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NO. 33



Old Huntsville

Moonshine, The Law, and Sugar-tits

by Billy Joe Cooley



The courtroom was silent as the judge shuffled his papers. Finally, after taking a long look at the man standing in front of him, he asked: "Well, what do you have to say for yourself?"

The defendant, remembering that his lawyer had told him to be honest and tell the truth, replied: "Your Honor, my name is Jim Brasemore and I make moonshine. Matter of fact, I make the best white whiskey in Madison County!"



Also in this issue: The history of Merrimac Mill



Whiskey, the Law, and Sugar- tits

by Billy Joe Cooley

Jim Brasemore was a moonshiner and he talks freely about it, now that the statute of limitations have run out.

He learned the art of whiskey-making from his father, who had learned it from his father. Young Jim started feeding a firebox when he was only seven or eight years old.

"We had this 'groundhog still' out next to Flint River," he says.

A 'groundhog' was a still built into the side of a hill or cliff. Such distilleries were hard to detect.

"Every morning mama would pack us a lunch of biscuits and fatback and we would set out walking. We had to walk about three or four miles to the still, but back then it didn't seem like a long way," he remembers.

The Brasemores had a reputation for making some of the best liquor in the county and, of course, that made a lot of people jealous.

"There was this family, Ricketts I believe the name was, that used to live close to us. The old man was what you would call shiftless, never did a hard day's work in his life. He used to come around and buy liquor from us and then sell it to the field hands," he recalls.

"Of course before he sold it, he would cut it down 'til it didn't even taste like good whiskey. Everybody knew it was Brasemore whiskey so they didn't question it too much. When

daddy heard about what Ricketts was doing he wouldn't sell him anymore. We had a reputation to maintain, you understand."

Not long after that, the Brasemores got to noticing that someone was stealing from them. Some culprit would sneak into their "holding areas" in the woods, where they stashed their whiskey until it could be picked up by the haulers. Whiskey started disappearing a couple gallons at a time.

They put together a plan to catch the thieves.

"One morning just after sun-up, Daddy comes and wakes me up. We were ready to put our plan into action. We headed for the stash place and took along this old shotgun, a rabbit-ears Parker. After we got to the stash we made us a hideout under some brush.

"On up in the morning, here comes ol' man Ricketts, just lumbering along like some ol' fat hog. We watched and sure enough, he goes straight to the whiskey and helps himself to a couple gallons.

"Ricketts was just about the fattest man I ever knew, and when he bent over his 'hind end looked like the broad side of a barn. I reckon it was more than daddy could resist, cause he cut loose with that old Parker and when he got done it looked like termites had gotten hold of the rear end of Ricketts' britches!"

Fortunately, the gun was loaded with saltpeter and the shot wasn't very dangerous, although Ricketts had to eat his meals standing up for a few weeks.

When the younger Brasemore was born in 1902, home-made whiskey was a respectable and thriving industry in Madison County. Although many people today would frown on the practice, at that time many families depended on it for a living. The alternative was to work in the mills (if they were lucky enough to find one that was hiring) or try to survive as a dirt farmer.

"Daddy got caught the first time in about 1916 or '17. The law was paying informers to tell on people. They put his bail bond at fifty dollars. That was on a Friday, and we didn't have any money so the next morning mama gets me to hitch up the mule and we loaded up the wagon with what whiskey we had left. Back then Satur-



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days was the big trade day downtown and the streets would be so busy you could hardly walk.

"We tied the wagon in front of the courthouse and just sat there all day, selling whiskey. Everybody knew what mama was doing so a lot of people who didn't even drink would stop and buy some. For medicine, they would say.

On up in the morning a deputy came by and asked her what she thought she was doing.

"I'm gettin' my man out of jail," she replied. Back then no one messed with mama. "Anything else you want to know?" She asked the deputy.

"No mam," the deputy replied sheepishly, "but I reckon I'll take a gallon if you got any left, my croup has been acting up lately."

They got their dad out of jail that day, but he didn't stay free long. When his trial came up he was sentenced to 12 months on the county farm. Pickin' peas he called it.

"I was a pretty good size boy by then and with daddy in jail it was up to me to run the business," the younger Brasemore recalls. "Before he got caught daddy had hid the worm (copper condensation coil) and I got a neighbor to build me a pot. It wasn't just a couple of weeks 'til I was back in business. When I run off my first batch they said the sheriff thought my father had escaped. "Nobody makes whiskey that good," the sheriff said, "except for old man Brasemore!"

"I hadn't forgotten about the cur dog that had informed on daddy though. Giles, was his name. Him and the deputy that arrested daddy were big drinking buddies. This deputy lived out next to Chase Nursery and every Sunday like clockwork, those two would pitch a big drunk.

"Some of my cousins helped me and we took this old worn-out still, it only had a ten-gallon pot, and we set it up out back of his house in a brush patch. First thing Sunday morning we loaded it with mash and started cooking. If you have ever been around a still you know you can't hide the smell, and sure enough, on up in the morning the deputy gets a strong whiff and decides to investigate.

"You gotta know one thing about a drunk; when he's drinking he

ain't gonna turn down a free drink.

"Well here we are, me and my cousins are hiding in the brush, and the deputy and Giles are stretched out in front of the still sipping free whiskey and acting like they are in hog heaven.

"Next thing you know, there's this big ruckus and when the deputy opened his eyes, there was the sheriff, pointing this big pistol at him," he relates.

"You and Giles are under arrest for making whiskey," the sheriff said.

"Seems as if someone had sent

the sheriff a note."

"Like I said, while Daddy was in jail I was running the business. One of the first things I did, after I got a little ahead, was to buy me a truck. Daddy wouldn't have nothing to do with automobiles, he had worked with a mule all of his life. Well I was bound and determined to impress him so the day he was to get out I took the truck and loaded it down with as much whiskey as I could put on it. It had not been picked up in a while and we had a sizable load. Things didn't work out



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the way I figured and the truck broke down a couple of miles from the house. I got the mule, hitched it to the truck and began to pull it on home.

"Daddy was sitting on the front porch when I pulled up in front of the house. He took a long look at that truck I had bought and then took an even longer look at his mule that was pulling it. Finally, after spitting out a long stream of tobacco juice, he asked me, "Well, what else can it do?"

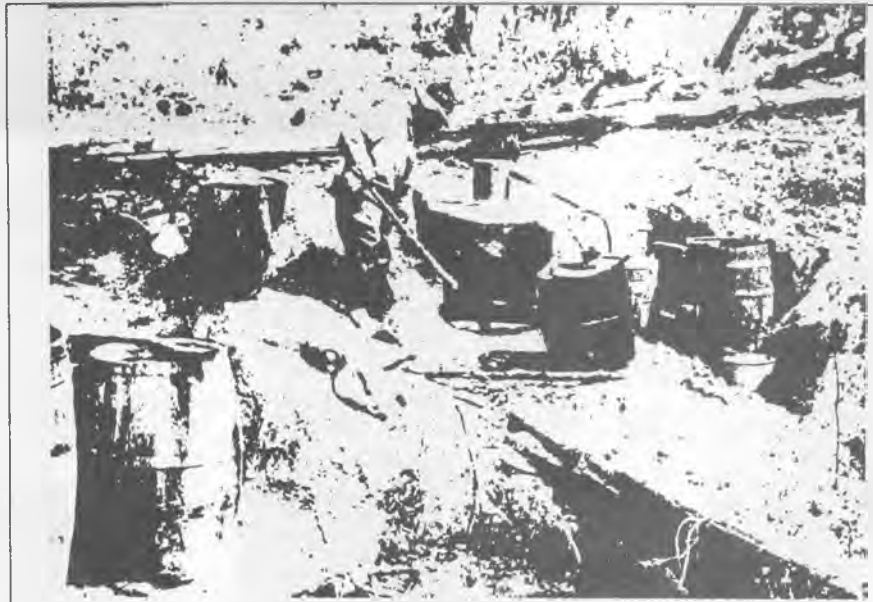
"He never did like that truck. Every time I got stuck in mud or whatever he was always there to tell me that with a mule it would not have happened."

Young Jim got married in the fall of 1925 to a city girl who wouldn't have anything to do with making whiskey. One of her uncles got her man a job in Merrimac Cotton Mill.

Jim tried to quit the whiskey business, but the effort was futile. He would come home at night spitting up lint and cotton dust. His wife, Laurie, could tell by his look that he wasn't happy.

"Finally, 'bout a year later I come home for work one day and she's packing our things in boxes. She told me we were moving back to the country.

"Kenneth Abbott and I set up a still down next to Byrd's Spring where there was this hunting club. We ran it most of one year and then



Working A Still Located Below Whitesburg

we put another one down next to the bridge at Whitesburg.

"That was the biggest one I ever run, a 2500-gallon groundhog."

"By this time we had two stills running and plenty of whiskey to sell, so we figured we would expand our business. Normally we would sell the whiskey to a 'tripper' or 'hauler' who would distribute it to the bootleggers. We figured that instead of paying the middle man we would take the money ourselves."

Many people have sought Jim's advice about the whiskey business: "I tell all of them the same thing. Have lots of kin folks. They are about the


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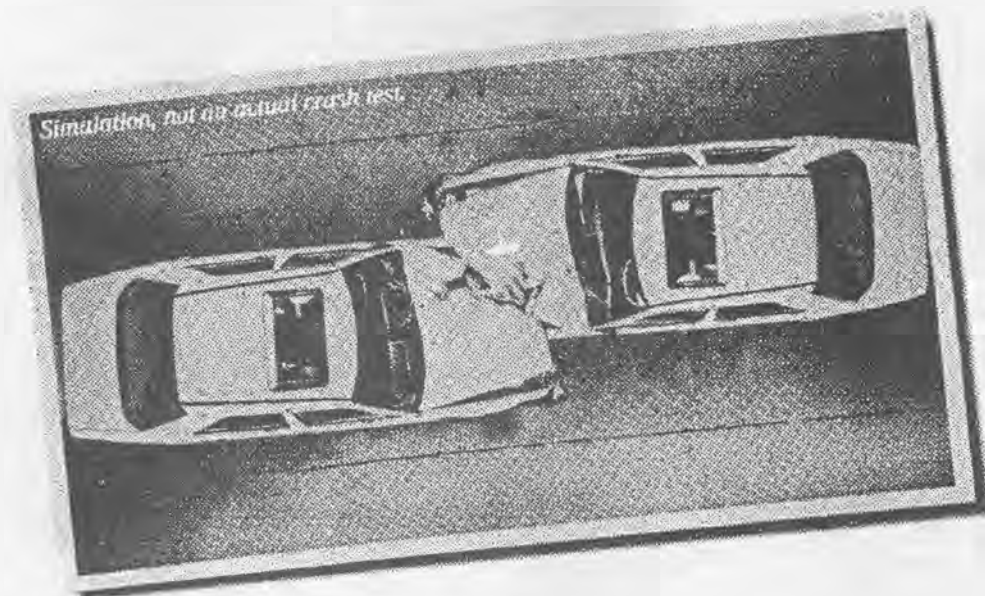
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only ones you can really trust."

"Anyway, we got Mickey, my second cousin who owned a Ford coupe, to start hauling for us. That went real good. Then George, another cousin, decided to come in the business. He was driving a milk truck and had a regular route at the time. Once a week we would load him up with whiskey and he would make home deliveries all over town."

It appeared that the Brasemore crowd was making all the money in the world and that's what caused the trouble.

At that time there was another family in Huntsville that was big in the whiskey business, too. They were connected to a bunch of moonshiners over in Cloud's Cove. The Brasemore outfit was cutting into their profits.

"The first we knew about it was when they shot Abbott, my partner, at the Whitesburg still. He had been tending it along with some hired hands when someone shot him from behind with a shotgun. It didn't kill him, but he was crippled for the rest of his life.

"Next they started going after the boys who hauled the whiskey. They shot at them, ran them off the road and they even set Mickey's house on fire.

"The law knew something was going on and they started to really crack down on whiskey-making. This hurt us bad, as we couldn't keep a still running more than a month without it getting raided.

"I don't think it bothered that Cloud's Cove bunch though. There was only one way in there and one way out. If you weren't kin you didn't get in!

"I was sitting in a 'shot house' in West Huntsville when they shot me. It was Oct. 23, 1934. I had delivered some whiskey and had stopped to watch a dice game. When I walked out they were waiting for me.

"I knew exactly what was fixing to happen when I saw that car window roll down and I started to reach for my pistol. I never had a chance.

"Claude Murphy had been shooting dice inside and when he heard the gun shots he ran outside. When he saw me laying there he said he thought I was dead.

"After I got shot we pretty well shut the business down. We laid low and just decided to let by-gones be by-gones."

Three months later two of the



assailants were ambushed near Meridianville and severely wounded.

When questioned about this, Brasemore's only comment was, "I reckon that's what you call by-gones."

Things weren't the same after that. There had been too much trouble and the law was now watching every time a moonshiner turned around.

"I remember one time when Cousins, a boy we had driving for us, was stopped downtown. He was hauling a load of whiskey and was right in front of the movie theater when the law spotted him. Traffic was backed up for a red light and Cousins knew he couldn't get the car away, so he just jumped out and took off running.

"The police jumped out of their cars and started chasing him on foot. Mickey was standing on the sidewalk and when he saw what was going on, he jumped in Cousins' car and when the light changed, took off.

"It didn't take the police long to catch Cousins, but when they got back they discovered the evidence was gone! They roughed him up a bit, but finally had to let him go.

"Was the law honest back then? Let me ask you a question. How many policemen did you know that never took a drink? All of them knew what was going on, but you got to remember; back then most every one was kin to one another. We never worried too much about the city or county police unless there was an election coming up, and even then they tried not to bother us too much. They never came

right out and asked you for money but you knew you had to give. I remember one election back in the late 30's when I followed a judge all over the county while he was making speeches. He'd be up there talking about getting rid of the

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bootleggers and I would be outside passing out free drinks to everyone that would vote for him. One time the judge's car broke down up around New Market so he hitched a ride with us. All day long we drove him around while he was spitting hell and brimstone about whiskey and the whole time he was sipping the white whiskey that we were giving away. When we got him back to town that night he was so drunk his wife made him sleep on the front porch.

By the time the Second War came around it had become difficult for an independent whiskey operator to make any money. There were too many "big" family names in the business.

A hardware store owner downtown manufactured various-size stills in the basement. For an extra twenty-five dollars a nearby furniture store would deliver the distillery to its intended site. When sugar became rationed during the war, a downtown grocery wholesale house sold sugar under the counter. Often when they would receive a large shipment the wholesaler would sell it off to moonshiners at a private auction to the highest bidder. One prominent family in Huntsville even financed moonshine operations ... at a high interest rate, of course.

Many successful businesses in Huntsville today were founded with the profits of the whiskey business.

Brasemore named numerous present-day businesses that were established in that manner.

"They didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain back when their grand-daddies was making whiskey, now they got fine houses and put on airs like they are blue-bloods or something!

"Now look at this" pointing to a recent society page from *The Huntsville Times*. That girl used to sleep on the back seat of a Ford coupe, sucking a sugar tit while her daddy delivered whiskey for me."

The End

Jim Brasemore "retired" from the whiskey business in the 1950s after an encounter with the law. "Pickin' peas," he called it.



Facts to Remember

A liar is tolerated when he tells us what we wish to believe.

To be great among fools, you must be a great fool.

To cure deafness - tell a man you've come to pay his debt.

It costs five years in prison to kill your mother-in-law in Kentucky.

One drawback of false teeth is that they cannot be gnashed in case of rage.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, does all he can to show the world that he is not a man.

From 1872 Newspaper

Frightened him off

He was on his knees to her. His face was flushed, his eyes gleamed passionately into hers, he talked rapidly:

"Nothing shall separate us ever more, my darling. For your sake I will beard the lion in his den! I will face death on the battlefield. I will endure all hardship, all suffering, all misery!"

He paused and looked eagerly to her with his whole soul quivering in his eyes.

"Will you do all this for the sake of my love?" asked she, gazing earnestly into his burning eyes.

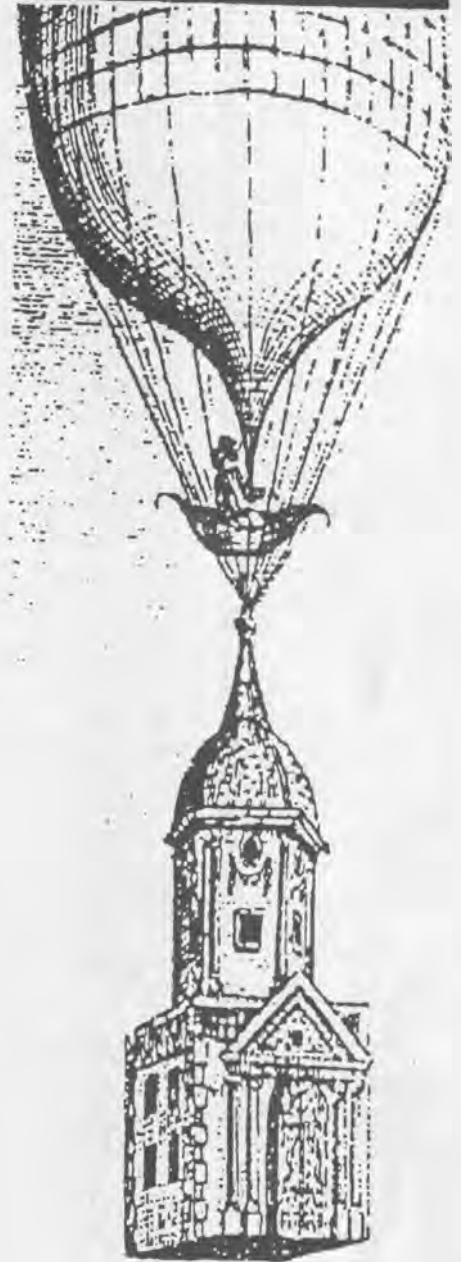
"Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!"

"And if we wed," continued she, "will you get up first thing every morning and build me a fire?"

With a shriek he was gone.

From 1875 Newspaper

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HUNTSVILLE FASHION NOTES FROM 1877



Trailing skirts are made longer than ever.

Necklaces made of rich lace are worn over dark dresses.

Neckties and bonnet scarfs of white or black tulle are embroidered with chenille.

It is now the height of style to carry beaded purses such as our grandmothers used.

A new piece of tableware is a silver napkin ring, made to serve as salt-cellar and pepper-box.

Fancy braids in gold, silver or cardinal on a dark ground are but little used here, but are all the rage in Paris.

However striking and out of all taste may seem a cardinal red dress to think about, it is wonderfully pretty to look upon.

The fancy at present is for chenille trimmings. Ornaments and collars, besides fringes, are used on the most

elegant dresses.

A prominent feature of new homes is the inlaid wood floor, which does away with carpets - handsome Turkish rugs are taking their places.

Almost all evening dresses, whether made decollete or with heart of square shaped necks, are accompanied with a pretty little fichu of muslin.

An evening dress made of four different materials has an underskirt of plain silk, an overskirt and basque of velvet brocade, satis revere and cuffs, and knife plaitings of tulle.

Elizabethan belt buckles are of black Russia leather, mounted with gold or silver. They are of ordinary size at present, although several months ago extremely wide ones were fashionable.

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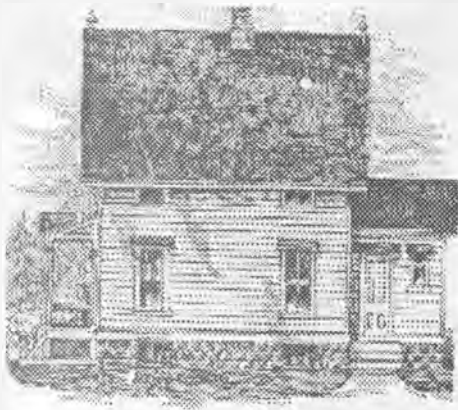
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Madison County's Oldest Churches

Much has been written about the various religious denominations and their churches that may be seen throughout the Huntsville and Madison County area. Although very little has been written about Madison County's oldest churches and their people. Many of the general public are not aware that these churches and congregations exist.

