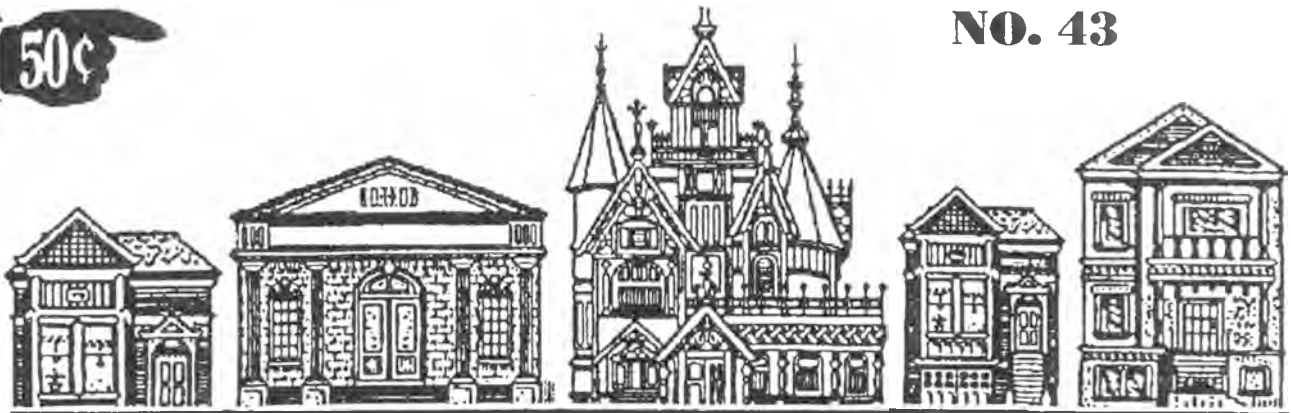


50¢

NO. 43



# Old Huntsville



## *A Lamp In The Window*

by  
*Tom Carney*

The year was 1942 and the world was in the midst of a terrible war. Families were torn apart, and husbands and fathers sent to faraway places to become cannon fodder in the name of democracy.

When Lucille held her husband's hand early that morning and told him that she would wait on him forever, she never dreamed how long forever might be.

**Also in this issue: "Crazy Man Humphries"**



## A Lamp In The Window

Lucille leaned tiredly on her hoe in the cotton field and watched the mailman come to a stop in front of the mailbox. Lucille and her husband, Kenneth, rarely received any mail so whenever the mailman stopped it was a cause of great anticipation.

In this case, as Lucille looked at the official-looking envelope, she felt a sense of gloom descend upon her. Although Kenneth and she had talked about it almost every day, it had done nothing to lessen the impact of actually receiving it.

Though a war was raging in Europe and almost every able bodied male in the community of New Hope had received his draft notice, Lucille had still held the hope that her husband would not be called.

Silently, she placed the envelope in her apron and walked back to their home. It was a typical share cropper's house; two rooms, heated by a wood burning stove and an outhouse in the back. Regardless of their surroundings, Lucille and Kenneth still considered themselves lucky.

1943 was promising to be a glimmer of a new day began to peek

bumper year for cotton and even after giving the landowner his share and paying the bills, hopefully, there would be enough left over for the down payment on their own land.

Lucille stoked the fire in the stove as she thought about what to fix for dinner. Kenneth would still be in the fields for another couple of hours and she wanted to prepare something special for him.

When they married she had thought her husband was the kindest and best man in the world. Now, a year later, she was even more in love with him. Several times she had wondered what life would be like if he was gone, but the thought was so horrifying that she immediately put it out of her mind. Life without her husband would be unbearable, so she refused to think about it.

That evening, after they had completed dinner, and she was clearing the table, Lucille took the envelope out of her apron and placed it on the table in front of him. The look on Kenneth's face after he hastily read the notice confirmed her darkest fears.

He was being called up and had to report for induction in ten days.

That night, lying in her husband's strong arms, would be the most memorable of their brief marriage. They talked of their dreams and of their love, and of how soon the war would be over. Two young people, madly in love, dreaming of the future but with a fear of the unknown lurking in the back of their minds.

Kenneth had always been a hard worker but the next ten days saw him working harder than ever. Up hours before daylight he would already be in the fields when the first



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across the mountains. And every evening, after working in the fields all day, would find him chopping wood for the upcoming winter by the light of a kerosine lantern.

Often, late at night, Lucille would carry a fruit jar of tea out to the woodpile where he was working and implore him to quit for the day.

Laughing, Kenneth would take her in his arms and tell her that he wanted to be sure that his wife would be warm that winter.

The morning Kenneth was scheduled to appear for induction they got up even earlier than usual. After preparing breakfast they began the trek to town. Not owning an automobile and declining to ask neighbors for a ride, they chose instead to walk.

They had already talked about his departure and both had agreed it would be easier if she did not accompany him all the way. Two

blocks from the bus station, they paused and after setting his bag down, Kenneth took his wife in his arms one last time to tell her that he loved her. Then abruptly, while choking back tears, he grabbed his bag and was gone.

During the long walk back home Lucille's mind was a frenzy of plans and ideas. She would finish the cotton crop and save every penny she could so they could buy their own farm when he came home. She would write every day and send pictures and clippings from the newspaper. Everything would be all right. She just knew it.

After returning home, Lucille spent the day working in the fields hoeing cotton. As she thought about the cruel war that had separated her from her husband, she attacked her work with a vengeance. The young cotton plants became Nazis and her hoe became the instrument of their destruction.

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Unfortunately, the hard work was only a temporary relief. When she returned to the house late that evening she was instantly confronted by silence. The kind of silence that only one who lives alone can understand.

And Lucille did what millions of other wives did that summer of 1943, she set down on the edge of the bed and cried.

Although she worked from daylight to dark it was impossible for her to keep up with the growing cotton by herself. Where there had once been neat orderly rows, more weeds began appearing weekly. The harder she tried, the farther behind she got. It quickly became apparent that she would be unable to finish the crop.

Late one evening, as Lucille trudged tiredly home, she saw the landlord sitting on the porch waiting for her. Apologetic and with hat in hand, he told her that he was going to have to take over the crop. He had too much money invested he said, to take a chance on losing it.

"Of course," he said, "if you can get someone to help you, maybe we can do something."

Lucille knew there was no hope in hiring any farm help. Even Redstone Arsenal, where they were paying top wages, could not find all the hands it needed.

Reluctantly, she began to make arrangements to move. During the war, with gas rationing and overcrowded conditions, even a simple task like moving became a major chore. Finally after days of trying, she found a neighbor who was willing to move her to town in his horse and wagon in exchange for some farm implements that she no longer

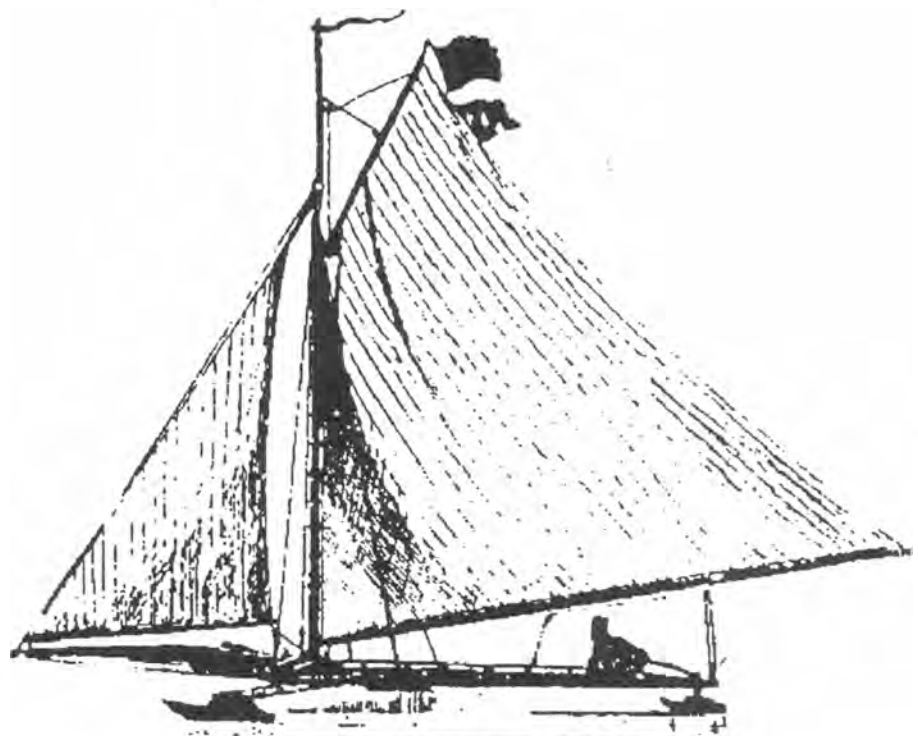
had use for.

Lucille went to work at the cotton mill and after several months of living with a relative, was fortunate enough to be assigned a house in the mill village. The previous occupant had been fired for allowing Arsenal workers to board with him, a practice the mills discouraged for fear of losing workers to the Arsenal.

Lucille's life soon settled into a regular routine. Up at 5 o'clock every morning, work all day, and back home by 6 that evening. Run to the mailbox to look for a letter from Kenneth, and then write another letter describing her day.

Although a slow reader, she forced herself to read the newspaper every day to keep track of the war news. On her kitchen wall she had taped a map of Europe and every week or so she would laboriously trace the advances of the Allied army. Every foot the Allies advanced meant the sooner Kenneth would be coming home.

Finally after almost two years, Lucille received the letter she had been waiting for. The war had been over for months and the army was beginning to discharge its soldiers. Kenneth wrote to say that he would be arriving home by bus in a couple



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of weeks and that he missed her terribly.

A friend later said that she had never seen Lucille look so lovely and radiant as she did when she received the letter from her husband.

Two days before his scheduled arrival Kenneth called a friend to say he was in Fort Benning, Georgia, being discharged and would be home in a few days. "Tell Lucille," he said as he hung up, "that I love her."

On the appointed day Lucille was at the bus station. Busload after busload of soldiers arrived to be welcomed home by their families, but Kenneth was not among them. Late that night after being assured that no more buses were scheduled to arrive that evening, Lucille finally returned home, only to return at first light the next morning.

Again, buses arrived and buses departed all day long but Kenneth was not on any of them. The same routine was followed for almost a week until she was threatened with losing her job if she did not return to work.

Kenneth and Lucille had been given a lamp when they first married and now she placed it in the window so he would be able to find the house if he arrived home at night. Every night she would rush home after work to wash, do her hair and change clothes and then spend the evening sitting on the edge of a chair next to the lamp, waiting patiently for her husband who never showed up.

Her neighbors began to grow concerned and finally talked her into writing the War Department. Several months passed until she received a reply. Kenneth had been discharged at Fort Benning and given a travel voucher to Huntsville. The department was sorry but it had no further information.

Neighbors began to speculate on the fate of Lucille's husband. "Surely," they reasoned, "something must have happened to him. And it's not normal for a woman to keep waiting for so long and acting like nothing is the matter."

Finally a delegation of neighbors approached her. "Lucille," they said, "we've known you for a long

time and we just want to help. It's time you realized that maybe your husband is not coming home."

For what seemed like an eternity, Lucille stared silently at them, as if she was looking through them. When she finally spoke it was with a deliberate calmness. "My husband said he would come home and I believe him. Now if you will excuse me. ..."

Weeks turned into months, and months into years and every night



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the lamp was turned on, a silent beacon to a long ago memory.

Periodically, over the years, friends or neighbors would take an interest in the fate of Lucille's husband and try to discover what had happened to him. Letters were written to various organizations and inquiries were made of police departments and hospitals. The answer was always the same. "I'm sorry but we have no information."

Whenever someone would relay the latest inquiry to Lucille, she would scornfully reply that they were wasting their time with such foolishness.

"My husband," she would always reply, "is on his way home."

In 1956, some of the mill homes were torn down and Lucille moved to a small cottage at the foot of Chapman Mountain. Immediately, before her belongings were even unpacked, the lamp was once again placed in front of the living

room window where it continued its lonely vigil.

When she lived in the mill village most people had been familiar with her story and had been sympathetic. Many of the residents, probably having seen enough suffering of their own, went out of their way to be nice to her, always asking if she had any word from her husband.

"No," she would reply. "He's on his way home and probably hasn't had time to call."

