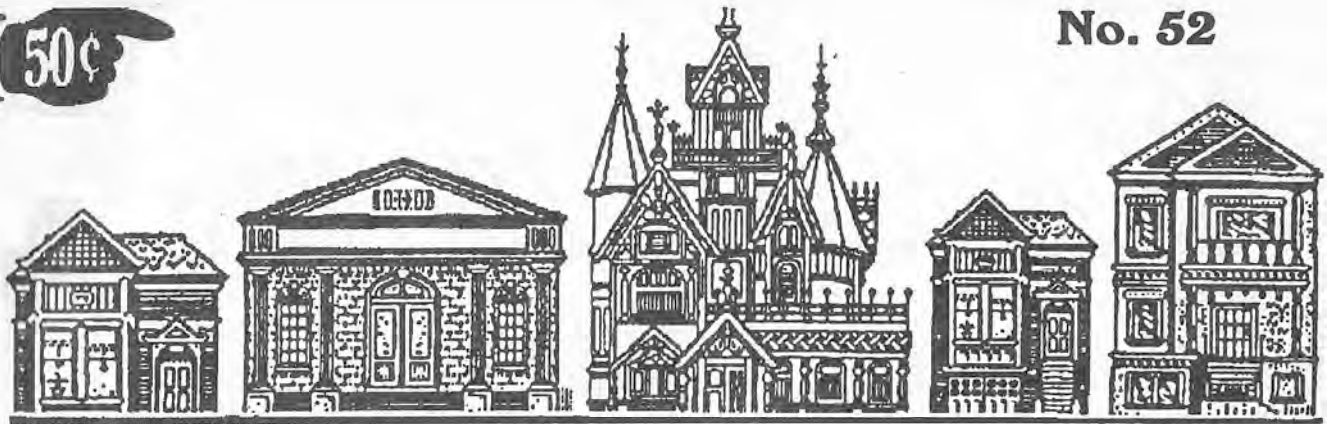


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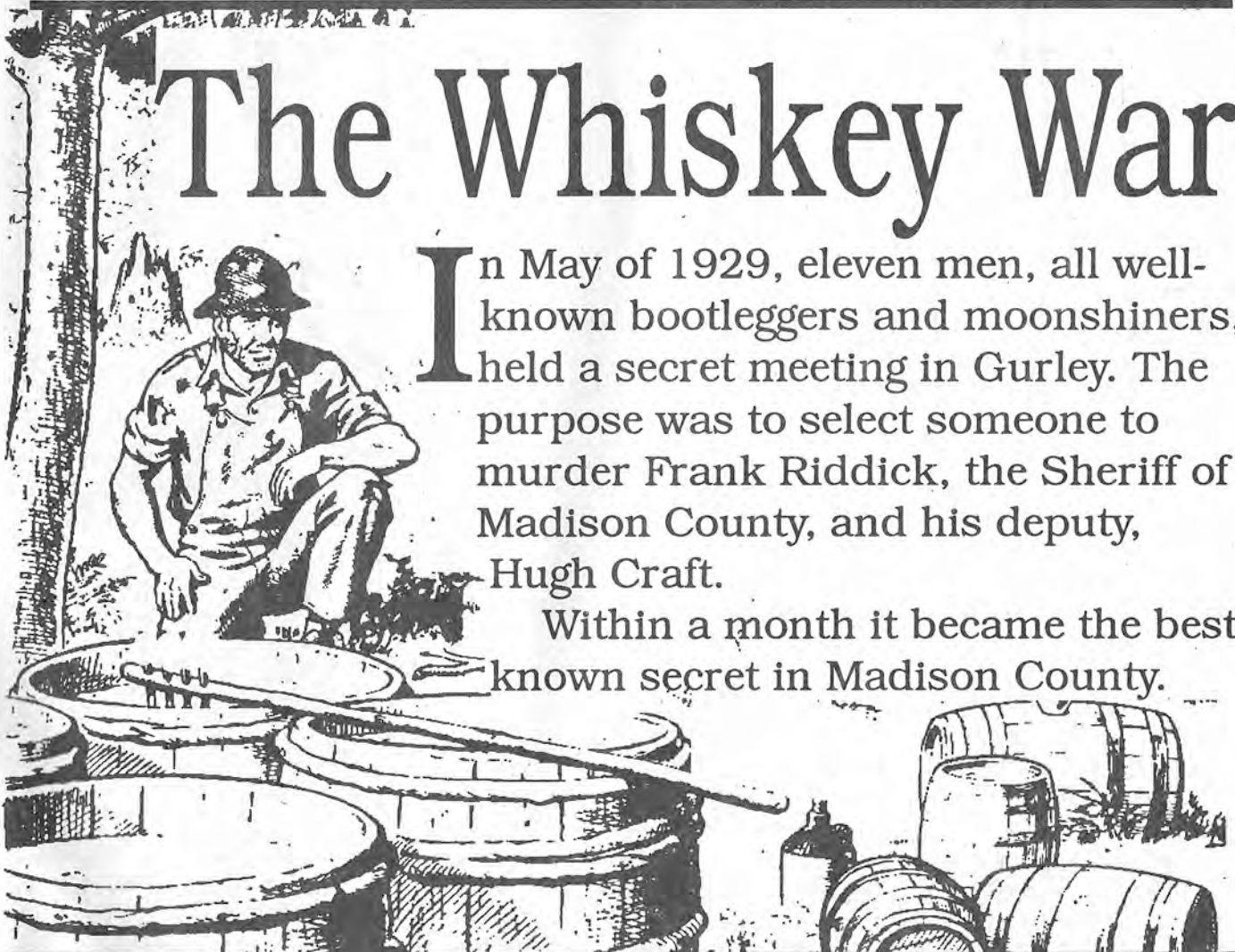


# Old Huntsville

## The Whiskey War

In May of 1929, eleven men, all well-known bootleggers and moonshiners, held a secret meeting in Gurley. The purpose was to select someone to murder Frank Riddick, the Sheriff of Madison County, and his deputy, Hugh Craft.

Within a month it became the best known secret in Madison County.



Also in this issue: "The Lady Was A Prisoner"

# The Whiskey War



Everyone knew it was coming. The trouble had been brewing for years.

Frank Riddick, since his election as sheriff in 1927, had sworn to break the backs of the liquor rings that had been allowed to operate openly in Madison County.

Though the outfits operated openly, Riddick found that proving cases against them was almost impossible. Every time he made an arrest, evidence would disappear or witnesses would refuse to talk. Many times, he suspected, his own deputies warned the bootleggers of impending raids.

The whiskey and bootlegging business in Madison County was controlled by three families, one in Owens Cross Roads, one in Gurley and the other near Hobbs Island. These families had settled in the county well over a hundred years earlier and each had many children and grandchildren. The families had intermarried so often that it was difficult to find someone who was not related to them in some way. While this was beneficial to the bootleggers, it was a major handicap to any sheriff trying to build a case against them.

Fortunately, Sheriff Riddick had an ally in Deputy Hugh Craft. Though Craft lived in Gurley and was intimately aware of the whiskey operations, he was nonetheless sworn to uphold the law.

In the Spring of 1929, Riddick and Craft established a small, unofficial fund with which to pay informers. Many of the same people who had before refused to betray "blood kin," now began succumbing to the temptation of easy money.

Craft, who was well-known as a man who would keep his word, was the obvious conduit for these funds. Often he would be awakened in the middle of the night by someone softly knocking at his back door. After a brief whispered conversation, Craft would pass 20 or 30 dollars through the door and the stranger would disappear into the night.

Most of the time, however, the bootleggers would be warned and Riddick would arrive to find the evidence and the culprits long gone.

Finally, after months of frustration, Riddick tried new tactics. Without telling them why, he would order his depu-



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**Publisher**  
Cathey Callaway Carney

**Senior Editor**  
Billy Joe Cooley

**General Manager**  
Clarence Scott

**Staff Historian**  
Charles Rice

**Special Assignment**  
Stefanie Callaway

**Sales**  
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ties to meet at the jail at a certain time. Then, with the deputies still uninformed of their destinations, he would order them to follow him. Unfortunately, though raids such as these were fairly successful, the deputies managed to lose much of the evidence on the way back to jail and few people were actually prosecuted. Many times the deputies would either return, or sell, the whiskey back to the very bootleggers from whom they had confiscated it.

Sheriff Riddick was furious. He had long known that some of his deputies were involved with the whiskey ring, but lacking proof was unable to do anything about it. Calling his deputies together, he informed them that in the future, any deputy even suspected of involvement, would be fired on the spot. As if to emphasize his point, Riddick immediately fired three officers and had them arrested.

The bootleggers, keenly aware of the profits they were losing, decided to fight back.

Riddick began receiving letters in the mail, warning him that his life was in danger. At first, he ignored them, but as they became more frequent he finally agreed to begin carrying

a small pistol in his pants pocket. On one occasion, while driving home in the evening, his car was shot at by someone lying in ambush. The assailants were never found. If anything, the only effect the threats had was to make Riddick increase his efforts to break up the whiskey ring.

Next, the bootleggers turned their attention to Craft. By this time the outfits were aware that Craft was the person paying the informers. At first the threats took the form of subtle warnings, but as they were ignored, took on a more serious nature. Shots were fired into his home at nighttime, shattering the windows. When this also failed, Craft awoke one night to find the back of his house burning, the result of an arsonist.

Craft responded by buying two large watchdogs, which were trained to bark at the approach of strangers.

The bootleggers, frustrated in their attempts to intimidate the law officers, decided it was time for more drastic actions.

During the first week of May, 1929, a meeting of all the major bootleggers and moonshiners in Madison County was held at a drugstore in Gurley. It was a foregone conclusion among the men

present that Riddick and Craft were to be murdered. The only question was how and by whom.

Not wanting to face both the lawmen at once, the bootleggers decided to kill Craft first.

In a scene worthy of a B-grade movie, a bootlegger from Paint Rock Valley removed a handful of straws from an old broom. After making three of them shorter than the rest, he invited the assembled men to draw straws.

The three men selected for the gruesome task began to care-

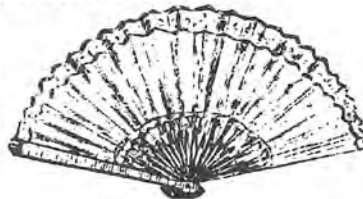
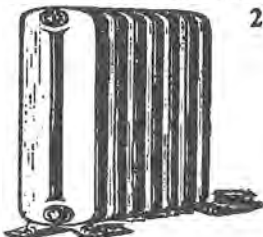
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fully make plans. They had received word from a "friendly" deputy that Riddick was going to pick up Craft at his home on the morning of June 12, where they would then drive to Owens Cross Road to get a witness for a trial scheduled that day. Because of witnesses being so easily intimidated, the two men had decided to personally escort this one.

The road leading across Esslinger Mountain to Owens Cross Roads was a perfect ambush site. Next, the assassins laid plans to make sure Sheriff Riddick would not be accompanying his deputy.

On the afternoon of June 11, a phone call was received at the jail. The caller claimed to have inside information of the whiskey ring and, more importantly, was willing to testify. But first, he wanted to meet with the sheriff in person, at the jail, at 8 o'clock the next morning.

Regretfully, Riddick informed

Craft that he could not accompany him in the morning. Both men were elated at the news of a possible witness and thought nothing of changing their plans.

Hugh Craft left his home at about 6:30 on the morning of June 12 for the short drive to Owens Cross Roads. Although it was still early in the day, it was already hot and muggy. A black man, working in a nearby field, watched lazily as the car climbed the slight incline in his direction. Suddenly he saw three men armed with shotguns appear out of the bushes lining the road. With timed precision, the trio opened fire at the approaching lawman. Seconds later the car carrying the dead body of Deputy Hugh Craft careened sharply to the right, ran off a small bluff and landed upright in a tree.

Just as suddenly as they had appeared, the bushwhackers ran to a white car and fled

## Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

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

6. North Alabama Frequency Directory - Access To Programmable Scanner Action (\$8.95).

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

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

9. 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).

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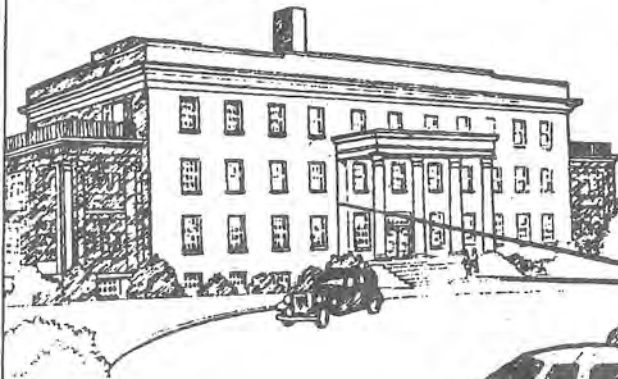
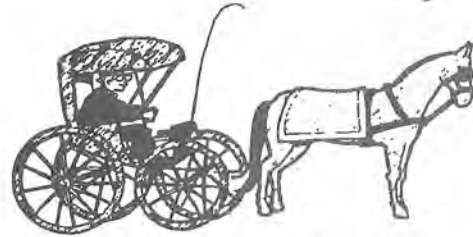
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the scene. The field hand, unnerved by what he had witnessed, also hurried from the scene.

Minutes later, the body was discovered by Marion Besson, who immediately notified the sheriff's office. Riddick, who had been waiting at his office for the "informer," took the call. As soon as he heard his deputy had been murdered, Riddick knew he had been set up.

One native of Huntsville later stated that he had never seen the

sheriff as angry as he was when he received the news. Within hours Riddick began questioning everyone even suspected of being associated with the whiskey ring. To say he was "gentle" in his interrogations would probably be an understatement. All the speakeasies in town received personal visits from the sheriff. In one case, where a speakeasy had already closed for the night, Riddick kicked the door down and, after destroying all the liquor, told the owner he had 24 hours to come up with the names of the killers.

If there was anything the bootleggers had not considered, it was the publicity that the murder generated. It became front-page news, not only here in Huntsville, but as far away as Chicago. Though Riddick was slated to be executed next, the intense publicity caused the assassins to change their plans.

Within days, practically everybody in the county, including the sheriff, knew about the bootleggers drawing straws to see who would do the killing. Even the names of the assassins became widely known.

Getting someone to testify

was a different matter. The black field hand who witnessed the killing was found dead in a neighboring county. Another man, reputed to have firsthand information, left for work one morning and was never seen again. Three other men, one who lived in Gurley and two in Owens Cross Roads, moved out of state suddenly.

The local Ku Klux Klan got involved by offering a reward for the killers. It was hastily withdrawn when it was pointed out that the main suspects were also members of the Gurley Klavern.

Finally, Sheriff Riddick found someone who would talk, but only on the condition of anonymity. This person had been at the drugstore when the straws were drawn and had heard the men discuss the murder minutes after it occurred.

Knowing that he had to have a witness in order to make a case, Riddick used every power of persuasion he could muster to convince the witness to testify. Reportedly, after seeing how angry the sheriff was, the witness probably figured the bootleggers were the lesser of



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two evils.

Within hours a warrant was sworn out for Ebb Renfro, a middle-aged farmer and resident of Gurley. The other two suspects had disappeared. On June 27, 1929, a grand jury indicted Renfro for first-degree murder.

