

The Exiles

This year, in a little church amidst the jungles of Brazil, a small group of people will gather to celebrate the holidays.

The church will be decorated in its holiday glory, with a wreath on the front door and a Christmas tree standing in the corner.

They will sing the songs of the South and will reminisce of ancestral homes. They will feel nostalgic for a time and place in Alabama, made familiar to them only by the stories handed down by their ancestors. Some of the people may talk wishfully of someday visiting Alabama, to pay respects to their forefathers and their heritage. But in the deepest parts of their minds they know it will never happen. They can never go home.

They are the Confederados.

Contrary to most published accounts, the Federal troops were not benevolent occupiers of the South at the close of the Civil War. If anything, they were one of the most brutal occupying armies ever to set foot on American soil. Former proud Confederates were imprisoned, their homes burned and their wives and children made destitute. What few possessions they had managed to hang on to during the long war were now pillaged and destroyed by the blue-coated hordes.

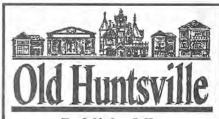
Mere privates in the Union Army and petty officials of the Freedman's Bureau now held the power of life and death over men who had once led tens of thousands of soldiers into battle. The right to vote was lost, there was no appellate court system and often the ex-soldiers had to get permission to travel even a few miles from home.

Most appalling to the Confederates, however, was the hated oath of allegiance on which the Federals insisted. Many Southerners saw the oath as a repudiation of everything for which their loved ones had fought and died.

From the moment General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, many Southerners had decided to immigrate to a distant country rather than live under the iron heel of the hated "damnyankees."

The first major exodus occurred when General Joseph Shelby, along with the remaining generals, met with seven Confederate governors to make plans at Marshall, Texas. After weeks of debate, the group decided to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico and offer their arms to Emperor Maximilian, rather than surrender. At the Fort Duncan Club at Eagle Pass, Texas, hangs an oil painting of the event. It shows the beragged Confederate troops, drawn up in columns and standing at attention as the Stars and Bars were furled for the last time.

The brigade, complete with artillery and wagon trains, were attacked countless times on the 1,200 mile march by Juarist forces opposed to Maximilian. Though suffering numerous casualties, the brigade arrived intact in Mexico City in August of 1865.



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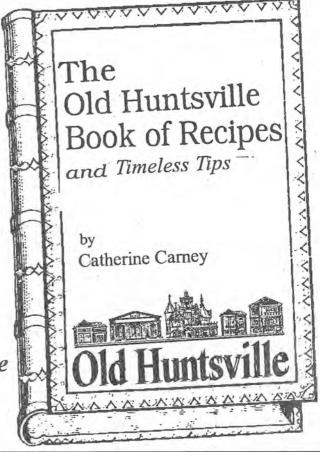
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Emperor Maximilian, impressed with the determination of the Confederates, offered them the protection of the Mexican government and cheap lands to colonize. Most of the ex-soldiers chose to settle at Carlotta, an area that reminded many of the colonists of their lost southern homes.

Unfortunately, within a short time the emperor was overthrown, throwing the country into chaos. Many Mexicans, remembering the war they had lost to the United States years earlier, took their vengeance on the new colonists.

What happened next is best described by quoting A.F. Rolle, one of the exiles who later wrote of his experience:

"The colony was destroyed almost overnight. With few weapons, supplies and practically no earth-works, the defenders grimly dug hasty defenses along the beaches. The situation became progressively more desperate. Some of the boats on which the Confederates hoped to escape were captured by hostile natives who put the colonists to the torch and threw the corpses into the ocean."

Many of the ill fated colonists reluctantly returned to the United States. The majority, however, chose to look elsewhere, preferring to face the unknown rather than return to a land on which they had turned their backs.

Dom Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, had for years been trying to lure American colonists to settle the wild regions of the Amazon jungle. With the collapse of the Mexican colony, many of the Confederates began seriously considering the South American country as a possible home. Emissaries from Brazil offered the colonists cheap land and agreed to help subsidize transportation costs for those willing to make the journey.

Another factor that undoubtedly helped persuade many of the Southerners was the fact that slavery, in Brazil, was still legal. Also, especially appealing to them was Dom Pedro's decision not to make them swear allegiance to Brazil.

Immigration companies began springing up all across the defeated Confederacy. Such notables as Col. William Norris, an ex-Alabama state senator and Ben and Dalton Yancey, sons of the indomitable William Lowdes Yancey, sold what few possessions they owned and chartered passage for the new land.

The voyage of one ship, The

Derby, was probably typical in many ways of all the groups who made the exodus. Though most of the passengers had once been wealthy, they now possessed an average of less than \$200 per person. The ship carried 154 passengers and was crammed with household goods and farm implements. Almost all of the immigrants, unsure of the dangers that lay ahead, carried firearms and a plentiful supply of ammunition. Others, less practical, insisted on taking their dogs and cats with them.

The United States government, wary of so many people immigrating to a foreign country, tried to stop the exodus. Earlier it had sent General Sheridan to

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JERRY GIBBS Service Manager patrol the Mexican border and block the efforts of Confederates trying to leave. Now, with the Brazilian exodus underway, the U.S. government began using different tactics. Port Authorities condemned ships waiting for passengers and emigres were turned back for not possessing passports.

Legally, the only way the colonists could leave was to have passports, which Federal authorities refused to issue. Fortunately, the moral qualities of the occupying Union officials were such that a standard \$500 bribe usually sufficed for the ships to leave ports unhindered.

Just how many Confederates chose exile in Brazil has always been a question shrouded in mystery. Charles Nathan, a resident of Brazil in the 1870s estimated 12,000 Southerners immigrated through the port of Rio De Janiero between the years 1867 and 1871. Brazilian authorities, carefully noting the

many ports the emigres entered, have estimated that possibly as many as 20,000 Confederates and their families made the voyage to Brazil.

United States records are strangely quiet about the subject.

Upon arrival in Brazil, the first stop for many was the Government House, a large hotel in Rio De Janiero that the Brazilian Government had placed at the disposal of the Southern immigrants.

There the immigrants were first exposed to the culture and habits of the country that was destined to become their homes. Some of the customs astounded them, as Eliza Kerr wrote soon after her arrival. "I shall never forget," she penned after witnessing her first torrential downpour during the rainy season, "seeing a procession of huge African Negroes carrying elegantly dressed gentlemen across the streets. The gentlemen, wearing silk hats and carrying umbrellas, would

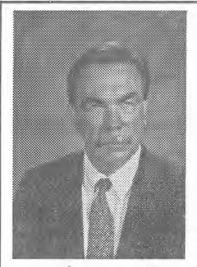
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stand bolt upright, holding themselves stiff, and the Negroes would pick them up about the knees and wade the torrents, carrying them safe and dry to the other side."

Brazilian natives, unable to pronounce the word confederate, soon dubbed the exiles "the Confederado's."

The first immigrants usually settled far inland, away from civilization. Charles Gunter, who led a group of 200, mostly from Ala-



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bama, settled in a wild, untamed region known as the Rio Duce. The trip required many days travel by canoe, with the families camping on the mosquitoinfested river-banks at night.

Much as their forefathers had done years earlier in Alabama, the settlers began building homes and clearing fields. Within a short time, as more settlers arrived, a prosperous community was born, complete with a school, shops and a flag pole with the Confederate banner proudly proclaiming their heritage.

Gunter's group, like many others, had settled on land that was extremely fertile. The rich soil and moderate temperatures allowed for a yearlong growing season, which produced an abundance of crops during the first years.

Unfortunately, there was no place to sell the crops. Roads that had been promised by Dom Pedro never materialized (some of the areas would not be reached by roads until 1972). The only other way to reach the markets was by river which was too shallow for large boats and often-times treacherous for ca-

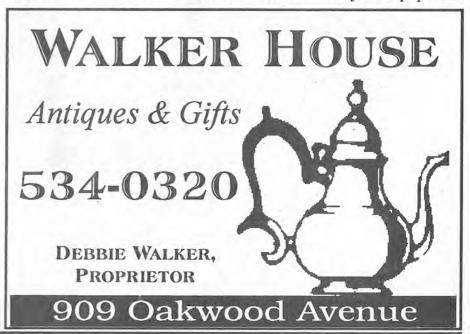
noes.

Within a few years many of the families began moving to an area near Santa Barbara where a railway was being built. The new community, simply called "the station" for many years, soon became the nucleus of the Confederate immigrants. Cotton fields were planted, and elegant homes, reminding one of Vicksburg or Montgomery, were built. A cemetery came into being when a local catholic official denied burial to a deceased exile. A small chapel was later built on the grounds that to this day serves as the official Confederate church.

Brazilian authorities, impressed with the Confederados, soon renamed the "station" to "Americano," in honor of them.

The exiles still considered themselves American, however. They were Confederates, but still Americans. Many of them still held a vague hope of some day returning home when conditions in the South improved. It only took two weeks for a letter to reach them from Alabama and every piece of news from "back home" was eagerly digested.

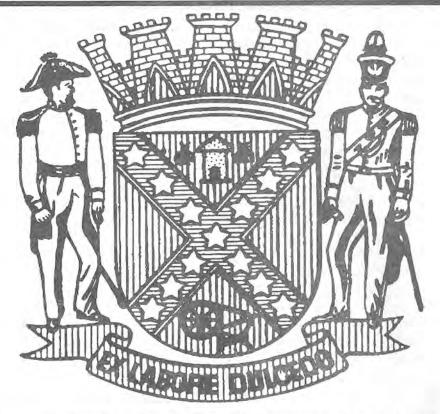
Unfortunately, newspapers in



the states were entering a phase of yellow journalism, complete with lurid accounts of lynchings, race wars and criminal politicians gracing the front pages of every edition. For the exiles in Brazil, the newspapers only served to reinforce their belief that anarchy was running amok in the states.

Slowly the years passed, with the Confederates remaining a culture unto themselves. The children were bound by oath to marry none but Americans, a tradition not broken until well into the twentieth century. Most of the settlers had become fluent in Portuguese, but refused to speak anything but English at home.

General Robert E. Lee's birthday was observed as a holiday and the speeches of Jefferson Davis and William Yancey were taught in the



The official seal for the City of Americana, Brazil. Notice the Confederate flag and spinning wheel, honoring the Confederados who settled the community.



schools. On special occasions, the old Confederates would don their gray uniforms and recount stories of valor on far away battlefields.

Time was standing still for the Confederados.

As the world entered into the twentieth century, many of the exiles, now growing old, began to dream of returning home before they died. Though they were still unsure of the news filtering back from the states, their biggest concern was whether or not they would be welcomed back into a society they had turned their backs on.

In 1906, Elihu Root, Secretary of State for the United States, paid an official visit to Brazil to attend a meeting of the Pan American Union. On the agenda was a train trip, with scheduled stops at many stations along the way.

Word was received by Root that a delegation of Americans, at Americana, wished to speak to him. Though Americana was not an scheduled visit, Root never the less ordered the train to stop.

Waiting for him on the platform was a delegation of almost 400 Confederados and their families. A large Confederate flag adorned the front of the station.

Root's official biography, written by Ambassador Phillip Jessup, describes the event.

"Secretary of State Root had an experience which after twenty years he still could not describe without a break in his voice and tears in his eyes. A request was made that the train be stopped at a little station known as "American City." There, after the Civil War, had settled one of those small groups of Southerners who believed exile was preferable than to live under the "Yankees." Most of them were from Alabama.

