

Old Elintsville

The River

The sharp sound of an ax cut cleanly through the morning air. Dressed in faded overalls, the old man was chopping wood. A few feet away from him was his wife, rocking slowly back and forth in her rocking chair. It could have been some rustic scene from an old Norman Rockwell painting — had it not been for the length of rope securely tied to the woman's leg...

The River

Will Kendricks, hidden by the thick underbrush, sat patiently watching the scene in front of him. Across the small clearing, with the Tennessee River flowing in the background, an old man, dressed in faded overalls, was chopping wood. Every few minutes he would glance reassuringly at the shotgun leaning against a nearby tree. A few feet from him was his wife, rocking slowly back and forth in a rocking chair.

It could have been some rustic scene from an old Norman Rockwell painting had it not been for the length of rope tied to the woman's leg. Every few minutes she would get up and walk toward the woods, only to be brought up short by the rope. The old man would go over and talk to the woman and then taking her by her hand would lead her back to the rocker.

Suddenly the old man froze, looking straight at the woods where Kendricks was hiding. Grabbing his shotgun, the man began yelling loudly, ordering the unseen intruder off the land. After firing a shot in the air as a warning, he ran to where his wife was sitting, and untying the rope, hurriedly led her into the house.

"He's crazy," thought Kendricks as he fled the woods. "He's absolutely crazy!"

Walking back to the road where his truck was parked,

Kendricks began thinking about the events that had led to this bizarre confrontation.

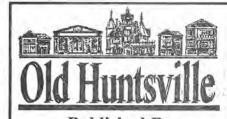
Since the beginning of time the Tennessee had been a wild untamed river stretching from the Smoky Mountains, down through northern Alabama and up to the Ohio River. While the river provided food and transportation for the early settlers it also became a curse for people living too close to it during the flood seasons. Rising flood waters devastated farm lands and often made travel on the river impossible.

In one memorable winter in the early 1900's, the Tennessee River near Decatur, Alabama, had swollen to a width of almost a mile.

As part of his New Deal, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in the early 1930's began construction of a series of dams throughout the entire length of the river to provide flood control and also generate a cheap source of electricity. For a region of the country in the midst of the greatest economic depression it had ever known, the influx of jobs provided the only hope of survival for countless people.

In 1932, even before the location of Guntersville dam was announced, the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority) began making plans to purchase the lands adjacent to the river. Though many landowners vigorously fought the idea of moving, they realized they had no other choice. Either they took what the TVA offered them, or their land would be taken by court action.

Much of the land was occupied by sharecroppers and arrangements were made to find other landowners who needed farm hands, with the TVA often providing trucks to move the



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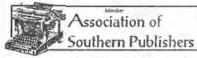
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families.

By 1935, the TVA had acquired title to enough land and construction of Guntersville Dam was started. This was the largest construction project ever attempted in the valley. An entire town was built to house the thousands of workers employed on the project.

The village, known as "Dam Town," was built on the north side of the present dam and consisted of nearly a hundred buildings, complete with mess hall, hospital, school and barracks. Within a few short months Dam Town had become a large community with its own stores and police force (hired by the TVA).

The planners in Washington had planned for everything, or so they thought.

Even before Dam Town was completed the project began running into trouble. Although the landowners had been paid for their land, and the sharecroppers had been relocated to other farms, no one had given thought to the old people.

In a custom dating from Medieval times in Europe, landowners normally let longtime employees remain on the land after they got too old to work. Much of the riverbank was worthless for planting so if an old couple built a shanty and took up residence, the landowners simply looked the other way.

Removing these people from land they were squatting on was proving a daunting challenge for the TVA.

At first, officials visited each of the families trying to reason with them.

"We ain't got no place to go," most of the people would reply.

Council

recommends that after

eight to ten years

The TVA officials had no answer. Unless the old folks had some sort of income, or relatives



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to take them in, the only alternative for them was the county poor house.

The TVA next tried to get the local authorities involved but the sheriff, after being made aware of the old people's plight, refused. He pointed out to the TVA boys that it was "Gov'ment land," and he had no jurisdiction there.

In a few instances the TVA tried to use its own police force to forcefully evict the people. But after one case where they were met with gunfire, the ensuing negative publicity made them back off.

Next they tried to force the people to move by more peaceful means.

For many of these country people, with no way to travel to town, the rolling store was their only way to purchase supplies. The TVA police visited the rolling store owners and told them if they continued selling to the squatters they would be forbidden to sell their products at Dam Town or any of the other construction sites. Faced with the possibility of losing a major part of their income the rolling store operators reluctantly agreed.

By 1937, only a handful of squatters remained. Progress on the dam had reached a point where it was imperative the people be moved, otherwise the whole project would be thrown behind schedule.

Will Kendricks had worked on the Norris Dam project in Tennessee and while there had established a reputation for being able to solve problems in difficult situations. In one case where a family refused to move, Kendricks was able to win the family's trust and discovered they had a brother who lived in Chicago. After contacting the brother, he put the family in his car and drove them to Chicago.

Kendricks had rightfully guessed the family did not have the money for bus tickets and would not accept charity.

When Kendricks arrived in Dam Town he first asked for a list of all the families remaining. Next he asked for a list of all the employees who might know the families. By questioning the employees he was able to get a fairly good idea of the different situations and backgrounds.

Most of the cases were fairly typical of what he had dealt with before; poor elderly people who had no place to turn to. Only one name, Moses Lamn, seemed to be different.

"He's crazy!," one of the workers exclaimed after being questioned. "I was just walking through the woods when he appeared and started yelling and waving his gun!"

Immediately a chorus of voices spoke up as other workers recalled meeting the old man. "He keeps his wife tied up all the time and won't let her out of his sight," one man said. "She seems all right but she stays in the house most of the time and no one's ever talked to her."

From the little information available Kendricks determined the couple were in their late eighties or early nineties. They had moved to the riverbank about a dozen years before and had subsisted by growing a small garden and fishing in the river. At first the couple were friendly with their neighbors but as time went on, they cut off all contact. By the time the TVA began purchasing the land no one dared



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approach the old man for fear of being met with a shotgun.

Early the next morning Kendricks drove to where the trail leading to Lamn's house began. After parking his truck on the edge of the road he began slowly walking up the narrow path, not knowing what to expect.

Reaching the edge of the clearing, where he saw Lamn chopping firewood, Kendricks stopped. Not wanting to startle the old man, he called out in a loud voice: "Mr. Lamn, my name is Will Kendricks and I need to talk to you!"

Immediately the old man dropped his ax and grabbed the shotgun lying nearby. "Get out of here!," he yelled. After firing a shot into the air he ran to where his wife was sitting, and after untying her, led her inside the house.

Lamn's actions only confirmed what Kendricks had already been told. The old man was probably a mental case. Several days later Kendricks drove to Huntsville to talk to the probate judge. After explaining the situation, Kendricks asked for advice.

"Well," the judge replied in the slow Southern drawl that seemed to be typical of Southern judges, "there ain't much we can do. We can't make the old man go to the county poor farm if he doesn't want to. And if he's able to take care of himself and hasn't actually hurt anyone we can't have him committed to a mental institution. There ain't no law against being eccentric or even tying your wife up if she don't complain!"

"It would be better," he continued, "if the woman was nuts. Then you could have her committed and the old man would probably leave of his own accord."

Kendricks returned to Dam Town and met with the project supervisors where he relayed what the judge had told him.

The news was met with a

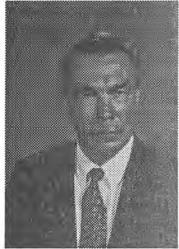
Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- Mr. Anderson's Monument -Meridian Street, Lincoln Mill & Lincoln Village by Tillman Hill (\$19.95).
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- Hard Times The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$16.95).
- Wildflowers of North Alabama / Full Color Guide (\$19.95).
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- 7. Decatur Alabama: Yankee Foothold in Dixie by Bob Dunnavant (\$16.95).
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stony silence. The dam was nearing completion and in a few weeks the whole area would be flooded.