What should have been a speedy trial quickly turned into a nightmare for the sheriff and prosecuting attorneys. Trials were twice scheduled and had to be postponed because of witnesses' reluctance to testify in open court. Making the problem worse were members of the whiskey ring, who showed up at every hearing and silently glared at anybody who looked like a potential witness. Many of the bootleggers who loitered around the courthouse openly brandished weapons.

The situation became so tense that Riddick had to detail

four of his deputies to stand guard at the courthouse.

Needless to say, all the witnesses developed instant amnesia.

On Dec. 5, 1929, the murder case against Ebb Renfro was dropped. No one ever stood trial for the murder of Hugh Craft.

Although Riddick never took credit for it, many sources claim he was the one responsible for finally breaking the back of the whiskey ring in Madison County.

A large packet of "confidential" files were somehow acquired by members of the whisky ring. These files supposedly contained information that showed many of the bootleggers were informing on their competition in exchange for immunity.

In the next three years, nine bootleggers were either maimed or killed--by one another.

*Editor's Note:*

*Probably the strangest fact about this case was that the conspirators talked about it so openly. Every minute detail of the plot became public gossip. Even today, many of their descendants take a morbid pride in telling the story of their fathers' involvement in the whiskey ring and the assassination.*

*The End*



When a husband has the last word, he's usually talking to himself.

Janie DeVree

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# Little Known Facts

The first racially mixed jury in the United States was impaneled after the Civil War to judge Jefferson Davis. Davis was allowed to go free before the trial began, however.

The first Black elected to the U.S. Senate was Hiram Revels of Mississippi. Ironically, Revels' seat had last been filled by Jefferson Davis.

In April 1861 the first Blacks were appointed commissioned officers in the Civil War-- by the Confederacy.

By war's end 93,000 Blacks served in the Confederate Army. About 100,000 Blacks fought in the Union Army, and more than 65,000 were killed.

In the Spring of 1863 the enlistment terms of the 27th Maine Regiment was due to expire. Secretary of War Stanton, however, needed the troops to help protect the Capital. With the approval of Abraham Lincoln, Stanton offered the Congressional Medal of Honor to anyone who would reenlist.

864 members of the Regiment signed up and were promptly awarded the medal.

Three of the medals were given to men who were due to be discharged for "cowardice."

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# The Lady Was a Prisoner



by Dick Turpin

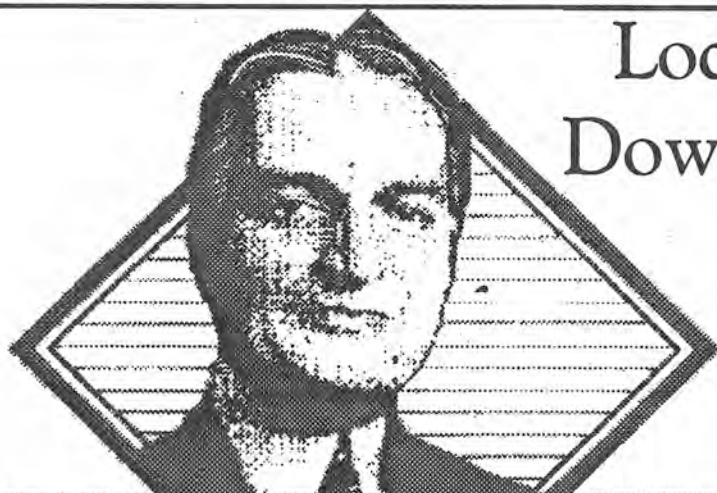
It was January 1865, and the bloody War Between the States seemed to be finally to be drawing to a close. In Virginia, Lee's outnumbered army was dug in at Petersburg, in a last ditch defense of Richmond.

Meanwhile, Sherman's vandal army was pillaging its way through the Carolina's, with little the South could do to stop him. Here in Huntsville, the real fighting seemed far away. However, the bold partisan cavalry of Colo-

nel Lemuel Mead continued to inform the Yankees they still weren't welcome in North Alabama.

The last day of 1864, Mead's partisans had captured the entire Company G of the 18th Wisconsin Infantry and burned the railroad bridge at Paint Rock. Now, only weeks later, Yankee tempers were boiling hot again. Why, those damned Rebels had captured and burned two Union wagon trains in two days!

But vengeance was now at hand, thought Union Lieutenant Colonel Bedan B. McDanald. Commander of the veteran 101st Ohio Infantry, McDanald had learned his lessons under the ruthless Sherman. Recently arrived in Huntsville, the 101st had promptly suffered the indignity of having their own forage wagons captured by Mead. McDanald felt he was just the man to teach these Alabamians



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a lesson they would never forget.

On the evening of January 17, 1865, McDonald led a detachment of his foot soldiers down Big Cove Road. Many of the Ohio soldiers grumbled, but their colonel told them to keep quiet. "You'll have plenty of time to sleep after you've caught those thieving Rebels," he said. Scouting for the 101st were 25 men from the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Their local guide was the hated turncoat Ben Harris, a cold blooded killer. Harris and McDonald must have gotten along well together.

The 101st Ohio spent the night in Big Cove. The next morning they crossed swollen Flint River on rafts and set off after their prey.

McDonald did succeed in capturing three or four of Mead's men. Mostly, however, he merely burned houses and turned women and children out into the bitter cold. "They can go North if they wish," he said with a shrug. "If not, let them go South and the Confeds can take care

of them."

Most of these victims were left to fend for themselves, but one woman was carried back to Huntsville by Colonel McDonald. Her name was Mrs. Mary E. Johnston, a young mother with an infant daughter only three months old! The woman's crime? Well, her husband was Major Milus "Bushwhacker" Johnston, Mead's second in command. "The colonel proceeded to arrest Mrs. Johnston," her husband later wrote, "tearing her infant from her breast and forcing her to leave it at home, which was then nothing more than the woods. He then placed her in the saddle and made her ride horseback twenty-three miles through the roughest weather of that winter."

McDonald had a precedent for making war on women, since his old commander Sherman had arrested all the female employees at the cloth factory in Roswell, Georgia. Sherman sent the women all the way to Ohio and abandoned them there, re-

portedly after his men had had their fun with them. But people in Huntsville were outraged. Even many of McDonald's men were disgusted by his action.

Mary Johnston was imprisoned in the old Huntsville Hotel, with Colonel McDonald paying the expenses. The heart broken women sat alone in her room, pining for her infant and praying for deliverance. Her husband was furious when he heard of her fate.

Still, there was little he could do. McDonald was heard to remark, "If anything can bring her husband to her senses, this should."

"Bushwhacker" Johnston's reaction was the opposite of what McDonald expected. Johnston gathered his men and made plans to raid Huntsville and free his wife. "We were determined to go in by night and slip those pickets, enter the prisoner's room and take her out, or die in the attempt." Another of Mead's officers, Captain Robert Welch, even sent a chilling note to the

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Yankees.

"I have 35 prisoners," he said, "and I will hang every one of them unless Mrs. Johnston is released!"

Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed and bloodshed did not come to Huntsville. Lieutenant Colonel John W. Horner was the provost marshal, and he was appalled by McDanald's conduct. More than anything, he was offended by McDanald's usurping of his own authority. Horner was the one entrusted with making arrests, not McDanald.

Dr. Thomas Wright of Paint Rock happened to be in the provost marshal's office, when he heard Horner say, "If I knew how to get Mrs. Johnston home I would release her." Wright was an old friend of Mrs. Johnston, and he immediately offered to help.

Horner wrote out a pass and Mrs. Johnston was soon on her way a home.

Yet Colonel McDanald was still not out of the picture. When he saw Mrs. Johnston on the street, he stopped her. With unbelievable arrogance, he proceeded to tear up Colonel Horner's pass and throw the pieces in Doctor Wright's face! "Mrs. Johnston is not the Army's

prisoner," he said with a sneer. "She is my prisoner." The frightened young mother was marched right back to the hotel and locked up.

Dr. Wright hurried to the provost marshal's office and told Colonel Horner what happened. Now it was Horner's turn to become furious. His face turned red and the veins stood out in his neck.

Horner quickly wrote out another pass and handed it to the doctor. "Here," he said through clenched teeth. "Take this pass and if that fellow bothers you again, I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget."

This time McDanald realized he had met his match. He pretended not to notice Mrs. Johnston as she walked by, though bystanders noticed his fists were clenched.

"This was a happier ending of the matter than at one time could have been expected," wrote "Bushwhacker" Johnston.

Simply as a footnote, perhaps Justice does work in its cruel way. For Colonel McDanald returned to Ohio after the war and married his own sweetheart. Just three years later, his own young wife was taken from him by death. He never remarried.



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### Vanilla Extract

1/2 cup brandy, 4 vanilla beans. Chop the beans into tiny pieces. In a tight-fitting container place the bean pieces and cover with the brandy. Shake well. Store in a dark place and shake every other day. In about two weeks your extract will be ready to use. If it seems too potent add a little more brandy. You can keep adding brandy indefinitely.

### Onion-Garlic Croutons

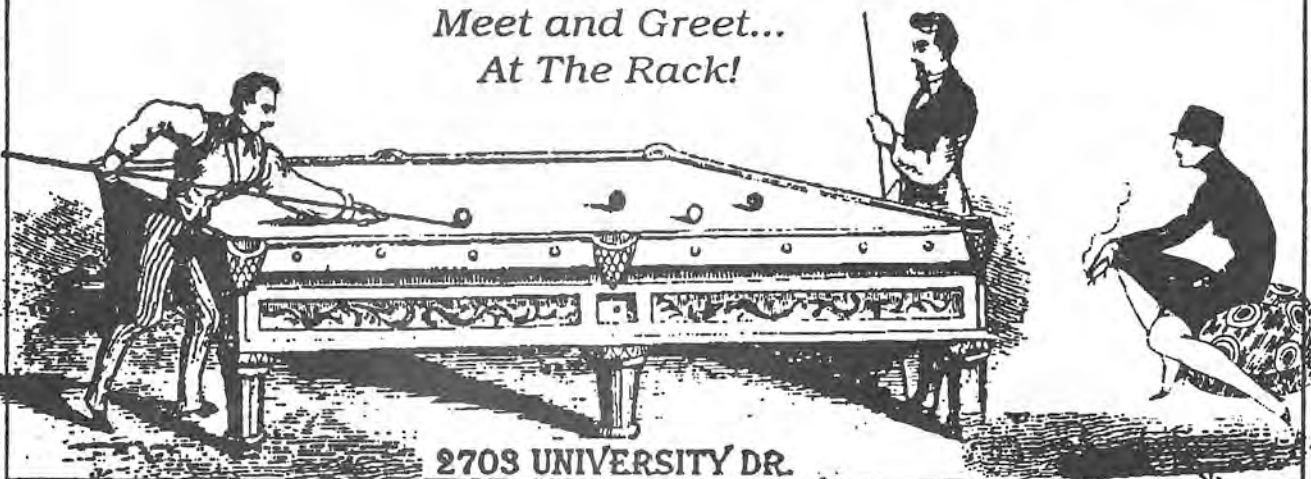
2 cups cubed day old bread, 4T. butter, melted, 2 t. garlic powder, 2 t. onion powder, salt to taste. Preheat your oven to 250. In a saucepan mix the butter with the other seasonings. Put the bread in a larger bowl, pour the butter mixture over it and toss. Put the cubes in a shallow baking tray. Bake for 15 minutes, shake the pan at least once during the cooking. Store in a covered container in the fridge for up to 2 months. Can be frozen, also.

### Garlic and Oil

5-10 garlic bulbs, olive oil to cover. Peel and slice your garlic, or finely mince it if you prefer it like that. Put it in a sterilized glass jar and add just enough olive oil to cover. This will keep for 6 months in the fridge. 1/2 teaspoon Garlic and Oil equals 1 clove fresh garlic.

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# News of the Absurd



At full maturity Claude Seurat - the skinniest man who ever lived - had a back-to-chest thickness of only three inches.

At many fiestas in rural parts of Mexico, one of the treats enjoyed by the guests is ant candy. This unusual confection consists of the bodies of ants which gather honey from a species of oak leaf. The ants swell enormously until they are about the size of gooseberries. After the ants' legs and heads are removed, the bodies are placed on dishes and served as candy. The taste of these insects is very similar to that of sweet, juicy fruit.

In 1965 a New Zealand resident baked the longest loaf of bread ever made - 20 feet, 5 inches long. The loaf weighed 50 pounds.

The fattest man who ever lived was Robert Earl Hughes of Fish Hook, Illinois. He weighed 1,069 pounds in the last year of his life, and his waist measurement was 124 inches. When he died in 1958 he was buried in a piano case and transported to the cemetery by a moving van.

The Queen's Dolls' House, presented to Queen Mary of England in 1924, may be the world's most intricate miniature. Constructed on a scale of one inch to one foot, the house is almost nine feet long, five feet wide and five feet high. It has more than 50 rooms, its own electric generator, a functioning elevator, a plumbing system, and a wine cellar with genuine cobwebs covering its minuscule collection of real vintage wine in

tiny bottles. Its library contains hundreds of actual books, most of which were handwritten by such well-known authors as Kipling.

On June 13, 1948 a Los Angeles resident named Jack O'Leary caught a bad fit of hiccups. It was not until June 1, 1956 - about 160 million hiccups later - that the fit finally ended. During that time Jack lost 64 pounds and received through the mail over 60,000 suggestions for cures of the hiccup.

Fish will get seasick if kept on board a boat.

An old remedy for a toothache was to eat a mouse.

In a road-safety campaign, English police in Sussex asked girl pedestrians to wear mini-skirts because bare legs stand out more clearly at night than long dresses or slacks.

A taxpayer can be referred to as a government worker with no vacation, no sick leave and no holidays.

## Star Market

A Huntsville Tradition

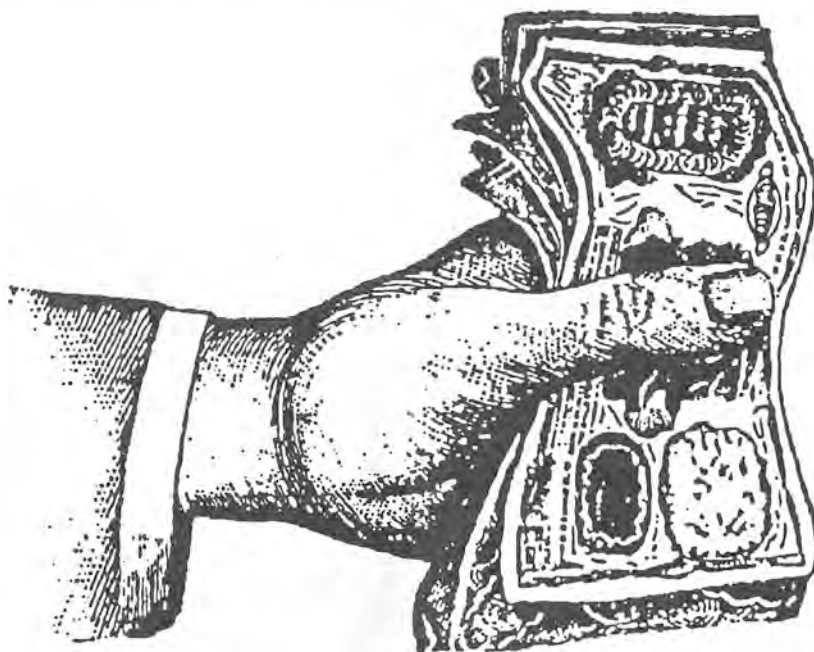
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# The Last Will and Testament of Mollie Teal



*Mollie Teal was one of the most colorful, and successful, Madams in Huntsville's history. Upon her death, the bordello was left to Mollie Greenleaf, a close friend. When Miss Greenleaf died the house passed to the city where it became Huntsville Hospital.*

I, Mollie Teal of the city of Huntsville and county of Madison and state of Alabama do hereby make and declare this my last will and testament.