Now, living in a new location, she soon became known as "the crazy woman." The neighbors knew nothing about her except that she still believed her husband was coming home and turned the light on for him every night. That was enough to make her different.

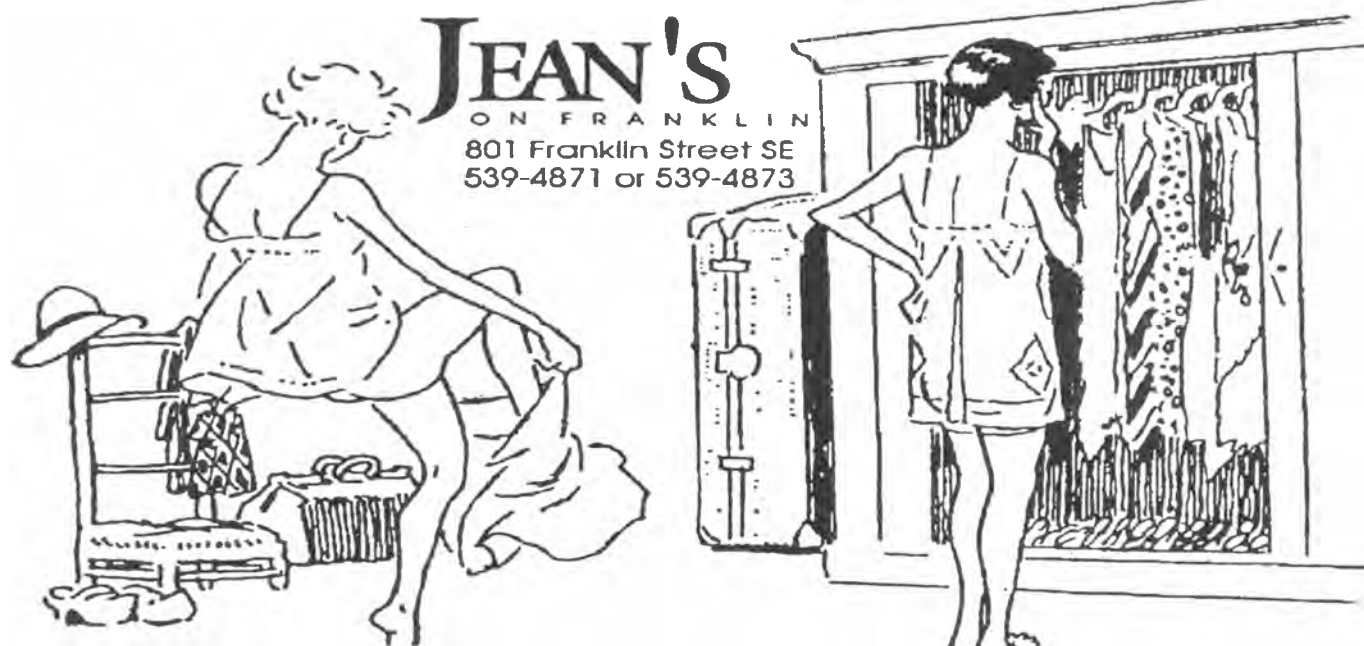
She rarely ventured out of her house, and when she did, she was often greeted by taunts from the neighborhood children. At Hallow-

een her yard would be rolled with toilet paper and rotten eggs would be thrown at her front door. Every few years some neighborhood woman would visit for a few minutes, more to satisfy her curiosity than anything else.

Ignoring her neighbors, Lucille continued to live in her dream world, turning the lamp on every night and waiting for a knock that never came.

More time passed and the friends who had sympathized with her began to die off. Every year there were fewer people who knew the story behind the lamp in the window. By this time, Lucille had become a virtual recluse and though able to take care of herself, her family still decided it was a good idea for someone to check on her every day.

In 1992, almost a half century after Kenneth had left for the service, Lucille's nephew stopped by



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one evening to see how she was doing. After knocking several times and not getting an answer, he used his key to enter the house.

After searching the rest of the house first, he discovered Lucille crouched in a corner of the bedroom, with a sheet wrapped around her, sobbing. Looking up and seeing her nephew, she began to cry again.

"He's not coming home is he? Kenneth's not coming home."

It was all the nephew could do to not cry himself. Sitting on the floor he wrapped his arms around his aunt and tenderly assured her that everything was all right.

"Don't worry Aunt Lucy, he's on his way home. He'll be home any time now."

Carefully he tucked the frail old woman into her bed. As she drifted off to sleep, a gentle smile played on her lips, the smile of a woman who still believed that love was forever.

Sometime that night, in the wee hours of the morning, Lucille

died. Her body was found on the living room sofa, fully dressed and with her hair done up neatly.

It was apparent from the calm and serene look on her face that she was finally reunited with her husband.

As the hearse pulled out of the driveway a group of small children, probably no more than 5 or 6 years old, began to chant: "Crazy woman, crazy woman, the crazy woman's dead."

*At the family's request, we have refrained from publishing Lucille's last name. The mystery of what happened to Kenneth has never been solved. Though it was later established that he definitely boarded the bus in Columbus, Ga., for the trip to Huntsville, he was never seen again.*

Tax reform is something that  
always benefits someone else  
Jim Young



## Nutty News

Near Barcelona, Spain, *Time* magazine reported in 1941, a farmer hitched a ride on a truck carrying an empty coffin. Since it was raining, the man climbed inside the coffin. Later, two more men thumbed a ride. After a while, the farmer raised the coffin lid and exclaimed, "I see it's stopped raining." The other passengers jumped off of the moving truck. One was killed and the other badly injured.

In Washington, D.C., a man driving to work was delighted to discover a totally naked young woman standing under a street light. She explained that she had just broken up with her boyfriend. When she refused to give back his engagement ring, the ex-boyfriend took everything else she was wearing.

In Missouri, a passing good Samaritan pulled an injured man from a wrecked car — and carefully laid him down in a bed of poison ivy!

At Bayonne, France, a bull turned the tails on a spectator. The bull twisted his head at an opportune moment, knocking the sword out of the matador's hand and hurling it into the grandstand. A Cuban tourist was stabbed and killed.

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## News Here and There - 1907

### *New Hope woman commits suicide.*

Miss Lena Vann, a popular young lady of New Hope, committed suicide by swallowing some poisonous drug yesterday. News of the affair reached our city of a telephone message from Mr. G.M. Haden who phoned to Probate Judge W.T. Lawler. Mr. Haden asked that the coroner be instructed to hold an inquest but was told that this was not necessary. Miss Vann was at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Mary Vann, who had retired for the evening, when she heard a strange noise in the girl's room that sounded curious and upon investigation found that the young lady was in an unconscious state and apparently was dying.

Medical aid was summoned and everything was done that was possible to save her but to no avail. The young lady was popular and her character was considered most estimable. The cause of her act is not known to any of her relatives or friends, who are all in shock after the news.

### *Helen Evans arrested*

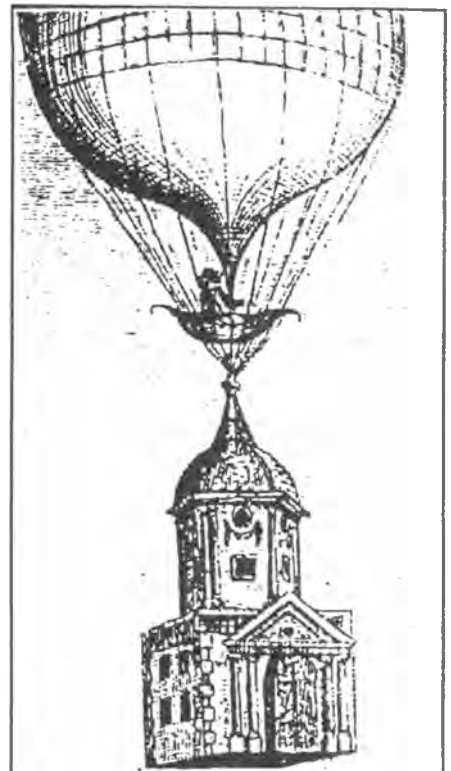
Helen Evans, a young white

woman who keeps a quiet place in the city, was placed under arrest yesterday afternoon by policeman Pamplin on a charge of operating a blind tiger. Several bottles of beer were found in the cooler and the woman protested that she kept them there for her own individual use. She made bond in the sum of fifty dollars and appeared in the police court for trial this morning. Dr. Lacy Mastin, city physician, testified that he had prescribed for the woman and directed her to drink beer. The case was dismissed.

### *Bicycles and Spit must keep off the sidewalks.*

Mayor Smith has given the police department instructions to arrest all parties caught in the act of riding bicycles on the sidewalks. Two arrests for this offense have been made and the mayor has assessed the fines of a dollar each against the defendants.

Spitting on the sidewalks is also a practice that must be stopped and a fine awaits all parties who thoughtlessly commit this offense again in the future.



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# Letters to the Editor

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

A while ago I read in your magazine that wintergreen oil on a cotton ball is a great, inexpensive way to freshen a room. Problem -- I have looked everywhere for the oil but no one has it. Do you or your readers know where I can find wintergreen oil?

Joan Priest, Kelso, Tenn.

From the Editor: We sure do. In Huntsville, I checked with the Garden Cove, at the corner of Pratt Ave. and Meridian Street, and the lady told me that in addition to wintergreen oil, they have about 50 other kinds of essential oil. Remember, they are closed on Saturdays but open all other days. Not too sure where you can find it in Tennessee, however.

I tried it recently, and what great results. I put several drops on a cotton ball, and dropped it into my car. What a freshener! And it seemed to last a long time. By the way, for a clean scent try using vanilla oil as well -- it's weird because

it doesn't smell like vanilla, just smells clean.

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

When I was a small child I remember hearing a story about someone robbing the J.C. Penny store downtown and burying the money on the courthouse lawn. Do you know anything about this?

Kenneth Giles

Dear Editor,

I lived at Valhermoso Springs for a while but now live in Marietta, Georgia. All my people live in Huntsville, however, so I really enjoy getting my monthly *Old Huntsville*.

Regards, O.D. Atkinson

Dear *Old Huntsville*

I recently read your account of Tallulah Bankhead and wanted to pass on a bit of family history concerning her. In the late twenties my grandparents had just gotten married and went to New York for their

honeymoon. While waiting in line to purchase tickets for a play they happened to meet Tallulah who, after finding out they were from Huntsville, arranged front row seats for them. Afterwards, Tallulah introduced them to all of her friends as "loyal Alabama Democrats." When my grandfather corrected her, saying he was a Republican, she paused for a long time and then said, "Well, just don't tell anyone."

Ruby Hinds, Huntsville

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

Thank you for your kind response to my questions about the cross on Monte Sano. I suppose the low clouds kept it from my view when I was on vacation back in my home town of Huntsville.

Please send me a copy of the new book by Tom Carney, The Way it Was. I look forward with great delight to read it. If it is as half as good as the writing we read in *Old Huntsville* we are in for a special treat. Thanks again for doing such

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Dave Anderson, Renton, Washington

Dear Recipe Editor,

I wanted to pass along a recipe that I love, called "Poor Man's Slaw." Hope you enjoy it.

Chop 5 fresh tomatoes, and put in a Tupperware bowl that has a lid. Peel and chop 3 cucumbers, add that. Take two Vidalia onions, chop and add to bowl. Chop 2 green peppers, add that. Add as much freshly ground pepper as you can stand, and salt to taste. Seal your bowl tightly, and shake it wildly for about 2 minutes. Open, and you're in for a real good (also lowfat) salad.

Joyce Russell, Huntsville

Dear Old Huntsville,

I love reading your magazine, and have a hint about raising tomatoes. Take a 15 oz. can with top and bottom cut out. Dig a deep hole, put in can and fertilizer and plant the tomato plant in can and water 2 days in a row. Leave can on it and the plant will grow right in the can. Lightning, rain, all elements of atmosphere have a sort of exchange with the can and I can pick almost a half bushel every two days. Don't know why it works, but it does!

Ruth Odebrecht, Rockford, Ohio

Dear Editor,

My mother, Mrs. B.M. Roberts, was visiting Huntsville back awhile and saw one of your magazines. She loved it, and is back at home in Virginia Beach, so please send her a subscription for me. Thanks!

Mark Roberts, Madison County Forest Ranger

Dear Old Huntsville,  
Please send my father-in-law in Breezy Point, New York, a gift subscription to *Old Huntsville*. My husband and I moved to the Huntsville area last June. We got hooked on *Old Huntsville* and started sending it to relatives up North. Now they're requesting it!

