused me.

Parts of the manuscript describing his first escape attempt are missing. The story takes up again after he has been captured and is waiting his fate in Nashville.

In the midst of this, my old master,

Mr. Shawl, came to Nashville, with an execution to be served on me, as Mr. Gamble's property, to satisfy some old judgement or claim. But he lost his suit, because Judge Lane, of Huntsville, had a mortgage on me, and came to Nashville to secure me. Here were three gentlemen who left their business and their homes to hasten to Nashville, merely because I had taken a fancy to visit the place. There was quite a squabble among them, who should have me; and all this time, mother was trying with all her might to buy me. At last, I was very unwillingly obliged to go to Huntsville with Judge Lane, as house-servant, coachman, etc. The judge promised to use me well, and let me visit my mother once a year. She advised me to try and content myself, assuring me that she would spare no pains to get me honorably free.

However, I had serious doubts whether my poor old mother would ever be able to comply with the rigid terms Judge Lane exacted. I therefore thought it wise to learn to write, in case opportunity should offer to write myself a pass. I copied every scrap of writing I could find, and thus learned to write a tolerable hand before I knew what the words were that I was copy-

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ing. At last, I met with an old man, who, for the sake of money to buy whisky, agreed to teach me the writing alphabet, and set me copying. I spent a good deal of time trying to improve myself, secretly, of course. One day, my mistress happened to come into my room, when my materials were about; and she told her father (old Capt. Davis) that I was learning to write. He replied, that if I belonged to him, he would cut my right hand off. After that, he sometimes talked to me an hour at a time, to convince me that I was better off than I should be if I was free. He said slaves were better off than their masters, much better off than the free colored people, and vastly better off than they would have been if still in the wilds of Africa; because there they fought, killed, and ate each other.

But here, said he, masters are bound by law to provide well for you, will be punished if they do not do it. He told me that the reason why they murdered and devoured one another in Africa, was because there were no white people there to make them behave themselves.

Judge Lane was circuit judge of several of the counties where he lived and was what would be called a kind master; but he did not let me know, that

I have all the trouble of
thinking for you and me both.
You are much better off being a
slave

she had written several letters to him, trying to buy me. I will give an extract from the last letter my dear mother ever wrote to me.

Though forbidden by law from learning how to read and write, letters from and to slaves were common. Normally a slave would pay a white person to write the letter and the person receiving it would pay to have it read.

The reader can imagine that some pangs shot through my heart, on hearing it. "Dear Son, I am very sorry to learn from Judge Lane's letter, which I received yesterday that it is impossible for me to free you, under any circumstances whatever; unless I can comply with paying the full amount of money that he must have for you, and that all

down. He also informs me that he could not do without you, and would not hire you out under any circumstances."

When I spoke to Judge Lane about it, he asked me if I was dissatisfied with living with him. I told him I would as soon live with him in the condition of a slave, as with anybody.

"If you had your freedom, you would not be so well off as you think," said he. "I have all the trouble of thinking for myself and all the rest of you."

I told him I greatly wished to relieve him from the task of thinking for me. I should much prefer to think for myself. He smiled, and said I was a fool.

Twelve days after this, my master had occasion to go to Mobile. When he started, he charged me to mind whatever Mrs. Lane told me.

My mistress was naturally irritable, and crabby and before master had been gone three days, she ordered her brother, Nicholas Davis, to give me a flogging. He came into the

cont. on page 28

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Good Meals for Those Cold Nights

Squash Casserole

- 1 1/2 pound sliced yellow squash
- 1 can condensed Cream of Chicken soup
- 1 eight ounce carton sour cream
- 1 jar (4 oz) pimento, Drained and chopped
- 1 can water chestnuts sliced (8 1/2 oz)
- 2 medium onions finely chopped
- 1 stick butter
- 1 pkg 8-oz herb stuffing mix (use 1/2 pkg stuffing to 1 recipe)

Cook squash in salted water, drain and set aside. Melt 3/4 stick butter, then add stuffing (1/2 of package). Stir and let stuffing get coated. Pack bottom of 2-quart casserole with 1/2 of mixture. Layer squash on top. Mix other ingredients. Pour over squash. Top with remainder of topping and dot with butter. Bake at 350 for 30 minutes.

Chicken with Paprika Mushroom Sauce

- 1 tbs margarine
- 4 skinless, boneless chicken halves
- 2 tsp paprika
- 1/8 tsp ground red pepper

- 1/2 tsp garlic powder
- 1 can Cream of Mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup sour cream

Hot cooked noodles with parsley
Put margarine in hot skillet, cook chicken 10 minutes or til brown. Remove, set aside and spoon off fat.

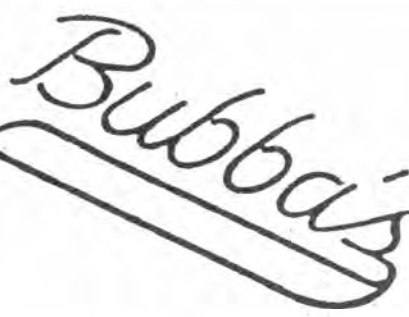
In skillet, combine soup, paprika, garlic and pepper. Heat slowly, add chicken, cover and cook over low heat 10 minutes or chicken is done. Stir often.

Stir in the sour cream and heat thoroughly. Pour chicken mixture over the noodles, which should have been cooked to the firm-tender stage.

Crispy Sliced Baked Potatoes

- 4 medium potatoes, same size
- 1 tsp salt
- 3 tbs melted butter
- 3 tbs chopped thyme and chives
- 4 tbs grated cheddar cheese
- 2 tbs Parmesan cheese, fresh if you can find it

Scrub potatoes and rinse. Cut them into thin slices with a very sharp knife, but don't cut all the way through. Use a handle from a spoon alongside potato to prevent knife from going all the way



Burgers Steaks Ribs

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through.

Put potatoes in greased baking dish, that has been sprinkled with garlic or onion powder.

Sprinkle with salt and pepper and drizzle with the butter. Sprinkle with herbs. Add sprinkles of garlic powder.

Bake the potatoes at 425 for about 50 minutes.

Remove from oven, cover with cheeses.

Bake the potatoes for another 25 minutes til lightly browned. Cheese should be melted and potatoes will be tender inside, but crispy outside.

Sausage Casserole

- 6 slices bread
- 1 pound sausage
- 1 tsp dry mustard
- 1 cup slivered Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 cup light cream
- 1/4 tsp salt
- Dash pepper
- Dash nutmeg
- 1 tsp Worcestershire sauce

Place bread slices in a well-buttered 9x13 pan. Cook sausage in skillet until done. Drain off fat and mix with the mustard. Sprinkle sausage evenly over the bread. Sprinkle cheese over the sausage. (You can stop here and freeze, if desired.) Just before cooking time combine eggs, milk, cream and seasonings. Pour over casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until done in the middle.

Scalloped Ham with Potatoes and Onions

- 2 thick ham slices
- 6 potatoes
- 4 small white onions
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/8 tsp thyme
- 1/8 tsp marjoram
- Paprika
- Salt and pepper

Cut ham slices into pieces. Layer sliced potatoes, thinly sliced onions, and the ham on top in a greased casserole dish. Make a white sauce from the flour, milk and seasonings. Pour over

potatoes, onion and ham and sprinkle with paprika. Cover and cook 1 hour at 350 degrees. Grated cheese on top is good to add in the last 15 minutes.

Mother's Meat Loaf

- 1 pound ground beef
- 1/4 pound ground sausage
- 1/2 tsp salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 tsp Worcestershire
- 1/2 onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 egg, beaten

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Form into a loaf and place in a baking pan with a small amount of water. Spread catsup on the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Spaghetti with Chicken

- 1/2 pound spaghetti
- 1 tbs butter
- 1 tbs flour
- 2 cups chicken stock
- 4 tbs catsup
- 1 cup cooked chicken
- 1/8 tsp Tabasco sauce
- 1 tsp Kitchen Bouquet
- 1/2 tsp salt

Dash paprika

Boil spaghetti until tender in salted water and drain. Blend flour and the butter, pour in the chicken stock and stir until smooth. Add the catsup, chopped cooked chicken, tabasco, kitchen bouquet, salt and paprika. Add spaghetti and pour mixture into a greased dish. Sprinkle buttered crumbs and grated cheese over the top. Bake in a moderate oven til brown.

Potato Cream Soup

- 1 ham bone
- 1 cup stock
- 2 tbs butter
- 1 onion
- 3 stalks celery
- 4 large potatoes
- 2 1/2 tsp salt
- 3 cups milk

In the soup kettle, cook the ham bone with 1 quart of water for 1 hour. Strain the broth reserving 1 cup. Saute the chopped onion and celery in butter for 5 minutes. Boil potatoes, drain and mash, seasoning with salt and a little milk. Add the cup of stock, milk, onion and celery. Cook 20 minutes. Garnish with grated cheese and serve.



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kitchen, and struck me on the arm with the edge of a heavy board. In a sudden flash of anger I snatched it out of his hand, pushed him against the wall and choked him a little. He ran and told his sister I had nearly killed him.