1. It is my will after my death that all just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon as possible.

2. I give to Mollie Greenleaf during her lifetime my house and lot, said lot now occupied by me as a residence (and being same lot purchased of O.M. Hundley and others and of record book page 357) together with all household and kitchen furniture, provided that the said Mollie Greenleaf shall pay all the state, county and city taxes, and keep said property fully insured.

3. I desire all invoices to be made in duplicate of said household and kitchen furniture and copy to be given Mollie Greenleaf and the other retained by my executors.

4. At the death of Mollie Greenleaf it is my will that the city of Huntsville accept said house and lot for the use and

benefit of the white public schools or for a city hospital as the city authorities may elect and the household and kitchen furniture be sold for cash and the proceeds be used toward buying a library for use of said public schools.

5. I will that all other personal property be sold for cash by my executors and the proceeds be donated to the public white schools.

6. I hereby appoint S.M. Stewart, Judge Probate, and



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Jere Murphy, Mayor of City, my executors of this my last will and testament and request that letters be granted to them without requiring security.

In witness whereof I hereto set my hand and seal this July 31, 1898.

Mollie Teal

*What follows is the list of household furnishings inventoried upon her death. While reading through them, keep in mind, the house was a bordello.*

**Front Parlor**

1 set parlor furniture, 2 pictures, 3 mirrors, 1 lg. lamp, 2 vases, 1 candle stick, 1 large horn, 1 lap table, 1 easel, 3 cuspidors.

**Back Parlor**

1 set parlor furniture - 5 pieces, 1 piano, 9 chairs, 1 table,

1 lounge, 6 pictures, 1 hat rack.

**Hall**

2 large mirrors, 1 hat rack.

**Middle Parlor**

1 bedstead, 1 washstand, 1 wardrobe, 1 clock, 13 mantle ornaments, 1 table, 1 silver picture and cup, 12 ornaments on dresser, 2 trunks containing clothes of Miss Mollie Teal, 1 set of bedroom furniture consisting of 1 bed complete, 1 washstand, 1 dresser, 1 lounge, 3 chairs, 1 small table.

**Bedroom**

1 bed complete, 1 dresser, 1 wardrobe, 1 washstand, 4 pictures.

**? room**

1 side board, 1 mantle mirror, 1 small picture, 1 table, 1 cork screw, 2 dozen glasses, 6 common waiters, 2 salt & pep-

per boxes, 9 wine glasses, 1 dusting brush.

**Storage Room**

1 bedstead, 2 mattresses, 1 bolster, 2 pillows, 1 sewing machine, 1 small stove, 1 bath tub, 1 step ladder, 4 chamber pots, 3 pictures, 2 wash bowls, 5 oil cans, 5 jugs, 3 old cork screws, 1 box sundries.

**Kitchen**

1 range, 1 safe, 2 chairs, 2 dish pans, 2 water buckets, 1 tea kettle, 2 pots, 3 sauce pans, 3 frying pans, 3 baking pans, 1 muffin mold, 1 coffee pot, 1 coal scuttle, 3 large spoons, 1 fork, 3 large spoons, 1 rolling pin, 6 pie pans, 2 small pans, 2 stone jars, 1 marble slab, 2 tin buckets, 1 bread box, 1 coffee mill, 1 bell, 10 large plates, 6 small plates, 8 tea cups, 8 saucers, 2 vegetable dishes, 18 small platters, 9 glasses, 5 salt shakers, 2 pickle dishes, 3 glass dishes, 1 spoon holder, 1 sugar bowl, 6 table knives, 6 forks, 5 large spoons, 5 small spoons, 1 sugar spoon, 1 bread knife.

**Dining Room**

1 side board, 1 extension table, 11 dining chairs, 1 refrigerator, 1 alcohol lamp, 1 small stove, 6 plates, 6 platters, 1 covered dish, 1 gravy bowl, 1 glass pitcher, 2 butter dishes, 2 soup tureens, 1 china gravy dish, 1 china pickle dish, 12 china cups, 7 butter platters, 1 bolt (about 40 yards) of carpet, 1 old rug, 1 dozen napkins.

**Back Porch**

1 table, 1 bench, 3 chairs, 1 flower vase.

**Hall upstairs**

1 hat rack, 1 pair lace curtains, 1 hall carpet.



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**Front room upstairs**

1 bed complete, 1 dresser, 1 wardrobe, 2 chairs, 1 wash stand, 2 wash bowls, 1 wash pitcher, 1 chamber pot, 1 picture, 2 pair lace curtains, 3 window shades, 1 carpet, 2 rugs, 1 small stand, 1 wire fire screen.

**Middle Room upstairs**

1 bed complete, 1 dresser, 1 wash stand, 1 center table, 1 rustic table, 2 pictures, 1 rug, 2 wash bowls, 1 soap dish, 1 chamber pot, 2 chairs, 3 pair lace curtains, 3 window shades, 1 wire fire screen, 1 carpet, 1 toothbrush holder.

**Front bedroom**

1 bed complete, 1 dresser, 1 wash stand, 1 wardrobe, 2 chairs, 1 mantle mirror, 1 soap dish, 1 toothbrush holder, 1 chamber pot, 4 pair lace curtains 2 window shades, 1 carpet, 2 rugs, 1 wire fire screen.

**Back bedroom**

1 bed complete, 1 dresser, 1 wardrobe, 1 wash stand, 2 chairs, 1 mantle mirror, 1 pitcher, 3 wash bowls, 1 chamber pot, 1 soap dish, 2 pair heavy curtains, 1 rug, 1 wire fire screen, 2 goblets, 1 lamp.

**Opposite back room upstairs**

1 bed complete, 1 dresser, 1 washstand, 1 wardrobe, 1 mirror, 3 washbowls, 1 soap stand, 1 chamber pot, 1 rustic stand, 2 pair lace curtains, 2 window shades, 1 carpet, 2 rugs, 1 fire screen, 10 sets bed linens, 5 blankets, 5 comforters.

**Back room downstairs**

2 vases, 12 pairs lace curtains, 2 window shades, 4 pairs curtains, 1 tapestry curtains, 10

rugs, 2 door mats.

**Hall**

1 hall carpet, 1 hall lamp.

**Room downstairs**

2 pair blankets, 2 sets bed linens, 1 comforter, 5 table mats, 12 sheets, 7 pillow cases, 5 white bed spreads, 1 pair blankets, 1 basket of old shoes, 1 old vapor bath, 1 box spring mattress, 1 horn hat rack.

**Bathroom upstairs**

1 lot books, 1 old trunk, 1 riding habit.

**Bathroom downstairs**

2 pair lace curtains.

**In safety deposit box at W.R. Rison Bank**

6 insurance policies, 1 envelope of paid bills, 1 bundle of papers and receipts, 1 pair gold bracelets, 1 breast pin, 1 locket, 1 pair studs, 1 gold chain, 3 diamonds & 4 pearls in small package.

*Also listed as assets were*

\$1586.72 in a bank account at W.R. Rison Bank and \$911.50 at the First National Bank.



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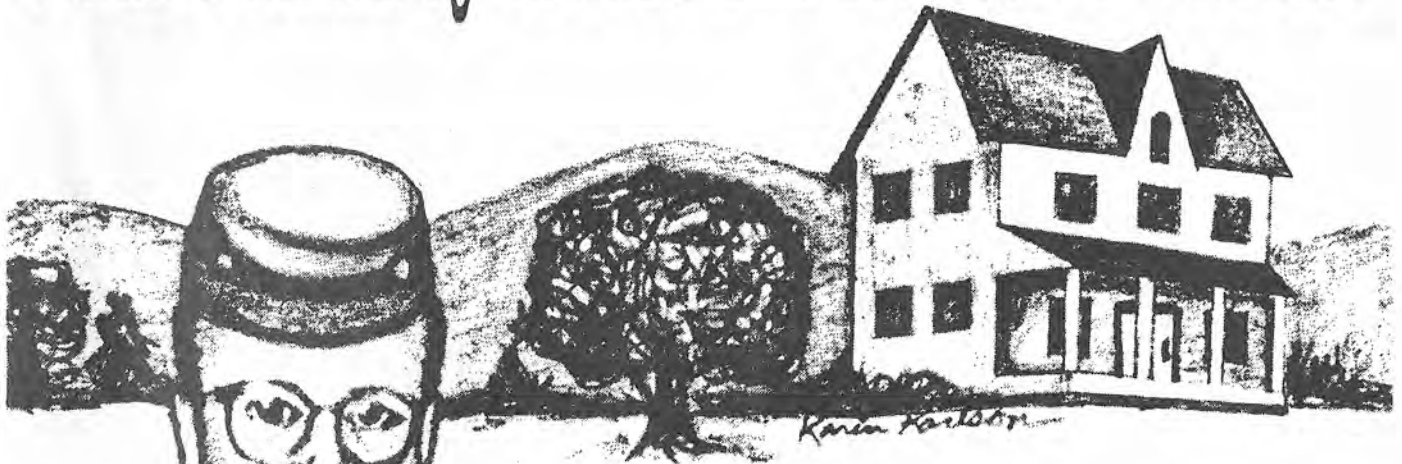
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Old Huntsville

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At 6pm On

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24 HOURS

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# Very Old Recipes

## Gingerbread

- 1/2 c. sugar
- 1/2 c. butter
- 1 c. molasses
- 2 c. flour
- 1/2 t. soda
- 1 1/2 t. ginger
- 1/2 t. cinnamon
- 1/2 c. sour milk
- nuts or raisins if desired

Mix all together, put in large loaf pan, and bake in moderate oven about an hour (325 degrees). This recipe is at least a hundred years old.

## Cabbage

- 1 head cabbage, chopped
- 4 T. lard
- salt and pepper to taste

Put about an inch of water in a large frying pan and bring to a boil. Put all the cabbage and lard in, season, and cover. Simmer for about 25 to 30 minutes.

## Okra

Slice the okra about 1/2 inch thick, roll in meal, salt and pepper - fry in grease til light brown and crispy.

## Fried Pumpkin/Squash Blossoms

Make a thin batter using an egg, about half a cup of flour, and milk. Dip the blossoms in it, and fry in deep hot grease. Serve as you would any vegetable

## Fried Potatoes

Slice three or four potatoes very thin, like potato chips, put in frying pan with hot grease, and season with salt and pepper. Cover and cook until light brown, turning occasionally.

## Corn Pones

- 1 pint corn meal
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. baking powder
- 1 T. lard
- milk

Mix together meal, baking powder and salt, cut in the lard and add enough milk to make a stiff batter. Form into pones with hands (or add some milk and drop from the end of a spoon), and place in a greased pan. Bake in a hot oven for about half an hour.



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## Blackberry Cobbler

Blackberries, enough for one pie  
sugar to taste  
butter, small amount  
biscuit dough, enough for several biscuits

Cook the blackberries until they come to a boil, add as much sugar as you want, add some butter. Cook til thick. Roll out the dough, cut as for biscuits and drop into the blackberries. Then roll some dough thin, cut into strips, and place on top of the blackberries. Set the pan in the oven til the crust on top is brown.

## Molasses Candy

Combine one cup of molasses, 1 cup of water, a few grains of salt. Boil ingredients (do not stir) to hard ball stage. Remove from the fire, and let stand until cool enough to hold in well greased hands. After pulling for some time it will change from brown to a yellowish color. Cut into pieces.

## Muscadine Wine

1/2 bushel muscadine grapes  
12 1/2 pounds sugar

Mash the grapes with your hands, put them in a large churn, and add 2 1/2 pounds of the sugar.

Let it work (ferment) for about a week, until it quits. Strain the mixture to get out the grape skins and impurities. Put back in the churn, add 10 pounds more sugar.

Let it work about 8 to 10 days until it quits. Makes about 4 gallons.

## Apple Beer

Peel your apples and dry the peelings in the sun or by the stove. Put them in a crock and add enough boiling water to cover them. Cover the crock and let it sit for one or two days, until all the flavor comes out of the peelings. Add sugar as desired.

1/2 t. ginger  
1/2 stick butter  
1/2 c. milk  
pinch salt  
biscuit dough  
other spices if desired

Mix together all ingredients except the dough and bring to a boil. Cut rolled dough into cubes and drop into the boiling mixture. Put thin slices of dough on top. Put pan in the oven and bake til crust is brown.

## Sweet Potato Pie

2 c. sweet potatoes, diced and cooked  
2/3 c. molasses



# Introducing

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## Mr. C's Restaurant

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# Halloween in Dallas Village

by Ruby Crabbe

What a time we had on Halloween night!

The kids and a few grown-ups would scheme and plan all year long as to who would be on the brunt end of their meanness. Surely the old devil himself was hiding behind some of those masks.

We never caused any damage to anyone's home, but we did scare the daylight out of a few people. Like getting a long rope, putting a loop on a door knob, going across the street and putting a loop on the door directly in front, and then ringing both door bells at the same time.

Riding around town with a dummy in the trunk of the car, both legs hanging out, ketchup smeared all over the dummy's body, and then driving into someone's driveway and asking for a shovel.

I hope some of those people found their eyeballs after they jumped out of their skin. Porch chairs swinging in the breeze of low hanging limbs. Toilet tissue covering everything from here to kingdom come. One of the funniest things was when we rang a door bell of a big, swanky home one night and was given a treat of the best homemade candy I've ever eaten. Well, later on we decided to ring that door bell again. We couldn't forget how good that

candy had tasted. Some lady came to the door and recognized us, knowing she had already given us candy and refused to give us any more.

Just a few hours earlier we had killed a big snake and happened to have it with us. We rang that door bell again, and again the woman refused us more candy. All at once the snake was dangled right in front of her face. Did we get more candy? We not only got ALL the candy, we got the basket the candy came in. We credited that snake with most of the fun that night.

One boy by the name of Jerry didn't know we had the snake in the car with us. When we went by to pick him up he got in the car, saw the snake, and jumped back out faster than he had gotten in. Don't know how he got out of a car so fast. The car doors were still closed and him standing outside.

When daylight peeked over the horizon next day you could tell the ghost of Halloween had been visiting. A few of the ghosts came to school next day with black eyes. What a shiner some of them did have! Annie Gentry Golden and I were credited with giving one of those black eyes. The night before the boy had jumped out from behind a tree and yelled BOO at us. We gave him something to yell about. We gave him the black eye that lasted for much of that next month.

If you look like the photo on your passport, you really are not well enough to travel.

George Orllip, Kiwanian

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# Mule-Headed



John Medlin did not like change. He had lived in the same house for 57 years, been married to the same woman for 44 years and had worn the same brand of overalls since he was a child.

When his eldest son visited from Birmingham and suggested that he buy an automobile, Medlin was fiercely opposed to the idea.

"It's only seven miles to town," he reasoned, "and ol' Dobbs does a good job."

Dobbs was the mule belonging to Medlin that he hitched to the wagon every Saturday morning to go to town.

Never-the-less, the son persisted, finally showing up at his father's house with a brand new Ford T-model he had purchased for his father.

Reluctantly, Medlin agreed to be instructed in the art of driving the automobile, and by the time his son left several days later, was at least able to keep it on the road.