"You have ten days," one of the supervisors told Kendricks. "The day after Christmas we're sending our men in there to tear the house down!"

The next morning Kendricks returned to Lamn's cabin. Again he was met with shotgun blasts in the air and loud yelling. And again he retreated to the safety of the nearby woods.

Every day Kendricks traveled to the cabin and every day was a repetition of the previous day. After about a week, and with time running out, he decided on a bolder course of action. He had noticed that Lamn always fired the shotgun in the air, rather than at him, so hopefully, the old man did not have any real intentions of hurting him.

Boldly, and without yelling to announce his presence first, Kendricks walked into the clearing to within a few steps of where the old man was working. Sensing Kendricks' presence, the old man whirled around to where his shotgun was lying and while screaming at the top of his lungs, fired a shot into the air.

Though scared to death, Kendricks stood still, refusing to run.

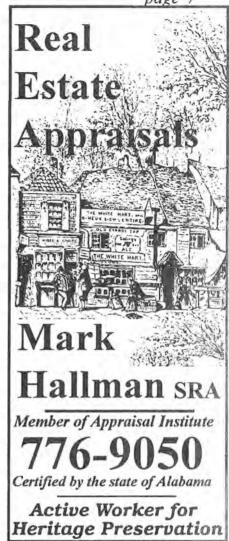
Quickly the old man reloaded his shotgun and fired another shot. Kendricks remained motionless.

Realizing Kendricks was not going to run away, Lamn paused and looked at the young man intently.

"You don't scare easy, do you?"

Though petrified with fear Kendricks was determined to stand his ground. "Look," he said. "All I want is to do my job and go home for Christmas. I don't want to hurt you or anyone else."

Trying desperately to keep the conversation going, Kendricks asked for a drink of water. Reluctantly, the old man led him to the porch and gave





him a glass jar full of cold water.

While drinking the water and looking around Kendricks' glance fell on the old woman sitting at the other end of the porch. The first thing that captured his attention was the length of rope tied to her wrist and the other end tied securely to the porch railing. She was rocking back and forth slowly and seemed to be cuddling a doll made from corn shucks.

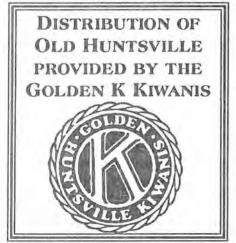
Suddenly Kendricks wheeled around and looked at Lamn. "She has Alzheimer's disease doesn't she?"

Kendricks had helped care for his grandmother who suffered from Alzheimer's and he recognized the symptoms.

"She's just having a bad day." Lamn reluctantly replied. Noticing Kendricks looking at the rope he explained, "If I don't do that she might wander off while I'm doing the chores."

Slowly the reality of the situation dawned on Kendricks. It was not the old man who had mental problems, but his wife. The old man had been scaring people off the place to keep them from knowing. If the authorities had known, they would have had her committed.

Having gained a certain amount of the old man's trust, Kendricks began explaining why



he was there. Another week, he explained, the whole place would be under water.

After listening to the young man talk for almost 30 minutes, the old man summed up his situation in several words.

"Ain't got no place to go. If I go to the poor house they will have her committed. We been together for almost seventy years and I ain't gonna let them put

her in some place by herself."

"Please don't tell anyone," the old man begged with tears in his eyes.

Sleep was impossible for Kendricks that night as he lay in bed trying to decide what to do. He could go to town in the morning and get a judge to commit the woman and then her husband would have no reason to stay on the land. She couldn't take care





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of herself and her husband wouldn't be unable to after they were evicted. Another possibility was to simply say nothing and let the TVA forcibly evict them. Deep down in his heart, Kendricks knew that neither one was a real choice.

Giving up on trying to sleep. Kendricks decided to get dressed and drive back to the old couple's cabin. "There has to be another way," he kept telling himself.

As he approached the cabin the first thing he noticed was the faint sound of Christmas caroling coming from inside. Quietly he made his way to the window and looked in.

There was a small tree sitting in the middle of the table, decorated with bits of tinsel and foil. Sitting in front of the tree was the old couple holding hands and singing the Christmas carols he had first heard on approaching the cabin. Every little bit the lady would hesitate and her husband would patiently coax her on the words. Though Christmas was still several days away, remnants of wrapping paper were scattered about the table where the woman had

opened her presents. She lifted her face to him and he kissed her on her cheek.

Unwilling to interrupt the peaceful scene, Kendricks left.

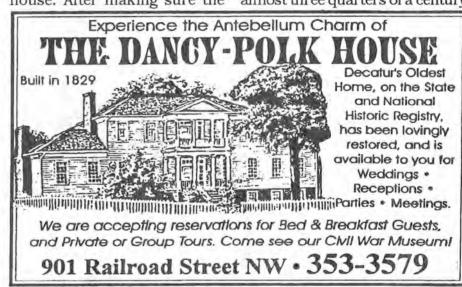
Early next morning as the heavy fog was still rolling across the Tennessee River, the peaceful quiet of Dam Town was interrupted by the loud ringing of a bell. "Fire," men shouted, "The Lamn place is on fire."

Hurriedly getting dressed, Kendricks joined the men rushing out to the scene. By the time he arrived the fire had been extinguished, though it had completely gutted the rear of the house. After making sure the old couple had not been caught in the blaze, he began looking around the clearing for them.

They were nowhere to be found.

Although a search party was organized and spent two days in the nearby hills, no trace of the old couple was ever found.

Later that week Kendricks made one final trip to the site of the burnt out cabin. While walking around the clearing his attention was drawn to a nearby rock. Lying next to it and wrapped in cloth were several old, faded photographs of the Lamns along with their marriage certificate from almost three quarters of a century





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before. Kendricks sensed that these things had been placed there on purpose, to make sure someone would find them, and maybe remember who they were.

As he stood looking at the old photographs, he became aware of a faint and soothing sound coming from the nearby hills. The sound seemed to permeate the clearing, finding its way into every corner and dark crevice. Maybe it was just the wind, or maybe it was his imagination, but Kendricks later swore, that just for a second, he heard what surely sounded like Christmas carols.

Years later when Will Kendricks was asked about their fate, he simply replied, "They stayed together."

The End

It has been estimated that one-third of all patients committed to mental institutions in the 1930s suffered from Alzheimer's. This Holiday season if you want to give a gift of love please consider the Alzheimer's Day Care Center, a nonprofit organization dedicated to providing care for those we love.

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The Headless Rooster

From 1891 newspaper

About two weeks ago outside of Nashville, F.D. Lacy chopped off the head of a rooster, intending to have a potpie for dinner. But the rooster, instead of giving up the ghost, insisted upon walking around as though nothing had happened.

Lacy sprinkled some flour on the rooster's neck to stop the flow of blood, and apparently the rooster is as happy, lively and contented as when he had his head. He is fed through a tube. His neck is healing over, and he does not seem to suffer any pain whatever or to miss his head. He eats heartily, feels frisky and on occasion endeavors to crow. Lacy had him photographed and has refused an offer of \$100 for him.





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Remnants of the War

New Hope Native Burns Logs and Blows up Neighborhood

From 1891 newspaper

From a reliable source a Mercury reporter was informed that on last Saturday at a point in the vicinity of New Hope, but on the Marshall County side of the river, an explosion occurred that has recalled the war and nearly scared the life out of an honest old man.