She sent a servant to tell old Captain Davis, her father, that he must

come the next morning to give me a flogging. The old Captain had often expressed a wish for a chance to give me a good thrashing. He was noted by his severity to servants. It was said that he had killed a man named Reuben, and a girl named Rachel by excessive beating. He had lately struck, with a heavy club, a poor old man, who used to tend

him when he was a baby. He had a big whip and made a point to conquer or kill everyone he undertook to flog. I was not willing to fall into the hands of this old tyrant. He was sent for on Sunday morning and as soon as I got my kitchen work done that day, I set myself to writing passes, till I got one that suited me. It was a permission to go to Nashville and stay two weeks, signed with my mistress' name. In the evening I went to the stage-office, and asked the landlord if I could take passage to Nashville the next morning. He demanded my pass. I showed it, telling him that mistress was not much used to writing for the servants, and she wished him to look at it, and see if it was correct; if not, he would please to send

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David is an analyst and designer. He is a member of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologist Association and the former styles director of the state of Alabama. David has hosted statewide television shows; traveled nationally to lecture on hair, makeup and fashions; and has judged many beauty pageants. In competition he has won numerous major awards in the United States such as the coveted Founders Award of the Midwest, the coiffure designs competition, and finalist for every major award in the State of Alabama. Travels to competitions, nationally and internationally, keeps him abreast of all the innovative and progressive ideas on haircare and fashions

Her masters had promised her freedom when she was grown but when they died their son sold her, even though she was an Indian

it back again, and she would alter it as he said; but that mistress wanted him to write her a few lines about it.

He wrote accordingly and I went back to my room, read the note, and burned it. I then went back to the tavern, and paid my passage to Nashville the next morning, I rose before anybody was astir, carried my trunk to the stage-office, and hurried back to prepare breakfast for the family. I had just sent it in, when I heard the stage-horn. I ran up to the tavern, and toward the stage just starting to come to the house for me. I jumped in, and in four days was safely landed in Nashville.

Judge Lane still holds an Indian woman, with her six children, as slaves. She is of the Creek nation, and her name is Susan. He bought her from Mr. Tanner of Athens. When I first went to live with the judge, Mrs. Lane used to be often teasing him to buy Susan for her; but he replied that Mr. Tanner had not a good bill of sale; she was a full-blooded Creek Indian, and that if a suit at law should ever be brought, she would be set free. However, Mrs. Lane at last persuaded him to buy Susan, on condition that Mr. Tanner should refund the money, if she was ever declared free. He paid \$2,500 for her and her six children. When the Creek

Indians were removed to Arkansas, by order of the government, they went past the house where we lived. Susan went out, with some of the other servants, to look at them. The moment they looked at her, they knew she belonged to their tribe. They stopped, and gathered round her, and made signals for her to go with them. She could not understand their language; but they pointed to her and her children, and then at their women and children, and then along the road they were traveling. They took one of her children and carried it some distance, and we had trouble to get it away from them. Susan would have gone with her tribe, but Judge Lane stood by all the time.

I have often heard her tell how she came to be a slave. A blacksmith by the name of Taylor, went among the Creek Nation, to work at his trade. Susan's mother, a poor woman, gave her to the blacksmith's wife to raise, when she was a little girl; and she became much attached to the family, that when they left the tribe, she went with them. She says that Mrs. Taylor always told her she would be free when she was a woman but before that time arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor died and their son sold Susan and she has been a slave every since.

The End

A Remedy for Weakness and Anemia in Women

Take one pound of shelled almonds, the brown skin left on; 1 cup granulated sugar; flat teaspoon of cinnamon. Put the sugar into a pan with a little water; let it boil until it draws a thread; add the cinnamon and while the sugar is boiling roast the almonds lightly in the oven.

When the sugar is ready pour the almonds in, stirring them briskly with a wooden spoon until the sugar has coated the almonds. Take and spread them on a platter and break them apart. Put in a jar.

Then take every night 5 or 6 of these almonds before going to bed - eat them and drink a tablespoon of good French brandy. Do that every night for a month, and if you feel benefitted keep on several months until you feel well and strong; but to get best results you must take these everyday.

From 1925 Recipe Book

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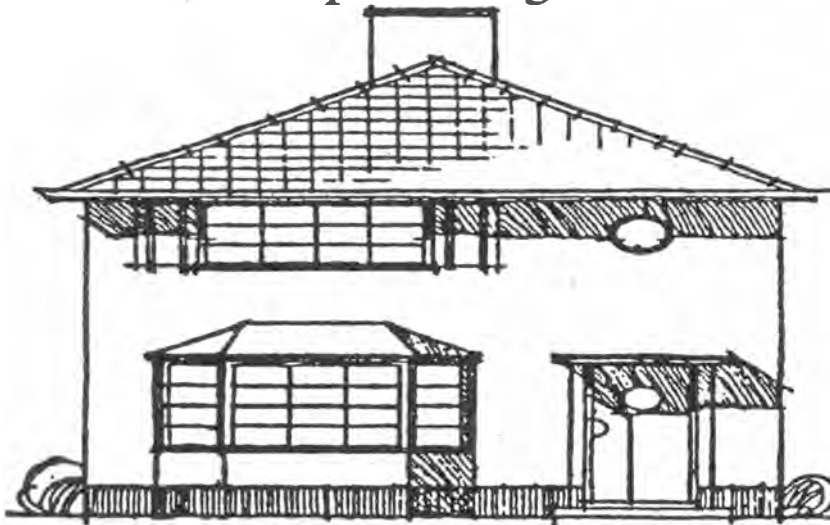


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FRONT



Letters from a refugee

Editor's note,

The following letters were discovered in the Nashville, Tn. archives. R.D. Jamison was serving in the Confederate Army when his wife was forced to flee their large plantation in Giles County Tn. in front of the advancing Union Army. Camilla Jamison spent the rest of the war living in Huntsville and returned to Tn. when the surrender was signed.

The letters are fascinating for several reasons; among them her concern over losing money by her slaves being set free and her description of every day life. Also intriguing to the historian is her reference to "working on Government work, making eight dollars a week."

If anyone reading this has information as to what type of work she is referring to please contact "Old Huntsville."

My Dear Husband,
If I thought there had been any chance of you coming to Giles (County, Tn.) to see me, I would not have left on any condition whatsoever. But when I left you last, I left with the expectation of not seeing you again in a long, long time, and never once thought that you could come to see me.

What sort of Negroes of ours are gone? Send me Lon's and her Ma's letters, if you will part with them. I will return them if you desire. I think I have written you several letters you did not receive. Did you get one mailed at Pulaski? My dear, excuse this short letter. I am now very busy making soldier's clothes and I believe 'tis the first time in my life that I ever was doing good for anybody save Self.

Affectionately your own true wife,
Camilla.

Huntsville, April 20th, 1863

My dear darling husband,

Good morning, Sir. How do ye do this morning? Glad to see you. All's well, I thank you.

Yours of 16th was read last night past at nine o'clock, giving the usual degree of pleasure and satisfaction. Although I hasten to write immediately, I will promise you nothing interesting for I am unusually dull this morning. Besides, the meanest pen in 40 states has fallen into my hand and if I could say ever so many good things, this pen would not write them down.

Ella got here Saturday night-safe and sound. No, she didn't for all the children have the whooping cough. I will move down to her house today, and we will have a rich old time. But I believe I will be afraid of buggers. Bass is not like himself at all; he is as ugly as he can be, and doesn't like me any better than he did last winter. But I'll make him like me yet if he doesn't watch. Nellie is the same old Nell. She makes me think more of home than anything I've seen since I left home, and I am getting anxious to get home. I had Jinnie (her mule) brought around to see how she was looking, having been told by everyone who knew anything about the boy that she would be well attended to, but instead, she is the poorest object I ever saw. Henry will get me some corn and I will try and fatten her myself, and then if I think best I'll sell her. I would have made more by letting her stay at the stall at \$9.00 per month than letting her be worked to death for nothing.

It grieved me very much at first, but now I have gotten over it, for those who have, must lose, and our lot has been to lose all the time, but I hope there is a better day coming.

How is Mrs. Smith? If Sam Crocker was very energetic and had good will enough, he might succeed in getting Jack out for Mr. Leatherman. I heard there were three hundred negroes burned to death in Murfreesboro--short time since. Such freedom they would have received in a few days or years at most, if they had stayed at home, and perhaps in a more honorable way than by burning. If that is the treatment they received, they will not go off with them (Union Troops) when they leave .

March 4th, 1863

I have been busy all day making ink and will try to write a little plainer. We are all improving in health today. Fannie has been very sick for several days but I think she will be well in a few days. If you write home again tell them to write everything that has transpired since I left. What everyone is doing, where my trunk is and etc. I never saw such short letters. At first I was glad to get them but they ought to have told me all the particulars of home. Kit has no idea of going home. She builds many air castles.

Your devoted wife,
Camilla Jamison

March 24, 1863

I was anxious to send a letter from Mr. L. but Mr. T. insisted it would go sooner from Huntsville. When we arrived here the door was closed and could not mail. He then said he would mail at Stevenson and you would receive sooner than any other way. I guess with the whirl of excitement it went on to Mobile. We all wrote from here. We left Mr. L. Friday and got here Monday, and the others started Monday on the five o'clock train. Fannie was quite sick when they started and the rest were all well. I guess you were quite puzzled by not getting my first letter. The reason I came here, the people in Giles were all blue as indigo about the time I left. Thought the Yankees would be there in three days. We all concluded if I wanted to go on farther, that was as good an opportunity as I would have.