Madison County's eldest church and Alabama's oldest Baptist church was organized in a private home in the Big Cove on October 2nd, 1808 by Elder Nichelson, who was from the Boiling Fork Baptist Church in Franklin County, Tennessee. The first building was built about 1809 near the Flint River in the community of Maysville. It was called the Flint River Baptist Church. This church joined the Flint River Association of Primitive Baptists at the Bradshaw Meeting House, Lincoln County, Tennessee on September 24, 1814, and has held continuous services since that time, except during some years of the Civil War. Some services were missed due to smallpox and influenza epidemics.

The second church was called Enon Baptist Church and was organized as an arm of the Flint River Baptist Church and was located by the Briarfork branch of Flint River near Meridianville (Screamer), Alabama. In a short time, other churches were organized. Some of these being: The Meridian Line Baptist Church at Hazel Green, that was organized about 1813, Briarfork Baptist Church on the Briarfork branch of Flint River west of Hazel Green orga-

nized in 1821, Bethel Baptist Church near New Hope, Alabama organized about 1823, Mountain Fork Baptist Church and Hurricane Grove Baptist Churches organized about 1825.

From their founding until about 1875, all of these churches were known as The United Baptist Churches. They were not called Primitive Baptists prior to 1838. At that time, the congregations that leaned toward missionary principles and those that did not, came to an abrupt parting of the ways. Those that adhered to missionary principles added missionary to their names. The non-missionary churches called themselves United Baptist Churches. It was not until after 1875 that the Missionary Baptist (New School) and the non-missionary Baptist (Old School) designations were commonly accepted. From the early times of this century, The Old School Baptists have called themselves Primitive Baptist.

In 1838, after the division, one of the older churches (Enon) embraced the Missionary principles. In later years they moved the location of their church building to Huntsville and eventually located on Governors Drive. Their claim to being the oldest Baptist church in Madison County is questionable since there were no "Missionary Baptist" churches in existence prior to 1838. Before that time all were the same.



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The Strange Case of John Wilkes Booth



Massive Government Cover-up?

For years rumors have persisted around Huntsville that John Wilkes Booth visited here long after the Government had declared him dead.

Another rumor concerns a certain young lady who appeared on the stage here under the banner of "The Daughter of John Wilkes Booth." Although people agreed that she looked like the famous actor/assassin and generally accepted her as his daughter, she was born a decade after Booth was allegedly hanged.

Some say that these are not mere rumors.

There's a good chance textbooks and encyclopedias may have to be rewritten to set the record straight on what may be one of the biggest government cover-ups in United States history -- the Abraham Lincoln assassination.

Such is the thinking of Arthur Ben Chitty, historiographer at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. And he is not alone.

It all concerns the controversy surrounding the facts in the capture and death of Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth. Was it really Booth who was caught and shot in Richard Garrett's tobacco barn? Dr. Chitty says no, a view shared by Nathaniel Orlowek, a religious educator at Beth Shalom Congregation in Potomac, Maryland. Both

scholars have independently collected enough research to refute the claim that the man buried as John Wilkes Booth was indeed Booth.

But, even if the two researchers should be proven wrong, they agree that the public has a right to know, and the only way for that to happen is to have the body exhumed and examined by forensic specialists. Chitty and his colleague have secured a lawyer, George La Roche of Washington, D.C., who is willing to seek a court order for the exhumation at the Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, where the Booth family plot is located.

John Wilkes Booth is recorded as one of ten children born to Mary Ann Holmes Booth and Junius Brutus Booth, a celebrated Shakespearean actor who had moved to the United States in 1821 and settled on a farm near Bel Air, Maryland. Dr. Chitty says there is evidence to suggest that John may have been the illegitimate son of Edgar Allen Poe, who was a guest in the Booth home when his legal father was touring. (That might also explain the discrepancy in varying accounts of his birthday, which was either May 10 or Aug. 26, 1838.)

Two older Booth sons, Junius and Edwin, like their father, had gained recognition in theater, and although John also achieved fame and popularity

for animated portrayals in Shakespearean roles, he developed a voice condition that thwarted his career. All this time, however, his well-known sympathies for the Confederate cause, emerging as early as 1859 when he attended the hanging of John Brown in Harper's Ferry, had become fanatic.

As the Civil War drew to its grim conclusion, Booth, obsessed with hatred for Lincoln, rounded up a band of conspirators to plot the President's kidnapping in exchange for Confederate prisoners. That plan failed and, fueled by reports of Lee's surrender at Appomattox in early April of 1865, the actor devised another plan with his accomplices, this one to assassinate not only the President, but Vice President Johnson and Secretary of State Seward.

The conspirators seized the opportunity on April 14, 1865, Good Friday, when President and Mrs. Lincoln were attending a performance of the comedy *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre. During the third act, Booth sneaked into the unguarded presidential box and with his derringer fired one fatal shot into the President's head. Then, in a flash and with characteristic flamboyancy, he leaped onto the stage screaming "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!" In the fall he caught his spur on a bunting or flag and broke

his left leg but managed to limp off the stage and out of the theater, where a horse waited to expedite his escape.

The accomplices were not as successful as Booth in their assassination attempts, although Seward was wounded. One of these co-conspirators, David E. Herold, accompanied Booth during the escape. Along the way they stopped at the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who set Booth's fractured leg, then went into hiding for several days.

Finally, on April 26, federal troops, investigators and secret service agents under the direction of Secretary of War Stanton arrived at the farm of Richard Garrett near Bowling Green, Virginia. They surrounded the tobacco barn, where the fugitives were believed to be. Herold surrendered, but the other man refused to come out of the barn. The barn was set afire and a shot rang out. Although controversy arose whether or not the man said to be Booth had shot himself or was killed by one of the federal officers, the body was removed from the barn and whisked away for burial in Washington, under the floor in Navy Yard Arsenal, where common criminals were interred. In 1869, however, the body was removed to the Booth family plot in Green Mount Cemetery.

In historical accounts no credence has been given legends about John Wilkes Booth living after the assassination. Chitty himself did not question the fact at first, but gradually accepted the theory that Booth escaped and began a new life in the South and West. More and more evidence made him start believing.

The most convincing documentation was the recent discovery at the courthouse in Winchester, Tennessee, of a marriage license dated Feb. 24, 1872, showing the union of John W. Booth and Louisa J. Payne. Although the census record showed no signature, a marriage bond dated the same day and found in Franklin County records did show a signature with the name spelled *Boothe*. No other Booths were known to live in the area, says Chitty, who believes the 'e' was added to promote disguise.

According to Dr. Chitty, these documents lend credibility to the rumors and stories he had been hearing

from people in Sewanee about how John Wilkes Booth lived there in a little frame house across from the campus of the University of the South and had married a local girl. A tax record for John W. Booth indicates his residence was in the 18th District, the one for Sewanee.

Louisa Payne had been married earlier to a Confederate soldier and had moved to Sewanee to become a laundress at the university. "The story is that Booth met Louisa Payne here and he first told her he was a cousin of John Wilkes Booth. Later he showed her the scar on his leg from the fall at Ford's Theatre and admitted he was the real Booth."

"They say that Louisa wouldn't stay married to a man using a false name. She made him go to the courthouse and sign the marriage certificate under his real name."

Booth, a ladies' man (a fact of common knowledge), left Louisa, Dr. Chitty explains, but she followed him to Memphis. Later, he reportedly headed for Texas under an assumed name of John St. Helen. Eventually Louisa gave up on him and returned to Tennessee, where their daughter Laura Ida Elizabeth Booth, was born. Ida became an actress, and one account says she was billed as the daughter of John Wilkes Booth in the first play appearing at Ford's Theatre in Huntsville.

Dr. Chitty's research uncovered evidence to support the fact that Booth, under the name St. Helen, confessed his true identity to a lawyer, Finis Bates, who contacted the war department with the information twenty years later. According to Chitty, the correspondence reveals that the war department considered the case closed.

The Bates -- war department correspondence files are part of the world's largest collection of material on John Wilkes Booth at Georgetown University in Washington. On a recent trip there, Chitty, who has the world's second largest Booth collection, first heard of Nathaniel Orlowek. The two met and decided to join forces in a campaign to uncover the truth about Booth on the premise that it is "in the public interest" to do so.

Both researchers believe that Lincoln's Secretary of War Edwin

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Stanton was responsible for the secretive burial of the man he announced as Booth. There is even evidence that soldiers who would have spoken up were quickly bribed with handsome sums to keep quiet. "Several at Garrett's barn got paid off," said Chitty.

Furthermore, said Chitty, a false identification of the skeleton in 1869 was, "carefully staged by his older brother Edwin Booth. If anyone had said the body was not that of John Wilkes Booth, a worldwide manhunt would have begun. Edwin himself didn't look at the body, preferring not to have to swear to a lie. Stanton was glad to get rid of the telltale evidence of his cover-up because investigative reporters were howling and in due course would have obtained court orders for exhumation. The body was safer from public scrutiny in the family plot."

At least three people who saw the body of the man buried said his hair was red or brownish red, not black and curly as Booth was known to have. Even Booth's physician, Dr. John F. May, said he didn't recognize the body at first, and a pallbearer confessed to a Baltimore newspaper in 1903 that the man buried bore little resemblance to John Wilkes Booth. "Surely it was better to have buried the body and say

nothing more about it than to have raised another hue and cry which might have killed the mother, so we made the best of the circumstances, kept our discovery secret among ourselves, consoled the mother and buried the body as that of John Wilkes Booth."

After Booth lived in Texas, he moved to Enid, Oklahoma, where he died in 1903, Chitty said. His alias then was David E. George, a name bearing a similarity to that of his former companion, David E. Herold, Chitty notes. In his research Dr. Chitty has found four confessions by Booth of his real identity. One occurred on his deathbed after he poisoned himself: "I killed the greatest man who ever lived," he lamented.

"That was a complete turnaround," said Chitty. "He had changed his mind in thirty-eight years. He hated Lincoln when he shot him at Ford's Theatre."

What is even more astounding is evidence that, upon hearing about the suicide of David E. George, Finis Bates, the Texas lawyer, went to Enid to compare the corpse with a tintype given him by his confessor client. His conclusion? They were the same man, and both were Booth.

According to Chitty, the judge

in Enid would not allow the body to be buried because of speculations that he was indeed Booth. The mortician, also a furniture dealer, "propped the body up in the back of his store and many people came in to look at it. He said it was the best preservation job he had ever done. He said it would last as long as the Egyptian mummies."

In fact, the Booth mummy traveled for years around the country on display in carnivals. It was examined by six physicians in Chicago in 1931. According to Chitty, they found a fractured left leg, a scarred left eyebrow and a deformed right thumb, the latter two injuries incurred in other theatre mishaps. The mummy was last seen about 15 years ago in Pennsylvania, Chitty says, and he and Orlowek are trying to locate it.

And the young lady who claimed to be the daughter of John Wilkes Booth?

After appearing on stage here in Huntsville she went on to become a moderately successful actress, starring in many plays throughout the Southeast. Several years later she returned to Huntsville where she was scheduled to perform again. Upon arriving she registered at the Huntsville Hotel.

Late that night, according to legend, she was visited by a man with whom she spent several hours in deep conversation. Early the next morning she checked out of the hotel and left Huntsville. She was never heard of again. No records of her after that date have ever been found.

And the man that visited her in the hotel that night? It was W.C. McCoy, whom many people believed (and still believe) to be the notorious Bloody Bill Quantrell.

One final note: The play she was supposed to have appeared in at the time of her disappearance was *Our American Cousin*.

The editors of Old Huntsville wish to thank "The Delta" for allowing us to reproduce most of the preceding article. The Delta is a monthly magazine published by the Sigma Nu Fraternity. For more information about the Delta write P.O. Box 1809, Lexington, Virginia 24450.



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If you see a small hole developing in your door or window screen, just dab on some clear nail polish.

If you have an old electric clock that has stopped working, try popping it in the oven (warm) for a few hours. Sometimes that old grease and grime will just melt away.

No need to buy putty to plug up small nail holes in your walls. Use plain old (white) toothpaste instead.

If your roof is less than 15 years old and has a leak, don't pay for a whole roof job. Just get the leak located and fix it.

When in the market for a new fridge, look for one with a humid-dry (power saver) switch. This is used to turn off "anti-sweat" heaters in the doors to save electricity when the heaters are not needed.

If you get lumps in your plaster it's because you added water to the plaster. Add plaster to the water and no lumps.

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The Life and Times of Anne Royall

by Jim Coleman

Anne Royall was a unique woman in early 1800s America. She rose from poverty to riches, lost her inheritance and was again forced to fend for herself in a man's world. She was a prominent journalist for more than 25 years before dying in Washington in 1854. For her scathing editorials she was alternately praised and called a "holy terror." Even though she probably didn't realize it, she started her journalistic career in Huntsville.

Her father, William Newport, was said to be an illegitimate child of the Calverts, the founding family of Maryland. If so, Anne was of royal blood. Newport, a Tory, lost his Maryland possessions and died shortly thereafter. Anne's mother moved to the Pennsylvania frontier where Anne's playmates were Indians, and poverty soon forced them to return to Maryland. On the way they stopped at the home of William Royall, a wealthy bachelor of the English squire type who fought with Washington in the Revolution.

Royall employed Anne, then 13, and her mother on his estate. Fascinated in part with her native intelligence, enthusiasm and boundless curiosity, Royall married Anne 12 years later. Despite their age gap, they lived happily until his death around 1813. Anne inherited his extensive holdings.

Royall's heirs, all the time believing he had married below his station, sought to break his will. In the meantime Anne, who by reading from the extensive family library, developed a yen for travel. She took to the bumpy, rutted roads and trails in her carriage. With personal servants along, she trav-



eled leisurely with no timetable. Following a trip to New England and Canada, she headed south through Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. In December 1817 she spent the night at Wells Tavern south of Fayetteville on her way to Huntsville, arriving here on Christmas Eve. Upon approaching Huntsville she noted: "The cotton fields now begin to appear. These are astonishingly large; from four to five hun-

dred acres in a field! It is without parallel! The cotton has been picked out. Although the land is level, you cannot see the end of the fields either way. We arrived in Huntsville about 2 o'clock p.m. and met another wonder at the entrance of the town, which was one of the great cotton machines."

Of all the places she visited, she proclaimed Alabama her favorite resting spot. She stayed two years at tav-

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erns and inns in Florence, Moulton, Courtland and Melton's Bluff (near Muscle Shoals), plus another two years in Huntsville. She began writing letters to "Matt," a lawyer friend in Baltimore, in which she described her travels. From these letters a book, *Letters from Alabama, 1817-1822*, was published in 1830. These letters touch on religion, literature, crops, education, social injustices and people she encountered. In Alabama she called on the most prominent families and was invited to their social gatherings. She met nearly all the leading citizens as well as many of the rank and file.

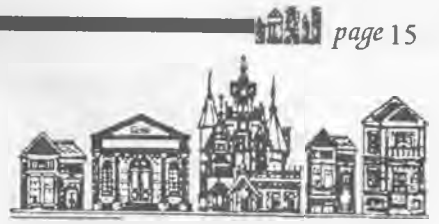
On Jan. 1, 1818, she wrote: "Huntsville! You will expect something of this flourishing town. It takes its name from a man called Captain Hunt, who built the first cabin on the spot where the Court House now stands, in 1802. In front of this cabin, which was built on a high bluff, there was a large pond. Captain Hunt cleared a small field west of his cabin the same year. This was between his cabin and the Huntsville Spring. He spent much of his time in waging war with the rattlesnakes which were very numerous in his day, and had entire possession of the Bluff at the Spring. Thousands of them, it appears, were lodged amongst the rocks. The Captain would shoot hundreds a day by thrusting long canes filled with powder into the fissures of the rocks."

"Whether Hunt or the snakes acquired the victory, I have not heard, as he was compelled to abandon his settlement to a more successful rival, who purchased the land. This was Colonel L. Pope, who in company with Dr. Manning and others, purchased the land. The land around Huntsville, and the whole of Madison County, of which it is the capital, is rich and beautiful as you can imagine; the appearance of wealth would baffle belief. The town stands on elevated ground, and enjoys a beautiful prospect. It contains about 260 houses, principally built of brick; has a bank, a courthouse, and market house. There is a large square in the centre of the town, like the towns in Ohio, and facing this are the stores, twelve in number. These buildings form a solid wall, though divided into apartments. The workmanship is the best I have seen in all the states and several of

the houses are three stories high, and very large. There is no church. The people assemble in the Courthouse to worship. Huntsville is settled by people mostly from Georgia and the Carolinas -- though there are a few from almost every part of the world; -- and the town displays much activity. The citizens are gay, polite, hospitable and live in great splendor. Nothing like it in our country."

Anne left Huntsville and arrived at the settlement of Melton's Bluff where she penned her first letter from there to her friend Matt. She next visited Moulton, staying there from March 1819 until going to Courtland in June 1821. The following month she was in Florence which she described as "one of the new towns of this beautiful and rapid rising state." She goes on to say, "There are two large and well-kept taverns in Florence and several *Doggeries*. A Doggery is a place where spirituous liquors are sold; and where men get drunk, quarrel, and fight, as often as they choose, but where there is nothing to eat for man or beast."

Back in Huntsville in January 1822, she writes: "Huntsville has greatly increased since my first visit; and notwithstanding the check it has received in the great number of new towns on the river, it will always be a place of wealth and business. It now has a popu-



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lation of 1,300 inhabitants. Two churches have been built since I have been here; a theatre (now burnt), and a number of dwelling houses. It has now two printing offices -- each publish a paper; sixteen stores, several commission merchants, an auctioneer, a land office and various other public offices. There are two academies for young ladies, one for young gentleman and several common schools. Great encouragement is given to learning throughout the state. Every sixteenth section of land is set apart for the benefit of education, and provision is made by law for a university, which is soon to go into operation. There's your chance Mr. Black-Coats! They have a tolerable library, fine taverns, several Doggeries, twenty-one lawyers and eight practising physicians!

"Few places combine more blessings than Huntsville and not a town in the world, perhaps, in proportion to its population, except Florence, has more wealth, more talent, more taste, more hospitality, mirth and gaiety, than Huntsville. The ladies of Huntsville distance

every thing in the costliness of their dress; nor do I like their manners so well as I do the manners of the Florence ladies. They are always in the streets. But they are beautiful women, and very familiar. Their young gentlemen are rather better informed, are gay and lively, play and sing well. They often go out serenading and have a Thespian society which entertains the citizens at stated periods; to these are added balls and cotillion parties."

Back in Huntsville by April 1822, she wrote to Matt: "We had the most dreadful tornado last week. It prostrated everything before it -- trees, houses, fences -- all raised to the foundation. Trees were said to be carried fifteen miles, twisted and split to atoms and though strange, no lives were lost. Twenty-one in all were wounded, without food and clothing, and houseless -- many of them widows and orphans. The ravages are generally confined to a straight line ... this one about 50 miles long, and not exceeding one quarter or one half mile in breadth."

In June 1822, Anne wrote "I

have often mentioned the great wealth of this place. Here are Col. LeRoy Pope, Gen. Braham, Dr. Fern, Dr. Chambers, Dr. Manning, Thomas Bibb Esq., and a score or two besides, that are rich as princes. Dr. Manning, this year has 760 acres in cultivation, and Dr. Chambers and a dozen others, very little behind him."