It seems that John Roberts was burning logs for the purpose of clearing up, and he had set fire to a heap which ignited a large dead tree. Suddenly a most terrific explosion occurred, one that was heard for miles, and the old tree was shivered and scattered to the winds. Roberts, who was a hundred yards distant, took his departure without troubling himself with an investigation. A

party who finally visited the spot where the tree once stood and made an investigation found from the surroundings every evidence that the explosion was that of a bombshell that had been imbedded in the tree during the war. It is known that there was a good deal of firing from cannon loaded with shell at this point during the war, a point that commanded the river. The circumstances can admit of two theories, one that the shell became imbedded in the tree by being fired from a cannon and failed to explode. The other that it had been left in the hollow, if there was any in the tree, as a sort of keepsake, hoping at some future day that it would get in its work. The first theory, however, is the

most probable. The report was heard far into Madison County and occasioned considerable wonder. It is said the Mr. Roberts will burn no more brush in that neighborhood.

Bicyclists Helping Budget

from 1888 newspaper

The city is now realizing a nice income from parties who are making it a habit to ride bicycles on the sidewalks. In the past few days not less than fifteen or twenty cyclists have been arraigned in the city court on this charge, the fine they receive for the first offense being one dollar, the second two dollars and so on.

The police wish to thank the bicyclists who are doing their part to help maintain the department's budget

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Rather Romantic

A Man Marries the Daughter of his First Love. Mother Helps in Match.

From 1891 newspaper

The marriage of John Ring, aged 70, of Jackson County and Miss Mary Donnan, aged 20, of Decatur, is somewhat romantic. An old friend of the aged groom says that Ring was at one time in love with Miss Donnan's mother, but on account of his then comparative poverty was forced to see her wooed and won by her present husband.

He remained true in his feeling, however, and when his present bride was a little girl became much attached to her. In appearance so much like her mother, the old gentleman found in her childish affection a solace for the loss of her mother's love. As the girl grew to womanhood the old gentleman became a wealthy man, and when he sought the hand of Miss Donnan a short time ago found the mother a ready helper in the match.

The groom has just purchased a fine farm near Birmingham and will enjoy his last days in the sunlight of the smiles of his young bride.





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A most peculiar freak is reported to have been played out by lightning a few years ago near Moulton. An 11 year-old boy named Willie Tolleson was driving some horses from the pasture to the barn during a heavy rain and thunder storm. A bolt of lightning struck him, knocking out all of his teeth. He complains that his joints feel as if they would crumble. The boy is able to walk but says his bones pain him very much.

"Thou shalt not marry," was the commandment Hartwell Farwell dictated to his household. Farwell forbade his sisters, sons and, daughters to marry, and handed down the heritage of enforcing celibacy in the family to his bachelor son, James. The son confessed to the murder of Philip Houston when he was about to marry Farwell's sister. Alice.

The elder Farwell hated the institution of matrimony and declared it was only justified to escape from starvation. "I've enough money to take care of my children, so they will not have to marry," he often declared.

A speedy and conclusive trial was that of Ed Morrison, who killed young Henry Hunter in Madison County, Georgia a few years back. Eighteen minutes' argument for the defense, sixteen for the prosecution, twenty for the judge's charge, twenty for the jury, and then the verdict. One hour and fourteen minutes after the evidence closed, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

He was hanged the next morning.

A young lady put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the happy belief that she would dream of seeing her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of ice cream, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dreams that night.

Before 1859, baseball umpires sat in padded rocking chairs behind the catcher.

A cop named Herbert Fields was making his midnight rounds on a Harley Davidson motorcycle in Florence, S.C., when he collided with a 200 lb., pig. His "hog" was totaled while the animal suffered only minor scratches. The vindictive officer jailed the porker for reckless walking at night.

In Dallas, an eager Leo Darley was trying his first case as prosecutor in district criminal court. The defendant complained that he had no attorney. "Go get one



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quick—we're going to trial," commanded an impatient Darley. The defendant hurriedly departed. Darley is still waiting for him to return.

Two determined safecrackers were breaking into the vault of the Velders Elevator Company in Wisconsin when they tripped an antiburglary device that sent a flood of tear gas pouring through the room. Undaunted, they broke into the fire station a few doors down and stole two gas masks. They returned to the task at hand and succeeded in their quest. Unfortunately, all that perseverance netted them just \$400 in cash, along with \$2,800 in nontransferable stock and a few unendorsed checks.

Hop McBride was trimming his hedges when he heard an airplane overhead cut its engines and swoop down low. He looked up to see the crop duster leaning from his cockpit and shouting "Fire!" Hop looked around and saw his neighbor's roof ablaze. He called the fire department in time to save the house.

In Albany, New York, one of Martin A. Schmitt's gold pheasants sought a taste of the wild life and disappeared into nearby woods last May. Today the bird returned and created a rumpus until Schmitt let it back into the coop.

P.S. The pheasant hunting season opens Monday.

A wife can often surprise her husband on their wedding anniversary by merely mentioning it.

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Succulent Holiday Favorites

Sweet Christmas Salad

1 can fruit cocktail

1 can coconut

1 jar red maraschino cherries

1 jar green maraschino cherries

1 carton sour cream

2 cups pecans

2 small cans mandarin oranges

powdered sugar to taste

1 package miniature marshmallows

1 can pineapple chunks

Mix all together after draining all cans. Taste, then add whatever you think is lacking. Try walnuts, canned pears, peaches, bananas, etc.

Glazed Pecans

3 c. sugar 1 c. sour cream 2 1/2 t. vanilla extract 1/2 t. almond extract 5 c. pecan halves

Cook sugar and sour cream over low heat, stirring constantly.

When mixture comes to soft ball stage remove from heat, mix in the flavorings. Stir until mix begins to cool, add the pecans and mix well. Place the pecans on wax paper, one layer deep, being careful that pecans do not touch each other. Cool.

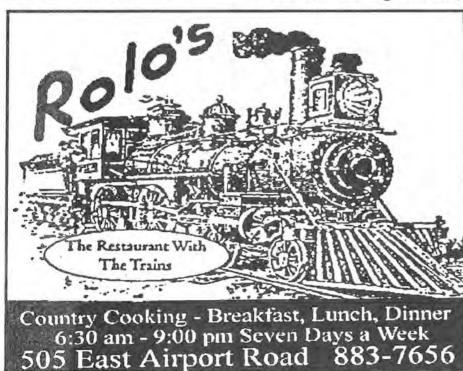
Spicy Peanuts

1 c. sugar
1/2 c. water
1 t. cinnamon
1/2 t. nutmeg
1/2 t. ground cloves
1 lb. roasted peanuts, red
skins on

Boil the sugar, water and spices til the syrup threads from spoon. Drop the peanuts into the boiling syrup. Stir until the nuts are dry-looking and pour out onto waxed paper. Let stand til cool and dry.

Christmas Cream Cheese Pie

1 8-oz. package cream cheese, softened1 c. strawberries + whole berries for garnish graham cracker crust



Mix the cream cheese with sugar, vanilla, almond, and nutmeg. Blend well and stir 3/4 of the mashed strawberries into the cream mixture. Whip the whipping cream, gradually adding the confectioners sugar, til stiff peaks form. Gently fold in the cheese mixture, then fold the rest of the strawberries into the cheese mixture and put all into the crust. Refrigerate and chill overnight. Garnish with whole strawberries if available.

Cranberry Apple Die

1 c. sugar
1/3 c. plain flour
1 t. apple pie spice
4 c. sliced pared
tart apples
2 c. cranberries
2 T. butter
pastry for 9" two-crust pie

Stir together the sugar, flour and spice. In a pastry-lined pie pan, alternate layers of apples, cranberries and sugar mixture, beginning and ending with the sugar mixture. Dot with butter. Cover with the top crust. Cut slits in the crust, seal and flute edges. Bake in a preheated 425 F. oven for about 45-50 minutes.