"It was after dark when the train stopped at the little shack of a station several miles outside

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of town. The whole population was assembled, old white-haired survivors of the original exodus from Alabama; their full grown sons; women with babes in their arms, standing in a mass looking up at the cabinet officer from their old fatherland, their faces lighted by flickering torches and lanterns.

"Their aged spokesman said they wanted his advice about returning to the United States. Root was deeply moved as he advised them not to return; they would be strangers in a new South with little chance to fit back into their former life.

"The old men wept and the women wept, and the torchlight glittered on their streaming faces as the train pulled out of the station, the Secretary of State of the United States standing on the rear platform, tears running down his cheeks unchecked."

The Confederados had come face to face with the reality of perpetual exile.

Slowly, with thoughts of returning to Alabama being forced from their minds, the community begin to assimilate itself into the Brazilian culture. "Confederate" colleges were formed with many of its graduates becoming some of the most successful businessmen in Brazil. Elsie Houston, great grand niece of the immortal Sam Houston, became one of the country's most popular singers. The Pyle family, originally from Marshall County, began a small company, specializing in a tasty orange drink, that would later sell its products in the United States under the name "Crush."

In 1944, the last of the old Confederate exiles died. His body was placed in the cemetery among the ranks of all the other



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soldiers in gray who had preceded him. His coffin was draped in the Confederate flag.

Though many of the descendants adapted to the Brazilian culture, in their hearts they remained Confederates. The small church was still packed to overflowing every Sunday. Regular fried chicken dinners were still held among the tombstones of the original emigres. Though no one living in the community had any memories of Alabama, many of the descendants still considered it "home."

In 1972, the Governor of Georgia, Jimmy Carter, along with his wife Rosalynn and his aide Jodie Powell, were invited to visit Americana during an official visit.

Surprised that such a colony existed, Carter readily agreed to the request. Over two hundred descendants of the Confederados gathered at the cemetery to welcome him. As Carter walked slowly through the cemetery reading the names inscribed on the granite stones, he

paused at one near the gate. The in scription read, "Private Johnathan Ellsworth, drummer boy of the First Arkansas Brigade."

Overcome with emotion. Carter quickly turned his head from the crowds as tears welled in his eyes.

Though Rosaline Carter had no idea at the time, the grave of her great-uncle, W.S. Wise, a diehard Confederate, lay only a few feet from where she was standing.

In an interview with *The Atlanta Journal*, Carter later stated. "None of them looked upon their ancestors as mistaken. They didn't feel any self pity."

"The most remarkable thing was," he went on to say, "when they spoke they sounded just like people in south Georgia."

The city of Americana has grown to a bustling metropolis of almost two hundred thousand people today. There are only a few of the antebellum homes still surviving, squeezed in between office buildings and parking lots. Traditions of the old South, once lovingly nourished by its children, are fast becoming a part of Brazil's forgotten history.

One tradition, however, has survived.

This year as we go to church to celebrate the holidays and think of our forefathers, we can be sure that over 5000 miles away, another group of people will be doing the same thing.

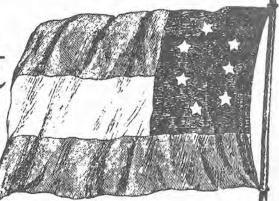
They too will gather in a little church, and they will reminisce of a home they have never known, in a far away place called Alabama.

The biggest difference, however, will be the tattered old Confederate flag still standing in the church, and the voices raised in harmony singing "Dixie," the same way they have been doing for well over a hundred years.





Forget Hell!



Though defeated on the battlefields of the American Civil War, the Confederados continued the military tradition so deeply ingrained in their Southern heritage.

At the height of the Confederate immigration, Brazil was involved in a war with neighboring Paraguay. Many of the recent emigres took temporary assignments helping to train the Brazilian army. In at least one case, when the Brazilians were in danger of being overrun, a Confederate major raised a company of ex-Confederates, and while fighting under the Confederate flag, successfully repulsed the attack.

During the 1st World War, in 1917, several sons of the original immigrants traveled to Rio De Janeiro, where they met with the American Consul, and there joined the United States Army. They listed their nationality as, "Confederate."

In 1932, Brazil was involved in a civil war. Many of its states seceded, citing, "states rights" as the reason. The Confederados chose the side of secession and due to a lack of supplies, were once again defeated. If the Rebels had won, the seceding states would have been known as the "Confederate States of America."

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pelled to go to his "strong chest" and draw from it \$35 plus costs to meet the demands of His Honor Mayor Davis. Another Negro named Long, who lived near Pinhook Bridge, was up for a like offense and was allowed to contribute the same amount to the city finances.

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Snubbs says, "Playing billiards is punching balls on a table, taking a drink every other punch, until you're full of punches, and see one thousand balls before you, and an empty pocketbook to look into when you rise in the morning, with your head feeling like a depot and a railroad collision inside it."



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Mystery of the Confederate Gold

Newly discovered letter sheds new light on missing treasure!

James Benaugh, native of Athens, Ala., writes in 1882 of his experiences during collapse of Confederacy.

Reading the current publication in regard to the funds said to be in hand when, "the bottom dropped out of Dixie" recalls to memory some facts which may tend to shed some light on the subject.

On May 3, 1865, I received from Brig. General A.R. Lawton, C.S.A., an order in regard to turning over "tax in kind" stores to the Georgia Railroad Company. Far into the night he sent for me again and premising that the C.S.A. Government owed the Georgia Railroad Company over

one million dollars, and that the paroled soldiers of our army needed the railroad in order to return home, gave us the instructions, "the trains must not be stopped," and to this end invested me to confer with Jno. P. King, president of the railroad, and act in concert with him in continuing the trains and aiding the transit of returning soldiers. I was also directed to inform president King that a sum of money (\$1,400 to the best of my recollection) in silver coin would be sent to him the following day

to aid in this purpose.

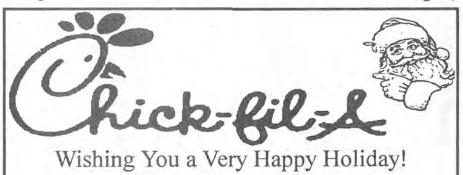
The money was sent to King and declined by him as likely to produce some collision with the Federal authorities, and the last I heard of it, it remained in the hands of the messengers--awaiting the softening of president King or the reorganization of the Confederacy.

In this interview with Gen. Lawton, I was given to understand that this silver was sent to aid in running the railroad, for that its bulk and weight had prevented the fleeing Confederate officials from taking it with them. I was also informed by Gen. Lawton that they had but a lean supply of gold to take the party to a foreign country, if even it was sufficient to carry them to the coast.

Of what Secretaries Benjamin and Mallory took with them, I know naught, but when the next day, the presidential party proper crossed the Georgia RR near Union Point, their small wagontrain could not have carried any large treasure.

Some 10 days afterwards it was my fortune to be on the train which brought ex-president Davis and Senator Clay from Atlanta to Augusta, stopping at Crawfordsville to scoop up VP Stephens. Mr. Davis' baggage certainly showed no treasure chests, and I heard from his captors, exulting in his capture, no boasts of rich spoils.

In this connection light may be had by another incident. When president Davis left Washington, Ga., there was a large amount of specie there, said to belong to Virginia banks. This was in charge of the bank officers, chief of whom was Mr. William P. Taylor.



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Several days after Mr. Davis left Washington, these 10 or a dozen gentlemen, each armed with his individual respectability, a copy of the 8th commandment and an army colt, undertook to convey a wagon train loaded with gold from Washington to Richmond, Va. They proceeded safely a day's journey. then camped, detailed guards from among themselves, arranged their reliefs, and then retired to rest their weary bones and blistered bottoms, unused to forced marches, army saddles and high trotting horses.

About midnight a raid was made upon them. Thirteen cav- and weight. alrymen ran in and, "gobbled the capoodle." Treasure and guards, escorts, wagons, teams and teamsters were all captured.

And now the flickering light of the campfires revealed a scene to interest fun loving gods as well as greedy and needy men.

On one side was to be seen a platoon of sleek bank clerks cashiers and presidents, with faces whiter than their hoary locks, reading to the raiders the commandment, "Thy Shall Not Steal," and striving to convince them how wrongly they were act-

On the other side, 13 veterans of the gray, in full cavalry uniform, standing appalled by their luck.

Four million in gold--about 20,000 pounds of dead weight!

If they carried it off in wagons they would be pursued and lose all. If they loaded their horses they could carry scarcely a 10th-only about \$30,000 each for the poor ragged confeds!

It was almost better never to have gained the capacity for such loss. Stoutly and sadly, each knight of the road and the lost cause loaded his horse and then rode away, sadly cursing his enforced moderation.

The bulk of the treasure remained safe by its sheer bulk

This writer interviewed Mr. Taylor the next day in Washington as his shaking hand wrote out placards offering rewards for the recovery of the money.

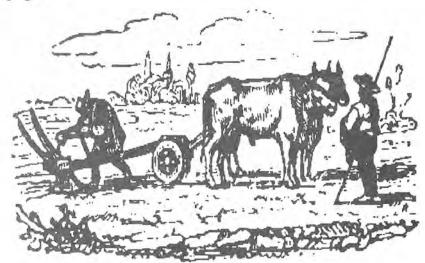
Mr. Taylor stated the loss to be between \$360,000 and \$400,000. How much was ever recovered, if any, I never heard.

May not this be the money upon which is founded the wonderful tales of the, "Lost Confederate Treasure?"









OLD NEW HOPE

by Jack Harwell

The land which today makes up the southeastern corner of Madison County was not within the original county perimeter as it was drawn in 1818. At the time, that area was still part of the domain of the Cherokee nation, the Indians making up most of the population of the Alabama Territory. But the area was not unknown to white settlers even

at that early stage of Alabama history.

Before Madison County was even established, there was a Tennessee River ferry crossing not far from the modern city of New Hope. Andrew Jackson built a road to the site in 1813 as part of his campaign against the Creeks in south Alabama. Earlier, the general had estab-

lished a military supply depot about four miles south of New Market. He called the depot Fort Deposit; the road which led thence to the river became the Deposit road, and the ferry became the Deposit ferry.

Due to its strategic location, the road became one of the busiest thoroughfares in those parts, and in 1819 a tavern was opened on the road by one George Russell. Other businesses soon opened nearby, which catered to the increasing number of settlers thereabouts. Immigration was initially limited due to the fact that the land still technically belonged to the Cherokees. But by 1826, all the area down to the Paint Rock River had been incorporated into Madison County.

During the 1820s, a man named William Cloud operated a trading post near George Russell's tavern. For unknown reasons, Cloud became more closely identified with the little settlement than did Russell, and the folks there began to call their town Cloud's Town. But Cloud moved on in 1825, purchasing a

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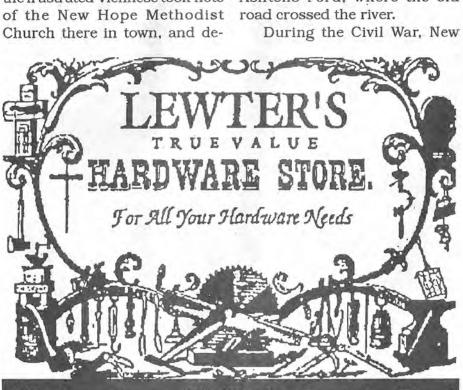
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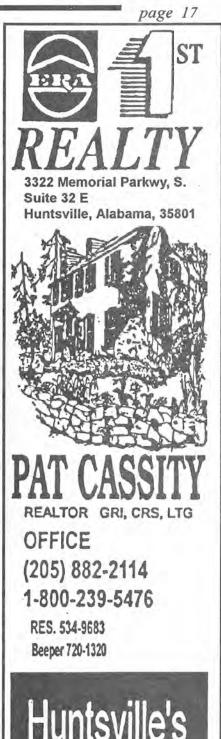
539-2711 In 5-Points at 509 Pratt large tract of land on the Tennessee some miles west of the town. That area is still known as Cloud's Cove.

