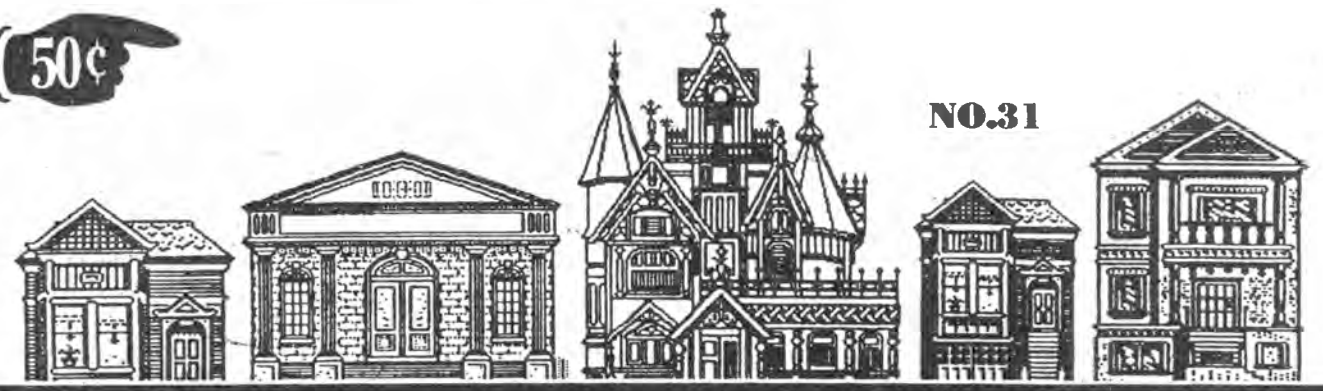


50¢

NO.31



Old Huntsville

Vance Morris and the Alabama Playboys



People in Huntsville know him as the gentle, philosophical grandfather who operates Vance Morris Motors, a garage out on Oakwood Avenue.

But travel a few miles north, to Nashville, walk through the Country Music Hall of Fame, talk to some of the older stars of the music industry and you will hear stories of a living legend.

They will tell you stories of a time, almost half a century ago, when Vance Morris and the Alabama Playboys thrilled audiences and dance crowds in giant dance parlors and ballrooms across the eastern United States.

Others will laugh and remember stories about times when they dodged flying beer bottles while performing on stage.

But regardless of who you talk to, they all remember....

Also in this issue: "The Saga Of Aunt Jenny"



Vance Morris and the Alabama Playboys

"I would never have gotten into music if it hadn't been for an old mule," says Vance Morris.

"We had this old plow-mule on our Oklahoma farm and one day I was following along behind it. I got to studying it.

"It never looked ahead to see where it was going, nor did it look off to the side to see what he was missing. He just plowed ahead for 12 hours a day with nothing to look forward to.

"That's when I decided that I didn't want to go through life hooked to the wrong end of a mule."

His father was an avid lover of country music and was friends with the legendary country star Bob Wills. It was Wills who influenced Vance in his choice of a musical career.

Determined to be a musician he bought a guitar for five dollars and spent hours trying to emulate Wills' style.

Unfortunately the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl put Vance's budding career on hold.

"My father had been a prosperous man but when the depression hit, it just about wiped him out. A few years later the dust bowl came along and took what we had left. My mother had kin in Mississippi so we moved there. If we were to be poor it may as well be around family."

A few years later he came to Huntsville to visit a friend.

"I took a drink of spring water, bought a pair of shoes and decided to stay," says the amiable guitarist.

Another inducement to staying here, according to a niece, had something to do with a Mississippi sheriff who was not very understanding of young people and their street-screaming hotrods.

The sheriff had attempted to put a halt to racing in the city limits by harrasing everyone who owned a hot rod. Angered by the sheriff's high handed actions, the spirited young men planned their revenge.

Creeping into town late one night they attached a length of chain from the rear axle of the sheriff's car to a nearby tree, then raced their noisy hotrods past the jail. The sheriff, livid by this time, ran out of the jail to give chase. Unfortunately, his patrol car only went the length of the chain. The county got a large repair bill, the sheriff got a warrant and Vance got a sudden interest in Huntsville.

Vance grew up listening to a type of music which was unfamiliar to many southerners. It was a combination of Dixieland jazz, black man's blues and country sounds. After moving to Huntsville he began experimenting with this new sound, which was called Texas swing.

"Our music lessons consisted of listening to the radio and trying to copy the same sounds," he recalls.

In 1943 Morris organized the "Alabama Playboys." With 13 members it was one of the largest bands in this part of the country.

Among the members was young W.C. Williams, whom everyone called "Hank." Years later he had to change his moniker because a young up-start named Hiram Williams from South Alabama began using the same name and became famous.

"At first we just played at store openings and street dances," recalls Williams, who is still one of Vance's best friends. "But then we started getting invitations to play out of town, and not from the sheriff, either."

A local radio station featured the swing orchestra. It was during World War II and for a country accustomed to daily doses of depressing news, the fresh sound of the Alabama Playboys was just what the doctor ordered.

Offers came from all over the



Old Huntsville

"Yesterday's News Today"

Published by

Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave
Huntsville, AL. 35801
(205) 534-0502

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country asking the band to perform.

"We would pack ourselves into a couple of cars, like sardines in a can, and drive like the dickens to Arkansas or wherever we were playing. Often when we finished playing we'd load up and drive back home the same night. Most of the boys had families and day jobs here in Huntsville."

Vance had also established himself as a pretty good race car driver. Enroute to dance gigs in faraway cities, bandmembers said he often slid the car around curves at 90 miles an hour, a practice which certain members of the band found upsetting. A few years later he would win the Tennessee State Championship for stock cars, driving a 1933 modified Ford with, as he describes it, "a few goodies under the hood."

The Alabama Playboys continued to gain in popularity. Within a period of five or six years they had become the most popular swing band east of the Mississippi River.

Vance and his band traveled continuously, making personal appearances on radio stations all across the country and playing to overflowing crowds at every stop.

In 1948 the Alabama Playboys were offered a contract with the Saturday night Grand Old Opry.

"I had already opened up my garage by this time and we were still playing major Saturday night gigs all over the country. It didn't seem like a good thing to do at the time, to give everything up just to work on the Opry. Most of the boys felt the same way.

"Besides," Vance said as he grinned, "They only offered me \$60 a week."

Hank Snow, during the same period, was paid only \$46 a week as an Opry regular.

Versions of several of Vance's songs such as "Faded Love," "Crazy about the Boogie" and "Some of These Days" were well on their way to becoming classics.

With the band's popularity growing by leaps and bounds, record companies began to take interest. In 1952 they signed a contract to cut a series of records for a Nashville recording company. Several of the songs became big hits nationally, as well as in Asia, Europe and elsewhere.

Unfortunately for Morris, fame

was his only reward. The record company kept the money.

"We didn't have a lawyer. A handshake was enough for us," Vance remembers. "That, and the record company's way of figuring was our biggest mistakes. No matter how much money we figured we were owed, the company figured they owed nothing."

The record company, after discovering that Vance had not copyrighted many of the songs, had also recorded them under another artist's name. That practice was widespread among disreputable recording executives in those days.

Disillusioned by Nashville and stardom, the Alabama Playboys returned to Huntsville, where Vance began spending more time in building up his automotive repair business.

He quickly earned a reputation for building "custom" cars that were in great demand.

"This was back in the whiskey running days," recalled one old timer. "His cars looked just like any other car on the road but there wasn't a police car around that could stay up with them. And if the police did catch them they couldn't find the whiskey!"

"Vance had secret compart-



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ments all over those cars. Why, he even had the headlights fixed where you could unscrew them and hide a case of whiskey in the fender behind each one of them."

Music was in his blood, though, and it wasn't long before the band was performing again. This time, instead of traveling, they chose to play in area nightspots.

Among these nightspots, and probably the most infamous, was the White Castle, which was located at the intersection of Winchester Road and Meridian Street. It was illegal to sell alcohol in those days, but the management of the White Castle had made "certain arrangements" with the local authorities.

The White Castle was a rough establishment, but its lady owner, Laurel Hardin, whom everyone called Aunt Laurel, had her own way of keeping order.

When a fight would break out, Aunt Laurel would wade into the fracas, pushing people right and left. Grabbing the offenders by their shirt collars, she would shove her .45 caliber pistol in their faces.

"Boys," she would say, "you can fight in here or you can go outside,

but if you fight in here you better call yourselves an ambulance. "Cause when I get done, you'll need one!"

W.C. "Hank" Williams remembers playing at the Castle during its heyday. "You could say it was good

"Play boys, play!" Aunt Laurel would shout as she waved her .45 caliber pistol

exercise. If they ever had a contest for dodging flying beer bottles we would have won easily. One night they had a little fight and several beer bottles came flying on stage. I managed to get out of the way, but when I looked down I saw that one of the bottles had hit my bass and was sticking out by its neck!

"We had a good time playing there," Morris said. "But we couldn't take many breaks. Every time a fight would start, Aunt Laurel would holler at us: "Play, boys, play!"

By the mid-1950s the band members started drifting their separate ways. Guitarist Malcome Buffaloe moved to Chicago where he continued to perform until recently. "Hank" Williams opened a small gas station that has today grown into a chain of

Williams Oil Company service stations. Other members moved away and never returned.

In 1981, twelve recordings by Vance and the Playboys were placed into the Country Music Hall of Fame at Nashville. In 1986 the band was reunited in Chicago, where they played their last public performance to a standing ovation.

Today Vance sits behind a desk at his auto repair business. Time has been good to him and after talking to him for a while you begin to understand the meaning of the sign on his wall: "Lord, help me remember that nothing is going to happen to me today that you and I together can't handle."

THE END



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New Kind Of Monoplane!

Wm. Quick invents bird like machine.
 Claims it will be impossible for it to
 fall directly to the ground.

Huntsville 1913

William L. Quick of this county has invented and perfected a new type of monoplane which, it is believed, will overcome many of the deficiencies that are found in the flying machines now in use. Mr. Quick's machine is patterned after the ordinary hawk and contains wings and a tail. The propelling arrangement is patterned after the insect, consisting of vibratory propellers that make no revolutions but beat the air like the wings of a humming bird or fly. The system of control is designed to become instinctive on the part of the operator since, by simply leaning forward the attachments to the tail of the

machine will guide it upward and by leaning backward it will go downward. The rudder is regulated in the same manner.

Mr. Quick has been at work on the model of this machine during the last eight years and it looks like he has solved the problem. The lines of the machine make it impossible for it to fall directly to the ground either head first, backwards or upside down. Mr. Quick claims that should the motive power be shut off while the machine is in the air. It would drift slowly to the ground. He has made a study of aeronautic problems during the last several years and

knows the deficiencies of every machine that is now used in the United States and abroad and he has constructed his own with a view of avoiding all these. He has twenty patents pending, sixteen of which have already been granted. The others will no doubt be allowed in time. Mr. Quick expects to organize a company for the manufacture of his machine and he would like to have the plant located in Huntsville.

Editor's note: The plane is now on public display at the Huntsville Space and Rocket Museum.

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Miracle Happens! Huntsville Officials Lower Their Pay!

(Taken from an 1879 Huntsville Newspaper)

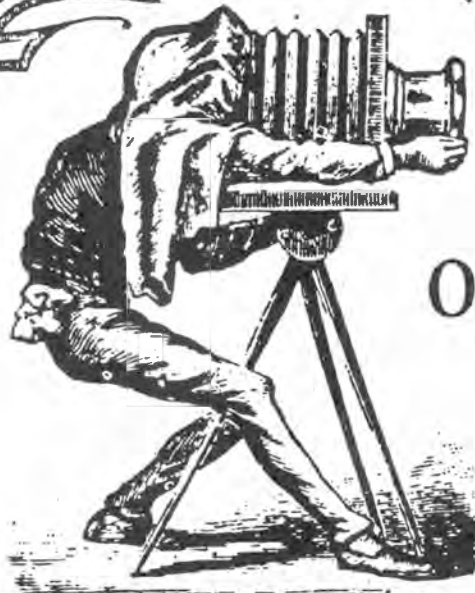


The old City Board, according to the charter, had fixed the salary of the new Mayor at \$600. The new Board had the charter right to fix the compensation of the new Aldermen and of the other officers. The charter allows Aldermen \$2 for each attendance at a meeting of the Board, not to exceed \$72 each per year. The Board fixed the salary of the Clerk at \$600 a year; Assessor and Collector at 3 1/4 per cent for assessing and collecting; Treasurer, \$150; Attorney, \$150; Marshal, \$700; Day Policeman, \$600; Chief of Night Police, \$500; Assistant Night Policemen, \$480 each; Street Sup't, \$550; Engineer Fire Dept., \$400;

Lamplighter, \$20 per month; Porter, \$6 per month. The Board have (we learn) abolished all perquisites to officers, and, we think, wisely. The abolition of perquisites removes temptation for officers to increase their own compensation by doing things unnecessary for the interest of the city. For instance, in case of any violation of a city ordinance, under the old law, the officers received the perquisites, amounting, on an average, from \$5.50 to \$11--and officers were tempted to arrest men unnecessarily and to summon more witnesses than necessary to prove the case. Now, all such fees and perquisites will go into the City

Treasury, and public officers will not be tempted by their self-interest to increase them beyond the requirements of public justice. We heartily applaud the action of the old Board in denying perquisites to the Mayor, and of the new Board in denying them to other officers. The City Treasury and the taxpayers will be greatly benefitted by the change.

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Memories Of Lincoln Village



Erskine and the Chicken Thief

by Tony Thompson

In 1930, life in the Village was a lot different than today. Life was a lot simpler, but cash money was often short. Many families raised chickens in their backyard for food, eggs, and as a cash crop. My dad, Erskine Thompson, was about 13 years old at the time. My grandmother had him enlarging the chicken coop when he ran out of fence staples. My grandmother instructed Dad to take one of the hens downtown to the Tennessee Hide and Poultry Company and sell it, and then go next door to Lewter's Hardware Store and purchase the fence staples he needed to complete the job. Dad caught one of their chickens, tied its legs together, and with two of his friends, Roy and J.T. Duncan, began walking toward downtown Huntsville.

Unknown to the boys, there had been a chicken thief at work the night before in the Village. Someone had stolen a "Rhode Island Red" hen. This was exactly what the boys had with them.

About halfway to town, near the railroad tracks known as "Miller's Crossing," Dad and his friends stopped to watch a marble game being played.

The local mailman, aware of the previous night's crime, spotted the rag-tag boys with the chicken and called the police. As they were watching the marble game, a touring car with curtains pulled up beside them. Two police officers jumped out and said, "We want you boys." Dad explained that they were not playing marbles but were on their way to town to sell the chicken. The officers said they were not interested in the marble players—they wanted the boys with the chicken.

All three boys were taken to the City Hall on Madison Street. There they were searched and taken to a cell.

As they were being escorted to their cell, they passed a desk with a pistol on it. Roy told the officer, "If you think we stole the chicken just take us out and shoot us." The officer told them that they would not be shot, but they would go to reform school if found guilty.

An officer was sent to Lincoln Village to fetch my grandmother. She went to the City Hall and cleared the whole matter. The officer then took the chicken next door to the City Cafe and sold it for \$1.25. Dad took the money and went to Lewter's and bought the fence staples to complete his job.

In the end, all came out well except Dad's rear end. He was punished for not going directly downtown and completing his chore. All three boys were kidded a lot at school for being chicken thieves.

This was the only time my dad was ever arrested, and he became the infamous "Chicken Thief of Lincoln Village."

The End

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Army Loses Its Way Huntsville Comes To The Rescue

Heavy storms on the night of March 15, 1938, forced 18 army planes to land at the small Huntsville airport.

Automobiles were diverted from Whitesburg Drive, which ran alongside the airport, and their headlights were pressed into service illuminating the runway during the emergency. The airport in those days was not lighted for nighttime landing.

Such an impressive array of giant aircraft landing in our small town caused a large flurry of sightseeing activity. The planes were parked here overnight. They finally left at noon the next day, stopping at Montgomery's Maxwell Field at 2:10 p.m., en route to Tampa, Fla., for aerial maneuvers.

The aviators, from the 17th Pursuit Squadron of Selfridge Field, Mich., were impressed with our town's quick response to the emergency.

Commanded by Capt. D. M. Allison, the army fliers spent the night

at the Russel Erskine hotel, having experienced what could have been a tragic landing, but for Huntsville's speedy answer to a distress situation.

The spectacular landing of the planes provided Huntsville with perhaps its biggest thrill since the Civil War, when General Nathan Bedford Forrest and his Confederate cavalry routed a Union general and his staff.

Hundreds of automobiles, loaded with passengers, dashed to the field last night as soon as a broadcast had appealed for lights to help break the darkness, and to aid the fliers in their precarious attempts to land.

Forced to turn back after bucking storms in North Central Alabama, and miles off their course, the planes circled Huntsville drawn by a huge electric arrow atop the Russel Erskine hotel, and the lights of the city.

The roar of their planes brought

alarm from the citizenry.

At least one family thought a cyclone was coming, and took refuge in the basement of its home, staying there until a radio announcer's voice informed them otherwise.

Quick thinking by the two state highway patrolmen stationed here played a major part in the safe landings.

Patrolmen C. T. Barrett and Franklin Moore heard the roar of motors, and, looking aloft, saw the cloud-laden sky filled with the circling planes.

Hastening to the local radio station, they had an appeal broadcast for citizens to drive swiftly to the unlighted landing field and turn their automobile lights on the broad open expanse, which was little more than a pasture.

The Army birdmen, one by one, commenced to land while breathless citizens looked on. The first plane taxied back up the field at 5:25 o'clock.

It was 7 o'clock before the 18th plane came in, and it was this pilot's escape that provided the biggest suspense of the entire event. Just before touching earth, a strong gust of wind caught the ship. It whirled completely about, but the pilot kept his mind alert and settled to safety. He dropped a flare before circling to come in.

"The boys did something proud," Capt. Allison said, "but it certainly was a great relief to see the first ship land and start back up the field -- right side up."


Immediately after the last plane had landed, Capt. Allison was surrounded by Huntsvillians offering assistance.

Throughout the dark hours, multitudes of spectators visited the field. Still more suspense came during a heavy rain storm, accompanied by thunder, lightning and cyclonic wind around 1:30 a.m.

Capt. Allison was liberal in his praise of the cooperation given the birdmen by Huntsvillians.

"In behalf of myself and my men, I want to express our heartfelt appreciation for the quick response and the splendid cooperation we have received all the way through."

DINING and
ENTERTAINMENT



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If a man pays his taxes with a
smile, he's cheating!
Earl England
Retired

Trees native to the Holy Land found growing on Monte Sano

Local lumbermen have samples of the famous Chittim timber which has been discovered by government experts in Madison County, in the vicinity of Huntsville, and much discussion about the same is being indulged by the lumber people. The timber found is not very extensive, the forest of the same being but sparsely built up. The timber is supposed to be growing only at Jerusalem.

It will be remembered that interior work of the great temple at Jerusalem, told of in the Bible, was built of Chittim wood. It was not believed that there was any of this timber anywhere. Government experts in looking over

the Alabama forests investigated trees which natives were calling Chittim wood and they have pronounced it the real article. The timber, of course, will be preserved, and an effort made to bring about a growth. The samples of the wood on hand here are prized highly.