They all came in private conveyances to Huntsville. I thought when I got here I could get Willie C. to go on with me, but my buggy broke down at Elkton. Mr. T. then bought a buggy and left mine to be mended, sold his when he got here. But when I got here Willie had gone to Tennessee, which I regard as all for the best, as I found Henry here, expecting his family to move here. I never have seen anyone who takes the war as hard as Henry and Allen Crockett. It makes me laugh to hear them lamenting. By the time they have tried it twelve months they will be better reconciled.

My dear, I will be so glad if we all get back to Murfreesboro again. I want

to see you so much, have so many things to talk about. I hope there never will another Yank come here. Oh shux! I wish and hope so many things I can't tell what I do want. My dear, I never have such a thought as your being led astray by the temptations with which you are hourly surrounded, though I know 'tis not impossible, I have such perfect confidence in your faith. You will never leap the bounds of discretion. I feel so thankful, too, when I think of your many virtues and have so little to fear as regards your being led astray. I think I have been specially favored in the choice of a husband.

Henry comes to see me every day; he is in the cavalry and stationed here. I would like to see his wife and Ross but if the Yankees leave I can't wait long to see them. When I start back I will call by to see you. I will have to take Jennie back to make a crop with. I am so afraid the Yanks are not really leaving, but just fixing a trap for Bragg. 'Tis rumor here that Mr. Bragg's wife is dead. If you all would apply for furlough now you might perhaps obtain it.

I wish you could see Ella Bell. She is the sweetest thing in the state. I very

often whistle, and Ella says, Aunt Puss ain't no boy to whistle. She says I must kiss my sweetheart for her. I am very fortunate to find pretty children to love and love me. Poor little Fannie! I fear she will not long survive her trip to Mobile. Mr. Fletcher thinks it terrible we have no children, took privilege to say more to me on that subject than anybody else ever did.

Henry is in Roddy's cavalry. His company is here catching (conscript's. He thinks he will get the Chaplaincy of the regiment. He went up to Tullahoma last week with prisoners and would have gone to see you but didn't have time. They have sent from 8 to 10 hundred conscripts and deserters to Bragg.

I am very sorry indeed that Alex fell into Yankee hands at last, he did dread it so much and then 'twas for me that he risked so much. I suppose all the Negroes are leaving in Rutherford. I wish we had sent ours South and sold them where I never could hear of them again, for if they go off altogether we will lose them at best, won't we?

I have taken a walk two hours and 1/2 long, went through the principal

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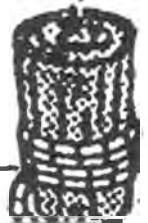
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part of town, saw some beautiful yards and houses, and went to the Graveyard (Maple Hill). There we saw many friends of the departed bringing fresh flowers to put upon the graves of loved ones--seemingly to drive away the dark gloom that hovers on the graves of dear loved ones. Saw the grave of Col. Mitchell. No loved hand was near to supply his with fresh flowers of loveliness, and thus 'tis with hundreds who have died away from home and friends and no one to drop a pitying tear. Our enemies, too, lie there side by side in large numbers, they too have friends at home. Would to God the remainder would return home and let us alone.

Lesla did not go home with Alex. I would like very much to get a good long letter from home and hear all the particulars. I will remain here a week or two longer and then, if we think best, I will go back to Giles. I can't move tho' until I get the buggy and that is standing in the street where I left it, never been touched. The workman says he is in government service and will fix it as soon as he can. Tell Jim Alexander I think there are plenty of Gals here who would like to marry "Nobody but a soldier." Just come and make selection. I am going to work in the morning on government work if I can get it, and make eight dollars per week. My dear, can't you come down here to see me? 'Tis not much farther than where I was before, and I assure you I would appreciate such a visit very much. Mr. Leatherman sent me word to send my horse and buggy back to his house. But the horse is doing very well now.

God bless you, my dear darling, and keep you from all harm is the constant prayer of a devoted wife

Camilla P. Jamison

Huntsville, April 5th, 1863

My dear darling husband,

'Tis Sabbath evening, and feeling so lonely, I thought I would write to my dear love. I do realize so fully this evening how much I love you. 'Tis so hard to live apart from all I hold dear on this earth.

Petitions are to be made this evening for peace. All the churches will be opened and a general prayer meeting. Were I at home among friends I would delight to be one of the number, but among strangers I prefer to enter

my closet alone, where I go every evening (not only Sunday) and make known the desires of my heart.

My dear, I would prize so highly this evening a real old fashion talk with you, such as we often had during our short stay together. I get very impatient when old memories crowd the mind. I wonder if we ever will be as happy again. It seems to me I would give the whole world, except enough for us to live in, were it mine to give. If we could only live together again as happily as we use to live.

The general belief here is that there will be general engagement in Tennessee in a few days, I wish "Rosa" would go home without a fight; it really looks hard to force our visitors away, but when they forget the old adage "visitors should not make their visits too long," they will have to be gently reminded of it.

Here comes Ella, and she says she is anxious for paper and pen to write you.

April 6th:

There is a perfect Negro mama here that everybody is trying to buy at the most outrageous prices. They pass all reason. Mr. Crockett has sold all but two. When you get into old Kentucky capture a few and send them South. Henry has not got back yet but look for him in a few days. When I first commenced sewing, I thought making two shirts was a good day's work, but now I can make five and make them well. Mrs. C. is telling me heaps of bad things to tell you, but I am afraid it would make you blush. I will be sure to tell you when I see you again. My dear, I had rather not see you in six months than that you should offend in the smallest point. I get so anxious to see you sometime. I can't resist inviting you to come. I was only jesting when I said I would look for you every evening. I know full well you can't come. I hope, tho, it won't be long 'till we are granted the privilege that High Heaven allows us. I hope men will take a more correct view of things in general, and learn the foolishness of war. This war has continued about long enough. I am getting tired of it. If Jeff and Abe don't stop it, they will get another fuss on hand.

Your Wife. Camilla

The End



If it melts in your mouth, it's fattening.
Cathey Carney

BUSTLE COMING BACK?

From 1895 publication

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

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Old Huntsville Trivia

1808 - Stephen Neal is appointed Madison County's first sheriff. He and Thomas Freeman are also named justices of the peace.

1843 - Madison County now has 23,070 cattle and 8,714 horses.

1885 - City attorney office is abolished, but is re-established a year later.

1918 - Huntsville is growing by leaps and bounds. We now have 10 firemen and 10 policemen.

1919 - Fisk community near Hazel Green is bombarded with five-inch hail.

1941 - Hopper Hardware store is established. They sold 107 kerosene lamps in their first six months of business.

1943 - Joe Tidwell opens his grocery store and J.C. Jamar is publishing the city's newest newspaper: Huntsville Weekly Mirror.

1945 - Waterman Airlines begins regular flights to and from Huntsville.

1946 - City council takes a chance on modernization and sells the city's last mules and wagons to C.A. Floyd for \$200.

1958 - Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson is hanged in effigy by Huntsvillians who blamed him for Russia being first to launch a spacecraft.

1965 - Ed Greene becomes Madison County's first bailiff for circuit court, although the legislature had authorized such positions in 1923.

1968 - John Tarver is appointed assistant city attorney (prosecutor). He later is named manager of a citrus plantation in Felsmere, Fla.

1972 - Chattanooga psychic Doc Anderson appears on Channel 31 News and predicts the upcoming wounding of Gov. George Corley Wallace. Movie actor Denver Pyle is at the seer's side as the prediction is made. Anderson had predicted many other major events, among them the deaths of F.D.R. and

Martin Luther King.

1974 - Richard Nixon comes to Huntsville and makes his last public appearance before resigning as President of the United States.

In this day of low cut dresses,
It takes a lot of will power to
look a woman in the eye.

Fred W. Clark
U.S.A.F. (retd)

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Some Thoughts Over The Years

“Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.”

Charles Sumner

“In the Twentieth Century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundaries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will live. He will possess something higher than all these - a great country, the whole earth, and a great hope, the whole heaven.”

Victor Hugo

“It is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man’s chance in the commercial world.”

Booker T. Washington

“However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it.”

Madame Fee

If God had consulted the Huntsville City Council before He created man, it would still be in the planning stages.

Dave Hawkins, Madison Resident

A Ghost Town

About ten miles south of Huntsville where Highway 231 crosses the river, was once a prosperous town named Ditto Landing. The founder of the town, John Ditto, established a trading post where he soon built up a successful business trading with the Indians.

Ditto was the first white man to settle in the Tennessee Valley and when other settlers began arriving he enlarged his business to include a ferry across the river.

By 1820 the community boasted of two stores, numerous warehouses and a boat-works. That same year 17,000 bales of cotton, each weighing 300 pounds were shipped from Ditto's Landing to New Orleans.

The advent of the railroads spelled doom for the river community and by the end of the Civil War there were only a few delapidated wooden buildings left.

Today there are no signs that a town ever existed there. Ditto's Landing has become just another footnote in a history book.