When land in southeastern Madison County went on sale in 1830, there were plenty of takers. Among these were James McCartney and Robert Owen, who bought a quarter section (160 acres) at Cloud's Town and laid off lots for a proper city. It was incorporated under the name Vienna in 1832. But the city fathers ran into trouble when they tried to open the post office. Unbeknownst to them, someone else had already set up a town in south Alabama named Vienna, which also had a post office. The postal authorities informed the people in the northern Vienna that they would have to come up with another name for their facility. Looking about for ideas, the frustrated Viennese took note of the New Hope Methodist Church there in town, and decided that "New Hope" would be a fine name for their post office. Later, many of the locals came to refer to the entire town, not just the post office, as New Hope. In 1881 the name change was made official, and it has been New Hope, Alabama, ever since.

New Hope, nee Vienna, prospered for many years as a stopover for southbound travellers. Although it never gained the prominence of its large neighbor to the northwest, the city did become a crossroads of sorts. In addition to the road leading to the river, another road led to the riverside settlement at Whitesburg. This road appears on an 1850 map of the county, and today, Hobbs Island Road follows this same route very closely. In fact, the modern bridge across the Flint River is at almost exactly the same location as Ashtons Ford, where the old



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Hope was not spared the ravages that armed conflict frequently visits on noncombatants. Confederate irregulars in the county harassed occupying Federal troops on a regular basis. Unable to pin down these partisans in a set-piece battle, the soldiers would often vent their frustration on civilians, who were less likely to shoot back. They may have felt that such people were giving aid and comfort to their enemies: more often than not, they were right. New Hope would suffer its worst damage at the hands of the bluecoats late in the war. On December 15, 1864, the entire town was burned down. Returning Confederate veterans found their town a smoking ruin. Only the Masonic lodge and the post office survived the invaders' torch.

Eventually, the town was rebuilt and recovered its former attractiveness. But during the latter part of the 19th century, New Hope's people would suffer a different kind of calamity which would become all too familiar to their descendants. Due to its location in the lowlands watered by the Flint, the town was flooded on a regular basis. The worst such deluge came in

1886. It was reported at the time that the waters rose so high, merchants could row into their stores in boats. Another damaging flood occurred in 1896. The construction of dams along the Tennessee River has lessened, but not eliminated, the danger of flooding in the lower Paint Rock valley.

In our century, the road from Huntsville to New Hope was paved and became part of the Florida Short Route. Many a northern traveller passed through the town on his way to a Florida vacation. But when the new highway was built, it bypassed the center of town, passing about a mile to the west, leaving the city in its repose. In recent years, new businesses have opened up on the new road, which at this writing is being widened to four lanes all the way to Guntersville.

Today, New Hope doesn't get as many overnight visitors as it did in pioneer days, but it is still the largest town in the southeast corner of the county. Our modern age may take little note of it, but its historical importance cannot be denied.



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In Germany, if a young girl sets a table and forgets the salt shaker, she has lost her virginity.

Building a new home? If you want to be sure and thrive in your new location, bury an egg in the foundation.

If you want to be irresistible to someone, next time you see them offer them a piece of gum that you have been holding in your hand for at least 5 minutes. If he or she accepts, and begins chewing, you will be impossible to resist.

If onion skin is very thick at the end of fall, expect a hard winter. If it's thin, winter will be mild.

People who cut uneven slices of bread have been telling lies for most of their lives.

When you have a crowd at your table and begin passing the bottle of wine around, pass it in a clockwise direction. Otherwise, you will drink vintage vinegar.

If you have bought a new knife and don't want to lose it, cut a piece of bread and give it to the nearest dog.

Whoever is crazy enough to take a bite of bread after someone else has bitten into it will possibly get rabies, or make bitter enemies.

In the 18th century, in many parts of the world, chocolate was forbidden as it was thought to be a temptation of the devil.

History of Podiatry

The advent of foot care can be traced back to 2500 BC in ancient Egypt.

Podiatry as a medical discipline began in 18th century France and England. It was then termed Chiropody.

Podiatry as we know it today has evolved into a specialized medical discipline that addresses surgical and nonsurgical treatment of the foot. This may include corns, calluses, bunions, heel pain and many more problems.

Dr. Richard Lee Freeman of Alabama Medical & Surgical announces the association of Dr. Angela Murphy to offer the best podiatric medical care encompassing 20 years of experience and cutting-edge medical knowledge and technology.



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Vegetables with Pizazz

Fried Cabbage

1 T. olive oil

1 onion, sliced thinly

4 1/2 c. cabbage, coarsely shredded

1 c. celery, thinly sliced 1/2 c. chicken broth

2 T. soy sauce

In a wok or large skillet heat the olive oil. Add all remaining ingredients and cook over high heat. Constant stirring is necessary, so as not to burn. Cook til the cabbage is tender, about 10 minutes.

Mushrooms a la Garlic

2 T. margarine, melted1 t. garlic powder6 oz. fresh mushroomsSalt and pepper to taste

Wash and pat dry your mushrooms, slice in thin slices. Add the garlic powder and cook in microwave oven on High for one minute. Mix the margarine with a little salt and pepper, and sprinkle over the mushrooms.

Squash Balls

3 cans squash

1 t. salt

1 t. baking powder

3 eggs

1 large onion, chopped

Corn flakes

Mix the squash, eggs and onion; add about 5 or 6 table-spoons of flour to desired consistency. Add the baking powder and salt. Form small balls and roll in crushed corn flakes. Fry in a deepfat fryer til golden brown. Drain and serve.

Dill Rice

2 c. cooked brown rice

3 t. dried dill weed

1/2 t. garlic powder

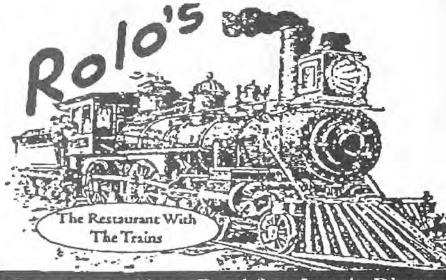
3 T. butter, melted

2 T. roasted, salted sunflower seeds

Cook your rice according to package direction. Mix the next three ingredients and pour over the rice, mix well.

Honeyed Peas

1 pkg. frozen peas 1/4 c. honey,



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1/4 c. butter

Prepare peas according to package directions and drain. Mix the honey and butter, whip til fluffy. Serve it hot over the hot peas.

Good Corn Pudding

2 c. whole kernel corn 1 can cream of celery soup 1/2 c. chopped onions 1/2 t. garlic powder 2 eggs 1/2 c. cream or half-and-half

Beat the eggs and add the corn. Mix sugar and flour together and add the cream. Mix all well and put it in a buttered baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes, or browned.

Sweet 'n Tangy Green Beans

3 cans green beans, regular size

1 large onion, chopped 8 slices bacon 1/2 c. sugar 1/2 c. vinegar

Drain the cans of green beans

and pour them into a 2 1/2 quart casserole along with the chopped onion. Fry bacon til crisp, drain the grease. Leave about 1/2 cup of the grease in the frying pan. To this grease add the sugar, then the vinegar, mix well. Heat the mixture and pour it over the beans. Crumble the fried bacon over the top and put all into the oven, covered, to bake for 2 hours at 325 degrees. Stir at least 4 times during cooking time.

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by Helen Miller

Of all the aromas that came from our kitchen, nothing ever topped the one that came from Mama's fruitcake.

It was always on a cold November day. No one had to tell me when--I knew it the minute I came home from school and opened the front door. My nostrils filled and sent my salivary glands into a rain dance.

My sister and I would beg for the first piece but Mama's answer was always the same. "It's not cold yet and besides it needs to 'set' a few days."

Preparations had begun days before. It was always my job to crack the shells, pick out the nuts, and clean the bitter stuff that hid between the nut rows. Mama cut the fruit into tiny bits. First the big dried figs and dates, then orange, lemon peel, and citron. I never did like citron and didn't want it in there, but she assured me that no real Southern fruitcake was complete without citron. Then came the pineapple and cherries. After that came the raisins: white raisins for a white cake and dark ones for a dark cake, but she said she liked to use both. When the

sticky fruit was finally all cut it filled a huge pan. Then came the flour sifted in a little at a time, working slowly with one hand, sifting with the other. Each piece had to be separated so that no two pieces stuck together. Finally quarts of nuts were added.

This was no ordinary fruitcake. She steam-cooked it in a huge dish pan that she could hardly get into the oven. It must have weighed over fifty pounds!

Mama's cake was so good I remember once Mrs. Brinkley asked if she used some secret ingredient and she wasn't telling anyone what it was. Mama just smiled.

Finally, the tasting day came and we were given our first piece. After picking out the citron, I enjoyed every last crumb. We always left out a generous piece for Santa on Christmas Eve.

I was grown before I found out that Mama did indeed use a secret ingredient, and it came out of that same brown paper bag that was kept high out of reach on the pantry shelf. I asked her once what was in there and she told me it was none of my business--just something to be used for medicinal purposes only.



Nothing Much Happened

A family of five persons resided upon a farm in Jackson County for a period of fifty-three years, during which time there was neither a birth, death nor marriage in the family. Neither did they, during this time, put a letter into the post office, take one out, or read a newspaper.



Planning ahead is a good idea. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.



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Huntsville Heresay

By Our Unidentified Sources

No, No, No! For the last time, read this carefully ... Mayor Steve is not resigning in January.

Anthony Balch, who ran against Mary Jane Caylor in the state school board race last election is now looking at Mike Gillespie's job as county commission chairman. That could be an interesting race. Meanwhile, District 2 Commissioner Faye Dyer says she has no interest in Mike's job. With two children and a husband she already has her hands full.

The race for Tillman Hill's county commission seat gets more crowded by the day. Beth Hanic, Steve Neyman and Jim Patterson are running their names up the flagpole to see who salutes. Most, however, are waiting to see what barber Floyd Hardin decides. The coffee

sippers say the "Mayor of Dallas Village" would be strong if he runs.

The newest mayoral effort in town is that of Realtor **James Steele.** He and wife **Jennifer** will be knocking on doors in your neighborhood soon.

Three Stars for city councilman **Ken Arnold**. He's spending his holidays helping to renovate another classroom at Farley Elementary.

A new publication for television addicts in town is going to be hitting the streets any day now. Called the "T.V. Preview," it's going to premier in Madison and move into the Huntsville area soon. Karen Reid, the young and pretty marketing genius behind it, tells us that ad sale have been great!

A city politician was recently seen at Books A Million buying a book on how to "balance your family-budget."

Now, if we can just find him a book about governmental budgets.

Glen Watson of Stanleo fame, according to our unidentified sources, is definitely throwing his hat in the ring for Jim Putnam's city council seat. "The council," says he, "must work in harmony with one another."

Now that's an interesting concept.

Wayne Parker, congressional "gonna run," is starting to turn up the heat. People close to the check book tell us the campaign will have \$100,000 in the bank by the end of the month! Meanwhile, our sources tell us Hugh McInnish is doing ground work and shaking hands. The major

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emphasis of his campaign, so far, has been on recruiting volunteers.