Broccoli Monica

1 20-oz. package frozen chopped broccoli, cooked and drained 1 can Cream of Mushroom soup 3/4 c. mayonnaise 2 eggs, well-beaten 1 c. shredded sharp Cheddar cheese 1/2 t. garlic powder

Mix all ingredients together and put into a 9x13" baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes or until firm.

Chicken Burgundy

Bake one chicken breast per person in medium oven til tender. When ready to serve, place chicken breast over rice, a mixture of plain and wild rice. Spoon the following sauce over the chicken breast and garnish with chopped green onions.

Sauce:

2 c. burgundy wine 3/4 c. brown sugar

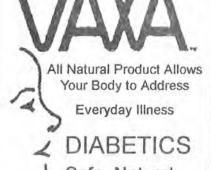
3 t. soy sauce

Mix and bring to boil. After mixture comes to boil, thicken it with a bit of cornstarch that has been mixed in a little cold water.

Save your Empties

Housewives who are accustomed to canning their own fruits and vegetables will find it next to impossible to get tin cans at any price this year, unless the present conditions change. It has been suggested that all housekeepers save their empty bottles, to be used as containers for syrups, catsups and similar semi-liquids. This should release a number of cans for "putting up" whole and sliced fruits and vegetables for winter use.

from 1916 newspaper

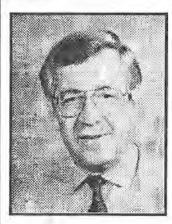


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HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES FROM THE 1800'S

If you burn coal, see that the stove is thoroughly cleaned out in the morning before a fresh fire is started, for in no other way can you secure a clear, bright fire during the day. Be sure that the ashes are sifted and slightly dampen the cinders before using them, for this promotes combustion.

Since American enterprise

liable timekeepers at so low a figure, every kitchen should reckon a clock among its outfit. Having learned from cookery books, verified by personal experiment, the average length of time required for cooking the usual meats, poultry, vegetables, etc., make a list of these and hang it up in some convenient place in your kitchen.

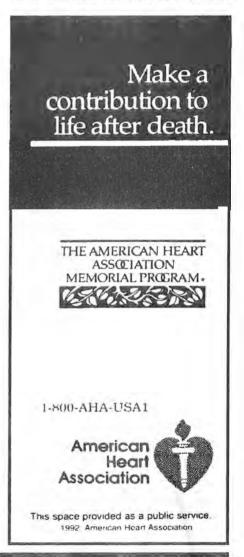
If you burn lamps keep them scrupulously clean. Wicks, soaked in strong vinegar and dried before being used, will not smoke. Two or three times a year, the part of the lamp containing the wick should be boiled in water in which washing soda has been dissolved; this will improve the quality of the light and obviate the danger of explosion.

Never reprove servants in the presence of others. Avoid irresolution, undue fault finding, familiarity, or display of ill temper, and endeavor to show all possible consideration for their comfort.

A clean cap and long white apron should always be kept hanging in the kitchen closet, ready for the servant to put on to serve the meals or to open the door. It is better for the mistress to own these articles, since if given to the servants they depart with them, and, in our American households, alas, a change of domestics is too apt to be a frequent occurrence.

Heavy woolen sweaters may be dried most successfully in the following way: lay a clean sheet of paper kept just for this purpose over a window screen. On this place the washed sweater in exactly its original form, carefully placing the fullness in the front, with a flat back. Balance the screen on two chairs and dry the sweater over a floor register or in a warm room in the winter





time, or in a shady place out of doors if it is summer.

When drying celery, parsley or sage for winter seasonings, leave all the leaves on and cut the stalks short enough so that they will fit in preserve jars. Place them in the uncovered jars with the leaves down and dry them in the oven. Then adjust the rubbers and covers and store them away.

Keep a mixture of sweet oil and lime water on hand at all times. Apply immediately to burns. The best lime water is made from one pound of lime soaked in a quart of water.

There isn't much to be seen in a little town, but what you hear makes up for it.



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Huntsville Heresay

By Billy Joe Cooley and His Unidentified Sources

EARLYBIRD sweethearts **Billy Woodall** and **Emily Brandt** are already holiday shopping for each other. Must be love or something mighty like it.

Tom Langford, former editor of the *Huntsville News*, was in town for a visit with old friends the other day.

Chris Summers has moved here from Anniston and is a barkeep at Vieux Carre nitery.

Artist Helen "Babe"
Sockwell joined a bunch of us at Alabama Music Hall of Fame in Muscle Shoals as Tom
Swatzell presented a signature Dolbro slide guitar for exhibit.

We spent some quality time last weekend with songwriter/ author Tom T. Hall, who sent congratulations to retiring banker Louis Boatright. Tom T.

was autographing his latest novel, "What a Book," at Books-A-Million on Airport Road. Collegian **David Westbrook** was there and was photographed with the legend.

Frank Calabretta has returned from an extensive adventure through the golden West, mainly New Mexico and Colorado. A lot of tales will be forthcoming. Now he plans to be further enlightened next fall at University of New Mexico, with intentions of following the journalistic path.

Folks from Old Huntsville, Old Morgan County, Old Marshall County, Old Mobile, Old Tuscaloosa and Old Shoals recently congregated in Huntsville to share tales and to do some some serious partying. Topping the agenda was the announcement of a five year plan to introduce an "old" paper in every major city in Alabama.

Comic **Ralph Hood** has a collection of his *Madison* County Record columns coming out in book form right away. He calls it *The Truth and Other Lies*, which is similar to a name I had planned to call my own book of short stories. I'll find another title. Any suggestions?

Remember all those politicians who were your best friends last month before the election? See how many remembers your name now that the voting is over.

My neighbor **Daniel Short** has returned home from the



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it's back to the grind.

Our car-selling pal **Bill Brooks** and friends dined out at
El Mexicano the other night and
were so pleased they went back
the next night. Meanwhile,
Intergraph's **Jeff Gibbs** and his
Lacey's Spring crowd plan to do
the same thing this weekend.

The two Marks—Jones and Magnat—have become part of the evening crowd at the Barnes & Nobles bookstore's coffee bar.

Johnny Cochran, famed lawyer in the O.J. Simpson trial, was in Huntsville recently signing books. Insiders tell us he's not betting on O.J. to walk away innocent again.

Fancy running into pretty Ruth Ward as she sang around the Finnegan's Pub piano Friday night. Musician Nancy Luce was in rare form and bosslady Ellen MacAnally couldn't have been happier.

Everybody is making plans to hear fiddler **Mark O'Connor** do his Huntsville debut on New Year's Eve with The Huntsville Symphony Orchestra. That's the biggest pop music show in town each year.

The **Silly Council** is back to business as usual. Wouldn't it be great if politicians were required to release their I.Q. scores before each election? Then, when one of them makes a dumb statement, they would at least have an excuse.

And last but not least, our favorite lady, **Aunt Eunice**, wants everyone to know that she loves them and to have a wonderful holiday season.

We love you, too, Aunt Eunice.

A polital promise today means another tax tomorrow.



Last year you got the kids a puppy...

Because they said they were bored and wanted something new to play with. And they SWOVE they would take care of it...

This year they want a ferret.

So, what are you gonna do?



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David Merritt



The Insanity of Mrs. Lincoln

From 1875 newspaper

Ever since the death of her husband, the widow of Pres. Lincoln has shown signs of mental disease. Last week her son petitioned to have her sent to the insane hospital and testimony was offered from which we produce the following from the Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Isham testified that on the 12th of March he received a telegram from Jacksonville, Florida, as follows: "My belief is my son is sick. Telegraph. I start for Chicago tomorrow." Her son was perfectly well at the time and telegraphed her. Mr. Lincoln also telegraphed to her, telling her to remain in Florida until perfectly well. He received a second telegram, after the lapse of an hour and a half.