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News of the Absurd

In 1987, Chicago alderman Lawrence Bloom gave up his idea of tattooing pit bulls on the inside lower lip in order to identify them. He could find no one to volunteer to do the tattooing.

An Arizona woman was awarded \$356,000 in damages after she fell out of a jury box while serving as a juror.

A state trooper was dismissed in California after seven women co-workers complained that he "Made them feel uncomfortable by his prolonged staring at them and their body parts." The former state trooper sued, stating that he made no sexual comments and had not touched any of them. The Court of Appeals ruled, however, that his firing was justified, calling his habit of staring at women "annoying and frightening."

When a Rockville, Maryland woman sued her employer for \$500,000 for injuries she received when falling off a chair at work, the company produced a witness who testified that the woman had been practicing falling off chairs at work for years.

An Indiana man became so outraged when his wife got a parking ticket that he caulked shut 102 parking meters.

After two years of a happy marriage, a young couple confessed to each other that they wanted to be transsexuals. Although they had two children, the couple decided to seek sex-change operations. Harry, the 6 foot 8 husband, became Sheila Marie, the wife. Jean, the 5 foot 4 wife, became the husband, Thomas Eugene.

A thirty-eight year old man in Illinois, distraught over an argument with his girlfriend about buying drapes, cut a hole in their waterbed and killed

himself by sticking his head in the hole and drowning himself.

A 17 year-old bodybuilder in California tried to commit suicide by leaping 135 feet from the San Mateo Bridge, but when he found himself still alive he swam half a mile to shore and fell asleep. The next morning he walked two miles to find his truck, which had been towed away in preparation for rush-hour traffic.

A computer company was trying to continue its 10 year near-perfect record of no accidents. The management decided to show the employees a film aimed at encouraging the use of safety goggles on the job. According to "Industrial Machinery News," the film's depiction of bloody, gory accidents was so graphic that 25 of the workers suffered minor injuries in their mad rush to leave the room. Thirteen fainted, and one man required stitches to the head. *That's All!*



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Strangers in the Dark

David Milly, of Theatrical Lighting, has provided lighting and stage effects for some of the biggest stars in the entertainment business. Meeting and working with these people has provided him with a wealth of stories, some of which he would rather forget.

Years ago, Theatrical Lighting was hired to do the lights for a Charlie Daniels Concert in Atlanta. David was excited, this was his big chance.

He began preparing for the concert weeks in advance. He ordered new equipment and planned every detail down to the smallest. Charly Farr, one of his employees, even received instructions to get a shave and haircut.

Finally the big day arrived and needless to say, with all the careful planning, the concert was a success.

Late that night David was returning to his hotel room when he happened to meet a stranger in the elevator. The guy seemed pleasant enough so David struck up a conversation with him.

"I'm David Milly, what's your name."

"Turner," the guy said.

"What kind of work you do?"

"I fool around with television some, but nothing particular."

This sparked David's interest. "Ever have any experience in lighting?"

"Some," the stranger replied.

About that time the elevator doors opened. David, in a hurry, glanced briefly at the business card the stranger had given him and said, "Ted, if you ever need a job give me a call."

Ideas are like children. Your own are wonderful.
Kenneth Young, Retired

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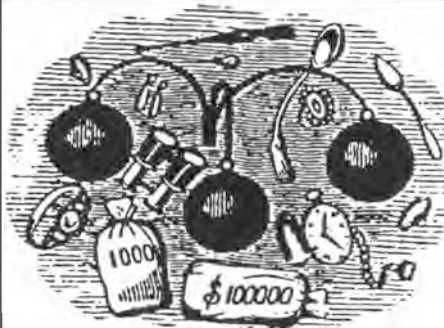
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Hoover Days, The Memories

by Jan Street

My parents were deeply wounded by the great depression of 1929 and the scar it left behind is still visible today. It caused my childhood in the south to be infiltrated by a demon of sorts. This was not fully understood until a high school sociology class discussion, and then I learned others had many of the same experiences.

It appeared like Greek mythology, weaving its way in and out of my life. My earliest memory is when my papa

told my brother to finish his breakfast, my sister who was 5 at the time leaned over and whispered "You better eat, old Hoover will come and get it."

Who was this evil spirit that stole food off little children's plates. At Christmas we were told about Hoover days, lucky to get an apple and a piece of hard candy.

Some of the stories were plausible if you were a child. The woman running about her kitchen in a frenzy, flapping

her apron. When asked what her problem was, she said a fly had picked up a grain of sugar and she was trying to get him to put it down. Children were paid a quarter to go to bed hungry, and stealing the quarter back when they were asleep.

The myths continued into my high school years. When I ask to borrow the car I was told, "We didn't have cars when Hoover was in, we didn't have gas either." When I complained about my allowance being too meager, I was told nobody had a dollar when Hoover was in, and how much a dollar could buy.

Food was named after Hoover, Fat back, "streak 'o lean" was a Hoover ham, the drippings were used to make Hoover gravy. Hobos called their freight cars Hoover limousines.

I wonder if any of you out there had similar run-ins with this phantom. We could get a support group started and call it "Children whose lives were deeply affected by Hoover."

We may even get on the Oprah T.V. show.

Only great men can possess
great faults.
Ken Gentle, Manager

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A Grateful Horse

by Jim Harris



This farmer was not kind to his animals when they were not doing precisely what he expected of them. He trained them with a two-by-four.

He rode a horse he hadn't fully trained to where several of us were working on a house. He tied the horse

under a tree and took a large grass rope, tied one end to the bridle, ran the rope down the horse's back, looped it under his tail, back up his back and tied the other end to the other side of the bridle. If the horse moved his head, even slightly, that grass rope would

skin his tail. The horse would have been about as well off if the man had used barbed wire.

The longer that horse stood there, unable to move without torturing himself, the more aggravated I became and the more I was determined to move that rope from under his tail. It occurred to me that the rope ought to be tied between the man's legs and dare him to move.


When the horse's owner went around to the opposite side of the house, I went to the horse and began talking to him. I didn't know how he would react if I touched that rope. It didn't occur to me that the skittishness I observed when he was being ridden was probably a reaction to the man on his back.

I patted and rubbed and talked to him as I made my way toward his rear while avoiding touching that rope. After several minutes I was at his rump but still afraid to touch the rope.

If I was going to do this I had to risk getting kicked. I had to raise his tail enough to slip the rope down, but the moment I touched the rope, he raised his tail for me. I lowered the rope and he lowered his tail. That horse seemed to know what I was up to the whole time.

I have never felt so good about having done a good deed.

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Hair Care over the Years

Back when the twenties were really roaring, independent-minded women created scenes by marching in droves to the local barber shops to have their long hair cut off in bobs. Other women reacted in horror, saying that the short hair was indecent and outrageous. But many other women found new freedom from having to spend hours in constructing hairstyles every day.

Care of women's hair in the 20's was little, to say the least. The conventional wisdom said that there was absolutely no need to wash your hair more than once a month. If it were very oily, well maybe then you could wash it every ten days. The real beauty experts recommended a dry shampoo of cornmeal mixed with powdered orris root that was safe to use more frequently. Women also made liquid shampoo at home by spending hours shaving cake soap into hot water, sometimes adding a beaten egg for body.

Some of the old time remedies still exist in hair care, but thankfully the modern shampoos and conditioners make hair care much simpler.

by Sue Crow,
of "Headhunters"

He Swore He Would Not Leave Her And He Didn't

"Surely, you will not be false to me, George!" and the bright blue eyes of Elaine Jenkins looked fondly up into the face of the man who bends over her so fondly, and whose words of love come to her troubled breast with the same sweet, soothing restfulness that a tired man feels when the throbs of his aching head are stilled and the demons of pain driven away by the touch of a wife's hand and the sound of her low, sweet voice.

"No, my little one," replied George Simpson, drawing the little girl closer to him, "I will never deceive passionate love of a heart that beats alone for me. Never fear, my darling, that I will leave you" - and pressing a kiss upon the ripe, red lips, that could make a cake jar look desolate, he went down the street car track, where there

was no danger of being interrupted by vehicles.

Ten Years Later....

Over the old front gate, thrown out of plumb so many, many times by George and Elaine hanging on it to swap lies, the vines are growing. A little to the left is a grave, moss covered and uncared for. Towser is dead. In the sun-kissed woodshed back of the house is a man chopping wood. A woman comes to the back door.

"George!" she says.