Anne described LeRoy Pope as one of the wealthiest men in the state who lived in princely style. "His house," she said, "is separated from the town by a deep ravine and from an eminence overlooks the town from the west and on the east lies his beautiful plantation on a level with the house. If I admired the exterior, I was amazed at the elegance displayed in every part of the interior."

"You recollect your old school mate, Dr. Erskine. He lives here, and has become wealthy. He married sometime since, the beautiful Miss Russell, and has one child. The doctor is highly respected in Huntsville. He rides in his carriage, and ranks with the first men in the place. Almost everyone rides in

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carriages here --very few are ever seen on horseback."

By the summer of 1823 Anne received the news that she had dreaded. The heirs of William Royall had succeeded in breaking his will. Anne, past fifty, was left penniless and was forced to make her own living. Had it not been for this legal decision, she probably would not have become a journalist. For the next eight years she spent her time traveling, writing and publishing books, one after the other. Between 1826-1831 she had published ten travel books and a novel.

From 1831 until a short time before her death in 1854, Anne edited a weekly newspaper in Washington. She named her first paper *Paul Pry*, but thinking it might imply the paper was a scandal sheet she changed it to *The Huntress*. She was never able to buy good printing equipment or hire competent workers. When the printing was poor and delivery late, she usually explained why. "After all," she explained, "the foreman is only 13 years old." Anne did all the interviews and writing. She helped with the printing and, when necessary, delivered papers.

She cruised the halls of government buildings, interviewing numerous people on Capitol Hill and reported their views in her paper. She consistently exposed abuses of government in hopes of arousing public opinion toward reform. She fought for public education, for keeping church and state separated, and for more liberal immigration laws. To strengthen her point on the latter issue, she cited Baron von Steuben, a foreigner who instructed her husband in military tactics, and Gen. Lafayette who brought men ships and money to hasten America's independence. She hated slavery, but had no patience with abolitionists. She constantly attacked organized religion, harping on hypocrites. She blamed the church for her conviction in court as a "common scold."

Anne maintained good relations with President John Quincy Adams. She interviewed him numerous times on public issues. He always felt kindly toward her, and once gave her a shawl that had belonged to his wife. P.T. Barnum, another friend, visited her print shop and offered to pay her to lecture

on public issues at his shows. During the conversation he sat on a dusty floor, helping her sort papers. She refused the offer, although Barnum felt it would have been a profitable venture for her.

As time passed, her attacks on those with whom she disagreed became stronger. She was best known for her salty editorials and exposing corruption. But there was another Anne Royall who was trusting, optimistic and patriotic. At age 83 she penned an editorial in her last issue of *The Huntress*: "We trust in heaven for three things: First, that members (of Congress) may give us the means to pay for this paper. Second, that Washington may escape that dreadful scourge, the cholera; and third that union of these states may here be eternal."

She died two weeks later.



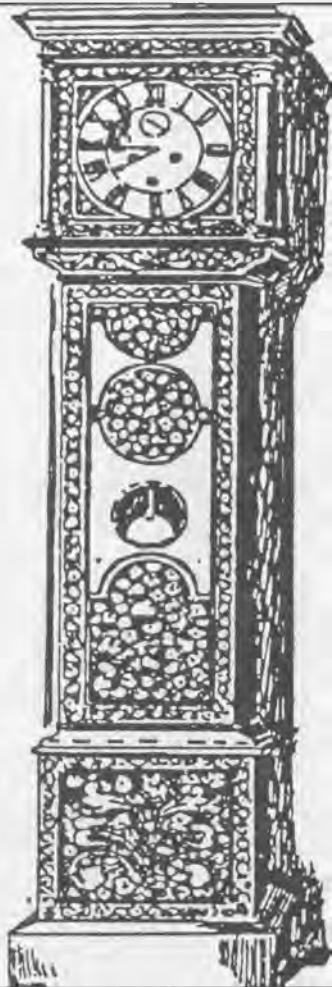
A Fitting Epitaph

The Balisok family had written letters in vain to the state department. They contacted senators, congressmen and the F.B.I., all for naught.

In the fall of 1978 their son, Jerry Balisok, died at the Jonestown Massacre in Guyanna.

On his tombstone in Maple Hill Cemetery, at the request of his mother, is written:

"Damn The State Department."



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Ecology Problems Blamed On Shakespeare by Jim Williams

Every year with the regularity of a ticking clock, flocks of birds descend on Huntsville. When this hoard of avian invaders arrives to squeak and chatter and deposit droppings on freshly washed cars, few people know who to blame for this explosion of bird life. The surprising answer goes back to England in the time of Queen Elizabeth I

In Shakespeare's play *King Henry the Fourth, Part I* (Act I, Scene III) which he wrote when the first Elizabeth was on the throne, the character Hotspur hits on a way to irritate the king. Because the king has refused to ransom his brother, Mortimer, Hotspur says "I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak nothing but 'Mortimer' in his ear." History doesn't tell us if the starling was ever trained or if the king was irritated by it, but the fact that Shakespeare mentioned a starling in his dialogue created an irritant for Americans that has been with us for more than a hundred years. If only the immortal bard had Hotspur say he would train a crow instead!

The starling (more correctly the 'European starling' or *Sturnus vulgaris* to scientists) is not native to the west-

ern hemisphere. Although it is now one of North America's most abundant species of bird, it probably would never have been here had it not been for that unfortunate mention by Hotspur.

In the late 1800s a group of immigrant Europeans known as 'The American Acclimatization Society' took it upon themselves to insure that every bird species mentioned in the works of Shakespeare could be found in the New World. A man of particular dedication to the cause, Eugene Schifflin, is credited with introducing the starling here so that future generations of Americans could see it. In the years between

1850 and 1890 other people had attempted to start starling flocks in America, but Schifflin, by importing and releasing 120 birds in New York City's Central Park in 1890 and '91, was the first to be successful. Since it is believed that all of the earlier flocks had died out after implantation, the birds in the huge starling flocks found all over the continent today are thought to be descendants of those original 120. In Europe the starling is a known crop-destroying pest with habits very similar to those it has here (though the flocks tend to be smaller); so why people thought they would be desirable in

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America remains a mystery. They were credited with the destruction of some moths that attacked fir trees in Bavaria in 1890-91, so perhaps people believed they could protect forests from insects.

The starling's spread across the United States was rapid. The first recorded sighting of the birds in Alabama was in 1918 in Montgomery; by 1932 the flocks had reached the Gulf coast.

Nesting was first recorded in Alabama in 1930, and since that time the flocks have grown by leaps and bounds. Starlings are seen in all our cities at any time. They become particularly numerous in Huntsville in winter when northern birds move into our area to spend the colder months. Then the large, noisy flocks may be considered such a threat to human health (and sanity) that they are sprayed with a detergent solution at their night time roosts. The detergent causes their feathers to lose their insulating properties and the birds die of hypothermia.

While humans consider them a nuisance, probably the greatest ecological harm caused by starlings has been to the native songbird species, especially those that build their nests in cavities. The starling is equipped with a sharp, sword-like beak and an aggressive disposition that lets it win fights with other birds, even some that are physically larger. When starlings decide to take a nest site from another bird they will almost always prevail. Often several starlings work together as a persistent harassing team until the other birds give up and leave. The state bird of Alabama, the northern flicker, is particularly victimized by starlings. A

pair of flickers may build and be driven from several nests by starlings in a breeding season. Frequently the flicker pair never gets a chance to raise a family because the starlings drive them away as soon as each cavity is finished. The once common eastern bluebird is another species that has been severely impacted by the starling invasion.

Starlings are closely related to myna birds, imported cage birds that can be trained to imitate human speech; mynas can learn a vocabulary of several intelligible words. In Europe in the time of Elizabeth I, starlings were sometimes kept as pets and trained to speak. That's what gave Hotspur the idea for teaching one to say "Mortimer" to the king in the medieval version of a stuck record. Even in the wild, starlings are great imitators. Many an experienced bird watcher has mistaken the calls of starlings for bobwhite quail, meadowlarks, eastern wood peewees, and other bird species.

But crows can also be trained to imitate human speech, so if Hotspur had said he was going to train a crow for his dirty trick, there would have been no problem. The crow (mentioned in another of Shakespeare's plays, *The Merchant of Venice*) was already found in the New World and didn't have to be imported. Even though the crow is a problem to crops and can cause harm to songbirds, it had found its place in the ecological balance of America long before the Europeans arrived. The starling, however, has really upset things since

Schifflein's great "success."

Jim Williams, a resident of Huntsville, is the author of "Urban Birds of North Alabama" which describes the birds seen in the cities and towns of the Tennessee River Valley. The book is available in bookstores and gift stores throughout the Huntsville area.



A pious father entered a Huntsville saloon the other night with a horse-whip, and found his son playing poker. He tanned the young man's jacket and sent him home, and then sat down to finish the game himself.

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THAT WAS QUITE a surprise 23rd birthday party given **Christy Latimer** the other night by her HEMSI paramedic pals **Vanessa McCain**, **Carl Zenk** and others. It was hosted at **Willis Moore's** apartment.

Sandra Norige and **Lou Johnson** were part of the social assemblage at the *Huntsville Chefs Association's* annual awards banquet at *Huntsville Country Club* this year. That establishment excels in fine foods.

Good morning to **Dixie Dickover**, who has contributed to this community for 26 years, having moved from the Tenn/Va/NC area.

MIGRAINE headaches are now a thing of the past, say the makers of *Emitrex*. Ask your doctor or druggist. You're welcome!

Troubadour **Tony Mason** continues to amass new audiences, plying his talents on Thursday and Saturday nights at *Bubba's*. The latest batch includes a half dozen singalongs called *The Do-Do Boys*. **Brian Bence**, **Colter Richard**, **John Sutton**, **Patrick Rentz**, **Bob Robertson** and **Donnie Roden** do the doo-wahs and diddyoops when necessary in Tony's songs. Bassist **Tommy Sheppard** looks on in amazement. Also

amused were business bigshots **Darlene Vaughn**, **Doris Hornsby**, **Brenda Cerha**, **Janice Hinds**, **Gail Benefield** and **Jennifer Hopkins**.

Business is picking up around **Floyd Hardin's Jackson Way Barber Shop**. He and staff were dining on fine shrimp the other midday when we arrived.

FINNEGAN'S PUB was aglow the other night as the gang gathered around **Nancy Marie Luce's** singalong piano. Former bartender **Nancy Ward** and our longtime pal **Beth Percer** were among them.

WNDA-FM has engaged the announcing abilities of **Gil Hunter**, son of **Curtis** and **Sandra** of *Hunter Trucking*. Gil is an excellent singer, also, preferring duets with his younger brother **Shane**.

Displaying their expertise at *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards* are several young married couples. Learning fast are **Bruce** and **Tonya Barkley**. He's with *Madison Electric Co.* and she's with *Huntsville Hospital*. "Pool-shooting is sure a relaxing way to have fun," say they. **Cutter Bridges** and his pal **Steve Sisk** agreed from the next table. While we were there on

Sunday night, the place was invaded by a bunch of after-church youths. Baptists, most likely, since they entered smiling. At the next table were **Nathan Glover** and **Estille Jean**.

Balladeer **Willie Windsor** is in Nashville these days pursuing a songwriting career. He recently guested with musical genius **Timothy Gordon**, who plays pop and jazz oldies at *Port of Madison*, *Holiday Inn*.

THE GOLD RUSH lounge has been purchased by **Glenn Bracken**, whom you remember as TV weatherman on Channel 48 in the old days.

Tom Cremmins is Sunday night performer at *The Corner Barn and Grill*. **Antony** and **Andrew Sharpe** play there Friday and Saturday nights. The Sharpes are also part of a new band, *Then Again*, which features **Jim Cavendar**, **David Anderson** and celebrated drummer **Mark Smith**. They played a few nights ago at *Velvet Underground* here, following with out-of-town showdates.

Gossip from **Bill Clinton** insiders is that *Huntsville* lawyer **Jerrilee Sutherlin**, who is the wife of entrepreneur/exporter **Tommy Lewallen**, is being considered for a federal judgeship. Such would leave crocodile tears flowing from the eyes of a few hopefuls.

Brenda Wilbourn from Athens bartends nights at *Butcher Block*.

ADVERTISING whiz **David Driscoll** is being considered for en-

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dorsement by some of the political pros downtown. "Whatever he runs for, I'll vote for him," says **Melissa Thoms**. "He's so handsome and smart, he's dangerous."

David H. Jones, retired insurance bigshot, has followed some of the same trails as our motley crew. He was part of the scene around the WSM studios during our earlier years in Nashville. We also met **Tennessee Ernie** on the same day (at the ribbon snipping for Opryland). We got to swapping notes the other day as we sat around **Miss Eunice's** breakfast table. At the next table sat **Doug and Cecile Tilden**, who lived here years ago and are visiting their Boeing pals until May 30. Back at the birthday table, **Carolyn McElyea** was being treated to breakfast by her galpals **Jettie Loveday, Dot Harris, Lisa McCormick** and **Wanda Johnson**. Across the room at the international table was **Kevin McClure** hosting his Bahamian associates, the exciting **Pinder** family: **Debbie, Jerome, Christopher** and daddy **Ross**. Our New York Life pal **Mack Vann** was there, too, displaying his clever business card, which shows a Mack truck pulling a Vann. A day later we crossed paths with Mack's son **Tommy**, who is as adept at fishing as his dad is at clogging.

We guested last week on the WLRH-FM Friday night Madison County Jamboree bluegrass show. On

the same show were the fiddling **Carter** twins, **Justin and Jeremy**, now 13. We have put them onstage at Cahaba Bluegrass Festival each September since they were two. Speaking of the Cahaba bluegrass, it will be staged again on Sept. 17 and 18. Our new governor, **James Elisha Folsom Jr.**, will probably play guitar and sing for us, as he has done in the past.

Jason Robinson, popular doorman at Club V, will wed pretty **Darlene Dunbar** on May 10, then head to Calif. for a week. Club boss **Ron Jeffries**, king of palaber (white rap), hopes he won't lose any doors in the interim.

Race car driver **Greg Hannah** is burning up speedways across the state this season with his car, *Nuts 'n' Honey*, sponsored by **Jay Brazelton**.

Moody's Grocery is again operated by our galpal **Carol Knight**. Her son **Bobby** still operates Nashville's finest country music emporium, *Rodeo*.

Comcast Cable deserves applause for adding all those new channels to Digital Cable Radio. Now we can hear oldie-moldies, too.

Bandito Burrito is the place to be for midday gossip. That's where the lunchtime "talkers" unload their secrets on **Oscar**.

LeRoy Gilstrap is all smiles these days as he fixes all that fine food for University Inn's Friday happy hours. That's where they have Thursday night male and female take-it-off shows.

Shotgun and Connie Evans are now part of the Nashville music scene, and lots of stars are visiting their Boot-Scoot lounge in Carriage Inn.

This is "*Be Nice to Mr. Jackson Day*" at House of Mandarin, his Oddo Drive home recently burned.

Happy Trails!

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OUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

The following is taken verbatim from the "Commerce Business Daily," a daily list of U.S. Government procurement invitations, contract awards, subcontracting leads, sales of surplus property and foreign business opportunities:

"DHHS/PHS/FDA/Division of Contracts and Grants Management, State Contracts and Assistance Agreements Branch, HFA-521 5600 Fishers Lane, Park Building, Room 3-40, Rockville, MD. 20857

A STUDY OF LATEX CONDOMS. SOL 223-93-4285 DUE 05/04/93
PO Contract, Contract Specialist, Tricia Roane, 301/443-6604. Contracting Officer, Claudia J. Woodring, 301-443-6604.

The Food and Drug Administration intends to award a two (2) year sole source requirement to the Washington State Board of Pharmacy for continuation of the Study of the Effects of Environmental Parameters or Deterioration on Lubricated Latex Condoms."

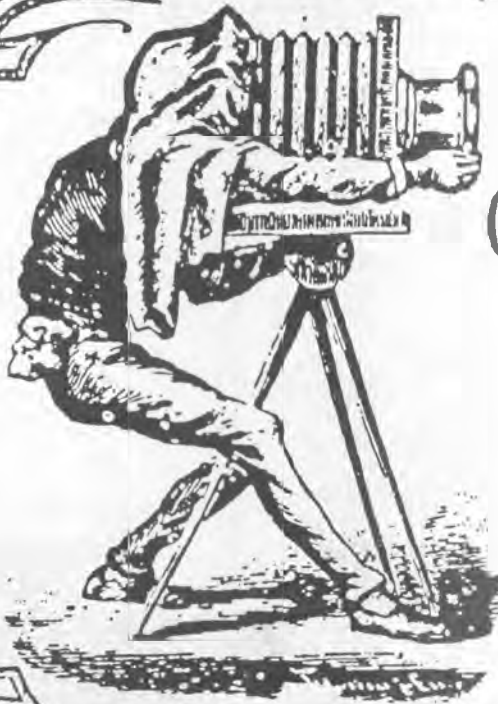
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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

To get out the food that is stuck to your casserole dish, fill it with boiling water and add 2 tablespoons of baking soda or salt.

For a delicious different taste to your tea, add old fashioned lemon drops or hard mint candy instead of sugar. They melt quickly and keep the tea clean and brisk.

For a quick shine between floor waxings, mop with a piece of waxed paper under your mop. The dirt will stick to the waxed paper.

For varnished floors or woodwork of any kind, rub with cold tea.

If you have a run in your stockings and there's no nail polish in sight, a wet bar of soap will do the trick, or hairspray, if you have that.

Beautiful Hair tips: If you are a blonde, rinse your hair after washing with water containing a few tablespoons of lemon juice. If you are a redhead or brunette, use apple cider vinegar mixed in water. Both will remove soapy film and give your hair a beautiful shine.

If you are a brave brunette or redhead, try this. Wash your hair as usual. Then rinse with coffee. Don't

wash it out. You will be amazed at how rich and shiny your hair will appear.

For some reason or other, apple cider vinegar is great for your skin. It supposedly restores the "acid mantle" or natural ph-balance to your skin. Pour some apple cider vinegar into a basin of warm water and splash your face thoroughly. Let it dry without using a towel. Or if you like sprays, use the same mixture in a spray bottle and do this every night. Acne sufferers report great success with this, also.

For a sweet smelling closet, hang an old nylon stocking filled with cedar chips in the center of the closet. This will also work as a very effective moth repellent.

Give your baby tomatoes a good start. When planting your tomatoes this year, mix some fireplace ashes into the soil. Remove the top and bottom lids from coffee cans and set a can over each plant. Step firmly on the can to set it into the ground. Remove the cans when the plants are a few weeks old.



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.

No group of ornamental fishes arouse such strong emotions among aquarists as do Cichlids. Their many partisans praise their intelligence, brilliant colorations, ease of maintenance and highly evolved parental behavior.

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Merrimac Mill

The Mill That Built West Huntsville

Ground breaking ceremonies for the first plant of Merrimack Manufacturing Company were held on July 4, 1899. This was a big event and was given wide publicity in the newspapers of that time. It was in the form of a Fourth of July celebration and also included ceremonies of ground-breaking for the street car lines which were to be Huntsville's next major improvement. The lines were to operate in town and also serve the three manufacturing plants in the suburbs. They would pass from the town of West Huntsville by the shortest route possible and continue on into the vicinity of the Merrimack plan, stopping on the north side of Spring Street (now Ivy Street), opposite the present ball park, and east of the last house on the street. The construction of the street car lines promised to be a great convenience for the citizens of Huntsville, especially those who worked in the factories in the suburbs.

The actual work of constructing the mill began soon after the ground was broken. Labor was recruited from the surrounding areas to dig out the ground for the foundations. All of the excavation was pick and shovel work, entirely by hand. Timbers were shipped in by rail, but at least part of the bricks were made and baked in ovens on the mill grounds.