Almost six months later the son paid another visit. Curious to know how his father was making out with modern technology, he asked about the gas mileage.

"Don't never buy none," the old man replied.

"You mean it doesn't use any gas at all!" The son exclaimed. "Don't you ever take it to town?"

"Every week. Those seats are a lot more comfortable than the wagon was."

Amazed, the son went out to the barn to examine the Model-T. Curious, he raised the hood to examine the motor, when to his surprise, found the motor missing.

Running back to the house, he informed his father that someone had taken the motor.

"I know," replied the old man. "It made it too heavy for Dobbs to pull."

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# billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

**FIRST TIME!** **Lindy Critelli** and hubby **Gary Lambert** brought daughter **Kimber Leigh Ann** to the big mall the other day for her first shopping spree.

**Bob May** hosted a fine mixer the other night at his Little Orchid Annie's catering place over on Oakwood. Guests were arriving until after midnight. The **Klusendorfs** of Peggy Ann Bakery were there, as were clocksmith **Jim Lowe** and his publicist wife **Olivia**, Burch & Hatfield boss **Rodney Baker**, **Lewis Scogin** of Family of Eagles, and dozens more.

Limestone Flea Market record dealer **Ules G. Reid Jr.** has acquired a two-album set of

Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain, while **Catherine Wilson**, who sells jams, pickles etc. across the aisle, supplied herb info to Rogersville seafood gent **Beecham James**. The heat was so bad in the building last month that **Jack Paris** brought in a half dozen electric fans for his scissors shop.

**Rocky Bass** returned from Fort Lauderdale awhile back and has become manager of Vieux Carre lounge. "We show popular movies on Monday nights at 9," says he.

**BOB BACCUS**, bandsman with Olde Towne Brass, was once a lookalike for Alfred "Alfalfa" Switzer of "Our Gang" and

performed on stage as such.

**Wayne Bartlett**, who sang electric blues for years in local bistros, breakfasted the other day in Eunice's with wife **Jeanette** (they were first-grade sweethearts). Wayne now has religion and sings gospels at Emmanuel Church of Christ in New Market.

Huntsville hosted this year's Kwajelein School reunion, which attracted grads from the world over, including **Debbie Tom Keith** and her husband **Darius** of Port Orange, Fla. Their kids, **Darilyn** and actor **Damon**, added excitement to it all.

**BARBARA HOLMAN REID** hosted a fancy seafood party the other night, then celebrated a birthday by squeezing in a trip to Gadsden to hear The Singing Ambassadors and Gold City Quartet in concert. That's where we observed UNA's **Bill Jernigan** interviewing gospel song legend **Eldridge Fox** for a book.

"I've reached the age when my back goes out more often

## HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of

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than I do," says orchestra leader **Richard Cox**, whose wife **Bianca** arranges all those free Monday evening outdoor concerts next to the UAH union building. By the way, that's where we heard the impressive Rocket City Brass the other night. Trumpeter **George Kraft's** chief fan is his nephew **Jason Winter**, a new Huntsvillian. Grissom grad **Chris Homrich** is a member of Air Force ROTC at University of S. Alabama (Mobile) and is in basic training at San Antonio. His ma, **Susan Kirkland** (Jim's wife) was at Eunice's breakfast table the other day, helping Eunice on her "mayoral candidacy," a fun spoof which benefits Arthritis Foundation.

**Johnny Tona's** Family Billiards has been a popular gathering spot all summer, with collegians gathering almost nightly. "This is the only smoke-free pool parlor I've ever been in," said **Don Gribble**, visiting from Florida. It's also booze-free and cuss-free, said Johnny.

Councilman **Bill Kling** and his **Tanjie** celebrated their third anniversary the other evening by attending a lawn concert at UAH.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE! Chef-in-training **Clift Critelli** will jump the proverbial matrimonial broomstick on Sept. 2 with barmaid **Gail Gallagher** . . . **Doug Bishop**, whom you remember as ice cream dipper at Baskin-Robbins, has married **Kelly Grounds** of Vincennes, Ind. Doug is a theatrical type like his ma and pa, **Mary Ann** and **Kaile**.

That was a swell turnout the other evening at Richard's On the Square. Our adventurous pal

**Beirne Williams** even showed up. We managed to renew auld acquaintances with **George Bonnell** of Beautiful 97 Radio, which cosponsored the mixer. George moved here years ago from New Orleans to ply his dulcet tones on local airwaves.

Thursday night was when hundreds socialized at Bubba's. **Brent Talley** of lawn fame showed up with Vandy co-ed **Stacey Stewart** on his arm. Then pretty Ardmorites **Kim Hodges** and **Dee DeLap** arrived. Three **Dauids** — **Milly**, **Peeples** and **Driscoll**—hobnobbed while **Tommy Shepherd** and **Tony Mason** entertained. Then came pretty real estate tycooness **Dana Lee Hall** and the evening was complete, so I went home, leaving that bunch to keep the night alive.

CAFE WORLD! **Stan Mohlere** is chef and co-owner of Grumpy Kaz's sports cafe on University (near Bookstar). It was formerly called Cafe III . . .

## Hard Winter Forecast

Squirrels' tails are bushier.

Crows gather together  
Hoot owls call late in the fall.

Birds huddle on the ground.

Worms bend up and go into people's homes in October.

Birds eat up all the berries early.

You see a lot of spiders in the fall.

The woolly worms have a heavy coat and a wide black band.

Butterflies migrate early.

The darker green the grass during the summer, the colder the winter will be.

Pine cones open early.  
Moss grows heavy on the trees.



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In a recent unscientific poll conducted by supporters of "Aunt Eunice for Mayor," over 93% of the respondents who eat ham and biscuits for breakfast support Aunt Eunice for Mayor.

The same poll revealed that the majority of respondents believed pork was evenly distributed among professional politicians.

Aunt Eunice's only campaign promises so far is to put a coffee pot in every office in City Hall and to put a liars' table in the City Council chambers.

All donations to "Aunt Eunice for Mayor" go to benefit the Arthritis foundation. Campaign posters and bumper stickers may be had at Eunice's Country Kitchen Restaurant.



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# Slavery In Antebellum Huntsville



by Edward C. Betts, 1909  
excerpted from his book, Early History of Huntsville,  
Alabama 1804-1870

As we have previously observed, the slave population of the town and county grew with marked rapidity. This is explained by the fact that great numbers of slaves were brought into the county and sold in the open market, especially during the early part of this period. Many of these slaves had some degree of manual and domestic training; many more were merely plantation hands; seldom, if ever, having come in touch with the civilizing and uplifting influences attendant upon service about the home of the master. The former class longed to return to the haunts of their childhood, and mingle again among their companions

"back on the old plantation." Those of the latter class, many of whom very probably were neither born nor reared in slavery but were sold into servitude,

chafed under the restraints of regular labor among companions, who in some instances could neither understand, nor be understood by them. By this time, the menace of the Indians to the fugitive slaves, was largely a thing of the past; they having withdrawn from this part of the country, except in rare instances.

No source of information is more reliable and enlightening than records contemporaneous with the matter under consideration. None such is more comprehensive than a newspaper file of the times. It is to this latter source that the author has turned in an effort to grasp the spirit of the times and its attitude toward slavery as an institution. Throughout the first fifteen years

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of this period, the papers carried many advertisements for "run-away slaves," similar to the few here quoted:

"\$100.00 REWARD."

"Ran away from the subscriber, Oct. 1, 1819, an African negro man, named "Jack ;" 33 years old, speaks bad English, but may be understood."

"William Whitesides."

"\$150.00 REWARD."

"Three negro fellows. Will probably return to Virginia, from whence they came."

"RAN AWAY"

"Negro man named "Bob;" will probably make for the Cherokee or Choctaw Tribes."

Each of these advertisements and others similar thereto, was accompanied by the rude cut of a negro, male or female, as the case was, in a fleeing posture; and in some instances by more elaborate cuts depicting the fugitive with a stick across the right shoulder, on the end of which was carried a small bundle tied up in a bandana handkerchief.

The most striking feature of these advertisements is the total absence of any description of the escape, whereby he or she might be recognized. None was needed and none was given. This for the very sufficient reason that, throughout the entire South, where slavery existed, a more or less competent and comprehensive patrol system was maintained. No slave was permitted off the premises of the master, and only in rare instances out of his slave quarters, without a special permit. Free negroes were scarce, and usually well known.

Hence, we see the matter of

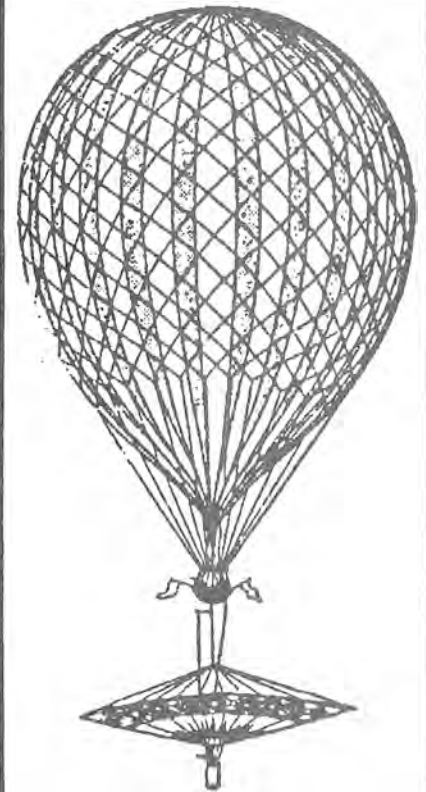
capturing a fugitive slave resolved itself into the simple office on the part of the patrol to take up any negro seen upon the highway, day or night, unattended by some person in authority. Nor was it an easy matter for a runaway to travel across country; since, in doing so he almost invariably came in contact with some slave overseer, or owner, to whom he was unknown; whereupon he was promptly arrested.

To the escape, the difficulty in getting food was no inconsiderable obstacle. To obtain it he was almost necessarily compelled to approach some white man, or his habitation. There were few, if any, negro homes about the country. The tendency, if any there was, to assist an escape was discouraged and effectually checked by the laws of the land, which made it a crime to aid or abet a fugitive slave. These, and other statutes of a similar character, effected to make of every citizen, more or less, a member of this patrol force.

If, perchance, the slave arrested was a fugitive, he was returned to his master, who administered appropriate punishment. If not a fugitive but merely a prowler without permission, which was rarely granted, he was taken back to his quarters, where he received commensurate correction at the hands of the overseer or master.

The summary manner in which the slave larcenist was dealt with, is portrayed in the following terse news item appearing in the *Alabama Republican*, of September 22, 1820:

"Collins, convicted of negro stealing, has been sentenced to be executed on the first Friday in December."



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In addition to the sale of negroes brought into the county, the local market was kept pretty active through the desultory selling of slaves, in small numbers, by the citizens; not as slave traders, however, but merely the buying and selling in ordinary business intercourse as of any other chattel.

The advertisements of slaves offered for sale go more into descriptive detail than do those offering rewards for fugitives; at least as to the good points of the subject; as appears from the following taken from the numerous instances found in the newspapers of that day:

"A NEGRO FOR SALE"

"Will be sold on Monday, April 27th, next, for cash, at auction, in Huntsville, a likely negro girl."

"FOR SALE"

"Two likely negro boys, from twelve to fourteen years old. Also a woman, age about thirty-five, a trusty servant, good cook, washer and ironer. For terms apply to:

A. D. Veitch."

By the end of 1835, conditions seem to have changed. The papers of this period rarely carried advertisements of escapes. Striking in comparison, notices of sales were likewise infrequent.

During the year of 1830, the sentiment rapidly forming at the North for the abolition of the institution of slavery, was spreading, and had become a matter of interest and concern to our people. Societies were being formed throughout the East for the promotion of the cause. Chiefest among these was the "American Colonization Society."

The ostensible and avowed purpose of all these abolition societies was to liberate slaves, not at an economic loss to the South, but gradually and systematically. Slaves so freed were to be transported to Africa, and there colonized under a government of their own establishment. Toward these ends the South was not hostile.

Strange to say, as early as 1830, Huntsville papers began the publication of matter condemnatory of slavery. True enough, editorials to this effect were rare, yet not infrequently in the news columns were to be found lengthy items anent the work of these societies. In the *Southern Advocate* of May 1, 1830, there appeared two ponderous articles, copied from the *Washington Spectator*; one of which applauded the proposed "good work" of the American Society, stating at length its proclaimed purposes; the other similar in its tendencies, though not so general, exclaiming praises for LaGrange, Franklin county, Ala., where a chapter of the parent society had been formed. From this day forward, articles endorsing the work of the society and lauding the movement appeared from time to time, and not infrequently in the local papers. Most of these items, however, were extracts from foreign papers.

In 1832 an auxiliary of American Colonization Society was organized at Huntsville; the meetings being held in the Presbyterian Church. Memberships in this society were held by some of Huntsville's most prominent men; a goodly number of her citizens were counted among its sympathizers and attended its meetings. The officers of this

branch were: M. S. Watkins, president; Thos. Fearn, W. I. Adair, A. G. Vaughan, A. F. Hopkins, vice-presidents; C. P. Clifton, secretary; John Martin, treasurer; R. L. Fearn, D. M. Wharton, E. Picket, J. G. Birney and S. D. Morgan, managers.

Regular orthodox "abolition" speeches were the order of the day when this society met. Its members were unstinted in their accusations against the institu-

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tion of slavery, as one of "injustice and cruelty." The public expressions of E. R. Wallace and James G. Birney, were characterized by vindictive denunciation of the whole system.

A kindly spirit of indulgence, even sympathetic attention, was accorded the abolition movement and its supporters, in Huntsville, and generally throughout the whole South. Not until it became evident that the aims of these societies were ulterior to those proclaimed for them, did this attitude change.

This difference in sentiment was brought about by a realization of the fact that the paramount object of these societies was not the colonization of the slave, but his liberation by force, by aiding him to escape or inciting him to rebellion. Probably, this altered condition of the public thought was aroused by the approach of the threatening storm at an earlier date in Huntsville than anywhere else in the South.

A more local cause was to be found at Huntsville, in the person of James G. Birney, the arch "agitator" and uncompromising "dictator" of the whole wretched business. Birney later became the first candidate for the presidency of the United States on the abolition ticket.

By 1833, Birney had become an out-and-out advocate of the total and immediate abolition of slavery. Having already responded by accepting a commission from the American Colonization Society as its "General Agent for the States of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas Territory," he dallied, however, sufficiently long to reweld the shackles upon his numerous slaves,

by selling them into continued servitude.

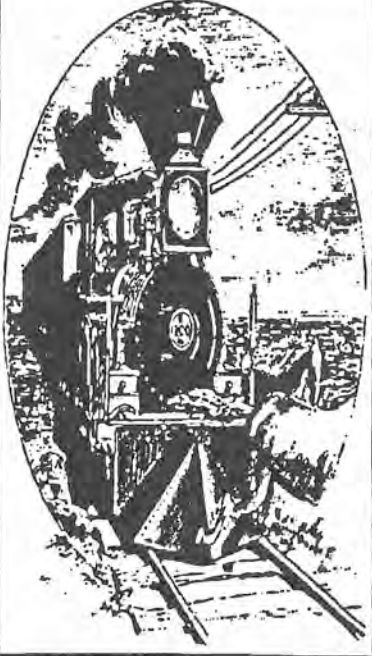
On May 21, 1833, he commenced the publication of a series of fifteen letters to the public, through the columns of the *Southern Advocate*, for the avowed purpose of "explaining the aims and intentions of the American Colonization Society."