Here Chittim wood has been known to exist on Monte Sano since Huntsville was laid out in town lots nearly a century ago. Chittim wood was first hauled to town and sold as fire wood. For the past twenty-five years local mechanics have been working it into walking canes, gavels, police clubs, and many different kinds of furniture.

The Smithsonian Institute sent representatives here during the early nineties to investigate the wood and extent of growth, and now have a block on exhibition in the Institution at Washington.

from 1912 newspaper

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Hoover Days

by Ruby Crabbe

I fully agree with Jan Street when she brought forth the "Hoover Day Memories." Times were hard back in the depression days of 1929. People were called "well-to-do" if they could have two bowls of Hoover Gravy for Sunday breakfast instead of one bowl. The kids called gravy "cob sop;" their parents called it "growing mash." Tasted pretty good if you had a nice slab of steak or lean to go with it.

A lot of the drippings from fatback were used in making lye soap--that is, if you didn't use it all in making gravy. That soap was used in washing clothes, cleaning, and washing all 2,000 parts of your body. The big iron washpot the lye soap was made in also was used in making the finest hominy this side of the Mason-Dixon line.

Our mama, Josie Allen, had the prettiest, cleanest floors in Dallas Village. Or, at least, we kids thought she did. On floor scrubbing day, she would send us to the ball park where Rison School had ball games. A big ditch ran alongside of the ball field and in that

ditch we would get a big sack of sand, carry it home, sprinkle it on the floor, and lightly scrub with clear water. A lot of people wondered how Mama had such clean floors. And, I remember a lot of people bragging on Mama's silverware. Her little secret of having sparkling clean silverware was also unique. She would take the silverware, find a nice clean spot in our yard, and everyone of us would take one piece of silverware at a time and stick it down in the ground and rub it up and down, up and down. Then Mama would take all the silverware back into the house, wash it with scalding water, rinse it real good and then dry it, piece by piece, with a dish towel. That silverware, after all those many years ago, is still as bright and shiny as the first day it was bought.

Oh, yes, the Hoover Days during the depression were hard on everyone, but that didn't dampen the spirit of us kids hatching up jokes to pull on people. Bill Jaco lived next door to us on Rison Avenue, and he could always come up with a good joke on someone or a good laugh for everyone. I remember the day he made the finest, "street car" dummy you've ever seen. That's the first dummy and the last dummy I've ever seen that looked so alive. On Stevens Avenue and 5th Street (renamed Andrew Jackson Way), a bench was placed next to a big tree so the street car would-be riders would have a place to sit while waiting for the street car.

When Bill caught that bench empty, he placed his dummy up right on the bench. There that look-alive dummy sat--legs crossed, work shoes on, hat pulled down over his eyes as if taking a nap, or resting his stomach from eating so much Hoover gravy. He looked more like a man resting from a hard day's work. I declare, he looked more alive than a lot of people who had occupied that bench. Bill was in hiding behind that tree when the dummy's first victim ascended next to him. A little old lady, bless her heart--I never did find out who she was, but she spoke to that dummy, "Nice day, isn't it, sir." Not getting a response, she leaned over toward the dummy to speak again, but her movement shook the bench and off the dummy went right on top of her feet. With a whoop and a holler, she came off that bench, and down the

street she went like a whirlwind that knew no direction. She was yelling, "dead man, dead man," and gaining speed with every word. And, I'll never be able to describe the speed Bill made in gathering his dummy up and dragging it back down the street toward home. Let me tell you, it was *fast!*

Minutes later, an ambulance drove up, followed by the biggest crowd of people you've ever seen. People were coming up the street, down the street, across the street, and a few seemed to appear out of nowhere. After a lot of questioning, searching and hunting, the ambulance left and the crowd slowly disappeared. A lot of people, after all those years, are still wondering about the "dead man's" disappearance. What I've wondered about after all these many years is where in the world did the little old lady go.

The End

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Howard Thomas, Chef



Monster Catfish Encountered Near Decatur

by Ed Winn

For many years this newspaper has received reports of over-sized catfish in the Tennessee River. These accounts have always been treated with journalistic skepticism because they were based on third person stories that could not be confirmed. The recent experience of Mr. Herbert Bonser who lives near Mooresville, however, has the authenticity that our editorial standards demand. Mr. Bonser is highly regarded among his fishing acquaintances as a man who would sooner drown than overstate facts. Inquiries have shown him to be of impeccable character with the reputation of a sober family man. Mr. Bonser pursues the profession of agriculture, farming 150 acres of mostly cotton and some truck crops in Morgan County. During periods of unfavorable weather when he cannot tend his farm, he often goes to the river to fish.

As local fishermen will attest, the heavy rains of springtime, such as have fallen lately, encourage large fish to feed voraciously on the vegetable and animal matter washed into the river. All agree that on a night when the moon is full, but its light slightly obscured by thin clouds, the large fish are most active.

On just such a night two weeks ago, Mr. Bonser was fishing near the Southern Railroad bridge across the river at Decatur. Although the expedition had been planned as an outing with his brother-in-law, Luther Woods, also of Morgan County, a family matter prevented Mr. Woods from going at the last minute. For this reason Mr. Bonser found himself that night on the river in his flat bottomed boat with only

his bird dog, Bess. After baiting his trotline of about 100 hooks, he expected to have a typical night harvesting the bounty that the river gives to those who live in its valley. That was not to be, however, as the account which follows demonstrates in full measure.

On his first run after the trotline had been set, the fisherman took two modest-sized channel cat and a drum of about two pounds from hooks about 30 to 50 feet from the bank. This is fairly typical, as most who pursue the sport of Isaac Walton in that area will confirm. While checking the baits further out, he noted that two of the droplines had been severed and their hooks lost. While this is unusual, it is not unheard of in Mr. Bonser's experience. He concluded that a large turtle had probably been the culprit. He replaced the droplines and baited the hooks with the chicken entrails that had been successful in catching his first fish. Returning to the shore, he awaited an indication that fish were on the line.

At approximately 1:30 am (Mr. Bonser says he cannot be more exact because his pocket watch had stopped during the day and he had to reset it by estimating the time from the sunset), the cow bell attached to the trotline was set to ringing by a strong yank. With Bess in the bow of the boat, he once again set out to check the line and relieve it of its burden of fishes. About 40 feet from shore he took another of the fine channel catfish that give our river its reputation for excellence; this one weighed nearly three pounds which is above average for that part of the river, according to Mr. Bonser. While

boating the fish and rebaiting the hook, he could feel a strong tugging on the line that any trotline fisherman would recognize as an indicator of a significant catch to come. About ten hooks further on he found a snapping turtle of medium size which he thought might have been capable of causing the damage he had observed on the first run of the line. However, while raising the turtle he continued to feel strong tugging and decided to leave the snapper and investigate the commotion (as he called it) further from shore.

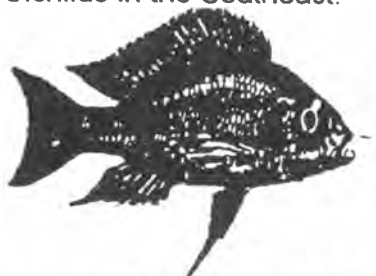
Upon lifting the line, he says, it felt as though it was weighted by entanglement on one of the submerged logs that are often on the bottom in that part of the river. But there was a distinct motion and tugging that would not have been caused by a log or other inanimate object. As he gathered the

Just Cichlids

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

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line in a hand-over-hand motion into the boat, a loop fell over the lantern which illuminated his work. Quite suddenly, a tugging such as he had never felt before caused the line to cut painfully into his hands and he was forced to allow it to pay out. As this happened the lantern was pulled into the water and extinguished to leave him with only

light from the moon to guide him. The bird dog jumped into the river in an attempt to retrieve the light for his mastiff, but the lantern sank too quickly. With great care Mr. Bonser continued to raise the line and could see that several baits had been collected to one place and the line was tangled. This, he surmised, was an indication that a single

out-sized fish was hooked several times.

Abruptly, the surface of the water, which had been placid except for the paddling of the dog, became extremely agitated. By the lunar illumination (the clouds had parted temporarily), Mr. Bonser was able to see the head of the fish which was "as large as a number 2 washtub and shaped like a carpet bag" at the front of the boat and its tail near the rear of the boat where the faithful pup was swimming. By his estimate this made the fish a full 9 feet in length. In the light of the moon he could see the whiskers of the fish and so knew that it was most likely a bullhead catfish. The mouth of the monster was fully 24 inches across. The thrashing of the fish (which based on its length would weigh approximately 300 pounds) became so strong that the fisherman was pulled to the side of the boat which capsized throwing him into the water with Bess. To save himself he was forced to release the line and cling to the boat. The fish fought the hooks so strongly that the bell clanged loudly on the shore until the line broke. The monster disappeared into the depths of the river, and all but a few feet of the line which had been nearest the shore went with him.

Mr. Bonser and his boat, by good fortune, were carried by the river's current to the shallows where he could wade to safety. Unfortunately the fish he had taken were lost, and when he was able to make his way home after daybreak, he had nothing to show for his near-fatal adventure of the night before.

During the interview which your reporter had with Mr. Bonsff, I was able to inspect the bell which had been tied to the line, and I can confirm that the dog, Bess, survived the ordeal with no ill effects. Mrs. Bonser was greatly relieved to have her husband safely home, and in my presence told Mr. Bonser that she hopes this doesn't happen again.

The End

The secret of success is to be able to make more money to meet obligations you would not have had, if you had not made so much money in the first place

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I Just Want People To Know

Before the terrible era of the civil war, Hurricane Creek was a small close knit community where everyone helped their neighbors. This peaceful tranquility was destroyed forever when Union troops moved into the valley.

Family fought against family, friends became enemies and neighbors laid in ambush with their guns ready.

Shadrick Golden was one of these men. He chose the side of the north while his friends and neighbors fought for the Southland. The bitter feelings would last for generations.

Mrs. Jacks, a native of Hurricane Creek, recalled hearing the story of Shadrick Golden when she was a little girl.

"Shadrick Golden was an informer to the Yankee people. If anybody in the valley would be fortunate enough to obtain some shoe leather to make some shoes, or anything that was hard to get, or if a Confederate soldier came home and he (Shadrick) found out, he told the Yankees.

"The Yankees came and took the sick soldier, or if it was some material thing, they came and raided and got everything they could find. Well, many people wanted Shadrick dead.

"He was murdered but they do not know who killed him. He was found on Tater Knob Mountain. The Yankees

had Shadrick buried in the Bragg Cemetery. (The Braggs were loyal Confederates!) I think he was buried there for spite. He also has the largest tombstone at his grave in that cemetery. There is not a word of truth on his

tombstone other than his name and when he was born."

Here is what the tombstone says:

In memory of
Shadrick Golden
was born July 4 1808
in the year of our Lord

On the 13th of January 1865
he was taken off and murdered
for maintaining the Union
and Constitution of the United
States

"The federal government put the tombstone up. Shadrick was not taken out and murdered for upholding the Constitution of the United States. He was murdered for being a traitor to his neighbors. They do not know where he died because when they found him the buzzards had picked his eyes out!

"I want the coming generations of this area to know that that man was a traitor to his neighbors. The federal government put up a tombstone on his grave and the words on it are not so. I just want the coming generations to know."



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The Doctor Sez

As many of you know, there has been much discussion lately in the media about the association between infants sleeping on their stomach and sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS). I have postponed discussing this presumably "small" issue; however, this matter has a major effect on hospital nurseries and the fundamental habits of most parents. To avoid confusion, I will not use the terms "prone" or "supine." Prone means lying on your stomach and supine means lying on your back.

This all started when many studies performed in other countries (Europe, Australia, & New Zealand) suggested that lying sleeping infants on their back may have the advantage of reducing SIDS. The most common position currently used in the United States is lying an infant on their stomach.

SIDS occurs in about 2 out of 1000 babies. The incidence of SIDS peaks at about 2 - 4 months of age. The whole subject of SIDS is controversial and complicated as evidenced by the massive volumes of scientific articles written about SIDS.

The American Academy of Pediatrics has recommended that NORMAL infants, when being put down to sleep, be positioned on their side or back.

The American Sudden Infant Death Syndrome Institute, however,

does NOT presently recommend changing our current practice of placing infants on their stomach. Their reasons are as follows: There is insufficient worldwide evidence showing a cause-and-effect relationship between SIDS and sleeping position, studies done in the United States fail to show any relationship between SIDS and sleeping position, and there is data to show that placing certain groups of infants on their back may be harmful.

What is an anxious parent to do? The American Academy of Pediatrics says "supine" (lying on the back); whereas, the American SIDS Institute says "prone" (lying on the stomach).

First, there are definitely certain groups of infants that should not be placed on their back. This would include premature infants with respiratory problems, infants with certain upper airway abnormalities, and infants with gastroesophageal reflux.

Secondly, you should follow certain measures that may reduce the risk of SIDS. Avoid smoking around the infant. The infant should sleep on a firm mattress. Waterbeds, sheepskins, pillows, and "beanbag" sleep cushions are absolute "no-no's" for infants. The room temperature should not be too cold or too hot and avoid too much bundling of the baby that restricts their movement. The bars of the crib should not be excessively spaced (most cribs made before 1974).

The main thing is to discuss this matter with your physician before you make any drastic changes. Get your medical advice from your physician, not from the popular press!

David Andrew Green, MD,
FAAP Pediatrician, Rainbow
Pediatrics

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Donna Rush

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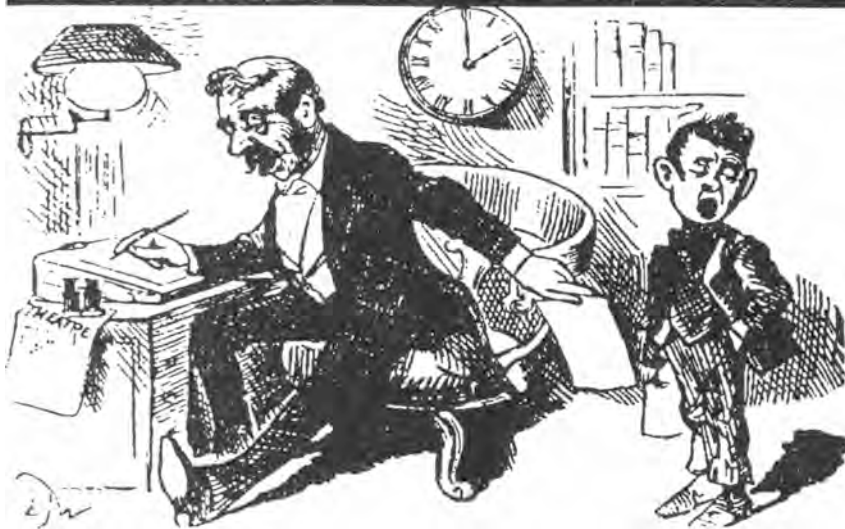
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Old Huntsville,

Please renew my subscription to "Old Huntsville." It has indeed, brought me much pleasure during this past year, and I trust it will continue to do so.

My one regret is that I have lost both my parents and they would have truly loved your publication. So many of the articles include names and occurrences that are a part of my childhood memories but were a part of my parents' lives. Many of the people I recognize as past guests and even "kin-folk" that have visited my childhood home.

With best of luck and continued success.

Janet M. McKelvey
Hazel Green, Ala.

Old Huntsville:

A friend of mine left me a copy of Vo. 3 issue 9 and there was so many articles that I wanted to clip and file that there was not much left of the magazine when I was through. Guess I will have to do some copying.

I was especially interested in the steamer Dunbar since it was rebuilt in the Union shipyards at Bridgeport, and the "Bushwacker Johnston" book. I am ordering the book and subscribing to "Old Huntsville". I am a historian and local geneologist and run the Bridgeport Treasure Shoppe at 420 Alabama Avenue.

F.M. Loyd
Bridgeport, Alabama

Dear Ed,

Enclosed please find my renewal check for 1993. Please do more stories about the indians who used to live here.

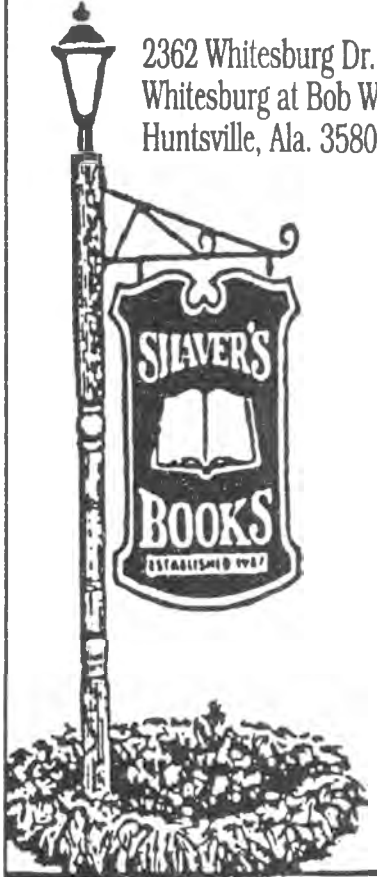
Steven Anderson
California

To Whom it May concern:

Being a native Huntsville resident, I was delighted last year and this to receive a subscription to the "Old Huntsville" magazine as a Christmas

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present from my family, still in Huntsville. It's fun to reminisce about home with your magazine, since I no longer live there.

I have been a resident of Central Missouri for 17 years and have met many 'locals' who were familiar with Bill Quantrell's infamous reputation, since he and many of his gang members were from mid-Missouri. I've shared your "Murder or Ministry" article with many of them. It's caused quite a stir up here, since most people in this part of the country never had heard this story.

Recently I have misplaced my copy of the magazine. For that reason, I am asking you to send me a copy of Volume 3, Issue 6 titled "Murder or Ministry, Bloody Bill Quantrell Finds Salvation in Huntsville Pulpit."

Sincerely
Cas Czarneski
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Old Huntsville:

I am writing you in regard to the Jacob Emory Pierce story that appeared on the first page of your last issue. My grandfather was a friend of Pierce's and told me many stories about him. I thought the story was hilarious, as I still have in my possession a gilded certificate (stock certificate) for his TVA stock.

Ruth Embry
Birmingham, Alabama

Editors:

I am 92 years old and at my age do not find a lot that I consider amusing or interesting. "Old Huntsville" has become the exception in my life. So many of your old newspaper clippings and the practical advice you offer reminds me of another era that I thought was gone. Thanks for the memories!

Mildred Kirkpatrick
Guntersville

of Billy Joe Cooley's column in your paper. If any man can tell stories about Huntsville, he sure can.

Mark Renfroe

Dear Mrs. Carney:

I feel very strongly about the prevention of cruelty to animals and would like to get involved in some way to help that cause. What would you recommend as far as getting in touch with an agency to give of my time to a worthy cause? Also, we'd sure like to see more articles on pets and their care.

Johnnie Weber,
Madison, Alabama

(Editor's Note) We get many letters from folks who would like to get involved with an agency that cares for animals and animal control. We recommend calling the Greater Huntsville Humane Society at 881-8081 to find out what kind of volunteer work can be done for them. Thanks for asking!