The smokestack was built at the same time and contained more brick than the mill itself. The brick and mortar were carried up the stack to the masons.

At the same time as the construction of the mill was started work was also begun on houses for the employees, as the company expected to recruit most of their operatives from mills in

other towns or from out-lying areas and wanted to offer them convenient housing near their new jobs. Most of these houses were two-story, two-family dwellings with five or six rooms to the side, to accommodate the large families that were prevalent at that time. Houses were set on lots of a generous size, large enough to allow space for outbuildings for the stabling of cows or horses, which employees were encouraged to keep and to pasture on the company's pasture.

It is possible to trace the progress of the mill's construction through the articles that appeared in the local weekly papers at that time. On January 6, 1900, "The Republican" carried the following enthusiastic and farsighted item:

"As the Merrimack Mills near

completion, the attention of the public is attracted to West Huntsville and it appears that there will soon be a lively little town out that way."

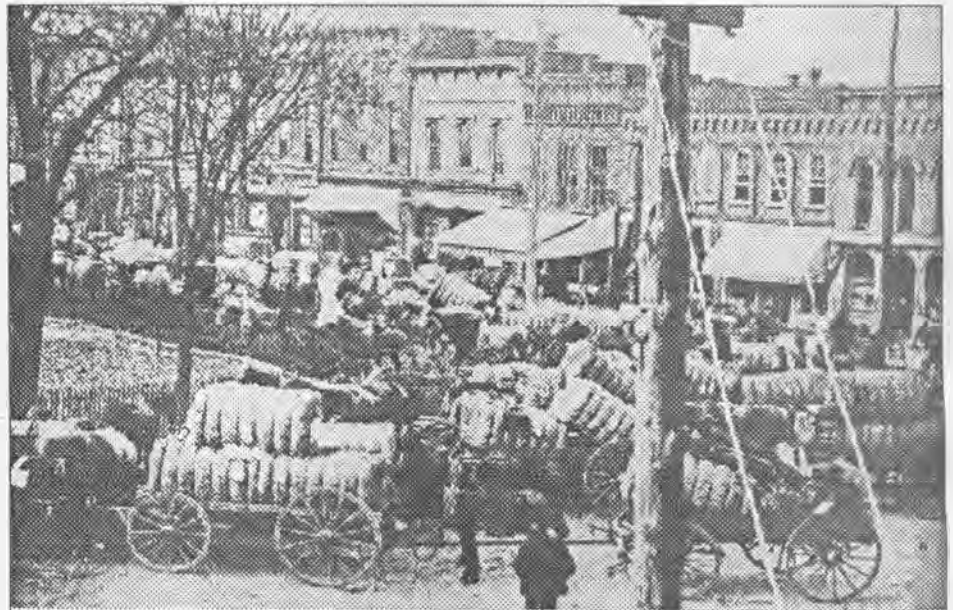
"Last week, we made notice of the fact that a gentleman had begun the erection of a building to locate a steam bakery. There is also good prospects of locating a bank, meat market, grocery, and a general store."

"All of this shows that our recent prediction that West Huntsville was going to be one of the best suburbs to our city, is getting more prominent every day. We would advise investors to keep in touch with West Huntsville."

As the mill was to be operated by steam, one of the first jobs in its construction was the piping of water from the Braham Spring to a cooling reservoir at the mill. A more difficult problem was the obtaining of sufficient pressure to force water to the top of the mill to use for fire protection. Russell Hill, more than a mile northwest of the plant site, was the only point high enough to furnish such pressure. The company purchased land on this hill and began the excavation of a large reservoir and the job of laying pipes to and from this reservoir.

On February 24, 1900, "The Republican" reported:

"The excavation of the Merrimack Reservoir will be finished before April 1st with ordinary fair weather. Work at



An early scene in downtown Huntsville. From here much of the cotton was sent to Merrimac Mill where it was processed.

Merrimack is progressing rapidly in all departments. The entire plant will probably start in motion by May 1st."

On the same date, another news item read:

"The county commissioners have a large force of teams hauling rock from the new reservoir on Russell Hill. The rock is given free to the city on condition that it be used to repair West Clinton Street. W.J. Bennett & Co. began Thursday morning moving the city crusher up to Russell Hill where they will crush rock for the city and county streets and pikes."

On March 31, 1900, the same paper reported the excavation of the reservoir near completion:

"W.J. Bennett & Co. will finish the contract for the excavation of the Merrimack Reservoir on Russell Hill within the next ten days. The interior will be lined with brick and at the bottom concreted. Bennett & Co. have taken the contract to haul 100,000 brick to the hill for that purpose. The brick are unusually hard and are made in Chattanooga."

The Merrimack officials chose Mr. A.W. Hunking as their first superintendent at the Huntsville plant. Apparently, he was in charge during the work of construction as his name was mentioned in "The Republican" on May 26, 1900.

"Supt. Hunking has completed the smokestack to the Merrimack Mill and has unfurled a United States Flag, 27 feet long over it. The stack is the highest in Alabama. All other work at the big mill is under good headway and all indications point to the mill being in operation in another month."

The April 14, 1900, issue of "The Republican" mentioned progress on the construction of houses:

"The Merrimack Manufacturing Company, has awarded a contract to Patterson Bros., contractors, for the building of fifteen additional eight room cottages for mill operators in the village of Merrimack. The houses will cost about \$1,000.00 each."

Work of completing the mill moved along swiftly as reported by the following comments in "The Republican" on June 9, 1900.

"The first addition of the Merrimack is completed and it is the

continued on page 30

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Huntsville Man Killed in Deadly Duel With Ambler

*He lost his last
hand with the grim
reaper*

(Taken from the Morning Mercury, 1906)

Birmingham, May 5: A most sensational shooting affray took place last night at six thirty o'clock in the Peer Saloon, corner Second Avenue and Nineteenth Street, the most prominent corner of the city, between Thomas G. Hewlett and Harry Haynes, two men who have been identified with the gambling interests of this city for some time. When the smoke had cleared away, Hewlett was found to be dead.

John T. Shugart, a well known criminal lawyer and former legislator was, it's believed, fatally wounded in the abdomen; Linton Poss was shot in the foot, and another man was shot in the leg. Haynes was not injured. City Detective George Rodeker, who was just across the street at the time, ran into the place and arrested Haynes without trouble. Haynes had a pistol in his hand and one in his pocket. He offered no resistance and appeared calm. He had not been drinking, it is claimed. It seems that there has been bad feelings between Hewlett and Haynes for some time. A gambling house in which Haynes was said to be interested was closed by constant raiding by the police, while the Alabama Club in which Hewlett was said to be interested was not raided. It was generally understood that when the two men would meet there would be trouble.

Hewlett and Haynes Meet:

Hewlett was in the Peerless Saloon when Haynes entered; a big crowd of men were in the place including Shugart, who was near Hewlett. As Haynes came in Hewlett said, "Hello, Harry," to which Haynes replied, "Hello, Tom." Hewlett is said to have remarked, "Harry have you your six shooter with you, or are you hooked up," to which an affirmative reply was given. "Then we might as well finish it up now," Hewlett is alleged to have said, and at the same time he drew his weapon. Haynes got his revolver and

began firing and the crowd in the saloon began scattering. A dozen shots were fired. Some say that Shugart attempted to stop the quarrel and received a bullet in the abdomen. Three bullets struck Hewlett, one in the arm and two in the head.

Haynes was transferred from the city jail to the county jail and Zell Gaston and B.M. Allen, attorneys, were sent for. Immediately after the shooting hundreds of persons collected about the place. Shugart's wound was pronounced dangerous. He was carried to an infirmary and an operation was performed. John T. Shugart represented Jefferson County in the Legislature a few years ago. He has been very successful in the practice of law in this section and has considerable property. He has a large family, two of his sons being attorneys.

History of Hewlett:

Hewlett was at one time a railroad special agent. He is said to have killed several men in his life. Of late years, it is alleged, he has been connected with gambling houses. Haynes, a few weeks ago while on a spree, fired his pistol promiscuously in Al Campbell's saloon, for which the grand jury indicted him on two charges. He has a wife and two children. Several killings have occurred in the Peerless saloon. A few years ago two men were killed by Dump McDonald, and other shooting scrapes have taken place. It is

Continued on page 37



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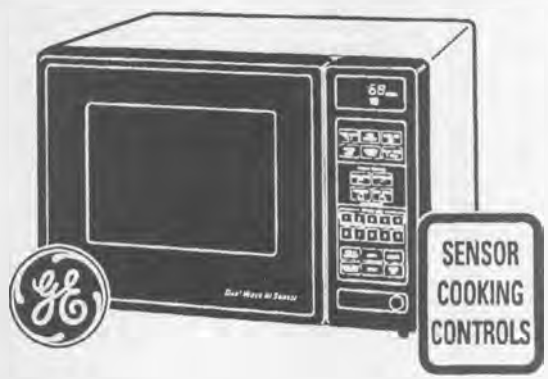
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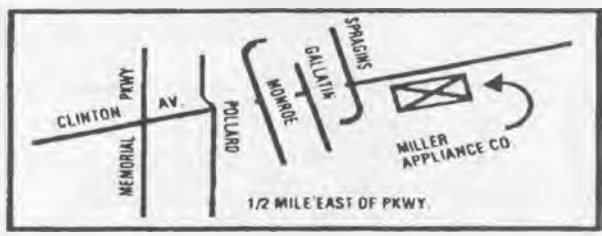
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Savory Meatloaf

1 1/2 pounds ground beef
 1/2 pound ground sausage
 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1 no. 2 can tomatoes
 1 egg, beaten
 dash Worcestershire
 dash Tabasco sauce
 1/2 tsp pepper
 1/2 tsp garlic powder

Lightly mix above ingredients and form into a loaf, place in shallow pan. Bake at 350 for 5 minutes, while you combine the following:

1/2 can tomatoes
 1 cup water
 2 tablespoons prepared mustard
 2 tablespoons brown sugar
 2 tablespoons vinegar
 1 teaspoon onion powder

Pour this over the meat loaf, bake for 1 1/2 hours, basting occasionally.

Dutch Oven Steak

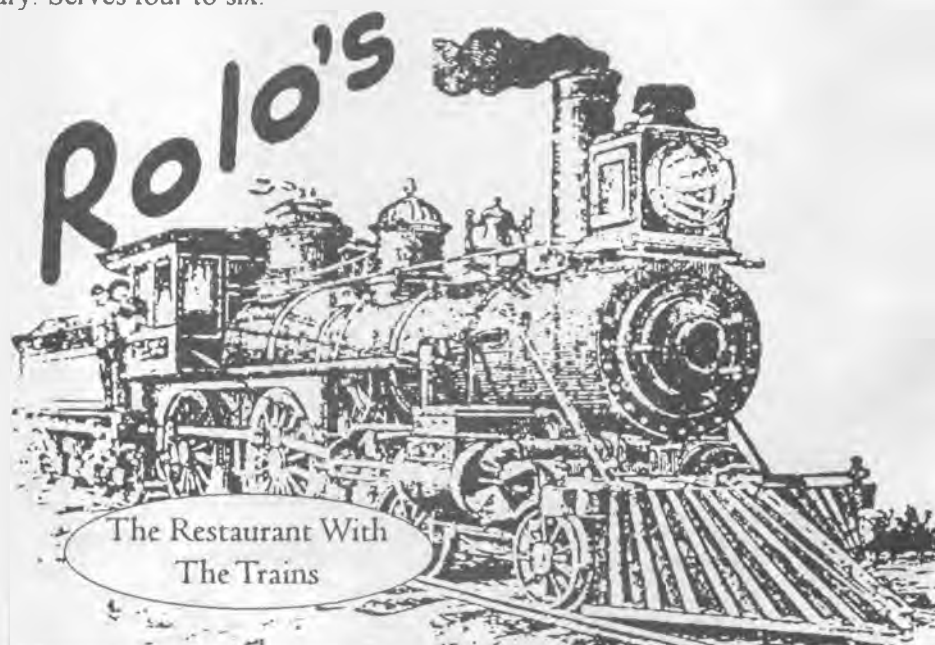
2 pounds round steak, 1" thick
 1 cup flour
 1 tbl salt
 1 tsp black pepper
 1/2 cup shortening
 1 large onion, chopped fine
 1 can cream of mushroom soup

Pound steak with meat tenderizer. Pour flour into shallow pan, add salt and pepper. Press steak into flour mixture and turn several times. Melt shortening in heated Dutch oven. Brown well on both sides, then add chopped onion. Mix mushroom soup with equal parts of water, stir well and pour over the steak. Turn stove down under Dutch oven, to low flame, and let simmer for two hours. Add more water if necessary. Serves four to six.

Excellent Hamburgers

1 pound beef
 1 tbl tomato catsup
 1/2 tsp Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 tsp garlic powder
 1/2 tsp celery salt

Mix well, shape into patties. Flour lightly and saute in butter or bacon drippings. Serve on hot toasted buttered buns.



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Dried Beef in Pimento Cheese

sauce

- 1/4 pound dried beef
- 1/4 pound pimento cheese
- 2 cups milk
- 3 tbl butter
- 3 tbl flour

Melt butter, blend in flour, and add milk gradually. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add sliced cheese, lower heat, and stir until the cheese is melted. Add the beef cut in pieces with scissors. Heat thoroughly and serve at once. This sauce may be served with rice or boiled potatoes as well as on toast or baked potato.

Cabbage Balls

- 1 pound round steak, ground
- 1/2 cup raw rice
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1/4 cup celery cut fine
- 1/2 tsp celery salt
- 2 tbl bacon grease

Separate leaves of a large head of cabbage. Pour boiling water over them until they are pliable. Make balls out of the meat and wrap each one in a cabbage leaf, and fasten with a tooth pick so that it won't come undone.

In a large roaster that will fit in your oven, season 1 can tomatoes with a little salt, sugar, the celery, celery salt, and bacon grease. Let all this come to a boil and put cabbage/meat balls in. Cook slowly for 2 hours at 350. Add water if necessary. Uncover for the last 30 minutes and brown top slightly. Serve piping hot.

Crab Supreme

- 2 cups hot diced potatoes
- 2 cups flaked crab meat
- dash of cayenne pepper
- 1 tsp salt
- 1/4 tsp black pepper
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

Combine the diced potatoes, crab meat, salt and pepper; fold in the eggs.

Whip the cream until stiff and fold in carefully. Place in a greased casserole and bake in a hot oven (400) until golden brown.

Florence's Sweet Potato Pudding

- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1/2 tsp cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp nutmeg
- 2 1/2 cups pared and grated raw sweet potatoes
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups rich milk
- 1/2 tsp grated lemon rind
- 2 tsp lemon juice
- 2 eggs, beaten until light

Put potatoes in mixing bowl, add eggs; mix well. Gradually beat in sugar; stir in milk, butter, lemon rind and juice. Add cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix all thoroughly. Pour pudding in a greased baking dish. Bake at 350 for about 1/2 hour or until light brown and well set. If desired, it can be served with cream. Serves 6. Brown sugar is better. We shred our potatoes with an electric shredder.

Our Home Baked Beans

- 2 cups navy beans
- 6 slices bacon
- 1 cup syrup
- 1/2 cup ketchup
- dash red pepper
- salt
- 1/2 tsp dry mustard
- 1/3 cup bacon drippings

Soak your beans overnight, cook until tender (very slowly). Cut bacon in 1" pieces and put in a casserole - pour in beans. Add syrup, ketchup, red pepper, salt and mustard. Add bacon grease. Bake in a slow oven (325) for an hour and a half til creamy. The beans should have enough water in them when they are ready for baking that they will pour.



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Merrimac

continued from page 25

general opinion that the mill will be in actual operation at an early date. A large force of hands are employed placing the machinery in position."

On July 16, 1900, the same paper reported:

"It is thought that the first of the Merrimack Mills will be put into operation by the first of July. It will require 750 to operate this mill. About one half of which are known as skilled cotton mill workers. A large majority of these workmen will come from the cotton mill towns of the east. The houses at Merrimack so far completed will house 70 families so we presume that others will be pushed to completion at once."

Since no warehouse had yet been built, cotton for the operation of the mill was first stored in the basement at the back of the mill. This basement had only a dirt floor.

On July 14, 1900 (a Saturday), "The Republican" reported the actual beginning of operation at the mill as

having taken place the preceding Monday morning, which would have been July 9th - almost exactly one year after the ground-breaking ceremonies.

"The Merrimack Mills Started Monday Morning!"

"The Merrimack Cotton Mills successfully inaugurated its cotton goods production at Huntsville Monday morning. Manager A. W. Hunking, accompanied by a few friends, took breakfast at half-past five Monday morning and in a few minutes was on the ground superintending the situation.

"The big engine was started and cotton was fed to the machines which were ready. The days operation proved quite successful. The rest of the machinery will be set as rapidly as possible. Operatives are coming rapidly and the mill will soon have a full force."

The actual completion of the reservoirs was reported by "The Republican" on July 21, 1900:

"The big reservoir of the Merrimack located on Russell Hill is now finished and water will be turned

into the receptacle within a few days. It is stated that the cooling reservoir at the mill is near completion."

On August 11, 1900, "The Republican" made the report that cloth had been woven at the new Merrimack plant.

"The first cloth has been made at the Merrimack Mills and was woven by Will Esslinger. Looms will be started as fast as ways are ready and large quantities of cloth will be turned out daily.

"A large force of hands are at work grading the new streets for the Merrimack Village and the place now puts on a city-like appearance. This work will be completed at an early date.

"Bryson Chapel, located at the Merrimack Mills is now receiving its last coat of paint and will soon be completed so services can be held in it."

Progress on the houses was reported in "The Republican" on October 20, 1900.

"E. L. Patterson has now under
continued on page 40

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The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

Shingles is an acute viral infection of nerve roots located near their exit from the spinal cord which then travels along the branch of that particular nerve. It is marked by initial local itching and pain, followed by eruptions of painful blisters. The condition comes about as a result of infection by the Herpes Zoster Virus. The same virus that causes chickenpox. During an attack of chickenpox, the virus may find its way to the root of a nerve in the nervous system. It lies dormant there, often for many years, until it is reactivated. It is not known what reactivates the dormant Herpes Zoster virus.

Severe burning pain occurs in the affected area which often precedes the blisters by several days. The disease is especially common on one side of the trunk, but almost any part of the body may be involved. It is most troublesome if it affects the face, especially near the eyes. The virus multiplies and produces intense, knife-like pain in the nerve where it has lodged. The pain often lasts for weeks after the blisters disappear and for some patients it could go on for months, and for some, even years, presenting one of the most serious challenges for both patient and doctor.

The condition is most common and the pain is most severe and persistent in the elderly. A shingles infection usually occurs when the immune system is weakened. This may be due to

advancing age, certain drugs affecting the immune system or a disease such as AIDS. Successful treatment for one patient may be useless for another. When the rash is fully developed a patient can do little except apply lotions to the rash and take pain medication. If the infection is in its early stages, your physician may prescribe drugs such as Acyclovir (Zovirax) to speed recovery and if your face is affected, advise you on how to protect your eyes. If treatment is started early in this disease, it may help prevent or diminish a condition called Postherpetic Neuralgia, which occurs in about 10 percent of shingle patients and is characterized by severe pain in the once acutely affected areas, lasting for a long time after the initial infection. Early treatment is important and a patient should contact his doctor as soon as symptoms occur. Prompt treatment can minimize the infection and decrease the chances of persistent pain.