Marlene Kiesel, Huntsville

From the Editor,

A few issues ago we ran an article about how to stop getting junk mail delivered to your homes. We received a call the other day from Mrs. Donnelly of Huntsville who had written to that address and had gotten her letter back, because the address was wrong. So I called the Post Office here in Huntsville and got the correct address - here it is:

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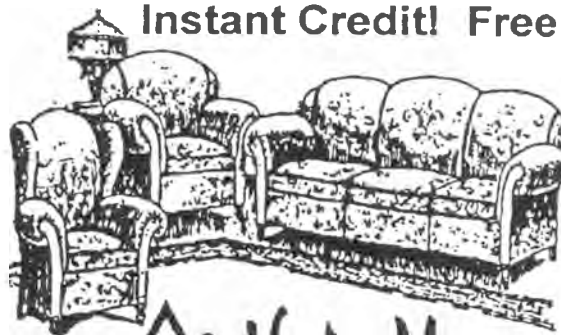
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## She brought him home in a salt coffin

by Bryon Miller

It often seems that the wife is left home to take care of everything while the husband is gone off to serve the country. Sometimes the wife left behind must do things that far surpass what might normally be expected. Such is the case of Mrs. Joseph Albert, a member of one of the founding families of Albertville.

It was in 1861 that Joseph T. Albert and his twin sons were called to fight in the Civil War. Enlisting in the Henry County Volunteers, they were immediately sent to fight in Virginia. One can imagine the apprehensive thoughts going through the mind of the wife and mother with three of her own gone to battle.

In September, 1862, one of the many wounded soldiers returning from battle came to visit her with a blood curdling description of the war. He described the Second Battle

of Manassas in great detail explaining how a decisive victory against the Yankees at Manassas, Virginia (29-30 August 1862) had driven them all the way back to Washington, D.C. What she heard was that over 7,000 of our Southern boys lay

wounded and more than a thousand had lost their fighting for their Southern right!

Her husband had been seen falling from a Yankee mini-ball and was believed to be recovering in a makeshift Confederate field hospital. Like wives of today, she prepared to see about him. Without a moment's hesitation, she started loading the family wagon with corn meal, beans, and any other food she could find as well as the necessary cooking pots and water jugs.

Albert's wife hitched up her horse wagon and began the long journey to Virginia. Averaging 25 or so miles a day, her journey took about three weeks each way. As a woman, alone on a long journey by horse and wagon with not even a good road to travel during wartime, was naturally scared the entire trip.

She slept underneath the wagon at night and crouched there for cover when it rained. Occasionally, she stayed at the home of a person along the way. To have a stranger stay over for the night was fairly common in those days. The thoughts of her husband lying wounded in a hospital inspired her

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to keep moving regardless of how tired she might be. Arriving at Manassas, she spent a great deal of time searching for her husband's company, the Henry County Volunteers.

Finally, she found an acquaintance from back home who told of how he stayed with Joseph til the end and that his last thoughts were of love for his wife. Mrs. Albert knew that he would have wanted to return home no matter what it took. So she set about buying up all the salt she could find. She had Joseph's friends gently lay him in a hastily prepared coffin and packed the salt all around the body. The salt coffin was placed in the wagon, tied down, and prepared for the journey. Everybody crowded around to wish their fallen comrade a farewell and Mrs. Albert was off.

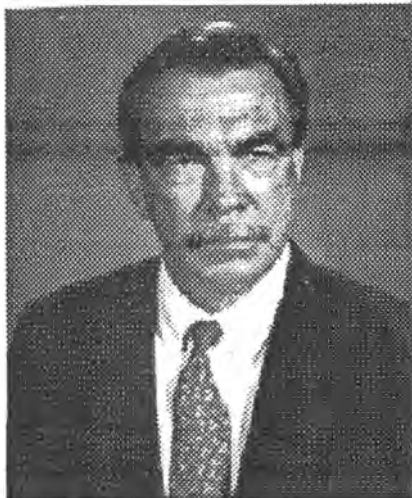
During the entire return journey she worried about whether she would have to repeat the experience for the two sons left to do battle. Finally after arriving back home in

November of 1862, she had the body of her husband buried outside their home near the chimney. Several years later she was buried alongside him.

After many years the house had fallen into disrepair and the graves grown over with brush. In 1962 workmen building a house on the property found the poorly marked graves. After a thorough investigation of the facts, the United Children of the Confederacy commemorated the bravery of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Albert by placing a marker at the site.

Sadly, little information is available about Mrs. Albert's full name or the fate of their two remaining sons.

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Gerald Jenkins



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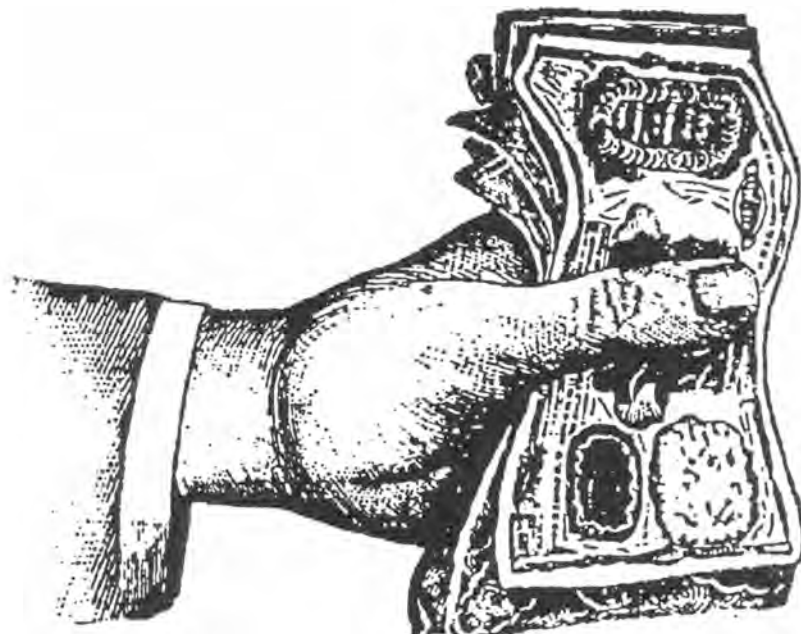
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2. Mid-South Garden Guide - The Best Handbook for Zone 7 (That's us) Gardening (\$14.95).
3. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th Edition (\$10.00).
4. More Than Conquerors - Local author Kay Cornelius' inspirational historical romance set in Huntsville during the Civil War (\$4.95).
5. True Tales of Old Madison County - Reprinted by the Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$5.00).
6. Changing Huntsville 1890 - 1899 by Elizabeth Humes Chapman (\$15.00).
7. The Sword of Bushwhacker Johnston - The Civil War in Madison & Jackson Counties (\$19.95).
8. Shadows on the Wall - The Life and Works of Howard Weedon (\$15.00).
9. Antique Athens and Limestone County - A Photographic Journey 1809 - 1949 (\$19.95).
10. Spurs, Sabers and Steam Engines - The Union Capture of Huntsville April 11, 1862. By Bob Dunnivant (\$5.00).

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## Remember When

by John Tate

It has been two years since the demolition, and rebuilding of the Shoney's at the corner of University and the Parkway. As we drive by the new building, we see a modern, efficient, and disposable architecture. We see a convenient, well-lit and functional building.

But, something is missing. Do you remember when Shoney's was called Big Boy? The Shoney's Big Boy franchise, which opened in Huntsville, December 7, 1958, was owned by Warton and Julie Burgence. The Burgreens now own a Captain D's franchise in

Florida. It is said that during and after construction, *people came* from miles around just to see the strange building. The unique structure was designed by Joe Milberger. The architectural style of the old Big Boy building is call Hyperbolic Parabola. Not only was the architecture unique, the way it was built was also unique. The building was built from the roof down. The roof, in fact, was independent of the restaurant walls.

The mystique surrounding the place, and the people that were to work there, started during construction. The most outlandish, but unconfirmed, rumor was about the hanging of the special ceiling tile. As the story goes, there were no contractors or tile men who had ever worked with the special tile in this area. There was one old drunk that said he could do it, and as the story was related years later, "The

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drunk was given a fifth of whiskey and he hung the tile."

Mr. Milberger has enjoyed great success in Huntsville, with his architecture firm of Milberger and Associates. Some projects that bear the Milberger moniker in Huntsville today are: The Huntsville Ice Skating Complex, many of the buildings for Intergraph Corporation, and the gymnasium and field house for Johnson High School.

Do you remember Vernon and Peggy Jackson? If their names sound familiar, it is because we still enjoy the great food and service at their restaurant in Madison, Jackson's Family Restaurant. Vernon and Peggy were the first managers at Shoney's Big Boy. When remembering the early days at Big Boy, Peggy remembered the kids. She said as soon as they turned 16, they wanted to work at Big Boy. "The moms of Huntsville," she said, "owe me for baby sitting services." Vernon's favorite story is of the time thirteen buses showed up at simultaneously. Vernon said, "I don't know how, but we got them all in and fed."

Two other managers who

worked at Shoney's may also sound familiar. They are Rayford Walker of Five Points Restaurant and Don Andrews of the Hazel Green Family Restaurant. These early managers were directly responsible for much of the success of Shoney's Big Boy.

Do you remember telling your friends and family, "meet me at Big Boy?" This phrase was common in the early days. Big Boy was Huntsville's largest drive-in restaurant, with 50 drive-in stalls. Do you remember cruising the parking lot? Vernon remembers that on Friday nights the parking lot would become so crowded, they would actually have to get someone to direct traffic.

Do you remember meeting that someone special at Big Boy? Mr. and Mrs. Traw are such a couple. They would come in on Friday nights just to watch the crowd. They met at Shoney's over thirty years ago and have been together every since. They are now evangelists in Thailand. In 1991, the Traws returned to Shoney's to celebrate their 30th anniversary.

Do you remember when

Shoney's Big Boy was a place where everybody knew your name, and were glad to see you? If we asked the gentlemen, that sat at the first table four rows back, he would say, "This is home." His deceased wife was a waitress at Shoney's for ten years. He knew everyone and everyone knew him.

He visited the restaurant every Thursday and Friday night to just sit, talk with friends, drink coffee, and remember.

Maybe that's what is missing from the new building. The memories.



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# A Lively Incident Brought to Light in Police Court

A domestic incident of more than usual seriousness was disclosed in the police court this morning when Tom Pirtle and his wife, and W.H. Cape, all from the country, were arraigned before Major Pro-Tem Young on charges of drunk and disorderly conduct. The story told in court was to the effect that the trio of defendants were boarding at a house on Washington Street and that Pirtle appeared in his wife's room last night in an intoxicated condition. His wife claims that she was afraid of him and that she

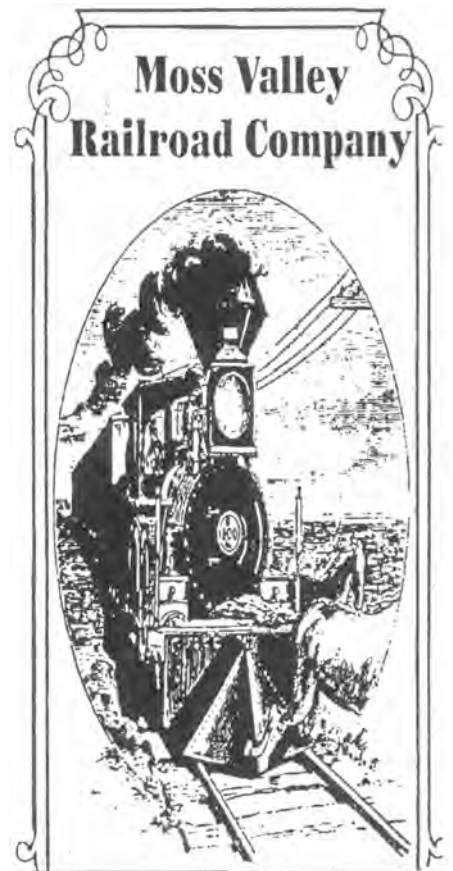


sought protection by going into the room of Cape, their mutual friend. Anyhow, her husband claims she was in the friend's room when he recovered consciousness, so he seized a pistol and chased the couple out into the street in their slumbering robes. In this condition the police found them and arrested the whole bunch. Cape and the woman

were fined ten dollars each while Pirtle was fined five dollars. The fines were all paid by Cape.