It is to these latter letters, that the future student of history must and will turn with an acute interest, in order that, "The Life and Times of James G. Birney" may be understood and interpreted amid the proper lights and shadows. The known existence of these other letters is of more than ordinary concern to Huntsville; for thereby she is furnished unimpeachable evidence with which to combat the maligning statements made about her and her people in that colossal misrepresentation of fact, "The Life and Times of James G. Birney." To one who has searched the files of all of Huntsville's newspapers of those times, and found account of only one "drinking and shooting brawl," or chronicle of murderous or disorderly conduct, (not to mention having read all and particularly the fifteenth of Birney's letters, which latter one is unmistakable in its admissions), it comes as a great surprise that the son of this man, in writing of his "Life and Times," should seek to create the belief that his father left Huntsville because moral conditions were so depraved, and shooting and drinking brawls so frequent that one's life was not safe there.

The first of these letters appearing, as we have observed, on the 21st day of May, 1833, was mild and gentle in its approach to the subject discussed, and

was little more than an introduction of those to follow. The second informed the public that the "Society seeks support by the exhibition of facts through the press, auxiliary societies, and authorized agents," that unanimity was not to be expected, suggesting the temper with which the investigation should be conducted. "Objection in the South that the colonization plan originated in the free states," "Sentiment of distinguished gentlemen at the North," "Objects of the abolitionists examined," were the subjects considered in the third, fourth and fifth installments, respectively; while the sixth and sev-

## Moss Valley Railroad Company



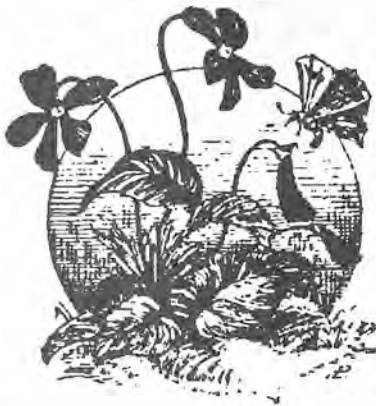
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enth were continuations of the fifth; the remaining eight, by degrees contained more of bile and less of balm.

Their author finally dealt rudely and not impersonally with the South and its institutions, until the fifteenth was reached on August 20, 1833. In this he reveals that he had many more such to publish, but at the request of Huntsville's citizens he would discontinue the discussion; closing with the expressions of regret that this course had become necessary.

Birney, having become generally obnoxious, hid himself to more congenial climes--by invitation. "Wisely he sought some other shore, where those who knew him less might praise him more." Accordingly, in the early part of 1834, Mr. Birney took his departure for the North, where he became a leader of thought and action concerning the abolition of slavery. With these sentiments in mind, he became the first candidate to ever run for the office of President of the United States on the Abolitionist platform.

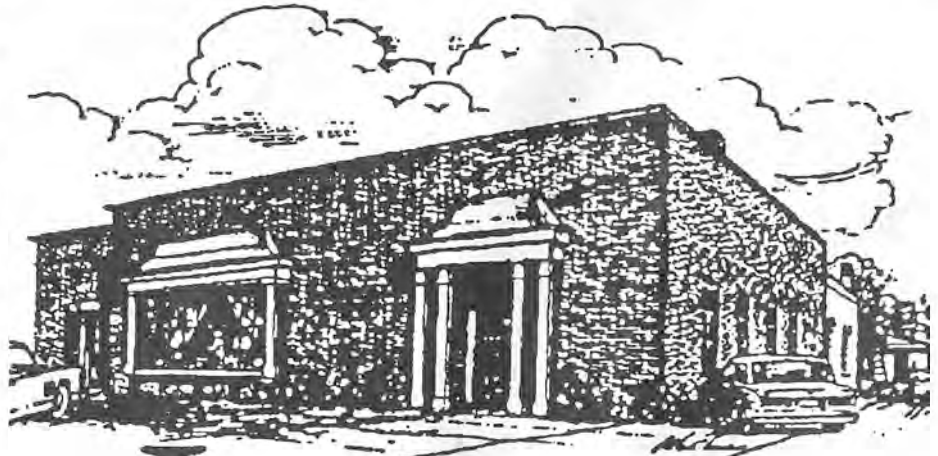
While a resident of Huntsville, Mr. Birney occupied a brick house, situated on the north side of East Holmes street, opposite its intersection with North Lincoln street.



## Captain Frank Gurley will entertain Confederate Veterans

Capt. Frank B. Gurley will have the annual reunion of the surviving members of his Confederate Cavalry troop at this home near Gurley beginning Wednesday. All of the members of this intrepid command who reside anywhere in this country and are in the enjoyment of good health will be there and they will be royally entertained by their old commander for two days or as long after as they wish to remain. The reunion of the Gurley troop is an annual affair and one that is looked forward to with great pleasure by all concerned.

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper



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# Frank James

The Last of The Band  
Lodged in Our Jail

An Interview With The  
Unhorsed "Operator."

He Never Troubled a  
Representative of The Press

*From February 21, 1884 Huntsville Newspaper*



The latest accession to the list of our local sojourners is the last of what is known to the history as the James Band--no less a personage than Frank James himself. He was brought here last Thursday, from Missouri by two United States Deputy Marshals and turned over to Marshal Hinds.

Having had all his state cases in Missouri disposed of finally, by virtue of the infamy of

Dick Liddel and the consequent invalidity of whatever this sweet scion of reformation might say, Frank James was immediately taken in hand by government officials and brought here to answer a charge of conspiracy to rob Postmaster Smith at Muscle Shoals. As soon as it was noised about that the distinguished outlaw was in the city, quite a throng of curious bodies went to the Calhoun building where they got

a glance of him.

"There he sits with a thin, cornsilk moustache, and smoking a cigar," said a bystander to the scribe. The scribe at once proceeded to make mental notes of the supposed bandit, and had succeeded in making a good mental photograph, when the said subject arose and quietly walked out of the house and across the street to one of the neighboring saloons. It was one of the Missouri deputy marshals!

Next we turned to the true, and veritable Frank James, a man five feet ten and one quarter inches high, seeming taller than what he is (for he only weighs about 130 pounds) with dark hair, a clear, firm, earnest eye and quite quick and almost nervous in his movements.

He looked travel worn and when seen several days later, in his cell at the jail, there was a marked difference for the better in his appearance. He is rather pale, but by no means a cadaver standing in stockings ready to

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jump off into the great elsewhere in a jiffy. His extreme pallor is suggestive of a want of sunshine. Since October of 1882, he has not enjoyed the bounding, buoyant life of a dashing freebooter, but has sickened over with the damp of prison walls. His life has undergone a change!

A glance reveals the fact that his chest is his weak physical point, but he is not yet on the perilous edge of the grave. He informed our scribe that his natural weigh was not over 140 pounds. He has a dry, comfortable cell at the jail and thinks he is stronger than he has been for some months past.

He thinks he would like Huntsville, whose beauties of scenery and charming air were already familiar to him. He had been to Huntsville several times before, but had not tarried here for more than a day or two at a time. He had likewise traveled through on the Memphis and Charleston road several times

and had admired the mountain fastnesses of Jackson county.

Concerning his case, of course, we did not expect him to say much. He said that he had employed Gen. L.P. Walker as his local attorney and expected that Governor Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri, would be on hand to attend his trial. His habit was to get the very best counsel to be had, and then leave everything to them.

Yes, he always slept well; slept as easy as an infant, went to bed about nine o'clock every night and did not get up until half past ten next morning. He found that sleep had all the health giving powers so often ascribed to a thousand and one nostrums.

His circumstances had been indeed a hard school.

He would not try to make bond, he reckoned, as it was but a short time till the April term of the Federal court and his friends had already been exceedingly kind to him. He could make it

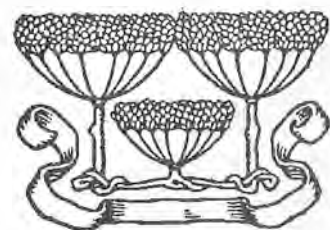
easily if he chose to. He did not wish to tax his friends any more than he found actually necessary. He hoped the local press would at least, not go out of its way to pound him, and prejudice his approaching trial. Every man is entitled to an unprejudiced trial. With quite a merry twinkle he said that he thought the entire press owed him a large bounty, for he had furnished them food for gossip and reflection for twenty years, and they had often taken the privilege of placing him a thousand miles distant from where he really was.

When the scribe bade him "good morning," he extended a cordial invitation to the scribe to call again as he had always been a good friend to the "quill-drivers" and had never interfered with one of them. The scribe has a vague suspicion that there was another twinkle in his eyes this time, as he said he had never "troubled" any newspaper man.

We would not charge him wrongfully for a million of shining ducats, but unless we are on a false trail, there was in this last mentioned, laughter of his optic which arose from a knowledge on his part of the impecuniosity of the journalists guild, as much to say: "Frank James knew where to find what he wanted."

Alas! What great mistakes even the greatest among us sometimes fall into!

*The End*



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# Busy Session Held by City Council Last Night

from 1906  
Huntsville Newspaper

The city council held an interesting meeting last night and passed several ordinances that are of interest to the general public.

Mayor Smith stated that on the advice of John Wesley, a paving expert, the entire cost of the paving will be passed on to the property owners. The paving ordinance was changed effective immediately.

An ordinance was also passed providing for the grading of the extension of Locust Street, laying the street with concrete gutters, stone curbs and granitoid sidewalks.

Permission was granted the owners of the little frame building on Washington Street occupied by the Davis tin shop for roofing the building with tin.

The members of the Fire Department will be allowed vacation for the summer.

The Hospital Association stated that an annex is being erected to the city hospital and permission was asked for the right to remove this new structure when the lease of the association runs out. This was granted.

By a vote of the council, water meters will be placed on the pipe furnishing water to the livery stables.

The street committee, to which was referred the matter of extending Green and widening Cruse Alley was reported favorable on both propositions. The recommendation of the engineer was that the new streets be made 46 feet wide but the committee reported in favor of 60 foot streets. The report was favorably acted on and City Attorney Murphy was directed to proceed

with the condemnation of abutting property as provided by Section 21 of the city code. The committee expressed the opinion in its report that the widening of the alley and extension of the street would add from 20 to 100 per cent to the property that is now cut off from communication with the streets.

Marriages are not made in heaven. They come in kits and you have to put them together.

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# Repair

# Waterford Square-- Where Old and New Meet

The year was 1965 and Huntsville was booming. People were moving here from all over the country and it was only four years before the locally designed and built Saturn V rocket would take our astronauts to the moon!

With the tremendous influx of people, it soon became apparent that housing had to be a top priority for our fair city.

John and Louise Bethune quickly realized this need in Huntsville and made the decision that would give Huntsville its finest and most luxurious apartment living.

In May of 1965 they opened the Westbury Apartments off Airport Rd. in Southeast Huntsville.

Westbury Apartments quickly became the top choice as the place to live in Huntsville. People flocked to the offices of John and Louise Bethune to

lease their exquisite apartment homes. At the time a two-bedroom residence leased for \$160 per month.

These Colonial style apartment homes were the most elegant of their time. The Bethunes constructed an Olympic-sized pool for residents and a beautifully furnished clubhouse was built along with tennis courts. For the ultimate in convenience, washers and dryers were provided in every apartment home, furnished or unfurnished!

While the apartment community was still on the architect's drawing board, the Bethunes decided that their apartments would be the most spacious in all of Huntsville--up to 1,638 square feet!

By the 1970s, the Bethunes decided that they were no longer physically able to oversee the management of their beloved apartments. Capital Real Estate Management took over Westbury, but sold the apartments to the Angeles Partners on January 1, 1980, who changed the name to its present day name of Waterford Square.

Legend has it that the investor who purchased the apartment community was from Ire-

land and dearly loved Waterford Crystal. Advertising for the apartment community quickly used that connection by declaring that, "The reason to move to Waterford Square is Crystal Clear."

On January 1, 1993 Insignia Management Group took over Waterford Square and manages it today.

Over the years the apartment community has had several hardworking and dedicated managers; they are as follows: Mary Finley, Loraine Clay, Jerry Williams, Cliff Toner, Julie Bryant, Cindy Brunette, and the present manager, Kathy Woodyard.

These loyal and committed individuals have done much to continue the wonderful tradition that was Westbury Apartments and today carries on as Waterford Square.

*Editor's Note: In our next issue we'll tell the story of Waterford Square Apartments after the tornado of 1989, and the story of some of the residents that live there, including two individuals who have resided in the apartment homes since its construction in 1965.*



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 2 Bedroom - 1402 Sq. Ft.  
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# ANTIQUE SHOPPING GUIDE

## Bulldog Antiques

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Antique & Vintage  
Furniture  
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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  
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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

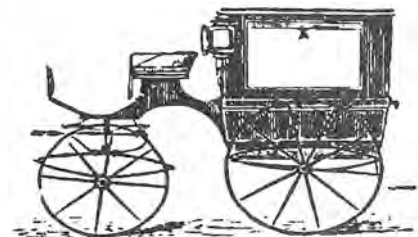
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lectibles, Glassware, Clocks  
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## Exploring the Mountains

by Ruby Crabbe

On weekends in Dallas Village, the kids had their own fun things to do. A few played ball, others hit the tennis court and always you could see a bunch of skaters racing up and down the sidewalks.

Skating was the "in thing" in those days and I wish I had a dollar for every pair of skates I wore out. My favorite hobby was hiking on the mountains and hunting caves. Elsie Thornton Schrimsher and I used to hike on Monte Sano, Chapman and Sharps Mountains. Monte Sano, because it was the largest mountain, was our favorite. Not too many spots on that mountain that our feet didn't touch. We walked over ledges, under ledges and blazed out trails and

through places so dense and dark the sun had never shone there.

One cave in particular was located on Sharps Mountain and when I think of that deep dark cavern, even after all those many years ago, I still shudder to think of the foolish thing Elsie and I did. We never stopped to consider the danger we put ourselves in when it came to cave hunting. How foolish we were, you may be thinking. Well, we were so foolish we never ever thought of carrying a flashlight with us. Need I say more?

On that one day we had gone to Sharps Mountain to hunt chestnuts. In behind the chestnut tree we saw a small opening in the side of the mountain.

Chestnuts forgotten, we decided to crawl through that small opening. The opening was so small we had to get on our stomachs and lower ourselves, feet first, down into that cave. Inside the cave was a very narrow ledge, and only a ledge, for us to walk on. With our backs pressed against the inside wall of the mountain we inched our way slowly along that ledge.

Inside the cave was darker than this side of midnight. We

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walked slowly and before another step was taken we would feel with one foot to see if any more ledge was left to walk on. It got more and more narrow until the ledge just ran out, and when we put our foot out to touch, the ledge was gone, only emptiness. Out there in front of us, and somewhere far below us, we could hear water rushing and dashing over - only the good Lord knew what!

We slowly inched our way back to the small opening we had found originally. From the narrow ledge we stood on and up to that opening was way over our heads. The only way for us to get out was to jump up to the mouth of the cave and hope and pray we could grasp something solid to hold on to. We had to make that one jump count or else miss and fall backwards into oblivion.

Elsie, being the tallest, decided she could jump high enough to grasp on to something solid to pull herself out. Thank God for those small saplings growing around the mouth of that cave. Now the problem was to get me out. I've always been short in height and I knew there was no way I could jump high enough to reach those saplings. But Elsie just got on her stomach, reached down and grabbed my out-stretched arms and pulled me to safety.

