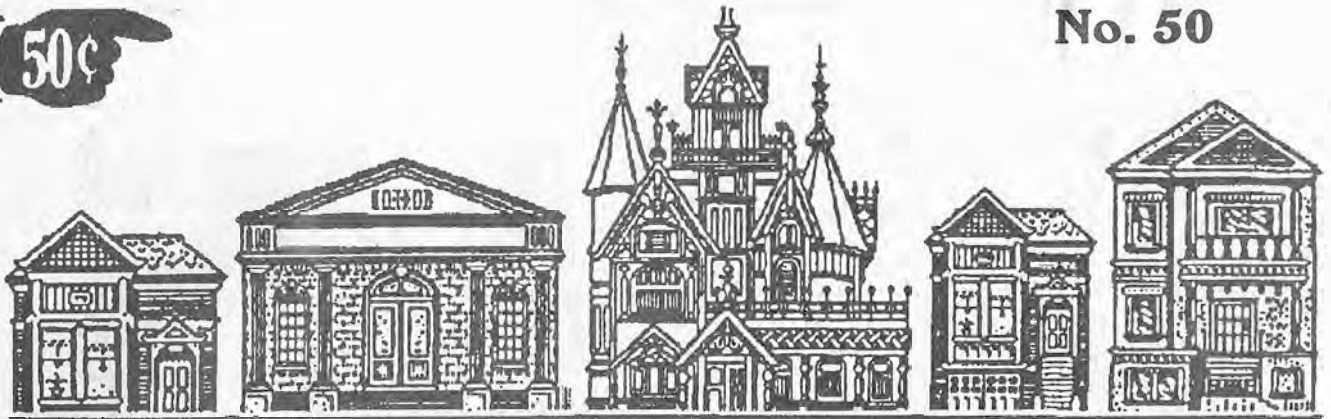


50¢

No. 50

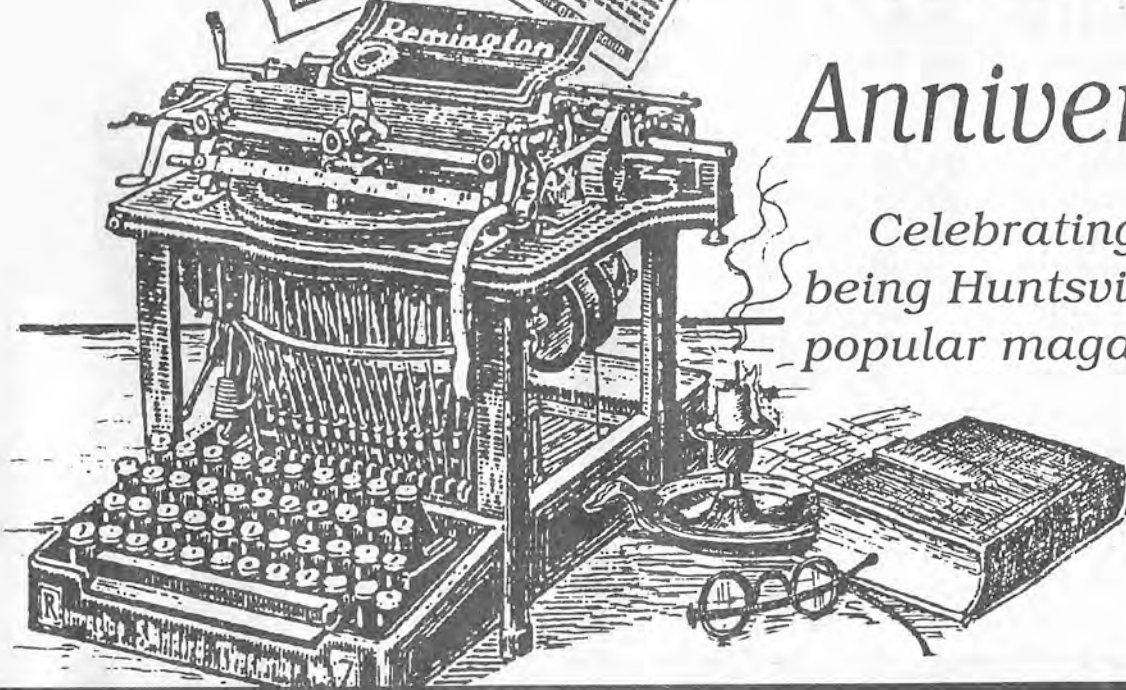


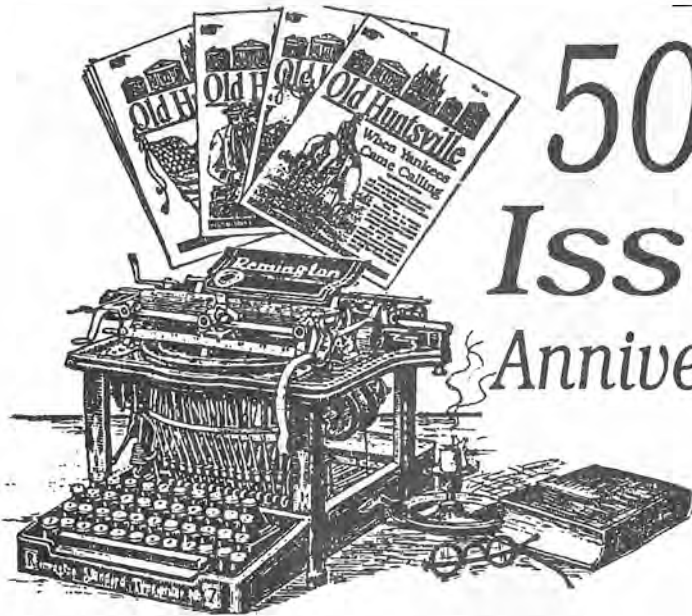
Old Huntsville



50th
Issue
Anniversary

*Celebrating 5 years of
being Huntsville's most
popular magazine!*





50th Issue Anniversary

Well folks, we made it! Five years and fifty issues.

When we first started *Old Huntsville Magazine*, we had no idea what we were in for. If we had, we may have changed our minds!

Perhaps this is a good time to put to rest some stories about *Old Huntsville*.

Old Huntsville was not supposed to have been a business. We began the paper as a hobby; a neighborhood newsletter. We had no format in mind except we wanted it to look old and we wanted to tell stories about Huntsville.

We printed 900 copies the first issue and delivered them by hand, placing them on peoples' front porches in the Old Town neighborhood. The papers were free with no advertising.

Several days later merchants began calling, wishing to place ads in the paper. Unfortunately, we had not planned on this. To be honest about it, we had no idea what to charge and actually asked the merchants what they thought would be fair.

Our next problem appeared within days of the first issue

coming out. Businesses began calling wishing to distribute the papers. Although we were pleased at the reaction, we were also very nervous because the papers were all gone within a week.

The second issue, in an effort to slow circulation down, we began charging fifty cents.

Again, the papers were gone in less that a week.

Within a short while we realized that something had to be done about distribution. As a result, we reached a decision that, to us, stands out as the proudest thing *Old Huntsville Magazine* has ever accomplished.

Rather than distribute the papers ourselves, and keep the money, we entered into a relationship with the Golden K Kiwanis Club. Today, 100% of the money from every paper purchased in Huntsville goes to the Golden K Kiwanis, who in turn distributes the money among various youth charities.

A whole magazine could be printed about the good work they do. They are the unsung heroes of *Old Huntsville*. ...



Published By
Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville Ala. 35801
(205) 534-0502
Fax 539-3712

Publisher
Cathey Callaway Carney

Senior Editor
Billy Joe Cooley

General Manager
Clarence Scott

Staff Historian
Charles Rice

Special Assignment
Stefanie Callaway

Sales
Clarence Scott

Distribution
Golden K Kiwanis Club

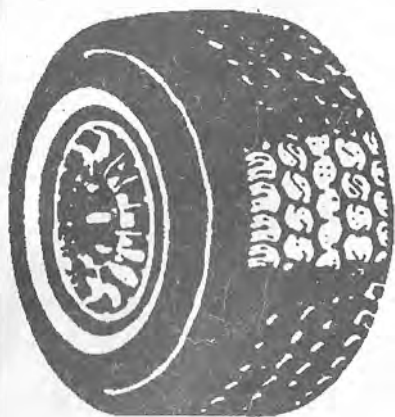
Copy Boy
Tom Carney



All material contained within is copyright 1995 (c) and may not be copied or reproduced in any form without written permission from **Old Huntsville, Inc.** All opinions and views expressed in this publication are probably our own.

TOPLINE

TIRES



AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

- COMPUTER BALANCING
- COMPUTER ALIGNMENT
- FULL BRAKE SERVICE
- C.V. JOINT REPAIR

• NEW TIRES



CENTENNIAL TIRES

ONE OF THE BEST PRICES IN TOWN
LARGE SELECTION
COMPUTER BALANCING

FREE ROTATION, REBALANCING & FLAT REPAIR ON ALL NEW TIRES PURCHASED



CARS - PICK-UPS - VANS - DOMESTIC & IMPORTS

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT
ORANGE BUILDINGS



2 LOCATIONS - LOCALLY OWNED



534-7102

MON - FRI 8 AM - 5:30 PM
SATURDAY 8 AM - 3 PM

539-1221

2121 MEMORIAL PARKWAY SW
(ACROSS FROM SERVICE MERCHANDISE)

2525 OAKWOOD AV N.W.
(CORNER OF OAKWOOD & PULASKI PIKE)

And no, we don't get a tax break.

While we had reached the point where we knew the magazine had a certain amount of local appeal, we had no idea it would go any further. Again, we were proved wrong when a person showed up on our doorstep, "wanting to buy Birmingham."

Our first reaction was, "you gotta be kidding!"

Fortunately he was persistent, and within a few months *Old Birmingham* was born.

Within several years there were papers reaching all the way from Tampa, Florida to Rhode Island and west to the Rocky Mountains. This month we are proud to announce the beginning of *Old Rockingham County*, from Rockingham County, North Carolina, whose

inaugural issue has just hit the streets.

Today, the concept of *Old Huntsville Magazine* has grown to over 1 million readers a month.

Another by-product of *Old Huntsville* which we are extremely proud of is the *Pet Gazette*, published, by us, for the Huntsville Humane Society as a public service. *The Pet Gazette* has grown into one of the most popular pet magazines in this part of the country and helps a cause which is dear to the staff of *Old Huntsville*.

Writing stories for other magazines, however, did create some problems. People in New Jersey still can't understand why we spell yankee with a lower case Y. They actually still believe they won the Civil War!

Probably the most fascinating part of being involved in so many publications from around the country is the realization that no matter where people are from, they have still experienced the same type of desires and human tragedies that were common to our forefathers here in Huntsville.

This month, rather than write about Huntsville, we have decided to offer you a sampling of stories from various other *Old Magazines*.



ALLIED PHOTOCOPY

Quality Reproduction • Black & White or Color
1821 University Drive • 539-2973

Gibson's BAR-B-Q SINCE 1956



HICKORY SMOKED
BAR-B-QUE PORK
RIBS BEEF CHICKEN

3319 South Memorial Parkway 881-4851

8412 Whitesburg Drive 882-0841

YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

TRUST ME!



The following are excerpts from a political speech made in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1928. The speaker won the election.

"... I am the only person running who understands the problems that you people face. Why, my Daddy's owned land in these mountains for years. Sometimes, we even come up here to visit."

"... About this so called whiskey problem. I know these folks and I have talked to them and they tell me that there ain't no whiskey making going on here, never has been, and never will be. And I believe them."

"... Anybody that thinks I'm gonna make any money in politics is just out of their mind. If the truth be known, I expect I'll be flat broke when I get out of office."

Times never change.



Personal Injury

No fee is charged
if no recovery

Divorce & Custody
Criminal Cases
DUI, Etc.

34 Years Trial Experience

David L. (Dea) Thomas
Attorney At Law
301 Franklin St.
536-0732

Alabama state bar regulations require the following in all attorney's ads: "No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers"

Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Mid-South Garden Guide - Best Guide for Zone 7 (That's Us) Gardening (\$14.95).

2. Maps of Old Huntsville - Reprints of 1861 and 1871 Maps (\$10.00 each).

3. In a Southern Garden - Month by month guide by Huntsville's Carol Bishop Hipp (\$25.00).

4. Hard Times - The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (15.95).

5. Twickenham Tables - Menus and Recipes from the Twickenham district (\$10.00).

6. Railroad War - Nathan Bedford Forrest in North Alabama by Bob Dunnivant (\$16.95).

7. The Way It Was - The Other Side of Huntsville's History. Rich and Bizarre stories of Huntsville's past by native Huntsvillian Tom Carney (\$15.95).

8. Alabama Confederate Reader - Over 100 articles on the Civil War in Alabama (\$24.95).

9. True Tales of Old Madison County - Reprinted by the Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$5.00).

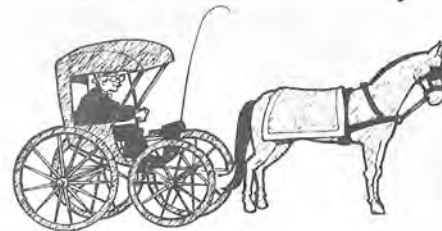
10. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th Edition (\$10.95).

Shaver's Bookstore
(205) 536-1604
2362 Whitesburg Dr.
Whitesburg at Bob Wallace
Huntsville, Ala. 35801

Celebrating
1895-1995
100 Years of Caring



Since 1895, Huntsville Hospital
has led the way in caring
for our community.



Every year we sponsor more than 300 ongoing
community education programs. The Buddy Check
Breast Cancer Screening Program. Community-wide
Cholesterol and Cancer Screenings. Ten-year Heart
Attack Risk Study. The nation's
largest Annual Children's
Fun Run.



We remain
steadfast in our
commitment to make a
difference in the lives of
those we serve. Our
goal isn't just to care
for you and your
family but to help you
learn how to lead
healthier, happier, more
productive lives.



Huntsville's Hospital For More Than A Century.



A Sheep In Wolf's Clothing



by Charles Rice

Company F of the hard fighting 27th North Carolina Infantry Regiment earned a reputation for valor during the War Between the States, suffering almost 100% casualties at both Gettysburg and Bristol Station. However, the company had another distinction that few people know about. For serving in its ranks was a Confederate soldier perhaps a bit different than most.

On March 20, 1862, two brothers had enlisted in Company F. They were both from Caldwell County, North Carolina, and their names were William Blalock and Samuel M. Blalock. Will was 24, while Sam was a youthful looking 20. The brothers drew their arms and equipment and took their place in the ranks. All went well until April 20, when Will Blalock was discharged because of a hernia and "poison from sumac." It looked like Sam was going to have to defend the family honor alone.

However, Sam suddenly had second thoughts and decided to confess. Even though Sam had participated in company drills and had been particularly adept at the manual of arms, "he was in fact a she and was actually Will



Blalock's wife!" To the soldiers' amusement, their comrade traded in her uniform for a more becoming dress. Sarah Malinda Blalock conscientiously returned her \$50 bounty for enlisting. She then received her discharge.

Captain R.M. Tuttle wrote that "Sam" went back "in a happy mood, and with a greatly enlarged acquaintance, to her mountain home, under Giant Mountain."



Receive your
own subscription
of
Old Huntsville

For subscription information call 534-0502, or write Old Huntsville, 716 East Clinton Avenue, Huntsville, Alabama 35801.

Only \$15 per year!



Ideas don't last long in some people's heads because they can't stand solitary confinement.

WALKER HOUSE Antiques & Gifts

534-0320

DEBBIE & JEFF WALKER,
PROPRIETORS

909 Oakwood Avenue





Bombs Over Birmingham



What began as another quiet Sunday in May of 1943, quickly became a day that few residents of Birmingham would ever forget.

The air raid sirens began blasting shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon and within minutes a fleet of 38 planes were seen approaching Leeds and Hueytown. While schoolchildren

and housewives gazed in wonderment, the airplanes began dropping their cargo of bombs.

Within the next fifteen minutes, over ten thousand bombs would be dropped!

In Elyton Village and Smithfield Court, two government housing projects on Birmingham's west end, folks

watched in terror.

As word of the bombings was relayed to the Jefferson County Defense Council, emergency plans were quickly put into effect. In an incredibly short time, over forty thousand trained volunteers were dispatched to stand guard at all major roads and buildings in Birmingham.

Red Cross workers took up their positions at Legion Field to aid the seven hundred people that been evacuated to the temporary shelter.

For over three hours people huddled in their makeshift bomb shelters, until finally, one small child cautiously approached one of the bombs lying in the middle of a street. Only then was it discovered that the bombs were actually paper bags filled with flour. They had been dropped by a crew on a training mission that had strayed off course.

WE SPECIALIZE IN COPYING
OLD PHOTOGRAPHS
 895-0495
BOB GATHANY
 PHOTOGRAPHER
 4951 CENTURY STREET

A Dynamite Story



Old Tampa

A remarkable case of dynamite explosion is related by Henry Simpson, a resident of the Point. Simpson has been using dynamite for the purpose of blowing several old stumps out of the ground. Yesterday he carelessly left the dangerous compound lying by the side of a stump on which he intended to begin operations this morning.