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To the Editor:

I am glad to see that you guys have finally increased the pages of recipes. My friends and I have tried most of them and they are our favorite part of the paper.

How about some recipes for candy in the future issues?

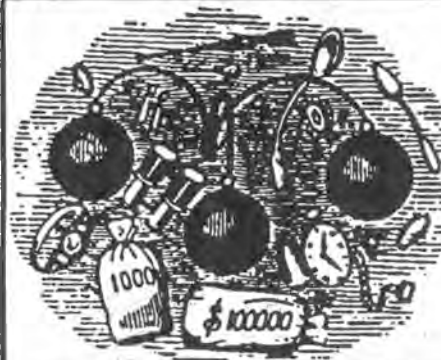
Janna Price,
Secretary

Dear Editor:

My family has been reading "Old Huntsville" since you started it, and we were pleased to see the addition



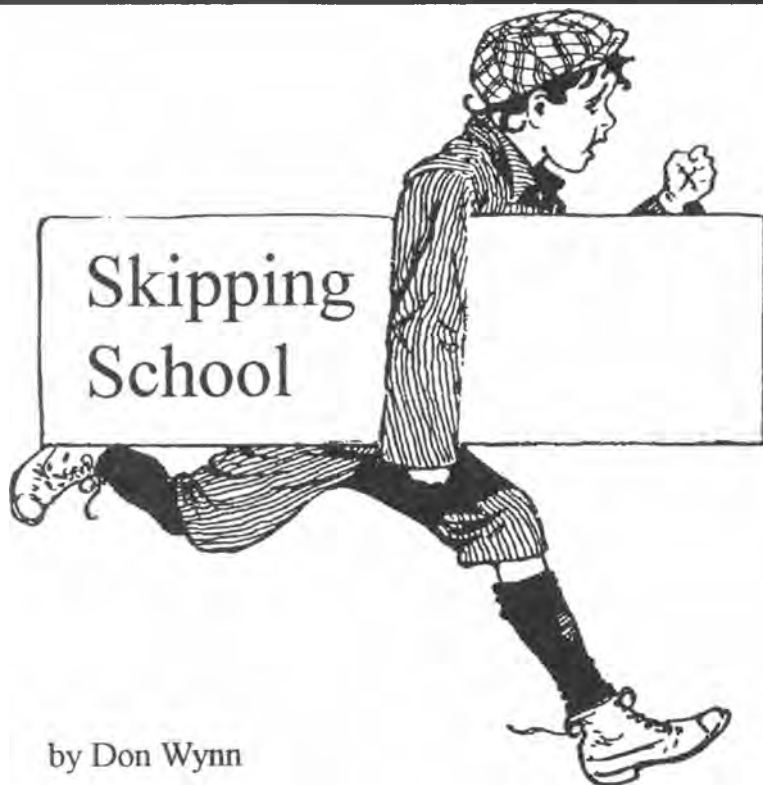
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by Don Wynn

When I was in elementary school, I thought every school had an eight-foot tall fence surrounding it. Rison School had just such a fence. This huge fence went around the entire school and even had barbed wire on top. I didn't know a single kid who could climb that fence.

Just inside the fence, there was a hedge. This wasn't any ordinary hedge. It was a humongous hedge! It was almost as tall as the fence and passersby

could barely see through it. We played hide 'n seek in that hedge a lot. There was a kind of "no man's land" between the hedge and the fence.

The best thing about that hedge was that it hid a hole in the fence at the corner to the playground. To get to this escape hole, you had to walk past the merry-go-round, past big swings and little swings, past seesaws and finally past the monkey bars. Then you had to crawl through the

hedge on your belly. Once you were in the "no man's land" between the hedge and the fence, it was an easy matter to step through the hole to freedom.

My house was only half a block from the school if I used the escape hole, but it was about 2 blocks if I didn't. That gave me great incentive to use that hole as much as possible.

When I went to school through the escape hole, I really felt the irony of it. What did escape mean anyway? That seemed a little like breaking into prison.

One afternoon during my afternoon recess, I developed my escape plan. I was playing alone on the swings and the monkey bars when the idea first came to me. Wasn't this day too nice to be in school? Sure it was! Didn't the sun feel awfully nice on my skin. Sure it did! Would Mrs. Fulton miss me? Maybe... but the risk was worth it!

I started to watch the other kids. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to me at all. I wouldn't be missed. I was sure of it!

I lay down on the ground in the sun next to the hedge and didn't even hide. I just pretended to be asleep.

After a while, Mrs. Fulton blew her whistle and all the kids began to run toward her. I just lay there next to the hedge in the sun. The line formed, but I wasn't in it. Everybody was

continued on page 21

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billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

MASTER Cleaners' **Kenneth Self** got in a bit of billiards playing with ex-neighbor **Mark Cunningham** during the cold snap. Cunningham now works at *Captain Bilbo's* restaurant in Memphis. When he's home, however, he makes a bee-line for **Johnny Tona's** new *Family Billiards*, next to *Golds Gym*. **Bobby Lockhart**, from his wheelchair, has taught his son **Alfredo Pryor Lockhart**, 9, to shoot pool at Johnny's. At the next table **Oscar Gutierrez** and his son, **Nathan**, 17, had taken time out from their *Bandito Burrito* place to shoot a few games. We also got to meet Johnny's brother, **Sam Tona**, the other day. Like his brother, is a living encyclopedia of music.

Jeff Eubanks of *Applebee's* joined friend **Lynn Willoughby** for a bit of socializing the other day. They talked shop, she being with another establishment. Also socializing were **Becky Goodman** of *Intergraph* and **Steve Cannon** of *ABC Roofing*.

Good morning to **Robin Robinett**, who combines music with

car racing and is equally good at both. He was part of the crowd at *Jay's Lounge* the other while our bunch enjoyed the music of **Ray Brand**, **John Huber** and **Billy**.

THIS IS ALSO a good day to compliment *Ryan's* staffers **John Walker**, **Jimmy Boater** and **Brad Barrett** on their efficiency these days. Their bosses **Tim Barrs** of Birmingham and **Tim Barnhill** (of the South Carolina Barnhills) were in town for another visit last week.

"*Were spontaneous people,*" laughed **Michael** and **Darlene Housley**, who work at Space and Rocket Center. They've been married four months, so a few weeks ago they got an urge to drive west, for no reason at all. They drove to Muscogee, Okla., and beyond just for the heck of it. Then, turned around and drove back to Huntsville. "We just wanted to see the countryside. We did and it was beautiful," say they.

MISS EUNICE has returned to

her perch at her *Country Kitchen*, presiding over the roundtable during breakfast. Her new knee is still propped up, but she manages. **Joe**, **Louise** and **Alaina Hamaker** brought "**Granny Vera Hamaker**" there for breakfast the other day. They're the Randolph Street Hamakers, by the way. At the next table were **Gary** and **Brenda Potts**, who brought his dad, **Gen. Billy Potts**, and a slew of kin to breakfast. The general, now retired, is a former Redstone commander. And whatever happened to the impressive **Gen. Robert Moore**, who had the good sense to marry a Lawton, Okla., lovely. Part of my education was attained at Cameron University in Lawton, the rest was at *Tootsie's Orchid Lounge* in Nashville.

Sherry Puckett of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* returned to visit Huntsville and Decatur kin the other day. we crossed paths at *Athenian Bakery* and rehashed olden times.

Jake Powell celebrated birthday number seven on Jan. 14. His papa **Evan** is as proud as a peacock, of course.

WHEN THE Orlando band *Isis* played *Vapors Club* the other week, musician **Jamie Foy** announced that he is returning to Myrtle Beach to organize a new group, calling it *The Little Foy's*, just like the olden days. Barkeeps **John Hansen** and **Charlotte Smith** suggested other names. "Call it *Vanna and the Whites*," said Vapors owner **Sanford McLain**, remembering that the consonant lady is from North Myrtle Beach.



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Top flight bass player **Kevin Hogan**, who left here a dozen years ago to be in **Tanya Tucker's** country band, now is in the **Waylon Jennings** band. Kevin recently married and has moved his bride into a Nashville home they've bought. This bit of news was gleaned from *The Remingtons* musical aggregation, which visits Huntsville often and dines on Chinese cuisine at *House of Mandarin*.

Nathaniel Stearns brought his dad **Mark** to *Quincy's* (Airport Road) for dinner the other night. Mark is a brother to our longtime galpal **Tonya Stearns**.

Sean Stapler is limbering up his old keyboards with intentions of re-joining the popular rock band *Straight Jacket*, which is still playing at the *Chicken Shack*, an excellent all-night dance parlor between Madison and Triana.

FEMALE impersonator **Francesca Richard** was all dressed up like a female when a speed cop halted the car the other night. Looking at the male photo on the drivers license, the cop suggested she had somebody else's license. The matter was soon dissolved and the performer got to the *Vieux Carre* club in time for the show.

Tony Mason and **Tommy Sheppard** have been such a hit at *Bubba's* downtown that the musical duo has been extended through March (Thursday and Saturday nights). Meanwhile, a Nashville bistro has issued Tony an offer to become a Music City regular.

Our gang made one of regular visits the other night to *Villa Romano Restaurant* on Jordan Lane. They have added "falafal" to their extensive menu. During a month-long visit to Hollywood, Calif., a year or so ago I discovered falafal and have an unquenchable taste for it to this day. Staffers from the *UAH Exponent* were at the next *Villa Romano* table, planning future editions.

THE LEGENDARY **Percy Sledge** performed at the *Alabama Music Hall of Fame* induction a few nights ago, was inducted, then headed

straight to Carriage Inn to wish his old pal **Shotgun Evans** a happy birthday. By the way, contrary to what the daily paper said, **Tammy Wynette** didn't sing three songs at the Hall of Fame ceremonies. Didn't sing any, for that matter.

Speaking of country ladies, superstar **Reba McIntire** has just finished a week of rehearsals in Von Braun Civic Center in preparation for her current tour. Reba has two planes and flew here every day from her Nashville home.

Lt. Gov. Jim Folsom and his **Marcia** shared our table at the Hall of Fame ceremonies and during the evening he left no doubt that he's running for governor. So there! Our staffers **Tom** and **Cathy Carney** are already clearing a spot for a Folsom yard sign. Folsom's dad, **Big Jim**, was the most progressive governor Alabama ever had. Roads were built, women and blacks were allowed on juries, the poll tax was abolished, etc., and the state stayed within budget.

NO, COUNCILMAN **Bill Kling** and pretty **Tanji Lyons** are not

jumping the matrimonial broomstick anytime soon, but he has presented her with a fine sparkler and they'll "probably announce plans before the year's out."

Fancy crossing paths the other day with songwriter **Billy Joe Shaver's** latest ex-wife, the amiable **Jean**, who is daytime barkeep at **Jerriell Stephens' Outback** lounge. Meanwhile, upstairs, *Butcher Block* waitress **Debbie Shewell** was preparing for the restaurant's biggest crowd ever. Even **Kevin Lineback**, who sells *Sunday Dinner* products, pitched in and helped his brother Kurt cut steaks for the afternoon. Kurt is manager of *Butcher Block*.

Thespian **John A.J. Miller** has departed for Birmingham to continue his acting career.

Make plans now to enjoy the St. Patrick's Day parade on March 17. It always begins and ends at *Finnegan's Pub* at about 10 a.m. Most Irish men, women, kids, etc., join the parade or stand on the curb and applaud. **Ellen MacAnally** will again be the committee of one who puts it all together.

Johnson High grads **Roger**



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Priven and **Chad Fielder** were part of the scene the other night at Johnny Tona's. Then came Missourian **Greg Banta**, who recently graduated from University of Alabama and resided here briefly before moving on to Nashville.

DAVID AND JANET Milly, who own *Theatrical Lighting Systems*, hosted a hoity-toity wingding the other night at their palatial Monte Sano estate for a bunch of birthdayers and friends. The crowd included, but was not limited to, **Debbie and Rob Humes**, **Joe and Debbie Price**, **James and Ann Caudle**, and **Peter and Nancy Milly** (with siblings **Justin and Paul**).

While **Mayor Hettinger** hobnobbed with celebrities at the Hall of Fame gala his pretty wife **Bonnie** was the center of attention. She had just returned from one of the inaugural balls in Washington "and the noise was deafening." Meanwhile, **Martha Reeves** (of *Martha and the Vandellas*) strolled over to announce in my ear: "I've just talked with our mutual friend **Gary Bridge** in Jacksonville and he asked that you send him the \$5 you

borrowed." I was embarrassed, but not \$5 enough.



CHUCK AND ANNELIE Owens have returned from that two-week wild west trip that lasted almost two months. Now, if we can just avoid seeing all those slides of golf courses and sunrises. Retirement must be nice.

Five topnotch bands will finish out the month at Tip Top Cafe over on glitzy Maple Avenue: **Mind's Eye**, **Gravey**, **There-from-Here**, **Kilgore Trout** and **Month of Sundays**.

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Earthbound

by Millie McDonald

According to "Webster's 7th New Collegiate Dictionary," a mole is a "burrowing insectivores (esp. family tapidea) with minute eyes, concealed ears, and soft fur." This animal is usually grey in color.

By using his sharp, pointed paws, the mole tunnels underground at night making a network of tunnels in a yard. It feasts on the roots of all plants and grass and his appetite is huge. When one walks across the lawn, the earth appears to be raised in a row-like method, and one can follow the path of the tunnel. However, this is just the "close to surface" tunnel because this tunnel may connect to many more tunnels deep in the soil. The mole, by eating the roots of plants and grass will gradually kill them.

Several methods have been tried to kill or control the mole. One method is the use of a mole trap. Another method is to place peanut pellets or castor oil beans in the upper tunnels; all of these methods have been partially successful.

There is a plant known as "gopher purge." This plant is green fern-like and grows from 4 to 6 feet. It produces a dark brown seed which when planted will produce 3 plants.

One can plant several seeds at the corners of the property and several seeds near the tunnels. Moles and gophers dislike the scent of the gopher purge plant and will usually move to another area. If several neighbors use the gopher purge plant, the mole will completely move out of the area.

The gopher purge plant will produce large clumps of seeds, which should be picked and saved for future use.

The gopher purge plant will usually come up yearly, unless damaged by weather; then the seeds can be planted to replace the damaged plants.

The End

Continued from page 17

Skipping School

laughing and talking until Mrs. Fulton started to lead the line into the school.

It surprised me how quickly it became quiet in the playground. I could hear the birds and the leaves in the breeze. I could hear cars and trucks pass by the front of the school on Oakwood Avenue.

I was frozen with fear. Would I be caught? Time passed slowly as I lay beside the hedge all alone on the playground. After about 10 years, I was finally able to move.

I crept through the hedge and stepped through the escape hole to

freedom.

I found a boring world awaiting me at my house on LeHigh Drive. Everybody else was at school and I didn't have anybody to play with. I got a cool drink of water in the kitchen and sat in the yard under the big oak tree until the school bell rang.

That night I realized that the happiest point in my day hadn't been when I stepped through the escape hole in the fence. It had been when I saw my friends round the corner and head for home after school.

I never skipped school again!

The End



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Lady of The Hills

The Amazing Saga Of Aunt Jenny

By
Francine Brewer Douma

Aunt Jenny Brooks sat dangling her tired feet in the cool Big Spring water.

She made regular journeys to Huntsville from her home in Lawrence County during good weather. She came here to buy most of her supplies, including 100-pound sacks of sugar to be used in distilling homebrewed whiskey.

According to her great-great-grandson Dale Brewer of Bir-

mingham, she supplied Winston, Lawrence, Morgan and Madison counties with her smooth-drinking corn whiskey. This was long before whiskey required government stamps and taxation.

Her trips to Huntsville were among her favorite efforts. So, as she cooled her feet in the waters of Big Spring, she eyed the cloudless sky, anticipating good weather, perhaps even a moonlit night, for her long trip home.

As she struggled to put her boots back on, three young women in frilled bonnets and fine lace dresses strolled by. The aroma of powder and perfume gave evidence that they were genteel women of high pamper. Their low-breeding showed, however, as they giggled at the sight of the mountain woman in a starched gingham dress and men's hightop boots.

Aunt Jenny's piercing eyes stared at the rude young women.

"They call me the lady of the hills," she said to them. "But lady or no lady, I ain't scared of you nor nobody else. Best you keep yore smart aleck sniggering to yoreselves. You don't know who you're a'foolin' with."

Indeed, the young damsels did not know that this was the woman who thirty years before, in 1862, had killed two Confederate Home Guards who had murdered her husband Willis Brooks and her oldest son Gaines. Her husband was a Tory who refused, as did the citizens of nearby Winston County) to fight in the Civil War, refused to fight for slavery, refused to fire

against the Union flag.

The confederate military resented the area men who refused to fight their war.

That morning in 1862, Aunt Jenny had come out the back door of her cabin in Bankhead Forest just in time to see her husband and son being forced to kneel at Confederate gunpoint to pray their last prayers. She grabbed her rifle, but not quick enough.

When shots rang out to take what was hers, she raised her rifle to take what was not hers.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," she shouted.

As Aunt Jenny's shots echoed through the forest, the Confederate platoon hurriedly departed, leaving behind four dead men, two of Aunt Jenny's and two of their own. Aunt Jenny gathered her four younger sons and made them place their hands on their dead father's warm body and swear to kill everyone of the culprits.

Neighbors then gathered to lay out the bodies of Willis and Gaines.

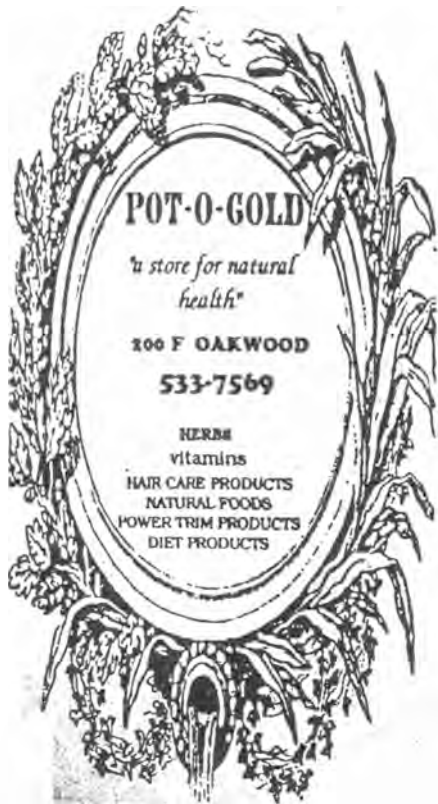
"As for them two murderers, just

**She cut the soldier's head
off with a knife and used
the skull for a soap dish**

dig a hole and dump 'em in," Aunt Jenny said of the confederate soldiers.

She went inside the cabin and returned carrying a bucket and a glinting butcher knife. She knelt beside one of the Confederate bodies. With three quick whacks of the knife, she severed the head and placed it in the bucket. She went inside the cabin, put kindling wood in the cookstove, placed a pot of water on the stove, and dropped the head in the pot. She allowed it to boil all afternoon. When she removed the skull from the pot, she said, "Now, look here, this will make a fine soap dish."