It read: "My dearly beloved son, Robt. T. Lincoln: Rouse yourself and live for your mother. You are all I have. From this hour all I have is yours. I pray every night that you may be spared to your mother."

Robert T. Lincoln, the petitioner, then took the witness stand. His face indicated the unpleasantness of the duty he was about to perform, and his eyes were expressive of the grief he felt. Mrs. Lincoln at first looked on calmly, but during the recital of the incidents of the family history, and reference to the death of his father and brother, she gave way to tears and buried her face in her hands. He testified that he did not know why his mother thought he was sick, unless she had read some newspaper paragraph to that effect. He had not been sick in ten years.

The action he had taken was sad to contemplate, but he had done it in the interest of his mother.

He did not want any money from her. He had money in trust, for her.

He met her in the car upon her arrival from the south, and upon meeting her she was startled. She had the appearance of good health, and did not even





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seem fatigued by the trip. He asked her to come to his house, but she declined and went to the hotel. He went with her and took her supper. She told him that at the first breakfast in Jacksonville an attempt was made to poison her. He occupied a room adjoining her room that night, but subsequently was restless and would come to his door in her nightdress and rap.

Twice in one night she aroused him and asked to sleep in his room. He admitted her, gave her his bed, and he slept on the lounge. He got Dr. Isham to attend her. About April 1 she ceased tapping at his door, he having told her that if she persisted he would leave the hotel. He went to her room April 1, and found her but slightly dressed. She left the room in that condition under some pretext, and the next thing he knew, she was going down in the elevator to the office. He had the elevator stopped. and tried to induce her to return to her room. She regarded his interference as impertinent, but when he put his arms about her and gently forced her, she

screamed, "You are going to murder me!"

After awhile she said that the man who took her pocketbook had promised to return it at a certain hour. She said the man was a wandering Jew she had met in Florida. She then took a seat near the wall and professed to be repeating what the man was saying to her through the wall. She had since the fire kept her trunks and property in the Fidelity Safe Deposit Company's building. He called on her the last week in April, and she told him that all Chicago was going to be burned, and that she was going to send her trunks to some country town. She said Milwaukee was too near Oshkosh. where there had been a terrible fire the night before. She told him that his house would be the only one saved and he suggested to her to leave her trunks with him.

The following Sunday she showed him securities for \$57,000 which she carried in

her purse. She had spent large sums of money recently. She had bought \$600 worth of lace curtains, 3 watches, costing \$450; \$700 worth of other jewelry; \$200 worth of soaps and perfumes, and a whole piece of silk. He had no doubt that she was insane. He had a conference with her cousin and Mayor Stuart of Springfield, and Judge Davis of the supreme court, all of whom advised him to the course he





had taken. He did not regard it as safe to allow her to remain longer unrestrained. She had long been a source of great anxiety. He had a man watching her for the last three weeks, whose sole duty it was to look after her when she went on the street. She had no home, and did not visit his house because of a misunderstanding with his wife. She had always been kind to him. She had been of unsound mind since the death of her husband. and had been irresponsible for the last 10 years. He regarded her as eccentric and unmanageable.

There was no cause for her recent purchases, as her trunks were filled with dresses she never wore.

She never wore jewelry.

The jury had been absent but a few minutes when it returned with the following verdict: "We the undersigned jurors in the case of "Mrs. Mary Lincoln, alleged to be insane, having heard the evidence in the case, are satisfied that the said Mary Lincoln is insane, and is a fit person to be sent to a state hospital for the insane."

The End



A Strange Case of Bigamy

from 1888 newspaper

Savannah, Georgia— There has developed a queer case of bigamy here. The wife of Oliver Law, a night watchman, left him because he had become intensely jealous. While consulting with a justice about the matter, the justice jokingly suggested that Law get another wife. Acting on this advice, Law hunted up a young girl, Maude Estelle, aged 18, of Jacksonville, while she was visiting. He proposed to her, was accepted and took out a license and married her at once.

After two days of bliss with his new wife, Law suddenly awakened to a consciousness of his unpleasant position with two wives in one small city, and stepped out, leaving a note for each. He is thought to have gone to Columbus.

God gave us mouths that close and ears that don't - which should tell us something.

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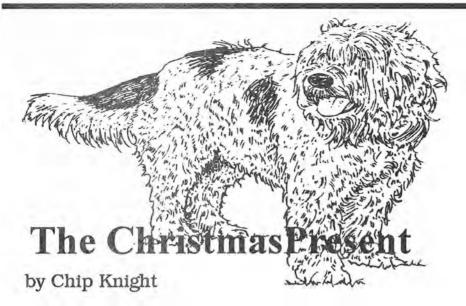
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Billy Jackson was twelve years old, and was an orphan. He had only dim memories of his parents and of his older sister who had all perished when their house burned back in 1896. His last memory of his father was when he threw him into the arms of a neighbor from the upstairs bedroom window with the house burning down around them. Billy now lived with his aunt Sarah, a kindly woman in her midforties who had never married. Aunt Sarah taught school in town, but the town was small and it was not hard to walk into the fields and woods of the countryside. Billy was doing just that.

It was Christmas morning and Billy was tramping through the snow which had fallen overnight. He could see the gaily decorated trees in the windows of the houses as he walked down the street toward the edge of town, his shotgun cradled in the crook of his left arm. The shotgun had been a Christmas present two years ago, when times were better. These days his aunt Sarah was more likely to be paid for her services with eggs or with a fresh chicken than with money, so Billy figured that there was some real use for his going after a rabbit this morning, after

all, there hadn't really been any Christmas. Oh, the day was pretty, and the town and countryside were lovely with the snow which had fallen Christmas Eve night, rare as that was here in the South. All in all, Billy was feeling just a little bit lonely and sorry for himself.

Out in the country, the snow was even deeper than it was in town, but Billy's boots were well oiled and his feet were dry if cold. Although he was looking out for a rabbit to scamper from the underbrush, his mind was still on Christmas. This year, there had been no money for presents. He and aunt Sarah had just stood before their small, sparsely decorated tree and held hands and looked into each other's eyes and nodded in understanding. Then he had gotten his shotgun and a few shells, got into his boots and coat and walked outside.

Up ahead, perhaps half a mile, was an old farm house, really more of a tenant house, with a tin roof and red siding that looked like bricks, but was really just some sort of asphalt siding that was nailed over the boards that made up the outside walls. For a second, he saw a dark shape flit through his view then disappear, perhaps under the old house. There was no smoke coming from the chimney, so Billy guessed the house was empty, perhaps abandoned. Times were hard for everyone, and sometimes people just left; it had to be better somewhere. There were a lot of abandoned houses, but many people, especially out in the country, were able to scratch out an existence by gardening and putting food by,



page 26

and by hunting. It was really a barter economy.

The half-grown pup was black with a short winter coat, long ears and a long tail. He was probably a Labrador mix, but, of course, that did not concern him. Two things were on his mind right then; he was hungry, and he had just seen a human walking in the field about a half mile away.

Hunting was going to be difficult with the snow. He had never seen snow before, but, in the manner of dogs, he accepted it. It was just a part of his world that he had never seen before. He had been living under the old house since the weather had turned cold as it provided some protection from the bitter wind. Before that, after his mother weaned him, he had just wandered in the fields and woods, living on whatever he could catch and drinking from creeks and an occasional pond. He was vaguely sad, for dogs are social animals, and he was very much alone.

That thought occurred to him as he saw the human. He had seen other humans before, and had even seen the long

things that this one carried in the crook of his arm. He knew that the long thing could make a frightful noise, and he suspected that it could hurt him, and he was therefore somewhat frightened, and remained still under the old house. At the same time, though, he was aware of his desire for companionship, and wondered if he might possibly befriend the human. He had, after all, seen other dogs accompanying humans on several occasions, and they had appeared to be friends. Once, he had tried to approach such a pair, but the dog had growled at him and backed his ears and showed his teeth, and the human had yelled at him. Seeing that they were unfriendly, he had left and there had been no pursuit. He remained under the house, but he was cold and hungry and alone.