The dynamite was mixed with sawdust, and gave an exceedingly pleasant odor, which attracted the attention of two of Simpson's hogs, which soon had converted themselves into gigantic cartridges. The stuff, when eaten, creates a particular sensation, which annoyed one of the hogs to such an extent that it entered Simpson's stable and began rutting inside against a post at the mouth of a mule's stall.

The mule remained passive for but a few moments, when it gave the hog a terrific kick in the side. A tremendous explosion followed, and after the clearing away of the smoke and dust the hog was to be found only in detachments, while an enormous aperture marked the spot where

it stood. The mule received a tremendous shock, but was still intact. The other hog is now running at large, greatly to the terror of the entire neighborhood. Neither of those hogs belong to Mr. Joseph P. Mulhatton.

from 1887 newspaper

If you want to know the
real value of money, try to
borrow some.

Another Job

There is a most remarkable story circulating around town about Harold Jenkins, a fisherman on the north side of the bay.

While working his nets last week one of them became ensnared on an object. Upon investigation Jenkins discovered a small chest filled with gold coins.

Mr. Jenkins has given up the fishing profession.

from 1901 newspaper

Quality
Professional
Dry Cleaning &
Laundry
Service



One of Huntsville's
Oldest Businesses!

SANDERS

1215 JORDAN LANE 837-6072
7538 MEM. PKWY. S. 828-0106

Vulcan's Arm Broken

Workers Replace Arm Backwards and No One Notices!

Vulcan, known as one of Birmingham's oldest symbols, hasn't always looked as majestic as it does today.

After he returned from the 1905 Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, a great debate arose as to where he should be erected. Some wanted him to sit atop Red Mountain. Others demanded he be placed in Capitol Park.

The debate raged for several months. Both sides were entrenched. It seemed as though neither was ever going to give in to the other. Finally a compro-

mise was struck.

It was decided that Vulcan would be made a feature of the Alabama State Fair. Workers went about the task of getting him ready for the fair's opening date in 1906.

However, an unforeseen problem occurred. No one is really sure just how it happened. Vulcan's right arm was broken as the workmen put him back together. They were apparently so shaken by the accident that they proceeded to make another mistake.

When the workers reat-

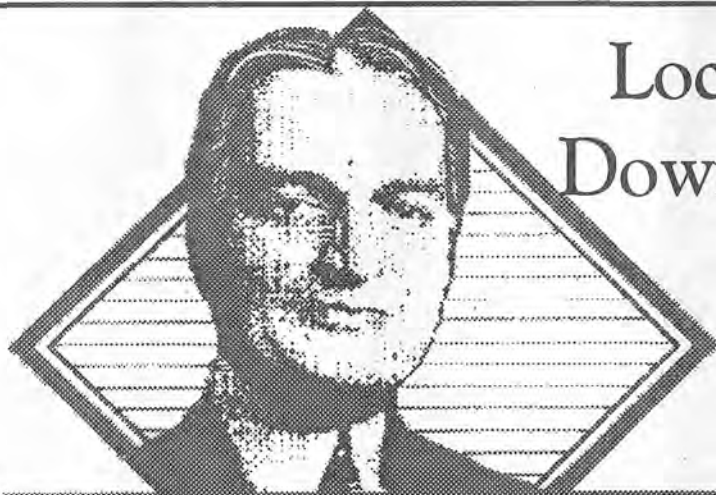
tached the arm to Vulcan, they put it on backwards! The proper end was attached to the body, but the position of the arm and hand were the opposite of what they should have been.

Vulcan stayed at the Fairgrounds for 30 years. His arm remained in its uncomfortable posture the entire length of his stay.



OLD BIRMINGHAM

Don't ever put off til tomorrow what you can do today, because if you like it today, you can do it again tomorrow.



TAVERN & RESTAURANT

JUDGE CRATER'S

CHAMBERS

Located in Historic Downtown Huntsville

533-0566

110 South Side Square
(in the basement)

Daily Luncheon Specials

Great Place

to

Throw Darts

&

Meet Friends!

Coming Soon! Huntsville's Largest Selection of Micro Brewery Beers!

Unknown Confederate Soldiers Identified

The United Daughters of the Confederacy has placed 190 granite headstones over the Southern wartime dead at Maple Hill Cemetery. All are marked, "unknown." Many of these graves apparently once had wooden headboards, which unfortunately decayed before anyone recorded them. Even though no one now knows who is buried in any particular grave, the names of more than seventy of the Confederate dead have been recovered from their regimental rosters.

The first of these men fell

victim to diseases such as measles and pneumonia at the Huntsville training camp in 1861 and early 1862. According to tradition, a few casualties of the Battle of Shiloh were also buried here, though this has not been verified. The rest of these Southern soldiers died of wounds or disease during the remaining three years of our tragic Civil War. Those who perished as prisoners of the Union were buried with little ceremony and without their families knowing what happened to them. This last group probably accounts for the

majority of the Confederate dead, who remain unidentifiable.

The following are the names of soldiers known to have died in Huntsville and presumably to have been buried at Maple Hill:

PVT William Rowe, Co. C,
19th Ala. Inf. Sept. 25, 1861

PVT John Wesley Brooks,
Co. A, 19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 10,
1861

PVT Sirinus Oliver, Co. G,
19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 15, 1861

PVT John O. Jackson, Co.
E, 19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 16, 1861

PVT Arlander Smith, Co. E,
19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 17, 1861

PVT Erasmus Ware, Co. E,
19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 18, 1861 (age
20; from Cherokee Co., Ala.)

SGT Daniel Clubbs, Co. C,
19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 19, 1861

PVT John G. Hughes, Co. A,
19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 20, 1861

PVT Benjamin M. Hodges,
Co. D, 19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 20,
1861

PVT Thomas Rogers, Co. C,
19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 25, 1861

PVT William A. Guin, Co. A,



DISCOVER THE FLAVOR OF OLD MEXICO!

OUR MOTTO *"The Best Mexican Food In Town"*



EL MEJICANO RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

"SERVING HUNTSVILLE SINCE 1973"



Delicious Mexican Food In A Friendly Atmosphere
All Menu Items Prepared Fresh Daily
Banquet Room Facilities

**- OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER -
DINE IN OR CARRY OUT**

Closed Mondays

CALL...534-2371

2713 PATTON RD. S.W.

- BETWEEN BOB WALLACE & DRAKE AVENUES -



19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 26, 1861
 PVT Joseph E. Hall, Co. G,
 19th Ala. Inf. Oct. 31, 1861
 PVT James McKeehan, Co.
 F, 19th Ala. Inf. Nov. 5, 1861
 PVT Moses Pruitt, Co. I,
 18th Ala. Inf. Nov. 14, 1861
 PVT John Alexander, Co. G,
 18th Ala. Inf. Nov. 15, 1861
 PVT W. H. Newberry, Co. E,
 19th Ala. Inf. Nov. 16, 1861
 PVT William L. Pool, Co. C,
 18th Ala. Inf. Nov. 20, 1861
 PVT John F. Rogers, Sr. Co.
 C, 19th Ala. Inf. Dec. 8, 1861
 PVT T. W. Langford, Co. E,
 10th Ark. Inf. Mar. 1, 1862
 PVT Robert Spriggins, Co.
 C, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 2, 1862
 PVT Joseph J. Beasley, Co.
 E, Wood's Cav. Mar. 2, 1862
 PVT Thomas A. Craven, Co.
 A, 27th Tenn. Inf. Mar. 6, 1862
 PVT Joseph R. Dollar, Co.
 K, 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 8, 1862
 PVT Albert H. Gilbreath,
 Co. G, 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 10,
 1862 (from DeKalb Co., Ala.)
 PVT Jesse Hammet, Co. G,
 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 10, 1862 (age
 42; from DeKalb Co., Ala.; pneu-
 monia; widow, Ellen Hammet)
 PVT William Scott, Co. G,
 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 12, 1862 (age
 26; from DeKalb Co., Ala.;
 measles & pneumonia; widow,
 Martha I. Scott)
 PVT R. H. Miles, Co. H, 10th
 Ark. Inf. Mar. 13, 1862
 PVT B. F. Brown, Co. L,
 Wood's Cav. Mar. 15, 1862
 2LT B. L. Thompson, Co. C,
 1st Miss. Bn. Mar. 15, 1862
 PVT W. J. Lyon, Co. C, 6th
 Ky. Inf. Mar. 18, 1862
 PVT George Wilcox, Co. D,
 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 19, 1862
 PVT Joel M. Hefner, Co. D,
 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 19, 1862
 PVT James Virgil Swansey,
 Co. B, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 20,

1862 (father, William Swansey)
 PVT C. F. Plantikord, Co. L,
 Woods' Cav. Mar. 20, 1862
 PVT John Gill, Co. G, 3d
 Tenn. Cav. Mar. 20, 1862
 PVT Asa Countess, Co. H,
 35th Tenn. Inf. Mar. 20, 1862
 PVT John W. Knight, Co. C,
 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 21, 1862 (fa-
 ther, Frederick Knight)
 PVT John M. Strickland,
 Co. C, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 21,
 1862
 PVT William Greer, Co. L,
 Woods' Cav. Mar. 22, 1862
 SGT Henry B. Slade, Co. D,
 Woods' Cav. Mar. 22, 1862
 PVT George W. Riley, Co. C,
 Woods' Cav. Mar. 22, 1862
 PVT John A. Moseley, Co.
 D, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 23, 1862
 (father, Joel Moseley)
 PVT James A. Wilcox, Co.
 D, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 24, 1862
 PVT John D. Dalrymple,
 Co. G, 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 24,
 1862: measles; from DeKalb Co.,
 Ala.; widow Elizabeth Dalrymple
 PVT Berry H. Dalrymple,
 Co. G, 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 24,
 1862 (measles; from DeKalb Co.,
 Ala.)
 PVT John W. Ferguson, Co.
 D, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 24, 1862
 PVT William B. Johnson,
 Co. D, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 25,
 1862
 PVT Jacob Bearden, Co. F,
 49th Ala. Inf. Mar. 26, 1862
 (from Marshall Co., Ala.)
 PVT Hiram Beasley, Co. D,
 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 27, 1862
 SGT Huston Jackson, Co.
 D, 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 27, 1862
 PVT Jesse A. Sharp, Co. D,
 55th Ala. Inf. Mar. 30, 1862
 PVT Thomas P. Jenkins, Co.
 D, 4th Ky. Inf. Apr. ?, 1862
 PVT Patterson G. Wilson,
 Co. A, 4th Mo. Inf. Apr. 7, 1862

continued on page 48



epend

on

Benchmark

*We Take the Worry
 Out of Home Mortgages*

Call us First for

**CONVENTIONAL,
 FHA, & VA Loans**

**Benchmark
 Mortgage Corp.**

917 A Merchants Walk
 Huntsville, Ala. 35801
 (205)536-9370
 1(800)239-9370



MOSES HARSHAW

The Meanest Man In Georgia



Take a drive out Highway 555, about five miles outside of Helen, until you come to the old Stovall House. Pull your car off to the side of the road. Sit there for a while and look at the house. It's the one place in Georgia that has to have a ghost.

The house was built by Moses Harshaw, a man people claimed was too mean to die and go to Hell.

He was the meanest man in Georgia.

Not much is known about Harshaw's early life. He was born in South Carolina, where he attended school and took the examination for the bar. His father was a prosperous man who had made his living by farming and investing in land. From all accounts, the elder Harshaw fell victim to some type of sickness, and wanting to preserve his holdings so that they might be passed on, transferred the home and land into his son's name.

Moses Harshaw quickly earned the rightful reputation of a heartless man by casting his father out of his own home in order to sell the property. Neighbors took the old man into their home and, when the neighbors appealed to Moses to show some Christian charity toward his father, he refused.

Several months later the neighbor found himself in dire financial straits, and having a large family to feed and clothe, he again appealed to Moses for financial aid to take care of the old man. Moses thought the matter over carefully and then asked the man to return the next day for his decision. Bright and early the next morning the man was in Moses' office again.

"Mister," said Harshaw, "to show my generosity, I am going to loan you \$25.00. If you want to waste it on that old man, well, that's your business. All you have to do is sign the papers here

putting your farm up for security and pay 50 per cent interest, due the first of the month."

Some time later, when his father died, witnesses swore that Harshaw actually removed the gold pieces from his dead father's eyes. Later he had one made into a piece of jewelry, which he wore around his neck for the rest of his life.

In the early 1830s rumors of gold and free land in the



Unique Jewelry
for that special
someone

J. J. Tanner
Tanner's
Jewelry

880-7026

7540-D So. Pkwy.

Mullins & Co. - For all your insurance needs

mountains of North Georgia lured Moses Harshaw to settle in the shadows of Lynch Mountain. Already a wealthy man, though despised, Harshaw quickly saw the potential of adding to his ever increasing riches.

As settlers began to move into North Georgia, they were hampered by the fact that no one knew exactly who the land belonged to. The Indians claimed it as their rightful heritage, while at the same time the Georgia government claimed the property as part of their domain.

Harshaw was quick to take advantage of the confusion. Drawing up a phony deed, he presented it to the Indians, claiming that the Georgia government had given him title to certain lands. "But," Harshaw would say, "to show my generosity, I want to give my Red brothers a little something extra, if you will only sign these papers."

Next Harshaw would tear up the phony deed, take the one the Indians signed, and present it to the state officials, thereby claiming rightful ownership of the property.

Of course, the property would then be sold to newly arrived settlers, who may or may not have retained title to the land.

Moses Harshaw was fast on his way to becoming one of the wealthiest men in the mountains. His interests included land, timber, slaves and partial ownership in several profitable gold mines.

In 1835, Harshaw married a young lady by the name of Lydia, who by some accounts, was "given" to him in payment of a debt. The marriage must have been purely a business investment for him, as he soon forced

her to begin taking in laundry from the hordes of gold seekers that were flocking to the community. By 1837, Harshaw had gained enough wealth to want the trappings that are normally associated with the rich.

After deciding on the plans for a house, he hired a local builder and his slaves to do the work. The builder signed a contract with Harshaw stating the work would be completed by December 31, or he would receive no pay. Unfortunately for the builder, the house was completed the week before Christmas--except for the front doors.

Apparently, the doors had become "lost" somewhere, and Moses Harshaw, true to character, moved into the house and refused to pay the builder a penny.

Probably one of the cruelest stories told about Moses Harshaw concerned his treatment of his elderly slaves. Traditionally, when a slave became too old to be productive, he would be "retired" to live out the rest of his life on the farm. The food and housing would be provided in return for the years of toil the slaves spent working for their masters.

For Moses Harshaw to even think about spending money for the care of useless, infirm slaves was absurd. Rather than waste his ill-gained riches on them, he would mount his horse, make the slave follow along behind on foot, and ride to the top of Lynch Mountain. Once on the mountain, Harshaw would grab the helpless slave and either throw him, or force him to jump off the edge of the bluff, onto the jagged rocks below.

Harshaw's reputation for cruelty was so great that even his

neighbors, some of whom were slave owners themselves, conspired to help his slaves escape. One story was told about Uncle Tuddo, an old slave who was liked and respected by most members of the community. Uncle Tuddo had gotten old to the point where he could no longer work, and rather than die by being thrown off a cliff, he decided to end his own life.

Early one morning, on a cold February day, the other slaves watched in silence as Uncle Tuddo made his way slowly down to the creek. After breaking the layer of ice, he lowered himself into the icy cold water, where he remained for a good part of the morning. Returning to his shanty, he developed pneumonia and was dead the next day.

In the early part of 1850, the neighbors had built up such a hatred of Harshaw that he was forced to sell his home and farm and remove himself from the community. One event in particular especially ignited their fury.

Moses Harshaw was forced to travel in order to oversee his various investments, and during one of these trips, his oldest daughter died. Harshaw was a miser to the point of cruelty when it came to his family, and when he learned that she had been buried in a new dress he was enraged. Heightening his anger was the fact that it was an expensive dress--it had cost ten dollars.

Summoning his slaves, he ordered that his daughter's grave be exhumed and the dress retrieved.

The good citizens finally turned their back on Moses Harshaw. He was shunned. No one would talk to him. He could

not purchase anything. Even the apples from his fruit trees on the side of the road would lie and rot as they fell to the ground, as no children cared to steal them.

One of the peculiarities of the North Georgia Mountain folks is their tendency to stick together against outsiders. It's something many outsiders, even today, have trouble understanding.

Moses Harshaw, by his cruel actions, had become an outsider.

After selling his home, Harshaw moved to Clarksville, only to find himself shunned there, as well. He died an embittered, penniless man and was buried under a tombstone which reads, "He is Dead and Gone to Hell."

Many, many years later, Moses Harshaw's great granddaughter returned to the mountains in an effort to trace her family roots. Presenting herself as a relative of Harshaw, she could find no one who would talk to her. She later said that it was "almost as if they were avoiding me on purpose."

Mountain people have a long memory.