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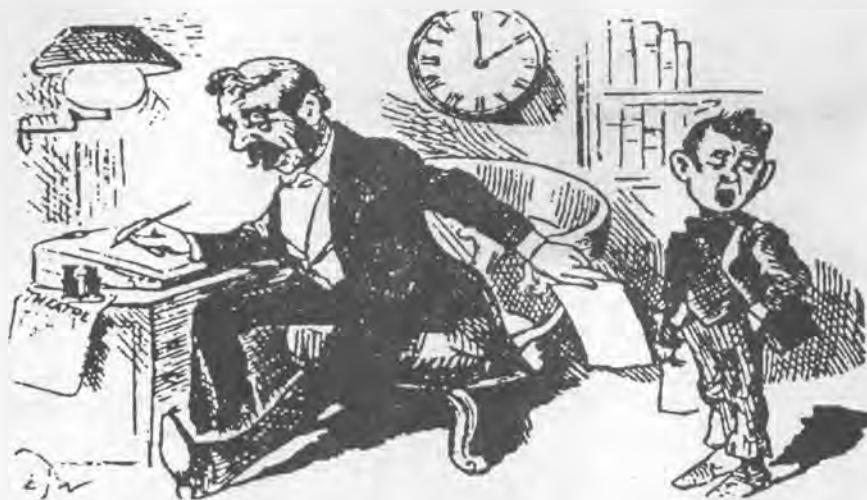
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear "Old Huntsville,"

Can't tell you how much I enjoy "Old Huntsville," have preserved all issues. Very handy in discussions with friends about Huntsville history. Vol. 1, Issue 2 saved the day recently in discussing Harrison Brothers.

Best Regards,
Tim Jose, Huntsville

Dear Editors,

I was not aware of your publication until yesterday. I have a question. How often do you publish? Let me tell you right now, I am not interested in subscribing for myself - I am a born Yankee which, except for my husband and his family who have always been Southern, and the fact that I have lived here 25 years - I have no connection. I was thinking of giving them gift subscriptions, so let me know about price, etc.

I am sure that people like my family look for every connection to the Civil War - they'd love it.

But I would like to mention to you that every one of the advertisements which were done in the historical period, sucked me right in. I am an obsessed reader of newspapers, periodicals, newsletters and magazines - to break up my book reading - so I daily run across pages of ads which I never pay any attention to - they're boring.

Not your "period" ads, though - they caught my attention. I looked at the

ad in total, touched by artwork or layout - then I moved in to read the ad, then looked at the ad and artwork again before going on to the next page.

I hope you don't mind getting a fan letter about how much attention I paid to your ads. Don't see how it could be helped - they were all individual, unique and grabbed my attention. The reasons these companies advertise is to be noticed, have the reader reminded about them - well, they are working except for the present day ones.

I read 4-5 hours a day in my free

time. People like me ignore the commercials - change the channel to avoid them, so when you grab our attention, you're doing a classy job.

Thanks,
Nancy Derrick, Scottsboro

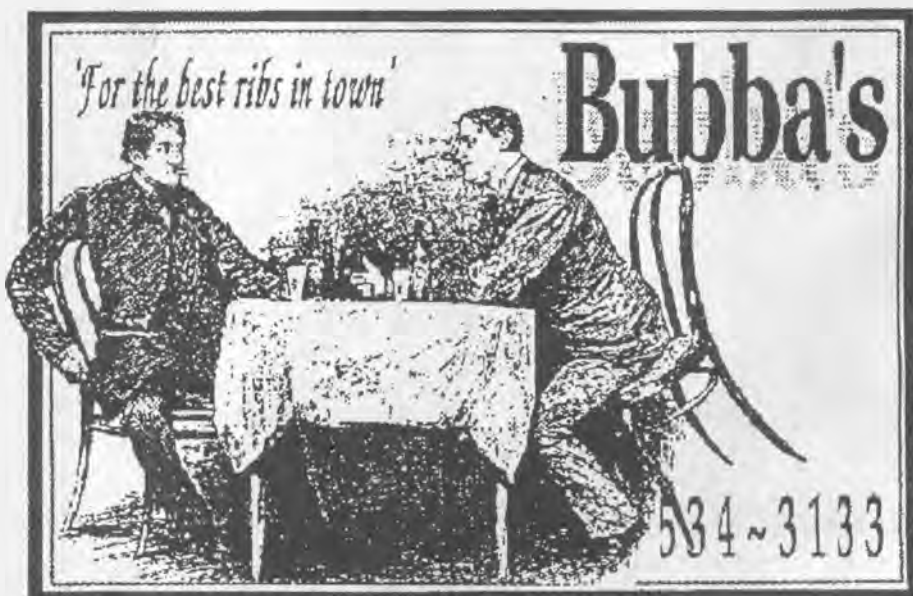
Dear "Old Huntsville,"

Enclosed is a copy of an article that I found stuck in an old book published in 1884. I thought the clipping was funny and also that it was the sort of thing you might like to print. It is certainly bizarre and seems to be some form of advertisement. It was just an old, yellowed clipping.

The book is really interesting - it is called "Our Department" and discusses all sorts of situations and the proper manners to use. Especially interesting to me is the chapter on "Toilet Recipes," where they discuss a remedy for black teeth, how to restore gray hair, how to whiten the hands, how to remove a sunburn, how to darken faded false hair, and how to remove stains from silk among other topics.

The author gives a recipe for "hair wash": "Bay rum six ounces, aromatic spirits of ammonia half an ounce, bergamot oil six drops. Mix." I wonder if this recipe was promoted by wig makers? The binding on this book is beginning to come loose. I would like to have it restored. If you have any information about who might do this

continued on page 36



HUNTSVILLE LANDMARKS

BY CLARENCE SCOTT

GEORGE STEELE: THE ARCHITECT OF HUNTSVILLE

No single person is responsible for more Huntsville landmarks and the city's architectural development than is Huntsville's own George Gilliam Steele (1798 - 1855). The importance of George Steele can only be fully appreciated when it is understood that there were very few architects in the country in the early 1800s. In fact, the only professionally trained, practicing architects were foreigners who had immigrated to the United States after they had received their training.

Steele was born in Virginia and from all accounts was a self-educated man. He moved to the thriving town of Huntsville around 1818 and began work as a brick-builder. His earliest known accomplishment in architecture is his home at 519 Randolph Avenue. Built in 1824, the home was based on the Federal style that was popular in Huntsville at the time. This style basically was interpreted as brick boxes with steep gabled roofs.

As a true visionary, Steele kept abreast of any shifts in architectural style and is generally credited with introducing new trends in his chosen field. By the early 1830s, he had introduced the Greek Revival style of architecture into his designs. This style had quickly become very popular in the nation as it was thought to be more representative of the spirit of the new democracy.

Some of Steele's work that survives to this day are the Feeney house, 414 Randolph; Yeatman house, 528 Adams; Cox house, 311 Lincoln; Cabaniss house, 603 Randolph; the

First Alabama Bank on the west side of the downtown square; Mary Bibb Mausoleum in Maple Hill Cemetery; Oak Place on Maysville Road; Purdom house, 409 Randolph; the portico of the LeRoy Pope house, 403 Echols; Fearn house, 517 Franklin; and Figures House 423 Randolph. Three notable examples of Steele's work that no longer exist are; the second Madison County Courthouse, the old Episcopal Church of the Nativity built in 1846-47, and the Huntsville Female College built in 1853.

After thirty years of changing the face of Huntsville, George Steele died on October 21, 1855, and was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery. His obituary, as printed in the *SOUTHERN ADVOCATE* read: "He was self-educated - physically, mechanically, men-

tally, artistically. Of an iron will, indomitable energy and keen sagacity, he met difficulties but to overcome them and kept straight on the goal of merited success. He was eminently a practical man - a cultivated Mechanic - a thorough Master Builder - an accomplished Architect. He had not only learnt the drudgery of his profession but soon passed beyond and became an undertaker, a designer, a creator. His judgement, his taste, his artistic skill have become monumental ... Capt. Steele was of a warm, generous, impulsive nature. He was not free from faults; who that is mortal is? But they were mere specks in the pure gold of his character...."



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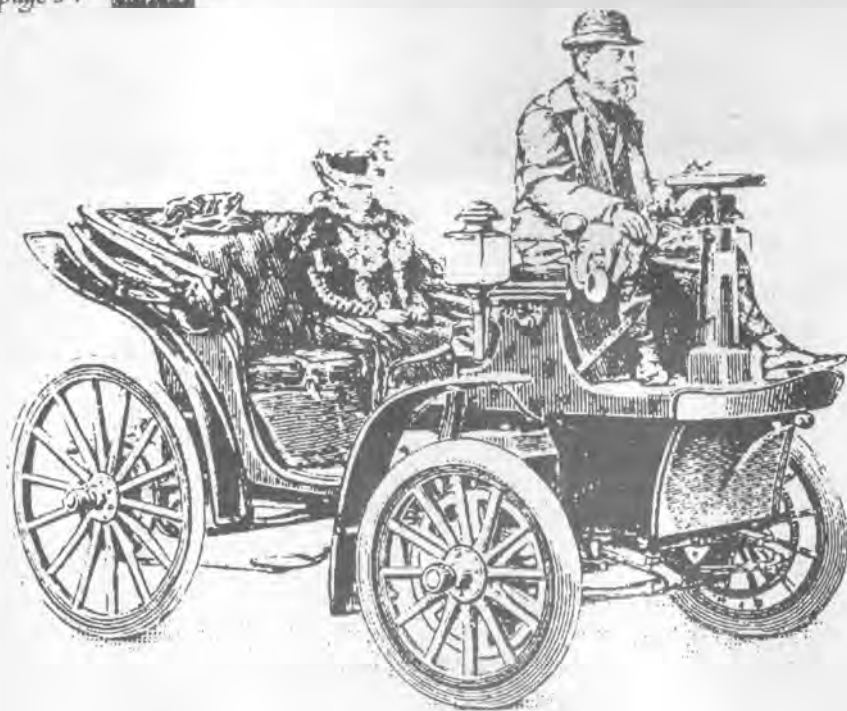
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Somebody Do Something!

By: Evelyn Hayden Hodge

Back in the early teens and twenties the rural roads of this country were indescribably bad. Madison

County and surrounding areas were no exception.

The county roads were made of dirt and large rocks and had two deep ruts down each one. These ruts were bad enough in dry weather but, during

the rainy season they were almost impassable: everybody carried mud-fighting equipment, including chains, tow rope, and a shovel in their cars.

There was no heavy equipment to build and repair the roads, so it was done by manual labor. All males age twenty one and over were required to work on the roads three days each year or pay \$3.00 for another to work in his place. Once or twice a year they worked on the roads but it didn't help much.

I have seen these men do what was called "fixing the roads" and this is how it was done. First, three men loaded each wagon with large pieces of limestone rock. One man drove the wagon and the other two rode in the back, one on each side. As the wagons moved slowly along in the ruts, the two men in the back pushed the large pieces of rock into their respective ruts.

This may have helped to prevent cars from getting stuck for awhile, but it just made the ride rougher as the car wheels bounced from one big rock to another.

The road from above Nashville to Huntsville, through New Hope, Guntersville, and on south to Florida, as bad as it was, was called the Florida Short Route. Many tourists drove this route to Florida in the fall and back to their homes in the north in the spring. The terrible condition of these roads was known far and wide.

Across the Paint Rock River into Marshall County, there were some really bad places and cars had to be pulled out of them. Some farmers in the area would hitch a pair of mules in the morning, go to the worst mud holes, and stay there all day pulling out the cars as they got stuck. They charged from .50 cents to \$5.00 for their service.

There was one mud hole that looked worse than the rest, but it only appeared worse. People, familiar with the road, would drive through it without any problem. There was a short stretch of halfway good road on either side of this mud hole and it gave motorists a chance to pick up a little speed.

A farmer in the neighborhood had a cow that died. He and a neighbor decided to have some fun. So they cut off the cow's head and tail and carried them to the bad looking mud hole. They waded in and set the head in the



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mud. Then back about the right distance they stuck the tail. Now it looked as if the cow had mired in the mud and couldn't get out.

Then the men hid in a little woodland beside the road to await the first car. They didn't have to wait long before a car of tourists came along.

They had gotten up a little speed but when they saw the cow in the mudhole they stopped for a better look. They pitied the poor cow and, seeing nobody making an effort to get her out of such a predicament, asked, "why doesn't somebody do something?"

About this time the men would come out of hiding and tell them it was just a joke. After a good laugh, the motorists pulled around the cow and were on their way again.

They left the "cow" in the mud hole the rest of the day and most cars that came their way stopped, for people were afraid to try to cross such a dangerous looking place. Before they learned it was a joke, most everyone would ask the same question, "why doesn't somebody do something?"

My father had a rather unusual experience one time when he got stuck. There was nobody around to pull him out and, to make matters worse, the motor of his car died. To keep from getting out in the mud, he crawled up onto the hood, where he reached over the front end and cranked until the motor started again. He finally made it out of the mud hole and on home.

He had a gold pocketwatch which he wound every night before going to bed. On this particular night, when he reached into his pocket for his watch, it wasn't there. The only place he could think it may be was that it had fallen into the mud hole when he leaned over to crank his car.

Early the next morning he put on old clothes and drove back to where he had gotten stuck. He waded in with rolled up sleeves. He reached in the cold mud and began to feel around on the bottom for his watch. Surprisingly, he found it the first try and it was still running. (Even in those days, he had a watch that would take a licking and keep on ticking.)

The condition of the roads in this country has improved immeasurably since those old times. Even so, we still enjoy thinking and reminiscing about old stories and happenings of the past.



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Letters to Editor

Continued from page 32

sort of work, I would greatly appreciate you sharing it with me.

Very truly yours,
Emily K. Davenport, Huntsville

Dear Old Huntsville,

I would like to encourage your readers to keep a diary. It is a tool that you can draw upon, if you are solving a family argument, settling an estate, or trying to remember several of the daily items of your life. The most important thing is that it is dated - day after day and year after year.

I have kept a daily journal of my life now since 1959. Others have kept much longer records. The law will accept the written word, as a trust when

it is signed and dated. Birth records of children and grandchildren are often found in old diaries, and are a real help in future years.

Regards,
Nell Rutledge Porter, Huntsville

Dear Old Huntsville,

I moved to Huntsville 4 years ago after graduating from college at Mississippi State. It was hard moving to a strange town where I knew no one and had no family. When I discovered "Old Huntsville," it really made Huntsville seem like "MY" hometown and such a friendlier place. I now have my father hooked on these magazines as well, back in Lyman, Mississippi. Please start a subscription for him, and keep up the good work.

Joan Johnson,
Hazel Green

Dear Old Huntsville,

I really enjoy the magazine and wondered if you have ever thought about doing a story about the German P.O.W.'s that were imprisoned at Redstone Arsenal during the Second War? I am stationed in Germany and I recently had the pleasure of meeting an old German soldier that was a P.O.W. in Huntsville. He enjoys *Old Huntsville* as much as I do! One suggestion: how about less recipes?

John Patterson,
Hamburg, Germany

Dear Old Huntsville,

Just a short line to tell you how much my family and friends have enjoyed the paper. I gave the gift subscriptions for Christmas and it was great hit! So much for the praise, now for some criticism. Why don't you print more recipes? Also, I don't know what you are doing but the paper seems to get even better every month!

Lorraine Younger,
Fayetteville, Tenn.

Dear Old Huntsville,

I see wooden boxes everywhere with the Golden K Kiwanis logo on them. Is Old Huntsville a charity publication? Please explain.

Reggie Stiles,
Huntsville

Editor's note:

Everyone seems to ask this question. No we are not a charity, although every month we donate the papers to the Golden K Kiwanis and they place the magazine for sale. They keep one hundred per cent of the money and put it back into youth programs here in Huntsville. And no, we do not get a tax break! But we, the Kiwanis, and the thousands of people who buy the papers hopefully help make a difference in many young peoples' lives.

A final note: The next time you see someone take a copy of "Old Huntsville" without paying, remember, they are not stealing from us. We would give them a copy if they had asked. They are stealing from the youth programs that the money would have benefited.



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Hewlett

continued from page 27

understood that habeas corpus proceedings will be taken out by Haynes early next week. Hewlett was a man over fifty years of age.

Hewlett Well Known Here:

Mr. Hewlett was well known in Huntsville, having spent many years of his life in this city. He was a deputy marshal under United States Marshal Joseph H. Sloss several years and his readiness with his gun made him a terror to the moonshiners and other law breakers. One of the most sensational incidents in his career was the killing of Sandy Bynum, a negro politician, at a negro political meeting near the city a number of years ago. Hewlett is said to have gone into the crowd of negroes and shot Bynum for the insulting epithets he had used in his speech and then invited the dead man's friends to continue the shooting if they did not like the way it ended. Although he was the only white man there, not a man among the several hundred negro republicans dared to make a motion. Mr. Hewlett was a remarkably fine shot and was known to be devoid of fear.

The End



Helpful Hints

Don Gill of Sanders Diamonds passes along this tip: the best method for cleaning jewelry is by using ammonia and water, half and half. Drop the jewelry in the liquid, soak for a bit of time then use a soft toothbrush to clean the jewelry. For diamond rings, be sure to clean the bottom of the diamond, as well as sides and top.

Here are a few other uses for Ammonia we found in an 1873 newspaper:

No housekeeper should be without a bottle of spirits of ammonia. 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 yourself how much labor it will save.

No scrubbing will be needful; 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.

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Buzzard's Roost

A Childhood Fantasy

by Don Wynn



Buzzard's Roost is a strange name for an enchanting place.

It had lots of trees and rocks and water and hiding places, but it did not have any buzzards. At least, I never saw any. My friends and I occasionally heard buzzard noises, but we never caught sight of any.

The Roost was about 2 miles from civilization as the buzzard flies. To get there, we had to go through a field of hay, then through a canebreak, then into the woods, then up the trail along

the stream, higher and higher up the mountain until finally we reached the place of our boyhood fantasies.

It had great rock ledges with a commanding view from the top. Sitting up there always gave me a feeling of power and inspiration. For days after a rain, water ran over the rock and made a tremendous waterfall filling the stream bed with flowing water and the whole area with the wonderful sounds.

When we tired of playing army, cowboys and Indians, quest or some

other fantasy game, we played with crawdads, frogs and salamanders in the many pools formed by the water. We splashed and played until we needed to nap in the warm sun on some great flat rock. We watched the clouds drift by and the treetops sway in the breeze. As each enchanted day ended and the sun was going down, we would fill our canteens one more time and drink until we could not drink anymore from the fresh, clean water of the stream.

Then we would hike down the the mountain, through the canebreak, out of the woods, through the hay field and finally back to civilization.

When I was 10, Buzzard's Roost was the site of my first camping trip. I was a tagalong with my brother C.E. and his buddy, Walter Thomas. They were about 13 and had planned the trip. I pitched a fit, so they had to take me or they couldn't go. They didn't want to, but they had no choice.

It was a good thing that I went along because they needed help to carry all of the necessary gear. We had mess kits, canteens, canned goods, matches, a hatchet and a flashlight. We did not have sleeping bags, but did have some wool blankets to protect us from the April chill. We had a tent, too! This was not some old crummy nylon or rayon tent; it was heavy duty canvas with big tent poles and tent spikes.

All in all, we each must have carried about 50 pounds of stuff. Through the hay field, through the canebreak, into the woods, onto the trail along the stream, higher and higher

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up the mountain until we reached our campsite at the foot of the rocks. We quickly pitched our home for the next few days and carefully dug a trench around the entire tent, the purpose of which was to divert any water if it happened to rain during the night. After enjoying a can of beans heated over our campfire, we decided to get a little shut-eye.

I, with my keen sense of hearing and my vivid imagination was not able to go to sleep easily. For most of the night, I was awake then asleep then awake again. During one of the times that I was awake, I realized that I was getting cold. I also realized that C.E. and Walter had all the blankets. They had pushed me to the bottom of the tent until I was finally outside. I tried to get back in several times, but they wouldn't let me.