After their release from custody, Pirtle is said to have threatened the life of Cape and the latter had him arrested on peace proceedings. Pirtle was unable to make a peace bond and was sent to jail. Cape believes the scheme was made up by Pirtle and his wife for the purpose of robbing him and he says he intends to make it very hot for the couple.

from 1907 Huntsville paper



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---



## Foods To Make You Feel Better

### Seltzer

- 1/2 c. Seltzer water
- 1/2 cup fruit juice
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- ice

Mix in a glass, and drink for headaches.

### Frozen Apple Yogurt

- 1 c. plain yogurt
- 1 c. unsweetened applesauce
- 1/2 t. cinnamon
- 2 T. maple syrup or honey

In a blender whip the yogurt, syrup and cinnamon, stir in the applesauce. Pour into small containers and freeze for 4 hours. Soften and eat, especially good for sore throat or a fussy appetite.

### Banana Delight

- 1 banana and 3 ice cubes
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Place in blender and whiz.

Serves 1, plenty of potassium.

### Wheat Germ Muffins

- 1 1/2 c. whole wheat flour
- 1 c. wheat germ
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 T. baking powder
- 6 T. nonfat dry milk powder
- 1 c. water
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3 T. oil

- 2 T. honey or molasses
- 1/2 c. golden raisins
- 1/4 c. sunflower seeds
- 1/4 c. chopped almonds

Put your dry ingredients in a bowl, and the liquid in another. Pre-heat your oven to 400 F. Add slowly the liquid ingredients to the dry, stir to moisten. Lumps OK. Oil a muffin tin and spoon mixture in about



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## Barbecue Beans

1 1/2 c. cooked kidney beans  
 1 Vidalia onion, chopped  
 1 green pepper, chopped  
 2 cloves garlic, minced  
 1 t. olive oil  
 3 T. tomato paste  
 1 T. lemon juice  
 1/2 t. soy sauce  
 1 t. molasses  
 1 t. chili powder  
 1/2 t. cayenne pepper, allspice and nutmeg  
 water to thin  
 salt and pepper to taste  
 Warm your olive oil in a pan, and add your onion, pepper and garlic. Saute til soft. In a small bowl, mix tomato paste, lemon juice, soy sauce, molasses, chili powder and spices. Use your water to thin as you taste. Add sauce to the onions and peppers, pour in the beans, simmer in pan for 10 minutes on low heat.

## Seasoned Liver

1 1/2 lb calves liver,  
 cut in 1/2 " thick strips  
 1/2 t. salt  
 1 t. thyme  
 2/3 c. wheat germ  
 black pepper, freshly ground,  
 to taste  
 4 t. fresh lemon juice  
 4 t. sesame oil  
 1 green pepper, chopped  
 1/4 c. olive oil to saute in  
 Mix your wheat germ, salt,

thyme and pepper on a plate. Mix the lemon juice and sesame oil and brush on the liver. Dip the liver pieces in the wheat germ mixture, coat. Let stand for 10 minutes. Heat oil in a skillet on medium heat, add the green pepper and cook for 3 minutes, add the liver and saute for 5 minutes or til done.

## Fig Treats

1 c. dried figs  
 2 T. lemon juice  
 1/2 c. walnuts  
 1/2 c. sunflower seeds  
 unsweetened coconut flakes

Soak the figs in boiling water and lemon juice brought to a simmer for 10 minutes and drain. Chop the figs, walnuts and sunflower seeds in a blender. Roll the mixture into small balls and roll in the coconut. This will make about 20 balls.

Conceit may puff people up,  
 but it never props them up.

Homer Thomas  
 Retired



1994

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 June 20 - Lonesome Lovers (eclectic)  
 Sherard Fields and Friends (jazz)  
 June 27 - Charlie Lyle Orchestra  
 July 4 - Richard Cox Big Band  
 July 11 - HSV Heritage Chorus (ladies barbershop)  
 Huntsville Concert Band  
 July 18 - Hits from "Lil Abner" (HCCA)  
 Olde Towne Brass (Civil War)  
 Micro Wave Dave and the Nukes (blues)  
 July 25 - Legends (country)  
 Mike Sheehy and Moonlighters  
 Aug. 1 - Hits from "Charlie Brown" (HCCA)  
 Cassandra Miller and Friends (modern)  
 Rocket City Brass  
 Aug. 8 - Metropolitan Youth Orchestra  
 Aug. 15 - Roland Gresham (singer/guitar)  
 Day Tripper (music of the Beatles)  
 Aug. 22 - Pinhook Creek (bluegrass)  
 Sentimental Journey (Shrine Band)  
 Aug. 29 - Barbershop Chorus (male)  
 Rick Jobs and Tuxedo Junction (rock)  
 Sept. 5 - "Big Spring Fling" (7 to 10 p. m. & dancing  
 under the stars)  
 Serenade (women's sextet)  
 Sugar 'n Spice (gay 90's music)  
 Bavarian Sauerkrauts Polka Band  
 Reunion With Southern Connection  
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# Civil War Remembrances of Robert B. Morrow

of Co. L 5th Ala. Cavalry  
*written in 1912*

In July 1864, I joined as a volunteer of Company L, 5th Regiment, Alabama Cavalry.

Perhaps it will be interesting at this time, for it lacks a little of fifty years, to tell something of my equipment. I rode a mule, a large gentle one, a good traveler. My bridle was made of home-tanned cow leather, sewed into the bits with cords made of home-tanned fox or coon hides. The bit was made in a shop nearby and was what was called a curb-bit. The saddle, homemade also, con-

sisted of two pieces of poplar, shaped so it was supposed to fit the mule's back as they lay lengthways on her. These were fastened together in front by a piece of tough oak with rivets made of iron in the shops nearby, the back part was fastened the same way, by tough oak, cut so as to resemble any ordinary saddle.

This saddle had holes mortised, through which to tie on the belongings of a soldier of the C.S.A. When this was covered with a heavy woolen blanket, spun and woven at home by my Mother and Sister and colored with bark, the soldier, dressed in cloth made by the same loving hands was ready to mount and be off to war.

Neither the boy nor his equipment would make a formidable looking soldier or inspire terror, you will say. True! But the mule could travel, and the boy could shoot, and either could very nearly find his own

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ration. These three formed the chief requisites for a soldier in Forrest's Calvary.

The next morning after I was sworn into the service and became a soldier of the C.S.A., we were ordered to cook one day's ration which consisted of one pound of corn meal and one pound of beef. This done, we started, Wednesday morning, on a raid across the Tennessee River. When we had traveled 35 miles we stopped in the night, stayed there all day Thursday and until 3 o'clock Friday, then rode back 30 miles and we had eaten by Saturday at 10 a.m. that one pound of beef and meal. I mention the ration not because it was so unusual an episode in a soldier's life, but because as an introduction into the profession it was rather hard on a 17-year-old boy.

It would be useless to try to remember or record the almost daily bouts with the enemy on such outpost duty as we were on. Sometimes we were running and fighting, the enemy in front; and sometimes fighting and running, we were in front.

One other battle was on the west fork of Flint. We had followed the enemy of 1,000 or 1,200 men all day; we had 500. When they camped we concealed our horses in the woods, lay there until 4 a.m., then charged into their camp on foot. We lost some men, but could not learn what loss we inflicted as they carried their dead and wounded with them.

I will relate one incident of this battle, which I am glad to say, was the only one of its kind I ever knew of personally. While a cousin of mine, a boy about my age, and I were standing side by side firing into the camp, he was shot, and his thigh broken. I was directed to take him back out of the camp. When I had gotten out a piece, the enemy rallied, passed around us and cut us off from our own men. As I could get no further, I left him standing, holding himself by an apple tree. When the enemy found him they commenced to shoot him, in spite of his cries for mercy, which I heard as I lay hidden nearby.

They kept shooting till he fell

with two more wounds, one in his breast. He then feigned death. They took a sword, jabbed it into his back, cut at his neck and head. He feigning death, they left him. He was afterwards found by some of the enemy, carried to a nearby house and left, as they supposed, to die. To the surprise of all, he got well. He lived for 35 years, carrying to his grave not only the scars of the gun wounds, but the sword wounds which the dastards had inflicted to neck, back, and head, while he lying face down on the ground supposedly mortally wounded.



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# billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

**THE BOOK-SIGNING** at Bubba's brought out some 400 *Old Huntsville* readers the other day, including **Chris Witt, Jay Maples** and their Arab pal **Shane Slaten**. **Clark Williams** also showed up, as did N. Ala. Rehab Center's transportation boss **Jack Harwell**. UAH's **Grant Frensley** and **Kathryn Galloway** also made the scene. **Tom Carney**, the author of *The Way It Was*, *The Other Side Of Huntsville's History*, stayed very busy signing books.

**John Gonzales** of Toney, who operates a backhoe for Weaver, brought two of his coworkers, **Chris and Greg Bissett**, to lunch at Harvest House restaurant. His son, **Jimmy Gonzales**, drives mini-stock car No. 28.

**Gary "Bubba" Wright Jr.** and his pal **Mike Johnson** were part of the scene the other night at Va-

pors Club. Bubba's in the Navy (ours) at Pascagoula, Miss. One of the outstanding bands booked into Vapors this month is Velcro Pygmies.

**Robert "R.E." Kirby**, who left here several years ago, now operates a Li'l Caesar's in Smyrna, Tennessee.

**CELEBRATE!** Pretty **Kelly Marie Steinberg** brought her MA and PA, **Tammy and Dickie**, to Ryan's for their fifth anniversary dinner June 3.

*Johnny Tona's Family Billiards* has been unusually busy this spring, especially since the schools turned out for the summer. **Kevin Zuhn** and his pal **Mike Riviere**, both of Westminster Christian Academy, were there the other afternoon. Then came engineer-type **Jim Morgan** who was celebrating

his 24th birthday with some of his cronies. At the next table was **Ray Minor**, teaching grandson **Casey Kirk** of Madison Academy a few tricks of the game.

**Ed Killingsworth**, who tends bar at Finnegan's Irish Pub, brought pals **Melanie McNutt, Eric Artrip, Nancy Wolfe** and **Charles Pippin** to *Eunice's* breakfast table a week or so ago in order to meet **Gov. Jim Folsom**. How exciting to see "first sister" **Scrappy Folsom** after all these years. She dispatched at the sheriff's office here years ago, then moved to Orlando. **Loyd Tomlinson**, owner of Outback Restaurant, also showed up, as did **Shannan and Laura McAdams**.

**FAREWELL!** Death has taken several of our friends in recent weeks: My longtime best-friend **Paul Westheideman**, 72, with whom I traveled many miles to festivals; **Jeff Patterson**, 30, a delightful personality who shared many stories and laughs; gospel singer **Wally Fowler**, 77, who formed the Oak Ridge Boys in the 1940s and originated "all-nite" singings (I stayed at his Nashville home during my college years);



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Opryland Hotel harpist **Lloyd Lundspeth**, whose harp closed many of those old **Spade Cooley** recordings; **Dr. Young West**, who always laughed at my stories and who, with wife 'Nita, produced four sons (**Scott, Eric, Kevin and Sean**), each of whom worked with me during my years at the daily paper here.

That was a fine gathering the other night at Finnegan's Irish Pub. **Kevin Karjala** anxiously awaited the arrival of his galpal **Serina Richmond** from Minnesota. Then he took a solo trip back to International Falls, Minn., for a few days. Meanwhile, pub boss lady **Ellen McAnelly** has been attending the wedding of nephew **Patrick** in her Galway, Ireland, hometown.

#### CHANGING CHANNELS!

**Mike Mosley** has left WHNT, Comcast 9, to predict weather in his Chicagoland; his cohort **Tim Simpson** is returning to his hometown of Memphis to do likewise.

**Tim Atchley**, a familiar face around Huntsville bistros for several years, is now a staffer at Decatur's Rockin' New Country. **Jon Ormsby** of Rescue Squad fame has wife **Denise** teaching him to cook.

**WEDDING BELLS** will ring July 16 for WAAY-TV's (Comcast 7) **Chris Peace** and Athenian **Melissa Brewer**. She's a Nashville model. Meanwhile, Grissom grad **Jimmy Lane Odom** will wed **Jeanette Elizabeth Grant** in Tampa on July 2. Jimmy's mom is the effervescent **Marilyn Horne**.