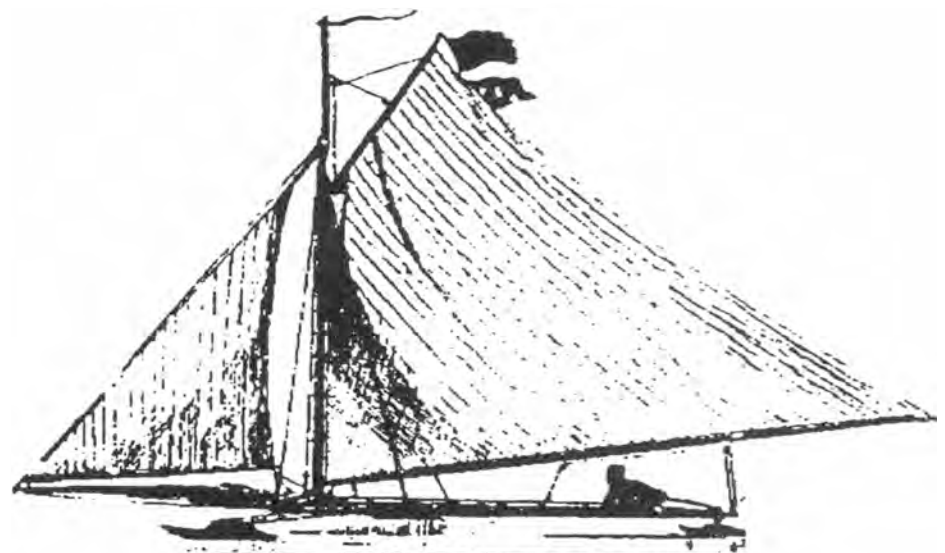
"Yes."

"Supper's ready. Shoo the brats out of the alley and bring in some wood when you come."

"All right."

They did finally marry, heaven help them.

Taken from 1890 Newspaper



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Sinful Desserts From Grandma's Day

Shaker Sugar Pie

Pastry for 9-inch one-crust pie
1 cup packed brown sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
2 tbs all-purpose flour
1 1/2 cups whipping cream (heavy)
1 tsp rose flower water or vanilla
1 egg
1/2 tsp ground nutmeg

Heat oven to 450 degrees. Prepare pastry. Mix brown sugar, butter and flour until well blended; spread in pastry shell. Beat whipping cream, rose flower water and egg with hand beater until well blended. Pour over brown sugar mixture. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake for 10 minutes.

Reduce oven temperature to 350. Bake 25 to 30 minutes longer or until knife inserted comes out clean. Cool 15 minutes; refrigerate til chilled.

Maple-Baked Winter Pears

6 pears, pared, cut in half and cored
1/2 cup packed brown sugar
1/3 cup maple syrup
1/4 cup water
2 tsp grated lemon peel
1/4 tsp ground ginger

Heat oven to 350. Place pears, cut sides down, in ungreased pan, 13x9. Mix remaining ingredients and pour over pears. Bake uncovered for 25 minutes, brushing pears occasionally with syrup, til tender. Serve warm with cream.

Butterscotch Sugar Cookies

1 cup brown sugar, packed
1/2 cup butter, softened
1/4 cup shortening
1 tsp vanilla

2 eggs
2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp salt
1 cup chopped pecans

Mix the sugar, shortening, vanilla and eggs in a medium bowl. Blend in flour, baking powder and salt. Stir in pecans. Cover and refrigerate 1 hour.

Heat oven to 400. Roll dough 1/8 inch thick on lightly floured cloth-covered surface. Cut into desired shapes with cookie cutters (3 inch). Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 6 to 8 minutes or til very light brown. Remove from cookie sheet and cool.

Dessert Wine Jelly

4 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2 cups cold water
3 cups white or red grape juice
1 cup sugar
1 cup medium dry white wine
sweetened whipped cream

Sprinkle gelatin on cold water in medium bowl to soften. Heat grape juice to boiling. Stir grape juice and sugar into gelatin mixture until the gelatin is dissolved. Stir in the wine. Pour into 6-cup mold and refrigerate about 4 hours or til firm. Unmold onto serving plate. Serve with whipped cream.



The best eating habits

Many people have never learned the true purpose in eating - that is, to sustain the body. They seem to think it is to gratify the taste. Socrates said, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink so that they may live." To which class do you, our reader, belong?

Eating late at Night

The evening meal should be eaten long enough before retiring so that the work of digestion will be nearly complete, and no food should be eaten again until breakfast time. The stomach should be empty while we sleep. The work of digestion proceeds at only half the pace when we are asleep as when we are awake and active. Therefore if we partake of food in the late evening or just before retiring, the stomach which has worked so hard all day will work all night. If you follow that plan from youth up, your stomach will go on a "strike" by the time you are forty, and too late, you will bitterly repent of your mistakes of earlier years. You will likely go to a sanitarium.

Mental Depression

When one is worried or mentally disturbed over some matter which has arisen, the stomach will not secrete its juices and cannot digest food. Take water or fruit juices, but do not eat until the mind has had time to become composed and adjusted.

Bread not Well Done

Bread should be well done all the way through - well baked. Too often the interior of a loaf of bread can be squeezed into a ball of dough. Such bread easily ferments in the stomach.

Fresh Bread

Yeast bread is not ready to eat until it is at least twenty-four hours old. Most people do not know this and have become accustomed to the taste of fresh bread, and it may require a little time to change their tastes, but it can be done. The reward will be added length of life.

From "Abundant Life" 1944



JEALOUS HUSBAND CURED

There is a man in this city who is so affectionately fond of his wife that he is jealous if a man looks within forty-five degrees of the direction in which she may happen to be. The other day a gentleman spoke to her, and the husband immediately threatened suicide. His wife was dispatched for a bottle of poison which she had put up at the druggist's consisting of a little water, colored with licorice and bottle, with a glaring poison label on the side. When he threatened to take some of it, and actually poured it into a wine glass she screamed for help and ran into another room, where she could watch him through the key hole, and saw him coolly open the window and throw it out.

She then rushed back, apparently frantic with grief and implored him not to do the rash deed. He merely pointed at the glass, and laying down on the floor began to kick out his legs like a jumping jack. She told him, she was determined to share his fate, and swallowed the rest of the licorice water, whereupon he became really frightened, called the neighbors, confessed that he only shammed, and said that if she only survived he never would trouble her again. Then she explained the ruse, and he was so mortified he tried to buy up the silence of his neighbors, but the story was too good to keep it quiet.

From 1873 Newspaper

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By Fred Ashcraft



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By Larry Shue

It seems during the war, Rick saved Willum's life, so Willum is eternally in Rick's debt. What Willum didn't bargain for was Rick popping in later for a permanent visit. Come follow the antics of Rick, Willum and a host of hilarious others as they bring life to Larry Shue's comedy, the Nerd!

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More Village Fun

by Jim Harris

Remember "ring around the roses, pocket full of poses, the last one to sit down has to tell his sweetheart's name"? Ring around the Roses was a popular group activity when I was growing up, although I'll never understand why it was popular with small boys. Why, we would kill to keep other boys from finding out who we were sweet on, and here's a game that was likely to put you in the position of having to "tell all" to every kid on the

block.

It had its rewards though. The group formed a circle holding hands and, if you were fast enough when forming the circle, you got to hold your sweetie's hand. If you were fast enough when sitting time came, you never had to admit you were holding hands with your girl. However, when you were holding your girl's hand, your mind wasn't always in gear.

Red Rover was another group activity we enjoyed. The group formed two lines with each kid in the line holding the hand of the one next to him. The two lines stood about 25 feet or so apart and faced each other. The magic words, "red rover, red rover let Mildred, (or Mike or whoever) come over" were uttered. (I'm sorry, I didn't want to use that word but my mind went into neutral.)

The kid whose name was called then had to run at the other line and try to break through. If he/she broke through, he/she picked one member of the line to take back to his/her own line. If the line didn't break, he/she had to remain with that line. This was another game where, if you were fleet of foot and mind, you could hold hands with your girl, in public, without getting harassed.

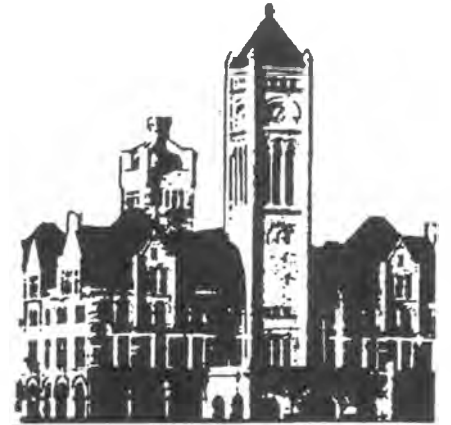
Does anyone see a pattern here?

Drop the Handkerchief was the name of the game and it required the group to form a circle with one kid in the center. Another kid would walk around the outside of the circle with a handkerchief, drop it behind someone and then run like a scared rabbit. The kid in the center had to get it before the kid behind whom it was dropped got it. That was the only way he could get out of the center. He then tried to catch the one who dropped it. Those are all the rules I remember. I'll never forget the fun, though.

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Frazzled Cats need Pet Therapist

Some cat lovers will pay any amount of money to see that their pets are happy and well adjusted.

In Manhattan there is a lady who uses her experience in human psychology to work with disturbed cats. She has been working with cats for more than 20 years and finds that frazzled cats aren't bad, they may just need a little understanding and attention.

In a recent edition of "250 Fabulous Cats and the Stars who Cherish Them," it is reported that Carole Wilbourn has successfully treated over 10,000 cats in her 20 years. She says that cats and people are not all that different, cats feel happy, anxious, depressed and frustrated just like humans do.

Office sessions cost \$95, but Carole will make house calls. She has flown as far as Hawaii to treat an unhappy feline. She does phone consultations for \$45. Carole, who is a columnist for "Cat Fancy" magazine, has a current book, "Cat Talk" and an audiotape called "The Cat Caring Tape," that are available by calling 800-328-8500. She has an amazing backlog of interesting cases.