Gossip has it that Realtor Leon Crawford and dentist Jimmy Wall are lining up behind Larry Mullins in his bid for mayor. Insiders tell us Larry's campaign theme will be on his business abilities.

Speculation is still running rampant about city councilman **Bill Kling's** intentions. With a history of winning more than 70 percent of the vote in every race he has entered, he could be a formidable candidate for any office.

In the glittery metropolis of Gurley, it looks as if Jerry "Peaches" Thompson is going to be a shoo-in for another term as mayor. Sources at the general store tell us that no other names are even being mentioned for the race at this time.

Hottest gossip around town: Fans of the legendary troubadour **Tony Mason** are starting a whispering campaign encouraging him to run for office. His only response so far has been: "No Comment, but I really do appreciate the fact that you..."

If Tony is going for city council, Mark Hall had better dust off his own guitar.

Folks in the business community tell us that **Dean O'Ferrell**, know for his leadership of SouthTrust bank, is retiring in March and may be looking at the Mayor's job. "It all depends," an insider tells us, "on the results of a poll due to be held soon."

Not that it matters much, but

in Nashville, Tn. recently, candidates for public office spent more than 2.3 million dollars doing negative advertising against their opponents.....whom they claimed were trying to buy the election.

Rumors about Lorretta Spencer's possible bid for office have quitened down considerably in the past month. Could this be the "quite before the storm?"

Stop and smell the Magnolias. That's the concept behind the \$60,000 plus project to plant magnolia trees east of the public safety building. (The estimate does not include the price of the 25 trees.)

City politicians say no way, Planning Department says its just a plan, so why are your tax dollars being spent on drawings and estimates?

And last but by no means least, "Have a good day, Aunt Eunice. We still love you."



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The 1900 Olympic Games, held at Paris, were a fiasco from start to finish. In fact, the French Government even refused to call them the Olympics, fearing they would draw attention from an industrial exhibition held at the same time. The foot races and field events took place in the middle of a Parisian park, the Bois de Boulogne, and the French refused to damage it. Thus the foot races were run on grass, while the hammer and discus throwers invariably saw their best tosses disappear into the trees. The marathon was staged through the middle of downtown Paris, and all but the French runners got lost. To make matters worse, the French runners blatantly cheated, taking shortcuts to finish first, second, and third. American Arthur Newton, who took the lead early and was never passed, was told he had placed fifth! Equally bizarre were some of the "sports" included by the French: croquet, billiards, checkers, and fishing.

Dr. William West Grant (1846-1934), a native of Russell County, Alabama, set a record that will be hard to beat. As a teenager, Grant joined Clanton's Battery in 1863 and spent 16 months as a Confederate artil-

lery man. Later moving to Davenport, Iowa, he became a distinguished physician, studying in London, Vienna, and Berlin. Grant was as a doctor in the Colorado National Guard during the Spanish-American War of 1898, and became Surgeon General of Colorado the following year. Unbelievably, he returned to uniform for the third time in September 1917--52 years after Lee's surrender! The 71 year old ex-Confederate spent all of World War I on active duty.

American Linda Siegal stole the crowd at the 1979 Wimbledon Championships, but not for her skill with a tennis racquet. For her match

against top rated Billie Jean King, the 18 year old Californian wore a fashionable backless outfit. However, the strenuous activity soon took its toll on the seams. When Linda bent over at one point, she noticed her dress was becoming a bit revealing. "But when I got back on the court," she said, "everything just fell out!" A British spectator shouted, "Now that's what I call a deuce," and the crowd exploded in laughter. The red faced Miss Siegal stuffed herself back into her dress and continued playing, losing the match to King.

Nevertheless, Linda had won a unique place in sports history as the only woman ever to play topless at Wimbledon. *The End*

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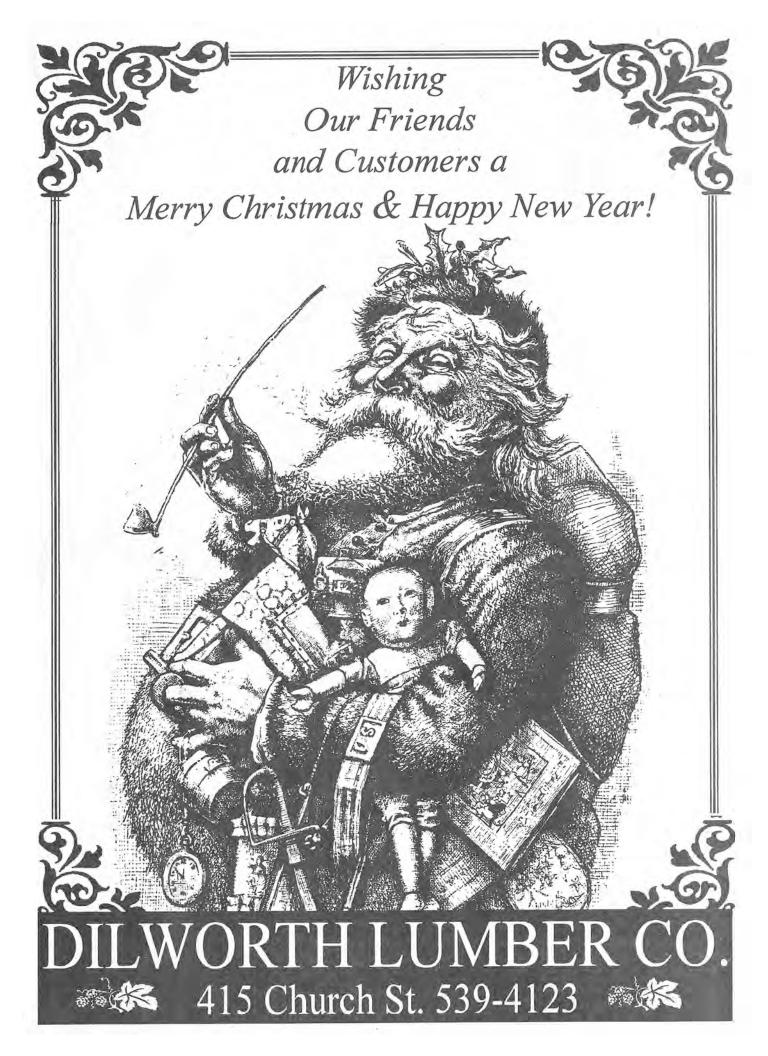
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page 28

The Grady You Didn't Know

ooley

by Billy Joe Cooley

The rain poured down as the young Rev. Grady Reeves made his way across the Ohio River and into the mountains of eastern Kentucky in search of a small community in which he had been engaged to hold an old-fashioned church revival.

At his side was another young preacher from the Cincinnati Bible Seminary named Harold. The two of them would constitute an evangelistic team from their seminary and earn extra credits toward graduation.

Grady, who would later in life make his mark in radio and television work in Huntsville, had been born in Carrolton, Georgia, but his dad had moved the family to Cincinnati when Grady was a child.

It was as a small boy that Grady met another young man in the Queen City who would also make his mark as a personality of a different sort. It was Leonard Franklin Slye, who went to California, helped form a musical aggregation called The Sons of the Pioneers, and became a cowboy star named Roy Rogers.

Grady realized that he himself had a flamboyant gift of gab, but as he grew into his teen-aged years he also became aware of the all-mighty dollar. His family, while not exactly destitute, had also found itself in the throes of an on-coming depression.

His dream had been to enroll in the great Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and get some experience as an on-stage personality. Realizing that this dream was financially unattainable for him, he gave consideration to a radio announcers' school. It, too, was quite expensive.

Then someone jokingly suggested to Grady that he become a preacher and get some real first-class, crowd-handling experience.

But, Grady was a seriousminded young man and took the suggestion at face value. He checked around and learned that the local Bible Seminary's tuition was far less than the other schools, so he enrolled there.

"I can always make a dollar or two performing weddings," he confided good-naturedly to his friends.

Soon his studies were considered excellent and he was placed among the group worthy of ordination as a minister in the First Christian Church. This brings us to the rainy night in

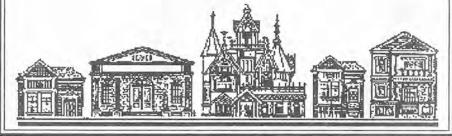
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the first paragraph.

Grady and Harold drove their old Ford down Highway 25 for several miles before seeing the sign welcoming them to Dry Creek, Kentucky. Population 800.

They sought and found the local First Christian minister, who had received a letter informing him that the two young evangelists would be arriving to conduct a brush-arbor meeting, which was a type of under-the-trees gathering which was popular in those days.

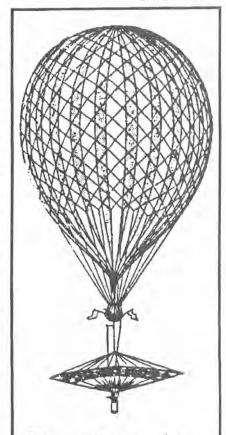
The next night would be Friday and the two young men would begin their weekend revival meetings.

Harold would conduct the first night's meeting. Meanwhile, Grady would spend the afternoon visiting townsfolk and inviting them to the services.

When Harold asked his congregation for input, there were several testimonies as to what The Lord had done for various individuals. Then came the unexpected. Two young sisters, about 13 and 14 years of age, stood up and said they'd like to sing a special song. Harold said, "Fine. Sing whatever The Lord has laid on your hearts."

With that the girls, not versed in the ways of churchdom, broke into a loud, stirring rendition of "The Wabash Cannon Ball." Young Harold was mortified but, not wishing to appear harsh, waited until the song ended, then proceeded calmly into his sermon.

Meanwhile, Grady was late in arriving at the meeting and totally missed the girls' discomfort-



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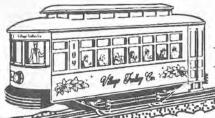
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page 30

ing song. Harold didn't mention it to Grady, fearing it would bring further humiliation if the incident were told back at the school.

The next night, a Saturday, brought out the largest crowd of the weekend and it was Grady's night to preside. Meanwhile, Harold had stayed away, nursing a slight cold. Grady, unaware of the events of Friday night, called for congregational input. After the usual testimonies, the same two little girls stood up and said they had a song on their heart that they would like to share.

Grady wasn't quick enough to read "danger" in the whispered groans from the audience. The girls launched in to a popular song of the day: "Drinking RC Colas, Eatin' Moon Pies and Singin' Maple on the Hill."

Many years later Grady would laugh and tell that experience around the breakfast table at Aunt Eunice's Restaurant.

After coming to Huntsville as a radio sportscaster, he never again took up the ecclesiastical endeavor.

Instead, he fell into the full spirit of radio.

One day he was doing a 72-hour stay-awake radiothon from the window of Southern Furniture in downtown Huntsville when in came pretty Jean Parks, who had left her job at Willa's Dress Shop to grab a bite of lunch and to buy a sewing machine. As she entered, Grady was doing one of the corny characters for which he was noted. This one was Pappy Kadiddlehopper.

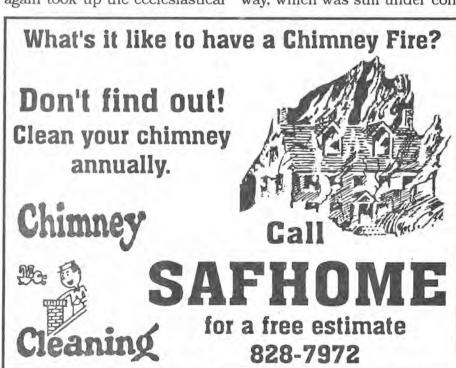
"I told him it was the silliest thing I had ever heard," remembers Jean, who later became Grady's wife and who now owns the Pot-O-Gold Herbs & Things shop on Oakwood Avenue, next to Winn-Dixie Supermarket.