Inside that deep dark gloom Elsie and I learned the best lesson we have ever learned in our lives. We learned how stupid we were.



# Ku Klux Klan To Form Here

## Branch of Old Reorganized Order to Be Organized in Huntsville

*from 1920 Huntsville newspaper*

Definite announcement was made today that plans are now being made for organizing here a branch of the Ku Klux Klan.

Several prominent citizens are said to be interested in the movement, and it is understood a representative of the Klan will be in contact with these citizens to assist them in their plans.

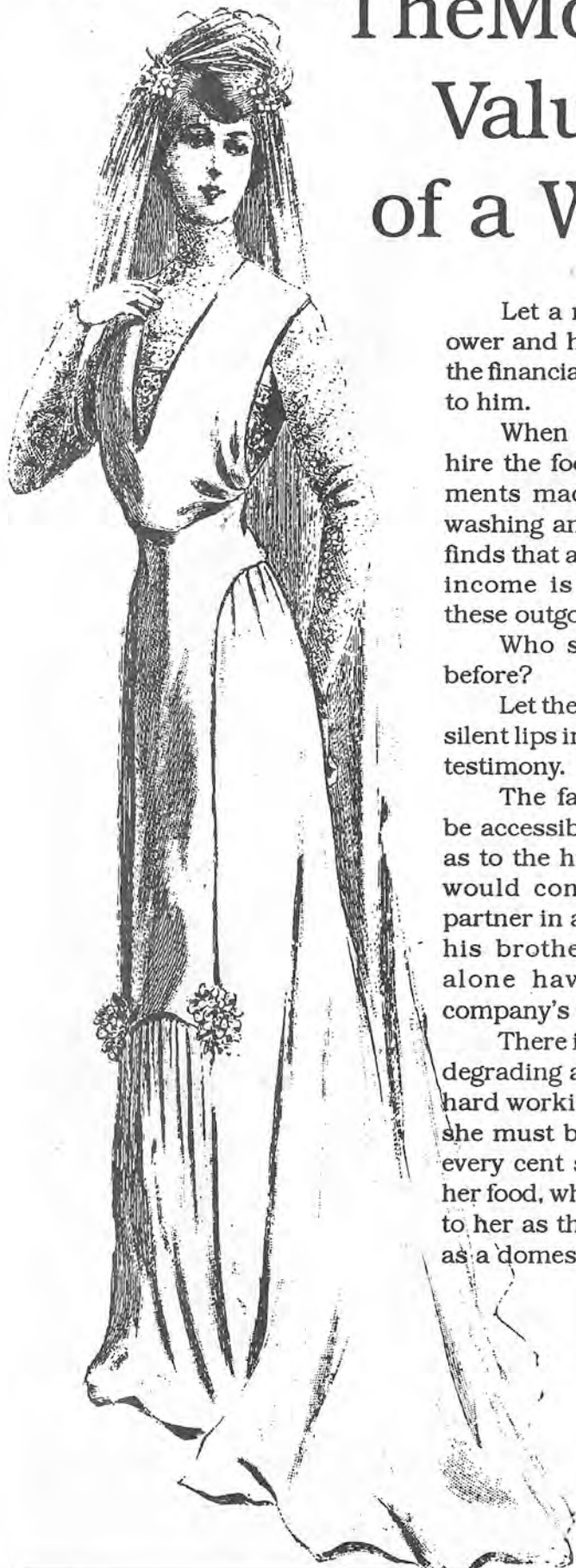
The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, which is but a reorganization of the order that swept from the South the carpetbagger and the scalawag in the stirring days of reconstruction period and restored to the white people their rightful place in the nation and the management of their own affairs, was formed in Atlanta in November, 1915.



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# The Money Value of a Wife



Let a man become a wid-  
ower and he soon learns what  
the financial worth of a wife was  
to him.

When he is compelled to  
hire the food cooked, the gar-  
ments made or mended, the  
washing and ironing done, he  
finds that about one-half of his  
income is required to meet  
these outgoes.

Who saved this expense  
before?

Let the cold fingers and the  
silent lips in the graveyard bear  
testimony.

The family purse should  
be accessible to a faithful wife  
as to the husband. What man  
would consent to become a  
partner in a company in which  
his brother partner should  
alone have control of the  
company's funds?

There is no one thing more  
degrading and depressing to a  
hard working wife, than to feel  
she must beg like a tramp for  
every cent she spends beyond  
her food, which as truly belongs  
to her as though she earned it  
as a domestic or shop girl!

From  
1800s  
Publication

## The Editor's Appeal

Fish down into your pocket  
And dig up the dust.  
The Editor is hungry,  
and the paper's  
'bout to bust!

We've trusted you for  
several months,  
And did it with a smile.  
So just return the  
compliment

And trust us for awhile.  
Our wife, she needs  
some stockings,  
And our baby needs  
a dress.

Jimmy needs  
some breeches,  
And so do Kate and Bess  
Pud is on the hog train,  
And Peggy sick with grief.  
Good gosh almighty,  
Won't you give a man relief?!

Shell out the nickels,  
And turn loose the  
dimes and  
quarters, too.

Turn'em loose and whistle,  
And we'll have some  
better times.  
There'll be fever patches  
On the bottom of our pants.  
We'll make the paper better,  
If we only get the chance.

Don't give us that old story,  
Long gone to seed,  
'bout taking  
More papers than the  
family wants  
To read!

But help to feed the printer,  
And he'll help your  
town grow.

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sulphur,  
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## Ancient Health Remedies

*The scarcity of medical facilities in the remoter rural areas of the South forced people to do with what they had in order to cure their ills. Some of these old remedies undoubtedly worked, while some probably didn't and may have had disastrous effects (Note remedy #2). Here are a few of the more interesting ones we found:*

To get rid of freckles, put stump water on them.

If you get bit by a black widow spider, drink liquor heavily from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. You won't get drunk, you'll be healed.

For head lice, cut hair close and use Kerosene.

For pneumonia, give the person two teaspoonfuls of oil rendered from a skunk.

To stop a nosebleed, take a nickel and place it directly under the nose between the upper lip and the gum and press tightly.

When you have a case of Athlete's foot, wrap a wool string around the big toe and step directly in fresh cow dung.

You can remove a sty from your eye by running the tip of a black cat's tail over it.

For a fever, tie a bag containing the sufferer's nail cutting to a live eel. It will carry the fever away.

For a bad headache, rub your brow with crushed onions.

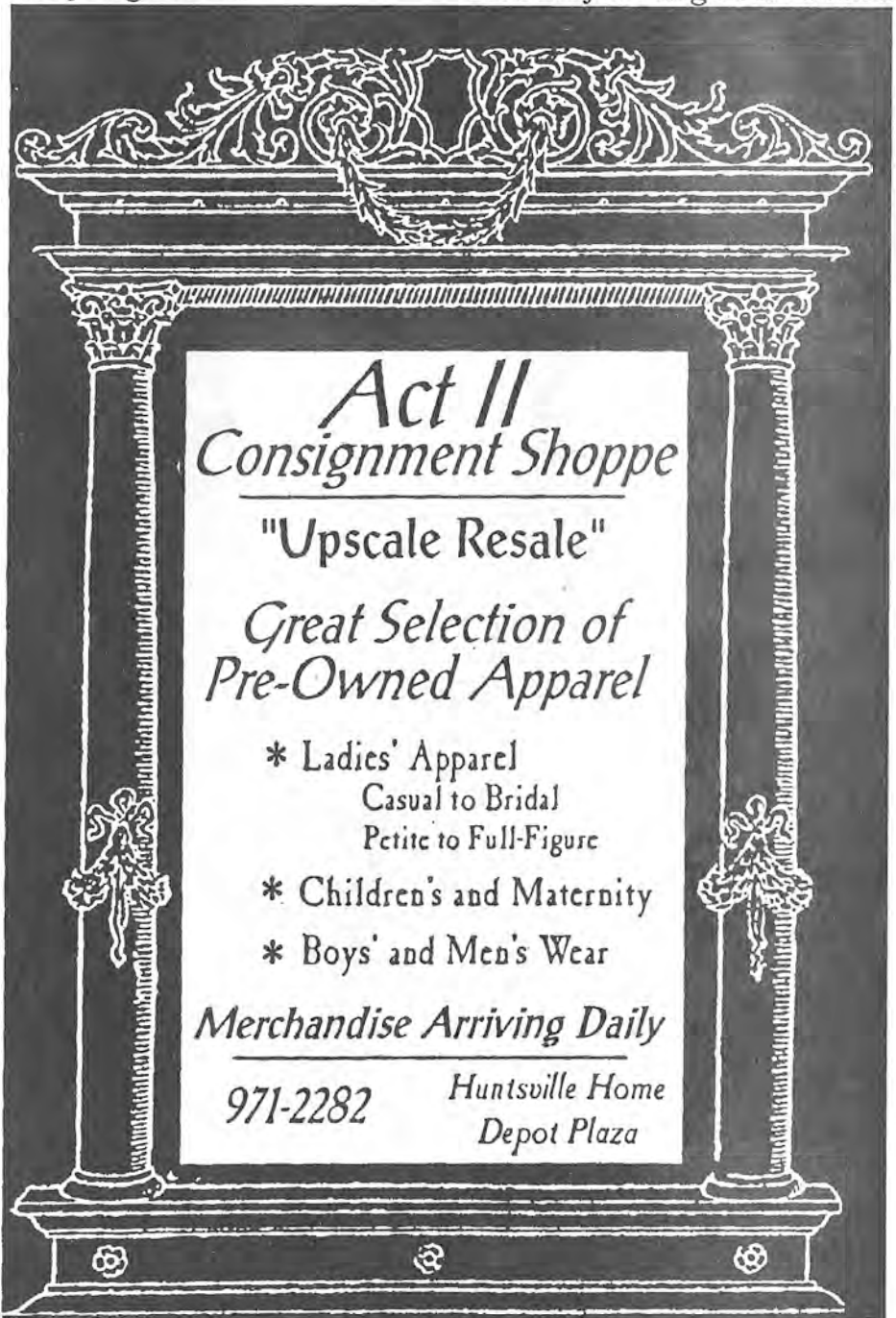
If you have a case of poison ivy, try rubbing the area with the inside of a banana peel. Or slice open a green tomato and run the juice over the affected area.

To cure cramps in your feet, turn your shoes upside down before you go to bed.

For a cold, do the following. Take a three-pound can of pine twigs and rabbit tobacco. Boil together and strain. Drink some every three hours, taking no more than one full juice glass within a twelve-hour period.

When you have chest congestion, wear a flannel shirt with turpentine and lard on it all winter.

Burns: if a person has never seen his father, he can draw the fire out by blowing on the wound.



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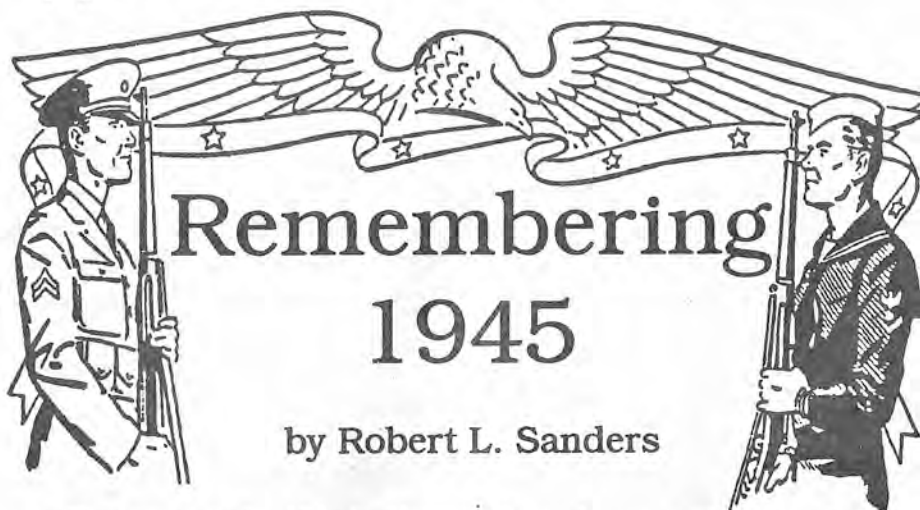
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# Remembering 1945

by Robert L. Sanders

Some people think that 1945 was the most significant year of the twentieth century. The "Big War" ended, the nuclear age began and the United States became the leading world power. Personally, 1945 was also a very significant year in my life.

I graduated from high school, joined the U.S. Marine Corps, and during the three hot summer months of that year I grew from a seventeen year old adolescent into a man. In March, 1945 the war in Europe was winding down. The Germans were in retreat on both the eastern and western fronts. Although the end came in Europe in mid-May 1945, the Pacific was a different story. The U.S. Marines were engaged in a costly battle at Iwo Jima. It would be late June before the battle for Okinawa was over. With the possible exception of a handful of people working on the highly classified "Manhattan" project in the New Mexico desert, no one dreamed that the war would end in the Pacific anytime soon. Best hopes were for mid or late 1946.

I went to Birmingham, Alabama in March of 1945 to enlist in the U.S. Marine Corps. I took and passed the physical exam.

Since I was still seventeen, I brought home permission papers for Ma to sign. She wasn't too happy but she signed with the understanding that I would not be inducted until I finished high school in May, 1945.

About a week before graduation, Mr. J. Homer Crim, the principal at West Huntsville High, made arrangements for the senior class of '45 to have an outing at Camp Kiwanis, located in a rural area north of Huntsville. It was an all-day affair with swimming, boating, picnicking

and the use of the lodge for dancing and socializing. This outing sticks out in my mind because it symbolized for me a fond farewell to a life that had been, and would never be again.

That much-quoted statement of Thomas Wolfe, that "You can never return home again" is so true. That day, that time, was the end of an era for me to which I would never return.

The eighteenth day of June is a bad day for our family. It was the day my father died in 1935, the day my brother, John, was killed in an auto accident in 1952 and it was the day that I first left home in 1945. I left Ma crying on the front porch as I made my way Downtown to catch the bus to Birmingham en route to the U.S. Marine Recruit depot at Parris Island, South Carolina.

My travel group of three included a big, tall Tennessee boy and another seventeen year old Alabamian. We traveled by train to Atlanta, Georgia where we met a large number of travel groups from all over the country on their way to Parris Island. Our train

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was met at a railhead just outside Yemassee, South Carolina by a group of loudmouthed drill instructors with a fleet of trucks used for hauling cattle. The cursing and intimidation began there and didn't end for ten weeks. We were loaded onto these cattle trucks and hauled some 25 or 30 miles southeast to Parris Island.

We were immediately taken to the main chow hall at the depot headquarters. As we eased through the chowline, I saw the familiar face of Arnold Edger, who lived only a couple of blocks from my home in West Huntsville. As he put some food on my tray, he whispered, "Sanders, beware, these SOB's will kill you."

It didn't take long for me to understand what Arnold meant. After lunch we "fell in" and started marching down to the "delousing house." As we walked along, Corporal Dietz, one of the DI's for my platoon, #334, reached into the ranks, grabbed the big tall Tennessee boy by the back of his shirt collar and dragged him out. All the time "dog cursing" him for being out of step. The "delousing house" was the place where you had your head shaved, got an issue of uniforms, and as you stood naked your body was sprayed with a disinfectant. It wasn't the sort of place that did a lot for the ego of a seventeen year old. I later learned that this was all a part of the "dehumanizing" process that Marines went through during the first eight weeks of boot camp. The last two weeks of boot camp you were invited back into the human race.