The End

A Surgical Wonder



Old Montgomery

A youth, by the name of Smith, about sixteen years old, completely lost his sense of hearing about two years ago, and finally lost his reason. He was placed in the institution for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youths at South Boston. A few weeks later it was learned that when the boy was but seven years of age he had put some pebbles and stones in his ears whilst at play, and that these had never been removed.

Acting upon this clue a woman doctor began to experiment. A syringe was first applied and then a probe. At last the probe produced a grating sound, and further efforts revealed, as had been anticipated, a number of small pebbles lying deep in the



ear, beneath the skin. One of them, about the size of a pin's head, was removed, and then another, until no less than twenty-nine pebbles had been taken from the boy's ear. All this was done without causing any distress to the patient.

It is believed now that he will regain his reason, much to the gratitude of his old parents.

from 1874 newspaper

If you want to kill a good idea, get a committee working on it.

Star Market

A Huntsville Tradition For 50 Years

702 Pratt Avenue
"Five Points"



The Lost Chance

Most of us have experienced some type of lost opportunity at some point in our lives but the tale of Oliver Foster is truly unique.

"Back during the depression I lived over in Germantown. I was a salesman for a furniture manufacture until I got laid off. There was this neighbor down the street by the name of Charles Darrow that I got to know pretty well. He was a laid off engineer and he was always fooling around making things just to pass the time. Well anyway, he came over to the house one day and he says "Oliver, I got an idea how to make a lot of money. It can put both of us on easy street."

"At first I was real interested but when he showed me what he had and explained the whole thing, I started having my doubts."

"Charles," I said, "I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but that just won't work. Nobody is going to buy a game called Monopoly."



Old Bucks County

A Slip Of The Tongue



Washington's Crossing has for many years been a major tourist attraction, but needless to say, a lot of tourists have trouble in describing the events that took place there during the Revolutionary War.

Recently, one little blue-haired lady that had been born and raised in Mobile, Alabama, but now lived in Bucks County, was trying to describe the historical events to some of her visiting kin.

"We had a lookout posted up on there on Bowman's Hill, while down here, all of our troops were camped. The weather was freezing cold, our troops were hungry and without shoes or proper clothing.

"And over there on the other side of the river, sitting around the warm campfires were the yankees. "



FINE ANTIQUES

Are Just a Matter of Time . . .



LD TOWN LTD.

Huntsville's Most Unique Gift Shop

Antiques, Jewelry, Gift Baskets, Collectibles, and Much More

Take a Little Time — Stop in and Browse!

820 Wellman N.E. -

Huntsville ~ 533-7002

Meet your friends at Bubba's - Downtown Historic Huntsville



OLD BIRMINGHAM

The First Child



When Patrick McAnally moved to Birmingham, he was in much the same shape as hundreds of thousands of other people throughout the South ... flat broke. He had previously owned considerable property in

Atlanta but when Sherman torched the city, Patrick's property also went up in smoke.

Then, in 1871, rumors of a new city carved out of the Alabama wilderness began to reach Atlanta. For many people whose

fortunes had been lost due to the war, this city sounded like a heaven-sent opportunity to build a new life. Before long, hundreds of people were on the road to Birmingham.

The city that greeted Patrick McAnally on his arrival here was a far cry from anything that we might imagine today. Though the streets and lots were laid out, that was all there was. No water system was available, forcing people to buy water from vendors. These vendors brought the water from Avondale Springs and sold it to the town's citizens at ten cents a barrel.

There were no hotels or rooms for rent and very few private homes. Birmingham was truly a city of tents and lean-to's.

The first sale of lots took place on June 1st, 1871. Eager buyers pushed and shoved as they furiously bid on the coveted lots. Patrick was lucky enough to successfully bid on a lot located on the corner of 23rd Street and 1st Avenue North. Of course, he didn't have the money to pay for it, but the directors had agreed to give purchasers a certain length of time before the notes came due.

Patrick rushed back to his campsite to tell his wife the good news. It really seemed as if their luck had changed for the better. They were expecting their first child, they were making a new beginning and now they had bought a lot to build a home on.

Now all he had to do was find a way to pay for it.

Patrick began taking on all sorts of odd jobs, working day and night in an effort to pay off the note. But it seemed as if the harder he worked, the deeper in debt he got.

It began to look hopeless.



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

222 Washington Street 539-5777

The Elyton Land Company would no doubt have to repossess the lot. Patrick decided to swallow his pride and ask for more time on the note. Maybe the land company would give him another chance.

Dejectedly, Patrick began the walk down to the land office to plead for more time. On the way he stopped and listened to a group of men standing on the side of the road talking excitedly. "Have you heard?" one of them asked. "The land company is giving a free lot to the parents of the first baby born in Birmingham!"

That gave Patrick pause for thought. His wife was due to deliver any day and if she were the first, they could win the free lot, sell it, and have the money to pay for the one they owned. There was only one other woman in Birmingham expecting and she wasn't due for sometime. How soon, though? Patrick decided he would just mosey on over to her tent site and check things out.

The tent was surrounded by other people who were wondering the same thing. Mrs. Morrow, with her swollen belly, was going about her chores in an unconcerned way, while her husband was following in her every footstep, frantically wringing his hands and asking "How do you feel? Is it about time?"

Patrick, never having much experience in matters such as these, turned to another man and asked, "What do you think?"

"I don't know," replied the man as he cast an expert glance at Mrs. Morrow. "Looks like she's about ready to pop any minute."

That was the last thing that Patrick wanted to hear. Quickly turning on his heels, he ran back

to his own campsite, only to find that it, too, was surrounded by a crowd of curious onlookers.

His wife, already into her ninth month, was also doing her chores. Within hours everyone in Birmingham had heard of the offer for free land to the first baby born in Birmingham. The excitement and talk grew by the hour. Gamblers began making wagers on which woman would deliver first and the streets in front of the tents were constantly crowded with observers. Every moan and sound from the women's lips would quickly be relayed to all parts of the new city.

Finally the time came! But along with the doctor came bad news. A midwife had been called for Mrs. Morrow. She, too was in labor.

The night passed. Then, at about three o'clock in the morning, the first baby in Birmingham was born. Its name was Richard Powell McAnally.

Early the next morning Patrick stuck a complimentary

cigar between his teeth and proudly marched down to the land office to claim his reward. But alas! The Elyton Land Company disclaimed any knowledge of the giveaway deal.

And so it was recorded in history that the founding fathers of Birmingham reneged on a promise to their first born.

Editor's note:

All was not lost, however. Patrick McAnally was legally a British subject and after securing the help of a friendly Congressman, was able to collect damages for the property in Atlanta that Sherman had destroyed. The amount was enough to enable him to pay off his debts and purchase additional property.

Real executives always talk golf at the office, and business on the golf course.

Instant Credit! Free Delivery!



Accessories,
TVs,
Stereos,
Appliances,
Carpet,
Jewelry
Gift Items



Heilig-Meyers
FURNITURE

**Free
Parking!**

DOWNTOWN!
100 Jefferson Street 534-5681

Grandma's Remedies

Burn your tongue? Ease the pain by sprinkling a little white sugar on it.

Get an Aloe Vera plant for your kitchen. When you burn yourself, just pinch off a small tip and rub the juice on the burn - you will be amazed at the results!

If you wear a bag of camphor around your neck, you won't catch as many colds.

If you get an earlobe infection from pierced ears, put castor oil on your lobes a few times a day - the more the better. Will clear up in 2 or 3 days max.

To prevent jogger's leg cramps, fill your tub with 6 inches of water and walk in it (bare feet) for about 4 minutes every night. Make sure you have a mat or slip-proof stickers on the tub bottom. Runners say this really works.

Tiredness collects on the insides of your elbows and the backs of your knees. For a picker-upper, wake up your body by slapping both those areas.

Get a rocking chair! It can put you to sleep at night, while you watch TV, it can prevent varicose veins and blood clots, improve circulation and keep you from getting leg cramps.

Shingles are relieved by buckbean leaves, dried. Add 1 ounce of the leaves to 2 cups of



water and let it steep for 10 minutes. Take 4 tablespoons of the tea before each meal.

Want to eliminate nervous anxiety? Make 2 poultices out of a large, raw, grated onion. Put one on each calf, laying on your stomach. Stay there for about half an hour - don't let the poultices fall off! This works.

Don't paint your kitchen yellow! The color contributes to stress and adds to your feelings of anxiety according to color therapists who know.

For prickly heat, rub the area gently with a watermelon rind.

If you anticipate a hangover the next morning, take a vitamin B-complex with 2-3 glasses of water before you go to bed.

Children are a great comfort in your old age, and they help get you there quicker, too.



Brooks & Collier

815 meridian street
huntsville, ala. 35801

205-534-2781 / 536-0734

gifts, garden,
patio, nursery

We Carry a Complete
Line of Casual Furniture:

LYON-SHAW
VENEMAN
WINSTON
HOMECREST
WEATHERCRAFT
MEADOWCRAFT





Timeless Favorites

Sausage Balls

- 2 lb. hot (or mild) sausage
- 1 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 c. Bisquick mix

Mix all ingredients in large bowl, roll in small balls. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 450 degrees for 20 minutes or brown.

Cherry Cheese Pie

- 1 9" graham cracker crust
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

- 1 8-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 c. lemon juice
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 can cherry pie filling, chilled

In a large mixing bowl, beat the cheese til fluffy. Gradually beat in the sweetened condensed milk til smooth, stir in the lemon juice and vanilla. Pour into prepared crust and chill for 3 hours til set. Top with cherry pie filling right before serving, any leftovers store in fridge.

Hobo Dinner

- 2 lb. lean ground round beef
- 2 onions, sliced
- 1 large potato, sliced
- 3 squash, chopped
- 2 carrots, chopped
- Parsley flakes

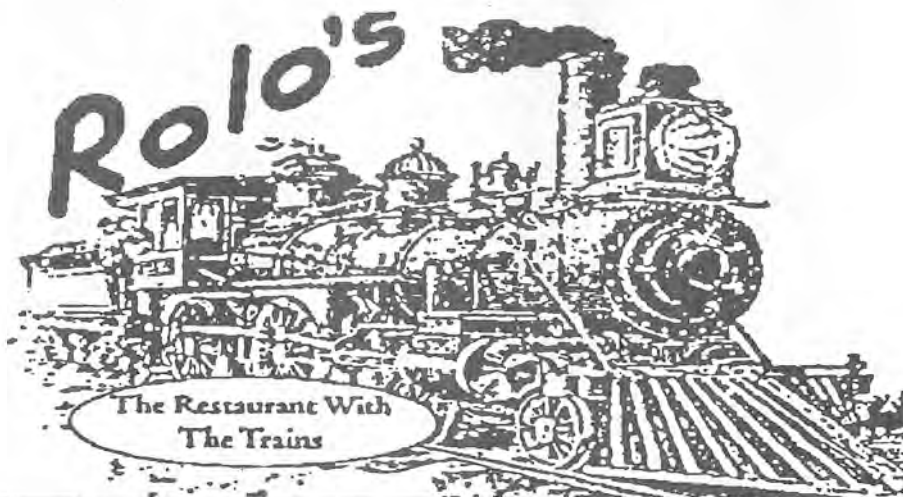
Make patties of your beef. Get out heavy duty tin foil and cut squares about a foot long. In the middle of each square put a patty, a slice of potato, a slice or two of onion, some of the carrots and some squash. Sprinkle with a little garlic powder, onion powder, salt and pepper. Sprinkle parsley flakes over all.

Wrap in the foil and bake at 375 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

Phyllis' Hush Puppies

- 1/2 c. corn meal
- 2 onions, chopped
- 1 t. garlic salt
- 1/2 c. buttermilk
- 1/2 c. flour

Mix all together and let it sit in fridge for 4 hours. Drop by spoonfuls into cooking oil til browned.



Country Cooking - Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner
6:30 am - 9:00 pm Seven Days a Week
505 East Airport Road 883-7656

Chicken Pot Pie

- 1 lb. boneless chicken breasts
- 1 large can Veg-All
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 2 Pillsbury pie crusts
- 1/2 c. chopped green onion, greens and all
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 1 t. Spike seasoning (at health food stores)
- 1/2 t. garlic powder

In 3 cups boiling water, cook the chicken breast along with a teaspoon garlic powder. Let boil for 15 minutes, drain and set aside to cool. Preheat oven to 350 degrees, put the pie crusts into the oven.

In a large saucepan combine the Veg-All, both soups, green onion, onion and seasonings. Add 1/2 soup can water. Stir well. Add the chopped chicken. Pour half into one of the pie crusts (they should be almost cooked but not brown), and half into the other. Put both pies on a large cookie sheet and into the oven for about 30 minutes. Serve with a good green salad.

Pralines 'N Cream

- 1/2 c. firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 c. light corn syrup
- 1/4 c. margarine
- 1/2 c. chopped pecans
- 1 t. vanilla
- Ice cream or frozen yogurt

In a quart saucepan, combine sugar, syrup and margarine. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, til mixture comes to a full boil. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat; stir in pecans and vanilla. Serve over ice cream.



1805 Garden Tips

"The most effective way to rid your garden of bugs is to visit your vines several times a day and destroy the bugs with your fingers."

Lady Uses Cigar Juice to Banish Bugs

Soak cigar butts in a gallon jug for weeks at a time and spray this liquid around the garden and shrubbery to keep animals from lifting their legs to your plants. When bugs are bad, make pyramid tents of susceptible plants using netting and wire hangers. Scatter dried blood along the outer edges of your garden to keep wild animals away, two pounds can last a whole season.

Mary H. Smith
Hagerstown, Maryland

Come Meet your Friends at Bubba's

108 Washington
Downtown Huntsville

Next to Gorin's

534-3133

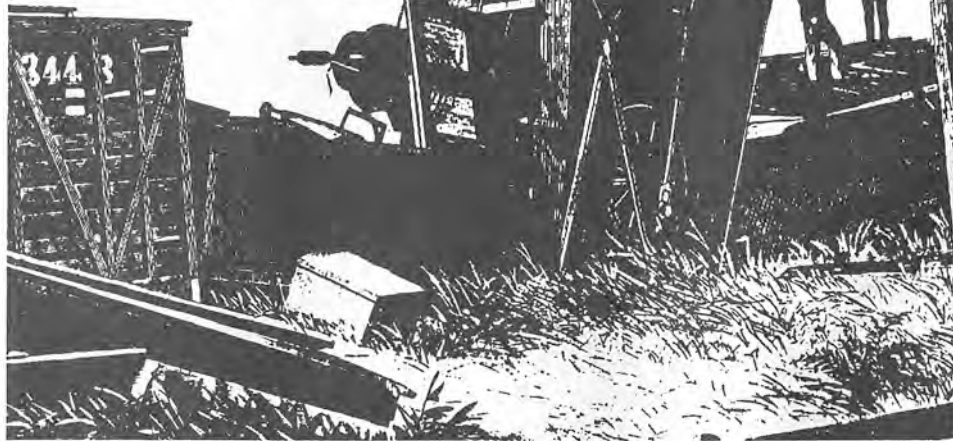
Fine Food and Drink





Old Knoxville

The Railroad Preacher



The editor of the *Knoxville Advertiser* had just sat down at his desk with a cup of coffee to scan the front page of the latest edition. "Terrible Train Wreck Kills All, Engineer Crushed Beneath His Own Train," read the front headlines. He had gotten to his office early and relished the peace and quiet.

While he was enjoying the solitude and the early morning quiet, a stranger walked in. Meeting the stranger at the counter, the editor asked, "Can I help you?"

"Reckon you can," drawled the stranger, "I ain't dead."

David J. Fant was, by most accounts, born about ten miles south of Knoxville. While still a youngster, he developed an intense interest in the two things that would dominate the rest of his life - religion and railroading.

It was considered an odd combination, as most men who worked on the railroad around the turn of the century were considered a profane, boisterous lot with a "devil-may-care" attitude. Fant, on the other hand, was a self-ordained Baptist minister.

After hiring on with the railroad, Fant, with his devout belief and his skill as an engineer, quickly earned the name, "The Railroading Parson." The route he worked consisted mostly of the Atlanta-Toccoa run. This stretch of track was widely known as one of the most dangerous in the country, with its hairpin curves, rock slides and high wooden trestles.

As if the track itself was not dangerous enough, the engineer had to watch carefully for livestock, deer and chickens. The chickens, after being snared on the front of the train, usually

ended up as dinner for the train crew.

The railroad between Toccoa and Ayresville became known as the Valley of Death when a close friend of Fant's, Ed Miller, was killed in a horrible wreck. Fant was running a fast freight and had sidetracked at Toccoa to allow a passenger train under Miller to pass. Six miles from Toccoa, at Currahee Crossing, a tremendous landslide enveloped the train. Ed Miller and his fireman were trapped underneath the engine.

When word of the calamity reached Toccoa, David Fant quickly sent his fireman off in search of doctors and nurses. But when the rescue party reached the scene of the wreck, it was too late. The injured train crew was not dead, but they might have been better off if they had been - they were slowly being scalded to death under the engine. The locomotive being so heavy and having no tools to move it with, the rescue party could do nothing but watch them die an agonizing death.