Sitting in broadcast-booth windows was a way of life with Grady, who died nearly five years ago. My own remembrances of Grady following my return from the Korean War was of him sitting in his Sky Castle, a record request booth perched atop Boot's Restaurant on The Parkway, which was still under con-

struction for the most part. Boot's was a drive-in burger place in those days.

But none of us had the pleasure to have been in the press box with sportscaster Grady at a football game in New Orleans the night he leaned out the window with his microphone and screamed so excitedly that his upper teeth, which were on a dental partial, went flying into the stands and into the lap of a hefty cajun woman who almost





fainted at the sight. Often, during the throes of high excitement, Grady would let his mind drift too deeply into his work.

Such was the case the night at Goldsmith-Schiffman Field when Grady's favorite high school quarterback grabbed the pigskin and was hoofing speedily toward touchdown.

"And there he goes," screamed Grady to the thousands who were listening to the

game on radio "He's headed for a 90-yard touchdown as sure as the world. He's crossing the 30yard line, the 40, the 50, the 60, the 70, 80 and on to pay dirt. What a run!"

It was always a thrill being in the company of Grady. Sometimes it would be in Floyd's Barbershop or at the harness races at the Lincoln County Fair. You just never knew when unexpected excitement would break out.

So now, as we look back at all the times we've seen Grady waving from parades—he made 'em all—we have a much deeper insight as to where he was coming from.



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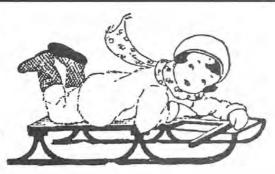
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A Dallas Village Christmas



by Ruby Crabbe

The man stood on his porch looking at the gathering of clouds laying flat against the far horizon. So many times had he stood here seemingly unaware of the happenings going on around him. He would study the great circle of heaven above him and then predict the weather.

This day his heart was heavy with anxiety because he knew there would be only one gift under the Christmas tree for his children. But hadn't his children told him that all they wanted for Christmas was snow?

Sickness had forced him to leave his job, and what little money he had was fast being spent for food, clothing and shelter for the family. Despite the hardships that had befallen him. he never wavered in his belief that God would grant the wish of his children.

He scanned the heavens again and suddenly his heart felt lighter. Snow his children wanted, so snow was what they would get. He chuckled to himself when he thought about his children and the other children in Dallas Village. For the past few years the kids would take an old kitchen chair and use it for their sled. Sometimes he thought there were more old kitchen chairs on the streets in Dallas Village then there was in the house of Parliament.

Well, did he have a surprise

for those kids!

During the hot summer month, and unbeknownst to the children, he had worked long, tiring hours to ready a sled for them. And what a sled it was! No manufacturer had ever created a finer version. Christmas day dawned bright and clear, and there on the ground was a blanket of snow. The miracles of God never cease!

All during that wonderful Christmas the happy laughter of children could be heard, and the runners of that sled left tracks on every street in Dallas Village. A man stood smiling, leaning against the porch and watching the antics of those children. The man who stood on that porch was my step-Dad, Lonnie Allen. I wish I could tell him how much we loved him for that sled he made for us so long ago. Just to say, "I love you, Dad," would mean so much to me. God called him home many years ago, but do you know something? I think my Dad does know how much his children loved him.



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The Missing Portrait

by Nancy Rohr

Recognized throughout the state as a lost treasure is the portrait of five year-old Clement C. Clay, Jr., painted by Grimes with a backdrop of Huntsville Springs. It is thought the painting was done at that tender age because the boy was of fragile health and would not grow to manhood. He did survive to become Senator Clement C. Clay, Jr. At the end of the Civil War Clay was incarcerated with Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe for almost a year.

This portrait was bequest by his widow, Virginia Clay-Clopton, in her will to Susie Clay. Susie Clay was the second wife of Virginia's and Clement's nephew, William Lewis Clay. For over twenty years William Clay had been the Secretary of the Alabama State Senate. He, aged 54, had married his 32 year-old sec-

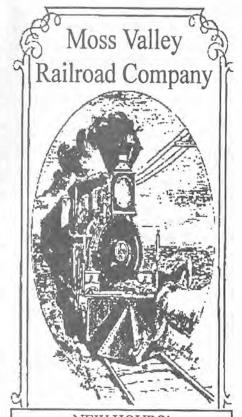
ond cousin in 1906. Their only child, William Lewis Clay, Jr. was born in 1909. William Lewis, Sr. died in 1911 and was buried at Maple Hill. His wife then operated, for a few years, a boarding house at the corner of Gates and Madison Streets.

Susie Clay next married Lewis Colfax Gibbs in September of 1917. Gibbs was then 47; she was 40. His place of birth was listed as Massachusetts, Ic. 1870] occupation corn. sls. [perhaps corn salesman], residence Iowa. They now disappear from sight. Their Gurley friend at Wildwood, Bettie Adams, thought they had moved to Canada. At any rate they were not listed in the 1920 Huntsville directory or the 1920 Census. The remaining Clay family, in 1953, began to search for young Willie Clay to give him his share of Aunt Elodie Clay's estate. Eventually it was said that the Gibbses and Willie had disappeared and not been heard of in 42 years. In 1961 it was assumed Willie was dead in order to settle this aunt's estate. [Actually he could be alive today.]

So -- did the Gibbs family and

young Willie Clay go off to Canada with the Clay portrait in their packing boxes? And did they have any of the valuable possessions Emily Clay said were missing from the "old home place" of the Lewis and Clay families on Eustis Street when she took over aunt Elodie's guardianship in 1928?

Where in Canada did they go? They did not enter through the port of Detroit during this time according to the records for immigration. Could they have gone to visit? Perhaps where Uncle Clement Clay had visited during the War? Could the Gibbs family have returned to Iowa if Canada was not successful? It's a puzzlement!



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Spicy Pomanders All Year Long

by Cathey Carney

We buy potpourri, sprays, stick-up type deodorizers, all kinds of scents to make our homes smell good. But did you know that a well-made pomander can last over a year? And that every time you walk by it, you will smell its spicy scent? That it can be fun to make, and you can even get your kids in on it?

Here's how we did it. First you have to buy a couple of things in a health food store, like Pearly Gates or Garden Cove. You will need orris root powderfor 5 good fruits you'll need



about a cup or so. Then you'll need lemon oil and orange flower oil. I would get a medium-sized bottle of each.

Then, off to the grocery store. What you'll need from there are oranges, lemons and limes--pick 5-8 good fruits--either a combination or all of one kind. Pick good, healthy fruit. If you don't have these spices, buy them, too. You'll need a bottle of cinnamon powder, ground cloves, ground allspice, a couple of bottles of whole cloves and ground nutmeg.

Here's what you do. Find a

knitting needle or skewer to make the holes in the fruit. Wash the fruit, and begin making small holes in the fruit-either in a pattern or randomly, but the holes should be about half an inch

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Gibson's

apart.

Take the whole cloves, that you've soaked in either lemon or orange flower oil. Put about 2 ounces of whole cloves into a plastic container with 1 tablespoon scented oil in a Ziploc bag. Mix the oil and cloves well and put aside for at least 24 hours, shaking every once in a while.

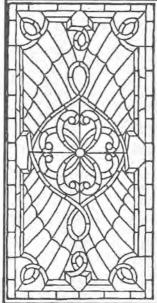
Take your fruit with the holes punched, and push a whole clove (pointed side first) into the fruit. (For a large orange use 1 ounce of the whole cloves). When fully studded with cloves, paint the lemon or orange oil onto the fruit with a small brush.

Mix up the dry mixture as follows: (for one orange, lemon or lime): 2 1/2 tablespoons orris root powder, 1 tablespoon orange flower oil, 2 tablespoons ground cinnamon, 1/2 tablespoon ground cloves (or allspice).

Put dry mix in a large bowl, add your fruit and coat it well with the dry mix. Do at least three fruits to make it worthwhile, and let them stay in the bowl, covered with the dry mixture, for about a week. It should be fairly dry by then--orris root takes moisture out of fruits. Then paint the fruits with some of the lemon or orange oil, put in a paper bag for about a week til fruits are completely dry.

You can leave them in a pretty bowl, or tie ribbons or flowers on them, or even use them as tree decorations. A pretty arrangement I once saw had the fruit encased in a beautiful piece of lace tied at the top with a small ribbon.





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Shooting Mule Lands Lowry in Calaboose

Wm. Chad Lowry, a freedman, and charged with shooting a mule belonging to Nash Malone, was up before Squire Figg yesterday, and bound over in the sum of \$200, to appear at the County Court to be held in July.

Monroe on Drinking Binge; Assaults Innocent Bystander

The attack on Clinton Street upon Mr. Wise by Mr. Charlie Monroe was an unfortunate occurrence and is no doubt a matter of great regret by Mr. Monroe himself, who was on a spree. The matter will be up for investigation before the Mayor this morning, we suppose.

Bell Factory Store Reopened

It looks considerably like old times to see the Bell Factory goods at the old Bell Factory Store, on Commercial Row, and to see the smiling face of Mr. Charles Cabaniss behind the counter. Wm. Elgin is also at his old place with the books. The same old loungers may be seen there daily and an hour spent with them carries us back to the good old times of yore.





Doctor Sick

Owing to feeling unwell, Dr. F. Seymour will be unable to visit Paint Rock until Monday, June 4th and Huntsville, June 6th at which time he hopes to see his patients. Dr. Seymour regrets his not being able to fulfill his engagements last week, but being unwell, it was impossible.

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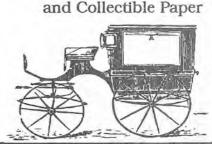
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Women at War: Redstone's WWII

Female "Production Soldiers"

by Dr. Kaylene Hughes, //
Senior Historian, US Missile Command Historical Office

More than 50 years ago, fire trucks raced through Huntsville delivering an "Extra" edition of the local newspaper. The 3 July 1941 Huntsville Times' banner headline trumpeted the construction of a \$40 million war plant on the southwestern edge of what was then a quiet town in northern Alabama. A month later, the Army's Chemical Warfare Service broke ground on a new chemical munitions manufacturing and storage facility named Huntsville Arsenal.

The ordnance Corps was attracted to the area by the presence of the Chemical Warfare Service installation. Recognizing

the tremendous economy of locating a shell loading and assembly plant close to Huntsville Arsenal, on 8 July 1941, the War Department announced the establishment of a \$6 million ordnance facility on a 4,000 acre tract east of and adjacent to the neighboring chemical munitions plant. It was hot and sultry in Huntsville on the morning of Oct. 25, 1941, when Major Carl D. Hudson walked to the center of a cotton field and turned over a shovelful of earth. This simple ceremony marked the beginning of construction of the ordnance Corps' seventh manufacturing arsenal, originally known as

Redstone Ordnance Plant, the facility was redesignated Redstone Arsenal on 26 February 1943.

During WW II Redstone Arsenal produced such items as burster charges, medium--and major--caliber chemical artillery ammunition, rifle grenades, demolition blocks, and bombs of varying weights and sizes. Between March 1942 and September 1945, over 45.2 million units of ammunition were loaded and assembled for shipment. The Army's impact on Huntsville was immediate and profound. But few, if any, of the town's citizens could have imagined what a change these installations and the war they were built to support would generate in the lives





of the women living in Huntsville and the surrounding counties.