While in boot camp we were totally isolated from the outside world. No newspapers, no radio broadcasts, and obviously there

was no TV at that time. We were not allowed to go to the PX or the "Slop shoot" (beer joint). For ten weeks we were busy doing something from 5:30 A.M. until lights out at 10:00 P.M. The only concessions were two nights per week we were allowed time to write letters from 9:30 P.M. until 10:00 P.M. On Sunday morning we were allowed one hour to attend church. The physical training was tough, but I think the mental part was tougher, or at least it was in the summer of 1945.

Every individual in my platoon was given a rather lengthy interview by a psychologist on two or three occasions while we were there. The emphasis in these interviews always seemed to be about how well we were prepared for death. We were shown numerous combat films with all the blood and gore as-

sociated with them. Training instructors quite candidly told us that 80% of us would be casualties within a year. We were told we were being trained to replace those casualties that the 3rd, 4th and 5th Marine divisions suffered at Iwo Jima and 1st and 6th divisions at Okinawa. We were informed that we would be involved in the invasion of Japan which was planned for late 1945 or early 1946.

The one thing I remember quite clearly about this training was the emphasis placed on not fighting for God, Flag or country, but rather for each other. "When the bullets start flying, don't let your fellow Marine down" was the theme.

Some of the guys in my platoon (#334) included a big old boy named Polonsky from Pennsylvania; a smart-alec kid from Texas named Dorsey; and a

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short Italian boy from New Jersey, whom the DI's nicknamed "Midnight." Midnight was bad news. He had the rest of the platoon running in circles a whole lot. The way it worked in boot camp was that the guy who screwed off got off easy, and the rest of the platoon paid the price for him. Every time Midnight was late getting into formation, the rest of the platoon would have to run a lap around the steam rack, which was roughly 500 yards, while Midnight sat down and relaxed. The point that was obviously being made was that the rest of the platoon members needed to take care of Midnight's "indiscretions," which we did.

We also had to take care of Dorsey, who was a loudmouth, and that kept the rest of the platoon in trouble. Finally one night we decided to bury Dorsey in a sand grave neck deep after the DI had the rest of the guys in our tent doing "up and on shoulders" for an hour. "Up and on shoulders" involved continually pressing your nine pound M-1 rifle over head. It gets pretty tiring after an hour.

Polonsky made the mistake of mouthing off to our DI, Corp. Dietz. He said he was going to whip Dietz when boot camp was over. Dietz told Polonsky to "fall out" of formation and he would have his opportunity here and now. It was no contest. Dietz had just got back from three years in the South Pacific and after five or six punches, Polonsky was flat on his back on the drill field, bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth. Dietz turned and told two other members of the platoon to drag him over to the dispensary and get him sewed up. The platoon immediately returned to close-order drill.

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In about the second week of August, 1945 we started hearing from members of other platoons while at the chow hall that "something big was in the works." Finally somebody had the guts to ask Corp. Dietz what was going on. The reply back from Dietz went something like this: "We dropped a big bomb on Japan and they might be thinking about quitting." That's about all the information we got about the war until we finished boot camp in the last week of August. It was then that we learned that the fighting had been over for about two weeks and the Japanese were going to surrender to General MacArthur on the U.S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay on Sep-

tember 2, 1945.

During the last two weeks of boot camp we were slowly but surely being invited back into the human race. Corp. Dietz and Sgt. Lehman, our other DI, began to speak to us as if we were humans, rather than dogs. The emphasis then became pride in being a U.S. Marine, the toughest, the meanest SOB alive. As we marched in the graduation parade to the musical strains of *semper fidelis*, chests all puffed out, some of these seventeen year old kids actually believed this bull. I wasn't one of them.

I was proud to be a Marine. I was proud to have survived the ten week ordeal. I was proud and particularly pleased that I would

not have to go into combat. I was proud to be going home, if only for a week. The man who may have been primarily responsible for my (and many others) good fortune was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the technical director of the "Manhattan" project, and sometimes called the "Father of the Atom Bomb." Little did I know at that time who this man was and that I would develop a rather unusual relationship with him within the next few years.

*The End*

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## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I have a connection to one of your stories. The one about the Alabama Birdman. The Hazel Green man who invented America's first monoplane was my husband's Great Grandfather and his grandfather was Papa Joe Quick, County Commissioner for many years. There is a lot of history in our town, which I hope we can see preserved for our future generations.

*Carolyn Landman, New Market*

Dear Editor,

New Market may still be the Watercress capital of the world. It grows from up Mt. Fork Creek Rd. to within sight of Sharon Johnston Park. When I went to college in 1935 the first thing my history teacher said to me when I told her where I was from (New Market) was, "Oh, you're from the watercress capital of the world!"

*Thomas R. McCrary, New Market*

Dear Editor,

I just love reading about all the old stories from Huntsville, which is where my mother, my grandmother and I are all from. I still have an uncle who is in Huntsville. His name is Olef Gaines and he was a boxer in the 30s. His nickname was the Dallas Slugger. He had 39 fights and no knockouts, that's a pretty good record. He is 84. I think, he lives on Easter Street. I have another uncle Earl (Bob) who lives in Florida. He also is a native of Huntsville, played baseball on one of the old ball leagues in the 30s and 40s. You might want to check with him for some good stories of Huntsville.

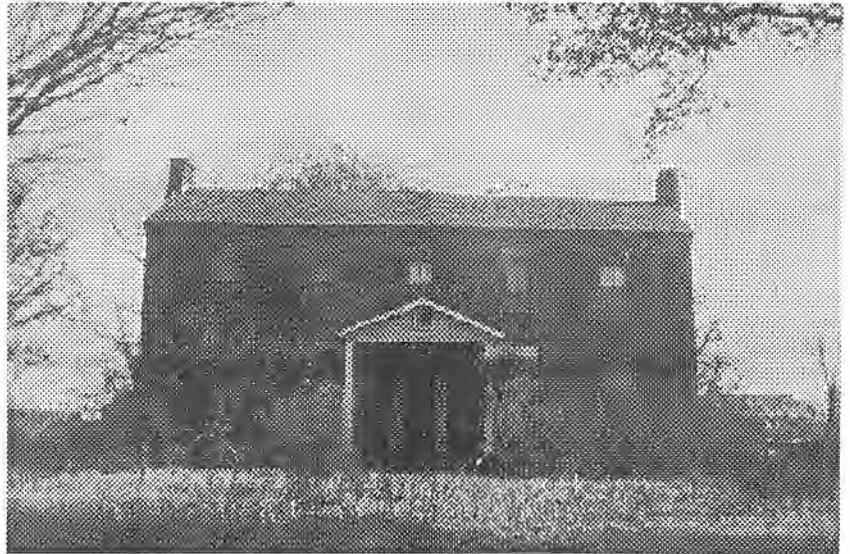
*Mrs. Burns*

Dear Editor,

Your issue 45 "Yankee Scouts and Southern Scoundrels" by Mr. Rice provided a fitting footnote to a family legend. Often it was told that a "sixteen year old son of Simeon Houk was killed by (some said) Sharp's Scouts." Simeon was my great, great grandfather, and purportedly the intended victim. When he could not be found, his son, Bradford, was killed instead. Mr. Rice's article revealed that Sparks was eventually caught and hanged by grapevine as no suitable rope was available at the time.

*Harold Houk, Madison*

# Places and People



*Photograph taken in 1948 before being renovated.*

In the picturesque Hurricane Valley of eastern Madison County stands a stately home, built 35 years before the Civil War. Located about three miles north of Maysville, on the old Thomas Wilson Indian Reservation, the home stands as a monument to a bygone era. For years the dwelling was considered significant, not only for its elegant simplicity, but also for its connection with James McCartney, an early settler of Madison County.

McCartney, born in Georgia on November 6, 1783, was the son of Charles McCartney. The elder McCartney was listed in old records as having lived in northeast Tennessee around the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In 1809, he migrated to Madison County, but without his eldest son, James, the child of an earlier marriage, who did not settle in the Mississippi Territory until 1811.

Shortly after his arrival in Madison County, James McCartney became a trustee of Green Academy, the first institution of learning of its type in the county, on November 25, 1812, and was listed as a Tax Assessor and Collector for Madison County, in 1813. Although he did not serve in the War of

1812, McCartney was indirectly affected by it, for his brother, William, a private in the 7th. Regiment of Perkins' Battalion of the Mississippi Militia, was killed during an encounter with an Indian raiding party on December 2, 1813.

In 1820, McCartney and other noted individuals, Stephen Pond, Stephen McBroom, and David Cobb among them, formed the Flint River Navigation Company, an attempt to improve the navigation of Flint River from Brownsboro to the Tennessee River. By this time, the civic-minded McCartney was well established in the community.

On February 13, 1822, McCartney purchased 320 acres of reservation land, set aside by the government for the Indians in 1817, from Thomas Wilson of the Cherokee Nation. Since the acreage purchased--the north half of the reservation, was in Decatur County, the deed was recorded in Woodville. The deed copy was later destroyed according to the Alabama Department of Archives and History, in a fire at the Jackson County Courthouse, where the records were stored after the

county was abolished in 1825.

On October 5, 1826, McCartney married Martha Harvie Jordan and moved into a newly built Federal home, a wedding present for his bride. The dwelling with the date of 1826 carved on a small section of pit-sawn attic framing, had Flemish bond brickwork on all four sides, an unusual feature. A most unique fan window was constructed above the front door while elegant dental work surrounded the top of the edifice. The interior had the characteristic delicate Federal workmanship in such areas as the stair trim, wainscoting, and fireplace mantels.

McCartney, a member of the Court of County Commissioners of Roads and Revenue at the time of his death in 1831, left the house to his wife, Martha. Two sons, James and Fleming, also survived, but both died before the Civil War.

In 1833, Martha McCartney married a second time to George Weaver, but he, leaving no issues, due to the fact that his only child had drowned in a nearby well, died in 1840. Finally, in

1842, Martha married a third time to Matthew H. Bone, a Presbyterian minister.

Born in Lebanon, Tennessee, in 1803, Bone became a candidate for the ministry before the age of 21, under the Anderson Presbytery, consisting of a part of western Kentucky, eastern Illinois, and the entire state of Indiana. In 1829, he was appointed by the General Assembly to travel with Rev. John W. Ogden for the Cumberland College in Princeton, Kentucky, for spiritual endeavors in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Alabama. Though at times dissatisfied with his calling, Rev. Bone never permanently gave up the ministry for other pursuits.

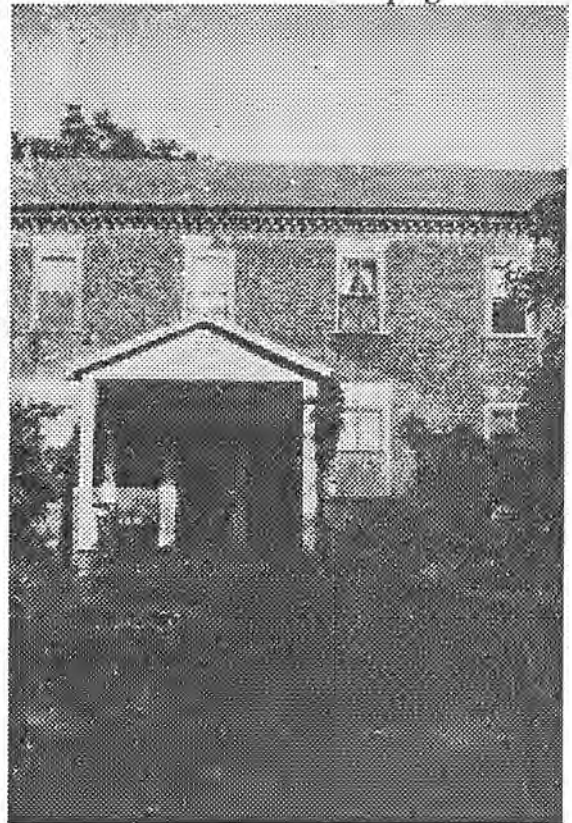
During the Civil War, Rev. Bone and his wife were harassed on various occasions by Union Troops, searching for food and other necessities, though Rev. Bone's son, Dr. Hugh Phillips Bone, the child of his first wife, was more directly involved in this bloody conflict. He entered service as a private in Company F of General Nathan Bedford Forrest's regiment, but transferred to the Medical Department and served in that capacity until the end of the war.

During Reconstruction, the Bone family, fortunate enough to maintain their hold on the estate, continued to live and work on the plantation. In 1881, Rev. Bone died. Martha Bone passed away two years later and left the homestead in trust to Dr. Bone for a niece, Louisa A. Bone. Thereafter, the property became known as the L. A. Bone estate through most of the early 20th century.

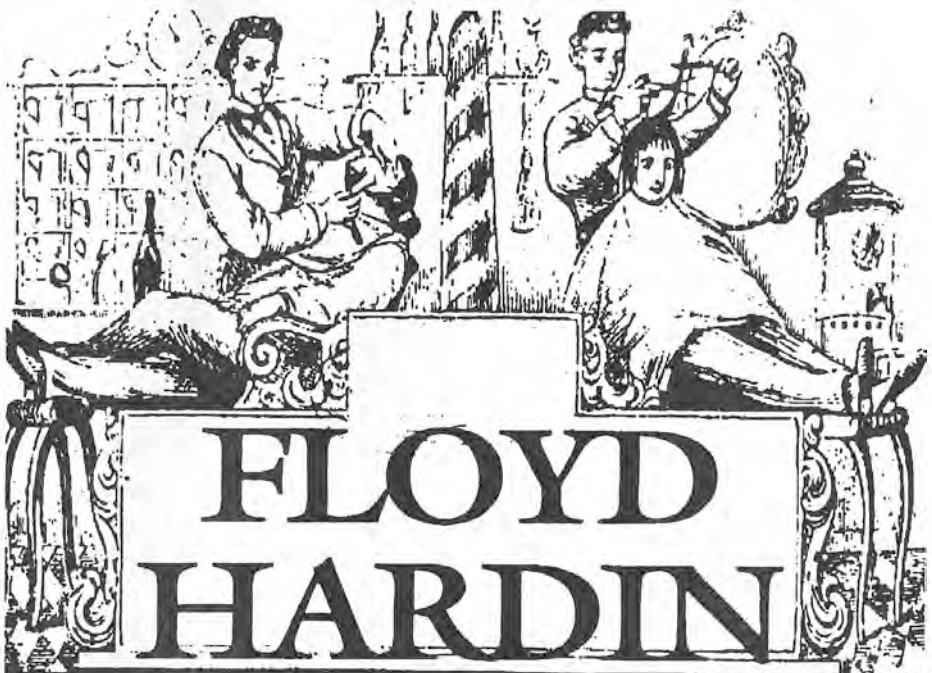
In 1955, the heirs to the Bone estate sold the old McCartney homestead to Oliver

K. Matthews, who conveyed the property to Ernest and Laura Wilbourn in 1960. The Wilbourn family had strong ties to the community, with Ernest serving as principle at Riverton School and his wife working as a teacher. Their love of history served as the catalyst for restoring the old home, and making it once again a historical centerpiece for the region.

The Wilbourns were keenly aware of the importance in preserving the past. Their home, built by James McCartney, not only became a symbol of that past, but also an inspiration to future generations.