As the trapped engineer lay suffering, Fant pulled off his hat, took out his worn Bible and began to pray.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil."

Almost a year later, Fant was passing through the same valley, when going around a curve, his train suddenly flipped over, throwing him and his fireman off the train. Miraculously, no one was hurt seriously, but the train was a total disaster. Within moments, people that witnessed the wreck began relaying reports of it to the authorities and believ-

ing that the train crew was trapped underneath the wreckage, reported them dead.

That same day, newspapers across the south went to press with the headline, "Railroading Parson Dead. Killed in Horrible Train Wreck."

The parson later said, after the confusion was straightened out, that he had no idea what a good man he was until he read his own obituary!

Legends about the Railroading Parson began to spread. One of the most fascinating legends was the one about Fant being the engineer on the last train to be robbed in Georgia.

By this time the lawlessness of the early frontier had been tamed and the wild West was a thing to read about in cheap novels. Billy the Kid had retired, Jesse James was dead, and it seemed as if all the train robbers were history. All, that is except one.

Bill Minor was the last of the old-time outlaws. He had been born in Jackson County, Kentucky, and shortly before the Civil War had headed for the gold fields of California. He soon became one of the most successful stagecoach and train robbers of all time and was rumored to have killed 19 men.

By the year 1911 times had changed, but Bill Minor refused to admit that the good old days were gone forever. After recruiting several men to be in his gang, Bill decided to rob a train a few miles outside Gainesville.

The Parson was already in a bad mood. The Superintendent of the railroad was riding in the train on an inspection trip, and now someone was flagging the train to a stop. The train pulled to a halt and Fant climbed down from the engine to ask what was

wrong.

"Reckon we are going to have us a train robbery," Bill Minor supposedly replied. Eyewitnesses later swore that Fant said, upon seeing Minor and his six-shooters, "Why did you have to pick my train? I'm already late, so if you insist on doing your thievery, make it fast. I don't have all day."

Whereas, Minor proceeded to rob the train as rapidly as he could. Several months later, af-

ter he had been caught and was standing trial, he noticed Fant sitting in the rear of the courtroom. "Parson," called out Minor, "Say a prayer for me, if you think anyone will hear you. I'm surely gonna need all the help I can get."

"I already have," replied the Railroading Parson, "and you're right, you surely will."

The End



SHOP OUR SALE ON EARLY GROUPS OF SPRING & SUMMER WEAR!
801 Franklin Street SE 539-4871 or 539-4873



billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

THE K&K KICKERS from Scottsboro, a line-dance group in which **Mike McDonald** and **Rob Darwin** participate, were featured on TNN's Wildhorse Saloon dance last month.

Our pentecostal evangelist friend **Charles Thompson** of Arkansas was in town the other day arranging to hold revivals across the South this summer. He was at The Worship Center, corner of the Parkway and I-565.

The Thursday noon cultural concerts at First Presbyterian are a fine way to enjoy a mid-day relaxation. Organist **Frank Contreras** was featured the other day, as was **Marx Pales** and others.

THE MUSICAL team of harmonica great **Leo Adkins** and her classical violinist husband Bob Larkin has returned from a fun tour of North Africa.

Our charming neighbor **Rita Otto** took a daytrip last week to the wilds of Snuffyville, Ga., to buy lottery tickets. Won a bundle, of course.

Vivacious Jeune of Alabama Balloon, asks "Whatever happened to the elusive **Frank Dolittle?**"

THE VERDIERS, **Marilyn** and **Bernard**, are celebrating 30 years of marriage.

Poet **John Chambers** and

interior designer **Steve Bailey** trekked to the Natchez Trace homes tour. Two of John's newest poems appear in the magazine, *Negative Capability*, opposite page from **Jimmy Carter's** works.

OPERATIC SOPRANO **Pamela Dale** calls from California, where she performs with the San Francisco Opera Company, to deny that their last quake was caused by her high vibrato.

Conductor **Ken Turvey** is mending from heart bypass and will soon be back at the podium of Community Chorus.

Bianca Polk Cox is a descendant of **James Knox Polk**, 11th U.S. president. She also originated and ramrods those summertime Gazebo Concerts which have become so successful that City Hall hopes to take them away from her and claim credit for themselves. Meanwhile, she says the city refuses to pay for a portable stage it let ruin last fall. Now we learn that her hubby, bandleader **Richard Cox**, is diabetic and is learning

HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of

FINNEGAN'S IRISH PUB

And Enjoy Your Heritage
South Parkway

(Next to Joe Davis Stadium)



to deal with it at Crestwood Hospital.

Remember Grant's **Junior Scott**, youthful floor manager of Ken Moss' popular Diplomat Club here years ago? He has returned from up north and is a staffer at Airport Road Quincy's.

Wendell Hicks is the new night dining room boss at Shoney's, corner Parkway and University.

National Guardsman **Wayne Polk** of Madison, Wis., visited longtime family friend **Sam Woodward** during Easter and they embarked on a whirlwind trip to Mobile, Slidell and points south.

Hazel Green's **Jeff** and **Dosha Miller** brought son **Zack** (age 3 weeks) on his first shopping spree at Wal-Mart the other afternoon.

Helen Sockwell helped her Ma entertain young women the other day. It was the younger segment of *Grace Club*, an excellent ladies organization.

Dr. Becky Morgan is a much traveled doctor of family medicine. She substitutes for other doctors in faraway cities as the need arises. Her engineer brother **Jim** (of *Motorola*) spent an adventurous week out west (Grand Canyon and all the rest) during sis's latest assignment.

Speaking of family medicine, **Dr. William English** is one of the contributors to my upcoming book on Americans Face Tragedy. "I was driving my old VW between Eufala and Montgomery and listening to AM ra-

dio when I heard the bulletin that JFK had been shot. It seemed unbelievable," says he. I welcome your input, also. Send it to me (not more than 100 words, please) at 3804 Saturn Dr., Zip 35805. I'll include it, attributed to you, in the book. We only need a few more from Huntsville. Space must be made for people in other cities.

BANDITO BURRITO bossman **Oscar Gutierrez** has strutted around ever since his restaurants were voted "Best Mexican food in town" in that poll. He was voted "Best Mexican chef" in the same poll.

Bill Walls, Shirley McCormick and **B.J. Pollard** say they're "selling a car a day" at Honest Doc's Auto Emporium on Bob Wallace Avenue.

HONEST DOC'S AUTO Emporium

Honest Cars
Honest Price
We Finance

Many Models
To Choose
From

Ray Pearman
is across
the street
from us!

2502 Bob Wallace Ave.
536-0300



BANDITO BURRITO CO.

Mexican
Cuisine at its
finest served
with ice-cold
beer!

3017 Governors Dr.
534-0866
9007 S. Parkway
882-3007



COURTEOUS SERVICE!

Johnny Tona's Family Billiards for smoke free fun



REALTY

3609A MEMORIAL PARKWAY, S.
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801



PAT CASSITY

REALTOR GRI, CRS, LTG

OFFICE

(205) 882-2114

1-800-239-5476

RES. 534-9683

Beeper 720-1320

Huntsville's
Old Town &
Twickenham
Specialist!

It's Just A Name



Even though our fair city may not be as old as some other communities, we still have the distinction of being home to some of the most famous names in the world. (Well, almost!) Below is a partial listing along with the number of people in Atlanta bearing famous names.

George Washington	29
Alexander Hamilton	5
A. Lincoln	7
R. Nixon	2
Marilyn Monroe	2
E. Presley	1
Saddam Hussein	3
Jefferson Davis	2
Jimmy Carter	7
Greta Garbo	1
David Duke	1
Patrick Henry	1
Franklin Roosevelt	4
H. Kissinger	1
Jerry Lewis	4



And the prize goes to one man, who undoubtedly must have the most native American name of all. ... Iam Indian.

A UNIQUE DINING EXPERIENCE

Cafe III

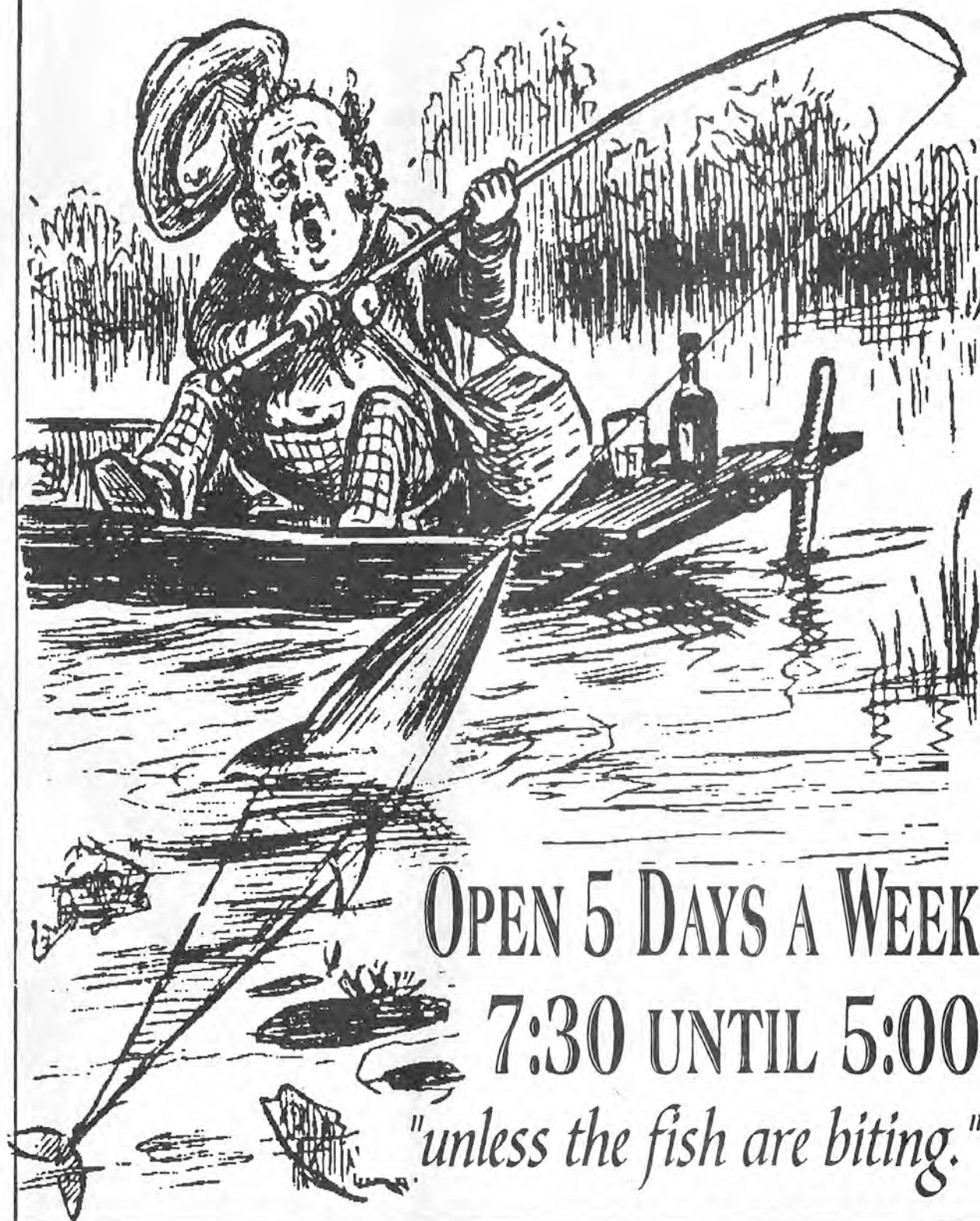


With this Ad
Buy
1 Dinner--
Get \$5 Off
2nd Dinner

721-9156

(Mon - Sat 4 - Close)

Greek - Italian - American Cuisine
4925 UNIVERSITY DRIVE, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
GALLERY SHOPPING CENTER



OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK

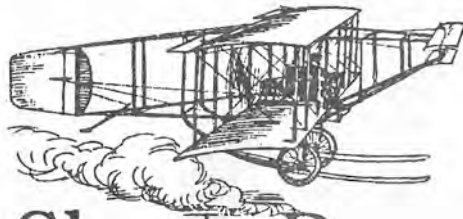
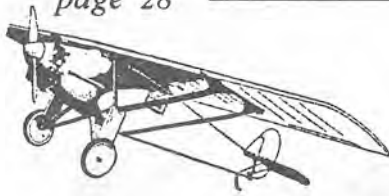
7:30 UNTIL 5:00

"unless the fish are biting."

Dilworth Lumber Company

415 Church Street

539-4123



Shoals' Man Shoots Down Herman Goering



OLD SHOALS

Lieutenant Asa North Duncan, native of Sheffield, served in France during World War I. He was attached to the 91st Aero Squadron as an observer and gunner, and during his tour of duty shot down several airplanes and observation balloons. A few days before the end of the war, Lt. Duncan was attacked by a German aircraft bearing the famous von Richthoven insignia on its side. After a brief but furious dogfight, the German plane was shot down.

Several weeks after the war had ended, Duncan, along with other members of his squadron, was engaged in a friendly conversation with some German soldiers. He was comparing

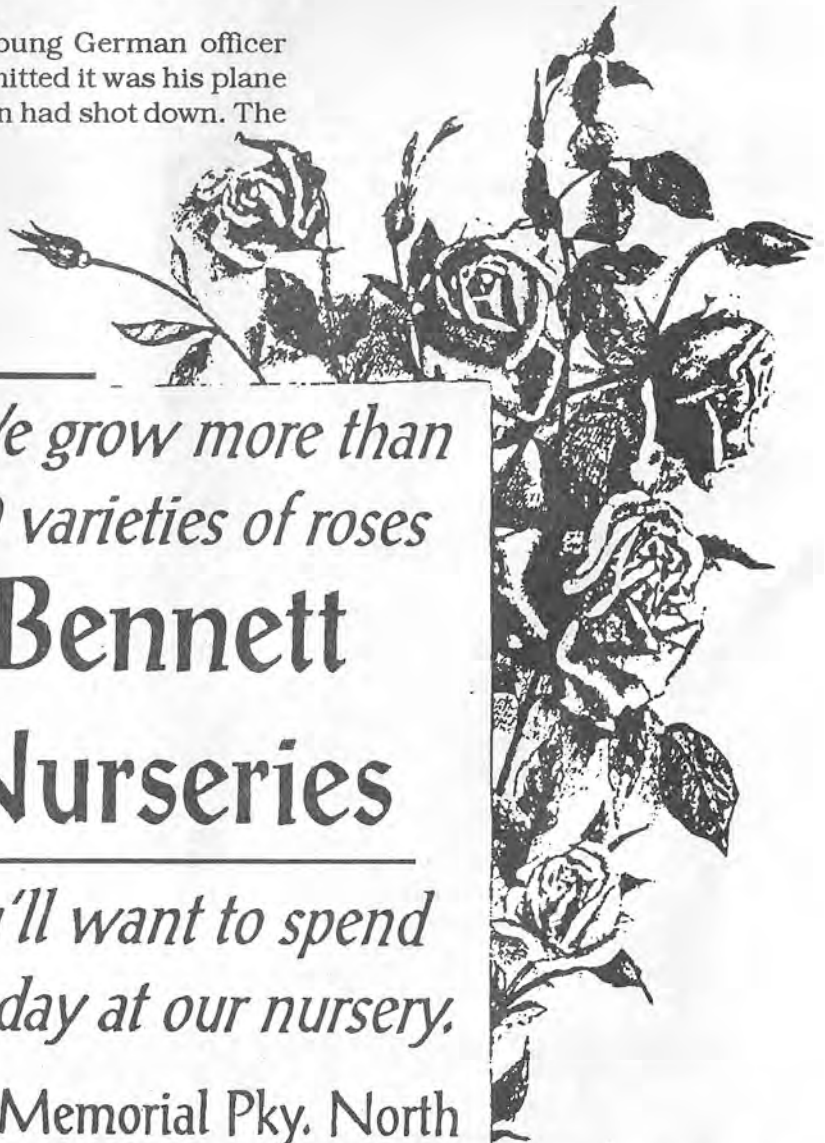
notes with others in the group about the various dogfights they had been engaged in when Duncan asked the German pilots if any of them knew anything about the plane he had shot down a few days prior to the end of the war.

One young German officer readily admitted it was his plane that Duncan had shot down. The

officer's name was Herman Goering

Lt. Duncan remained in the Air Force after the war, eventually becoming a Brig. General, and executive officer of the 8th Air Corps in England during World War II. He died when his plane was attacked by a German aircraft during the invasion of North Africa

Herman Goering became the commander of the German Air Force during World War II, and chose to commit suicide after the war had ended, rather than be hung for war crimes.