A young couple who spent quite a bit of their leisure time socializing away from home owned a cat who began to literally "climb the walls." He would

use his claws to stay attached to the walls, climbing up and down and knocking down very expensive paintings. He was starved for affection, so Carole advised the couple to start playing bedtime games with the cat. The increased attention turned the little monster into a real pussycat. He became relaxed and happy, and the nightly sojourns up the walls ended.

Another owner called Carole to report that her little feline was hiding in the closet and wouldn't come out. Carole was able to deduce that the owner was under a very heavy stress load, and took little time just to relax and unwind. The cat could feel the stress in her owner and hid as an escape. When the owner began making a concerted effort to loosen up, and started playing the harmonica at night, the cat slowly started coming out of the closet to listen. When the woman left the radio on all day, on a soothing music station, the cat came out to stay.

In "one of the most touching" experiences Carole had with cat therapy, she cured a cat who cried when her owner would begin to dance. The cat felt abandoned and left out when the owner was so obviously enjoying herself without him. Carole advised - Dance with the cat! When the owner picked up the cat and swayed to the music, the little cat never again cried about being left out.

Who Knows - Why Not?

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In sheer numbers, no other animal tops the fish in U.S. pet popularity polls, from family living rooms to executive offices, from class room to hospitals, more and more hobbyists are discovering the joys and benefits of keeping fish.

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General Joe Wheeler fought the wrong war

General Joe Wheeler, a Confederate cavalry General for whom Wheeler wildlife refuge was named, served admirably in the Spanish American War, but had a hard time remembering who the enemy was.

At the battle of Santiago, in Cuba, he went into battle though he was very sick and had to be transported in an ambulance. When the battle seemed to be going badly, he bravely left the ambulance, dramatically leaped on a horse, and led a charge.

The charge was succeeding when Wheeler, slipping back into his youth, shouted exultantly to his men, "The Yankee's are running! They're leaving their guns!"

"Oh Damn," he corrected himself when he remembered where he was and which war he was fighting, "I mean the Spaniards, not the Yankees."

Later when reminded of his slip of the tongue, he replied, "What's the difference? Anyone that shoots at me is a Yankee in my book."

Follow Up...

In the last edition of Old Huntsville we ran a story about Shelta Cavern. Later we learned that the iron gate blocking the entrance today came from the old county jail located on Washington Street.

Several days later we ran across a person that used to work at the old jail and mentioned this fact. Immediately he began to laugh and said, "If you ever get a chance, take a good look at that old gate.

Puzzled, we asked why? "Back in the '40's we had this boy in jail, for whiskey, gambling or something or the other. This boy had twelve months to serve and after about three or four of them had passed, he began to get a little antsy.

"He was a trustee at this time which meant he had the run of the jail but he still couldn't get out of the front gate.

"Anyway, he got someone to smuggle in a file and after everyone had gone to sleep that night, started working on the gate.

"From what I hear, he worked almost all night, filing away, but that old lock was just too hard. Finally he gave up and returned to his cell.

"The next morning he began to get worried and figuring he would get into even more trouble decided to "fess up" to his attempted break-out before it was discovered.

"The jailor, after listening to the confession said, "That was a damn fool thing to do! Now we are going to have to start locking that gate every night."

Also...

Last month we ran a story about up-side down hill and gave the address of John Raeder's daughter who lives directly opposite the site. Since then they have been besieged by curiosity seekers.

We apologize. Never again will we tell anyone that 1705 Big Cove Road is the address of the infamous up-side down hill.

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Pepper Nuts

- 1 lb. sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1/4 lb. citron, chopped fine
- 3/4 lb. flour

Stir sugar and eggs 1/2 hour, add citron and spices and last the flour. Roll out the thickness of a finger; then cut into small, round cakes with forms board. Lay them on the board in a cool place over night. In the morning turn them over on the other side onto a greased pan; put a drop of brandy on each cake and bake slowly.

double boiler and flavor with vanilla. Add a little cold milk to the eggs, then pour it hot over the pudding. If you want your whipped cream to be nice, add the white of an egg before whipping it.

Tipsy Pudding

Put stale sponge cake or lady fingers into a dish and pour brandy or sherry over them. When soaked, stick full of blanched almonds.

Make a custard of 1 pint milk and 3 eggs, leaving out one white. Sweeten to taste; flavor with vanilla, boil. When thick, pour over cake. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth with sugar, then add custard. Serve Cold.

Macaroons

Take one pound of almonds, chopped or ground fine. Add 1 pound of powdered sugar, mix with almonds. Stir sugar and almonds over fire until brown, then beat 5 egg whites til stiff froth. Add the almonds and sugar mix. Stir about 5 minutes, drop by teaspoonfuls onto the greased pan.

Custard Sauce

- 1 pt. milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 spoonful flour
- 1/2 cup sugar

Stir flour smooth with milk; then add the two eggs and beat well with the sugar. Have your milk boiling in the

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Culture & other Classy Stuff

by Marlene Brown



The New Year, 1993, is no longer "just around the corner," but is squarely upon our tech-town as we dig into a heavy furrow of plays, concerts and musicals.

Each year shows us how totally radical, in a positive way, our city's entertainment progresses. The following events, for example, are just a few things that will thrill us in the upcoming wintry weeks. Select a few favorites and hit the Parkway with your friends.

Lee Deal Productions has an entertaining musical comedy a'la country soap opera to offer us. "Blue Plate Special II: Della's Diner" is a sequel to "Blue Plate Special" and stars Beverly Parks and Lee Deal. The slapstick musical is loaded with good jokes and songs. Performances are Friday, Jan. 22 at 7:30 p.m., and Saturday, Jan. 23

at 2:30 and at 7:30 p.m., in the VBCC Playhouse. Admission is \$8 for the matinee, and \$10 for evening performances.

Gazebo Concerts, Inc. presents its first concert of the 1993 Alterezza Series on Friday night, Jan. 22, at 7:30 in the auditorium of First Christian Church on Whitesburg Drive, a block south of Drake Avenue. Admission is \$8 for adults and \$5 for students and senior citizens.

In keeping with tradition, the series brings fine chamber music featuring local and area musicians. The first concert offers a wide selection of vocal arias, lieder and operatic excerpts, by Ginger Beazley, Lady Tucker, Margaret Leach, Tom Guffin, Marilee Plaks and Michael Thomas. Pamela Dale and Clark Dugger, both Metropolitan Op-

era Competition semi-finalists will perform. Kim McAllister will be piano accompanist. As an added treat, the first movement of the Mozart Flute and Harp Concerto in C will be played by Steve Miller on harp and Marlene Brown on flute, with string accompaniment.

The second Alterezza concert will be Tuesday night, Feb. 23, at 7:30 p.m. in the same auditorium. This concert will feature Fred Hinger, timpanist for 19 years with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Works commissioned for Mr. Hinger will be performed with timpani, percussion, vibraphone and wind instruments.

The Huntsville Heritage Fife and Drum Corps led by Terry Cornett will play music from the time of the American Revolution.

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heads the Gazebo (and related concerts), is recuperating from a bout with pneumonia, with Mrs. Marlene Brown (882-0622) filling in as interim ram-rod.

The Twickenham Repertory Company presents "The Hanging Judge," a more serious winning entry in the company's original playwright series sponsored by Humana Hospital. Performances are Jan. 28, 29, 30 and 31 (Thursday through Sunday) at 7:30 p.m. in the VBCC Playhouse. Matinees will be at 1:30 on Saturday and Sunday.

Evening admission is \$8 for adults, and \$7 for students. Matinee admission is \$6.

Fred Ashcraft is writer and director of "The Hanging Judge," which is based on the life of Isaac C. Parker and his court of the damned. This Federal judge of the Arkansas Territory sent over 100 men to the gallows. Some rather gripping dramatic action is to take place on stage. Seasoned actor Jim Harrison plays the role of the judge.

Huntsville Symphony Orchestra presents "An Evening with Judy Collins" on Saturday, Jan. 30 at 8:15 p.m. in the VBCC Concert Hall. For admission prices phone 429-4818.

Four members of the Huntsville Symphony Orchestra have formed the Huntsville Symphony String Quartet, which will be in concert Thursday, Feb. 11 at 8:15 p.m. in the UAH Recital Hall. There is an admission charge. For information phone 895-

6114.

Members of the quartet are violinists Jeff Dortch and Viljar Weimann, violist Melanie Richardson and cellist is Susan Goldmann.

The Huntsville Film Co-op for four years running presents the Black Maria Festival on Jan. 29 and 30 at 8:30 p.m. in the Temporary Arts Center next to the Public Library. Phone 539-FILM for admission information. The director of the Festival in New Jersey will be in Huntsville to introduce the films. Later in February the Film Co-op will show "Naked Lunch" (1991), David Cronenberg's surrealistic version of William Burrough's cult novel. These shows are on Feb. 12 and 13 at 8:30 p.m. in the same location.

"Classics to Broadway" is the winter offering from the Huntsville Community Chorus, directed by Huntsville's own Kenneth Turvey. Excerpts from musicals as well as the Heilig Mass written in 1796 by Franz Haydn will be performed. The concert will be on Saturday, February 27, at 8:15 p.m. at the VonBraun Civic Center Concert Hall. Admission is \$12 for adults and \$10 for students and senior citizens.