Having spotted the fleeting image by the old farm house, Billy Jackson's curiosity was aroused and he slowly made his way toward the house, still keeping his eyes open in case he flushed a rabbit. It occurred to Billy that he might have seen a dog, and he wondered if a stray

dog out in the country would be wild, or just what. He began to feel a little better, thinking about the dog, if it really was a dog.

Somehow it just wasn't right to be all alone on Christmas day. Of course, there was aunt Sarah, but he still felt alone. Maybe, he thought, it wasn't just him. Maybe everyone else felt alone, too. That didn't make it any better, though. He trudged on through the snow toward the old house.

When Billy got up to the house, he unloaded his shotgun and lay it on the porch, and then looked around to see where the dog or whatever it was could get under the house. There it was, a





hole in the skirting which surrounded the raised foundation. He called out "Come here, boy, good boy," and then whistled a couple of times. He waited a moment, then called again. This time, he was rewarded by the "thump, thump, thump" of a tail striking alternately on the floor of the house and the ground underneath.

Although he was frightened, he felt that this human was not like the one who had chased him off and whose dog had threatened to fight with him. He heard a voice call out, and then a whistle, and another, and his tail just went out of control and started wagging, banging the floor and the ground. Well, there was no denying it now; the human surely knew he was there. Then, another call, and he thought, well maybe this human would be his friend. He needed a friend. He stood up and walked carefully out from under the old house.

Billy called again, and was answered by the appearance of a black head through the skirting. He gently reached over and let the dog sniff his hand, then slowly touched the head, then rubbed it. The dog's tail was now banging on the siding. Billy stepped back a couple of steps and called to the dog again, and the dog came out and came over to him. Billy squatted down and put his face in the dog's face and got licked thoroughly. Then, they just looked at each other, and each of them knew that they were no longer alone.

Billy picked up the shotgun, and, with the dog at his side, started for home. He had his Christmas present, and this was the best Christmas ever.

The End







by Escoe Henley

The CMTC (Civilian Military Training Camps) were started by Franklin Roosevelt about 1936 to instill military training in men who could be called in the future with little cost to the government. Conditions in Europe and Asia were approaching a crisis and it was apparent that the current Regular Army, consisting of about 120,000 men, would be too small to handle a world wide conflict.

Members met for one month each year for training at an army installation. They recieved no pay except for five cents per mile by rail from place of residence to place of training.

Boys from Huntsville were sent to Fort Olgethorpe, Georgia, home of the 6th Cavalry. We boarded the train in Huntsville and upon arriving in Chattanooga, army trucks were waiting to take us the rest of the way.

We dismounted from the trucks and lined up in front of rows of concrete slabs. On each side was a tent, folded and ready to be erected. The concrete slabs served as the floors when the tents were erected (one for each six men). We were each given a straw tick (cotton bag) to make a mattress by filling the bag with straw from a straw pile.

The only buildings were

mess halls, one for each troop. Discipline was very strict. In the evening we could go to the army PX or theater but were not allowed to go to Chattanooga or Rossville.

After two or three days one of the boys from Huntsville decided he had had enough and wanted to go home. No provisions were made for such events so he was locked up in the Guard

House. The next day he decided that army life wasn't so bad after all!

The first year trainees learned "dismounted drill" and were not allowed to ride horses. The 3rd and 4th years we trained on the horses of the Regular Army Cavalry. Imediately after dismounting for the day, the horse had to be groomed. It was gone over carefully with a curry comb and brush and its hooves cleaned. The saddle was then cleaned with saddle soap. Very often the soldier of the regular army, whom the horse was assigned to, was standing by to make sure we did a good job.

Some of the people from Huntsville who attended C.M.T.C. at Fort Olglethorpe with me were: William A. Burgess, Jarrett (Jack) Griffin, Charles Hooper, Elliott R. Matthews, and Guy Haislip, who was from Gurley.

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Sidewalks For The Courthouse

City is expected to receive no aid from County Commissioners

Last evening at a meeting of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, a petition was presented asking that a sidewalk be built around the courtyard fence by the city of Huntsville. The board then appointed a conference committee to consult Judge Taylor and the board of County Commissioners. One conception of the rights of the city in this case is, that the city of Huntsville owns all property outside of the courtyard, as much so as they do all sidewalks and streets in the city.

We anticipate that on the subject of the walk around the courtyard, the city will receive cold comfort from the County Commissioners. Huntsville unaided and alone should meet the proposition squarely, and build at her own expense a handsome walk around the railing, for it is an improvement that has been needed for years, and its present and past condition is a disgrace. So far as the fountains on the inside of the courtyard it is an entirely different matter, the county would obtain a benefit, an ornament and a needed improvement, which the people in the county could not object to. The same would be refreshing and an ornament to our city, and one that would contribute much to the appearance of our square. We heartily favor this fountain idea, and hope that cooperation can be attained between the city and county.

From 1888 Newspaper

A prominent physician says that in fifty years, kissing will be unheard of but in fifty years, who cares?





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Old Huntsville

From The Year 1935



OLD AGE PENSIONS TO BE PAID JAN. 1st

Nov., 11:—Commissioner Collins of the Alabama Public Welfare department announced today that his office will be paying old age pensions starting on January 1st of next year, but stated that he believed that not more than 12,000 to 15,000 of the state's 105,000 persons over the age of 65 would be eligible for payment. He also cautioned people against expecting a windfall, as he said that most pensions paid will not be over the amount of \$15.00 per month.

The state pension act has set \$30.00 as the maximum pension, but Collins said that money is tight and his department will have to work on a basis of cash available rather than need, spreading its money as far as it will go over the most needy cases.

A \$77,000 surplus in the Confederate pension fund on October 1st would be a great help to the welfare department, but it is unsure if those funds can legally be used for old-age pensions.

Collins also cautioned that each applicant for a state old-age pension must be able to prove that he or she has no adult children who can offer support or care for them.

HELP WANTED

The Tennessee Valley Authority is hiring laborers for the Guntersville dam project. Room and board furnished at reasonable costs. Starting salary at 35 cents an hour.

Also experienced cook capable of preparing 2000 meals per day.

Apply at construction site.

GOVERNOR GRAVES WANTS RESUMPTION OF TIDE-TIGER GAME

Special Committee of Legion Asked to Negotiate

Nov., 26: Governor Bibb Graves has asked a special American Legion committee to negotiate the resumption of the University of Alabama versus Auburn games. He expressed hope that a post season football game could be arranged for the Christmas or New Year's season.

Horace Wilkinson chairman of Legion's special committee, said they expect to confer with authorities of the colleges by the latter part of this week. "We're going to try to accomplish something," he said.

The colleges last played against each other in a game in 1906.

POOR HOUSE CLOSED

Huntsville: In a surprise move by the Welfare Board yesterday, the County Poor House, located at the end of Hermitage, was abolished. Spokesman Lawrence Goldsmith explained that with the Welfare Department now taking care of the indigent there is nom longer a need for an Alms House. By the end of the year the poor house is expected to be empty as new homes are found by the present occupants. Alabama currently has 63 poor houses.

OLD HUNTSVILLE - YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

YOUNG ROOSEVELT DENIES HE WAS IN AUTO ACCIDENT AFTER PARTY

CONCORD, Mass., Nov. 2:—
It was a matter of dispute today whether or not John Roosevelt, youngest son of the President, was in an automobile which struck a hedge, hurling a young girl to the ground after a raucous party. Chief of Police William G. Ryan said that Roosevelt, a student at Harvard, was indeed in the automobile that was involved in the early-morning accident, which followed the debutante party of Miss Ledlie Laughlin the night before.