*We grow more than
70 varieties of roses*

Bennett Nurseries

*You'll want to spend
the day at our nursery.*

7002 Memorial Pky. North

Join the
Greater Huntsville
Humane Society
for only \$15 a year and
get the **Pet Gazette**
absolutely free!
call 881-8081

Absurd News



Old Morgan County

A four legged duck was born on the farm of Frank Moses. Immediately seeing an opportunity to make a profit, Frank arranged to have a contest, figuring a four legged duck should be able to swim twice as fast as a two legged one. All involved placed their ducks into a pond and the contest began.

The little four-legged duck promptly sank to the bottom when its legs became hopelessly entangled.

A not too bright burglar who ransacked a Cullman grade school a few years back left no doubt of his annoyance at finding only a few pennies and some old fruit which had been given to the teachers. He wrote on the blackboard, upbraiding the school's officials for being so lacking in trust of their fellow man that they left no valuables lying around.

One of the older teachers recognized the handwriting of the culprit and informed the sheriff, who arrested the young man.

Mrs. Guy Hawkes lost her wedding ring and told her husband she thought she dropped it down the drain pipe. Hawkes covered his right arm with axle grease and reached into the pipe. His hand immediately became

securely stuck. Two hours later, with the help of four neighbors, a plumber, five patrolmen, two crowbars and three hacksaws, Hawkes was finally freed. Mrs. Hawkes later found the ring in her apron pocket, but she never told her husband.

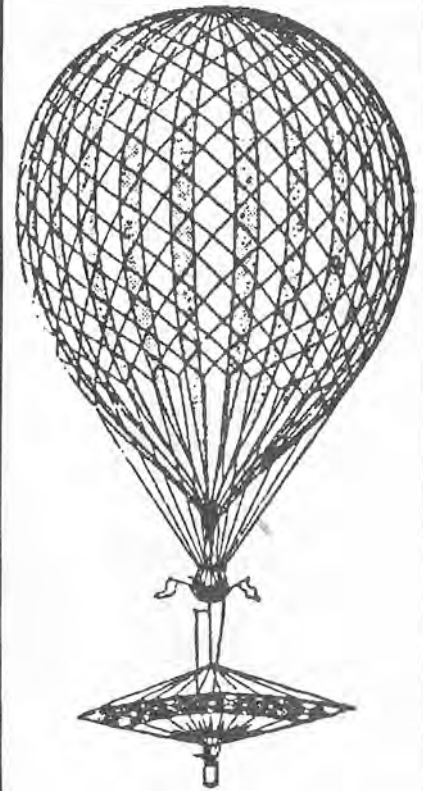
When Sheriff W.H. Holcomb decided to confiscate slot machines at a tavern which sits on the Alabama-Mississippi line, he was cautious enough to bring along a county surveyor to plot the exact line which divides the states. The line ran directly through the tavern and when the slot machines were found to be on the Alabama side, they were promptly confiscated.

A birthday cake graced the table of Dr. William E. Thompson but there wasn't enough room for all the candles. The good doctor was celebrating his 104th birthday. The physician refused to give a prescription for longevity but did comment, "The main reason I'm still around after all these years is I just haven't died yet."

Mr. Ralph Smith of Fayetteville recently married Sue Foster of the same city. The couple met when Smith applied at city hall for a marriage license and was so smitten by Miss Foster's charms he immediately canceled the wedding and began courting her.

Smith's ex-fiance had no comment.

Probably nothing in the world arouses more false hopes than the first four hours of a new diet.



For Results,
Call...

Angie Jones

Your Relocation Specialist

Remax

Huntsville

533-3313

882-0748

1-800-239-4749



When The Germans Invaded Atlanta



Throngs of hysterical people crowded the intersection of Auburn Ave., and Peachtree St. With black smoke obscuring the horizon, and tall buildings burning and crashing to the ground, it reminded one of what Hell must be like.

A young soldier, hearing gunshots, stopped a woman that was fleeing the devastation. "What's going on?" he asked the frightened woman.

"The Germans," she cried. "The Germans are burning Atlanta."

The date was May 21st, 1917 and the world was at war. In France and Belgium, thousands of young men were dying. The German Army seemed invincible. Here in Atlanta, Home Guards were formed to protect against sabotage and infiltration. Vigilante groups, armed with shotguns and hunting rifles, patrolled highways leading into town, guarding against the expected German saboteurs.

Everyone's nerves were on edge, waiting for the unknown.

Sims Pennington was the first on the streetcar to notice her, a young girl running down Auburn Avenue screaming at the top of her voice, "The Germans are coming. Run for your life." Sims was more cautious than scared as the streetcar approached the Auburn Avenue crossing. He thought about getting off to investigate when suddenly the streetcar jolted to a sudden stop with a loud "Crack" as the electrical cables above the car shorted out.

Pulling himself up from the floor, Sims and the others quickly got off of the streetcar, running in different directions. Sims headed in the direction where the girl had first appeared, and had subsequently disappeared. It was a windy day, and Sims, out of habit looked at his watch - it was 1:30 P.M.

As Sims headed down Auburn Avenue, he noticed more

people running in his direction, many with blackened faces and clothes and some with blood running from fresh wounds. In the background he saw an enormous cloud of black smoke billowing toward the sky.

The fire-trucks, some motorized and some horse-drawn, were already blocking the street from curious onlookers. Sims darted into a nearby hardware store where a clerk was hurriedly drawing water into a

H.C. BLAKE INC.
Plumbing, Electrical
Heating,
Air Conditioning



SERVICE
IS OUR
BUSINESS
SINCE
1884

Hall B. Bryant, Jr.
Proprietor

534-0781



wooden bucket to douse his wooden store front.

"What's this about the Germans burning Atlanta?" asked Sims. The clerk was too harried to dwell on the question long. "There's a whole army of them. They are setting fires and shooting people everywhere. You better go home and get your gun."

As if to reaffirm what Sims had already heard, a flurry of gunshots was heard off in the distance.

Sims rushed out of the shop and cut across some of the retail blocks to a neighborhood near Houston Street where rows of narrow wooden houses were about to be consumed by the raging inferno. An elderly woman was attempting to descend the rear steps of her little house. Sims could tell she wasn't going to make it before the burn-

ing eyes fell on her. With a rush of adrenaline, Sims sprinted the 100 yards to her front porch, lifted her in his arms and carried her two blocks north to an area that was, so far, untouched by the fire.

But even this area wasn't safe from the fire. Fanned by the rapid wind, it began consuming each block, house by house. Those with motorcars would pick up those fleeing their burning houses and take them to safer ground. Most of the people were forced to leave on foot, abandoning their possessions.

Sims approached a truck-driver who was frantically helping people into the back of his truck. "Please, Mister, please give me a ride home. My wife is there all by herself."

The driver, exhausted and scared, replied, "I'm sorry Mis-

ter, there ain't no time. The Germans will be here any minute."

By now Sims, blackened from soot was terrified. Not only for his wife's safety, but for his own as well. Running as fast as he could, dodging wounded people and crashing timbers, he headed toward home.

He had not traveled more than a couple of blocks when he was stopped by a makeshift barricade across the street. Kneeling behind the barrier, with their guns pointed at Sims, were a small group of nervous and agitated vigilantes. Surrounding Sims, they began questioning him as to where he lived and who his Granddaddy was. Finally, one old grey-haired man, carrying a double barrel shotgun, said, "Aw, let him go. He don't sound German noway," as he nonchalantly spit out a chew of

One of the STRONGEST banks
in America is right here
in Alabama.



Let Us Lend You Our Strength

FirstAlabama.Bank

Member FDIC

tobacco.

Sims was running toward Rankin Street when he saw Sam Raymond, an acquaintance. Frightened out of his wits, Sims stopped and asked what was going on. Sam told him the fires had headed north and was about to reach Ponce De Leon Avenue. There were also reports of fighting in the same neighborhood.

"Oh my God!" Sims screamed with his eyes wide open in fright. That's where his wife was - at their home on Ponce De Leon. Dashing to a small corner grocery store, he begged the owner to let him use the telephone. The clerk showed Sims behind the counter where he frantically tapped the receiver to contact the operator.

Just as the operator was putting him through, and his phone was ringing, the line went dead. The phone lines, along with the power lines, had melted from the intense heat.

Sims dropped the phone and began running with what little strength he had left. At times the smoke would shift and completely obliterate his view so that he literally had to crawl on his hands and knees. With gunshots all around him and blazing fires blocking his way, he was finally forced to retreat. Refusing to give up, he decided to circumvent the whole area in order to reach the west end of Ponce De Leon. Once there, it was a straight shot down the avenue to his home.

As he dodged terror stricken residents, he could see the smoke in the distance billowing into the street as he barely made out the roof-line of his house. His house looked intact, no flames had reached it yet. A couple of hundred yards away,

still running, he was grabbed by two burly firemen.

"Get back! Everybody get back, NOW!" the firemen screamed to the chaotic crowd. "But wait," yelled Sims, "That's my house. My wife. ..."

Sims face froze in horror as he saw his home explode into a million tiny pieces of wood and brick. The horror turned to shock as he saw the house next to his also explode, and then the next one, and the next one.

As Sims collapsed in shock, the firemen carried his body to a park across the street where they deposited him under a tree. Strewn throughout the park were bodies of other helpless, and now homeless, victims.

Sometime later, seconds, minutes, hours, there was no way of knowing, he regained consciousness. Crouched next to him was his wife, with tears streaming down her soot-covered face. She had been evacuated hours before as the firemen began making preparations to blow up the houses in their neighborhood in an attempt to create a fire break. It was 2:00 the next morning before the fires were finally under control and the gun-fire ended.

During the terror filled hours of May 21, 1917, nine people were shot while doing battle with the German Shock Troops, seventy-three square blocks were completely de-



LAWREN'S
809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

**China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table
Linen, Cookware.**

**Decorative Accessories, Invitations and
Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal,
Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath.**

stroyed by fire and more than 10,000 people were left homeless.

But if you want to know the rest of the story about the fateful events that day, you have to look in the library on the last aisle on the very top row. Pull these dusty books down and start reading, and you will see, the German terrorists that the brave stalwart defenders of Atlanta were doing battle with were nothing but -- shadows!

The fire had started from a wood stove on Auburn Avenue and the first gunshots people heard were simply shells exploding from the heat. But as people got caught up in the hysteria of the day, mythical Huns armed to the teeth began appearing on every street corner challenging our brave Southern lads to battle.

So they fought back.

With whom, we're not sure.

The End

If you take care of your character, your reputation will take care of itself.



A Most Remarkable Dog

Charles Mosier arrived here in Tuscaloosa Tuesday with a large drove of porkers which he purchased in Round Valley and sold in this city to a buyer from San Francisco. The most interesting feature of the trip was the wonderful sagacity displayed by the six shepherd dogs, which, practically alone, brought down the hogs.

The canines exhibited remarkable intelligence. They apparently realized that they were directly responsible for the safety

of the drove, corralled the drove at night without instructions, routed them out in the mornings and, when the trip had been completed, took a merited rest.

Bright, the red dog, the dean of the pack, is perhaps one of the most intelligent animals in the world. Mr. Mosier had left the ranch and had reached a point some eleven miles from his home before he discovered that he had left behind some very important documents. He hurriedly wrote a note, enclosed it in a handkerchief, gave it to Bright and ordered the dog home.

In about three hours the canine returned to his master, bearing in his mouth the documents he had been sent for, covering thus, in the time mentioned, twenty-two miles and bringing to his owner the necessary papers.

Upon arriving in our fair city Mosier was reported to have been offered sums as high as two hundred dollars for the dog, but refused to consider the offers.

from 1905 newspaper

Hi Fi Service

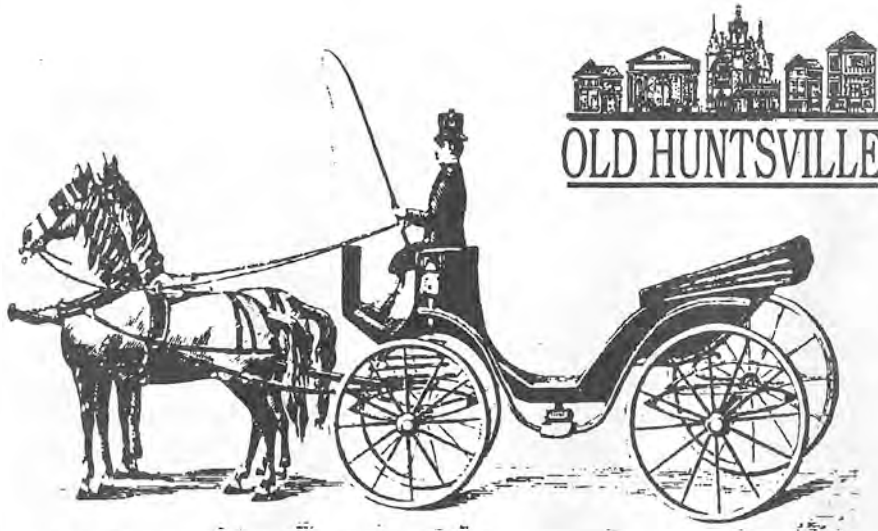
For expert repair of audio/video equipment

Factory authorized service
center for 22 manufacturers

1318 Putnam Dr.

722-9889

Linda's Printing Service - For All Your Printing Needs



John Robinson, Black Businessman

by Charles Rice

One of the most fascinating of antebellum Huntsville's residents must surely have been a "free person of color" named John Robinson. Not only had Robinson been free at a time when the vast majority of Afri-

can-Americans were slaves, but he had also become a prominent Huntsville businessman. His is a success story that deserves to be told.

John Robinson had been born a slave in Virginia around the year 1805. His precise birth date is not known, since he may

not have been too certain about it himself. His age is given as 65 in the 1860 U. S. Census; however, he also claimed to be 65 in the census of 1870. He was still around for the 1880 Census, when he finally admitted to being 70. Perhaps Robinson was simply like the late comedian Jack Benny, who always claimed to be 39. Besides, who wants to get old, anyway?

Robinson was obviously brought to Huntsville by his master, and may well have been one of Huntsville's earliest residents. Just imagine the stories he could have told.

Robinson was "manumitted" (the legal term for freeing a slave) by an act of the Alabama legislature on January 9, 1828. John P. Neal, acting as agent for William A. Powell, had been authorized by the State government "to emancipate and forever free from slavery and bondage, a mulatto slave named John Robinson." Neal was required to provide a security of \$500 — a considerable sum in those days, to guarantee, "that the said slave John Robinson shall not become a public charge to the state or to any county, city or town therein." They need not have worried about a man like Robinson.

Robinson appears on the U. S. Census of 1830 as one of 22 free African-American heads of households in Madison County. Oddly enough, these 22 black Alabamians owned a total of 15 slaves, with Robinson himself listed as the owner of four. However, this slave ownership can easily lead to erroneous assumptions. While black slave owners were certainly not rare across the country (and remember that slavery was still legal in

Linda's
Printing Services

- Commercial
- Social
- Continuous
- Ad Specialties

534-4452

3308 7th Ave. S.W.

Benchmark Mortgage Co. - We take the worry out of home mortgages

states like New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey at this time), freeing a slave was no easy matter. Normally, it required an official act of a State Legislature, as it did when Robinson's master set him free. In reality, three of the four slaves owned by Robinson were his wife Ann, his daughter Lelia Ann, and his infant son Lafayette. It wasn't until later that year that Robinson succeeded in having his own family members declared legally free.

John Robinson was a small man, standing about five feet four inches tall. He was evidently very light in color, since a Northern clerk in the post-Civil War Freedman's Bank described him with the uncomplimentary term of "yellow." His wife, Ann, apparently was darker, since their children are described as having a medium brown complexion. These children were Lelia, who married Huntsville barber William Terrell; Lafayette; Caledonia, who died young; Frances, who married Sandy Bynum; Adora, who married and moved to Ohio; and possibly others who died in childhood. Of these, Lafayette Robinson and son-in-law Sandy Bynum would later play a part in Reconstruction politics.

By the late 1850s, John Robinson was a successful black entrepreneur. His wife had died, but he had remarried a woman named Pernia. Robinson was the owner of one of Huntsville's three livery stables, and apparently he was very well thought of. His attractive home stood on the east side of Gallatin Street between Clinton and Holmes, in what would normally be considered the "white" part of town. The 1860 U. S. Census lists Robinson's personal estate and

real estate as totaling \$12,000, quite a large sum in those days and clearly placing him at the top of Huntsville's antebellum black community. But then the war came, and with it came the yankees.

One can well imagine what happened once the Union Army set eyes on Robinson's livery stable. Robinson could say goodbye to all his horses and probably any suitable wagons he owned as well. The yankees might have paid him for some of what they took, but more than likely Robinson suffered just as much as white Southerners during this trying period. Neither his

son or son-in-law joined the Union Army, which a black Southerner might have been tempted to do. This in itself tells you something.

With the end of the war, however, came the end of slavery. Robinson no doubt welcomed it, even though it probably lessened his special position in the community. But at least African-Americans were all finally free, and Robinson knew quite well what that had meant to himself and his own family.