"Some family members, including her great-granddaughter Alice Brewton of Moulton, deny the skull part of the story. Historian Dorothy Gentry states that Aunt Jenny was born in Jefferson County, but the 1860 census records show her birthplace as South Carolina. May 28, 1924, is the date of Aunt Jenny's death. Some historians say she was 98; others say 117. She had also been pronounced dead at age 91 from yellow fever. She was placed in a



pine box. At the funeral, her left arm moved and she was taken home until she was for-sure dead several years later, in 1924. She was buried at Popular Springs Cemetery, a few miles from her home on the Byler Road.

The Byler Road was the first major road in Alabama, beginning in Mobile and ending in Tennessee. When the road crews commenced to cross Aunt Jenny's land, she said she would fight to her death to "keep folks off'n my property." She re-thought her threat, however, and came up with a better solution. She allowed the road to cross her land, but demanded a toll from everyone who crossed the property. She also turned her home into a roadhouse, where travelers could get a hot meal and a night's lodging. Once a man came by at dusk, ate a hardy meal of turnip greens and cornbread. When he refused to pay, Aunt Jenny took down her shotgun and shot him in the belly.

"Lord, them turnip greens went everywhere," she would laughingly tell later. Mrs. Ben Abbot, Aunt Jenny's granddaughter, says of her famous ancestor. If she didn't like you, she'd have no qualms about killing you if given a reason."

Born Jane Bates, Aunt Jenny is said by historians to have been half As "Old Doc Kaeiser's gonna have his turn in the pot too, the traitor buck had Willis and Gaines killed."

During the Civil War the road was the scene of several conflicts between opposing forces of the United States and the Confederacy, according to Donald B. Dodd in Winston: An Antebellum and Civil War History of a Hill County of North Alabama. When a group of Confederates ambushed and killed several soldiers dispatched from the 51st Indiana Regiment, Aunt Jenny aided in the burial of the Federals. Because Aunt Jenny helped bury the Federal soldiers, and because Willis refused to join up with the Rebels, she and her family became Confederate enemies.

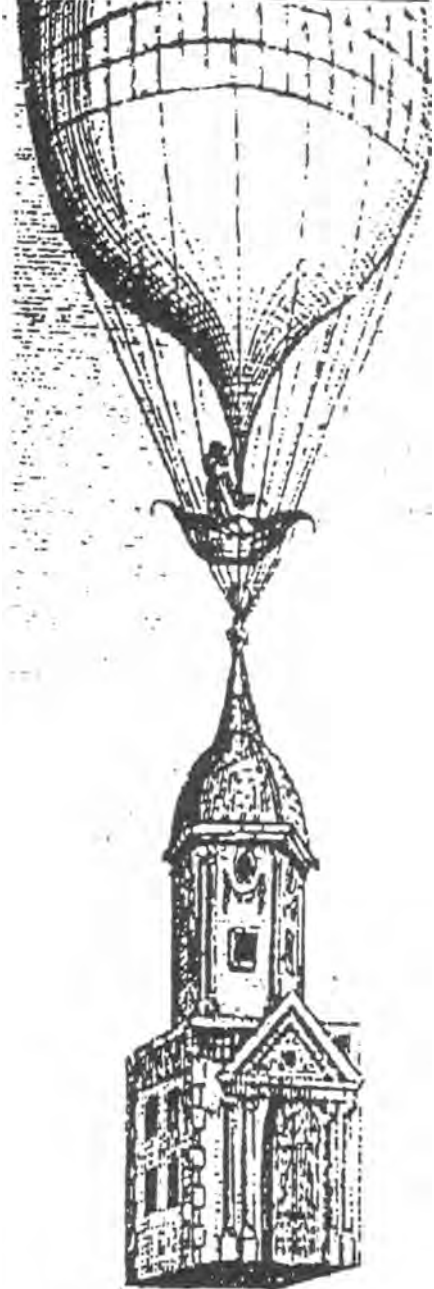
Enemy number one: Doctor Andrew Kaeiser, owner of twenty slaves and an ardent informer of Union activities.

Aunt Jenny and her sons planned numerous times to kill Kaeiser, but a group of Confederate Home Guards that he organized usually protected him. Aunt Jenny, being a midwife, knew the approximate delivery date of all pregnant women in the neighborhood. Doctor Kaeiser often passed her house on his way to tend the sick. Sarah Dunn could break water any day. Aunt Jenny waited.

Then on September 1, 1864, at dusk, Doctor Kaeiser passed Aunt Jenny's house en route, she assumed, to Sarah Dunn's house. Aunt Jenny and her sons Clint and Willis waited

cont. on page 30

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 1 cup scalded milk
 1 tbl salt
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 cup sweet mashed sweet potatoes

3 tbl melted butter

Dissolve the yeast in the water, add the milk, salt, sugar and potatoes (roasted, scraped from the skins, and worked to a cream with the melted butter), then allow to cool. Beat all together until light, then stir in with a wooden spoon enough flour to make a soft dough.

Throw a cloth over the bread bowl and set in a warm place til well raised. Make into small loaves; let them rise for an hour and bake in a brisk oven.

ENGLISH BATH BUNS

4 cups flour
 1/2 cup butter
 4 eggs
 5 tbl granulated sugar
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cake yeast

Put flour in bowl, make well in center, break eggs in whole, then add butter, milk and lastly the yeast, which has been previously dissolved in a little warm water. Mix thoroughly and raise. If it is put in a moderately warm place, it will be light in an hour. Turn it out on a well-floured board, and with the tips of the fingers lightly work in 5 tablespoonfuls sugar and add the flavoring.

Drop by tablespoonfuls on a buttered baking pan, raise for ten minutes, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Sultanas or chopped almonds may be added.

LANCASHIRE TEA CAKES

6 cups flour
 1/2 cups butter
 2 cups milk
 1 yeast cake
 1 cup currants
 2 oz candied lemon
 2 eggs
 2 tbl sugar
 a little grated nutmeg

Put the sugar and the currants with the flour; melt the butter in the

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milk, when cool mix with the beaten eggs and yeast. Add the dry ingredients, beating well, and set to raise. When light, put in cake pans to double its bulk.

Bake in a moderately hot oven. These are delicious when fresh, and equally good when split and toasted the second day.

FEDERAL BREAD

- 1 quart milk
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 yeast cake
- 1 tbl melted butter
- 3 eggs

Scald the milk and add to it the butter and salt; when cool, pour in the dissolved yeast cake, and beat in enough flour to make a dough that is softer than for bread. Pour into a shallow pan and raise over night; bake in the morning.

When taken from the oven, split it shortcake fashion - butter generously, and serve hot. This is an excel-

lent hot bread to make for breakfast, because, unless the weather is unusually warm, the cook will find it just in proper condition to bake when breakfast is required.

NUT BREAD

- 1 cup entire-wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- 1/2 cake yeast
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tbl brown sugar
- 1 tsp salt
- 1/2 lb shelled hickory nuts

Set a sponge of the wheat flour, white flour, yeast and milk; when light, add sugar, salt, hickory nuts, and enough entire-wheat flour to make as stiff as can be stirred with spoon. Put in the pan, raise and bake for one hour.



LUNCHEON ROLLS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tbl butter
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 tsp sugar
- 1 cake yeast

Dissolve the yeast in lukewarm milk, add sugar and salt, then add the butter, melted. Stir milk into flour gradually. Give the dough a hard kneading, adding sufficient flour to make it soft. Cut and form into rolls, place in buttered biscuit pans, set in warm place to rise, and bake in a brisk oven.

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Yellowstone Kit

by Dale Cassidy

Early entertainment in Huntsville, as in most towns of the 1800's, was very limited. An occasional dance, a

town picnic, or a church social seemed to be the recreation highlight of most citizens' lives.

A peculiar amusement of the 1890's, however, was listening to the medicine men, who plied their trade with abundant vigor and enthusiasm. They ranged from small-time fakers, who peddled their wares from the back of a wagon, to more pretentious phony "doctors" who enlivened their programs with elaborate stage setups and a considerable troupe of entertainers and workers.

One of the most colorful of this type to come through Huntsville in those days was the self-styled "Yellowstone Kit." Kit carried a tent and actually charged for the choicest

seats during his program which consisted of song and dance, banjo picking and general gaudy entertainment. As soon as the crowd was warmed up and lively, "Yellowstone Kit," in his magnificent ten-gallon hat, make-up and fringed clothing, which he thought made him look like Buffalo Bill, would jump up on the stage and exalt his cure-all elixir, which he generously offered for only one dollar a bottle.

The band played loudly and diligently as Kit continued to entice the enthralled patrons with the results which his amazing tonic promised to provide. He would prance along a platform, built out into the audience, and exchange bottles of his "priceless" elixir for one dollar each, held up by willing and hypnotized hands. There were very few times that Kit failed to "pack 'em in" for one of his shows.

"Yellowstone Kit" continued to brandish his wares throughout the South for many years during the late 1800's and early 1900's, stopping and staying often in Huntsville. When he reached the end of his days, in spite of his own "marvelous" medicine, a New Orleans reporter quoted him as saying, "At least I had one satisfaction in my long career--I never actually harmed anyone." The mixture he had sold far and wide as a miracle potion had been simply canned milk!

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The Confederate Double-Barreled Cannon

A bold attempt to gain an advantage during the Civil War was the conception of John Gilleland, who designed a double barrel cannon.

The idea was to create a double punch by a single blast that would propel two cannonballs connected by an eight foot chain. The cannonballs were expected to separate and pull the chain tight which would then sweep across the battlefield and mow down the Yankees.

On the day of testing, John Gilleland and other confederate observers anxiously awaited the outcome. In an open field, the cannon was aimed at a distant point on the horizon. While both cannonballs left the barrels simultaneously, the path they followed was precarious, to say the least.

A reporter present at the demonstration noted that the cannonballs "had a kind of circular motion, plowing up an acre of ground, tearing up a cornfield, mowing down saplings, and then the chain broke, with the two balls going in opposite directions. One of the balls killed a cow in a distant field while the other knocked down a chimney from a log cabin."

Needless to say, the idea of the double barrel cannon never became a reality.

The unique and unusual weapon rest on the front lawn of the Athens, Georgia City Hall. Before the cannon was anchored tight to its position, it was decided that the barrels should be pointed north, where it remains in position to this day.

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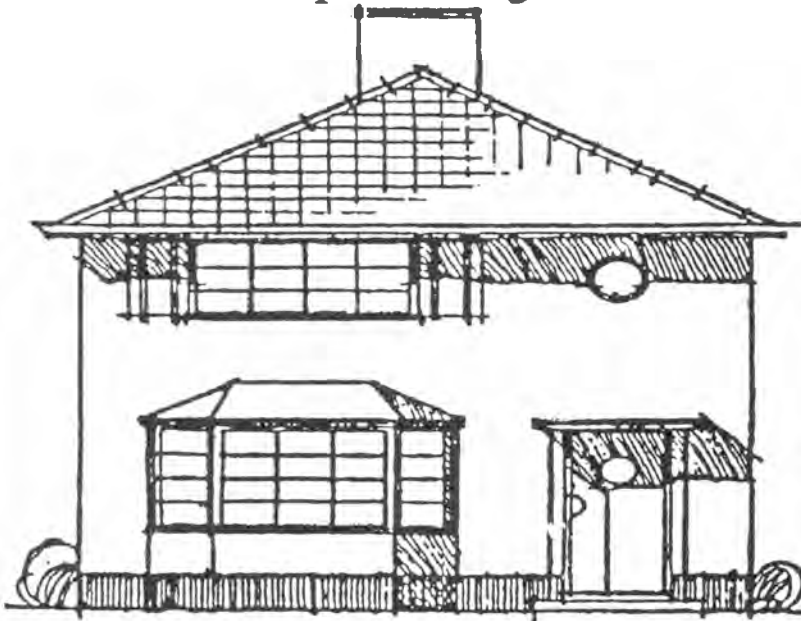
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COACH HUB MYHAND



by Don Wynn

Coaches and teachers often have tremendous impacts on the lives of their players and students. Sometimes, that influence isn't realized until years later when a particular incident is remembered. One person who was special as a coach and as a teacher was Hub Myhand.

Coach Hub Myhand was definitely one of the greatest baseball

coaches to have ever practiced his craft in Huntsville. He coached other sports like football and basketball, but his first love was definitely baseball. Thousands of players played for him in a career that spanned several decades. He coached at old Rison School for many years and even lived in a house across the street from the

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school. In fact, the end of his long coaching career coincided roughly with the end of Rison School.

When Lee Junior High School was opened, Coach Myhand went to Lee because Rison became an elementary school and did not have an athletic program. He later returned to Rison for a single season when Rison had only the 8th grade. I was one of the players who was fortunate enough to play for Coach Myhand during that year!

He finished his coaching career with a few years at Chapman Middle School. His teams won many awards and he helped fill the trophy cases at Rison, Lee and Chapman with championship trophies.

I played football and basketball for Coach Myhand but did not play baseball because I was simply not good enough. When I was "cut" from the baseball team, I still hung around to chase foul balls for the coach. That was an experience because the kids who hung out behind the field did not always want to give up these baseballs!

Even while we were playing for him, Coach Myhand had a kind of legendary status with his players. Everyone had heard lots of stories about him.

According to the stories, Coach Myhand had pitched in the major leagues and had even pitched against Babe Ruth. When his team passed through Huntsville on an exhibition trip, Dallas Mill offered him a steady job as their Recreation Director. It was rumored that Optimist Park was built as an inducement to get him to stay. In fact, we called Optimist Park the "House that Hub Built." Huntsville was very fortunate that Coach Myhand accepted that offer and made this area his home.

Before the start of that school year, Coach Myhand placed an announcement about football tryouts in the newspaper. About 25 boys answered that ad and met Coach Myhand in his classroom in Rison School. We were assigned positions, given uniforms and started practice that same day. Our games were played in Optimist Park and we also practiced there. Most of us had to walk a mile or so with all of our equipment and our books too! I always thought the walk home was harder than practice.

Coach Myhand believed in basic football. "Four yards in a cloud of dust" would generally describe his football strategy. We only had about six plays, and most of those involved Don Wilbourn, our quarterback, giving the ball to Kenny Johnson, our fullback.

continued on page 46

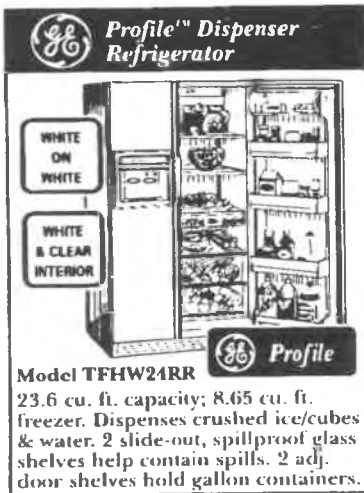
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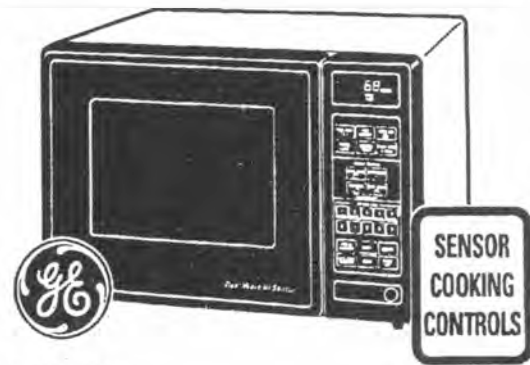
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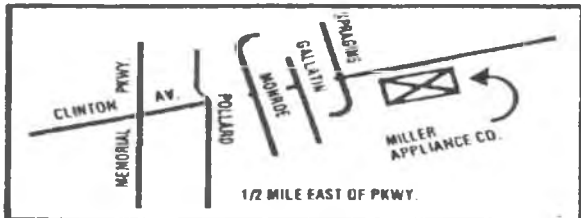


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cont. from page 23

Lady of The Hills

until dark, as Willis later related, then made their way carefully through the woods to Kaeiser's farm. Aunt Jenny, dressed in her dead husband's clothes, boots, and hat, sent Willis and Clint ahead as lookouts. When they whistled, Aunt Jenny ran quickly to Kaeiser's barn and hid under some hay in a stable. Willis and Clint waited outside the barn to warn their mother of Kaeiser's approach. About three hours later, Clint and Willis tapped lightly. Aunt Jenny stood, cocked her double barrel shotgun, clenched her teeth, and waited.

She heard Kaeiser's buggy stop. She heard him unhitch the horse. The barn door creaked open. Light from Kaeiser's lantern spilled dimly across the hallway of the barn. Footsteps neared. The horse nickered as if to warn. The door to the stall opened. Kaeiser entered.

"Put that lantern down." Aunt Jenny said. "Now." Kaeiser put the

lantern down.

"Drop 'em reins and put yore hands over yore head." Kaeiser did.

"Please, Sir. Don't shoot. I've got money. Please don't shoot. I'll give you anything, anything you ask. Please."

"Git down on yore knees. Yore gonna take a little journey."

"Where, where to?" Kaeiser mumbled.

"To HELL," Aunt Jenny said.

"Sir, please, please."

Aunt Jenny removed her hat. "I ain't no Sir. I'm Jenny Brooks, widow of Willis Brooks, mother of Gaines Brooks. Yore gonna pay for sending yore men to murder 'em two years ago.

"No. Aunt Jenny, noooooooo," Kaeiser whispered.

Willis and Clint stood behind Kaeiser; Clint held a rope. "Tie the bastard up," Aunt Jenny said as she put her hat back on. When the ropes were secure, Aunt Jenny, shotgun in hand, ran to the front door of Kaeiser's house and entered without knocking.

Mrs. Kaeiser sat knitting in the drawing room. A Negro maid came running down the hallway and started to scream. "Be still, I ain't here to hurt you none," Aunt Jenny said as she entered the drawing room, where she forced Mrs. Kaeiser to confess at gunpoint the names of the men who killed Willis and Gaines. "Yore doctor husband's tied up in the barn, start naming names or he's dead as a doornail."

Aunt Jenny, names memorized, returned to the barn. Kaeiser, still on his knees, begged once again.

"Open yore ignorant traitor-to-the-Union-flag mouth, you sorry lowdown clod of mountain dirt," Aunt Jenny said as she shoved the gun in Kaeiser's mouth.

"Stand back boys, I ain't waten this traitor blood on yore clothes. Say yore prayers, Kaeiser."

Two shots rang out. Kaeiser's skull shattered; blood and brains splattered onto the nearby hay. "Ain't that a pity boys, that skull won't even make a good soap dish, will it?" Aunt Jenny joked.

Historians often speculate about Kaeiser's killer, but no one ever sus-

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pected Aunt Jenny because the Negro maid told authorities the next day, "He was a tall, skinny man that look jes like a scarecrow."

As a practicing midwife, she often drove many miles alone in a horse-drawn buggy to deliver babies. She also tended the sick, going near and far dispensing honey, herbs, or whiskey to speed healing.

She lived her life for things in which she believed, whether inside or outside the law. She held her sons to the oath to kill every man involved in the slaying of their father and brother. The boys traveled as far as Texas in search of some of the men, keeping track of the number they killed by making notches on a hickory stick. Aunt Jenny would proudly boast: "All of 'em died with their boots on."