Being a quick wit, I realized that I could be warm and in my bed at home in a couple of hours, or I could be even colder outside the tent at Buzzard's Roost. The warmth of my bed called to me even from several miles away. I put on my boots, got the hatchet and flashlight and set out for home. At first, I made fast time along the familiar trail, as the flashlight grew dimmer and dimmer. Finally, the flashlight was dead and I was afraid that I would be too!

The woods are a dark place at night. The trail became impossible to follow. I decided to walk in the shallow stream bed until it flowed out of the woods. It is really surprising how much noise there is in the woods at night. The sound of the wind and of the splashing water was not so relaxing in near total darkness. Terror was gradually taking over my thoughts as I neared the entrance to the woods. My pace quickened, but I did not run. I'm not sure if I simply defeated the urge or if the terrain was just too rough! I was thinking of bobcats, mountain lions and rattlesnakes--canebreak rattlers! When I finally broke into the open field, everything seemed so bright.

The moon was full and it seemed like daylight. I moved across the flat, open field for at least 100 yards before I turned to make sure that nothing was following me. When I finally reached home, the doors were all locked. I was afraid to wake everybody up, so I finished the night in the back seat of the family car. I think that was even colder than I had been at our campsite at Buzzard's Roost.

RED LIGHTS OUT TONIGHT!

Bordellos to close at midnight

Reprinted from 1913 Huntsville Newspaper

The so called segregated or red light district of Huntsville will go out of existence tonight at midnight and by tomorrow, practically all of the occupants of "the houses of our midst" will have departed from the city or changed their mode of making a living.

When the question of abolishing the district was brought before the City Commission in November by a committee representing the Men and Religion Forward Movement, proprietors of the houses agreed to close up quietly and get out provided they were not molested before the first of January. The commissioners entered into this agreement and the action of the police will not be necessary. The women declared their intention of keeping their promise to move away.

Several of the inmates of the houses have already left the city, but a majority are still here however. A few will go to the homes from which they have long been absent but most of them will make their way to other cities and continue their life.

Other cities have driven the red light districts out before this and the outcome of the experiment in those cities as well as here will be watched with a great deal of interest.

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Merrimac

continued from page 30

construction six new houses for the Merrimack Mfg. Co. Five of the frames have been completed and the additional houses will be under frame this week. Mr. Patterson has the contract for building ten more new houses for this company which he will complete by the first of January. They now have sixty two-story and six one-story houses completed which are nearly all occupied by tenants."

The first houses completed were those on the two blocks directly facing the mill and on the streets directly west of these blocks back as far as the east side of C Street (now Clopton Avenue).

While A. W. Hunking appears to have been manager of the mill when its operation began, George Marsh came in soon after as the head official. Gordon Cobb was assistant superintendent for many years. These men had more problems connected with the initial operation than we can conceive of today.

The machinery was powered by steam, which operated an engine to the machinery by means of 2" manila ropes stretched from a drum besides the engine up a ropeway connecting with all three floors of the mill. This ropeway passed up through the well of the No. 1

cardroom and the second floor space opposite the laboratory.

The problem with steam power was to keep the steam up to the maximum required to keep the engine operating steadily. If the steam fell, the whole mill slowed up or stopped. In order to keep steam up, the boilers had to be fed constantly. The boiler crew consisted of four men to shovel coal to the fires, four to roll coal from the pile by wheelbarrow, and several spare hands.

Cotton was brought into the plant by drays pulled by two mules. On rainy days, these drays often got stuck in the mud on the mill grounds. After the warehouse was built back of the mill, cotton for use in the opening room was hauled up every day by horse and wagon.

The many windows in the mill were to let in as much daylight as possible as the only inside lighting provided at first was from oil lamps hung in brackets on the walls. Later, a generator was installed to furnish electricity for lighting the mill. However, these first electric lights were very weak and dim.

Among the machinery installed in the mill, much of which was probably second-hand, were the old 'suck-shuttle' looms. The only way to get the thread through the deep eyes on these shuttles was to "suck" it through. In those days, weavers did everything but

fix their looms when they broke down. They filled batteries, wove the cloth, and doffed it. Children who worked in this department only operated a few looms, probably from two to six, while they learned to weave.

In the spinning department, children operated from one-half an end to a full end, often standing on a box in order to reach the spindles. Children were sometimes doffers and often sweepers. They had considerable leisure time between their duties to play inside, or even occasionally outdoors. Families often worked together in a department, the older members teaching the younger children.

Hours were long, from six in the morning to six at night, (only one shift operated), but workers had periods of free time during the day, often enough to allow them to leave the plant to attend to some necessary duty at home or to run an errand.

Many spare hands were employed in the mill in those days because of the erratic attendance of workers. Home duties and sickness, especially among the children, caused most of the absenteeism. The swampy areas around the village was a breeding place for mosquitoes and, consequently, malaria was common during the summer months. In February of 1901, a smallpox epidemic broke out, several cases being reported in the Merrimack community. As a result of this smallpox "scare," travel between town and the suburbs was restricted for a period of several weeks.

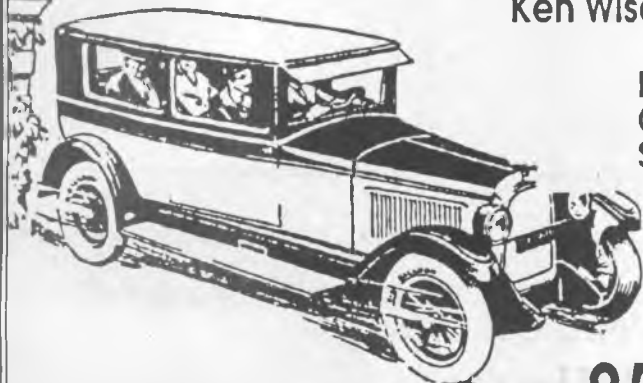
Wages were paid entirely in gold coin, until about the time of the first World War. In the early days, workers passed by the office, probably once every two weeks, presented a metal disc with their identification number, and received their pay - between three and four dollars for a full week's work.

Employees who came to work in the new Merrimack mill were from various sections of the South. Many experienced workers came from mills in Georgia or South Carolina. Some of these people worked at the Dallas or West Huntsville mills before coming to Merrimack. Others came direct to the plant. Farmers from outlying areas, or from Tennessee, came with their large families to learn the textile trade. Of the first employees, probably many

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more than half were unskilled and had to learn the work after the mill started. Merrimac Mill has been torn down and the community it built for its employees has been annexed by the City of Huntsville. For the thousands of employees' descendants still remaining in Huntsville, the old mill has become part of their heritage.



Auburn Waiting For Last Dog To Die

Reprinted from 1977 newspaper



Ms. Elinor E. Ritchey, heiress to the Quaker State Corp., left her entire fortune to her 150 stray dogs. She died in Ft. Lauderdale in 1968. The will was contested, however and the original 4.3 million dollars had become over fourteen million dollars by the time the will was settled and there was only 73 dogs left. They were tattooed and kept apart so as not to produce more heirs. When the last dog dies Auburn University will receive the remaining fortune.

Hen and Eggs Sixty Years Old

(From a letter to a Birmingham newspaper, 1896)

We have on our table an egg sixty years old, which is one of the dozen that were recently found over a press in the wall of the house of J.A. Boazley, of this county.

While some workmen were putting on a new roof one of them dropped something through the sheeting upon the press, and upon tearing up the sheeting found the twelve hen eggs. The eggs must have been laid there prior to putting on the sheeting, when the house was first built, as the cavity over the press was surrounded by brick, which extended up to the sheeting.

The house was built in the year 1816 and therefore, the eggs are about sixty years old. They are of ordinary size, and do not appear unnatural in any way, except their exceeding lightness, which is caused by internal desiccation. Over the other press was found a hen and one egg. The hen presents a mummy-like appearance, and has doubtless roosted there for the last sixty years. Can any one beat our hen and eggs for age?

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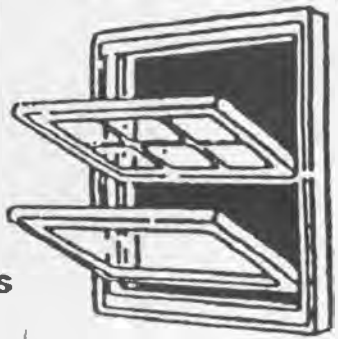
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Back When

by Alice A. Hall

I was a teenager in late 1928, and one of the fondest memories I recall was back then everything was sweet and simple. My mother died when I was a toddler, and she left my two brothers in their teens, one sister, my father and me. We had a housekeeper and my Godmother who kept us all together. We thank God for that. One Saturday afternoon my dad brought home a brand new 1928 Ford touring car. It was a shiny dark green car with a black top--a "Model A." A neighbor had placed an order for one; but when it came in, he couldn't pay for it. He asked my father if he wanted to take the order, and my dad said yes. So, he made the arrangements, paid \$398.00 for the car, and my brother Harry drove it home. We were so proud of that car. We lived about twelve miles out, at the foot of a mountain in Big Cove. Gas was 13 cents a gallon.

We would go to town on Saturday, and my father always sat on the benches around the courthouse square. The men told tall tales and talked about farming and other things while the ladies would buy the provisions they needed. Sausage was 25 cents a pound, coffee was 48 cents, bacon was 25 cents a pound and haircuts were 40 cents. In 1928 Herbert Hoover became president, defeating Democrat Al Smith.

The teenagers on Saturday would sit around the soda fountain with their friends at Kress or Woolworth's drug store. If they had the money, they would go to the movies which were silent in those days. We always looked forward to trade day on Saturday to see our neighbors and friends in Huntsville.

HUNTSVILLE GOES TO THE RESCUE OF TUSCUMBIA



HUNTSVILLE BOYS READY FOR COMBAT BUT ENEMY DOESN'T SHOW

(Taken from the Morning Mercury, 1906)

The writer of these incidents has of late often wondered how many of Huntsville's citizens now living can recollect the fact of the early incident of the war that is my subject at this writing, and whether there can now be found any citizen of Huntsville, save about two others and the writer, that partook of the excitement of that occasion.

In the order of time I should have recorded this incident before any of those which I have written in the four previous chapters, but as the matter of when is of small importance in the narration. It will be sufficient to say that it took place at so early a part of the war that the condition of the minds of both observers and participants were very different then from what they would have been two or three years afterwards.

At that time there had been little experience, and war events had left no impression upon which to found probabilities for the future. Then the excited minds of citizens were filled with apprehension because the events of the future were unknown, and their minds were not in a condition to reasonably expect the probable, but with nervous dread they shrank from the possible.

At this time Huntsville had sent two companies to the war, and others were following. A strong desire filled the minds of young and old to do what they could to lend a helping hand. Huntsville had at this time among her treasures one implement of war, of which her citizens were very proud that

fate had left in her possession. This was a bright brass six-pounder cannon. Many a salute had it boomed forth on occasions of rejoicing and peaceful celebrations. Now it was the will of the people that it should be made useful in the defense of Huntsville homes.

A small artillery company had been formed to make useful this possession. It was the proud desire of each member of this little band that he should become proficient in this arm of service. Books on military tactics were bought and read assiduously.

Fortune favored their aspirations in sending a West Point cadet who was familiar with the artillery manual and was ready and willing to render assistance by drilling that artillery squad.

It became quite an event each evening for the citizens to gather at the old market house, occupying the same spot as the present city hall, when the brass cannon with its shiny brass wheels was rolled out, and watch the drill. A little coincidence lies here in my narrative.

That ex-West Pointer and captain of the artillery company is now well known as the honored president of a Huntsville bank; and another, the present president of a Huntsville bank was at that time a high private in the squad.

It was sometime after these rehearsals that the events of the Tuscumbia campaign took place. By this time our captain had been called away to other duties and many of the members had formed other military connections.

The citizens were startled one evening by the ominous news by telegraph that Federal gunboats were ascending the Tennessee River with the evident intention of devastating the town of the valley. Calls for help were sent out from Florence and Tuscumbia for all the neighboring towns in the valley to send all available help to stay the progress of the ruthless invaders. The alarm sounded in Huntsville. There was a hurried call to arms, for everyone who could bear them. While not

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understanding what could be done to effectively prevent the advance of gunboats, I was ungracious not to respond when the call was made by our brethren down the valley.

"Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro.

And gathering tears and trembling of distress.

And near the beat of the alarming drum,

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb.

Or whispering with white lips,

The foe! They come! They come, come!"

In the early morning hours there pulled out from the depot a train of flat cars with a goodly number of citizens bearing a motley assortment of guns, the men standing outside on the floor. Then last, but far from least, was the bright brass six-pounder with its glittering barrel and caisson mounted on bright red wheels attracting the admiration and attention of the gathering

crowds at the towns as we passed. At each of these we picked up additional numbers, all armed and ready for the fray. Boxcars were not available and engineers were scarce. The writer had a position in the engine cab, and Capt. Harry Ryan was at the throttle driving the engine.

It is barely possible that a similar incident about that time is mixed in the writer's memory with this event. Yet after the long interval of time, it seems clear in his memory that that prince of good fellows that everybody who has traveled the M.&C. R.R. in the last forty or more years knows, was this day driving the engine. He was then superintendent of this division of the road. I wondered then at his ability as an engineer. He has ever showed great qualities as conductor and superintendent. His qualifications, great then, have since improved, and the wonder has ever been in my mind why his position has not been advanced as his services and qualifica-

tions have merited.

That train of flat cars was well loaded as it pulled into Tuscumbia. It was a load of wondering and expectant men from every town in the valley from Huntsville to Tuscumbia. The train was received with cheers from another crowd as it drew up in front of the hotel. This latter crowd was individually equipped very much as was the one on the cars, with this difference, that quite a number were on horseback. These seemed, if possible, more excited than the rest. They would dash off, one or two at a time, and ride somewhere and after a while return.

It soon developed that there was no head. No one felt capable of assuming authority over their countrymen when they were in utter ignorance of what was to be done or how to do it. Another thing soon became plain--that there was no one that had any knowledge of where were the much feared and formidable gunboats. After the most diligent inquiry, no one could be found that had seen them or had seen anyone that had seen them. The riders that had come in from the river were in as much ignorance as those from the hills. All were filled with ardor and excitement, but without any idea of what ought to be done. The crowd was large that filled the streets and hotel. It swayed and congregated at different points, as persons would arrive from whom it was hoped news could be obtained. An engine was cut out and sent down the road, to go cautiously to a break in the road near the state line. They were to return with some information that was definite.

Time wore on heavily. When past the noon hour, the hotel did what it could to supply a semblance of a dinner to the hungry individuals applying for it. The proprietor made herculean efforts, and made a successful paying business of it financially, but as to meeting the demands made upon his hotel, his efforts were ineffective. Many of the citizens did what they could to afford relief by taking as many as possible to their homes for dinner. Tuscumbia was renowned, then as now, for her hospitality. But the combined efforts of hotels, boarding houses and the hospitality of citizens, was insufficient to satisfy the warlike

hunger of this accumulation of patriots. There might be a partial suc-

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cess in this, had there been any thing for the crowd to do.

The hours of the afternoon began climbing upward. The crowd was impatiently waiting, looking down the shining track of the railroad to catch the first sight of the returning engine. Huntsville had helped the passage of the monotonous hours in furnishing its brass field piece for inspection. As it stood firmly chocked upon its flat car, it was a strong attraction. At all times there was an advancing crowd around it, and the Huntsville contingent was happy in showing it off. But this was not the only big gun that Huntsville had brought down this day to oppose a bold front to the enemy. What is it that a congregated assemblage of men filled with enthusiasm and wanting mostly want for their qualification: It is a timely speech from an able speaker. This the crowd wanted. Huntsville had ready and did supply that want in the person of the silver-tongued orator, Hon. Jerry Clemens. He was then as ever ready to respond to their call. The writer can easily remember him as he stood forth upon the end of a flat car, bared his head and faced the assemblage that soon became hushed at the sound of his greeting. He had been a member of the Secession Convention that had taken Alabama from the list of Federal states and made it one of the number of the Confederacy. Here things had not gone his way. He strenuously opposed the disruption of the Union, but having seen that his opposition was useless, he finally gave in his adhesion and voted for the ordinance of secession. He at this time felt that his course needed explanation before a North Alabama audience. This he gave with wonderous effect. He was listened to with close attention, but right in the midst of a brilliant presentation, the whistle of the returning engine dissolved the assemblage as if by magic and closed, I think, the last speech of this distinguished orator to an Alabama audience. The news brought by the engine was no news, for its tenor had for some time been anticipated. It had gone down to the break and had there met a hand car that had come from much farther down the road, and the fact was clearly established that there were no gun boats in these upper reaches of the river. This

being "a consummation most devoutly to be wished" there were hurried preparations for departure. Again was the Huntsville contingent with those from the other towns loaded on the cars and soon were steaming away up the valley. It was pretty late in the night when Huntsville was reached, and still later when the members of that dejected

band, wearied and hungry, hardly able to move their limbs along the streets, reached their homes. It was an experience added to each one of their lives, and while there was nothing in the incident of which to be proud, they had the satisfaction to feel that it was a duty well attempted if not well done.

The End



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Something New To Save You Money!

In these days of a new administration and the chance of higher taxes very likely, it is imperative to begin saving money. I'm sure many of you have already begun to do this but things are going to get tighter. If you are able to successfully save money, several things happen. You can pay your bills and retain your good credit, you can even splurge occasionally for luxury items and travel, and you feel especially proud of yourself for being smart enough to ensure a good future for you and your family.

We have recently been in contact with Jackie Iglehart, formerly of Huntsville and now the publisher of a great little money-saving newsletter called "The Penny Pincher," that has a very large subscription base. She is going to trade ideas with us, we are going to publish some of her money-saving hints for you, our readers.

Every month we will have a column entitled, "Letters to the Penny Pincher." In this column we will publish past letters from readers of "The Penny Pincher." The ideas are good ones, but we encourage all of you out there to write in, either to Jackie or "Old Huntsville," and give us your ideas. We will publish as many as we can. If you are interested in subscribing to "The Penny Pincher," let me give you their address. It is "The Penny Pincher, P.O. Box 809, Kings Park, NY 11754.



Letters to the penny pincher

Dear Penny Pincher,

I recommend saving the wax paper liners from empty cereal boxes. It has many uses, such as placing pieces between meat for freezing (buy the family pack and save \$\$, freeze the correct portion sizes for your needs.) You can roll out pie dough on the wax paper or let children finger paint on it. It is an excellent quality wax paper.

Flossie Leigh, Harvest, Ala.

Dear Penny,

Full freezers are much more economical to operate than partially full ones. If you don't stock extra food you can fill the extra space with grains (macaroni products, rice, oats, etc. - and cut down on bug infestation), flour, crackers, etc. If the electricity goes out for a long period, full freezers take a much longer time to thaw out. Don't open the door unless absolutely necessary!

Editor

Dear Penny,

When your bar of soap is down to the last sliver, don't throw it away! One way to use it is to let it stick to your new bar of soap - they kind of melt together when wet.

Editor

Dear Penny,

Make your own free scrubbers from nylon net bags that onions come in. Fold the bag to the size and thickness you like and stitch it by machine or hand

along the edges. These make great dishrag scrubbers.

Editor

Dear Penny,

I use a simple filing system that keeps me current as well as organized. Purchase 4 cheap, square plastic dishpans. Label the first one "Must Do Today", the second one "Tomorrow", the third "Junk for Filing," and the fourth "Someday." Put them away, pulling out only one tub at a time to work with. After working with one tub for 20 minutes I give myself a party break (reward). I never empty all the tubs in one day. If I empty 2 tubs in one day, I declare it a holiday! When my car dealership office flooded recently, all the tubs floated! All my paperwork was nice and dry.