Based on his investigation, the girl was riding on the running board of the car when it struck the hedge in front of the Concord Country Club.

Another participant of the raucous party, identified as one of the Kennedy brothers, reportedly fled the scene when informed there would be an investigation.

The investigation was ordered by the town selectmen after receiving reports that the party was quite noisy and had lasted into the early hours of Sunday morning, which is in violation of the state Sabbath laws.

"Absolutely wrong," said young Roosevelt when he was told of the Chief's statement.

Three of the four Roosevelt brothers have been involved in a series of motor accidents since their father became president.

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Wishing You all a Peaceful and Joyous Holiday

Mon. - Fri. 10-5 pm / Sat. 10-4 pm / After Hours by App't. Main Street South Shopping Village, 7500 Mem. Pkwy Suite 121, Huntsville, Ala. - Brenda Hicox Owner

Heard on the Street in 1891

Henry Hone, white, who resides in the northern part of the county, had been lying in jail for sometime now on a charge of being unlawfully married - he having a living wife, was turned loose yesterday on bond for his appearance at next term of Circuit Court.

For Sale - a three room cottage on Walker Street. The lot is 60 feet front, 200 feet deep. Terms \$2600 cash. Apply to E. R. Latta.

Charlie (Buck) Monroe, after several months absence, has returned to the city and will in future be associated with his brother, D.C. Monroe, in the tonsorial line at the McGee hotel. Both of these young men are competent and skilled artists in their business and will please the public with their work. They extend their friends a cordial invitation to call on them.

Saturday closed the 20th annual exhibition and fair of the Huntsville Agricultural & Mechanical Association. A larger number than was anticipated was present to witness the many attractions. Several made-up races were enjoyed by the assemblage, among them being a free-for-all trot with entries of horses belonging to gentlemen of this city and county. The race resulted in Mr. Tom Young securing the premium, he owning the winning horse.

The following personal property will be sold at the C. Q. White place, near Hazel Green, on Monday, October 26th, 1891, to wit: One Surrey and Double Harness, Farming tools, Cider press, Corn Sheller, five cows and four calves, one Wardrobe. Terms cash, or on credit.

A woman in Hartselle says she's wearing her wedding band on the wrong finger because she married the wrong man.



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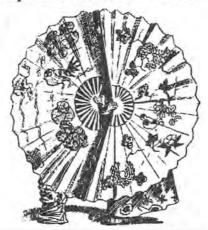
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Depression Days in Dallas Village

by Ruby Crabbe

I remember during the Depression days how hard it was for people to provide for their families. Survival was on the minds of everyone and a prayer in their hearts that God would provide them the knowledge and the strength to stay strong and not to give up hope that tomorrow would be better. Most of the children wore hand-me-downs, and a lot of the clothes were made from feed sacks. There was coal and wood to buy for the cook stove, and the open fireplaces provided warmth for the families. Many a pot of beans or soup has been cooked over the flames of those fireplaces. The hearth was used in roasting corn and peanuts.

Even though times were hard in those days, and despite the hardship everyone experienced, there was fun and enjoyment to sort of break the gloom of those dark days.

My mother, Josie Allen, along with half the kids from Dallas Village following behind her, would walk to Sharps Mountain to pick watercress. Sometimes

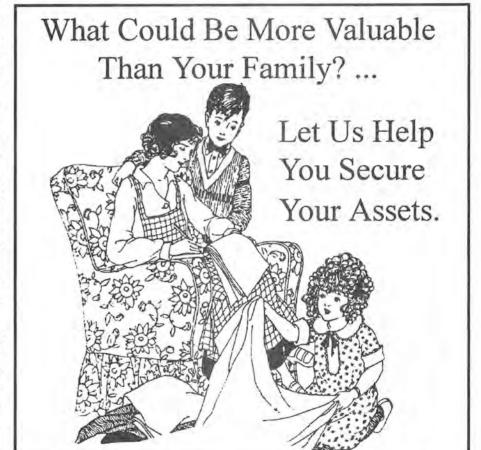
Sign at a New Orleans airport, "Start kissing good-bye early, so the plane can leave on time."



she would cook it and sometimes she made salads with it. Either way, it was delicious. And it was a supplement to the rest of the food on the table. The watercress came from a natural spring of water flowing from beneath an old wooden shed that sat on the north side of the mountain.

Sometimes Mama would walk around the foot of Chapman Mountain and gather wild sallet. While Mama hunted for wild sallet we kids would climb trees, play hide and seek, and hunt for wild animals. Somehow we never found any wild animals but we did sport a few skinned knees and a case or two of poison ivy.

About that time the "itch" breezed in. Don't know how many people caught it but I think it's safe to say, more people caught it than didn't. Most everyone was busy at the same time SCRATCHING. Even the dogs



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caught the itch. Maybe it was the mange they caught. Nevertheless, they did their share of scratching along with us. They would walk awhile then sit and scratch for awhile. Some of them had already scratched off most of their hair so we had a few bald dogs walking around. Word got around that if a person would boil polk root and take a bath in the water, it would cure the itch. One brave soul dared to try it. The month was January and the big ditch on Rison Avenue was half full of water with a thin coat of ice on it. That brave soul came out of that polk root bath and hit that ice coated ditch with a wild dive. The bath had made his itch worse and all that man could do was sit in the ice water and do his scratching. And scratch he did! He was stirring up that water as if a thousand demons were after him.

Then there was the W.P.A. My brother, Earl Nelson, worked on the WPA and he would take his lunch with him. He carried his lunch in a cloth sack so he could tie it on to a tree limb to keep ants from getting into it. One day at lunch time he went to get his

lunch but an old cow had beat him to it. There she stood, chewing that sack for all she was worth. Earl said the old cow had chewed on that sack so long that the sack was longer than his leg.

A lot of the men took their lunches with them in paper sacks. They would sit their sacks under a big tree til it was time for lunch. One of the men said that since all the paper sacks were just alike someone had grabbed his sack by mistake. He said he was sure glad they did there was one sack left and it had delicious biscuits and pork chops in it. He didn't know who got his lunch but he did know that whoever it was had biscuits and gravy for lunch. Yes, the Depression days were bad, but it didn't dampen our joy and excitement of just being alive, to enjoy the laughter and pleasures of life that God had so freely given us.

Constructive criticism is when I criticize you.

Destructive criticism is when you criticize me.

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THE TELAUTOGRAPH

A Curious Machine Which is Said to Work Perfectly

Huntsville Democrat, May 17, 1893--The very latest thing in telegraph instruments is called the Telautograph, or long distance writing machine. It consists of a transmitter and a receiver associated for use at one station. The mechanism of the machine is extremely simple and direct. An ordinary lead pencil is used in transmitting. Near its point two silk cords are fastened at right angles to each other. These connect with the instrument, and, following the motions of the pencil, regulate the impulses that control the receiving pen at the distant station.

The writing is done on ordinary paper five inches wide, conveniently arranged on a roll attached to the machine. A lever is so moved by the hand as to shift the paper forward mechanically at the transmitter and electrically at the receiver. The receiving pen is a capillary glass tube placed at the junction of two aluminum arms.

It is supplied with ink, which flows from a reservoir, through a small tube placed in one of the arms. The electrical impulses, coming over the wire, move the pen of the recorded simultaneously with the movements of the pencil in the hand of the sender. As the pen passes over the paper an ink tracing is left, which is always a facsimile of the sender's motions, whether in the formation of letters, figures, signs or sketches.