Robinson's second wife died around 1867, but something happened that year that must have filled him with pride. His

Service

534-2900

24 Hour Emergency Service

Sales

* Business & Personal Systems
* Networks * Corporate Accounts

Service

* Most Brands * Computers
* Printers * Terminals * Monitors
* On-site/In-store
* Maintenance Agreements

Support

* DOS * UNIX/ZENIX * Networks
* Extended Warranties

DAVTRONIX
Computers, Inc.

108 Clinton Ave., Huntsville, Ala. 35801

Repair

son Lafayette and his son-in-law Sandy Bynum had both become active in organizing black voters and advancing the cause of their race. Surprisingly, two black men were chosen to represent Madison County at the 1867 convention to rewrite the State constitution. One of these was Lafayette Robinson. The other was Columbus Jones, a 40-year-old mulatto blacksmith. Neither one was literate, and the convention in fact turned out to be

something of a scandal.

Over one-third of the convention delegates were men from the North, many of whom had not even lived in Alabama long enough to qualify as residents. Some of these had never even visited the counties they supposedly represented. The remaining white delegates were mostly scalawags, men who had given their support to the Union only after it was obvious the South was losing, though a few like

Chris Sheets of Winston County had been genuine Unionists. There were also about 18 African-American delegates, almost all of them illiterate. But at least the black delegates were sincerely concerned about what happened to Alabama, which is more than one could say for the carpetbaggers. Lafayette Robinson and Columbus Jones no doubt did their best, but most white Alabamians felt the new constitution had been imposed upon them and they did not like it one bit.

Lafayette Robinson and Sandy Bynum were indeed walking a dangerous path during these Reconstruction years, and Lafayette Robinson was physically assaulted on at least one occasion. Sandy Bynum was later shot and killed by a white member of his own Radical Republican party. However, John Robinson seems to have remained sensibly aloof from politics. He was by now an old man, and he no doubt wished to spend his remaining years in peace and prosperity.

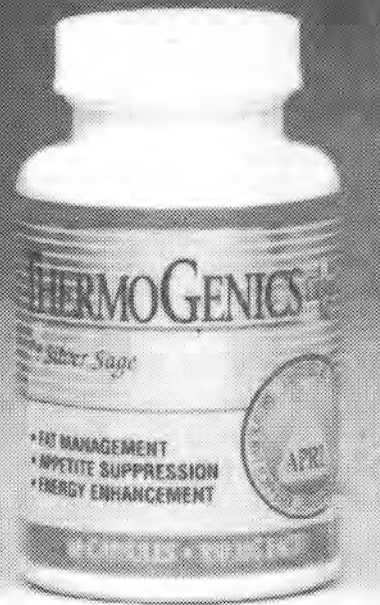
John Robinson appears for the last time on the U. S. Census of 1880, now claiming to be 70 years old and married to a woman named Susan, age 40. Robinson was still going strong, since his household lists seven children, ranging in age from 15 down to only two. Robinson probably died sometime in the 1880s and is buried in one of Huntsville's black cemeteries. It would be interesting to know where he rests.

The End

Three Capsules a Day Burns the Fat Away!

Accept No Substitutes!

Fight Fat and Win!



Help restore your natural ability to burn excess fat without additional exercise and radical diet changes.

Thermogenics Plus is the only clinically tested thermogenic product that provides significant adrenal support, a requirement to promote optimum health for these important glands.

Major research has been published in the "International Journal of Obesity". Has Exclusive Rights to the U.S. Patent on Thermogenesis.

Meets A.P.R.L. Certification Standards.
Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Silver Sage

POT - O - GOLD

533-7569

200 F Oakwood Ave



ANTIQUE SHOPPING GUIDE

Bulldog Antique Mall

2338 Whitesburg Drive,
S.E.
534-9893,
Mon - Sat 10 - 5 Sun 2 - 5
Antique & Vintage, Furni-
ture, Collectibles, Flags-
Sales & Rentals. Lamp
Shades & Lamp Repair.

Pratt Avenue Antique Mall

708 Pratt Ave. (1 blk. east of
Andrew Jackson)
536-3117 Mon - Sat 10 - 5,
Sun 1 - 5
Antiques, Fine Furniture,
Accessories, Books, Art-
work, Custom Framing and
a large selection of
Collectibles. 9000 sq. ft.

Red Rooster Antique Mall

12519 South Mem. PWY.
881-6530 Mon - Fri 10 - 6,
Sat 10 - 5, Sun 1 - 5
10,000 sq. ft. of Antiques &
Collectibles



Lyda's Antiques & Gifts

3615 Hwy 72 East (approx 4
miles past Huntsville city
limits)
859-4046 Tues- Sat 10-5,
Sun 2 - 5 (call to see if open
Sun.)
Primitives, Collectibles
Furniture, Old Tools, Toys,
Etc.
Cherry Reproduction
Furniture
New Dolls:
Madam Alexander,
Barbie, and other Collectable
Dolls

Mary's Antiques

505 Pratt Ave.
533-4972 Mon - Sat 9 - 5
Furniture, Books, Col-
lectibles, Jewelry, Glassware
&
Gifts. Victorian dried flowers

Old Town Antiques

820 Wellman Ave.
533-7002 Mon - Sat 10 - 5
Multi-Dealer Mall
Antiques, Jewelry, Gifts,
Linens
Gift Baskets, Furniture

Hartlex Antique Mall

1030 Old Monrovia Rd.
830-4278 Mon -Sat 10-7
100 plus Dealers -
Auction Every 2nd & 4th
Sat. at 5 pm

Gallery Antiques & Clock Shop

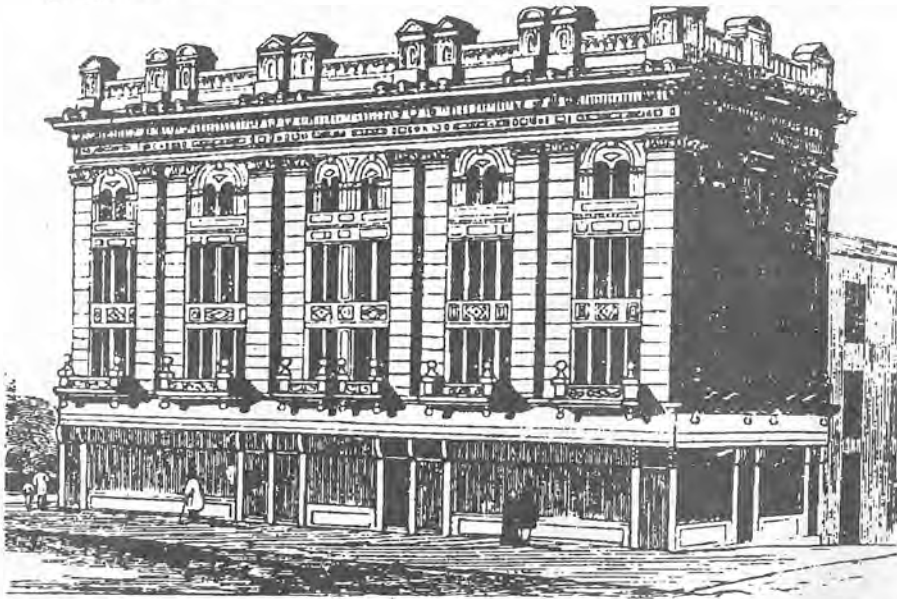
209 Russell St. (Five Points
behind Zestos)
539-9118
Mon - Sat 10 - 6, Sun
Antiques, Furniture, col-
lectibles, Glassware, Clocks
Watch, Jewelry Repair

Greenlawn Interiors

1216 Hwy 231/431
Meridianville 852-5232, E
Chance or Appointment .
Wed. - Fri, 12 - 5, Sat 10 - 5,
and app't.
Furniture, Accessories,
Gifts, Phonographs,
Records, Old Post Cards
and Collectible Paper



Finest and most extensive collection of antiques in North Alabama



Atlanta's Most Exclusive Club



For the last ninety years it has been the most exclusive club in Atlanta. Its members have been responsible for the theft of over 23 billion dollars, killed over 7,000 people in cold blood, hijacked ships on the high seas and robbed more banks than any other group of people in the world.

Like many other exclusive clubs, membership is not open to just anyone. You have to be carefully screened by a panel of your peers. Though it has been called many names over the years, most people know it by the name on the small brass plaque that used to be mounted by its front entrance-- "The Atlanta Federal Penitentiary."

It was originally funded by an act of Congress in 1892, with construction beginning in 1900. Two years later the main buildings and the walls were completed. On January 31, 1902, the first shipment of 250 prisoners

were transferred to the partially built prison. These prisoners, along with thousands of others, provided the labor to finish the final construction.

Trivia buffs might find it interesting that the first "breakout" also took place the same day the first prisoners were received. Buddy Holcome, serving time for illicit distilling, (moonshining) supposedly took one look at the foreboding high walls, turned around and started running, leg irons, handcuffs and all. He was not captured until three months later, in Birmingham, Alabama.

Before the Bureau of Prisons was formed, most wardens were political appointees. At one point in the prison's early days, corruption had become so widespread that an investigator by the name of T. B. White was assigned the task of putting an end to it.

White quickly produced evi-

dence of the guards and the warden selling favors to inmates. After a speedy trial, the warden, Albert Sartain, was convicted and sentenced to serve time in his own penitentiary. It is doubtful that he received any special treatment as White was assigned the job as the new warden.

Years later, another investigation would involve Al Capone. The gangster leader, deciding to make the best of a bad break, arranged to have his meals catered by a private chef and to

R.G. NAYMAN CO. INC.

RGN

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

General Contractors
Residential & Commercial
Specializing In
Fire Damage Repairs

"A Contractor You Can Trust"

533-9016

have his special brand of cigars and liquor flown in from Chicago. During "business meetings" between him and his associates, a uniformed prison guard would stand guard at the door to insure privacy. Witnesses later claimed that Al Capone ran the Atlanta Pen much the same way he had run Chicago. Unfortunately for Al, it quickly became public knowledge, and he was transferred to Alcatraz to finish serving his sentence.

Alcatraz did not serve catered meals.

Atlanta can boast that it has the only national presidential candidate to ever run for office while serving time. In 1920, the Socialist Party nominated its president, Eugene Debs, an inmate, to run for the office of President of the United States.

The warden, a political appointee, evidently decided to prepare for any likelihood. On the night of the election, Debs was invited to the warden's private office where he was treated with fine brandies, cigars, and a gourmet meal. But as the election returns began coming in and it became apparent that the warden was betting on the wrong horse, Debs was quickly returned to his cell. Without the brandy and cigars, of course.

Many other famous, or infamous, people spent time behind the cold walls of the Atlanta Penitentiary. Among them was Earl Carrol, a famous Broadway producer. He was turned down when he tried out for a role in a prison musical production. A Mafia enforcer got the role he wanted--Peter Pan. The president of the American Communist Party, Earl Browder, sat in his cell day after day, scanning

the newspapers for reports of the revolution he was sure would come.

Al Capone became addicted to gin rummy and Joseph Vallachi had a pet butterfly. Willie Sutton, the infamous bank robber whom when asked why he robbed banks, replied "cause that's where the money is," took a mail order course to become a locksmith.

Al Davis, convicted for stock fraud, taught a course on the stock market, and over 360 inmates became ordained ministers.

Today things have changed. The Federal Prison Bureau is no longer subject to the whims of political appointees. When a man is convicted and walks through the gates of the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, there is only one thing left for him to do.

Wait, and keep on waiting for the next 5, 10 or 20 years.

How long a minute is depends on which side of the bathroom door you're on.

Ever wondered what kind of crimes the inmates committed? Below is a partial listing in 1926 along with the number of people committing the crime.

Carnal knowledge	3
Counterfeiting	107
Smuggling aliens into U.S.A.	20
Enticing soldiers to desert	1
Violation Prohibition laws	304
Desertion	6
Impersonating government officer	28
Joy riding	1
Larceny on the high seas	2
Peonage	3
Conspiracy	107
Bigamy	1
Murder	84
Accepting bribe	3



Just Cichlids

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

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

Just Cichlids is the largest retailer of African Rift Lake Cichlids in the Southeast.



2006 Triana Blvd.
536-0185



PROTECT THY FAMILY

Many tales have been handed down about bizarre things that have happened to the citizens of Rhode Island, but perhaps none is as strange as what happened to John Mullen.

John Mullen grew up in

Providence, the son of German immigrants. His parents had come to this country in 1922, and being poor, were forced to leave most of their possessions behind in their home town of Wurzburg, Germany. One of the

few items they still possessed was a locket that had been handed down through their family for many generations. It was large gold locket, evidently hand tooled with precision craftsmanship, and hung on a gold chain. On it was an inscription, in German, which translated into, "Protect Thy Family."

According to tradition handed down through generations, the wearer of this locket would always be protected from harm, supposedly by another member of the family.

John inherited the locket upon the death of his father, and began a lifelong habit of wearing it around his neck. In 1941, he

Preserve The Memories

S&S

Photography

Since 1978

533-0088

2365 Whitesburg Drive

**Moss Valley
Railroad Company**

Model Trains & Accessories
NSCALE · HO SCALE · O SCALE
Phone & Mail Orders
Mon. · Sat. 9am - 6pm 320 Church St.
(Located at the Hantsville Depot)
205 536-3303

was drafted into the Army and after basic training was sent overseas where his unit was involved in many bloody and bitter campaigns.

In November of 1944, the Allies had already crossed the Rhine River and were beginning their sweep toward Berlin. John's unit was assigned the job as forward scouts for the Division.

Slowly approaching the remnants of a bombed-out village, John kept a wary eye out for danger. His unit had spread out and was cautiously making its way through an old cemetery when, for some unknown reason, the chain around his neck holding the locket came undone and fell to the ground.

As he bent to retrieve the locket, a flurry of gunshots rang out, all aimed at where he had been standing only a second before. John quickly took refuge behind an old tombstone until the rest of the unit could advance and overcome the Germans.

The tombstone John had taken refuge behind was riddled with bullet holes.

John was standing there in the cemetery, surveying the damage caused by the brief but furious fire-fight, when his attention was drawn to the old tombstone that had saved his life. On the tombstone was an inscription. It was hard to read and had been made worse by the recent bullets chipping away at the cold granite, but there was no mistaking it.

The inscription was the same that was on the locket. "Protect Thy Family."

The name on the tombstone was Heinze Mullen.

John's great-grandfather.

The End

Mushroom Pie

4 T. butter
2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
1 t. salt
1 lb. fresh mushrooms
1/2 c. cream
1/4 t. white pepper



Melt butter in a saucepan, add the mushrooms, cook gently for 10 minutes. Add the sliced eggs and cream, pour into a baking dish or casserole; cover top with pie crust and cook till crust is done or about 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Buttered crumbs may be used in place of the crust. This is especially nice used in ramekins and served as an entree.

Don't wait until
it's too late for
insurance



Mullins & Co.

For all your insurance needs

1580 Sparkman Dr. 830-5584



History They Never Taught You

In the 1890's an American doctor published a treatise warning that chewing gum would "exhaust the salivary glands and cause the intestines to stick together."

The flag of Italy was designed by Napoleon Bonaparte.

In December 1891 a physical education instructor at the YMCA training school in Spring-

field, Ma., invented a new game. He asked the school janitor to find two boxes and nail them at opposite ends of the gymnasium balcony. The janitor couldn't find any boxes so he put up two peach baskets. If the janitor had been able to find some boxes, the game probably would have become known as "box-ball", instead it was named "basketball".

The yo-yo was originally a

deadly Filipino weapon until it was adapted and introduced as a toy in 1929.

One of Charles Goodyear's earliest successes came when the government ordered him to make 150 experimental rubber mailbags. The project was a complete success until there was a sudden heatwave and the mailbags quickly melted into 150 rubbery lumps.

Wild west hero, Kit Carson, worked as a saddler's apprentice as a youth. Apparently he was not a very good worker. When he ran away from his job to seek his fortune out west, his employer offered a one cent reward for his return.

Actor Sean Connery once worked as a coffin-polisher.

In 1921, our truck broke down and we had to discontinue delivery service--but you can still visit us at 124 South Side Square.



HARRISON BROTHERS HARDWARE
"WE ARE STILL HERE"

The Doan Brothers

Outlaws and Scoundrels



He stood about 5 feet 5, and weighed about a hundred and twenty pounds. Dressed in rough home-spun clothing and followed by a band of cohorts, he became infamous in the annals of Bucks County history.

But it wasn't the size of the man or the clothes he wore that gave Moses Doan his terrible reputation. It was the rifle he carried next to his side and the long, sharp knife he wore in his belt.

Moses Doan was an outlaw.

The brothers Joseph and Israel Doan were religious men, devout Friends, and hard-working farmers who owned adjoining farms in Plumsteadville. Scorning outside worldly influence, they aspired to the simple life of the Quaker tradition. And they most assuredly tried to raise their sons to follow the teachings of their faith, and the example of their labors.

But like other fathers throughout the centuries, Joseph Doan could tell you that trying to raise six sons could be

a burdensome task. He was a strict father who worked his boys hard and expected them to follow the straight and narrow be-

hind a plow, and in life as well. Unfortunately, the glory of living a clean simple life and following a mule all day didn't really appeal to Moses, the eldest son. From an early age, Moses and his father, Joseph, had not gotten along and as Moses grew older, resentment began to build up.