She and husband **J.D.** will make the trip in their fancy customized motor home.

While country singer **Doyle Brady** is away, his TV show on WAFF, Comcast 11, is being guest hosted. Doyle was the singing partner of Grand Ole Opry's **Dottie West**, who died in that limousine wreck a couple of years ago.

Another Grissom grad, **Kevin Streit**, popular man-about-town a few years ago, will walk the matrimonial trail Sept. 24 with pretty **Virginia Stanley** at Hollings College, Roanoke, Va. They live in Las Vegas. Meanwhile, Streit's boyhood pal, **Steve Wojcichowski** (Johnson High's first graduating class) has left *Playboy Enterprises*, *Kasey Kasem* and his other jobs and moved from Hollywood to Las Vegas to marry **Lona Vincent** (June 18).

Remember actress **Kimberley**

**Crow**, who settled here and helped establish Twickenham Repertory Theater after touring America in dinner theater productions? She is now **Mrs. Drew Strouble** and living in Siesta Key, Fla. We last saw her as **Clark Kent's** school teacher in the "Superboy" TV series.

**SOUTHERN BEAN** Association hosted a fine assemblage the other night at Ramada. **Jerry Blevins**, of my hometown of South Pittsburg, Tenn., was in charge and introduced my after-dinner talk.

**Guntersville** is sure proud of its high school football team's star kicker Kevin Gentle - he was one of only twenty selected from across the state to play in this past Saturday's High School Seniors All-Stars game in Mobile.

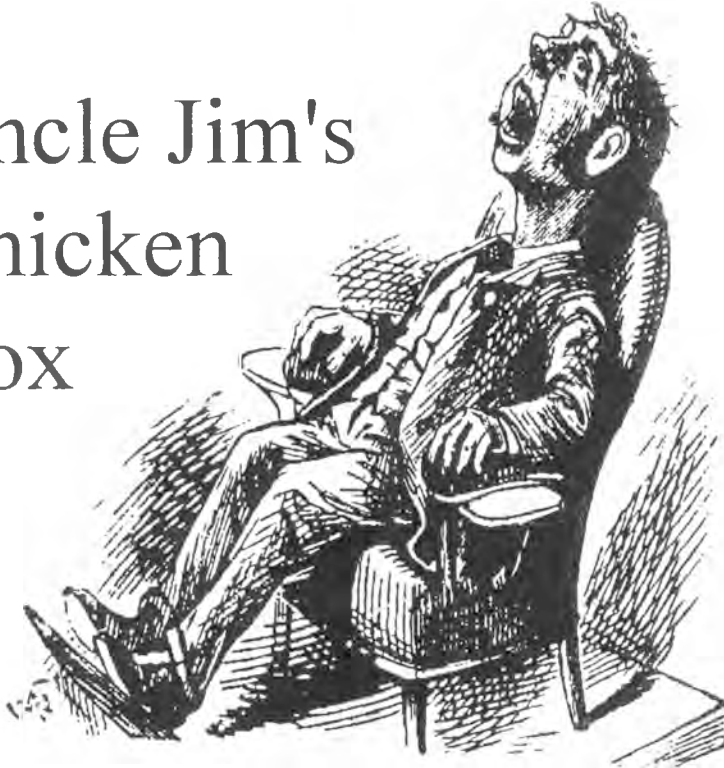
A diplomat can say the nastiest thing in the nicest way.

E L E C T



State Representative - District 6

# Uncle Jim's Chicken Box



by Millie McDonald

My mother and father were old fashioned parents. They believed that children should use their imaginations, entertain themselves and above all, stay out of trouble.

They also believed that it was their responsibility to take in any poor relatives. Oddly enough, we had only one such relative -- our Uncle Jim.

Just when life became boring, it seemed that Uncle Jim would come for a visit. He was the black sheep of the family. From what I could learn he never had a job, lived by his wits, and always had a pocket full of change. He had been in our local jail a few times, but since we lived in a very small town, Uncle Jim was always able to talk himself out of any sentence, because he made it a point to be friends with the jailor and police.

Mom was never anxious for Uncle Jim to visit, because she did

not trust him, but she tolerated him because he was my dad's brother.

Even though we were extremely poor, my mother believed in sharing what we had, such as food and clothing and Uncle Jim knew she would share with him.

Mom made all of our clothes from Red Cross material, and of course the whole neighborhood knew it was Red Cross material because all the patterns were the same. She made weekly visits to the flour mill and paid five cents each for the cotton cloth flour sacks and made panties for us. The flour sacks were printed with the word "flour" in bright blue letters, and for some reason, the word "flour" appeared on the back of the panties most of the time. These panties were very rough and scratchy, and because the panties were so heavily marked with blue ink, we were careful to keep our skirts pulled down!

My dad repaired our shoes. He had a "shoe-last" and he would place the shoe on the last and tack on the leather. The leather was very hard and heavy. It made the shoes slick when walking, but it saved money, which we did not have.

Mom made the best home-made bread. My sis and I sold the "hotcross buns" to the neighbors for twenty five cents a dozen every week.

Under these conditions, it was not hard for us to use our imaginations and entertain ourselves.

The toys we had were home-made toys that my dad carved from

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wood obtained from a nearby field. The only store-bought toy we had was a pair of wooden wheel skates, which were donated to my sis and me by a good hearted neighbor.

To stay out of trouble, my parents felt that we could either play in our fenced yard or in our cellar. My sis and I liked to play in the cellar because there were so many games we could play there.

Our cellar was different than most cellars, because it was divided into sections. The walls were kept whitewashed and the cement was smooth. An outer part of the cellar was used for storage, the next section was called our fruit cellar, for my mother's homemade jams and jellies, and the largest part of the cellar was the middle portion, which contained the coal furnace toward the back, with a wide area around it, where one could skate or play. A portion of this area contained my dad's work bench, where he soled our shoes.

During the long winter days, we used the cellar as a place to play. My three cousins, who lived across the street, would come over and we would skate in the middle cellar, skating around and around the furnace, meeting at the front, where my mom kept her washer.

We also played the old-fashioned game of "tag." The person who was "it" would say - See my finger, see my thumb, see my fist - you better run. And "run" meant to really run!

We played many other games in the cellar, such as Jacks, Hide and Seek, and School. When we played school, we would turn the old buckets upside down, sit on them, and take turns being the teacher. We always finished the game of school by

singing "She'll be Comin' Round the Mountains."

One warm sunny day, Uncle Jim came by for a visit. When he came to visit, my mother kept a close eye on him, to be sure he did not depart with any of our belongings to sell or give away. Of course we were enthralled with his visits because he could tell the best adventure stories, then he would give us a few pennies to spend.

On this particular day, Uncle Jim told us a story, gave us a few pennies and we went to the cellar to play. We put on our skates and began to skate around the furnace, when we noticed a large, cardboard box. Curiosity got the best of us, so we opened the box and six, large white chickens flew everywhere. Since we were on our skates, we thought we could catch them, but

those chickens flew into Mom's fruit cellar, knocking down jars of jam and jelly with a crashing thud.

Mom came rushing down to the cellar and when she saw her jars of jam destroyed, she opened the back cellar door and let all the chickens go free. Then she got her broom and chased Uncle Jim out the back kitchen door, where he and the chickens met. That was the shortest visit Uncle Jim ever made. It seems that Uncle Jim had stolen the chickens for resale, but he lost the chickens and gained the wrath of my mother, and we never saw Uncle Jim or the chickens again.

Those who claim they can take it or leave it, probably never had it.

Billy Harolds



A Hardware Store....The way you remember them

222 Washington Street 539-5777

# Huntsville News

## From 1901

### *New addition to the city*

Sharp & Newson have purchased from Boyd and Wellman several acres of ground at the head of Locust Street on California, formerly a part of the estate of the late Gen. Samuel F. Moore, and will lay it off in city lots. Streets will be extended through the new addition, granitoid sidewalks built and shade trees planted.

This will be made one of the most desirable residence sections of the city. The gentlemen composing this firm are prominent Nashville businessmen and the fact that they are fit to put their money in Huntsville property shows that Huntsville real estate is looked upon as a good thing by capitalists in other cities.

### *Probably fatal accident*

Walter Bradford, a weaver employed in the Merrimack Mills, was probably fatally injured yester-

day afternoon by allowing the elevator to descend on his head. The young man was looking down the elevator shaft and did not see the car descend from above. The floor of the car caught his head on the side and his scalp was almost torn off. The accident was a horrible one and Bradford is not expected to live.

### *Threw a heavy stone into a Scottsboro crowd*

About 6:30 a number of men, women and children were at the depot watching the old Confederates leave for the reunion, and as the second section of No. 57 was passing by at a high rate of speed, some unknown young man threw off a large limestone rock into the crowd from the train.

Isaac H. Davis was struck on the right leg. The force of the rock, which weighed 39 pounds, crushed his leg bones in fragments, and passing on struck Tillman Davis a painful blow on one of his legs. Mr. Davis was carried to the Baty House where his leg was dressed. It has not been determined whether his leg will have to be amputated.

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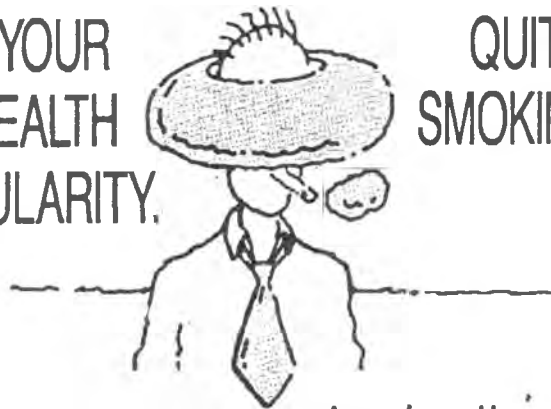
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## The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie M. Owens

It may be the depletion of the ozone layer we hear so much about, but whatever the reason, there has been a dramatic rise in skin cancer in recent years. Doctors are diagnosing more new cases of skin cancer than all other forms of cancer taken together. Overexposure to harmful solar rays is considered to be the primary reason.

Each year at about this time we head for the beaches or lay out around the swimming pool; or it may be a routine game of golf, or tennis, or some other outdoor pastime. We have to realize that exposure to the sun can be most dangerous, and can cause skin cancer. There are over 400,000 cases of non-melanoma skin cancers in the U.S. It has been determined that sun exposure has also been shown to be a factor in malignant melanoma. This is a relatively rare cancer that has been increasing dramatically in the U.S. in recent years.

Youngsters are particularly vulnerable to the skin damage that can be caused by the overexposure to the sun's damaging UV rays. Young children must depend upon the adults to protect them from un-

necessary exposure. A recent survey found that many day-care centers took children outdoors during the most hazardous UV-radiation period of the day. Such centers should offer adequate shade, sunscreen, sunglasses, and/or hats.

Children should be taught early about healthy sun practices. Parents should not only strongly advise them about the use of sun protection at the beach, but also when they are working out in the yard or involved in some other outdoor activity during the summer.

It is not uncommon to see young people, and some not so young, basking in the sun to get that early tan. The best advice to protect against the harmful rays of the sun is to avoid exposure as much as possible.

If we must be exposed to the sun's rays either as a result of our work, or during programs of leisure

and recreation it is important that the following guidelines be taken:

1. Avoid the sun between the hours of 10 in the morning, and 3 in the afternoon, when the UV rays are the strongest.

2. Wear tightly woven clothing to cover most of your exposed skin, and wear a wide-brimmed hat.

3. Use a sunscreen with a sun protection factor of 15, or higher.

The bottom line is -- avoid the sun whenever possible but provide adequate protection if you or your children cannot avoid being exposed.

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can't wait ten minutes for  
his wife to get ready, but  
will sit for hours waiting  
for a small fish to bite.



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This is only part of what your 50 cents helped to pay for.

By now, almost everyone in Huntsville is familiar with the



wooden boxes that *Old Huntsville Magazine* is distributed in. You will find them in many businesses all around Huntsville, and if you stand around long enough, you will see a kindly old man, who could be your grandfather, come in and put more magazines in the box.

And if you ask someone who the man is, they would probably say, "Oh, he belongs to the Golden K Kiwanis Club. They have something



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to do with the magazine being here.”

Unfortunately, that's all that most people know about the men who service the *Old Huntsville* boxes.