Bill Penney, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Penny,

Instead of spending enormous amounts of money on birthday, wedding and get-well cards, buy boxes of fancy little note cards when they are on sale and write your own message.

Joan Petrik, Smithtown, NY.

People who complain
about their income taxes
can be divided roughly
into two categories - men
and women.

THE HUMAN CUCUMBER

From 1880 newspaper

It is well known that when cucumbers are first cut from the vine there is a piece which exudes or bleeds from the stem. One of our prominent Northern truck-growers, Jared Benson, cut his hand a year or two ago and this juice got into the cut and his hand commenced to inflame, and an eruption similar to erysipelas made its appearance on his hand and extended up his arm, and finally spread over his whole body. Strange to say, there was no pain attending these eruptions of erysipelas, and he continued to gather and pack his cucumbers and prepare them for shipment.

To the great surprise of everybody these little erysipelas pimples assumed the appearance and form of small cucumbers and continued to grow. Although Benson kept well and hearty, he was compelled to strip himself and take to his bed.

Of course the news of this strange phenomenon spread far and wide, and the doctors and scientific minds visited him from various sections of the country. One prescribed one thing and one another. One wished to bleed him; one wished to cut the cucumbers off; another said not to let him have any water and they would dry up; another said stick a hole in each cucumber and they would die and a new skin form; another wished to wrap him up in a mammoth poultice of barnyard manure and draw them all to one head; another said they ought to be scattered.

Each had a different remedy, but all disagreed. So there was some hope that the patient would get well. But the

small cucumbers grew into big ones and his whole body was completely covered with them from head to foot, and they commenced to ripen and turn yellow and hang down, and the man assumed the appearance of a huge bunch of bananas. When they got ripe they began to shrivel and dry up, and so did the man. His sap was all gone and he died.

The doctors procured the consent of the family to permit an autopsy to be made for the benefit of science, and they cut into him with their knives, and to their utter amazement found no flesh, no blood, no bones, no muscles, no sinews, no veins, no arteries - but only found one solid mass of cucumber seeds. It was so remarkable that it would be useless to have the remains interred and foolish to have them cremated and so the widow concluded that she would keep them in the house. She had the corpse hung up by the hair in the barn. The next spring some of the children picked up some of the seed which had dropped in the barn and planted them.

These seeds grew rapidly and matured, and instead of being like the parent stock of cucumbers, they were pure pickles, and needed no vinegar, no pepper, no salt, nothing but simply packing into barrels and shipping to market to sell. Of course, news of this

discovery spread rapidly and multitudes of applications for seed flowed in like the incoming tide, and thus enabled the disconsolate widow and children to turn the cause of their bereavement into a means of maintenance and support.

The wind of affliction was thus tempered to these shorn lambs. They sold small packets of seed for big prices, and could not supply the demand. The vine grown from the new seed is a perennial evergreen, and can be propagated from cuttings, blooms in the spring and bears in the summer a bountiful crop of absolutely perfect pickles. The widow sells the seed at \$1 a paper.

Submitted by Emily Davenport,
Harvest, Alabama

The mind is a wonderful thing - It starts working the minute you're born, and doesn't stop until you get up to speak in public.

Chuck Owens, Toastmaster

To open your mouth is to let flies in.

Larry Turner





Grandma's Kitchen Tips

Don't crowd food in your refrigerator, this cuts the circulation of air around them. If you put onions, fish or cantaloupe in your refrigerator, put a piece of charcoal in the box also. This will keep the flavors from mixing.

Juice left over from canned fruits is excellent, thickened and served over plain cake or cottage pudding.

Try chilled milk in pie crusts instead of water. They will brown much better. After rolling top pastry or strips, brush with milk using a pastry brush. The rich brown will show up in the very spots touched by the milk-moistened brush.

If you want your meringue to keep its shape, add the sugar gradually, one tablespoon at a time, and beat extremely well after each addition. Af-

ter all the sugar is added, the meringue should be beaten until is very thick and glossy and the peaks stand up well when the beater is withdrawn.

When your celery goes limp, just submerge it in ice water along with a thin slice of Irish potato and it will perk right up.

To give freshly popped corn a different flavor, add a spoonful of peanut butter to the butter just before pouring it over the corn.

Is your soup pale and colorless? Add a small beet to the soup while it is cooking; remove when done and the soup will have a clear golden color like old fashioned chicken soup without the taste of beet.

To keep your salt flowing freely, mix a level teaspoon of cornstarch with three-fourths cup of salt and fill your salt shakers with this mixture. The cornstarch isn't noticeable to the taste.

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Culture & other Classy Stuff

by Alberta P. Alberts



PANOPLY HAS WILL ROGERS TRIBUTE

This is the weekend (May 7-9) to attend Panoply of the Arts. The annual display of donated local talent, plus numerous paid acts from out of town, are gathered in Big Spring Park for public enjoyment.

One of this year's features will be Lance Brown doing a tribute to the late Oklahoma humorist Will Rogers. Also featured will be an up-and-coming country rock band called the Cactus Brothers.

Panoply, which attracts upwards of 20,000 persons, ends on Sunday evening with a gigantic fireworks display at 8:30 and a performance by Huntsville Symphony Orchestra. There is no admission charge. Sponsored by the Arts Council, 533-6565.

SACRED HARP

A Sacred Harp musical will be Saturday, May 8 from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. in Burritt Museum. This fun-type of shaped-note singing has its roots in early Appalachia and has been carried on by many in the South. It's often called "fa-so-la" singing. Phone 536-2882 for more information. There is no admission charge.

CONTRA DANCES

An old fashioned country dance, called a contra dance, will be Saturday night, May 8, from 7:30 to 10:30 at Burritt Museum, 536-2882. There will be a small admission charge. A similar dance will be on Friday night, May 21 at the same time.

'ON BORROWED TIME' IS NEW HLT PLAY

"On Borrowed Time" is the play being presented by Huntsville Little Theater in VBCC's Playhouse for six performances: Friday and Saturday, May 14 and 15, at 8 p.m. and Sunday, May 16 at 3. It will also be staged at 8 p.m. on the following Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 20, 21 and 22.

Phone 776-9123 for more information.

CONTRERAS TRIO IN UAH RECITAL

A faculty recital at UAH's Roberts Hall will feature The Contreras Trio on Sunday night, May 23, at 8:15. There is no admission charge. Phone 883-5739 for more information.

The popular aggregation features pianist Frank Contreras a native of New Mexico, violinist Barbara Poularikas, a Missouri native, and cellist Veneta Billmeyer, who is from Macon, Ga.

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They will premier a piece by 19th Century German composer Louisa Adolfa leBeau and a selection by Russian composer Anton Arensky, who died of tuberculosis in Finland in 1906.

HOT: 'GIOVANNI'

Huntsville Opera Theater (HOT) presents Mozart's Don Giovanni in the VBCC Playhouse June 24 through 27. For information phone 881-4796.

BIG SPRING PARK GAZEBO CONCERTS

The newly formed Huntsville Pops Orchestra, which debuted to a rave audience recently, will open the pop's-in-the-park series on Monday evening, June 7, followed the next Monday, June 14, with an Army concert band.

The free Big Spring Park concerts, which feature a wide variety of music, are staged each Monday night from 7 to 8. Lawn chairs, ground blankets and picnics are encouraged.

Mrs. Bianca Cox, who founded Gazebo Concerts eight years ago, is available for additional information at 539-6653.

DINNER THEATER HAS DIXIE COMEDY 'DEARLY DEPARTED'

Veteran show director Lee Deal is presenting the popular southern comedy "Dearly Departed" this month at the Ramada Inn on South Parkway, just past Joe Davis Stadium.

Staged in a dinner theater format, the production will be presented two weekends: Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 7, 8 and 9, and the following Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 13, 14 and 15. Dinner is at 7 nightly, with showtime at 8. On the Sunday matinee, however, dinner is at 1, with showtime at 2. The price is \$27 a person. Phone the Ramada, 881-6120, for more information.

Karen Logan, Eugene Wagner and Patsy Hawkins are in feature roles, supported by a select cast comprised of Tina Clarke, Ben Ezell, John Neely, Diane Heckaman, Vivian Avery, Kimberly Ballard and Mel Haskell.

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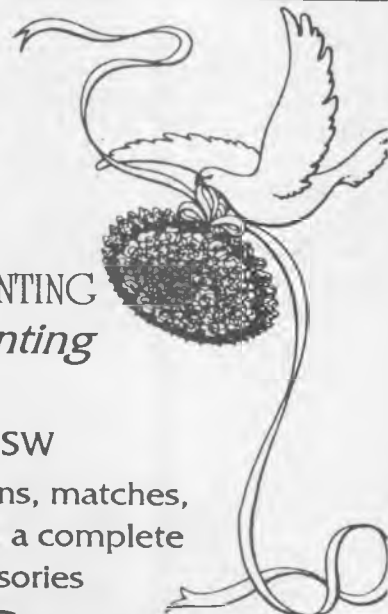


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Malikah Johnson



Country Doctor of Berkley

by Don Wynn

Less than thirty years after John Hunt settled the area around Big Spring, Malikah Johnson settled his family just across Monte Sano Mountain from Huntsville. The area had everything that the Johnson family wanted in a home site. It had an ample supply of water from many springs. It had plenty of trees for building and for fuel. There were lots of game animals in the woods and the floor of the valley was relatively flat. The soil was rich and was very suitable for agriculture. The mountains seemed to provide shelter from the wind and the terrain reminded Malikah of his former home in North Carolina. Malikah had heard that the indians in the area were relatively friendly and

they proved to be exactly that. This place just felt right and Malikah settled his small but growing family there.

His first priority was to construct a two room log cabin in the dog trot style. Trees were plentiful at the site he selected but they had to be cut down. The branches had to be trimmed and the ends of the logs had to be notched so they would fit into the planned walls. Great limestone rocks were gathered for the foundation and for the chimneys which Malikah also built. The logs for the floors were split and were carefully fitted into place. Finally each log for the walls had to be lifted and locked with adjacent logs to form a sound structure. A shingle roof topped off the new

Johnson family place.

Malikah, working with the help of his wife, Salina; completed their new home in less than three months. Even though the construction of their home had been very hard, back breaking work, the Johnson family could not rest when it was finished. They immediately started to clear the area around the house for their crops. During the last few months before their first winter in Alabama, Malikah concentrated on clearing the smaller trees. He cut the trees down and cut them up for firewood. Then he pulled the stumps out of the ground with his team of horses. By that winter, an ample supply of firewood had been laid up and a hundred acre field was beginning to take shape. Large trees dotted the field and gave the place a park-like feel.

Their first winter in Alabama was mild and Malikah fed his family with venison and turkey that he killed in the woods near their home. They also had fish from the streams in the area.

Malikah worked hard in his fields and his family prospered and grew. By 1845, the family included ten people; Malikah, Salina, 5 boys and 3 girls. Twins born in 1839 died within a year. Malikah in his self-sufficient style was becoming the Patriarch of a southern family.

A few new settlers arrived every spring. They had heard of Malikah and of his prosperity. They formed a settlement that they began to call Berkley. Work was shared in the community and everyone prospered together.

Berkley was a place of log cabins, friendship and hard work. There were no southern plantations there and there weren't any slaves either. In his early years, Malikah couldn't afford any slaves and by the time that he could afford them, he had decided that simple human dignity didn't allow one man to own another.

As a frontier community, Berkeley lacked many conveniences but the most glaring problem was that they did not have a doctor. Neighbors died every year. Sometimes it was some strange sickness. Sometimes it was from some injury. Snake bites and spider bites were often deadly. Young children died from 'dropsy' or from 'malaise.' Whenever necessary, Malikah was summoned from his home to attend to the sick or injured. As a man who could read and write,



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wasn't he the most well educated man in Berkley? Hadn't he delivered every one of his own children without even so much as a midwife to help him? Hadn't he earned the respect and trust of his neighbors?

Malikah accepted this increasing responsibility reluctantly. He was educated well enough to realize that he was not a doctor. He also knew that none of his neighbors were doctors either. With no other choice, he served his neighbors as best he could.

Over a span of ten years, some of his most trusted friends died because he was not able to cure their illnesses. One man even died after Malikah pulled one of his teeth. Malikah struggled with the pain of dying as several children passed away. The responsibility was great but Malikah could not refuse to try to help when called on.

Medical treatment was not given for money. It was simply given because it was necessary. The recipient of treatment would normally repay Malikah's kindness with a bale of hay for his horses, with a dozen hen eggs for his table or with something else from their farm. There was never any bartering of any kind. The patient always gave what he thought the treatment was worth.

Malikah sought medical informa-

tion from every source. He even consulted with the Cherokee Indians that occasionally travelled by his home site. In fact many settlers preferred Cherokee Indian remedies to the advice of any white doctor. Malikah learned to use the things that nature provided in his treatments and spent many hours in the mountains around Berkley collecting natural medicines.

During the winter of 1850, Malikah decided to go to Nashville to learn more about medicine. He spent almost 6 weeks talking with the doctors there and learned some of the latest techniques that medicine had to offer. He learned to use bleeding, blistering and purging as the treatment for almost any illness. He returned from Nashville with a supply of medical leeches, with some new surgical instruments and with more confidence than ever before.

Malikah practiced medicine using his newly gained knowledge for several years before dropping those treatments in favor of natural treatments. Ironically, some of his neighbors lost faith in him because he refused to use these "modern" techniques. Some people preferred to travel across the mountain to Huntsville where they could get treated properly.

Through the end of his life, he

diligently served the people of Berkley as their doctor. The sick and dying were always welcome in his cabin. In fact, Malikah even amputated the leg of a man on the table next to the fireplace in the biggest room in his house. This was the same table that they had Sunday dinner on. His experiences with the sick and dying caused him to gradually become more fatalistic when giving his original diagnosis. The fear of a terrible diagnosis caused many sick people to delay visiting him until their cases really were hopeless. When someone recovered under his care, neighbors considered it a miracle and Malikah was held in the highest regard.

In 1860, Malikah's youngest son died of typhoid. His two older sons died side by side fighting for the Confederacy in 1863. Upon hearing the news of their deaths, Malikah had simply had more death than he could stand and he keeled over dead himself. His neighbors said that grief from all of the dying in his life had finally killed him.

The girls had married long before and were already gone. Salina followed Malikah across that lonely river in a few years and the dog trot cabin slowly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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The Lynchburg Lemonade Trial

A slightly fictionlized version

Old Huntsville originally published this story about two years ago. Since then we have been deluged with so many requests that we have agreed to run it again. Hope y'all enjoy!

So many versions of the trial have been told that recently we assigned our "ace" reporter, John P. Quill, to the story in an effort to find out the truth. After spending many nights in dangerous smoke-filled dives and talking to the ordinary people on the street, what emerged was a tale so bizarre that even the participants did not recognize it.

For years Tony Mason has been known as "Mr. Entertainment" in Huntsville and the surrounding areas. A local boy who grew up in the Mill Village, Tony toured Europe, performing in Italy, Germany and France. He performed with music legends such as the group "Alabama" here in the states.

After years of traveling and working for other people, Tony decided to settle down and open his own club, called (believe it or not) "Tony Mason's Restaurant." Little did he know at the time that he was about to become embroiled in a lawsuit that would gain nation-wide coverage and pit the "down home" boys against some of the top corporate lawyers in the country in a case that was to become known as "The Lynchburg Lemonade Trial."

Our story begins back in 1980 when Tony asked Lee Street, his bar-

tender, to whip him up something for his sore throat. Lee, known far and wide as the best bartender this side of the Rio Grande, began digging into various beverages, trying some and discarding others until finally, she had a concoction that was guaranteed to knock the socks off a horse and make him well at the same time.

Tony was willing to try anything to get rid of the sore throat, so he grabbed the glass and took a long swallow. Witnesses later said that they were amazed at Tony's reaction ... his eyes kind of rolled back in his head, his face turned a vivid violet color, and he began gasping for breath as he grabbed the side of the bar and slowly lowered himself to the floor. "Lee," Tony croaked, "I think it needs something else."

So, they began to experiment.

They tried beer and vodka, they tried vanilla extract with a shot of gin, they tried just about every concoction unknown to man. Marty Staples, who later became Tony's manager, even searched the medicine cabinet trying to find new ingredients, but was stopped when he started to empty a medicine vial into one batch. "Giving sleeping pills to the customers might slow business down," Tony said as he busily stirred the brew.

And finally the supreme moment arrived. There was silence in the dark-

ened club as Tony's faithful employees gathered around him and raised their glasses. They carefully touched their lips to the new-found mixture, closed their eyes and savored the taste. It was great!! It was absolutely the best-tasting drink that anyone had ever tasted!

The folks down at Tony's knew they had a winner and they started right away to promote it.

One of the ingredients in the drink was Jack Daniels whiskey, and Tony, being the proud Southerner that he is, decided to name the drink "Lynchburg Lemonade" in honor of the great City of Lynchburg, Tennessee (pop. 312), the home of Jack Daniels Distillery. People from far and wide began flocking to Tony's Place to listen to the entertainment and try the new drink. Business was great!

Tony instructed his employees to keep the recipe a secret from the public to keep them coming back for more of the new drink. But unfortunately, secrets have a way of getting out.

In the early 1980s, sales for Jack



Daniels declined. Though the company enjoyed a loyal following, they realized something must be done to attract new customers in the summer when whiskey sales are traditionally down. Also, they had to do something to attract female drinkers, who as a rule normally drank vodka. When word leaked out of the large amount of Jack Daniels being sold at Tony's Place, it wasn't long before representatives from Jack Daniels got curious. And it also wasn't long before they tried the Lynchburg Lemonade drink and liked it.

Tony later testified in court that the representatives of Jack Daniels approached him and offered to use his band to promote the drink in exchange for Tony allowing them to use the drink.

The first word of trouble reached Tony the following summer when a friend who had recently returned from San Francisco informed him that Jack Daniels was promoting the drink in California. Shortly afterward, he heard of the drink being promoted in other cities all across the nation.

Tony was rightfully upset; he just could not believe that anyone else had come up with the same idea. Surely there had to be a logical explanation.

Later when the representative again called at Tony's club, Tony sat him down and had a talk with him.

"What's going on?" Asked Tony. "You aren't going to like what I'm going to tell you," the representative replied, "We've taken 'Lynchburg Lemonade' and gone nationwide with it."

"Hey, what about me?" Tony said. "It's my drink, I invented it."

"Get a lawyer and sue us," was the answer.

Now you can do a lot of things to a Southern boy, but you just don't mess with a man's pick-up truck, his woman and most importantly, his secret recipe. That can make a man rightfully upset.

Immediately people everywhere started giving Tony advice. The pace became hectic. People would see Tony huddled over a cup of coffee with Leon Bennett, planning strategy, while Floyd Hardin would be in the background, trying to reach F. Lee Bailey on the phone. Robert signed on to answer all the incoming phone calls and the true blue waitresses down at Tony's Place began an envelope-stuffing campaign.

But it wasn't enough. Even with the best minds in Huntsville behind you, sometimes you reach a point where you need a true professional.

Enter Jerry Barksdale, stalwart defender of the oppressed and attorney-at-large.

Jerry Barksdale had earned a reputation in Huntsville as a hard working, dedicated attorney. Almost everyone

agreed that he was the man for the job. He was incredulous that a big corporation like Jack Daniels would even think of taking advantage of someone. "Let me give them a call," Attorney Barksdale said, "I'm sure that we can work something out."

"Folks," Jerry told the Jack Daniels people, "we've got a little problem down here in Huntsville and we need to try and get it straightened out."

"Sue us," replied Jack Daniels. "We'll see you in court."

"Tony," said Attorney Barksdale in his best legal voice, "I don't think they're going to listen to us. What do you want to do?"