Instead of a phonograph, a lot of today's music should be played on a seismograph.
Dave Ranger, deaf



Gazebo Concerts
presents

1993 Alterezza Series

Friday, January 22
Alterezza Chamber Orchestra

Harp / Vocalists

Tuesday, Feb. 23
Timpanist Fred Hinger
Instrumental Ensemble

Friday, March 26
Classic Clarionetts
Bolling Cello Suite

Friday, April 23
Debut of Gazebo Pops Orchestra
Friday, May 21
SouthWinds Chamber Players



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A Sorrowful Meeting

Father finds his Daughter in a House of Shame

1903- Chatanooga

The crowd of loungers near the corners of Main and Madison Streets yesterday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, were set agog with wonder at a little incident that occurred in their midst. A park phaeton was dashing by when an old man was noticed to lift his hat in greeting to its occupants, and immediately after to cover his face with his hands and sob violently as if his heart was breaking.

An officer standing near asked the man the cause of his grief. He replied that one of the women who had just passed was his daughter, a girl of seventeen years, who had fled from her home in Montgomery and, unknown to him, had entered upon a life of shame. His name was L. D. Stephens, and that morning he, by accident, met his daughter in the house where she is now living. The meeting was a brief, bitter one, with tears and recriminations upon both sides. To the request that she should return home with him to her mother, his daughter had made a point blank refusal. As she was a minor he ordered the policeman to arrest her, stating that he would proceed directly to Chief Baker's office and await her arrival. A few minutes later the carriage came in view, when the officer stopped it and, mounting the seat, drove with the women to the office.

Miss Stephens is a brunette, with coal black hair and eyes, the latter large, sparkling and expressive, and when drooping hidden by long silken lashes, full, dimpled cheeks, from which the rose bloom of youth has not as yet all fled, pouting lips and pearl white teeth, all of which, united to a petite yet plump figure, balanced upon feet encased in number one slippers, form a very pretty and attractive person. Yes-

terday she wore a black silk, elaborately flounced with huge pannier and brown velvet hat of the latest spring style. A heavy gold maltese cross upon a jet black chain, enameled bracelets, a plain gold ring, worn on the engagement finger, comprised her jewelry.

When informed by the Chief of the cause of her detention, she burst into tears and vowed that she would never accompany her father home. After crying bitterly for over half an hour, she composed herself and began to relate the story of her downfall.

About seven or eight years back her father invested heavily in some speculations, all of which turned out

bad, causing him to lose the greater portion of his fortune. With the loss of his money he commenced drinking, and in a short time squandered his life's lot.

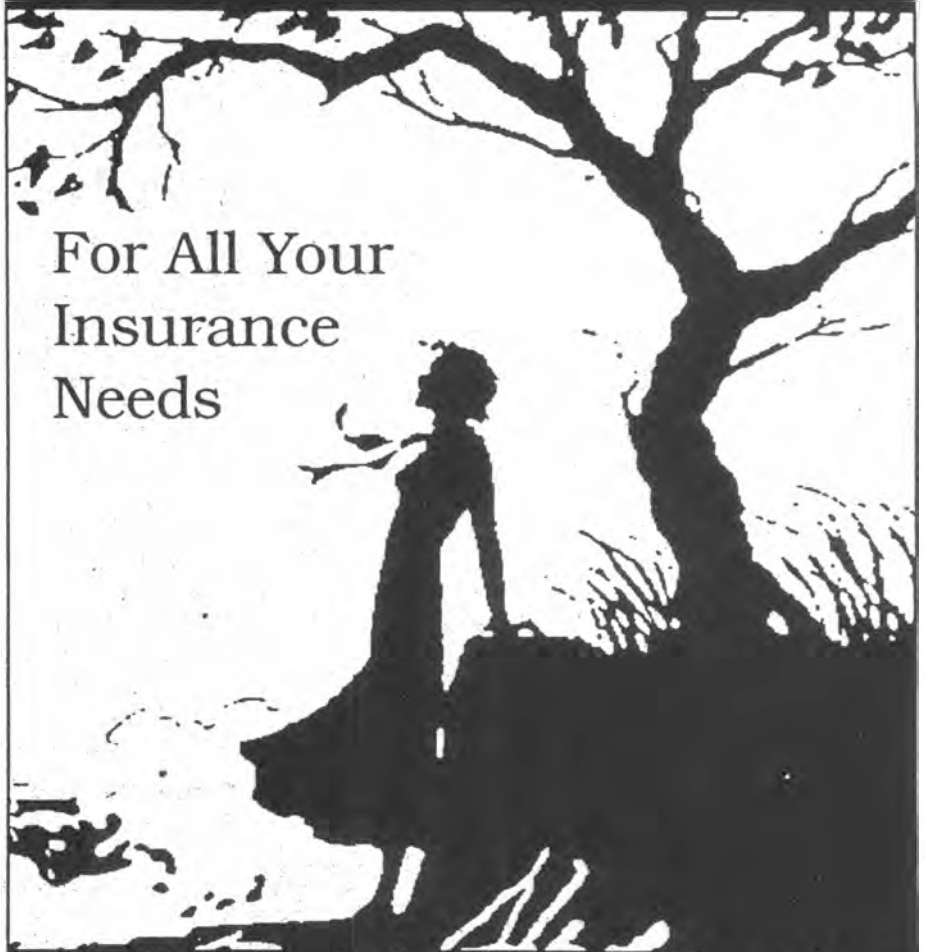
Then she was taken charge of by her grandfather, who cared for her until he died, about three years since. After his death she returned home, which proving to be anything but her idea of what it should be, she soon went out to service.

For two years she worked as a servant at the magnificent pay of one dollar per week. In her sixteenth year she came to this city and again entered

Cont. on page 53

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The Mystery Lady Of Keel Mountain

A tale passed down through generations tells of the mystery animal woman on Keel Mountain.

For years, tales and legends have persisted about Keel Mountain, some with a basis in fact, others with none. Stories about Indian Chiefs, Hermits and outlaws all make an appearance when groups of friends gather around a roaring fireplace on a cold wintry evening, but perhaps no story is as strange as the one we present here.

No one knows for certain where Eleanor came from; we don't even know her full name. According to legend, she made her first appearance in about 1850. Farmers and travelers alike stopped to stare at the young woman trudging slowly up the road pulling a handcart loaded with her few meager possessions. At every house she would stop and ask if, perhaps, they might have work for her, and possibly a place for her to sleep. People would later say that, even though she always had a faint smile on her face, there seemed to be an aura of sadness hanging over her.

A short while later, those living in the community heard that she had taken up residence in an old abandoned hut at the foot of Keel Mountain. She made no attempt at farming and rarely, if ever, had contact with other people. She would never visit the local store. People had no idea how she managed to survive.

Immediately, rumors began to spread about the peculiar woman living in the broken down hovel at the foot of Keel Mountain. Woodcutters and hunters told stories about passing by her place and seeing deer, raccoons and other

wild animals following the woman around as she went about her chores. The animals seemed to have no fear whatsoever of this strange but gentle lady. She was seen feeding deer by hand, and it was said that she even helped a doe deliver a fawn one

day. The closer you got to her place, the louder the birds got. When at her place, they all appeared to co-exist in a peaceful kind of harmony. It was rumored that the animals protected her from harm, and would let her know when strangers drew near. Other people claimed that it was Eleanor who protected the animals.

The rumors might have eventually died down, had not two young men decided to go torch hunting one night. There used to be a clearing on the top of Keel Mountain where deer would congregate and feed at night, and it was there the men decided to try their luck.

Quietly picking their way through the woods, they stopped at the edge of the field. Their hunch had been right, a whole herd of deer were feeding in the clearing, with one huge solid



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white buck standing guard. Suddenly, for no explainable reason, the buck's head jerked up and every muscle in his body went tense. The rest of the herd immediately took flight while the white buck stood perfectly still.

In the last second before the white buck was about to flee, the young men raised their rifles and fired, both at the same time. When the buck crumbled to the ground, the young men knew they had a once-in-a-life-time trophy. Dropping their rifles and racing to the spot where the deer had fallen, they came to an abrupt stop.... The buck had vanished; no tracks, no blood-trail, no nothing. It had completely vanished. The only evidence of anything ever being there was a blood soaked shawl lying in the spot where the deer had disappeared.

The young men were at first puzzled, and then frightened as the idea began to sink in that, perhaps, they had shot a person. But no, that was impossible, they both agreed they had seen the white deer fall.

Returning home the men told their families what had happened. Quickly, the neighbors organized a search party just in case there was a person lying on the mountain, wounded. As the search party fanned out across the mountain, it quickly became apparent that something was different. There were no birds in the trees, no deer running in front of the search parties, not even a fleeing rabbit. It was almost as if all the animals had deserted Keel Mountain.

After searching for most of the day and finding nothing, the men finally gave up. Coming down from the mountain, they decided to stop at Eleanor's house and get a drink of water. It would also give them a chance to satisfy their curiosity about the strange woman about whom they had heard so many rumors.