The Golden K Kiwanis Club is composed of 48 men, all Senior Citizens, whose average age is 73 years old. While most men their age are on the golf course or playing with their grandchildren, these men are dedicating their time to the principle that people can make a difference if they try hard enough.

In the last three years, this small group of men have been responsible for or helped in:

1. The creation of two Boy Scouts troops. These troops have won many awards and have produced a much higher percentage of Eagle Scouts than the national average.

2. Support for the creation of the Boys and Girls Club in Mason Court. In addition, computer equipment and books have been contributed by the Golden K.

3. Supplied materials and time for the Council Court Day Care Center.

4. Support for the Ronald McDonald House to help those families that have to travel to UAB Hospital in Birmingham.

5. Support for the Kids On The Block program in their effort to teach young children how to deal with other children who are handicapped.

6. Support and prizes for the Northeast Alabama Science Fair each year.

7. Meals to the elderly.

8. Support for the Childrens Miracle Network.

9. Serve as teachers in the Adult Education Program

10. Yearly assistance to the

Salvation Army.

11. Transportation for patients to the Huntsville Hospital Cancer Treatment Center.

12. Providing three scholarships a year to students in financial need.

The Golden K Kiwanis Club devotes between 1600 to 1800 hours each month to volunteer effort, probably a higher ratio than any charitable organization in North Alabama.

The club's main source of income are the proceeds they collect from the boxes, for sales of the *Old Huntsville Magazine*. So the next time you see one of the *Old Huntsville* boxes, take a minute to buy a copy of the magazine. Your fifty cents can make a difference in a lot of people's lives. And if you can remember a time that someone helped you ... put in a little extra.

*NOTE: Old Huntsville Magazine derives no financial gain from the Golden K Kiwanis. The boxes and the magazines are donated to the club free of charge.*

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# Old Dogs and Watermelon Wine

by Billy Joe Cooley

Lewis Grizzard was an excellent writer, but he couldn't sing worth a flip! Couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, but he tried.

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That was the general consensus the other Sunday as some of us were remembering our old friend who had just died in Atlanta.

Lewis had been in love with Huntsville for many years, long before he became famous with all those books. He would drive over from Atlanta, dine at the old House of Mandarin on South Parkway, and sip cider with a few of us at Tony Mason's nightclub, which was on University Drive across from Red Lobster.

Now and then there would be famous people in the place who didn't know who Lewis was. Sometimes Lewis didn't even know who Lewis was. Those were high times. But, as I said, he was not yet the famous humorist that he later became.

One night we were sitting in Tony's when astronaut Buzz Aldrin entered with a group of friends. That impressed Lewis, so he sent word to Tony on the stage that he'd like to sing a song. He wanted to sing "Fly Me to the Moon," which would have been appropriate, but none of us knew the words.

Lewis got up, walked up to the microphone and announced that, "I'd like to sing a song written by my dearest and truest friend in all the world, including Georgia, Tom T. Hall." With that he launched into a strange version of "Old Dogs and Children and Watermelon Wine." He put notes where there had never been notes and gave all the credit, just and unjust, to Tom T.

On other nights he would just sit quietly, sip and socialize and watch "the passing parade," as he called it. The passing parade included such country singers as Alabama's Jeff Cook (with his local

pal Steve Shelton), George Jones and Vern Gosdin.

"I'd like to hear you sing 'He Stopped Loving Her Today' before you leave," Lewis said to George Jones one night. But George, who had apparently made a few other bar stops before sloshing into Tony's lounge, just grinned like a 'possum, winked at Lewis and asked Gosdin to drive him home to Florence.

One day Tom T. drove down from Franklin to visit while wife Dixie shopped for antiques. We were having coffee in the Hilton lobby when I remembered Lewis's lounge performance.

"Ever hear of Lewis Grizzard?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. Then after a brief pause, he added: "Yeah, ain't he that guy who writes stuff in the paper?" I said he was.

"Met him once," Tom T. said. "Why? Did he promise to write a column about you?"

I said yes, he had indeed mentioned it once or twice.

"He promises everybody he's gonna write about them," said Tom T., "but he never does. He did write a column one time about 'Old Dogs and Children.' I guess that counts for something."

You couldn't help but like Lewis, though his language sometimes got pretty salty in his stage routines. I said so in print once and he just looked at me blankly. Some people had walked out, covering their children's ears, during a Grizzard performance at the VBCC.

Lewis was not an outgoing person. He would have breakfast in a booth at Eunice's and try not to speak to anybody. But, he did write a nice blurb about her breakfasts in one of his columns.



## Good Eating Tips

Try this when you want to stretch out your salsa. Get a jar of the Pace Picante Sauce, mild. Add a small can of whole green chilies, and chop them first, add all the juice. Add a half cup of chopped Vidalia onions, 1/2 a teaspoon of garlic powder, and a quarter cup of water. Finally throw in about two teaspoons of dried cilantro.

Mix it all up and put in a glass or plastic jar for about an hour.

You've stretched out your sauce, added some good vegetables and by adding the water and chile juice you've cut down on the concentration of salt. Try it with the new low fat tortilla chips that are baked instead of fried, for a guilt-free snack!

Since olive oil is now proven to be much healthier for you than the regular vegetable oil, why not use it for everything you cook that needs oil? Usually the olive flavor

is not even detectable, if at all, but for cakes or other sweet concoctions use your regular vegetable oil (safflower is very good.)

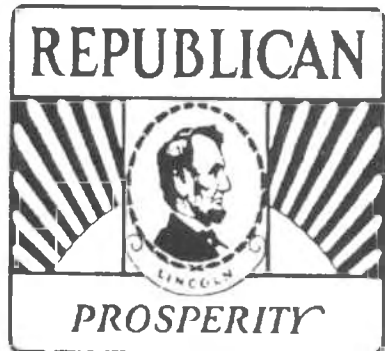
Bored with your oatmeal, but want to eat it in the morning because it's so good for lowering cholesterol? Try this. Cook your oatmeal the usual way, but make it a tad dryer than usual. Add about 1/4 cup low-fat cheddar cheese, a sprinkle of freshly grated garlic pepper and a pat of butter. To finish it all up, top with a sprinkle of Baco's. Stir up so your cheese melts, and try it. It'll be different!

You always learn something from late nite talk shows ... usually that you should have gone to bed earlier

# VOTE

## Hugh McInnish

### for CONGRESS



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While you're making your favorite vodka drink, put a drop on each of your eyeglass lens and wipe. They'll be sparkling!

If your skin is oily, perfume or cologne will last longer. So before you apply your favorite cologne, smooth a thin layer of vaseline onto the area first, then the cologne. It will last much longer.

To get those hairbrushes really clean, pull all the hair out and add 3 tablespoons each of baking soda and household bleach to a basin of warm water. Swish around, scrub, rinse and drip-dry.

To dry your nails in a hurry after you've polished them, stick

them in the freezer til dry.

We have had a lot of requests about how to clean your glass or crystal chandeliers without disassembling them. It's easy! Just fill a tumbler with 1 part alcohol to 3 parts water. Raise the tumbler to each pendant until it is immersed. The crystal will drip dry without leaving water spots, lint or finger marks. Wipe the rest of it with a soft towel dipped in the solution.

You can prevent a screwdriver from slipping by rubbing chalk on the blade.

To prevent your small tools from getting corroded, store them in a bucket of sand.

Store your favorite photo negatives behind the corresponding picture in your scrapbook for easy retrieval.

Store light bulbs in your empty soft drink cartons.

After you have cleaned your windows to a sparkling shine, rub a new chalkboard eraser over them for an extra shine.

Aluminum window frames will clean up quick with some cream silver cleaner.

Lengthen the life of your olive oil by adding a sugar cube to the bottle.

If you wrap dry onions in foil, they will not sprout so quickly and will stay firm for some time.

Dampen a cloth with rubbing alcohol and rub your stainless steel sink to get rid of water spots.

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# Pratt Avenue, Memorial for one of Huntsville's Leading Citizens

by Jack Harwell

The man for whom Pratt Avenue is named is all but forgotten today. But in his time, he was Huntsville's best-known citizen. A century ago, when Huntsville was a small farming community, men like Tracy Pratt brought large industry here for the first time, setting the city on a path of modernization that continues to this day. Many men were involved in this effort, but Pratt was regarded, at the time, as the one individual to whom the greatest credit was due.

Like many Southern cities in 1880, Huntsville was struggling. Reconstruction had ended, and life was resuming some semblance of normalcy. But the population of less than 5,000 still relied on a cotton-based economy, and the absence of slave labor meant that cotton farming was far less profitable than it had been before the war. The city needed new industry, as well as men who could run it.

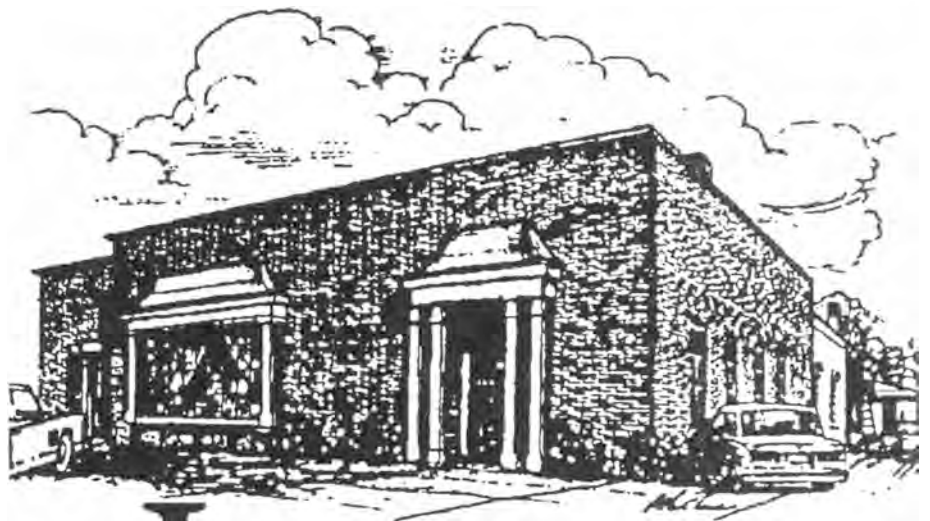
In 1886, a group of local businessmen formed the North Alabama Improvement Company, the primary purpose of which was to attract industry and development to the area. One of the group's promotional booklets, which were distributed nationwide, invited developers to

come to "the Queen City of the South: Huntsville." Among those who accepted the invitation was Minnesota banker Tracy W. Pratt.

Tracy Wilder Pratt was, in some ways, the stereotypical Northern industrialist that Southerners traditionally distrusted. He was born in New York on September 1, 1861, but his family moved to Minnesota when he was still a child. He attended, but apparently did not graduate from, the University of Minnesota. Later he moved to Zumbrota, in southeastern Minnesota, and went into the banking busi-

ness. Eventually, Pratt left Minnesota for South Dakota and settled in Pierre, where he became involved with developing the public schools.

Pratt made frequent trips out of state to promote bonds for Pierre's schools. It was on one such trip, to New York City, that he met Major James O'Shaughnessy. O'Shaughnessy lived in New York, but had operated a business in Huntsville since 1881. It was he and his brother, Michael, who had formed the North Alabama Improvement Company, which had, among other things, built the Monte



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The O'Shaughnessy's were enthusiastic supporters of Huntsville and the opportunities it offered for investors, and James persuaded Pratt to visit the town and see for himself. Pratt came away sufficiently convinced of Huntsville's potential that in 1891 he left South Dakota and moved here to stay. Some of his South Dakota business associates came with him.

Pratt and his friends had been in town only a few months when he began construction on what would

be Huntsville's third cotton mill, the West Huntsville Cotton Mills. (Two other mills had opened in 1881) The mill was located two miles west of the city, at the intersection of Ninth Avenue and Eighth Street. On April 25, 1892, the West Huntsville Cotton Mills Company was incorporated with Pratt as President.

Construction on the mill was completed in either late 1892 or early 1893. Initially the mill employed 125 workers, but this soon increased. According to the 1896-97 City Directory, the mill produced

"high grade cotton yarns and ball twine." Within a year of its opening, the mill was doing so well that Pratt was able to grant a wage hike to his employees.

Two years after the West Huntsville Cotton Mills facility was completed, Pratt incorporated the Huntsville Warehouse company. This building was located adjacent to the cotton mill on Ninth Avenue.