"Why," he asked the old man, "should I be like you? What have you got to show for all your crazy values? I'm sick and tired of this dirt farm and I'm not gonna to spend the rest of my life following some dumb mule behind a plow."

Straightening his back from his chores, the old man looked at the boy and said in a low voice, "Moses, you are my eldest son, but I shalt not tolerate you speaking back to me in that manner. You shall show respect and fol-

SHAW INVESTIGATION.

AGENCY, INC.

Accident Reconstruction
Fraud
Drugs
Rape
Civil Rights
Accidents
Missing Persons
Domestic Relations
Workman's Comp

Internal Theft
Security
Medical Malpractice
Arson Defense
Background Checks
Product Liability
Sexual Abuse
Executive Protection
Confidential

Huntsville Office 107 Holmes Ave. N.E.

Patrick Taylor 533-1777 1-800-266-1777

low my rules or you shan't sleep in my house or sup at my table another night."

The history of Bucks County might have taken another course that October evening in 1770 if the old man had not been so strict and if Moses had not been so hard-headed. Gathering the few possessions he owned, Moses prepared to leave the family home despite the pleas of his younger brothers to make peace. The old man had spoken; his word was law.

Moses's cousin, Abraham, was waiting at the barn. "Moses, take me with you," the cousin said. He would have no more farming either. Where Moses was headed, he was ready to follow. Moses was not ready for company, however and he insisted that Abraham stay behind, promising to be in touch in a few days.

Crossing into Solebury, he forded the banks of the Delaware into New Jersey. The trip was to see his girl, Mary. As he came near Mary's farm, he could see a trail of fire across the field from the stable, moving toward the house. Someone was trying to set fire to the house. In a flash he dismounted and stomped out the fire. Spotting the arsonist at the edge of the woods he chased after him on foot. A furious struggle ensued, and when the battle was over the arsonist lay dead. Moses recognized the villain; a thieving Indian scoundrel by the name of "Walking Thunder." "Surely the good folks of New Jersey must be better off for the death of this Injun villain," Moses thought.

Flushed with pride at saving his girl's farm from ashes and his victory over the culprit,

BARRY'S BLIND FACTORY

Blinds at Real Factory Direct Prices!



PRESENTS
2" PLANTATION
Wood Blinds

The look of Plantation shutters at a fraction of the cost!
(lifetime warranty)

Check Us Out

Best Prices in Town!

533-0000 (digital beeper) **517-3422**

812 Wellman Ave.
(next to 5 Points Restaurant)

FREE IN-HOME ESTIMATES & INSTALLATION!

RED HAWK
NATIVE AMERICAN GALLERY

Turquoise & Silver
Moccasins • Rugs
Blankets • Dolls
Dream Catchers

Monday Thru Saturday
10am-7pm
533-0013
409 PRATT AVENUE
IN HUNTSVILLE



Southwest



Eastern Woodlands

Moses walked the short distance to the farm. He didn't get the reception he imagined his due, however. Mary was waiting for him on the front porch, her face filled with silent anger. "Why did you have to kill him," she exploded, "There is no honor in violence and murder."

When Moses was finally able to get a few words in edge-

wise, he told her about the argument he had with his father. Maybe he expected a little sympathy, or maybe even advice, but he was not prepared for a lecture.

"Go home and seek forgiveness. Drop to your knees in front of your father and beg him to take thee in, or surely I shalt never speak to thee again."

"This woman is crazier than

my father," thought Moses. In later years Moses would be accused of many things, but never would he be accused of being the type of man that would beg for anything. Looking at Mary one last time, he abruptly jerked his horse around and left.

With no girlfriend, no home, and no family, Moses was forced to spend the night in the woods.



Discover Your Own Treasure Island.

Beautiful Riverfront Condominiums

Ultimate Luxury Living on a Picturesque Waterfront Setting

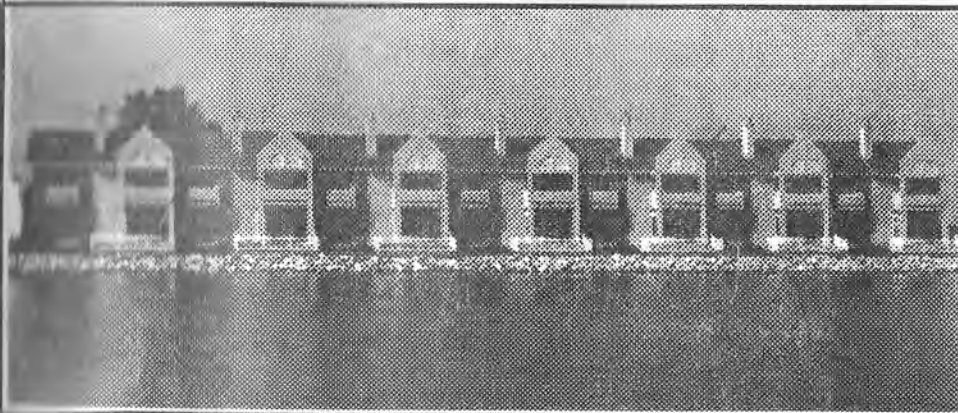
Brickyard Landing

Condominiums

810 Island Way - Decatur, Alabama 35601



Special Features include: 2,000 sq.ft. Living Area ♦ Courtyard Entry ♦ Special Architectural Detail ♦ Deck Access with River View in Living Room & Master Bedroom ♦ Lavish Downstairs Master Suite ♦ Two Bedrooms Up with Separate Dressing Rooms and Balconies with River View ♦ Two-Story Kitchen/Dining ♦ Gas Log Fireplace ♦ Security Gate at Entrance to Island ♦ 400 sq.ft. Deck ♦ Optional Boat Storage / Marina ♦ 2-Car Garage with Opener



For More Information:

Call Brickyard Landing at

205/350-1449

As he set by the campfire idly stirring the ashes he wondered about his future. His girlfriend had called him a murderer, his father thought of him as useless, even the neighbors looked down on him. "Well, if that's what they want," Moses thought, "that's what they will get. An outlaw answers to no man."

Realizing that any self respecting outlaw requires a gang, Moses headed back toward home to see about recruiting his brothers and cousins. Finding them raking hay in the fields, Moses reined in his horse. "Men," he said, "you can spend the rest of your life raking hay and living off the old man or you can saddle up and ride with me. The Doan boys will live free and Damnation to he who stands in the way."

Four brothers and one cousin ran to saddle their horses, and the Doan gang was formed. Their lives would never be the same.

They made camp in a cave on the Tohickon Creek and quickly began making plans for their first robbery. Moses drew a map in the dirt indicating several big farms between Plumstead and Buckingham, and showing the routes they would take that night. "When darkness falls," he said, "we'll hit each one, taking horses while the farmers are asleep. Before dawn, we'll hide the horses in another cave near Buckingham, until the next night, when we'll take the horses to Philadelphia and sell them."

The thievery went off without a hitch. Over fifty horses were captured and sold within three days. Moses divided up the cash in Philadelphia where the gang proceeded to spend it as

rapidly as possible. The easy money, loose women and hard liquor all became factors in insuring that the Doan gang would never again succumb to a life of respectability.

Over the course of the next couple of years, it seemed as if no one was safe from the outlaw band. Any real or imagined crime was automatically laid at the doorstep of the Doan Gang. While many people insisted that Moses Doan was basically a "Robin Hood," always stealing from the rich, it was plain that the rest of the gang just enjoyed the devilry and the easy money afforded by a life of crime. Their crimes kept escalating, with a new robbery taking place almost weekly. It was rumored that Moses had contacts in New Jersey, New York, Delaware and even as far south as North Carolina, all ready to pass on information about some

wealthy victim waiting to be robbed.

By July, 1776, the Doan gang seemed invincible. Moses had a violent hatred of Whigs and Patriots and would go miles out of his way to rob anyone loyal to the new American government. No one today knows exactly why, but in the late fall of 1776, Moses left the gang he had formed and pledged allegiance to the British Commander in chief, General William Howe.

Meeting Howe on Staten Island, he presented him with a plan to pounce on General Putnam's troops who were camped on Long Island. After the plan was approved, Moses personally led the British soldiers by way of a secret trail known only to him. This action enabled Howe to defeat General Washington and Putnam and forced their retreat to New York.



Sun Tropic Tanning Salon Inc.

FULL SERVICE TANNING SALON

- Private Rooms
- Clean & Maintained
- Year Round Tan

650-0056

7900 Balley Cove Rd. S.E. (Across From Grissom High)



For his duplicity against his fellow Americans, Moses was rewarded with the rank of Captain.

After helping General Howe, Moses returned to Bucks County where he again joined up with his old gang. With the rank of Captain bestowed up on him, Moses and his gang had carte blanche to burn, pillage and plunder as they began a reign of terror. He also, once again earned the gratitude of the British army by freeing captured British soldiers being held in the Lancaster Stockade by the Colonials. Now, with the Redcoats solidly behind him, he turned his gang's attention to Colonial army paymasters and Colonial sympathizers. For well over a decade, Moses Doan had been a law unto himself, respecting no laws except his own and answering to no man. It was a far cry from following a mule and doing farm work.

When the British army again moved into Solebury, the gang was recruited to keep watch on Washington's movements. From the hideouts and caves in the Buckingham and Jericho Mountains, Moses Doan made sure that no mortal soul traveled the roads without their movements being reported to the Redcoats. The fact that he usually robbed them first was considered a trivial matter by the British authorities.

But, as is true in all annals of crime, outlaws rarely live to enjoy the fruits of their crimes. The beginning of the end for the Doan Gang came in October, 1781 when the British surrendered at Yorktown. No longer enjoying the protection of the British empire, the gang that once robbed and pillaged under

the guise of British patriotism was now reduced to a bunch of common thieves and murderers.

The war was over and the Colonial government was being pressured on all fronts to do something about the outlaw gangs terrorizing the communities. Finally, the state of Pennsylvania put an \$800 bounty on each member of the gang, dead or alive. This spelled doom for Moses Doan.

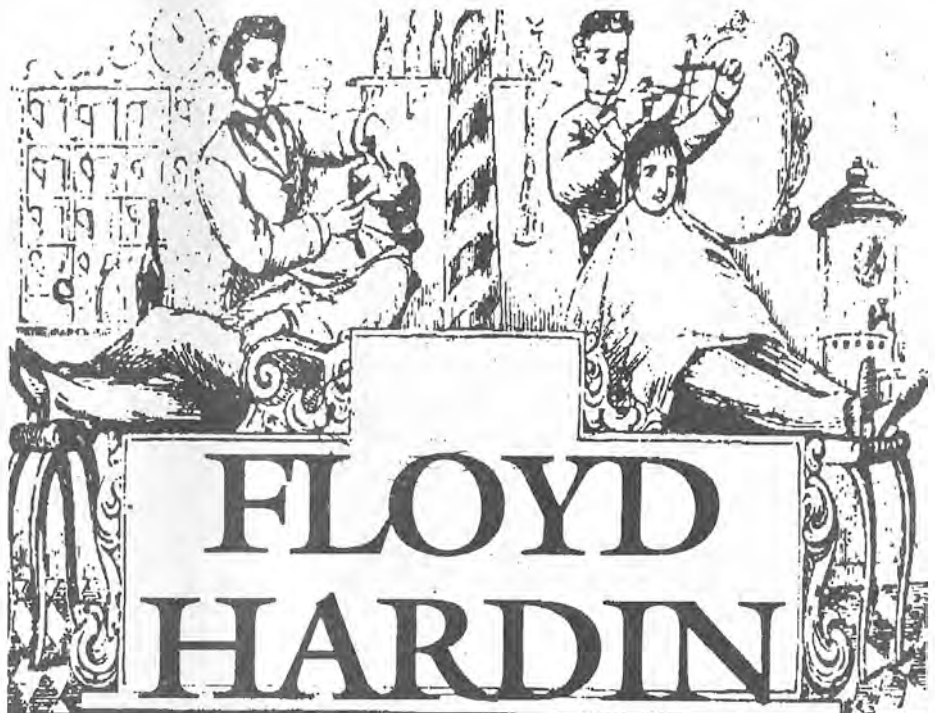
\$800 was more than most men could make in a year's hard labor, so it was not surprising that the woods soon became filled with both professional and amateur bounty hunters. The very mention of the name Doan would cause ordinary law abiding men to reach for their guns, all hoping to cash in on the rewards.

Moses was surrounded and killed after a furious gun battle with bounty hunters in 1783. His brothers, Joseph and Aaron, deciding that discretion was the bet-

ter part of valor, escaped into Canada, never to return. Mahon Doan, another brother, just simply disappeared. Rumors later claimed he had been ambushed by the widow of a man that he had robbed and murdered.

But perhaps the final chapter on the infamous Doan gang was written in 1788, when Abraham and Aaron Doan were captured and hung. They were buried in the small cemetery adjacent to the Friends Meeting House in Plumsteadville under a tombstone that reads simply, "An Outlaw."

The size of the cut you inflict on your face while shaving is always directly proportional to the importance of the event you are about to attend.



JACKSON WAY STYLING SALON
617 STEVENS AVE • HUNTSVILLE • 536 3762

Lewter Hardware - for all of your hardware needs

Dignity,
Simplicity,
Reverance



Serving all faiths
Cremations
Burials
Counseling Service
Reasonable costs
Worldwide
arrangements

536-6654

Spry

Funeral Home
and Crematory
2411 N. Mem. Parkway

Confederate Soldiers

from page 12

PVT L. A. Goodwin, Co. M, 12th La. Inf. May 1, 1862 (captured at depot; died as prisoner of war)

PVT G. W. Williams, Co. ?, 12th La. Inf. May 1, 1862 (captured at depot; died as prisoner of war)

PVT Thomas Cobb, Co. A, 39th Ga. Inf. May 21, 1862 (died as prisoner of war)

PVT J. W. Mustin, Co. E, 8th Ark. Inf. Jan. ?, 1863

PVT William Clifton, Co. G, 8th Ark. Inf. Jan. 6, 1863

CPL J. M. Spykes, Co. C, 8th Ark. Inf. Jan. 13, 1863

PVT H. C. Baker, Co. B, 8th Ark. Inf. Jan. 15, 1863

PVT Walter Turner, Co. I, 8th Ark. Inf. Feb. 11, 1863

CPL Jordan W. Prim, Co. G, 53d Ala. (P. R.) Mar. 1, 1863 (age 46)

CPL Cicero Brooks, Co. D, 53d Ala. (P. R.) Mar. 10, 1863 (widow, Sarah E. Brooks)

PVT W. H. Maxey, Co. ?, 4th

Ala. Cav. May 12, 1863 (age 40, from Ittawamba Co., Miss.; captured at Tuscumbia

Mar. 3, 1863 and exchanged at City Point, Va. in Apr. 1863;

PVT Wiley Clemens, Co. G, 53d Ala. (P. R.) Mar. 27, 1863 (widow, Abi E. Clemens)

PVT R. W. Goodloe, Co. H, 9th Miss. Inf. Apr. 5, 1863

PVT Elsberry Dukes, Co. I, 53d Ala. (P. R.) Apr. 22, 1863 (died of wounds)

PVT C. M. Carter, Co. F, 16th Ala. Inf. May 25, 1863 (died in "Huntsville Hosp."; voucher for coffin and burial)

PVT Thomas D. Elkins, Co. G, 4th Ala. Cav. May 22, 1863 (from Lawrence Co.; obit in Huntsville Confederate)

PVT John W. Regan, Co. D, 53d Ala. (P. R.) June 12, 1863 (phtisis/tuberculosis)

LT Jasper B. H. Cockerill, Co. G, 9th Tenn. Inf. June 15, 1863

PVT Caleb L. Webb, Co. B, 53d Ala. (P. R.) June 25, 1863 (typhoid; widow, Mary Webb)

Sanders Diamonds

101 Governors Drive
Colonial Bank Building, Suite 401
(across from Huntsville Hospital)

Call 534-3811 for appointment

Diamond Specialist - Appraisals -
Graduate Gemologist

Same Ownership Since 1948

Wholesale plus small Brokerage Fee

Financing Available

Household Tips by EARLENE

Try simmering some vinegar and cloves in a pot of hot water to rid your kitchen of unwanted smells.

To remove the cast from your parakeet's broken leg, use vinegar to dissolve the plaster.

Don't taste or let anyone else taste food you think may be spoiled. Throw it away immediately.

To sharpen up those kitchen shears, take a sheet of sandpaper and cut through it several times. Stick needles through the sandpaper to keep them sharp as well.

Fill up an empty squeeze mustard container with vegetable oil to keep handy for squirting frying pans. Store in cupboard next to your stove.



If you soak a trout in milk a few hours prior to cooking, it will greatly enhance the taste.

For the fluffiest mashed potatoes ever, sprinkle with dry powdered milk before beating. (Does anyone beat potatoes anymore?)

For a real flavor treat, try a sprinkle of cinnamon on your watermelon.