The Army's initial need for civilian employees was limited to engineers and skilled office personnel. The contractors selected to build the new plants also needed thousands of construction workers. Hundreds of men poured into Huntsville seeking employment. Within a week of the Army's selection of a site, almost 1,200 men had registered after "...the storming of the employment office ... on Monday, [July 7th]. "The local newspaper went on to report that, "Few women have registered, but approximately 200 of those placed on file ... have been Negroes."

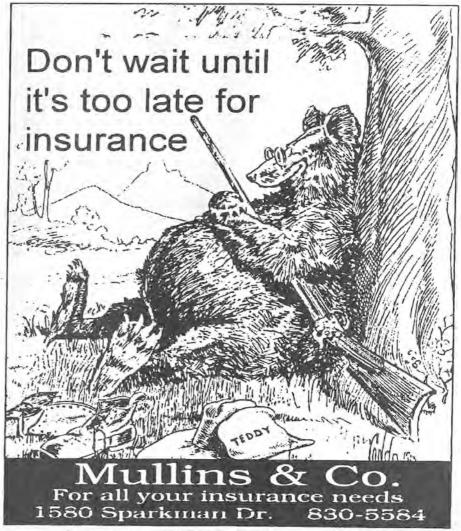
War Manpower Commission and U.S. Employment office estimates showed that about 95 percent of the laboring class in Huntsville and the surrounding counties in 1940 were dependent directly or indirectly upon farming. Furthermore, the small percentage of industrial labor available locally was limited to textile manufacturing. In addition, of the more than 6,300 members of the total labor force in Huntsville still unemployed in 1940-41, about 16 percent were women. These characteristics helped to impede the Army's recruitment of skilled labor, male or female, for its new production facilities.

Several other factors also hampered the Army's efforts to hire needed personnel, including a lack of sufficient numbers of local secretarial and clerical personnel, and the migration of more qualified workers to defense plants on the coast. Another obstacle was the Army's inability to compete with the higher wages being paid by the contractors for certain types of

jobs. Compounding these problems were such hindrances as the inadequacy of inexpensive local housing, poor transportation, poor secondary roads, and a large number of seasonal farm workers.

The emphasis in the first two years of production at Huntsville Arsenal was for male help of both races to do the heavy work while white females were employed initially for production line work. Arsenal records noted that no demand was made for large numbers of black female employees until the local labor market was exhausted of white females. The lack of "...toilet facilities to take care of race distinctions peculiar to the South" was the reason given for this decision.

For quite some time, the basic training at Huntsville Arsenal was of the "on-the job" variety. The urgent need to meet wartime production quotas left little time for operating officials to seriously consider any formal training program at the installation. To acquire additional locally trained skilled labor, the arsenal relied on technical courses offered by the University of Alabama and Auburn University. Conducted two nights a week for 12 weeks, these tuitionfree "defense training courses" instructed men and women in such fields as basic accounting, structural design, mechanical and electrical maintenance, industrial management, chemistry, and engineering drawing.



Given these educational and employment opportunities, most women initially demonstrated their patriotism in more traditional ways. Like their counterparts elsewhere in America and Europe, women in Huntsville and the surrounding counties were expected to do their part on the home front. In some areas women quickly took the lead in accomplishing particular tasks to support the nation's war effort. In July 1941, the American Red Cross called upon "every woman and girl in Huntsville and Madison County who knits, crochets or sews..." to cooperate in meeting the deadline for completing the area's assigned quota of sewing.

Throughout WW II local women not only sewed for the Red Cross but helped to wind the thousands of bandages desperately needed in the battle zones of Europe and the Pacific. In addition to their Red Cross work, the city's female inhabitants were active participants in the civilian defense effort. They also learned basic first aid techniques; formed "bicycle brigades" to conserve gasoline and rubber tires; volunteered to work at the local USO; bought and sold war

bonds; and led drives to salvage scrap metal and rubber for armaments, silk and nylon stockings for use in making powder bags, and cooking grease for producing glycerin. Huntsville's distaff side also headed the Women's Victory Food Units, which encompassed such activities as victory gardening, nutrition, and conservation.

The continual loss of male employees to the draft, accompanied as it was by the necessity of filling more jobs with women, impacted Huntsville Arsenal operations more than those of neighboring Redstone Arsenal. Many of the operating officials at the Chemical Warfare Service plant in 1942 opposed an increase in female hiring because the performance of women, especially black women, was an unknown quantity. Redstone Arsenal commander. on the other hand, had publicized in February 1942 his intentions "...to use women employees wherever possible..." because men would be needed by the armed forces. The first two per diem female workers at Redstone were hired on 28 February 1942. By the close of December 1942, about 40 percent

of the people working on the four ordnance production lines were women and jumped to a peak of 62 percent by September 1945.

The women who sought employment at Huntsville and Redstone arsenals during WW II had economic, patriotic, and personal reasons for working. Although most of these women defense workers certainly appreciated the opportunity to bring in money to help support their

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families, it was the desire to contribute to the national war effort that gave these "soldiers of production" the incentive to work hard and long at their assigned tasks. Marie Owens, a 31 year old employee of Huntsville Arsenal whose husband was in the Army, expressed to a local reporter in May 1943 that, "I am interested in carrying on here while the boys do the fighting over there. It is not a question with me as to what I do, nor how hard I work. The harder I work for them here, the sooner they will come home."

Eugenia Holman, a Redstone WOW (that is. Woman Ordnance Worker) explained her reasons for doing defense work in an open letter to a "friend" published in the Redstone Eagle post newspaper in May 1943, "I remember when I came to work here last April. I wanted to win the war, naturally. Who didn't? ... I thought of it in kind of an abstract way. Something that had to be done, but mostly by the boys at the front, You see, I hadn't learned then about the battles of production and assembly lines as I have now. I hadn't learned of the vital necessity of every able-bodied person doing their share no matter how small, and working! working! working! ... "And when ... [my husband] and my brother and my cousins and all the other boys come back home, I want to be able to look them in the eye with a clear conscience and say, "I did all I could."

The first jobs that women were given at Redstone and Huntsville arsenals were administrative or lighter production tasks. The ordnance installation advertised for "minor engineering aids" in January 1942, a position that involved testing and inspecting various metallic ma-

terials, mechanical parts, castings, assemblies, and components for ordnance materials. Initially offered a starting salary of \$1,020 a year, the pay scale for men and women entry level employees was subsequently revised to \$5.04 a day, with time and a half for overtime. "Chemical plant workers," according to a 1942 local news report, were to "...be paid good wages in line with their particular jobs." Stacey Posey, a former Huntsville Arsenal employee, recalled that

entry level female production workers earned \$3.60 a day. Men at the plant were paid more than the women. She also remembered that the Army paid higher wages for certain jobs deemed to be more hazardous, although women workers in those areas still earned less. For example, men who worked in mustard gas production were paid \$5.76 daily, while women were paid \$4.40. The principle of equal pay for equal work," adopted by the War Labor Board in 1942, was



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subsequently implemented at both arsenals as part of the basic War Department philosophy of wage administration. This concept was particularly important as women assumed more positions in defense production formerly considered to be within the exclusive domain of men.

In compliance with directives from higher headquarters, and despite local misgivings, many jobs once held by men at Huntsville Arsenal were filled by women as the draft continued to shrink the pool of available male labor. Though apprehensive at first, arsenal officials quickly discovered that jobs such as toolcrib operators, inspectors, clerks, forklift operators, guards, truck drivers, checkers, and press operators could be performed satisfactorily by female employees. Even lingering doubts about the suitability of hiring black women for defense work were soon overridden by the pressing need to meet production demands. In the summer of 1943. Huntsville Arsenal negotiated with officials at Atlanta University to recruit about 100 black women students as production line workers. This group's production performance was later reported as "...very gratifying to arsenal authorities." The first black women production crews began work at Redstone Arsenal in April 1944. The Redstone Eagle reported that, "From all appearances their work and attendance ... [set] an example any of us would do well to follow."

The movement toward all-female work crews was a gradual one, particularly in those areas where women had never been assigned duty. Women-only crews, supervised by men, were not unusual at Redstone Arsenal even in 1942. By 1943, a woman supervisor and her "...all-girl crew of 15 at Huntsville Arsenal assembled smoke pots and acquired a reputation for being ...one of the most efficient crews at the arsenal. They ... [were] usually ahead on production requirements and ... [were] never known to fall behind."

The overwhelming success of the women "soldiers of production" at Redstone and Huntsville arsenals is substantiated by the fact that the ordnance installation won the Army-Navy "E" Award five times during WW II, while the chemical manufacturing plant won the coveted award four times for its outstanding record in the production of war equipment. One Huntsville Arsenal foreman, whose support for the war effort was so extensive that he invested his entire sal-

ary in war bonds, maintained his willingness "...to stake ... [his crew of women workers] against any group of men for production results."

Although Huntsville's women defense workers were willing and able to do a "man's job," they still maintained their sense of femininity even under the most trying circumstances. For example, most of the women employed on the lines at both arsenals were provided nondescript coveralls and headgear to wear on the job. When the Redstone Arsenal burster line employees were issued new caps "...of a sheer material ... in the shape of a Frenchman's beret," with matching face masks similar to surgical garb, the women were able to joke about their "new bonnet." A description of the new apparel concluded on the note that, "The caps are worn at the angle which is most becoming to the individual and some of the

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Bursterettes have really done well with this little problem."

In 1942, after the Redstone commander learned that office employees were wearing civilian uniforms at several other installations, a military type uniform was selected for the arsenal's female employees. Interested women voluntarily bought their own outfits, which were the color of the WW II officer's "pinks." Even those women who could not actually wear the outfit during working hours wanted a uniform. According to the Redstone Eagle, "Every girl on Line 3 has the [complete] outfit ... of the WOW and proudly wears it. It makes her feel that she really is the 'man' behind the man behind the gun."

Years after WW II, one of Redstone Arsenal's historians wrote, "When the call went out for female applicants, hundreds of housewives, mothers, and even grandmothers promptly dropped their household tasks and volunteered their services to help defeat the Axis Powers." While it is certainly true that an unprecedented numbers of

women responded to their government's call for assistance, they did not have the luxury of "dropping" their family and household obligations to do so. Children had to be cared for; household chores had to be done, either before or after work; shopping and other errands had to be taken care of on the job at Huntsville and Redstone arsenals, women "...daily lived in this world of noise, heat [or cold], vibration, tension, and danger, where carelessness may cause an immediate accident or a disaster." During WW II, a total of five women were killed while on duty, three at Huntsville Arsenal and two at Redstone. Numerous others were hurt seriously, many of whom returned to work once their injuries had healed.

Most of the women employed by the Army had to adjust not only to working outside the home but had to accustom themselves to working under conditions that would have tried the stamina and patience of experienced male industrial workers.

The pressures of work and the strain of trying to keep up with family obligations, the stress of worrying about loved ones fighting in the war or being held prisoner behind enemy lines, the lack of adequate rest and nutrition, even ill health all contributed to higher levels of absenteeism among women workers. Although at times chastised for failing to display an adequate amount of patriotic favor, most woman did not stay away from work simply to enjoy a leisurely day. Officials at both Army installations in Huntsville recognized the problems faced daily by many of their female employees and sought to address commonplace issues. Counseling services were provided to male and female workers through the employee relations offices at both installations. Huntsville Arsenal also hired a registered nurse to deal with problems hampering the productivity of individual employees. She even traveled to the homes of absent workers to ascertain that any illness keeping personnel off the job was being treated properly.