By the mid-1890s Pratt had become quite well-off financially. In addition to his mill and warehouse concerns, he was treasurer of the West Huntsville Furniture Company. Only 35 years old, he could have lived comfortably for the rest of his life. But Tracy Pratt could not rest on his accomplishments for long, and soon he was looking for other challenges.

In 1895, the Merrimac Manufacturing Company of Lowell, Massachusetts began investigating the possibility of opening a mill in northern Alabama.

Athens, Anniston, and Huntsville all were considered as possible building sites. All three cities competed fiercely for the opportunity, since this was to be no small operation. Merrimac promised that the facility, when built, would house 200,000 spindles, and employ 5,000 operators. The Huntsville *Weekly Mercury* announced that the mill would be three times the size of any other such operation in the South.

Both Athens and Anniston had better rail facilities and could offer lower freight rates — a major consideration. But Tracy Pratt spent eighteen months lobbying Merrimac on the city's behalf. He pointed out that the suggested site for the mill, near Brahan Spring, contained the chemicals needed for the dyeing

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process that was critical to the mill's operation. In the end, it was Pratt's persistent salesmanship that made the difference. In early 1899, Merrimac announced that it had chosen Huntsville as the location for its new mill. Construction began that spring, and was completed the following year.

The acquisition of the Merrimac mill was a major victory for Huntsville, and was perhaps the accomplishment for which Tracy Pratt was best remembered. The *Weekly Mercury* predicted confidently — if somewhat grandiosely that the mill would double the population of the city, which at that time was 8000. Although the population of the mill village reached 3,000 within five years, that of Huntsville was almost unchanged, since the mill, at that time, was outside the city limits.

By 1901, Pratt had also helped secure the Lowe Mill, located at 9th Avenue and Seminole Drive, and was a subscriber of the W.H. Rowe Knitting Company (9th Avenue and 10th Street). He was thus associated with every textile company in West Huntsville.

But Pratt's efforts were not confined to West Huntsville. In 1892, he worked with the South Dakota-based Northwestern Land Association in laying out a subdivision on the east side of town. This was a 285 acre tract, purchased from the North Alabama Improvement Association, that became known as East Huntsville. It was bounded by Pettigrew (now Oakwood Avenue, Wells Avenue, 15th Street (now Maysville Road), and 1st Street (now Dallas Street).

Most of the east-west streets in East Huntsville were named for members of the Northwestern Land

Association, of which Pratt was one. The only exceptions are Clinton and Randolph Avenues, which were extensions of existing streets; Pettigrew Avenue, named for a senator from South Dakota, and Melette Avenue, named for that state's governor. Obviously the South Dakotans had found a way to transplant a little bit of home to Alabama!

Not long afterward, Melette Avenue was renamed McKinley Avenue, in honor of President William McKinley, who passed through town in 1901.

Pratt also contributed to Huntsville's first public transportation system, a streetcar system linking East and West Huntsville. He put up \$100,000 toward the establishment of the Huntsville Railway, Light & Power Company, which would operate the streetcars. Pratt was awarded the franchise for the streetcar line in 1900. The new company used track and equipment from an earlier attempt at an interurban railway, and was able to begin service in February of 1901.

When the United States went to war with Spain in 1898, Pratt and

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Milton Humes, a local attorney, went to Washington to promote Huntsville as a military encampment site. Impressed by Pratt's and Humes's enthusiasm, government inspectors visited the town and decided that Huntsville was an excellent site for an encampment.

That summer military units from all over the country bivouacked here enroute to Cuba. One cavalry unit from Ohio stayed at Brahan Spring, near the Merrimac mill. After the war, Pratt helped secure a convalescent camp for soldiers coming back from the war. A hospital was set up at Oaklawn Plantation on Meridian Pike. Of the 1,600 patients treated there, all but 21 recovered. Among the visitors to the camp was General Joseph "Fighting Joe" Wheeler.

One of Pratt's few failures was the Huntsville-Nashville Railroad. Huntsville had no north-south rail service, so when the project was proposed in 1905 Pratt threw himself into it as he had all his endeavors. At first it appeared that the railroad would go through; nearly all

of the money had been raised by 1908, and ground was actually broken for the line that year. For whatever reason, this particular project fell through.

Pratt spent the rest of his life working on civic projects in the area, including drilling for natural gas in Hazel Green, and hotel construction in Huntsville. He also took part in attracting the federal government to build Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. The dam, completed in 1918, made the upper Tennessee River navigable for the first time.

On October 29, 1928, after attending a Rotary Club meeting, Pratt suffered a fatal heart attack at his home on Eustis Street. He was 67 years old. "One of Huntsville's foremost citizens yields to the Grim Reaper," proclaimed the *Huntsville Daily Times* solemnly. After a funeral service at his home the next day, he was laid to rest at Maple Hill Cemetery. At exactly 2:30 that afternoon, as the service began, every business in town ceased operations for five minutes.

In the years following Pratt's

death, many of the signs of his passage began to disappear. The West Huntsville Cotton mills ceased operation. The building was leased to another firm, which lasted only two years. One small section of the building still stands. The streetcars stopped running in 1931, replaced by buses. The Merrimac mill, Pratt's crowning achievement, was demolished last year. Today, the textile mills that Pratt worked so hard to bring to Huntsville are all gone. The aerospace and related industries, working for NASA and the U.S. Army, now dominate the local economy.

Only Pratt Avenue remains as a reminder of the Northerner who worked so hard to build up a Southern city. Tracy Pratt may be little remembered today, but his adopted home town continues down the path he helped established a century ago.

Those who think revenge is sweet have never tasted love.  
Carl Owens

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## Grandma's Kitchen Tips

If your gravy looks a little anemic, try adding food coloring to it. Yellow adds a rich look to gravy made with chicken broth. Use instant coffee granules to color anything a little browner. The improved

color will make you think your gravy is better.

If you use canned shrimp, you can help the flavor by rinsing it well in water, then soaking it in a little white wine.

Your egg slicer is good also for slicing olives, mushrooms, potatoes, etc.

Popcorn pops better if you store it and pop it frozen.

To spice up bland ketchup, add a bit of smoky barbecue sauce.

Add mustard to a little softened butter to brush chicken or fish

prior to broiling.

To keep your cooked turkey from drying out, soak a kitchen towel in warm water and wring it out. Put it firmly around the turkey while the bird is still warm and refrigerate.

Try slicing your tomatoes the other way if you want them to hold their shape better. It looks a little weird but tastes the same.

If you want to have all your ingredients ready for a salad, keep them all in an airtight box that you keep in the fridge. This should also retard freezing in that fridge that tends to be too cold. Just clean and trim all your salad fixings and put them on a damp paper towel in the box, then pull out the whole thing when you are ready for your salad.

Try using bacon grease instead of vegetable oil when making your cornbread - has a marvelous taste.

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# Crazy Man Humphreys Traitor or Patriot?

by Charles Rice



David C. Humphreys was something of a puzzle. He was a man who always took a strong stand on the issues. The problem was, at times he just might completely reverse himself. In fact, beginning the war as a Confederate soldier, Humphreys would end it as a staunch Unionist. That was one of the reasons some people in Hunts-

ville called him crazy.

David C. Humphreys was born in 1818 in Morgan County, on the south side of the Tennessee River. He took up the study of law and was elected Morgan County's State representative in 1843. Marrying Margaret McLeod in Madison County on October 22, 1845, Humphreys moved his legal practice to Hunts-

ville where he built a fine two-story brick Federal home for his family on West Clinton Street a few years later.

Humphreys was a powerful speaker and he prospered in Huntsville. He was twice elected Madison County's representative, serving in 1849-50 and again in 1853-54. In the mid-1850s he also entered into a successful partnership with a popular young lawyer from Georgia, Edward Dorr Tracy.

William Garret, in his 1872 reminiscences described Humphreys as a lawyer "with a clear, penetrating, logical mind, which gave him prominence in debate." Said Garret, "He was intellectually a strong man, in a small, nervous, feeble frame, which sometimes operated against the full exhibition of his powers. His manner was simple and unpretending, and in his associations he was true and confiding."

Humphreys had been a delegate to the 1860 Democratic Convention in Charleston, giving his

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support to Stephen Douglas of Illinois. When the Democratic Party split and allowed the election of Abraham Lincoln, however, the Deep South began threatening to secede. David Humphreys spoke out strongly against it.

Despite his opposition to secession, Humphreys loyally gave his support to the South once the war began. On April 26, 1861, he enlisted in the North Alabamians, the company commanded by his friend and partner, Edward Tracy.

For ten weeks, Humphreys led the life of a humble private in the 4th Alabama Infantry in Virginia, marching in the ranks and sometimes leading the company in its drills. (He had been a colonel in the militia and was no stranger to military training.) Humphreys also continued his practice of writing frequent columns for the *Huntsville Advocate*, only now keeping his readers informed on the progress of the war instead of discussing politics. Then his friend LeRoy Pope Walker, the Confederate Secretary of War, issued him a special discharge on July 6, 1861. Humphreys was to return to Alabama and raise a brigade with himself as its colonel.

For the next few months, Huntsville papers would follow the formation of Humphreys' brigade at Decatur, Alabama. Companies were gathering from Madison, Morgan, and Jackson counties to serve under Humphreys. From Madison, Captain Thomas H. Owens' company from Owens Crossroads marched to report, as did a cavalry company formed at New Market.

Shortly thereafter, the "Dixie Boys," led by Captain John J. Dement marched through Huntsville

on their way to Decatur. Other companies continued to arrive from elsewhere in North Alabama. And then the men received bad news. The State of Alabama had no more arms left to equip the brigade, and their services could not be accepted. Amid much grumbling, the brigade disbanded and Humphreys came home to Huntsville. Thoroughly disgusted by the "humbug in Decatur," most of Humphreys' erstwhile brigade would leave Alabama and join infantry regiments in Tennessee.

Perhaps it is just as well that Humphreys' brigade broke up, because D.C. Humphreys' heart was never really in the war. He could never completely overcome his affection for the Union of Washington and Jefferson, both Southerners and slave owners.

Humphreys apparently remained in Huntsville during Ormsby Mitchel's occupation, his shallow veneer of Confederate patriotism slowly stripped away by the Union successes. He thus parted ways with his long time friend and legal partner, Edward Dorr Tracy, who would rise to the rank of brigadier general, giving his life for the South. When the Union troops retreated from Huntsville, Humphreys was arrested by the Confederates for his pro-Union statements. However, he evidently was released with only a warning to be more cautious in his speech.

When the Union Army returned to Huntsville in the fall of 1863, D.C. Humphreys again became vocal in his belief that the war was a failure. While he never gained



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the notoriety of the late Judge George W. Lane or Jeremiah Clemens, Humphreys came to share many of their views. He joined with Jeremiah Clemens in founding a local Peace Society, which urged an end to the war and a restoration of the Union to what it had been in 1860. In this, he was probably unrealistic — the Republican administration in Washington had no intention of letting the South regain its former political power — but he clearly felt he had to make the try.

On March 13, 1864, the Peace Society held an open meeting at the Huntsville Court House. "By order of General [John] Logan," reported the *Chicago Tribune*, "the military, although numbers of them were present, took no part in the proceedings." The day would belong to the Huntsville Unionists. "Generally the men who participated were beyond middle age — men of wealth and of great respectability," said the *Tribune*.

Among them were Jere Clemens, J.C. Steele, Charles Strong, William Powers, and, of course, D.C. Humphreys. Only two speeches were made, the first by the famed orator, Jeremiah Clemens.