Fiercely independent and ahead of her time as a self-supporting woman, she would bury money near her home. Her great-granddaughter, the aforementioned Alice Brewer, stated that "Grandma had an old tin box that she kept her money in. She would hide it under the porch and we would have to crawl under and get it for her." The legend of buried treasures has caused Aunt Jenny's grave to be robbed more than once over the years. Others have searched with metal detectors for her "treasure," which was amassed from her many years of selling excellent food and whiskey, charging toll road fees, midwifing, nursing and engaging in other industrious efforts.

Treasure or no treasure, by 1892 the frugal Lady of the Hills could apparently afford to buy anything she wanted from the Harrison Brothers Hardware store in Huntsville during her frequent trips here to buy "the makings" for her tasty meals and whiskeys.

One day as she was paying for some piece goods, she took a big roll of money from a pouch which was pinned inside the bosom of her dress. The clerk commented: "Aunt Jenny, where in the world did you get all that money?"

"Young man, I pay myself twenty dollars a week to mind my own business," was her curt reply.

the end



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Johnny Cash, Grady Reeves, Elvis and me

by Billy Joe Cooley

I was on my way home from the Korean War, my soldiering days far behind, when I stopped off in Huntsville to visit my old radio pal Grady Reeves. It was the summer of 1954 and I was anxious to get back to familiar ground.

Grady had always called me "Boondocks," a reflection on my rural raising, so I called him the Cincinnati Flash, a throwback to his hometown. I stopped by WBHP, where he was a record spinner and a parttime show promoter. They told me that he had gone out to the Madison County coliseum on Holmes Avenue. I went out there.

"Come on, Billy Joe, you can help me with the show I've booked in here," he greeted.

The coliseum in those days had no end walls, since it was primarily used for cattle shows and such.

"What kind of show have you got promoted here?" I asked.

Grady explained that a Nashville agent had called and said he had a large bunch of traveling musicians who needed a night's work while passing through here on their way to Tuscaloosa.

"The whole bunch will perform and it's only costing me \$600," he said. "I ought to make a good profit." I helped unfold and set up chairs.

At about 5 p.m. a long Cadillac limousine pulled up and about a dozen people got out. A rack on top of the car contained suitcases, guitars and amplifiers. It looked like a band of gypsies. The car was old, half covered with mud and resembled something that had traveled across a lot of plowed fields in recent days. The musicians and singers were about my age, so we sat around and

gossiped for a couple of hours. They were fascinated with Grady's tales about his days as a sportscaster.

About an hour before showtime the audience started trickling in. Most were older people. They paid \$2 a person, which was the going rate for a concert in those days.

A few people showed up. Very few.

Grady lost about \$200 on the show. It was the first the I had seen a grown man whimper.

The show was excellent and it was a shame that so few people saw it.

When the show was over I helped the gang get the stuff repacked atop that old limousine and bade farewell to Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins and Elvis Presley. Little did we know that each was to become a super star.

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Decatur Don Juan picks jail rather than face three wives

MAN IS HIS OWN STEPFATHER, NEPHEW AND UNCLE!



DECATUR, 1914 -- Thomas "Piker" Easley, a former resident of our county, is behind bars in the County Jail on a charge of bigamy, having married three women in the same family: the mother, her daughter and a niece.

The marriages were over a period of ten years, during which time he worked as a sawmill hand during the day and a stablehand at night.

Easley, a dapper man in appearance, is also said to have married numerous women in Detroit.

The arrest was made on an affidavit sworn by Deputy Sheriff A.S. Grubbs before Magistrate E.R. Raney of Decatur. Sheriff Forman had heard several times of Easley's misbehavior involving damsels in Jackson and Madison counties and was successful Saturday in capturing the man.

Musty records in the office of Clerk A.S. Blackwell of the circuit court show that Easley's alleged crimes started locally in 1906. On July 26, 1913, the grand jury returned an indictment against him. Solicitor D.C. Almon set bond in the sum of \$2,000.

The sheriff expects to have a hard time finding witnesses willing to testify against Easley. The womenfolk who became his spouses are hesitant to find disfavor with him, saying instead that they would be willing to continue on with him as an amorous quartet.

The defendant, Mr. Easley, however, has rejected attempts to be freed on bond, preferring to stay sheltered safely in the jail house.

Judge John C. Eyster is expected to preside.



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One More Reason For Huntsville To Be Proud

Although Huntsville is justifiably renown for its many scientific and technical achievements, it is equally distinguished but not as well known for its literary prowess. The 20th Anniversary Edition of the 1993-94 Directory of American Poets and Fiction writers lists twenty-seven writers and poets for the state of Alabama. Of these, six are Huntsville residents, namely:

H. E. Francis (Writer)
 Dr. Virginia Gilbert (Poet)
 Dr. Susan M. Luther (Poet)
 Virginia R. Murray (Poet)
 Georgette Perry (Poet)
 William J. Wilson (Poet and Writer)

As might be expected, these widely published and prize-winning talents are all active members of the Huntsville Literary Association -- Alabama's most prestigious and accomplished literary society -- which counts among its many achievements the founding and sponsorship of the literary magazine POEM for over twenty five years. The Association also encourages budding young talents through its sponsorship of literary contests in Huntsville city schools and by conducting monthly poetry and writing work shops for aspiring writers of all ages.

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Passenger Pigeons Pass Into History

by Jim Williams

European settlement of America changed the ecology of North Alabama in many ways. Perhaps the most dramatic change in bird life was the extinction of the Passenger Pigeon.

The earliest chroniclers of life in America described these remarkable birds in terms that overwhelm our present day experience. Champlain, in 1605, reported seeing an "infinite number of Pigeons."

The Jesuit Fathers writing about Acadia in the second decade of the 17th century described the birds as being "as abundant as the fish" and said that "they overloaded the trees." Other writers described how they broke down trees where they roosted and "cleared away all the food before them."

In 1643, Passenger Pigeons threatened the colony at Plymouth, Massachusetts with famine when they attacked the ripening crops and ate "a very great quantity of all sorts of English grain." But in 1648 when they returned to Plymouth after the harvest had been gathered, they were seen as a blessing.

Governor Winthrop of the colony wrote of "it being incredible what multitudes of them were killed daily" to be preserved by smoking for winter food.

The Passenger Pigeon was larger than the Mourning Dove (or Turtle Dove) which is so common in Huntsville today. It was mostly grayish-blue above and reddish-fawn below. The coloration gave rise to two common names for the bird "Blue-headed Pigeon" and "Red-breasted Pigeon." As in many species, the female had coloring similar to the male but was distinctly less brilliant. Where he was

About the Author

Jim Williams lives in southeast Huntsville. Since settling here with his wife and six children after a career as an Army officer he has studied the birds of the region as a hobby. Living near Aldrich Creek which runs from Jones Valley to Ditto Landing has provided ample opportunity for bird observation, but he has also traveled throughout the Tennessee River Valley to learn about the birds around us. He does not consider himself an ornithologist by any stretch of the imagination, just a "bird person."

During the times when he isn't watching birds, he works for a Defense systems engineering company in Huntsville. Even work hours provide time for bird study. He keeps lists of all the bird species seen from his office window. During a one year period while working in Cummings Research Park he was able to identify 55 species that used the pond and land that could be seen from his window.

Even jogging time provides bird watching opportunities. He has become a familiar sight to early morning commuters along Bailey Cove Road as he runs with a pair of light weight binoculars which he uses to identify interesting birds. Sightings for each day are kept using a record keeping system which he has devised. The engineer's urge to organize data that motivated the record keeping system was probably the main motivation for this book. It just didn't seem right to study the birds in the area and not make the information he collected available to others. When no local book publisher showed interest in the project, he decided to self-publish.

He is now working on completing a version of his record keeping system to be sold to the public; it will include information on what the bird watcher should look for during each month of the year in the Tennessee River Valley as well as lists of the birds most likely to be seen at each season. Another project in the works is a guide to the birdlife along the new greenway trail that will run from Mountain Gap Road to Green Cove Road along Aldrich Creek.

"Urban Birds of North Alabama" is sold in local book and gift stores including Wildbirds Unlimited, Shaver's Bookstore, Little Professor Book Center, Bookland, Fleming's Books, Books-a-Million, and the gift shop of the Huntsville Botanical Garden Society.

brightly colored, she had more gray and brown on the back and breast, and she had several black spots on her wings and shoulders. Both sexes had long pointed tails that gave them an overall length of about 17 inches compared to the approximate length of 13 inches for a Mourning Dove.

John James Audubon, probably the most renowned of our early wild-life historians, described a trip when he traveled some 55 miles along the Ohio River from his home in Henderson, Kentucky to Louisville. He observed what he believed to be the largest flight of pigeons he had ever seen. The "light of the noonday sun was obscured as by an eclipse" and throughout the trip the birds passed in undiminished numbers. Along the banks men and boys were

shooting the birds which flew lower as they passed the river. For three days the pigeons filled the air, and afterward "the people ate no meat but pigeon flesh for more than a week."

Audubon estimated that a flock one mile wide and three miles long contained 1,115,136,000 birds that would consume 8,712,000 bushels of food per day. On their breeding grounds they also devoured nearly all the caterpillars and inch worms in the oak woods, thereby protecting forests from their natural enemies. These insect pests would disappear from an area for several years after the birds had nested there. On another trip in Kentucky, Audubon observed a roosting place on the banks of the Green River which was 40 miles long and about 3 miles wide.



He recorded that the birds' droppings covered the ground like snow, and trees as large as two feet in diameter were snapped off at the base from the weight of birds in their limbs. The birds would arrive soon after sundown with a noise that sounded "like a gale passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel" causing a great current of air.

According to a messenger that Audubon sent out, the roar of the birds could be heard three miles away. As the birds lit in huge numbers, the branches often gave way to crush hundreds of birds below. People could not go into the woods after dark for fear of being injured by falling limbs. The birds which came to a roost were believed to fly as much as 100 miles from their feeding areas to gather for the night.

The great flocks ranged across the eastern half of the United States until after the middle of the 19th Century. They regularly migrated to the west as far as eastern Montana and occasionally into Washington and British Columbia. Passenger Pigeons were common in North Alabama in the winter months.

The following account written by Fred W. McCormack in 1891 appeared in the Leighton News, and describes the last great flight in Colbert County in 1881: "During that fall immense flocks of thousands and millions of birds were seen passing every morning and evening

to and from their roosting place near Courtland. From about four o'clock until after dark was the time for the evening flight, and during that time not five minutes elapsed that a flock could not be seen in some direction. It was a common thing to see flocks extending as far as the eye could reach from west to east and passing thus for half an hour at a time. During the daytime scattered flocks could be found everywhere in the woods, and large numbers of them were killed, and at night parties often went to their roost and killed wagon loads of them. Since that year I have not seen a pigeon".

Around 1850, people had begun to notice their numbers decreasing. In the 1860s they became rare in New-foundland where they had previously been abundant. In rapid succession they disappeared from roosting and nesting sites throughout the United States.

The last recorded great nesting place was in Michigan, in 1878; it was estimated to cover more than 100,000 acres. Only 36 years later, on September 1, 1914, the last representative of this species, a female named Martha, died in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden.

The last authoritative sighting in Alabama of what once had been the most numerous bird species on the planet was in the spring of 1893 near Camden in southern Alabama, although there were reports of small flocks in the

upper Choctawhatchee River swamp (southeast Alabama) as late as 1909.

The Native Americans had used the Passenger Pigeon as an important food source. Wherever the great roosts occurred, Indians would gather to kill and preserve them by smoking and drying. They also would render the squabs, the baby birds, for their fat which was used much like butter. Although they killed huge quantities, the natives had little impact on their numbers.

The birds were estimated to double their population each year with new births and to quadruple in years that were especially favorable. But new techniques for harvesting the birds -- fire-arms, nets thrown over baited fields, and alcohol soaked grain to make the birds drunk and easy to catch -- introduced by the Europeans resulted in enormous numbers of birds being taken to satisfy the market for their meat.

One hunting technique in which captured live birds were tied to perches called "stools" to attract flocks gave our language the term "stool pigeon" for someone who betrays his friends.

Since there were no laws to regulate the hunting, it went on year-round wherever the pigeons appeared.

As European settlements spread across the continent and the railroads reached westward, woodlands disappeared. The tracts of forest that had held the huge flocks became fragmented so the birds could not congregate.

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Colonial nesting habits that had sustained them were no longer possible.

The flocks were known to feed the nestlings of adults that had died, but when the breeding grounds could no longer hold the vast numbers of nests, orphaned squabs were less likely to be adopted and would die. Apparently the birds attempted to breed further north as their nesting grounds in the south were destroyed; this may also have helped them escape the constant harassment of hunters. But breeding in the north exposed them to sudden storms of autumn which killed whole flocks before they migrated south for the winter.

In 1821, a man described large numbers of skeletons and bodies of Passenger Pigeons on the shores of Lake Michigan where he believed they had been killed by a storm while crossing the lake. As their numbers began to decline noticeably, early conservationists attempted to protect them with laws to allow them to breed undisturbed by hunters.

Opponents in state legislatures argued that their numbers were so vast

that they needed no protection. They were thought to range over such a large area of the country that they would find suitable nesting grounds whether or not the states took action. Some states eventually passed laws, but it was too late; the habitat that had made their existence possible was gone. Efforts to preserve the species in small flocks and in zoos failed. The same environmental changes that made the Passenger Pigeon disappear opened the way for other species to expand their ranges.

Some of these are "undesirable" -- blackbirds and starlings, for example -- while some -- like the robin which was not known to nest in Alabama a century ago -- are welcomed. These species and others have moved into the ecological void left by the disappearance of *Ectopistes migratorius*. As the urbanization of the countryside continues, many more changes in bird life will occur, but hopefully our more enlightened understanding of wildlife ecology will prevent future tragedies like that of the Passenger Pigeon's destruction.

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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

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Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness

Keep a box of good old baking soda by your stove - it will put out fires that start with hot grease as well as electricity.

When carrying a marble or glass tabletop, carry it vertically. Carried horizontally, it could break under its own weight.

Have a sickly hanging plant? If you have a window in your bathroom, install a ceiling hook in one end of your shower (away from your shower head) and hang the plant. The moisture from daily showers and baths will restore it to good health.

For large houseplants, it really helps to buy a large plastic round tray, fill with about an inch of pebbles and place your pot on top of it. Fill with water and the humidity from the pebbles and the tray will do wonders for your plant.

DON'T use wooden cutting boards for cutting up your chicken! The bacteria from the poultry may get lodged in cracks and crevices of the wood.

Greens and vegetables will last longer in your refrigerator if you line the drawers with paper towels. It will

absorb the moisture.

Substitute celery tops for lettuce on your next gourmet sandwich. You'll be surprised at the taste.

Remove fresh ballpoint ink stains by sponging spot with a piece of cotton soaked in rubbing alcohol.

If you can't unscrew a bolt, pour on some cola soft drink.

If you get tar on your clothes, rub with kerosene until removed, then wash with detergent and water. Kerosene will not take the color out of most fabrics, but test a small spot to be sure.

For the best facial moisturizer wash face, then put a small amount of petroleum jelly on your fingers. Rub in lightly, then add a little water until the jelly is spread evenly and doesn't feel greasy on your face.

If your face stays taut, pour some

apple cider vinegar into a basin of warm water and splash your face thoroughly. Let dry without using a towel. If used once a day, this will restore the natural ph-balance or acid mantle to your skin.

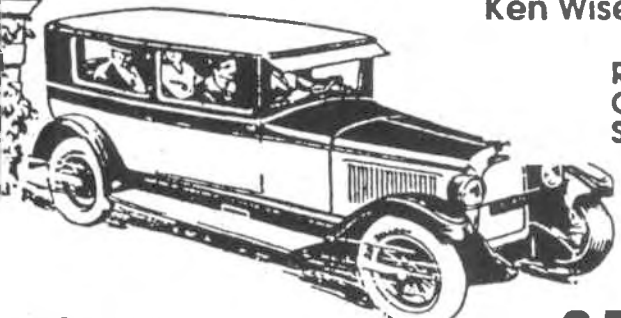
If you have a vase that leaks, take some warm paraffin and allow it to harden. The wax will last indefinitely and the vase won't leak.

A witty old woman says:
If you want to find out a man's real disposition, take him when he is wet and hungry. If he's amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you will have an angel.

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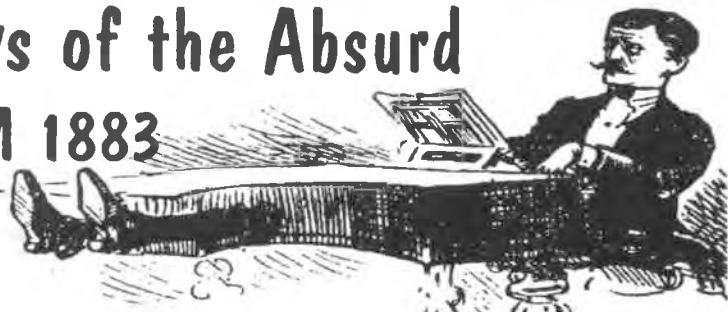
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News of the Absurd FROM 1883



A farmer in Tennessee had twelve children, 4 died during childbirth, 8 survived. All eight, during the young and tender years, fell and broke the left arm.

A daring young man will make an experiment at sea in a few weeks. It is his intention to drop overboard not less than two hundred miles from land, either after leaving New York or before reaching Liverpool, when he will be left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet with a passing vessel. He is very confident that he will come out all right in the matter and prove the value of the dress. This is a rubber suit of armor of peculiar pattern, containing compartments which when inflated, it is claimed is able to float a man of any

weight in safety. The one worn by Boynton weighs fifteen pounds, and he carried with him, in a rubber bag, two dozen signal lights, two pounds of cheese, six pounds of crackers, one piece of Bologna sausage, one axe and one bowie knife for sharks, rockets, an extra suit of clothes, and a large double-bladed paddle with which to propel himself.

A man born in 1756 lived to be 127 years old. He voted for every President since Washington and had voted the Democratic ticket always. When he was born there were one million people in the United States. He had ten grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. He had a son who had the same number of grandchildren.

We read of a plant in Arabia whose seeds produce effects similar to those of laughing gas. The seedpods are soft and woolly in texture, and contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. These seeds, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. The effect continues about an hour; and the patient is uproariously comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor, for an hour or more, sleeps and when he awakes, he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations were enacted by him.

An extraordinary marriage took place in a nearby county the other day, in the presence of a very large congregation. The married couple both belonged to the parish, but the singular part is the fact that the bride had no arms, and the ring had to be placed on the third toe of her left foot. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she signed the register, holding the pen in her toes, in a very decent hand.

that's all!

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Grandma's Old Tyme Remedies

Eat 2 ripe bananas a day to chase away the blues. The chemicals serotonin and norepinephrine, both in bananas, are said to help prevent mental depression.

For relief from painful shingles, prepare a paste of Epsom salts and water. Place the paste right on the affected area.

A good home remedy for coughs is to take the juice of one lemon, one cup of honey and 1/2 cup of olive oil. Cook for 5 minutes, and take 1 teaspoonful every 2 hours.

Some relief for arthritis: drink a glass of cherry juice, with no sugar or additives, once a day. Also eat fresh cherries daily, or Take 2 garlic pills a day, or Mix 1 tablespoon of cod-liver oil in 6 ounces of milk and drink on an empty stomach twice a day.