1948 photograph showing the intricate dental molding.



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# Love Proves Dangerous for Yankee Soldiers

from March 16, 1864, Nashville newspaper

On March 2, three young men named Benj. Arthur, Leonidas Bouris, and John K. Morris, of Company A, 5th Ohio cavalry, went outside of the Federal pickets near Huntsville, Alabama, to visit several lady acquaintances. During the evening they were pounced upon by a detachment of the enemy, who summarily threw them all into a well, and covered them with about twelve feet of earth.

After two days absence, a force went out in search of them, and found the well partially filled with dirt.

After digging down, they found the bodies of the three young men, and from a neighbor they learned the facts connected with the deaths as above stated.

One hundred and thirty-five dollars was taken from one of the young men. All three men were residents of Clermont County, Ohio.



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  - ▼ frequent urination ..... YES 30 \_\_\_\_\_
  - ▼ extreme fatigue ..... YES 10 \_\_\_\_\_
  - ▼ unexplained weight loss ..... YES 30 \_\_\_\_\_
  - ▼ blurry vision from time to time ..... YES 10 \_\_\_\_\_
- I am over 40 years old ..... YES 10 \_\_\_\_\_
- I am overweight ..... YES 20 \_\_\_\_\_
- I am a woman who has had more than one baby weighing over 9 lbs at birth ..... YES 20 \_\_\_\_\_
- I am of Native American descent ..... YES 10 \_\_\_\_\_
- I am of Hispanic or Black descent ..... YES 10 \_\_\_\_\_
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# Household Tips by EARLENE



For a great skin scrub, make a paste of oatmeal and water. Apply to face and allow to dry until it feels tight. Rub off with your finger, using lots of back and forth motions. This sloughs off dead skin and gets rid of blackheads.

To really shine up chrome, pour some ammonia on a dry cloth and rub.

For a good eye cream, rub castor oil around your eyes at night. Plastic surgeons use this on their patients following surgery.

If you get gum on a piece of clothing and can't get it off, put the garment in a bag in the freezer. When thoroughly cold, remove and scrape off the frozen gum.

For the cleanest work clothes ever, add 1/2 cup of household ammonia to the wash water.

This one from our friend Bob Evans, of Madison: When you've gotten home from your weekend outing and your cooler needs a good cleaning, just use some steel wool and a bit of soapy water. The steel wool makes an excellent scrubber and the cooler will look as good as new when you rinse off the soapy water.

Water your houseplants with the water you boiled your eggs in - it is full of minerals.

You can change the color of cut flowers by mixing food coloring in warm water and placing stems in the solution. The stems absorb the colors and by morning you will see pretty designs and different colors on the flowers.

The older we get, the harder it is to thread a needle.

To make the task a little easier, just spray the end of the thread with a bit of hair spray to make it stiffer.

To get rid of that paint odor when painting a room, just add 2 teaspoons of vanilla extract to the paint quart and mix.

If you want to get your white socks really white again, just boil them in a pot of water to which you've added a sliced lemon.

Toss freshly cut bananas or apples in lemon juice and they will not darken - tastes better, too!

A rib of celery in your bread bag will keep the bread tasting fresh for a longer period of time.



## Lane's Interior Fashion Center

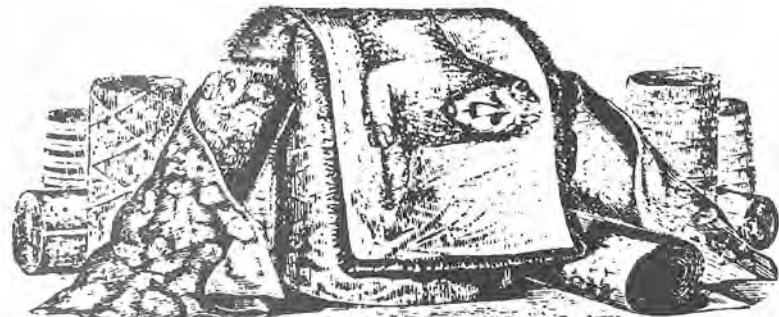
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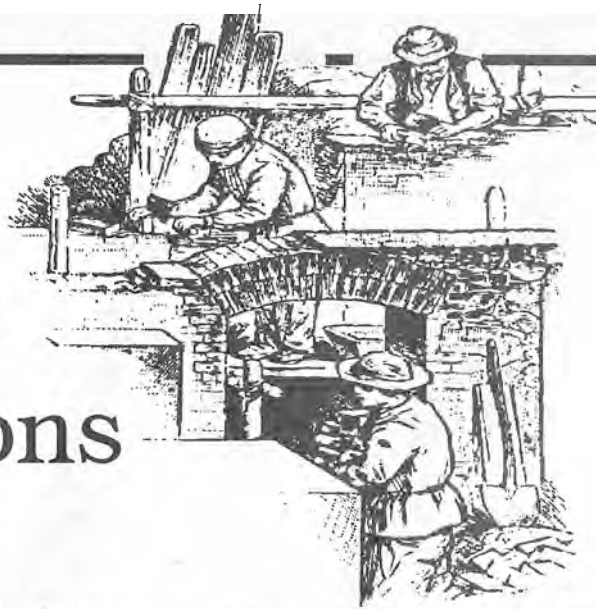
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# The Brandons

by Jack Harwell

Many of Huntsville's streets are named for persons from the city's early history, though not all of them are major streets. In the neighborhood south and west of the Governors Drive--Whitesburg Drive intersection can be found Brandon Street, whose name recalls two of the city's earliest builders.

Thomas and William Brandon were the sons of Josiah Brandon, a veteran of the American Revolution who had fought for both the Americans and for the British. His service to the latter was largely due to the demands of his father. After the war Josiah married, and he and his family lived, first in his native North Carolina, later in Georgia, and, early in the 19th Century, near Lynchburg, Tennessee. Josiah and his wife, Rachel, are buried not far from Lynchburg, next to the church that bears his name.

Huntsville was still very much a frontier town when Thomas and William Brandon came here in 1810. Only five years had elapsed since John Hunt had built his cabin at Big Spring, and log structures still dominated the area around the spring. The streets had been laid out, but there was no courthouse on the courthouse square. There was a

tavern on Jefferson Street, where Hale Brothers furniture now stands, and a mercantile house on Gates Street. But Huntsville was primarily an outpost in a territory populated almost entirely by Indians, and the wilderness started just a few blocks from downtown.

Thomas and William were

Masons by trade, and their activities during the next two decades would transform the town. The stone-and-brick structures built by the Brandons would give Huntsville an air of permanence which had not existed before. They built some of the earliest structures on the square, as well as some of the finest homes in town at the time. They also built the Methodist church at the corner of Randolph and Green streets. By the 1820s, Huntsville, for the first time, looked like a real town.

Influenced in part by the work of the Brandons, other events were occurring to establish Huntsville as Alabama's premier city. Between 1812 and 1816, three newspapers were established. The first courthouse was completed. In 1819, President James Monroe visited the

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morning around the courthouse, she later wrote, could be seen one to two hundred saddle horses. So impressed was Mrs. Royall by the busy town that she later included a detailed description of Huntsville in a book based on her travels.

Thomas and William Brandon were married to sisters, Eliza and Mary Sample, respectively, and lived at the corner of Holmes and Washington Streets. They ran their business from a location near the intersection of Holmes and Jefferson. Curiously, some of this property was excluded from the city's expansion in 1821. Whether this was by design or coincidence is unknown. They also owned fields just west of town along Pinhook Creek, which was then known as Indian Creek.

In 1820, Thomas became first clerk of the county court, a position he held until 1832. One

city while on a tour of southern military installations. Just a few months after the president's visit, Huntsville hosted the Constitutional Convention that established statehood for Alabama. Only one generation removed from log cabins, Huntsville had secured its place in history--the first of many.

In Judge Taylor's history of Huntsville, he called the Brandons "the builders of Huntsville" and said they came to town "with no property except their trowels and great skill in their trade, and from a struggling wooden village they made a city of stone and brick." A traveller, Mrs. Anne Royall, arrived in Huntsville in 1818 at the height of the building boom. At that time the town had over 200 homes, many of them brick houses built by the Brandons, and on the square were the courthouse, a bank, and twelve stores. Every

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of his pastimes was hunting, and he and his friends spent a great deal of time hunting in the Killingsworth Cove area. In 1832 he bought a large parcel of land in Jackson County, but within a few years he moved to Mississippi. His wife, Eliza, had died in 1828, and he had remarried before he left town. William later served in the state legislature, the last time in 1844.

A third Brandon brother, Byrd, was born about 1800 and practiced law in Huntsville in an office on the north side of the square. He also served as U.S. Attorney and helped organize a militia in the wake of the Alamo. In 1838 he was sent to Mexico as a consul, but died before he could assume his post. His son, John D. Brandon, served with the 4th Alabama Infantry during the Civil War. His actions at First Manassas earned him a commission, and he ended the war a captain.

Eventually, the Brandons left off the construction business, but Huntsville continued to grow and change. Over the years the work of the Brandon brothers has succumbed to urban renewal and changing tastes, and few examples of their handiwork survive. One that does is the White-Sanford Home at 601 Madison Street, which was completed in 1827. In addition, the LeRoy Pope home on Echols Hill may be partly a Brandon house. To look at these homes today is to see our town as it looked 175 years ago, when a pair of Tennessee stonemasons named Brandon helped turn a log cabin settlement into the beginning of a city.



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# You are Born, You Live, and Then You Die. ...

And then you become a statistic in some dusty book on the back of a library shelf.

Next year, five years from now, or maybe ten, someone will come along and browse through the book, and all they will learn is your name, age, date of death and where you are buried.

A lifetime of accomplishments, and they will be forgotten. Genealogists, historians or your own descendents will never know that your grandfather was an Eagle Scout or that your father was one of the first people hired by NASA. No one will ever know that great-grandmother was a member of the church choir.

*Old Huntsville Magazine* is currently working on a book about Maple Hill Cemetery, and the people buried there. Along with the standard information about the people interred there, we want to include as much personal information as possible.

If your grandmother had 12 children and is buried at Maple Hill, we want to know about it.

If your uncle was a member of the National Guard, we want to know about it.

If your brother was a house painter, or your great grandfather a member of the library board, we want to know about that too.

However trivial the information may seem to people today, it will be invaluable for future generations researching Huntsville's history.

Also needed is information about anyone buried in Maple Hill who is not recorded on their books. Sad to say, much of this information has been lost in years past.

Within the next several months, a working copy of the book will be available at the office of Maple Hill cemetery and in the Archives room of the public library for people. Please feel free to enter information, mark it up or correct it.

More information may be obtained by calling *Old Huntsville* at 534-0502.



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# Old Huntsville

## From The Year 1881

### Social Tidbits

Mrs. Gen. Drake left today, for Hot Springs, Ark., for the benefit of the baths.

We regret to learn that the wife of J. Henry Landman is seriously ill.

The sad news reaches us, today, that Fulton, a son of Mr. B.C. Lanier, 14 years old, died yesterday, after about six weeks illness.

Mr. D.H. Caswell, of Nashville, is again, in our city, looking after the interests of the Cotton Seed Oil Factory. He has 15 or 20 men engaged in removing old frame buildings and preparing the ground for other buildings.

Robert L. McCalley, Esq., has been here, several days, and left for his home at Brierfield, Bibb Co., Ala., today. He looked hale, hearty, and happy, as though marriage agreed with him. He was specially elated at having acquired one-third interest in a rise bonanza, the Brierfield Iron Works, of which we'll have more to say next week.

### Improper Arrests

Ben Harris, Sheriff of Limestone Co., and his posse appeared, today, at 10 a.m., for the third time, before U.S. Commissioner Bone, under a charge of resisting U.S. process, preferred by affidavit of U.S. Deputy Marshal Tom Hewlett. The case was postponed to 12 p.m., then to 2 p.m., then to 4:30 p.m., and then dismissed, for want of an execution, said to be in Hewlett's possession, and Hewlett was absent, although he was in Huntsville last night. Here are 13 men--10 white and 3 colored--improperly arrested, and forced to come from their homes, three times at heavy expense, and then discharged for want of evidence. Such gross outrages have Southern men to endure at the hand of irresponsible U.S. officers. The DEMOCRAT is about going to press, and we can say no more at present.

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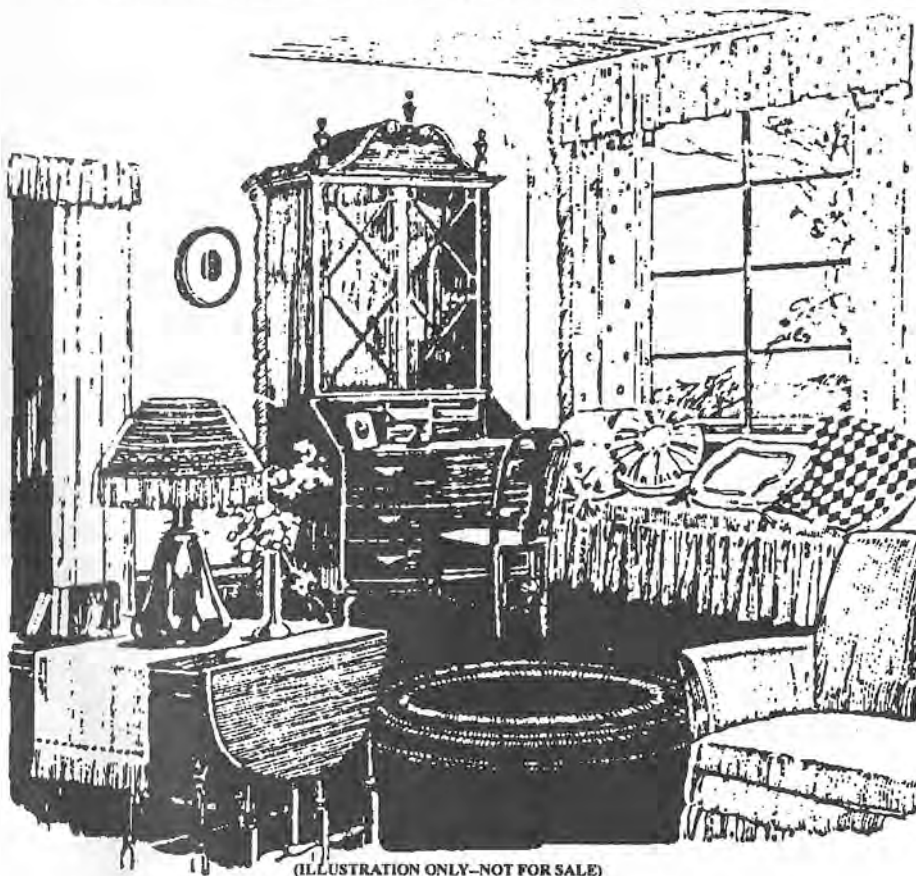
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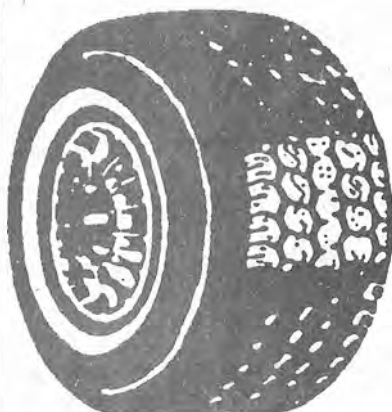
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