In addition, Army officials offered practical assistance by

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locating and even building affordable housing; finding needed transportation; convincing local shopkeepers to extend their business hours; and trying to solve the most pressing need, that of adequate day care for workers' children. The Redstone Arsenal commander tried for 2 years to obtain funding for a nursery school. However, this project was not approved until 1945, when the number of women employees no longer justified the expenditure of funds for this service.

With the successful conclusion of the war in Europe in May 1945 and the cessation of fighting in the Pacific in August, the need for munitions production abruptly ceased. Redstone Arsenal implemented its first reduction-in-force in June 1945, when about 200 employees were ter-

minated as a "result of adjustments in production schedules..." The majority of those terminated were black women. By the end of October 1945, all of the ordnance lines had been shut down and the number of female production employees was reduced to zero.

The contribution made by America's women "soldiers of production" during WW II was significant. The importance of women during this period of national crisis was acknowledged then and it is still recognized today. For example, in November 1942. Huntsville saluted the varied efforts of women by a number of displays in downtown store windows and special programs offered throughout the county. A special salute to "Women At War" arranged by the Huntsville Arsenal Public Affairs

officer was broadcasted by a local radio station on 15 August 1943. Redstone Arsenal paid tribute in 1944 to the "gallant mothers of fighting men who were working at Redstone and in war plants all over the nation." On 10 May 1994, the U.S. Army Missile Command honored the WW II women defense workers of the Redstone Arsenal complex by renaming the former military recreational area for Easter Posev, the first woman killed in the line of duty on 21 April 1942. The plaque unveiled during the ceremony reads, "Dedicated to the Women Workers of Redstone and Huntsville Arsenals Who Gave Their Lives in Service to Their Country."







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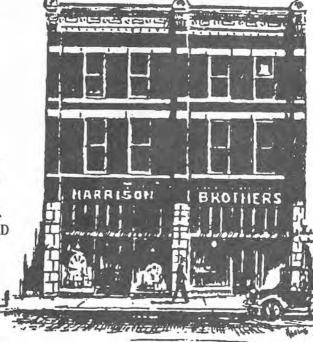
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9

W.R.W.
Cobb-Jackson Co.
"Giant
Killer"

by Charles Rice

His name was Cobb and he hailed from Jackson County, Alabama. One hundred and fifty years ago, he was a nationally known political figure. Surprisingly, almost no one has heard of him today. To his own generation, however, W. R. W. Cobb was

famous as the Alabama "giant killer."

Simple and unpretentious, Williamson Cobb was the champion of the little man against the rich and powerful. That was the secret of his remarkable success, for even at the height of his career Cobb never forgot the voters who had put him in office. By today's standards, he would probably be considered a demagogue, an early practitioner of the populist politics later used by 'Big Jim' Folsom, George Wallace, and other Alabama icons. One thing is certain. The voters loved Cobb and elected him time after time, even in the face of formidable opposition.

Williamson Robert Winfield Cobb was born June 8, 1807, in Rhea County, Tennessee. When he was a boy, his family moved to northeastern Alabama, settling in mountainous Jackson County. Cobb had only a limited education, and supported himself in his early years by peddling clocks around the countryside. He finally settled down in the town Bellefonte, becoming a merchant. However, Cobb soon was bitten by the political bug and ran for the State Legislature in 1844. To the surprise of many, he won the election. It was the start of an impressive string of victories at the polls.

The rustic representative from "High Jackson" immediately attracted attention with the first bill he introduced. It was an amendment to the law exempting certain household goods from being sold for debt. The law allowed an impoverished family to keep only their kitchen table and chairs. Cobb proposed adding half a dozen plates, half a dozen cups and saucers, a coffee pot, and a few other small items. Since no one objected to this token gesture, Cobb's "homestead bill" passed without opposition. This single amendment became the cornerstone on which Cobb built his amazing political career.

"It was evident to all that he was courting public favor by this <u>crockery</u> adventure," said Will-



iam Garrett in his 1872 Reminiscences of Public Men in Alabama, "but no one supposed he would be hardy enough to make it the stepping stone to Congress—a man then ridiculous enough in his manner and ideas to provoke merriment among his fellow members."

Ridiculous or not, Cobb's political star was on the rise. Reelected in 1845, Cobb continued to speak out as the champion of the common man. Even so, he surprised almost everyone two years later by announcing his candidacy for the U.S. House of Representatives. Congressman Reuben Chapman of Huntsville had resigned to run for Governor, and William Acklin -John Hunt's grandson — was expected to succeed Chapman. Acklin was respected and well educated, but W. R. W. Cobb delighted in upsetting upper class apple carts. Sure enough, when the votes were counted, the homespun hero from "High Jackson" had defeated the

gentleman from Huntsville.

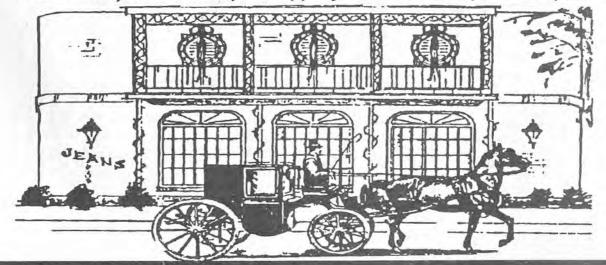
In 1849, Cobb retained his Congressional seat by defeating Huntsville's Jeremiah Clemens, a noted orator and cousin of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). Four years later, another prominent Huntsvillian succumbed to the charismatic Cobb. This time the victim was Clement C. Clay Jr., son of Governor Clement C. Clay Sr. "After this," recalled William Garrett, "Mr. Cobb had an easy time of it, as it was generally agreed that there was 'no vacancy' in his Congressional district, if victory at the ballotbox was a criterion." Cobb liked to call himself the "maker of Senators," since both Clemens and Clay were subsequently elected to the U.S. Senate. Of course, that was when these political "giants" were not running against W. R. W. Cobb!

The secret of Cobb's invincibility lay in his appeal to the poor and humble, the ordinary voters so many politicians ignored. "Mr. Cobb was a tall, long-armed man," said Garrett, "of some intelligence and more shrewdness, and well-versed in the school of the demagogue. This was his principal stock in trade, and it paid him well. He never let an opportunity pass to secure a vote, and the mail bags and postoffice were his channels of communication, aided by the franking privilege. The Patent Office was brought under contribution, and more seeds were scattered through his District than any other, addressed frequently to the mothers of some four or six voting sons."

Cobb definitely knew how to keep the voters happy. "Every section in his District that wanted a mail route, and every neighborhood that needed a post office, was sure to be served by the influence of Mr. Cobb," continued Garrett. "In his speeches before the people, he was apt to play upon their prejudices of poverty, and always presented himself as the especial friend of

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the poor man, and for this reason, he alleged, he was opposed by the rich, etc., etc."

Dr. John Allen Wyeth, the distinguished surgeon from Guntersville, recalled hearing a man named Ben Weeks describe Cobb's technique. At election time, said Weeks, Cobb would visit every town in his district to shake hands, "and I tell you he was so pertickler not to slight anybody that he'd wake the babes in their cradles to get a chance to tell their mammies how purty they was - he tole me he had my name down at Washington for a package o' garden seeds."

Virginia Clay, whose husband Clement Clay lost to him, said Cobb "resorted to all sorts of tricks to catch popular votes, such as the rattling of tinware and crockery," pointedly reminding listeners of his famous amendment. "He delighted in the

singing of homely songs composed for stump purposes. One of these which he was wont to introduce at the end of a speech, and which always seemed to be especially his own, was called 'The Homestead Bill.' Of this remarkable composition there were a score of verses, at least, that covered every possible possession which the heart of the poor man might crave, ranging from land and mules to household furniture. The song began, 'Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm!' and Mr. Cobb would sing it in stentorian tones, winking as he did so, to first one and then another of his admiring listeners, and punctuating his phrases by chewing, with great gusto, a piece of onion and the coarsest of corn pone."

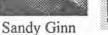
While Cobb's medicine show style delighted rural voters, it appalled the aristocratic Mrs. Clay, "It aroused in me, a young wife, great indignation, that, in the exigencies of a public career my husband should be compelled to enter a contest with such a man. To me it was the meeting of a Damascus blade and a meat axe, and in my soul I resented it."

Virginia Clay did unwittingly manage to win one county away from Cobb for her husband. "It happened during the campaign Mr. Clay and I stopped at a little hostelry, that lay in the very centre of one of Mr. Cobb's strongest counties. It was little more than a flower-embowered cottage, kept by 'Aunt Hannah,' a kindly soul, whose greatest treasure was a fresh faced, pretty daughter, then entering her teens. I returned to our room after a short absence, just in time to see this village beauty before my mirror, arrayed in all the

Continued on page 52

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Household Tips by This cold weather will make

your skin very dry - use baby oil on your washcloth when you shower or bathe - feels great!

Putting contact paper in your shelves? Before you do that, make a pattern of the inside of the drawers or shelves with newspaper, transfer it to the contact and you will have a perfect fit for the contact paper.

You don't really want to bathe your dog so often in the winter, but want him to stay clean. Try rubbing baking soda into his coat thoroughly and brushing it off. It deodorizes AND cleans.

These short days and the lack of light can depress you. Get out as often as you can in the air and light - bundle up and just walk to cheer yourself up.

Nancy Hedden recently purchased an antique table and asked Earlene if she knew of a good way to get rid of those white rings on wood surfaces. Here are 3 methods to try: 1. Make a paste of cigarette ashes and mayonnaise, apply it to the spot and buff away with a damp cloth. Polish afterwards as usual. 2. Dampen a soft cloth with water, then add a dab of toothpaste to it. Rub the ring and polish. If the stain is very stubborn, try adding a little baking soda to it. 3. Apply a paste of salad oil and salt, let it stand for a moment. Wipe and polish.

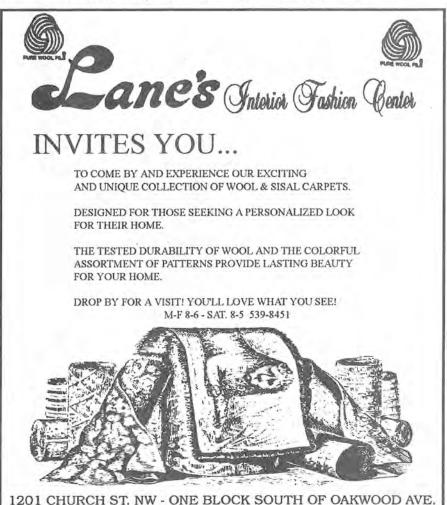
Here's a great way to get those children's boots dry after they have been soaked with rain-drop the nozzle of your hair dryer down into the shoe, turn on low and let it run til the boot is completely dry.

A good way to get heavy soap scum buildup off your bathroom tiles is this. Take very fine steel wool, and use your favorite eleaner. The scum will just peel

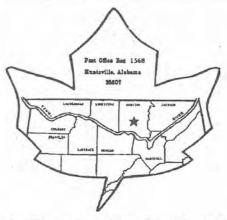
Toilet rings? Just make a paste of Borax and lemon juice. Flush your toilet to dampen the sides, then apply the paste and let it remain for 2 hours--scrub thoroughly.

For a good smell in your bathroom, just put a sheet of your favorite fabric softener at the bottom of your wastepaper bas-

Try making your rice in the microwave - just mix liquid with the dry rice, heat for 10 minutes, stir, then another 8 minutes. Let stand for 30 minutes, fluff with fork and it's ready!