For indigestion, it helps to scrub an orange thoroughly, and eat some of the peel 5 minutes or so after you have eaten a meal.

Many people are eating raw vegetables now, but some have trouble digesting them. Try this - sprinkle lemon juice over your vegetables and see if you don't notice that your system digests the vegetables better. It seems as if the lemon juice begins the digestive process of the harder-to-eat parts of the greens.

Huntsville Landmarks

by Clarence Scott

Among the many beautiful homes that grace Adams Street in the Twickenham district is the William McDowell home. Built in 1848 on a lot purchased from LeRoy Pope, with the use of slave labor the McDowell home has the distinction of being built facing the wrong direction.

Mr. McDowell, a Mobile cotton merchant, needed to be in Europe during the construction of his home and the overseer of the project read the plans incorrectly and faced the front of the house toward McClung Hill instead of Adams St. By the time McDowell returned home, poor finances and the advanced state of construction forced him to accept the situation. Rumor has it that the overseer was unsuccessful in the construction business, at least in the

Huntsville area.

In 1862, Union Gen. O.M. Mitchel used the home as his headquarters for the occupying Yankee army. Although Mitchel and his plundering band of marauders stayed in Huntsville for only a few months, their oppression of the fine citizens was marked by a succession of despicable, vicious, and uncalled for actions. This brief period in the history of McDowell's home and the city of Huntsville is one of sadness for the South and dishonor for the North.

It was in the front room of the McDowell home that Gen. Mitchel had issued his infamous orders to Andrews and his raiders to run a stolen train through from Big Shanty, Georgia, to Huntsville, "reporting to me there" after burning all the bridges on the W & A Railroad as far as Chattanooga. However, the raid failed, and fourteen of the twenty-two raiders were hanged as spies, including Andrews.

Four years after the War Between the States, the home was deeded to Mrs. Frances J. Le Vert and kept in the Le Vert family for many years.

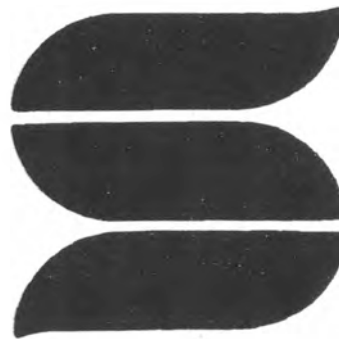
Henry B. Chase bought the property in 1925 and in renovating the home remained true to the original style as planned by William McDowell. The home contains the original floors and among its historic features are several crystal chandeliers from Venice. The grounds of the home have been improved upon over the years, although the formal gardens of the Civil War remain the same. In 1961, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Falt inherited the home from Henry Chase and resided there for nearly twenty-five years.

The McDowell-Le Vert-Chase-Falt home has weathered the test of age as truly as any old timber, and stands today as substantially constructed as any in the city ... even if it stands in the wrong direction!

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ORANGE PIE

Line a 9" pie plate with pastry; flute edges. Partially bake pie shell in 400 F. oven 5 minutes.

BEAT: 3 egg yolks

ADD: 1/4 cup cream

BLEND: 1 cup sugar

2 tsp flour

1 tbl butter

ADD: the egg yolk mixture
beat well

MIX IN: 1 tbl grated orange
rind

1/3 cup fresh orange juice

Pour into partially baked pie shell.

Bake in 325 F. oven 40 minutes; or until custard doesn't wiggle in the middle. Cool.

Cover pie with meringue made with whites of the three eggs. Bake in 300 F. oven 15 to 20 minutes or until brown. Cool and serve.

CIDER SOUP

1 quart cider

2 eggs

sugar to taste

1 tablespoon flour

cinnamon stick

piece of lemon

Stir eggs, sugar and flour, add a little water; boil with cider a short time. Pour into a dish and serve with sponge cake or lady fingers.

GUTTA

1 lb. round steak

1/2 lb. lean pork

1 medium onion, chopped

2 tbl catsup

1 tbl prepared mustard

1 tbl whole pickling spices, tied in small bag

1 tbl salt

1/8 tsp pepper

3 cups uncooked quick rolled oats

Cover meat with water; add onion, catsup, mustard, spices, salt and pepper. Simmer, covered 1 hour or until tender. Remove meat and bag of spices. Grind meat and return to liquid; add oatmeal. Cook in double boiler 45 minutes. Turn into bowl and cool. To serve, cut in slices and saute in bacon drippings until brown on both sides. May be served plain or with catsup or chili sauce. 6-8 servings.

JOHNNY MAYETTE

1 lb ground beef

1/4 lb ground lean pork

4 small onions chopped

2 tbl shortening

1/4 lb diced process sharp cheese

1/2 lb broad noodles

1 No. 303 can tomatoes (2 cups)

2 tbl sugar (to taste)

salt and pepper

Saute meat and onions in shortening til brown. Add cheese. Cook noodles as label directs and drain. Add noodles to meat mixture. Add tomatoes, sugar, salt and pepper. Turn into 2 qt. casserole, and bake at 325 F. for 1 hour. 4-6 servings.



Woman poses as a man for Thirteen Years

A neighboring paper states that a woman named Elizabeth Presley appeared before the bench of magistrates on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. She appeared in the door in male attire, and the chief constable, in detaling some of her antecedents, stated that she was the daughter of a gentleman who formerly lived near Mobile; she had been married but her husband was killed twenty-one years ago.

She commenced to wear male attire thirteen years ago; was employed as a sailor during the American war, and made several trips from South Wales to the American coast in order to supply the Alabama blockade runners with coals. She was well known by the name of Happy Ned and Navy Ned, and for some time past had worked as a laborer on several farms in the neighborhood of Warrington, having very recently helped to kill thirteen pigs for a farmer at Croft house.

She has quite a masculine appearance, and her sex was not suspected until she placed herself within the clutches of the police. She was fined and released.

From 1870 Newspaper

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Beautiful Woman Steals Old Man's Heart (and money, too)

Henry Makins, a Birmingham widower, aged eighty-two years, was introduced to a thirty-five year-old lady named Sarah Spurlock last Friday. He resolved to marry her, and within twenty-four hours of courtship ended in a visit to a minister on Saturday night, and Makins took his bride home.

On Sunday they were the great attraction at church. When he went home he gave his bride a present of \$1,000 in addition to the jewels already bestowed upon her. On Monday, after a hearty breakfast, she told her husband she was going West, and she went. She left a note saying that "she would send for him when she wanted him."

From 1879 Newspaper



WHAT I BEGIN TO BELIEVE

I begin to believe, now-a-days, that money makes the man and dresses the woman.

I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and the pen put together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout on Sunday.

I begin to believe that the man was made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of individuals - to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that piano fortes are more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who does not sweat, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but is naturally stupid.

I begin to believe that if the devil should die, one-half of the world would be thrown out on unemployment.

I begin to believe that he has the most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf, and that when Gabriel comes not to be behind the times - he, too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.

From 1871 Newspaper

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1993 ANNUAL DOG BALL

CANINE DEBUTANTES TO BE FETED AT BLACK TIE EVENT

It's almost time for the canine social event of the year, the Fourth Annual Dog Ball, to benefit the Greater Huntsville Humane Society. This year's Ball will be held Friday evening, March 26 at the Von Braun Civic Center. Approximately 45 dog "debs" will be presented, which will include homeless Humane Society dogs available for adoption the following day at the Greater Huntsville Humane Society.

Social hour begins at 7 p.m., followed by dinner, presentation of the 1993 Dog Debs and then dancing until 11 p.m. Music and dancing will be by "Tuxedo Junction."

The uniqueness of this very popular event, which has brought the Humane Society almost \$40,000 during its three years of existence, caught the attention of "Dog World" magazine. The December 1992 issue of the "World's Largest all breed dog magazine" included a full length feature article on the Huntsville 1992 Dog Ball, and one of its dog debs, "Curly," presented by the author Lynn Roberts.

Funds raised from the Dog Ball will be used to meet the medical, nutritional, and critical care needs of the animals at the Humane Society. But the long range benefits of the Dog Ball are



immeasurable. It creates an awareness of the need that exists for the care of unwanted animals, the need for the adoption of pets from the Humane Society, the need for funding and many other needs too numerous to mention.

The 1992 Dog Ball Chairman, Joyce Griffin, will once again chair this year's event. Her co-chairman will be Josie O'Meara, who has been reservations chairman for the ball since it

began. Attendance is by invitation and is \$30 a person. If you wish to receive an invitation and have not in the past, please contact Barta Henn, invitations chairman at 883-7599 or the Great Huntsville Humane Society at 881-8081.

This is one of the most enjoyable and worthwhile evenings you will ever spend. You will be helping those who truly cannot help themselves.



Coach Myhand

continued from page 28

Coach was already a legend with us, but he was still a "down home" sort of person. One day I forgot my football shoes and was going to practice in my school shoes. When Coach saw what I was doing, he simply asked me what size I wore. When I told him, he said, "these are close enough," and slipped off his own shoes. He coached practice in his bare feet and let me practice in his coaching shoes! I guess he knew my family could not afford for me to mess up my school shoes.

Coach Myhand also believed in basic basketball. We started practice with a lot of exercises and running. Then we scrimmaged for about an hour and a half. It was even tougher to walk home after basketball than it had been after football. Roger Bishop and I would stop at J.D. Carrol's store after practice for a Double Cola when we had enough money.

We couldn't play our games at the "crackerbox" because it was just too small. We played at Davis Hills, Westlawn and Joe Bradley. Our home games were played at the old National Guard Armory on Dallas Street. I remember Bill Woodis and some of the other soldiers there coming out of their offices to watch our games. I don't remember our record, but I do remember working hard and I remember my teammates and the cheerleaders. In fact, Kenny Johnson married one of our cheerleaders--Carol Rousseau, many years later.

When baseball practice started, Coach Myhand was really in his element. Even though he must have been in his sixties, he still demonstrated his baseball skills at practice. When he was giving fielding practice, he could easily hit the ball over the fence at Optimist Park. The distance must have been almost 400 feet, but it seemed like half a mile to us. He also pitched our batting

practice sometimes.

In those days, the coach had to do everything. He lined the field and even used his black 1958 Chevrolet Bel-Aire to drag the infield before games. He had probably used his car to drag the infield for many previous seasons.

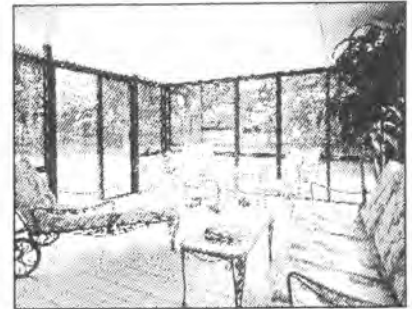
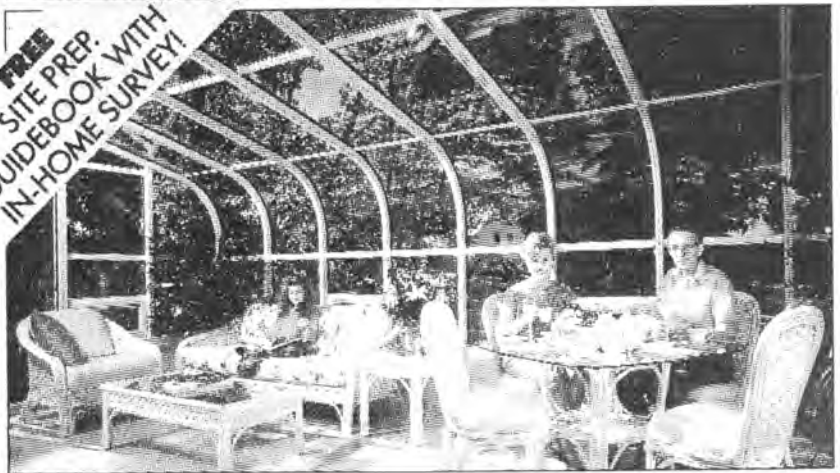
Coach Myhand meant a lot to me, and I think of him often. He was always hard and fair and demanded the best from himself and from his players. I can still hear him jingling the change in his pocket and saying, "you look like Ned in the 1st reader" when someone made a mistake.

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LOCAL NEWS AND GOSSIP

1873 Huntsville Newspaper

We are informed that five or six prisoners broke jail and escaped on Thursday night. They were at large at last accounts.

Bill Thompson, colored, arrested on Wednesday by Captain Forman, on the charge of stealing a cow from Mr. River, in Montgomery County, and offering the same for sale at market in Decatur, was taken to jail on Monday last for safe keeping. He, having made an attempt on Friday night to escape from the guardhouse by removing the iron bars from one of the prison windows.

Telegrams received at Huntsville Saturday, from Houston, Texas, state that Joseph Aquero, charged with the murder of Jack Snow, in that city, last May, has been acquitted.

A heavy wind and rain storm occurred on Thursday night, in Morgan County. The roof of the gin-house of Mr. Ogletree was blown off, and that blacksmith shop at Nance's leveled with the dust. Considerable damage to fencing was done in the neighborhood.

A little girl, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. Zach Elliot, of Madison County, brought to this place on Friday last a bale of cotton weighing nearly five hundred pounds, which she made by her own labor, plowing the ground, planting the seed, working it during maturity, picking it, and sold it herself, realizing from its sale nearly one hundred dollars. The cotton was purchased by our fellow citizen A. S. Curtis, who gave the little girl half a cent more to the pound than the market value.

We know of many boys loafing about the city in idleness, that might assist their poor widowed mothers in making a support, by following the example of this industrious little girl.



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Miss Alice Johnson, a very pretty young girl, having recently started a barber shop in an Alabama city, caused quite a stir in her town. It seems that all the wives in town seemed moved by the same common impulse to present their husbands with some little love token. By a remarkable coincidence they all selected razors and brushes and mugs.

PERHAPS IMAGINATION IS ONLY INTELLIGENCE
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Culture & other Classy Stuff

by Marlene Brown



February winds and warms its way around us and we know we have begun well an exciting new year.

As the horticulturists among us worry for the too-eager daffodils and crocuses that have blossomed, the culturists avidly nourish a flourishing arthouse of events. Already we have seen and survived the risque musical "Oh! Calcutta!" Is this drama yet over? Will there be a support organization for those who attended?

The first Alterezza concert was well-attended by an audience royally entertained by top-notch singers and players. Apparently the after-concert party at the Radisson was worth looking into also.

Ah, but for the true lovers of music the delicacies of the recital stage were offered up on the eve of Valentines Day at the **Pales, Contreras and Beazley** concert at UAH. Playing to a packed house, these musicians regaled their listeners with beautiful love songs and haunting violin airs. Among illuminaries at this event were impressario **Bianca Cox, Pat Morefield** and her husband **George, Dr. and Mrs. Moorman** and symphony bassist **Tom Gale**.

ALTEREZZA

Don't miss the upcoming Alterezza concert on Tuesday night, Feb. 23 at 7:30 at the First Christian Church auditorium on Whitesburg Drive (\$8 adults, \$5 students/ senior citizens). Timpanist **Fred Hinger** formerly of the Philadelphia Orchestra will lead a host of other percussionists in an evening of unusual music, ranging from contemporary to 18th Century. The Heritage Fife and Drum Corps will top off the concert with a costumed company of four fifes and five drummers to play a

series of rousing marches. Then, the third Alterezza Concert will be Friday, March 26 at 7:30 at the same location. The Clarion Winds, our area's only clarinet choir, will perform on five different types of clarinets. The sound of this choir is thrilling and unusual. Jazz lovers will also enjoy bassist **Oscar Newman**, pianist **John Miller** and drummer **Terry Cornett** perform selections from the Claude Bolling "Suite for Cello and Jazz Piano Trio." The jazz players will join with the clarinetists for several larger jazz pieces, with bassist **Devere Pride** and guitarist **David Muery** joining the rhythm section.

ALPHA HOUSE JAZZ

Jazz can be heard on weekends at The Alpha House on Oakwood Avenue, played by the Huntsville

Jazztet, the jazz group for engineers, and also by **Sherard Fields**, a new saxophone player in town.

TAYLOR/CHAMBERS

At the Twickenham Station, Keith Taylor and Greg Chambers can be heard on Thursdays and Fridays.

CHORUS

"From Classics to Broadway" is the Feb. 27 production by the Huntsville Community Chorus in VBCC Concert Hall at 8:15, accompanied by full orchestra. Opening with Haydn's "Mass in B Flat Major," the show continues with works of Irving Berlin and Broadway hits from "Camelot," "Oklahoma," "Carousel," "The King and I" and "Evita."

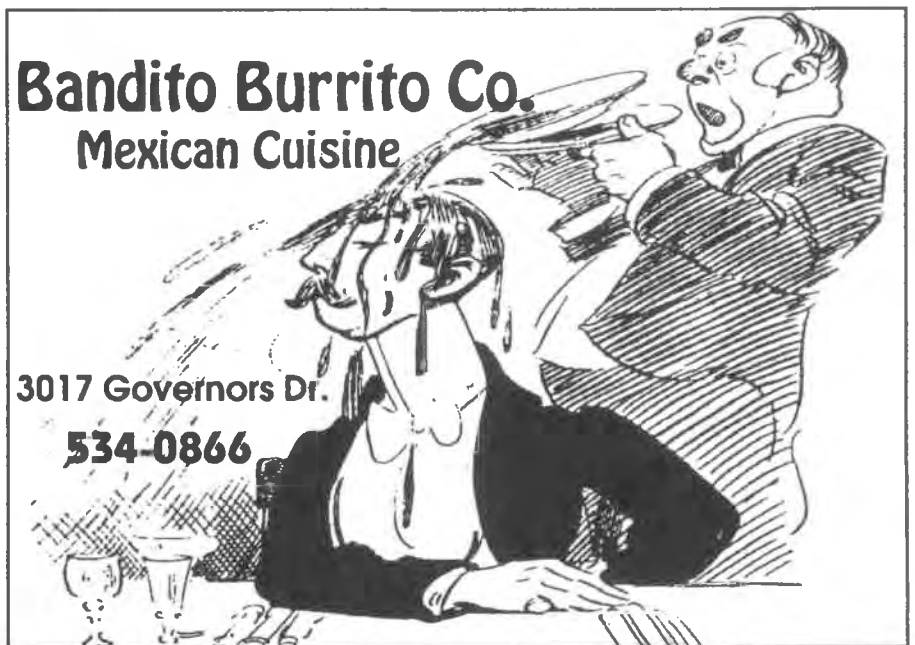
NOON CONCERTS

A series of noontime organ concerts are put on by the local chapter of

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the American Guild of Organists. They are from 12:10 to 12:50 each Thursday through April, except for Spring Break week. Excellent local organists perform on the various pipe organs in churches around town.



Keep Ammonia In The House

No housekeeper should be without a bottle of spirits of ammonia, for besides its medical value, it is invaluable for household purposes. It is nearly as useful as soap, and its cheapness brings it within the reach of all. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of warm soapsuds, dip in a flannel cloth and wipe off the dust and fly specks and see for yourselves how much labor it will save.

No scrubbing will be needed, it will cleanse and brighten silver wonderfully. To a pint of suds mix a teaspoonful of the spirits, dip in your silver spoons, forks, etc., rub with a brush and polish with a chamois skin.