As they approached the house the men shouted out a hello. No answer. They shouted again. Still no answer. The house looked like it was about to fall in. The door was hanging off of its hinges, and most of the roof had long since disappeared. It was easily evident that no one lived there. The men were about to leave when all of a sudden, a huge white buck walked out

of the woods. Men later said that the deer just stood there, looking at the group of men.

Several in the group raised their rifles and shot at the buck. The buck just stood there calmly, watching the men. Other men began blasting at the buck. He never twitched a muscle while the shooting was taking place, but finally the buck slowly turned around and walked back into the woods.

Some of the men in the group were the best rifle shots in the county, yet they could not hit a deer standing only fifty feet away. Other men in the party who were standing off to one side later said that when the men began shooting at the deer, they could see bark flying off the trees directly behind. It was almost, and they said this very

hesitantly, "like the bullets were passing right through the deer."

In the late fall of 1923, John Ingrams was returning home from a hard day at work. As he approached the foot of Keel mountain, in the midst of a freak snowstorm, he was suddenly forced to slam on his brakes. Standing in the middle of the road, directly in front of his car, was a woman. Leaving his car, John approached the spot where he had seen the woman a few moments before. The woman had disappeared. No sign of her could be found anywhere. The only sign in the fresh-driven snow was a set of enormous deer tracks. Being curious about the strange tracks and the disappearance of the woman, John followed the tracks a short piece up the road, to where a



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bridge crossed the stream. The bridge was gone. . . . it had collapsed. Amazed and confused at the good fortune that had saved his life, John was about to return to his car when his attention was drawn to the other side of the stream. Standing there calmly, not moving a muscle, was the largest buck he had ever seen. . . . and it was pure white. No one has ever been able to explain the strange facts surrounding the woman, and while almost everyone living near Keel Mountain has seen a white deer at some time or the other, no one has ever seen or heard of one being killed.

Maybe it was something that could have not been harmed by mortal man. . . .

The End

House of Shame

Cont. from page 50

service. Shortly after her arrival she formed the acquaintance of a man who, after drugging her to insensibility, accomplished her ruin. A few days after that she applied to a variety manager of this city for a situation. Her fresh handsome young face and attractive figure readily secured her work at a compensation that to her seemed princely. From that time her steps have been downward, until about one month since, when she applied for and was granted admission to one of the mansions de jole of this city, where she still remains, and in one of its parlors, she that morning met her father. Her description of the interview was similar to that given by Mr. Stephens.

"I can't go home," she said,

"for I couldn't bear to meet my mother. It would break her heart as my father says it has broken his. If I could, I would be a good girl, but I can't now; maybe I can at some future day. God knows I tried to be good, but they wouldn't let me."

The Chief detained the girl for over an hour, but for some reason unknown to him the grief-stricken parent did not appear. Taking her address, so that Miss Stephens could be found if inquired for, the Chief gave her leave to return home. Last evening an officer was looking for the father, as Chief Baker is desirous of knowing what actions he wants to take in the matter. The End

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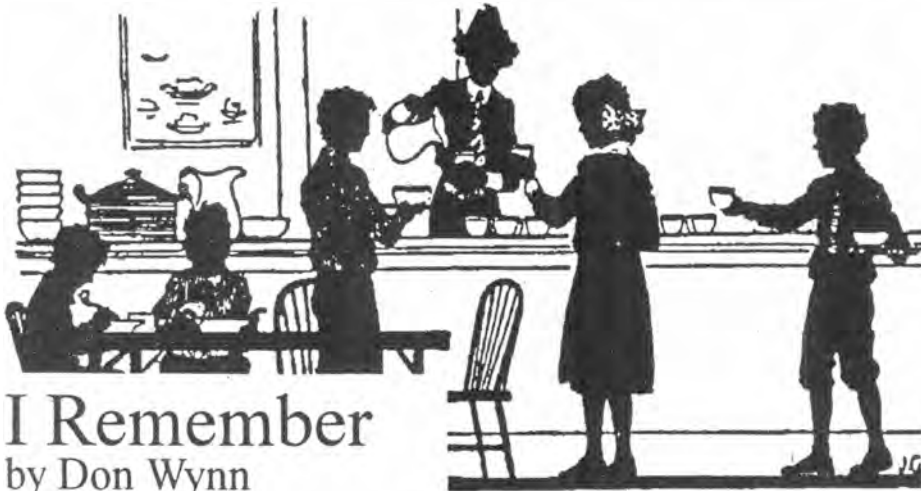
Take a couple of large sweet potatoes. Scrub them good and pat dry. Wrap them securely in heavy duty aluminum foil. Your fire should be hot, with coals underneath the grate. Throw your potatoes right in the middle of the coals. Let them stay in there for 45 to 60 minutes, depending upon how hot your fire is. (They're especially good when burned a little, and have a smoky taste.)

Take them out, carefully, unwrap, cover with butter, salt and pepper, and eat. You'll love that smoky sweet taste, and you cooked them with natural energy!

From Cathey and Tom

Knowledge is a lot like alcohol - a little bit of it is sometimes as bad as too much of it.

Ron Eyestone, Sage



I Remember

by Don Wynn

In my youth, I developed a real affection for Mullins' Drive-In. It was one of the centers of activity in the community and almost everybody went there once or twice every week.

The building that used to house Mullins is still standing at the corner of 5th Avenue (it's now called Andrew Jackson Way) and Stephens Avenue in the Five Points area. Even though that building seems small when I drive by it today, Mullins' Drive-In seemed like a big place in the 60's. It had large plate glass "picture windows" that faced both streets. It was well lighted inside and there was always a lot of noise and activity.

I remember sitting at the counter when I was a boy about 12 or 13 years old. Mr. Mullins and the waitresses made me feel as though I were the King ordering my lunch from the Palace kitchen. Everybody knew everybody else and always took an interest in what you were doing.

The traffic light and the bus stop at the corner made it possible to sit in the corner booth and keep track of the goings and comings of everyone in that entire part of town. In the afternoons and on weekends, kids would fill that prize booth for hours. The juke box on the front wall was kept busy playing the latest rock-n-roll songs.

All the kids wore a uniform of sorts. Boys wore white T-shirts, dark blue jeans with the cuffs turned up, white socks and penny loafers. The penny loafers weren't complete unless they actually had pennies in the tabs. In the winter, leather jackets were everywhere. Just about every hair cut involved long greasy hair that ended in

a duck-tail in the back. When it was time for a hair cut, the boys would land in Floyd Hardin's barber Chair and order a "flat top with fenders."

The girls wore turtle neck sweaters, poodle skirts, bobbie socks and saddle oxfords. When they danced to rock-n-roll music, their skirts would flare out when they did the spins.

Neighborhood boys could always pick up a little spending money by working as car hops for Mr. Mullins. Mike Smith, Joe Ward, Joe Sharpe and my brother, C.E. Wynn spent a lot of time sitting on coke flats along the outside wall on Stephens Avenue waiting for customers to drive up. People would park on Stephens, honk their car horns and wait for one of these boys to take their orders. They could eat in their cars with serving trays hung on the door glass or they could simply pick up their orders "to go."

The boys earned about 30 cents per hour plus tips. They weren't real formal about work hours though. Boys would usually drop by when they needed money and would ask Mr. Mullins if they could work for a while. At the end of the day, the boys would be paid in cash for their efforts. Sometimes when business was slow and Mr. Mullins didn't really need anybody, the boys would work anyway just for the tips. They didn't have anything else to do so they just sat on Coke flats telling jokes and stories and waiting for customers.

An added incentive to work as a car hop was that most of the waitresses were teen-age girls. They were all beautiful to us.

The restaurant has moved a few blocks down Andrew Jackson since the 60's but not much has really changed.

The dining area is bigger and there is a big parking lot. The people are always friendly and the waitresses are all pretty. You can always find someone who wants to talk about the Dallas Mill and the mill village, Rison School, Optimist Park, Huntsville and days gone by. You might even see a little of the history of Huntsville displayed in the photographs and mementos on the walls.

And if you look in the phone book, it's still listed as Mullins' Drive-In Restaurant!

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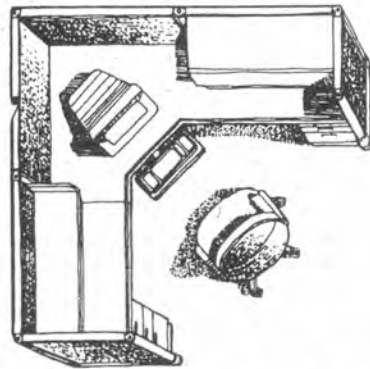
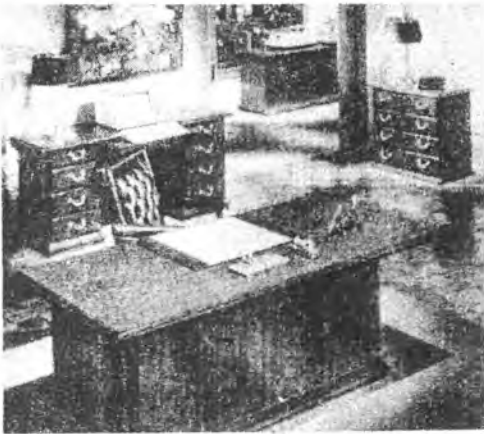
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