To remove the shells from hard cooked eggs, start at the smaller end.

Never mix chlorine bleach with a toilet bowl cleaner or any other household cleaner.

If you wash your windows

across one side and up and down the other side, you will know where you have missed the dirt.

Rose petals make a pretty and tasty addition to your salads.

Blessed is the person who is too busy to worry in the daytime and too sleepy to worry at night.

When you ship food to friends, pack it in popped popcorn.

**Please Support
Your United Way.**



United Way

Reaching Those Who Need Help.
Touching Us All.

THE BOOK SHELF

Thousands of Used Books

Huntsville #1
Whitesburg Shopping Center
881-5040

Huntsville #2
Madison Plaza
(across from Madison Sq. Mall)
830-4424



New & Used Paperbacks

Largest Selection of Romance Novels!

United Daughters Of The Confederacy

The National Association of the Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in Nashville, Tennessee, on September 10, 1894. The main objectives of the Society were and are: historical, benevolent, educational, and patriotic. The United Daughters of the Confederacy is supported solely by members and friends.

The national organization as well as the organization in the State of Alabama was first created by two Southern beauties known in their day as belles: Varina Anne "Winnie" Davis, daughter of President Jefferson Davis, and in Alabama, our own beloved, Virginia Clay-Clopton.

Partly because of his wife's nervous breakdown, Jefferson Davis arranged for their beautiful yet timid daughter, Varina to accompany him on official tours. During a train tour in 1886, 50,000 people greeted them with typical shouts and cheers and Rebel yells. On this tour Varina "Miss Winnie" Davis was first called the "Daughter of the Confederacy," thus the origin of the United Daughters of the Confederacy name. This designation reflected the widespread love for

her. Winnie spent the remainder of her short life of 33 years writing and devoting her time to the cause of her father, although her father did not approve of her finance, Alfred Wilkinson, Jr., from Syracuse, New York--a yankee.

Death claimed President Davis in 1897 and daughter Winnie the following year.

Today there are nationally around 23,000 members of the U.D.C. In Alabama there are around 2,000 members divided among 75 Chapters. There are monuments at every county courthouse throughout the state, each built by money furnished by the U.D.C. organization.

A historic early member of the Alabama U.D.C., was Virginia Clay, wife of Clement C. Clay, Jr., who was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1853. Virginia was widely

known as the, "Belle of the Fifties," and she gave this title to her book written in her later years at Wildwood in Huntsville. The Clays were close friends of Jefferson Davis and his family, and Virginia helped get both Clay and Davis out of prison at Fortress Monroe on the Virginia coast.

Huntsville is fortunate to have two very active Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The senior Chapter, the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, chartered in 1907, has 71 members. Meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month at 10:00 A.M. Programs of historical interest are presented by members or invited guest speakers.

On August 28th of this year, Huntsville's Brigadier General

The Ark

"You cannot do a kindness too soon, because you never know how soon it will be too late."

Is a non-profit animal welfare agency, incorporated to rescue animals from local shelters.





Yes, I want to help!

Please mail your tax deductible contribution to The Ark, Inc., P.O. Box 198, Toney, AL 35773 (205/882-6609)

Name: _____

Address/Zip: _____

I want to volunteer. Phone: _____

John Hunt Morgan Chapter, U.D.C., celebrates its seventh anniversary. The fact that our city supports two United Daughters of the Confederacy chapters stands as living testimony that modern Southerners not only do care about their heritage, but are willing to fight to preserve their unique birthright as Confederate descendants.

The Chapter meets at 6:30 P.M. on the fourth Monday of each month at the historic Huntsville Depot Museum. ... The very building where President-elect Jefferson Davis spoke on his way to his inauguration in Montgomery and where Confederate prisoners were held captive by the occupying Union forces. The Chapter joins with the Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter, U.D.C., and the Egbert J.

Jones Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in conducting Confederate memorials and observances in Huntsville and Madison County. The Chapter also sponsors the Little John Hunt Morgan Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, to preserve the next generation's continuity with their Southern past.

The Brigadier General John Hunt Morgan Chapter currently has 30 members, which includes 1 real daughter, 10 granddaughters, and 12 great-granddaughters.

All are united in their devotion to telling the true story of our beloved South.

For more information, contact Mrs. Rhoden (Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter), 881-6244 or Mrs. Moon (John Hunt Morgan Chapter), 883-9103.

The Members of

*Brigadier General John Hunt Morgan Chapter
2541, UDC*

and

*Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter
1107, UDC*

Celebrate

*The 100th Anniversary of the United Daughters
of the Confederacy
1895 - 1995*



Compare!

Top Quality

Professional Assembly

Free 30 Day tune-ups

Test rides before purchase

Different Sized Frames to fit
the individual rider

Personal Help in selecting
type of bicycle for
riding style

Lifetime Warranty on the
Frame and Fork

One-Year Warranty
on components

Hands-on clinic at time
of purchase



Bicycles Etc. Inc.

8100 S. Memorial Pkwy.

881-6947

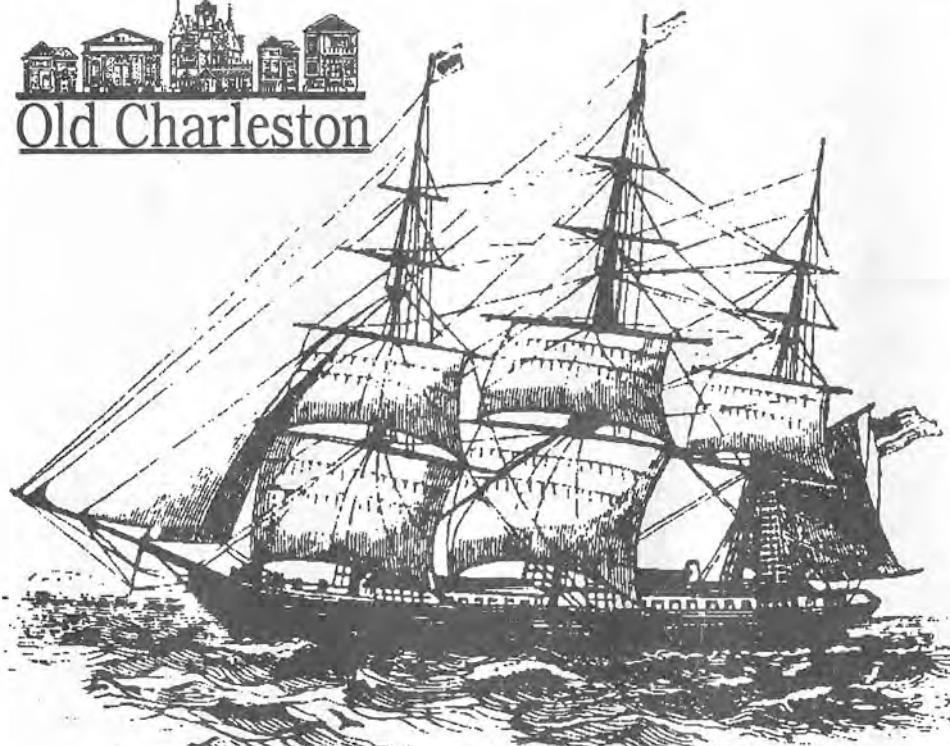
open 7 days a week

TREKUSA

American Bicycle Technology



Old Charleston



The Whiskey Business

Ron Deaver is 97 years old and now lives in a nursing home. Years ago, during Prohibition, he was engaged in the "whiskey business."

This is his story, in his words.

"Hell, we didn't have any choice. There weren't no jobs, and if you did find a place that was hiring, there would be five hundred people lined up in front of you--all wanting the same job. It was the time of the Depression. I lived with my sister and her husband for a while and I was waiting tables in a restaurant. I made \$9.36 the first week. This was during Prohibition, and it didn't take me long to figure that people were more interested in drinking than eating. I made a connection with old man Giles, and he would let me have five or six half pints on credit. I would then go to work, put one of the bottles in my pocket, and as I

waited tables, I would drop a hint that I could get them some liquor if they wanted. I made 35 cents on every half pint at first, but it wasn't long before I got the price up.

"In a month or two, I had become one of Giles' best customers and he offered me a job with a percentage if I would go in with him. Giles had a small bootlegging setup and he catered to people that wanted only a couple of bottles or so for their own use. There was a lot of money in town at the time so I talked old man Giles into letting me wholesale to some restaurants and joints on credit. We'd give them credit, they would buy from us and we'd have a guaranteed volume every month, with less trouble.

"It worked real good for a while; I bought a '31 Ford Coup, new clothes and I was living the good life. There was a lot of competition in the business back then and a lot of deals being made. Unfortunately, Giles didn't want any more partners, so after much "negotiations," Giles ended up missing and I ended up with no job!

"A couple of days after Giles disappeared, these guys from New York approached me about



The Book Legger

"The Reader's Bookstore"
Paperbacks - Hardbacks

Good Selection of used & out of print Paperbacks. Used & remaindered Hardbacks. We sell or trade Paperbacks at half price.

895-0082

Mon - Sat 10am - 6pm

Sun 1pm - 5pm

4001 - C Holmes Avenue Huntsville, Ala.

going to work for them. They offered me \$75 a week, along with a percentage, and my job was the same as before, except they supplied all the liquor. They also had all the top names of Scotch.

"There was a Congressman back then, he had voted for Prohibition and was going all over the country making speeches, anyway, he had this home in town and every time he was here, I used to have to deliver him three or four cases of Scotch. Later we would use his boat to unload liquor from the ships.

"I had a good head for figures and it wasn't long before I got offered another job. With this job, all I had to do was count the cases as they were being unloaded, and make sure the correct amount was loaded on other trucks. We had this warehouse downtown, about 4 or 5 blocks from the courthouse that we used for storage. I've seen so many trucks lined up waiting to get in there to unload or to pick up new loads, that the traffic would be blocked all the way to the courthouse, and they would have to get police to direct traffic.

"At first most of the liquor came in by small boats, but after a while they got to bringing it in by the ship load. The ships would anchor right outside the seven mile limit, and smaller boats would go out and take on loads. Sometimes, if you couldn't find the brand you needed, you would go shopping out there. You would pull up next to one of those ships, ask them what brands they had and how much it was. Some of the ships would actually fly a pennant showing what they had on board. Everyone's favorite was the "Johnny" ship. It had a large pennant, must have been 20 or 25 feet long, flying from the

bridge, with the words, 'Johnny Walker--Imported' on it.

"Got to where there was so many ships out there it looked like we were being invaded.

"There was a photograph in the *New York Times* once, it showed a politician at a garden party in town and below the picture it said "Prohibition is working." In the background of the photo, way out on the horizon, was two ships waiting to unload.

"I was making good money when I met a young lady--she's now my wife--who told me to make my choice; whiskey or her. I collected the money owed me and closed out some more deals I had going, and got out of the business. That was the best decision of my life. We took the money that I had made and



Help Kiwanis
Help Youth

The Kiwanis Club of Huntsville
Golden K



Indulge Your
Sensuous Side

Leather & Lace Lingerie
Cards & Magazines
Body Massage
Toys & Lotions
Cakes & Gift Baskets
Photography
Novelties

Pleasures

"An Adventure in Romance"

830-0069

At University Dr., 1/2 mile West of Rideout Rd.

bought a restaurant (after Prohibition it became a nightclub).

"I knew almost all the guys from back then, but not many is around now. A lot of them got sent up, a few got killed, and some just disappeared. It's been a long time ago.

"No, I don't feel bad about getting my start off the whiskey business. It's what I did for a living, and I was good at it. I have nothing to be ashamed of. Take a drive down by the shore, and look at the big homes.

"Where do you think some of them got the money? Go to Washington ... a lot of their families got their money the same way."

Editor's note:

Mr. Deaver refused to tell how much money he had made in "the whiskey business" during Prohibition, saying only that, "It was a lot, but it wasn't enough."

Chili Tips



To make a healthy, filling pot of chili, try these tips. Use more beans than you normally would, and less meat. What I do is take a large can of tomatoes (I prefer Hunt's), half a package of light sausage, one large onion, a packet of chili mix, and about three cans of either black or kidney beans. (Check the label and get the ones with lowest salt).

In a large pot, brown your sausage in a couple of tablespoons of olive oil, then sprinkle on two teaspoons of fennel seed. Add about a teaspoon of leaf sage

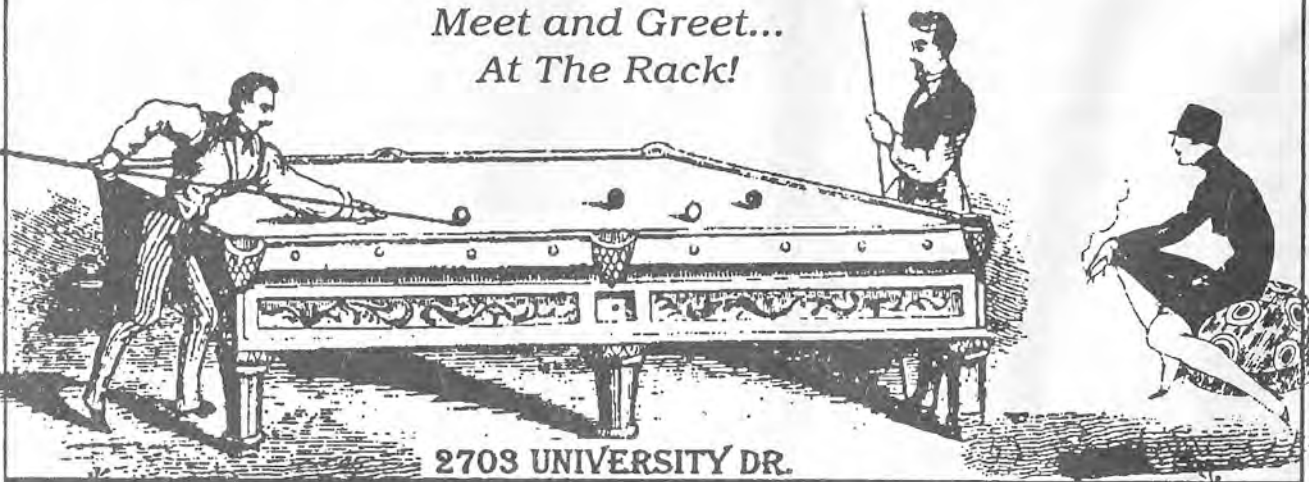
and a sprinkle of garlic powder. Add about a teaspoon of Cayenne pepper for bite.

To your sausage mixture, when fully cooked, add your chili packet, stir and add the rest of the ingredients, along with a cup or so of water. Don't add your onions till the last minute, because they stay crunchy that way.

Simmer for about 30 minutes, add your chopped onion. Serve with crackers and some good, light, grated cheddar cheese for topping.

THE RACK CAFE

Meet and Greet...
At The Rack!



2703 UNIVERSITY DR.

Billiards, Firewater and Fine Foods



Boy Whipped in Courtroom

A boy, accused of having hurled a missile into an automobile driven by E.D. Whitman on Sunday afternoon on Moulton Street, was sentenced to be whipped last night by Mayor pro-tem W.E. Malone.

The whipping was administered by the grandmother of the accused in the presence of court officials, who declared it was a "dandy."

from 1920 Decatur newspaper

Tax-Deferred Annuity

Principal with Your Interest at Heart

Looking for tax-deferred interest? Look into American National Insurance Company's new Preferred Annuity.

- Interest that grows tax deferred
- Safe, secure annuity for retirement or other long-term goals
- Ten-year surrender charge schedule (10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,0)
- Withdraw up to 10% of your beginning of year annuity value each year without a surrender charge, or receive a check every month, if you choose. (A tax penalty may be incurred if withdrawals occur before age 59-1/2)
- Your choice of settlement options
- Underwritten by American National Insurance Company, rated A++ (Superior) by A.M. Best Company.

"Selecting an insurance company is an extremely important decision. Insurance industry ratings from the A.M. Best Company vary from A++, which is superior, to C-, which is the worst. The rating indicates the ability of the company to pay claims." -MATURING, December, 1990

The Preferred Annuity has limitations. For complete details, please contact your American National representative.

Current Interest rate

7.5%

Yes!

I want to know more about American National Insurance Company's Preferred Annuity.

- Please send me information about the annuity.
- Please call me at the number below to discuss the annuity.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/ZIP _____

Phone (____) _____

Mall to:

Joyce Russell
500 Wynn Dr. Suite 302
Huntsville, Al.
205-837-0025

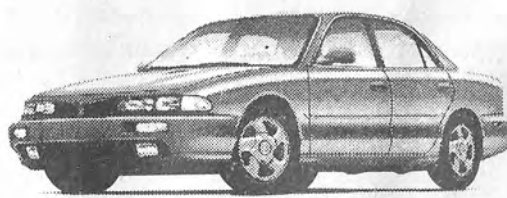


American National Insurance Company - The company to remember for life!

History
makes us
what we
are.



95 ECLIPSE GSX



95 GALANT

May we recommend that you have a hand in your future.

On Drake—2 blocks west of the Parkway
880-6622



Bentley
Mitsubishi