For washing mirrors and windows it is very desirable; put a few drops of ammonia on a piece of paper and it will very readily take off every spot or finger mark on the glass. It will take out grease spots from every fabric; put the ammonia nearly clear and lay blotting paper over the place and press a hot flatiron on it for a few moments. Have a glass stopper for it.

From 1873 newspaper



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STORIES FROM MAPLE HILL CEMETERY

by Jan Street



To know a city is to know its cemeteries.

A graveyard is a small city of the once-living, ruled by a sense of serenity, order and continuity. It is hard to stroll a cemetery without looking into your own immortality.

Maple Hill began as a "burying ground" in 1816. The original two acres were purchased for \$75. It grew larger and more ornate as Huntsville prospered. Its present 89 acres are divided into "old" and "new" parts. Many early tombstones were made of wood and have long since deteriorated. Other gravesites were unmarked and there were incidences of these graves being accidentally dug

up in later years.

The graveyard was further divided into Catholic and Protestant, with a Hebrew section added in 1873. There was also a paupers section that was mostly unmarked graves of children. Over a thousand Confederate soldiers are at rest in Maple Hill. One Yankee, Gen. William Brooks, died here during the Yankee occupation of the South. He was buried in an unmarked grave, the ultimate insult of making him a non-person, a smug "gotcha" by the occupied Huntsvillians?

During epidemics there were shortages of caskets and gravediggers. A ledger was kept by the sexton as far back as 1867, listing the name, age and sex of each person, and many times the cause of

death. Some entries read "She refused to see a Doctor" or "He Dranked himself to death."

The ledger shows the ravages of epidemics in those early years. In 1876 one third of the deaths are attributed to yellow fever. The law forbidding burial after sunset was waived during these times. Women were often listed only by Mrs. Jones or the wife of Sam Jones, giving no first or maiden names.

The cause of death of most children was teething. For adults it was consumption. Several suicides have taken place in Maple Hill. One man killed himself over his mother's grave. Five Alabama governors are buried there with their families.

In 1835 Mary Chambers sent to Paris for an elegant wedding gown for her marriage to William Bibb, son of Gov. Thomas Bibb. She had a desire to look pale and wan, the fashion in those days. Thinking she was being given a special concoction of herbs, Mary was administered arsenic by her nanny - a tragic mistake.

She died shortly after her wedding and was interred in the first mausoleum built in Huntsville. She was buried sitting upright in her rocking chair, the position in which she died. Her distraught husband could not bear to see his young beautiful wife closed up in a casket and placed underground.

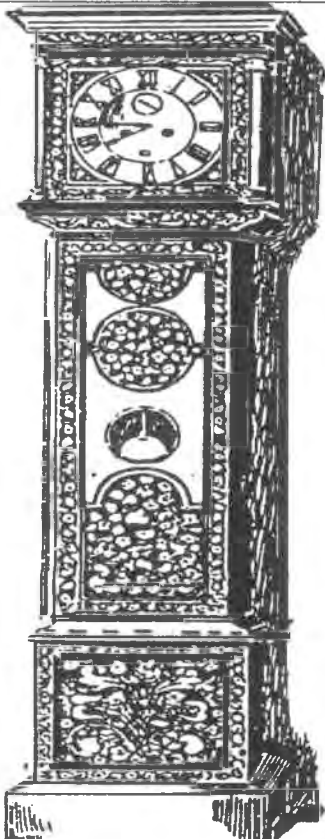
Two dogs are buried there with their owners, a Chihuahua named Pepe and another in a mausoleum with an inscription reading: "My dog stuck by me and I'll stick by him."

A band of gypsies was encamped here when their gypsy queen died. Hundreds of gypsies participated in her ancient and colorful rites, which lasted several days. One of the rites was the pouring of wine on her grave after an extended wake.

Molly Teal, a popular "madam" in Huntsville has a beautiful grave at Maple Hill. Upon her death she gave her large bordello to the city and it became Huntsville's first hospital.

A kneeling angel carved and shipped from Italy was stolen and found many years later in a local living room. Tombstones have been broken, souvenirs have been taken to the point that, regretfully, it has been necessary to hire full time security guards.

The End



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Preachers rail as magician demonstrates ESP here

It was a day of sensationalism in Huntsville in 1936 and people had flocked here from many miles around to witness the much-ballyhooed magical downtown doings of Pasha the Great.

The crowd of eight hundred gathered to observe the burial of Pasha, a renowned psychic and magician, who promised to defy death by being buried alive. The grave was prepared in a vacant lot downtown, under the supervision of a local funeral director. Early in the morning, Laughlin and Wood, morticians, began preparations for the event and by the time the crowd had assemble everything was in readiness.

At a few minutes past two the ceremony took place and Pasha was left in his premature grave for a two-hour period, a length of time that would have suffocated anyone else. At the end of that time the casket was removed with the same ceremony as its interment and Pasha was found still alive.

This was the greatest of the two spectacular events that he performed the same day. Earlier that day, at 10:30 a.m., he entered a U-Drive-It automobile in front of the Times Building and, while blindfolded, drove through the busy traffic on the city streets, turning corners and dodging the regular traffic.

He was followed in another automobile by his wife, who stared piercingly at the rear of his head, it was the first time extrasensory perception (ESP) had been used publicly here and it caused such an uproar in the religious community that several preachers railed against such "demonic" practices the next day from their pulpits.

The End

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The NERD

By Larry Shue

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AN EARLY VIEW OF HUNTSVILLE

By John Williams Walker
ca. 1817

Huntsville is situated about ten miles from [the] Tennessee River, immediately round one of the finest springs in the world, issuing from a fine perpendicular cliff fifty feet high, in a sheet of water one hundred feet wide in a semi-circle forming instantly a fine bold creek, which it is now confidently believed can at a trivial expense be rendered navigable for bateaux to the Tennessee.

Each square contains two acres divided into half acre lots, so that every lot is a corner lot. The public square contains about three and a half acres, lying immediately back of the spring cliff. On this are a court house, and market of brick and a small wooden jail. The first lot was sold on the 4th of July, so that the whole town is the growth of six years.

In the suburbs are five cotton gins. The county, itself is bounded on the north by the state of Tennessee. On the other sides it is surrounded by Indian lands claimed by the Cherokee and Chickasaw tribes. The public land sales commenced in August, 1804. Its

settlement and improvement have been rapid almost beyond parallel, and the price of land has advanced amazingly. The soil is for the most part excellent and admirably adapted to the culture of cotton, corn, wheat and tobacco. Cotton is the staple, of which the average product is one thousand pounds per acre. Upwards of five thousand bales were shipped down the river last season besides considerable quantity sent to Kentucky and elsewhere by wagons.

The seat of justice is Huntsville. The face of the country is the most beautiful in the world, being in the main a level plain yet affording many mountain prospects and much romantic scenery. Its water courses are permanent and afford many sites for important machinery. There are upwards of twenty already. The county possesses some twenty cotton gins besides those in Huntsville, and many more will be erected in the fall.

The climate is healthful and in a high degree pleasant. Nowhere do you see more children with ruddy faces. There are even now about thirty stores in Huntsville, and the crop of cotton for the present year will be not less than eight thousand bales.

Editor's note:

John Williams Walker was licensed to practice law in the county at the first court in 1810, and of the brilliant and promising young lawyers of Huntsville who rose to eminence, he was the most talented and popular.

He was elected to represent Madison County in the two sessions of the Alabama Territorial Legislature (1817-1818). In 1819 he was elected to represent Madison County at the Constitutional Convention, which framed Alabama's first state constitution. There, he was unanimously elected President of the Convention and wielded much influence in framing and ratifying, what was for the time, one of the most liberal state constitutions in the United States. With the admission of Alabama into the Union in December of 1819, Walker was elected the first U.S. Senator from Alabama.

Unfortunately for his state and for the nation, he was suddenly cut off in the prime of his manhood, and at the outset of a public career that would have soon placed him in the front rank with the able and gifted Southern men whose intellects shaped and controlled the destinies of the entire country for nearly half a century.

Walker was laid to rest in April, 1823 at Maple Hill Cemetery and today shares a common grave with LeRoy Pope.

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Tony Mason



Surviving The Great Depression

by Evelyn Hayden Hodges

The Hoover Administration had hardly begun when the stock market crashed in the fall of 1929.

After the crash. The country sank into the worst depression of its history. Millions of people lost every cent they owned. More factories shut down, stores closed, businesses were paralyzed. Local governments could not collect half their taxes.

By the end of 1931 there were 12,000,000 people out of work.

Now, how did the average, everyday person in Huntsville cope with the depression?

First, there was no money. Everybody was scrambling to find work wherever they could. Men and boys rode freight trains from one place to another, looking for work. Even when they found work, it paid very little. A ten-hour work-day in the field -- hoeing cotton or tobacco -- paid 25 cents a day and people picked cotton for 50 cents a hundred pounds. The farmers had a rough time too. All farm prices dropped -- cotton fell from \$1 to 5 cents a pound. Corn sold for 25 cents a bushel. Most farmers were deep in debt at the end of the year.

One man recalls that his father, grandfather and uncle all worked at a sawmill for 25 cents a day. On payday, instead of receiving \$1.25 in cash, they were required to take the equivalent in trade at the company store.

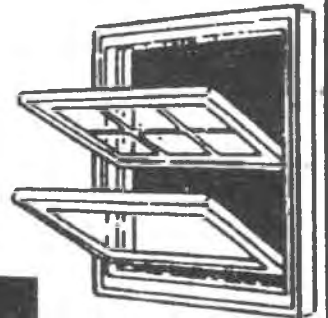
Another tells about the people who worked in the cotton mills, eleven hours a day: 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., with an hour off for lunch. The mills owned the houses where most of the workers lived and they would take out the money for rent and utilities. The employee's take home pay was about \$4 a week. This fellow also said that, when he was fourteen years old, he worked in the

mill during the summer vacation and was paid 10 cents an hour. Some jobs paid a little better. My brother worked at a drug store for a dollar a day. One man, who had been a traveling salesman for a Nashville wholesale grocery company, was out of work. So he bought and butchered hogs and ground them, except the hams, into sausage.

He cured the hams for use at home and sold the sausage to the public for 20 cents a pound or two pounds for 35 cents. Groceries were dirt cheap but nobody had any money. So everybody who had any space at all raised a garden. We moved outside the Huntsville city limits so we could keep a cow.

We rented a six-room stucco house with a carport and a basement for \$20 a month. We had a large lot with plenty of room for the cow, chickens and a large garden. We had our own milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. We not only grew vegetables for the table in the summer, we canned and preserved everything available for winter. We had fruit trees too. One year we had a big

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crop of peaches. I recall that my mother sold the surplus fruit to a grocery in town. I don't remember how many peaches she sold but, I do recall, that they paid her \$15 in gold -- a ten dollar and a five dollar gold piece. We never figured out why they paid in gold but that \$15 seemed like a lot of money then.

During the Depression I was teaching at Rison School for \$65 a month. The highest salary paid to any Madison County teacher then was \$146 to a high school principal. For two or three years Alabama had only enough money to run the schools for seven months.

Parents who could afford it paid tuition for the other two months so their children could complete the full term.

One year the state was so short of funds that they couldn't pay the teachers. So for three months they gave us warrants (IOUs). Nobody wanted the warrants because of their extended date of maturity. I was told that the Alabama Power Company would take them in trade. So I traded my three warrants to the power company for our first electric refrigerator.

Madison County, like the state, also ran short of funds. They didn't have the money to pay people for jury duty.

They gave them IOUs called script. There were two or three men in town who bought the script at a big discount from the jurors. Then they collected the full amount when it became due.

Real estate prices fell lower than ever before. In 1935 a farmer, who had 44 acres of land with a house, two barns, and a crib sold it all for \$1,000. Then he bought 153 acres with a house, two barns and a smokehouse for \$1,800. He paid the thousand he got from the sale of his property and signed a mortgage for the \$800. He paid that after he sold his crop the next year.

Young people also felt the pinch of hard times. Getting gasoline for their cars was a problem. Four or five boys would get together or couples would double-date so they could split the cost of the gasoline. They had no money for movies so they would go up on Monte Sano and park at one of their favorite gathering places. Sometimes several couples would get together at the home of one of the girls and, if a piano or a guitar were handy, that made it all the better. Picnics, swimming and other inexpensive pastimes were also popular.

There were the popular flour-sack dresses. Back then flour came packed in white cloth bags with the label printed on the front of the bag. It was packed in 24 and 48 pound bags. The milling companies hit upon the idea of packing the flour in cloth bags that were printed in colored designs. Women would select a pattern that she liked and then she bought flour in that same print until she had enough material to make a dress or other garment for herself or another member of the family.

Prices were in line with what people earned back then but they seem almost unbelievable to us today. For example, a lunch consisting of a hot-dog, a pint of milk and a piece of pie cost 20¢; a stein of beer was 5¢, cigarettes were 15¢ a pack, breakfast bacon was 19¢ a pound; bread was 5¢ a loaf; a five pound bucket of peanut butter cost 60¢ and a pound of crackers was 5¢. Before blue jeans, men and boys wore overalls which cost 50¢ a pair. A four door, model-A Ford cost \$665.

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By 1937 times were some better but not by a whole lot. I recall that we could buy groceries for two for \$5.00 a week. That included flour, sugar, coffee, bacon, potatoes, a beef roast and other smaller items.

Even as the depression wound down and World War II had begun, a frame house sold for three or four thousand dollars and a brick house could be built for around \$5,000.

Times were slowly improving by the late thirties but World War II was the death blow to the Depression. Most of us survived the Great Depression and it is something we shall never forget, but we truly hope that there will never be another one.

THE END

FIVE STEPS

A man had committed murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. A few days before his execution he drew on the walls of his prison a gallows with five steps leading up to it.

On the first step he wrote, "Disobedience to parents."

On the second step he wrote, "Sabbath breaking."

On the third step, "Gambling and drunkenness."

On the fourth step, "Murder."

The fifth step was the platform on which the gallows stood.

This poor fellow doubtless wrote the history of many a wasted and lost soul.

From 1888 Newspaper

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An Old Letter

Submitted by
Nell R. Porter

September 20, 1891
Mrs. Sally Sandlin
Dear Daughter:

I seat myself this beautiful Sabbath morning to answer your letter that I got from you sometime ago. I was glad to hear from you and to know that you was well and doing well. Sally I have nothing to write to you that would interest you, no more than we are all well, hoping that this would find you and Len both well. Well, Sally I have got your picture and Lens lying by me, thee look pleasing and it looks like that they both want to say some thing to me. What to write. Well, I recon that you think that I mite rote to you sooner. I could have wrot a letter a long time



ago, I just kept thinking I would write. That is the only reason that I have for not writing sooner. Well, Sally if you will excuse me for not writing no sooner, I will try to write you a letter once a month.

Dear Daughter, if I could see you with your glossy black hair & rosy cheeks loving smiles, tender words & a kind heart with them lilly white hands clasp my one, that would been briter to me than the britest star that ever shone. Sally there ant many days that pases but what I think of you. . Sally I recon you would like to no something about how times is hear. They are very hard times here money for horses & cattle & hogs cheap,

corne & wheat is a veary fair prise. Every thing else is. Sally I recon you would like to no what sort of a crop we have got. We made 60 bushels of wheat a few oats I have got about 2 acers of cotton. We have got a fine corn crop. We ant tending mutch of our land in corn the land that we rented will make 10 barrels per acer I have got a fine sweet potato patch made rite smart of arch potatoes. No cabbis no garden no chickens hardley heap of ducks.

Sally we had squirrel and chicken for breakfast this morning, two big possomes for dinner. I dont no what for supper yet. Sally the children talkes a heap about sister Sally. There is another little boy here he come here the 20th of March 6 months old today. His name is John T. Buckhannon after the governor of the state, don't you think that will dough. I must close for this time Sally you & Len write to me just as soon as you get this so no more.

I remain your affectionate father over till death.

Henry Rutledge to
Sally & Len Sandlin



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MEMOIRS OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN

The following are the memoirs of Rowena Webster, a loyal Confederate who was forced to seek refuge in Huntsville during the Civil War.

After having been in Huntsville a few days, the Federals came like a cyclone into the City, while I and my youngest niece (Miss Rosa Turner) were staying with friends (Mr. and Mrs. Matthews). Miss Turner was placed in school. I never received such a shock as when a servant girl at daylight proclaimed, "Miss Rowe, the turnpike is black with the Yankees - I can hear them, a mile off."

While I never was the least afraid of them, I was startled beyond measure. I looked out of the window and discovered that they had come to stay. Men, women and children were panic stricken, although none ever showed the least fear of them. Every woman in the City was aiding Confederate soldiers to escape, even disguising some of them in female attire. Soon they had all escaped. One of the first who was captured was a brother of General John T. Morgan. I said to the officer who held him captive, "I hope you will be kind to him." He replied, "I will."

Soon Gen'l M., of Astronomy fame, Federal Commander, had pos-

session of the City. A greater tyrant never lived in revolutionary times. An Ohio Regiment was encamped on Popes Hill, near us. They would pass every day to water their horses at the famous Big Spring of Huntsville. One of them chanced to see Miss Sallie Matthews and Miss Rosa Turner, playing with grace hoops wrapped with red, white and blue. The soldiers were quite amused until they saw a tiny Confederate Flag attached to my arm. Altho it was simply hanging on my arm, one ordinary soldier without any authority rushed in the yard saying, "Miss, I want that flag." I replied, "You haven't the bravery to capture one on a battle field, but ask for a baby flag from a woman?" He replied, "If you don't give me that flag, I will put a case of smallpox in this house and one in the house opposite." I said, "Bring your smallpox case, I am not afraid of you, nor your smallpox," and I immediately tore up the flag, placing it in my pocket, and threw the hoop into a reservoir at the foot of the hill, saying, "If you are a good diver, you can get that hoop." In the meantime the Captain came up with his

Company and saw me destroy the flag and put it into my pocket, saying, "You shall not have this flag."

He informed the Officer, and the next day Mr. Matthews, his daughter Sallie, Rosa Turner and I were arrested. Mr. Sam Matthews ordered his carriage, saying we had to go into Camp by order of Gen'l M. I rebelled and said I would not go if they brought a regiment for me. Seeing that Mr. Matthews was in earnest, I was compelled to yield and remarked to him, "I am very indignant and vexed but if I have to go, I will try to be a lady, even among my enemies." On arriving at Camp several officers offered to assist us out of the carriage and escort us to the tent, but we all refused to accept their offer.

Under the trees, in Gen'l Lowe's grove, the tents were arranged and the General's son received us with far more politeness than his father, saying the General would receive us in a few minutes. Not in the least excited, I waited my summons. Soon we sallied to the tent "green backs" placed before him. The young school girls were a great deal frightened and kept on their veils. Mr. Matthews, being a stammering man, was very slow in his introductions, first introducing the girls. I awaited my presentation and my wrath began to stir at the thought of being held to account for such a trifle.