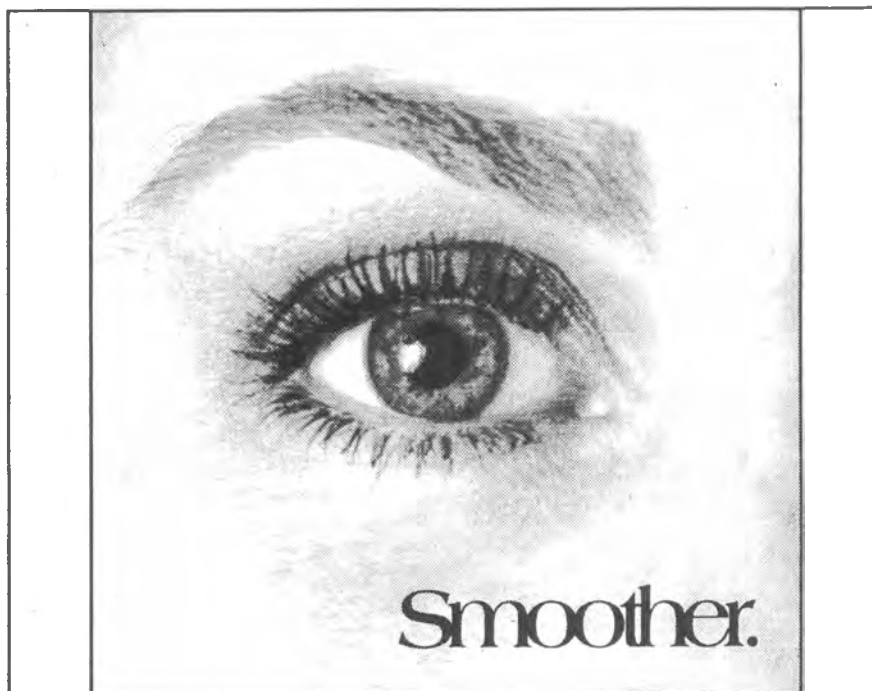
Clemens' speech was essentially a restatement of the old complaint that North Alabama had been forced into secession contrary to its wishes. "We were hurried into revolution against our earnest protest," said Clemens, still angry over South Alabama's refusal to let the people vote on the issue. "Madison County gave an 1800 majority against secession, yet we were carried away without support." So what did he suggest should be done? "We propose to call upon the Governor of the State to convene a Convention,

for the purpose of rescinding the Act of Secession." Clemens did not really expect the Governor to do such a thing. However, he believed they had to make the gesture.

"Crazy" Humphreys spoke next. He spoke surprisingly well and appealed to reason. "In February, 1861," he said. "I addressed you from the other corner of this square. I appeal to you to say now, if the consequences of secession which I then predicted, have not been too sadly felt. And, if I was not in error

then, I pray you, as you love your country, listen to me now--listen to me as you love your families and life."

Humphreys then went on to call for revoking of the ordinance of secession. As to slavery, both he and Clemens agreed it was dead and gone. "I believe in case of a return to the Union, we would receive political cooperation so as to secure the management of that labor by those who were slaves. There is really no difference in my opinion,



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whether we hold them as absolute slaves, or obtain their labor by some other method. Of course, we prefer the old method. But that question is not now before us." That last remark cannot have been encouraging to any ex-slave who happened to be listening, but it reflected the view then held by most people both North and South. The war might be in a large part over slavery, but, as even Lincoln readily admitted, it certainly was not fought for racial equality.

Always a powerful speaker, Humphreys then pointed out how Europe had used the War Between the States to violate the Monroe Doctrine. "Since we have been at war Napoleon has sent his armies into Mexico. He would not have dared to do so if there had been no dissolution of our Union. Can it be said that I am less a friend of my country than Jefferson Davis and Judah Benjamin, because I prefer the old country with its old Union and Government to an alliance with Napoleon?"

Humphreys blamed the hot-heads both North and South for bringing on this cruel war. "... I had no hand in breaking up this patriotism and Government. They are responsible for the blood shed in this unnecessary war."

"My countrymen," he continued, "has there not been enough blood shed? Have not enough widows and orphans been made? Or has the poor heart of man become steeled so that it can look upon his maimed and bleeding fellow man, the destitute widow, and the homeless orphan without emotion?"

But had he no fear for his own safety? "I heard it said, the other day, that our friends south of the

river would hear of this meeting, and who we were that participated in it. I want them to hear that here in Huntsville, where there is an encampment of Federal soldiers, we can express freely and publicly our opinions; that we are safe and protected in our rights, that whenever depredations are committed by white or black, the perpetrators are promptly brought to punishment.

"My countrymen," Humphreys demanded, "which do you deem safest — an alliance with Louis Napoleon, or your former brethren." For Humphreys, at least, the answer was clear.

"What we want now is such political action as will put Alabama right, where she belongs -- the Union. Have your boys not struggled long enough, suffered enough, fought on battlefields for

you to take some action? I do not believe restoration of the Union will be humiliating to the South if we take action in the right way we will secure at once peace, and order."

Perhaps Humphreys' speech was just so much wishful thinking, but no one could fail to be moved by what he said.

Like most of the Unionists, David Humphreys joined the Republicans after the war. He sought to represent Alabama in the U.S. Senate, but was defeated by another Unionist. He served an incomplete term as Madison County's representative in State legislature, and then President Ulysses S. Grant appointed him to the Supreme Court for the District of Columbia.

Humphreys left Huntsville for Washington, his popularity in Alabama forever tarnished by his allegiance to the Union.



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Henceforth, he made his home in Alexandria, Virginia. David Humphreys never returned to Alabama. He died in Washington in 1879 at the age of 61 and was buried in his family's plot in Ivy Hill Cemetery at Alexandria.

(The following story is taken from a soon to be published book called Hard Times, The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama, by Charles Rice and published by Old Huntsville. Watch Old Huntsville Magazine for further information on this collection of untold tales of the Civil War in North Alabama.)

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Early on the morning of March 15, 1926, a band of fifteen armed men robbed the Bank of Hartselle.

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Recently *Old Huntsville* has uncovered information leading us to believe that at least three of the bandits lived in Huntsville and were possibly members of a local National Guard unit.

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# Man Hides in Well for Nine Years Meals lowered to him with rope

*From 1893 Newspaper*

After living most of the last nine years in the bottom of a deep well, J.W. Owens is back behind the bars at Huntsville to complete a term which would have been served out had he remained there when first taken to the penitentiary.

As it is he begins his ten-year sentence over.

He escaped from jail after he was sent there on a murder charge 10 years ago.

Owens lived at the bottom of a deep dry well on his farm all the time the law was searching for him. He fixed the well into comfortable living quarters and was never in danger. He remained there daytimes and came out at night to be with his wife and children.

Scores of times his property has been searched by officials, but they never once thought of taking a trip into that 70-foot well.

Owens was at the bottom comfortably reclining on his bunk and smoking his pipe in an underground room he had tunneled out from the well.

Unfortunately, for Owens, he became careless and officers came upon him so suddenly that he was caught in the act of getting into his

home away from home.

He was hauled back to prison to start over his ten year sentence.

It was 11 years ago that Owens was charged with murder and given his sentence.

He had been a prosperous farmer.

He was discovered missing only one day after arriving to pay his debt. He had simply walked away in broad daylight.

Owens talked freely of his hiding place, which he had taken up immediately upon returning home.

His food was lowered to him

in a bucket at night.

For the last three years he has spent much time on the surface, even to the extent of helping with the work around the place.

It appeared the law had given up the hunt and believed him gone, but he became careless and it was reported that "he was at home again."

Owens says he will not try to escape this time. He says his family is in good shape and can get along without him, so he will stick it out.



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## Savory Croutons

1 cup cubed day-old bread  
2 tablespoons melted butter  
1/2 teaspoon each of garlic powder, onion powder and grated parmesan cheese

Preheat your oven to 250 degrees, and stir the seasonings with the melted butter. Toss and coat the bread cubes, place in shallow baking dish. Bake for about 10 minutes, move the pan once to ensure all sides of bread are crisp and lightly brown. You can store these in a covered container for up to 2 months.

## Spiced Sugar

1 cup sugar  
1 tablespoon grated orange peel  
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon ginger  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Preheat your oven to 200 degrees, and mix all ingredients in a shallow baking pan. Heat in oven for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally, then cool. Pour all into a blender and whirl on low speed til sugar is ground fine. You can keep this covered for up to 6 months.

## Coffee Liqueur

4 cups sugar  
6 cups freshly brewed very strong coffee

1/2 a vanilla bean  
1 fifth Vodka  
1 tablespoon Hershey's chocolate syrup

Mix the sugar into the coffee and bring to a rolling boil, turn off heat and cool. Chop your vanilla bean into tiny pieces, keeping the seeds. Take a large sterilized glass jar and place the vanilla pieces in there, pour in the vodka. Add the cooled coffee mix and chocolate syrup, stir well. Cover the container and put on a shelf somewhere for 30 days (this will be difficult, as you'll be dying to try it.) At the end of the resting period strain the liquid through cheesecloth. This will keep for at least 6 months.

## Horseradish Mustard

1 cup dry mustard  
3/4 cup white wine vinegar  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/3 cup water  
3 tablespoons brown sugar  
2 teaspoons onion powder  
1 teaspoon caraway seeds  
2 eggs

1 1/2 tablespoon horseradish

Combine all ingredients except the eggs and horseradish and let stand for 5 hours at room temps. Beat the eggs and add the mixture and eggs to a pan to cook. Cook over low heat until mixture begins to thicken. Stir in the horseradish, cool for 10 minutes. Keep in the refrigerator for up to 3 months.

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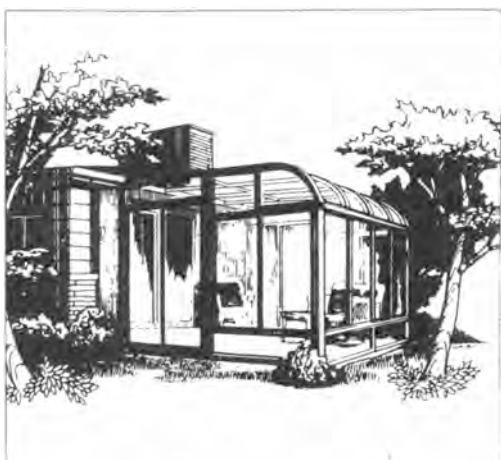
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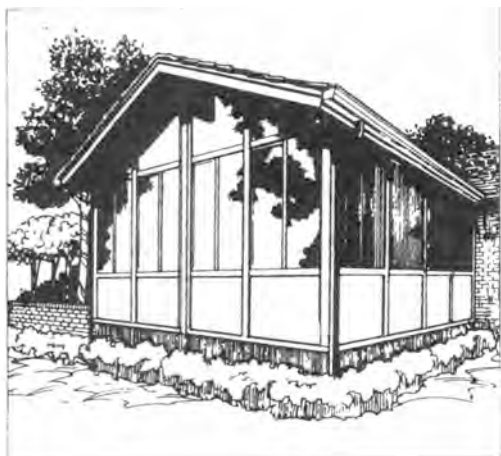
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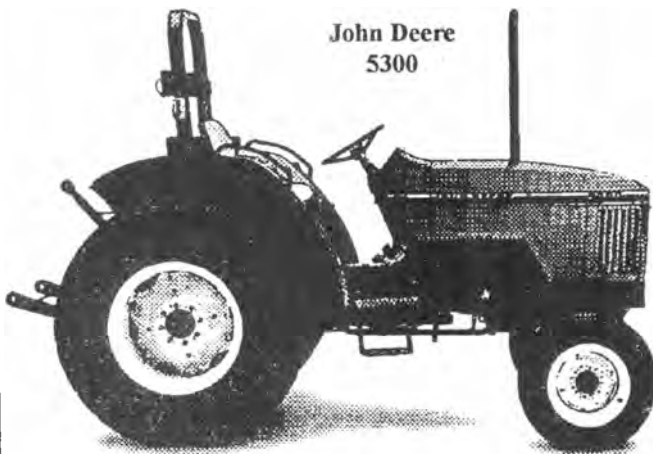
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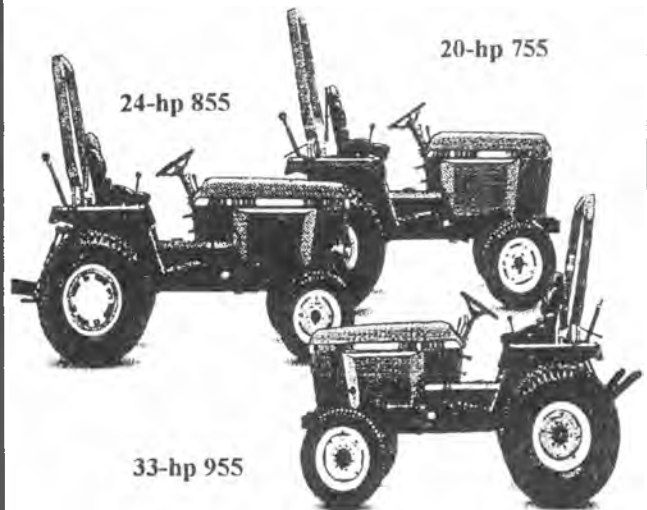
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