Searching For Our Ancestors



A monthly column provided by the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society to aid people in their genealogical research.

WARREN · SCALF BOATNER

Need parents of Charles E. Warren, b c1811 Franklin Co GA (now part of HabersKam Co). He and wife Sidney Isabelle Scalf and their children resided in Jackson Co AL 1860-1870; DeKalb Co AL 1880. Their children: Reuben Calvin: William: Lot Granville; John G.; Charles Weston: Martin W: Nancy Caroline: Amanda J: Rebecca: Frances Marion; and Susanna. Daughters Rebecca & Amanda m James Alexander "Bud" Boatner. Rebecca on her death-bed asked her sister, Amanda to marry Bud after her death. Amanda did marry him, raised Rebecca & Bud's children and left after the children were grown. Bud Boatner gave Amanda's daughter. Lottie Belle Warren his name after their marriage.

T'Lene Bryant-Tillotson, 1311 Dana Drive, Dalton, GA 30720-5185

BRYANT

Researching early settlers of Long Island (Carpenter) Jackson Co AL. This area now named Bryant, AL after this family. Would appreciate learning of any early history books on this area, as well as information about its families, cemeteries, church records, or photographs.

T'Lene Bryant-Tillotson, 1311 Dana Drive, Dalton, GA 30720-5185

AVERETT · GLASSCOCK · MCLAUGHLIN · RHODES · ROYSTER

Union Mission Cemetery is located in Clarksville, Mecklenburg Co VA. Adjacent church was destroyed by fire after 1946. The cemetery has suffered from years of neglect. Surnames above are found here as well as unreadable stones. I have received the deed to the cemetery and am beginning to restore and repair the tombstones to prevent further loss. Wish to establish a nonprofit organization with interest-bearing trust fund to provide perpetual care for the cemetery. Any one interested in donating time, money or information please contact.

Craig D Rhodes, 133 Montclair Loop, Daphne, AL 36526 (205) 626-6573

ANDERTON · POOL · CALLAHAN · DEAN · DODDS

Need the parents of John Anderton bl823 AL, m 14 Jul 1842 Blount Co AL to Nancy A. Pool b 1823 AL. Will exchange information on all surnames above.

Dave Minter, 2502 Avery Lane, Farmington, NM 87402

HARLESS

Searching for information on whereabouts in AL of Philip and Mary Harless from 1808 to 1821. Philip was son of Henry Harless, Sr. Philip and Mary possibly in Madison Co AL 1808-1821. Were in Anderson Co TN in 1840. Who were their children? Will exchange information.

Andrew J. Tidwell, 2801 Guilford Lane, Oklahoma City, OK 73120

TIDWELL

Searching for information on Francis Tidwell listed on Jackson Co AL 1830 census. On Marshall Co AL 1840 census as Franklin Tidwell, listed on Marshall Co AL 1850 census as Frank Tidwell, age 73, b SC,



farmer, wife: Elizabeth age 68, b SC. Who were their children? Who were his parents? What was Elizabeth's maiden name? Who were her parents? Will exchange information.

Andrew J. Tidwell. 2801 Guilford Lane, Oklahoma City, OK 73120

WELLS FENTRESS · BLAKE

Searching for information on Martin Wells, Sr., who was on one tax roll of Montgomery Co TN in 1798. He d 1803 in that Co leaving wife Nancy, and sons Henry and Morgan. This is his 2nd wife & family. It is probable that the first family consisted of Martin Wells, Jr. m 10 Feb 1807 Sarah Boyd (daughter of George Boyd & wife Polly); Barbara m James Fentress; a dau m Wm Blake: David Wells.

Jean Tidwell, 2801 Guilford Lane, Oklahoma City, OK 73120

BRIGHT * TURNER

An old letter mentions again.

Elizabeth B. Bright, P.O. Box 255, Grapeland, TX 75844.

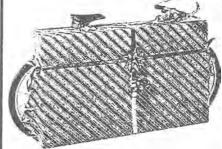
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Gadsden and Sand Mountain. One family member moved Need info on Sarah Turner BRIGHT. b abt to Panola Co., tIX, and another male was 1820, GA, and her father, Henry TURNER, taken prisoner by federal troops and never b abt 1778, NC. In AL census 1850 and 1860, seen

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Cobb

Continued from page 48

glory of a beautiful and picturesque hat which I had left on my bed during my absence. It was a lovely thing of the period, which I had but recently brought back from the North." Ginnie Clay promptly presented the hat to the girl, in exchange for her own simple sun bonnet. "I little dreamed that this exchange of millinery, so unpremeditated, and certainly uncalculating, was a political master stroke, but so it proved... for at the election that followed, the vote in that county was practically solid for Mr. Clay, where formerly Mr. Cobb had swept it clean."

Not long afterwards, the Clays travelled to Washington on the same train as Cobb. "I've got a crow to pick with you, Mrs. Clay," began Cobb, "for that pink bonnet trick at old Aunt Hannah's!" "And I have a buzzard to pick with you," she responded, "for defeating my husband!" "You ought to feel obliged to me," Cobb replied, "for I made your husband a Senator."

"Well," Mrs. Clay conceded, "I'll promise not to repeat the bonnet business, if you'll give me your word not to sing against my husband. That's unfair, for you know he can't sing!" Amid much laughter from the other passengers, Cobb good naturedly agreed.

Despite Cobb's calculated buffoonery, he was nonetheless an effective Congressman. Wrote William Garrett, "he was vigilant and true in guarding and promoting the interests of his District and section, and in the general his votes in Congress accorded with those of other members from the State. He practiced one courtesy that made him many friends in the State, and contrasted him very favorably with some of his colleagues. He would look after the interest of gentlemen visiting Washington on business from Alabama, call upon them, show them round, accompany them to departments, and introduce them. This was a marked service. and justly made Mr. Cobb many warm friends outside his District."

Ironically, W. R. W. Cobb's greatest national fame came during the last weeks of his service

in Washington. For 12 long years he had been a member of Congress. But now, civil war was on the horizon, and Cobb spoke out against it. "I am not a secessionist," he announced on December 11, 1860. "I desire peace ... that my State may be awarded her rights under the Constitution. If that can be done, may God help us to remain in the Union so long as the sun shines." However, such was not to be, and the following month Alabama seceded from the Federal Union.

On January 30, 1861, W. R. W. Cobb made his farewell address to the U.S. Congress. By then he was the only representative from a seceded State still present. Cobb told his colleagues he had stayed in Washington because that was where he needed to be. Since Alabama's secession, however, "I have absented myself from the deliberations and business of this body; and from that time I have not drawn one cent of pay." Yet Cobb continued to hope for a peaceful settlement and his urged the Northern representatives "not to let me go without hope." He pleaded for some sort of action to show "there shall be



peace, harmony, and prosperity once more restored in this now divided and distracted country," and the Northern Congressmen responded with applause.

Cobb then invoked the memory of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun, wishing those departed statesmen could somehow "raise their voices from the grave and speak to those they left behind, and tell them what their duty is." Cobb urged the North to send messengers of peace, not war, to the South, but he ended his speech with a warning. "If the North attempts to coerce or subjugate us," he said, "we must defend our rights, and protect our lives and little ones." Cobb then announced his resignation from the U.S. Congress, "to return to my dear Alabama, where the bones of my father and mother rest; to share the fate of those to who I am closely bound, be it for weal or for woe." His lengthy Washington career was over.

W. R. W. Cobb's appeal for peace was not answered by the North, and the tragic War Between the States soon began. While his parting speech won praise in the North, it had made Cobb somewhat suspect in the South. The "giant killer" learned this later that year when he suffered his first and only defeat. Running for the Confederate Congress, Cobb was beaten by a virtual unknown. Dr. John Perkins Ralls, a secessionist hothead from Cherokee County. By 1863, however, the Union Army had already invaded North Alabama, bringing death and destruction in its wake. The voters returned to their traditional champion and gave Cobb a resounding victory over the warmongering Ralls.

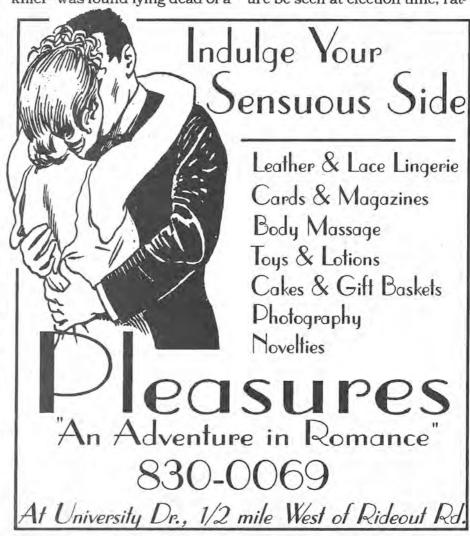
For reasons known only to

himself, Cobb did not journey to Richmond when the Confederate Congress convened in February 1864. Cobb's failure to take his seat caused considerable criticism, and the Confederate House of Representatives appointed a committee to look into his absence. Their report stated that Cobb's home was now behind the Union lines and that Cobb had been seen talking to the enemy. This was hardly evidence of disloyalty, but the Confederate Congress unanimously declared Cobb's seat to be vacant.

Meanwhile, Williamson Cobb remained quietly at his home in Bellefonte, trying to safeguard his property from destruction by the Yankees. On November 1, 1864, the Jackson County "giant killer" was found lying dead of a

gunshot wound. Cobb had been repairing a fence on his farm and supposedly had been careless enough to use a loaded revolver as a hammer, holding it by the barrel. The pistol had fired, killing Cobb. While Cobb's death was most likely an unfortunate accident, more than a few people wondered if he hadn't been murdered by a secessionist, angered by Cobb's less than enthusiastic support of the Confederacy.

Sadly, the popular politician was laid to rest in the Cobb family cemetery on his brother's plantation near Flint River, in neighboring Madison County, Alabama. With Cobb's death, a unique and colorful character passed from the Alabama scene. No more would the familiar figure be seen at election time, rat-



tling the crockery, munching on corn bread, and singing his song, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

Even William Garrett, often a critic, had to admit it. "Take him altogether," he said, "Mr. Cobb was a remarkable and successful man." That is an epitaph all of us can envy.

The End

Gambling Ring Broken Up

About 3 o'clock Sunday

evening as Policeman Palmer

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crowd of unruly loiterers en-

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noxious behavior while partici-

pating in an illegal dice game.

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struck him once or twice before

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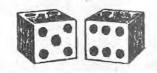
The policeman drew him into a house close by, to get rid of the

crowd, but when the door was closed upon him the culprit commenced crying murder! Murder! Drawing the crowd around the door, which they burst open, and one of them fired at the policeman, the pistol being held so close that his face was burned by the powder.

Notwithstanding, he kept his hold upon the offender, and marched him off for the guard house, followed by a large crowd of soldiers and other unruly sightseers. When near the corner of the square, the prisoner became refractory and tried to get away from the policeman, who was compelled to use the argument of his club to get him along. He was safely locked up in the calaboose and yesterday brought before the Mayor, who imposed a fine of \$10 which was promptly paid by his gambling cohorts. Policeman Palmer deserves great praise for his fearless discharge of duty under circumstances of so trying a nature.

As we go to press we have observed the dice game is once again in operation in bright daylight.

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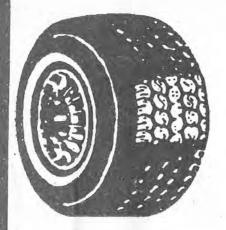
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