I sneered, looked to the right and to the left, and was a long time taking my seat, trying to keep as calm as possible. When Gen'l M. began his questions, asking Miss Matthews if she had not insulted his soldiers, she replied, "I did not; one of them asked me for the little flag and I gave it to him." Then I said, "It was not larger than my hand." He said, "I don't care if it was a mite, it was a flag." Then turning to me, he said, "Don't you know that you are in open rebellion?" I said, "I am a Rebel open and above board." Growling like a lion, he said, "No man, or woman, or child shall say that they are Rebels in my tent." I replied, still more firmly, "I am a Rebel." He then said, "Don't you know that I could send you to Fort La Fayette in five minutes?" I replied, "That is very rapid traveling." I could see a lurking smile pass over his face, and he said, "Are you a lady?" I replied in a most indignant manner,



"Who doubts it?" He then said, "You women, get to your homes."

He was surely no gentleman but an arrant coward and a tyrant. He seemed particularly bent on insulting the women and children and went into the Army for gain. No worse order was ever given in the days of the French Revolution than that he issued to old Gen'l Turchin (a Dutchman) when he told him to march into the town of Athens, Alabama and to give the soldiers the liberty of the town for two hours. And they surely obeyed the order, in every sort of mischief and crime of which soldiers are guilty, without restraint. The people of Athens will never forget this outrage, as

long as any inhabitant is left to tell the story.

At the home of Judge C. they completely demolished the place, to punish the family - they pitched their tents as close to the house as they could get them and never removed them until they had orders to leave. All of the vehicles carriages, buggies and everything of the kind were rolled miles away, unless they destroyed them by chopping them up with axes or hatchets. One of their chief delights was to strew molasses and lard all over the carpets, break up the furniture and smash the mirrors, and to leave noth-

ing that they could possibly destroy. Had not the Rebels, in their shrewdness, bid much of their provisions, they would have perished. This, Ohio Regiment did the fighting of that command for they went out 1400 strong and only fifty survived, but this old General never went out with them - he was too busy buying and selling cotton and enriching himself.

One day in Huntsville, Alabama, a rumor came that a Confederate General, with 10,000 Indian soldiers, was crossing the river a few miles off, which created a great panic among the Federal troops. Artillery, infantry and every available piece of armor was ordered out. Such clashing and clattering of arms through the streets we had not heard before. This gave the ladies a chance to exult and clap their hands for joy, hoping that the Yankees might have to retreat. It was soon found to be a false alarm and the citizens had to quiet down.

Arrests were daily made of quiet unoffending citizens, and never did they have any peace while this branch of the army remained. We often kept the Yankees in hot water, reporting that Forrest, Morgan or some famous General was in the neighborhood, when we had no tidings from them. It was a mere ruse to defend ourselves from insult.

On one occasion Gen'l M. gave an order that the Rebel ladies might attend the burial of a nephew of Gen'l C. Whether it was a kind streak he took or whether it was to ascertain the feeling of the ladies we did not know, but believed it was the latter, and altho they were using all of the horses and carriages in the city, every lady in town robbed all of the gardens of flowers and each carried an immense bouquet and walked behind the hearse for a mile and a half to decorate, not only his grave, but all of the Rebel Soldiers' graves in the cemetery. Gen'l M. might have known that it was a good time to show their principles and they never lost an opportunity to exhibit them.

The first Yankee soldiers that I encountered, I was walking with my lovely friend, Mrs. William Mastin, Sr. and I shut my eyes as I passed. She remarked, "Miss Rowe, it is all lost on them for they will think that you are a blind woman."

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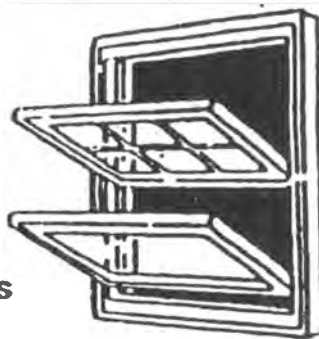
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Some of us went to an old Baptist Church, out of use, and found many soldiers there waiting to be exchanged. They were always a jolly, wholesome set and one of them remarked, "People cannot say that we don't stand by our church."

Shortly after the Battle of Shiloh Major C. arrived, limping on crutches. We had told him, when he left, not to come back wounded in the foot and limping on crutches. Miss Fannie Donegan had told him, if he was wounded to come to their house and we would nurse him. The Yankee Surgeon attended him and the surgeon remarked that Huntsville was a lovely place, so full of flowers early in the Spring that it was like a fairyland. Maj. C. said, "Doctor, the flowers are nothing, the society is charming, so refined, so cultured. A short time after, many of our soldiers returned, wounded from this battle. One Sabbath about a dozen Yankee soldiers came to arrest Major C. We endeavored to conceal his crutches and disguise him, but they rushed into his room saying that by the authority of Gen'l M. they must arrest him. Maj. C. seemed calm, but the ladies, Miss Mary H. (to whom he was engaged at the time), Mrs. B., her mother, Miss Donegan and I, were very indignant and asked them if it took twelve of their men to arrest one of ours. We thought Maj. C. was getting along very well with his wound but from imprudence he was threatened with lockjaw and his features were rigid and extremities cold. He threw a book at the head of a servant to awaken him and sent him to wake Miss Fannie Donegan and myself. We went to him, kindled a fire, gave him a strong toddy, put a cloth of laudnum on his foot and heated it with our hands. He declared that we had saved his life.

A short time after this, when he joined his command, he was married to Miss Mary H. at Brentwood, Tennessee and returned to his command without his bride,

We had two soldiers concealed on the flat roof of Mr. Donegan's house - Mr. W. and Mr. R. - we used to pass their food to them every day until they could steal a chance to escape from the Yankee soldiers. They finally made their escape and joined their command. One

day a woman, in deep mourning and heavily veiled, was seen getting over the cemetery fence to decorate some Yankee graves, when a man's boots were seen and some of the Rebel ladies discovered that he was a Rebel spy who brought letters to them through the lines.

Miss Fannie Donegan and I had never seen the burial of an officer so, as one of the noted Yankee officers had died, we concluded to conceal ourselves in the dense shrubbery and watch the procession as it was passing the cemetery. The body was in an ambulance, draped with crape; his war horse was draped also; the officers were riding with reversed arms; many soldiers; a band was playing the dead march with muffled drums. It was a solemn sight to us. The cemetery was just a short distance from Mr. D's residence, near enough to hear the guns and cannons fire quite frequently, for he was Col. of Artillery and was a great loss to them. On their return, after the procession was out of sight, three grave diggers came along; Miss Donegan asked the first one if they had buried an officer. He said, "No, it was one of their men," I said, "That is not so, I know it was one of your officers." He passed on; a second one came by, she asked again if that was not one of their officers. This one said the same thing and denied it. I said, "I will ask the next one." The third one passed; I halted him and said, "What officer was that

you have just buried?" He said he was not an officer. I said, "I know better, he was one, for I have noticed you have buried five or six of your men and did not make any parade over them - did not even fire a gun - now this man had all of the honors and flourishing of trumpets accorded to him, there is no use in denying the fact." He at last acknowledged that it was an important man they had lost.

Another day I was sitting on the front porch with Harvey Donegan and one or two more friends, when a number of Yankee officers passed along, escorting a daughter of Gen'l M. She was also dressed in a blue riding habit with a sword at her side, which seemed coarse to us Southern women. Harvey Donegan remarked in their hearing, "Miss Rowe, there are some beaux for you." I replied, loud enough for them to hear, "I hope never to be reduced to such as that - I keep better company."

Daily degradations were committed as long as the Federal soldiers were in our midst. Many say that this is the result of war, but I am sure they must have had many an officer who was merely vested with a little authority who took advantage of it and abused it by all the arbitrary acts they could show. Many had never commanded soldiers before, and showed even their own soldiers the greatest tyranny, but when their regular officers commanded they were born gentlemen.



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They were always polite and controlled their men and were willing to have wrongs redressed and grant favors, when not unreasonable. You may say that about one-third of the latter class controlled their army, while two-thirds were turned loose to do what they pleased. Most of the population of Huntsville were Confederates and would have died before they would have denied their principles,

In the beginning, I admit, that we often tantalized the Yankees by walking along the streets and giving ourselves the titles of our noted Generals - but take it to yourselves, if you were about to be robbed of all your possessions and accumulation of wealth which was honestly gotten by your parents and your rightful inheritance, would you not have felt the same way, especially when the parents and grandparents of these Yankees had bought and sold slaves? They were once as much their property as ours!

THE END

THE WEDDING RING

In Biblical times, a certain young king married a princess from a neighboring country. Soon after their marriage, it became necessary for the king to leave his young wife and lead his army into battle. One night, before he left, the king was walking in the palace gardens. He stood by the moon-drenched pool, tossing pebbles into the water and watching circles form. How like a circle is my love for my queen, he thought. It, too, has no beginning and no ending! The next day he called in his goldsmith and directed him to make a gold circle to fit the queen's finger. When the king slipped the finished ring on his wife's finger, he told her, "This circle, which has no beginning and no ending, is a pledge of my love for you, which is also eternal." And down through the ages, the giving of a wedding ring has sealed the vows of marriage, and symbolized the purity and endlessness of love in marriage.

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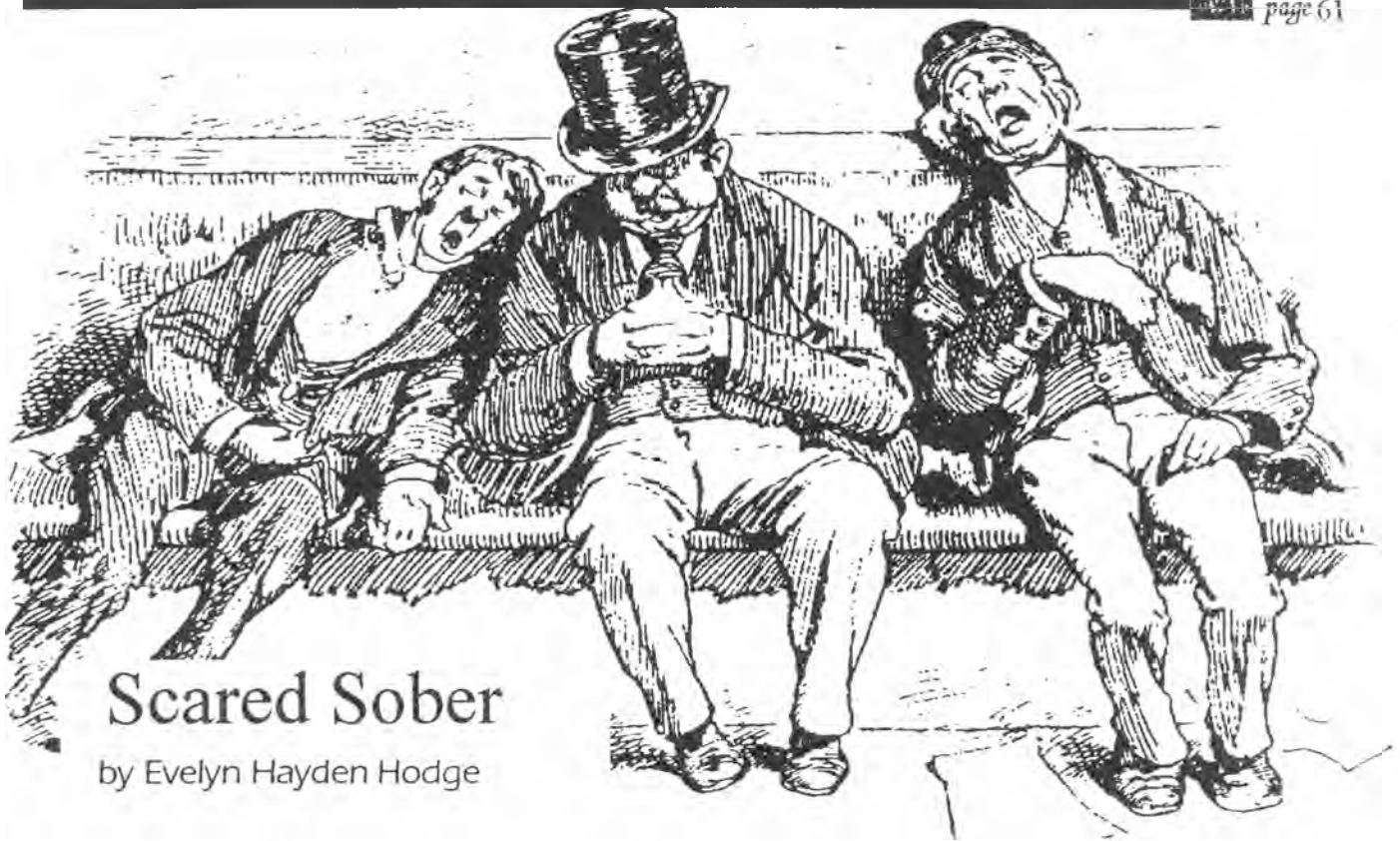
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Scared Sober

by Evelyn Hayden Hodge

Back in the early 1900's, during the teens and the twenties, the highway from above Nashville to Huntsville, through New Hope, on to Guntersville, and points south was known as the Florida Short Route.

Most of the through traffic was the tourists going south to spend the winter in Florida and then return to their home up north in the spring.

During the years of national prohibition, there were cars also using this same route to pick up loads of illegal liquor that had been made in Cuba and shipped into Florida.

One night one of those cars, returning with a load of liquor, hit the railing of the Paint Rock River bridge, which was three miles south of New Hope. The car fell down an embankment and landed on the bank of the river.

The next morning passers-by saw the car below and stopped to investigate the accident. They found that the car was loaded with whiskey and that the driver was nowhere to be found.

The news about the car began to spread, and soon all the men who liked to drink began to gather at the scene and to help themselves to the illicit cargo. Some filled burlap bags with the


bottles and hid them in the woods nearby. Others, who were more sober, watched where the bags were hidden and then took them for themselves.

That afternoon my father, who loved practical jokes, thought he would have some fun. So he went to downtown New Hope and said the word from Huntsville was that the liquor in

the wrecked car was poisoned.

One man, whom I will call Mr. D., had already freely sampled the whiskey and when he heard that it was poisoned, he began to worry about himself.

He went into the drug store and the pharmacist asked what he could do for him. Mr. D. replied, "Do you have



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anyway to tell if I'm 'pizzoned' or not?" Sam, the druggist, was onto the the joke and replied, "Yes, I believe I do." he reached up on a shelf and got a bottle of hydrogen peroxide. Unscrewing the lid, he handed the bottle to Mr. D., telling him to take a big mouthful, swish it around, and then spit it onto the floor and, if it foams, he was poisoned.

Mr. D. did as he was told and spat it on the floor. The instant the peroxide hit the dirt in the cracks it began to foam profusely. Mr. D., his hand shaking violently, pointed to the foaming mass and said, "I'm 'pizzoned' shore as Hell." Then, as an afterthought he said, "Is there anything you can do for me while I'm still up?"

Sam told him that the best thing for him to do was to get on his horse, go home, and go to bed. This he did, but the people who lived along the three miles to his home thought that surely he would kill his horse at the speed he was riding.

When he awoke the next morning and found that he was still alive, he began to rehash the events of the day before. Finally, he came to realize he was the victim of a practical joke. He decided then and there, anything that could make that big a fool of anybody as that whiskey did of him, then he would never drink another drop.

This is a true story but it does not end here. About forty years later, I was confined in a hospital as the result of a back injury. One of the nurses wore an identification badge that had the same last name as Mr. D. I asked her if she knew him and she said, "Yes, he was my father-in-law." Then I asked if he really did stop drinking and she answered, "Yes, he didn't drink another drop as long as he lived."

We are convinced that one of my father's practical jokes had a good ending.

No one is honest all the time. Most of us tell lies not to deceive others, but to protect ourselves from a truth we are not ready to accept.



Earl Frazier's Famous Blackberry Cobbler

- 1 cup flour, self-rising
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 can of blackberries
- 1 1/2 tsp vanilla
- 1 stick butter or margarine, cut in pieces

Pour blackberries into a pot with about 1/2 cup sugar, heat over medium stove til boiling. Remove from heat and add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. If necessary to thicken a little, cook with a little sugar, but don't make it too thick.

Mix flour, sugar, milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla in bowl til smooth. Spray a 9 x 13 pan with Pam vegetable spray, then pour flour mixture into pan. Smooth out to the edges.

Pour blackberries over flour mixture, dot with small pieces of butter.

Bake at 350 for about 45 minutes.

Can be used with many types of fruit, fresh as well as canned.

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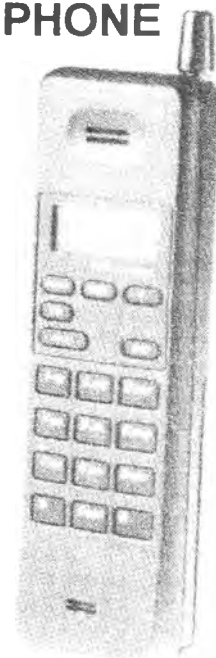
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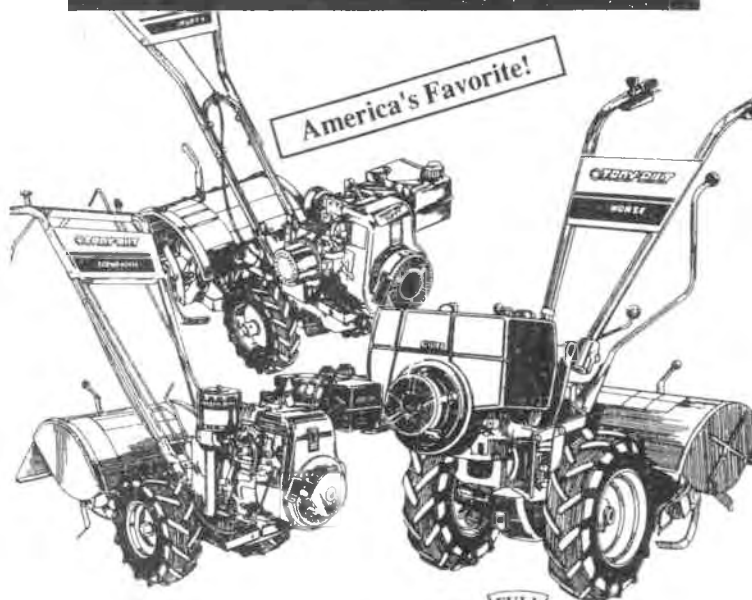
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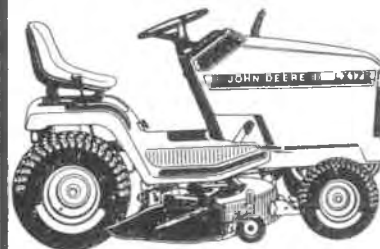


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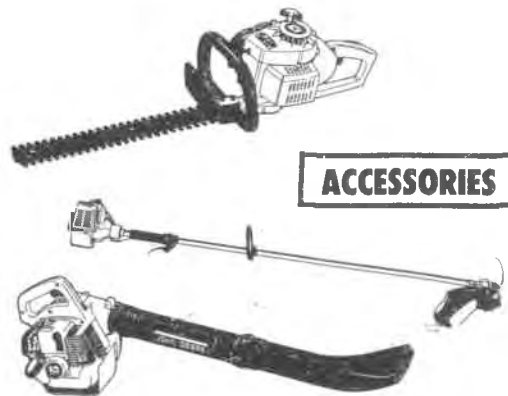
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