A strange look came over Tony's face, the look of a wounded animal right before it bites its master. An ordinary man would have used descriptive terms in telling Attorney Barksdale what he wanted to do. But being the gentleman that Tony was, his only reply was "Sue the lousy ... gentlemen."

The following week Jerry Barksdale, on Tony Mason's behalf, filed suit in the Madison County Court against Jack Daniels for \$13 million.

Our legal system was faced with an almost impossible task ... finding 12 impartial jurors who had never heard Tony sing and had never drunk Jack Daniels.

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11 Years in Huntsville



On the first day of the hearing, Tony and Jerry were on one side of the courtroom while on the other side, it looked like the last ten graduating classes from Harvard and Yale Law Schools. One courtroom observer was heard to remark that it appeared as if "the lawyer's assistants had lawyers."

As the case began to unfold, Jerry quickly went for the jugular vein in getting a representative of Jack Daniels to admit obtaining the recipe from Tony's club. Other Jack Daniels officials, when questioned by Jerry Barksdale, seemed unable to remember where the recipe came from.

One official stated that he knew weeks before Jack Daniels started promoting the drink that Tony Mason had the same recipe. However, he said, "The people at Jack Daniels felt they didn't owe that individual in Alabama anything."

That raised many eyebrows in the courtroom.

"You just took his property, didn't you?" Asked Jerry.

"No sir," replied the official in a low voice.

The courtroom battle raged for days, with Tony's attorney showing no mercy. The attorneys for Jack Daniels, not knowing how things are done in Huntsville, began trying to grill Tony's

witnesses in an attempt to discredit their testimony.

Bad mistake.

One witness, after putting up with what she thought was enough, looked the corporate lawyers straight in the eye, and said in a low, steely voice, "I don't lie."

Smiles broke out on all the observers' faces.

Finally, the testimony was over and it was time for the jurors to decide the case. The Judge charged the jury and told them that if they find against Jack Daniels they must award Mr. Mason a nominal sum.

Reporters and newspeople rushed to file their stories. People from all across the country were following the story of the young man who would dare to take on a corporate giant. The last time Huntsville captured this much national attention from a trial was in 1882 when Frank James stood trial in Huntsville for a payroll robbery in Florence.

The same day, after deliberating for hours, the jury returned.

"We, the jury, find for Mr. Anthony Mason" ... visions of a new yacht began dancing in Tony's eyes ... "and award the sum of \$137,000." Jerry broke out in a big grin as he thought about the debts he would pay

off and the long delayed vacation he had been promising himself.

But wait ... don't spend the money yet, Tony. The judge was speaking again.

"I instructed you to award a nominal sum, so I have to ask you to return to your deliberations and don't return until you arrive at a nominal sum."

With Tony's visions of yachts and diamond rings fast disappearing, the jury returned with another verdict.

"We the jury award one dollar."

So what's the moral to the story? I suppose it would be that, yes, you can take on a big corporation, if you have enough faith and a good attorney as a friend. You may not win any money, but you can walk out of the courtroom with your head held high, knowing that you stood up for what you believed was right.

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Jerry Barksdale is still practicing law and is considered by his peers to be one of the best attorneys around. He is still asked frequently what happened to his one dollar award.

Alas! Jerry never received his .33 cents (1/3 fee). Jack Daniels appealed the verdict and it was overturned. Attorney Barksdale is also the proud inventor of a new drink that he is hoping to promote someday. It is called the "Dickel Dew Drop" and consists of two shots of George Dickel and a single drop of water.

Today Tony Mason is performing at Bubba's in downtown Huntsville and is still singing of trucks, trains and mamas. When asked about losing the case, Tony paused as if in reflection, and said "I don't think I really lost. I made friends with a lot of people that I would have never known if it had not been for the trial, and when all is said and done, it's your friends that are the most important thing in your life. I'm happier now than I've ever been."

One word of caution though. The next time you stop in to see Tony, don't offer to buy him a Lynchburg Lemonade. I doubt if it is on the menu at Bubba's.

And what about Uncle Jack up in Lynchburg? Jack Daniels was completely cleared of any wrongdoing and continues to make the best whiskey that money can buy.

The End

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WEIRD NEWS FROM 1875

NEWSPAPERS



A man was found dead on a country road in Kentucky, with fourteen bullet holes in him, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death by undue excitement."

A man awoke the other night in a startled manner, crying to his wife, "My dear, I have swallowed a dose of strychnine."

"Well, then, for goodness sake," she replied, "be still, or it might come up!"

The maddest man in Georgia is James Leigh. He was a candidate for member of the Legislature and being a conscientious man voted for his opponent, who was elected by just one vote majority.

A lazy man fell a distance of fifty feet the other day, escaping with only a few scratches. A bystander remarked that he was too slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself.

An Arkansas sheriff carried a bullet in his head for thirteen years and when they removed it the other day he became foolish. They are looking for someone else to shoot

him again.

A Tennessee farmer tied one end of a rope around his waist and lassoed a bull with the other. He thought he had the bull, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the bull had him.

A young woman chased a man in Huntsville, caught him and clung to him until a policeman came. A year previously he had ended a friendly acquaintance by stealing her jewelry and she had never ceased looking for him.

A peach farmer in Georgia swears by his mother's advice. She said to hang a piece of iron in each tree to prevent the ravages of frost. The night before the freeze in April he hung several pieces of old iron in ten of his peach trees, and the trees were loaded with peaches. The fruit in the trees with no iron in them were all killed. But the peaches in the trees that he hung iron in survived.



COUNTRY DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

fell to dust. Nothing remains of Malikah Johnson and his family, not even a chimney or stone from the fireplace. They are simply gone!

Note: Malikah Johnson is a compilation of several characters and did not really exist. The events and tone of this story are historically correct.

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Tom Carney



A Strange Bird Story

L. Page and son, cutting wood near Decatur noticed for several days that a number of birds remained constantly upon a tree near them, some going and coming from time to time.

Upon cutting down the tree they discovered a limb with a hollow cavity, two feet in length and three or four inches in diameter, in which were two full grown birds of some goodly sized species. There was a small aperture through which the birds were supplied with food from their mates. The limb was cut and the birds liberated. They were neither of them able to fly, having evidently never been out of their imprisonment.

How they came inside is the question. It is probably that the mother bird was small and though able to make her nest in the hollow of the tree and rear her young, could not extricate them, and they did not gain strength enough to help themselves until the hollow had so closed that escape was impossible.

Those who examined the birds think they are about two years old. They have been fed from their birth by their bird fellows through the aperture in the limb of the tree. A nobler instance of devotion the human family never exhibited.

REPRINTED FROM 1887 HUNTSVILLE NEWSPAPER



1860 Law And Order in Huntsville

No fireworks were allowed in the city in 1860 without the consent of the mayor, who specified when and where they were to be exhibited.

A person was permitted to burn out a stove pipe or chimney flue only when the roof was wet from rain or covered with snow.

A fine of from \$50 to \$10 was assessed upon any individual who carried an unguarded candle or lamp into a stable, or who kept ashes in barrels,

boxes or wooden vessel of any kind. The punishment to a slave in case of such violation was "any number of stripes, not exceeding 39, at the discretion of the mayor."

If an individual failed to obey an order of the mayor, as head of the fire department, the fine was \$20.

All persons attending a fire, and not a member of any company, were required to assist the firemen, if called upon, or pay a fine of \$10.

Whenever a fire was discovered by a policeman, or he heard an alarm, it was his duty to cry fire, to ring the city bell, and to make known the place of the fire. He then proceeded to the blaze to help extinguish it, or to keep order.

Officers and members of the fire companies were exempt from paying the city poll tax for work upon the streets.

The community bell, a vital factor in the life of the community back in those days, was rung by the police every two hours. This was one of their standing duties, and could not be overlooked under penalty.

Water rates were based on the assessed valuation of property. The owner of a dwelling house valued at \$1,500 or under, \$5 per year; \$4,000 and over, \$10; not more than \$8,000, \$12.50; more than \$8,000, \$15.

The charge of each private bath or bath house was \$3 per year; on dry goods or grocery stores, \$10; private boarding house, \$20; hotel or tavern, \$50 and two per cent of the value of the rent, eating house, \$10; doctor, dentist or lawyer's office, \$5; each steam engine of not more than three horsepower, \$15, and \$3 for each additional horsepower.

continued on next page

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Sunday was the day of rest in Huntsville of 1860. To insure this, an ordinance was inserted in the code to notify residents that "no person shall in this city do or exercise any worldly labor on that day under a penalty of \$5 for each offense."

All businesses except hotels, boarding houses and apothecaries were required to close on Sundays. Barbers could keep their shop open until noon.

A fine of \$1 was assessed upon any person who bought goods or commodities of any sort on Sunday. An exception was made in the case of sickness or necessity.

No sports, public exercises, exhibition or game was allowed on Sunday. Violators were subject to a \$5 fine. A similar penalty was required of any person who loaded or unloaded a wagon, or drove horses, cattle, sheep or swine through the streets, except in case of necessity, on that day.

"Bawdy houses or houses of ill-fame" were banned. The ordinance further read that "all public prostitutes, or such persons as lead a notoriously lewd and lascivious course of life, and all person not being lawfully married, who shall cohabit, or live together as man and wife, shall pay a fine of not less than \$25."

Billiard saloons, Jenny Linds, bagatelles and other table devices were required to be closed at mid-night under \$20 penalty. So were saloons and ten pin alleys.

If a person erected a frame building on the public square, or within 300 feet of its boundaries, he was fined \$50 for each day the structure was allowed to stand, either in process or after completed.

Quantities of more than 25 pounds of gunpowder had to be stored in the powder magazine, under the lock and key of the constable. The charge for this service was .20 cents for a 25 lb. keg; .15 cents for 12-1/2 pounds, any smaller package, .10 cents.

A tax of \$1 per head was levied for each hog more than six months old and for each litter of pigs found at large in the city limits.

Whoever galloped or ran a horse or any other animal used for the saddle or gear within the city limits, except in case of emergency judged by the mayor, had to forfeit one \$1 for each offence.

A tax of .50 cents per head was levied annually on dogs.

Kite-flying was banned as a misdemeanor.

It was specified also that a \$5 fine

would be assessed upon any person who hitched an animal to a shade tree, the box of a shade tree, a fence or railing, except the iron fence around the courthouse. This rule also applied inside the cemetery.

Bathing in the Big Spring branch within less than 300 years below the dam, between the hours of 4 a. m. and 10 p. m., constituted another misdemeanor.

No interment was permitted in the cemetery between sundown and daylight without the consent of the mayor. Graves had to be at least four feet deep.

Freed slaves had to be registered by the city clerk every January 1. If any one of them was caught with a gun, pistol, knife or with ammunition on his person, he was fined \$25.

It was unlawful for the master of a slave to permit the slave to work as a public porter, or by the job, in the city without first obtaining a license. The fee was \$5 per year, and entitled the slave to a lettered and numbered badge, which he was required to wear in a conspicuous place.

A charge of \$2 had to be paid the city on every slave sold or exhibited for sale within the corporation limits.



Caps for Kids



Caps for Kids is a non-profit program started in San Francisco in 1984. In an effort to help needy children, Bonnie Greene, owner of a yarn shop, encouraged her customers to make caps with their leftover yarn. In turn, she would find worthwhile organizations to donate the caps to. The first year, 590 caps were given to needy children.

From there the program has spread nationwide and grown. By 1989 almost 69,000 caps were made and donated, and the total continues to grow each year.

Here in Huntsville, the customers of **Village Needlecrafts'** have donated over 1,000 caps in two years of participation and are now working hard on this fall's give away ... their third year. **Village Needlecrafts** welcomes any and all caps from knitters in the North Alabama area made from your "scrap yarns."

If you'd like to knit a cap, but have no yarns, check with the ladies at **Village Needlecrafts**. They keep a "scrap basket" for just such worth-while endeavors. You can contact them for more information concerning **Caps For Kids** at 883-4778.



ever in his dress, and oftentimes walked down the street with one trouser leg tucked into his boot and one on the outside, which drove Mary crazy.

She had been brought up to believe that good table manners were expected, but Lincoln had been reared in a log cabin with a dirt floor, and he stuck his own knife into the butter and did other things that shocked Mary and drove her wild.

She was proud and haughty - he was humble and democratic. She was wildly jealous - would create a scene if he merely looked at another woman. It was pretty much her idea to get married. But shortly after they were engaged, Lincoln wrote her a letter saying that he didn't love her sufficiently

to marry her. Giving this letter to a friend, he asked the man to bring the letter to Mary Todd. The friend burned the letter in his fireplace, and told Lincoln to go and see Mary Todd himself, like a man. When Lincoln confronted her with his uncertainty, she burst into tears, and this upset Lincoln so that he took her in his arms and said he was sorry.

Their wedding day was set for January 1, 1841. The cake was baked, the guests were invited and had arrived, the preacher and Mary Todd were there, but no Abe. He never showed up. His friends found him later that next day, mumbling incoherent sentences. He said

continued on page 63

Abraham Lincoln and his Marriage: The Real Story!

Not many people would have known this, but when Abraham Lincoln and his Mary Todd were married, it proved to be one of the most unhappy unions in the history of marriage.

In the early nineteenth century, the two became engaged. Shortly afterwards, Lincoln realized that he and this woman were as opposite as any two people could be. For example, Mary Todd attended a snobbish finishing school in Kentucky; she spoke with a Parisian accent, and was one of the best educated women in Illinois. Lincoln had attended school a total of less than twelve months in his entire life.

Her family was her great source of pride. Her grandfathers and great grandfathers had been generals and governors, and she reminded Lincoln of this weekly. He, on the other hand, had no pride whatsoever in his family. He said that only one of his relatives had ever visited him, and that man was soon accused of stealing a neighbor's jews-harp before he even got out of town.

Mary Todd was passionately interested in dress and show and ostentation. Lincoln took no interest whatso-

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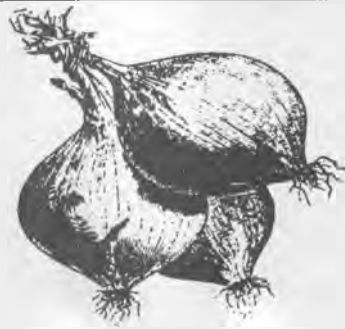


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- 1 large onion, chopped
- 6 ounces cooked bacon, crumbled
- 1/4 cup chopped celery, or to taste
- 2 teaspoons dill weed
- 1 cup lite mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup regular mustard
- salt and white pepper to taste

In a large pot, boil your potatoes in plenty of water til tender. When cooked, allow to cool slightly,

then cube with skin still on.

Place in fridge for at least an hour, covered in a large bowl.

In a small bowl mix the mayonnaise, mustard, dill weed and salt and pepper. When potatoes are cool, add the mayonnaise mix and stir very well. Mix in the eggs, onion, bacon and celery, mixing well after each addition. Back in fridge for at least 3 hours.

To serve, add garnish on each plate of chopped parsley, sprig of fresh dill and a few dandelion heads for color.

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Nashville Correspondent

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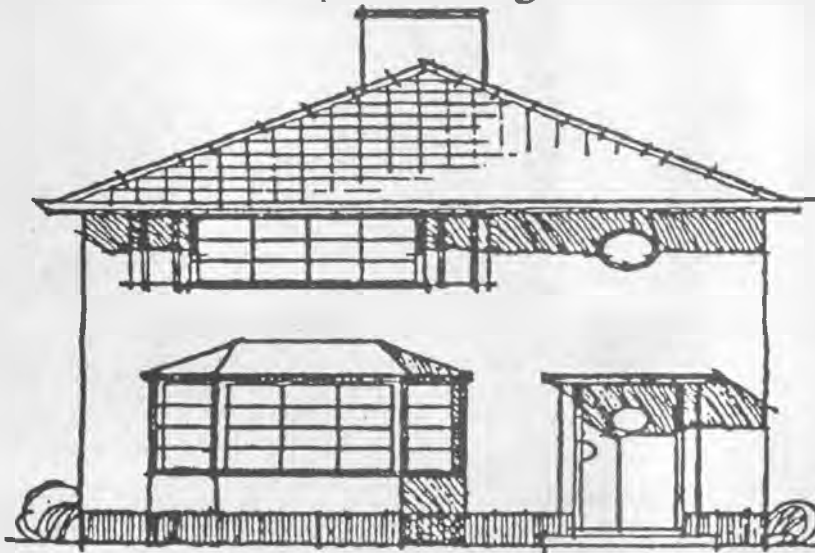


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FRONT

Lincoln

continued from page 61

he didn't want to live. He had become dangerously ill in body and mind, and had sank into a spell of melancholy so deep and terrible that it almost unbalanced his reason. His friends took away his knife for fear he would use it on himself.

Lincoln then wrote the most pitiful letter of his life. It was written to his law partner who was at that time in Congress. This is the letter, word for word:

"I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be any better, I cannot tell. I awfully forebode that I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better it seems to me."

For two years after that, Lincoln had nothing to do with Mary Todd. Then a self-appointed matchmaker in Springfield brought them together again, behind closed doors, and Mary Todd

told Lincoln it was his duty to marry her. So he did.

Things just got worse after that. One story of Mary's violence to Lincoln came from a boardinghouse where the Lincolns came to stay shortly after they were wed. It seems that one morning Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were having breakfast with the rest of the boarders, and Lincoln said something that displeased Mary; she picked up a cup of just poured, hot coffee and threw it into his face. This was in the presence of the other boarders, who were shocked and silent. Lincoln didn't answer her, he didn't scold her, he said

nothing while the landlady brought a cloth and wiped off his face and clothing. Similar incidents happened in the Lincoln household for years.

Mary Todd Lincoln finally went insane - perhaps this early behavior was an indication of what was to come later. One of the most beautiful things remembered about Lincoln is the fact that he endured his unhappy home for twenty-three years without bitterness, resentment and without saying a word to anyone about it. He was a patient and easy-going man, and forgave his wife for the pain it must have caused him.

The End

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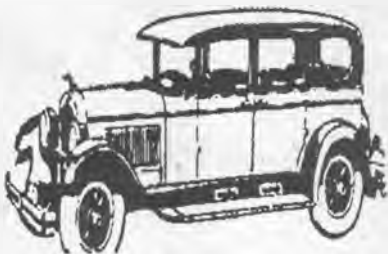


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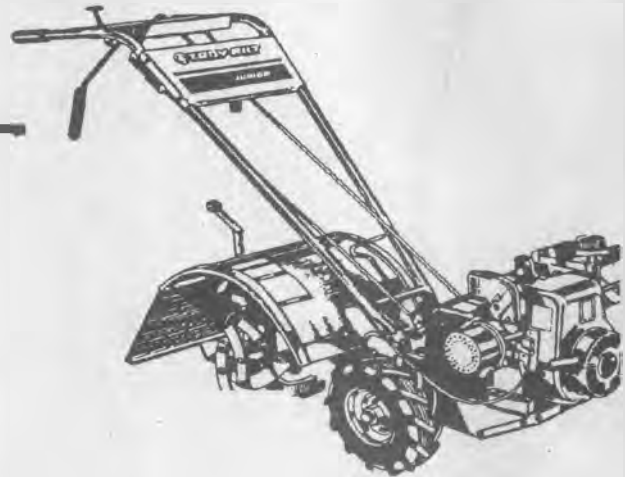


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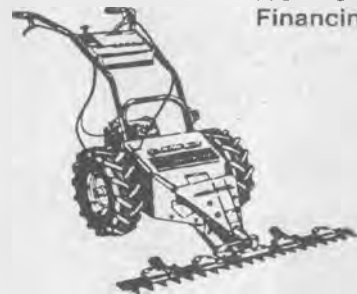
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