"There is practically no limit to the work that this machine will do," said John H. Bryant. "Wherever a record is required it is invaluable. From his office a business man can send instructions to the factory, close by or many miles distant, and have them delivered in his own handwriting. A broker dealing by wire can give quotations and execute orders to buy and sell securities without danger of dispute. A physician may wire his prescription of a druggist, using the arbitrary code of the profession, confident that no mistake will be made in the transmission. A reporter writing up a fire or an accident of any kind can send to his paper a sketch of his subject taken on the spot. Supt. Byrnes wishing to notify all the police precincts at once of the escape of a burglar could not only do so as quickly as by telegraph, but he could be sure that this orders were transmitted in his own writing, and an accurate description of the man



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could be sketched at the same time if necessary.

Speaking of the telephone, Mr. Bryant said that the telautograph would become more popular than the former instrument, because there would be no buzzing on the wires and no questions to be asked and answered perhaps a dozen times before getting a definite reply. "This turtle of ours," said he, "will keep moving along and have your message all recorded before the telephone is through buzzing. There will be no more strikes of messenger boys, for while we are waiting for the boy to come, the message, written on the machine, will be at its destination. Then, again, a man can go away and leave his machine locked up in his desk. When he returns in one, two, or half a dozen days, he will find the messages sent to him by his friends all recorded on the roll paper in his desk."

In cities and towns the telautograph will be operated on the exchange or central station plan, in much the same manner as the telephone is now worked. Professor Elisha Gray, the inventor of the telautograph, has devoted his life to the perfection of communication by electricity. He invented the musical telephone, and history, his friends say, will give him credit for inventing the speaking telephone and the harmonic telegraph.

From 1891 Newspaper



A Shrewd Lady Spectator



from 1887 newspaper

Last week a widow lady, residing near Hazel Green, put her house up at a raffle and very soon disposed of the tickets - all feeling disposed to assist her.

The evening arrived, and the house was won by a gentleman who thought himself most fortunate in obtaining a homestead so cheaply.

The next day he asked for a title to the property. What was his surprise when he was coolly informed that it was unnecessary to give any written title to the house - that there it was, and to take it; and the sooner the better, as she was anxious to build another on the spot where it stood. The winner discovered that he had drawn a house, but no lot.

Upon applying to the authorities for relief he was turned away with the understanding the raffle was legal and he had no recourse.

The gentleman, deciding to make the best of a bad situation, moved into the house with it still standing on the lady's piece of land.

The lady then applied to the authorities for relief but was told that she too had no recourse; she had not specified the house had to be moved.

There has not been a final outcome to the baffling dilemma yet.

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The Best Laid Plans

Introduction by Charles Rice

Introduction: By early 1865 the bloody War Between the States had been going on for four long years, and even many staunch Confederates were losing hope. The final straw had been General John Bell Hood's disastrous Tennessee campaign, during which that inept officer had virtually destroyed his once great army at the

battles of Franklin, Spring Hill, and Nashville. Among those ready to call it quits was Captain Joel Cunningham, the commander of Company B of Col. Lemuel Mead's Partisan Cavalry Battalion.

A resident of Flintville, Tennessee, Cunningham had gone to war in May 1862 as a corporal in Captain Frank B. Gurley's

Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry. On March 1, 1863, he was promoted to first sergeant. In January 1864, Cunningham left Gurley to form a company for Mead's Battalion. For one whole year, Cunningham's men harassed the occupying Union Army along the Alabama-Tennessee border. By February 1865, however, even he had had enough. Cunningham secretly negotiated a surrender with Lt. Col. William J. Clift of the 5th Tennessee Union Cavalry. "I gave the surrender the appearance of a capture and wish it so understood for the present," Clift reported from Fayetteville on February 7, 1865. "Capt. Cunningham will surrender to me from twenty to twenty-five of his men for whose good con-



duct he is willing to vouch."

Unfortunately for Cunningham, Union General Robert H. Milroy was not in on the plan and issued orders for Cunningham and his brother to be shot! The embarrassed Colonel Clift avoided the problem by arranging for his prisoners to "escape." Captain Cunningham's brother, Private Peter Cunningham, describes the exciting times that followed in a letter printed in the Fayetteville Observer in April 1914.

Dear Friend:

Today my mind runs back to February 17th, 1865, forty-nine years ago, when Capt. Joel Cunningham and I, his brother, were being held prisoners of war in the city of Fayetteville, Tenn. We had been prisoners fifteen days and on the 17th day of February, 1865, General Milroy, U.S.A., whose headquarters were at Tullahoma sent Col. Stauffer to Fayetteville with a message to Col. C. ordering him to turn us over to Col. Stauffer to be executed. Col. Stauffer.

when he first reached Fayetteville, surrounded the Provost Marshall's office with his men. He left his men in front of the Provost Office while he and the Provost Marshall crossed over to Col. C-'s headquarters in a room of Dr. William Bonner's residence. I was at the northeast corner of the square when the squadron came into town. I had been in bed sick and had not eaten a bite in the last twenty-four hours and had not seen my brother. I was feeling bad but the worst was seemingly an awful dread on my mind. Finally I left the bed and started to look for my brother. when I reached the northeast corner of the square I learned that Col. C-had ridden up the pike. While I was standing on the corner immediately south of Thomas Goodrich's store house, we saw the Yankees (I think they were mounted infantry) making the curve on the street coming around in front of the old Presbyterian Church. I remarked to the citizens that I was talking with, "I have seen a great many

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Continued on pg. 42

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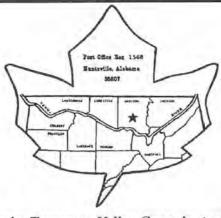
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ICE * CREWBEI - CRUEBEL

I am researching the ICE family. They came to Franklin Co., I; around 1829. Children of John ICE and Nancy CREWBELI CRUEBEL ICE (b. 1792 NC): James (b. 1810, AL), Elizabeth (b. 1817, AL), Andrew Jackson (b. 1819, AL), Sarah Ann (b. 1823, AL), and Mary Jane (b.1825, AL). John ICE died before the 1840 Franklin Co. Census. Nancy is listed as head of household with 3 daughters: one 5 under 10; one 10 under 15; one 20 under 30. The other children are marrying off with families of their own. Also anyone researching Ice. Is there any trace of the Ice's there?

Lois Short, 516 Oaklawn, W.F., IL 62896.

COWEN * BYRAM

Looking for information on the family of Talitha COWEN (b. 1 Oct 1801, in KY, d. 12 Apr 1863, Izard Co., AR) m. Alden BYRAM (b. 21 Mar 1804, Knox Co., TN, d. 12 Apr 1878, I7nrd Co., AR) 7 Aug 1823, Madison Co., AL.

Roger A. Crane, 14003 Briardale Lane, Tampa, FL 33618.

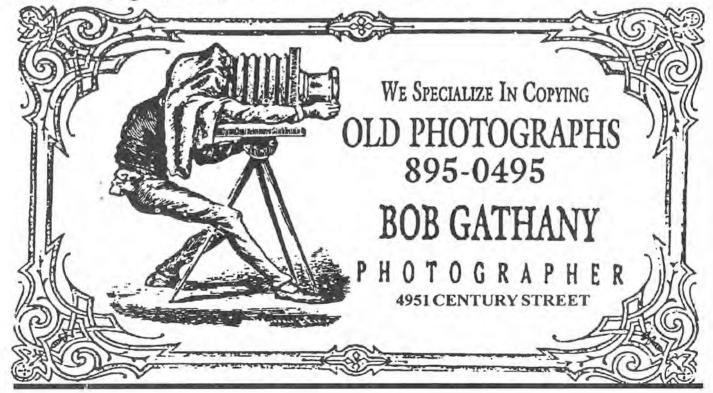
BOLLING

Have proved my Robert BOLLING/Jane (Rolf) BOLLING line to Bolling and Heachem Halls Eng. Would someone please give me the female lines? Laramore, Blair, Kennon, Carrie, Clerk, Thorton, Thornore, Popley, de Thornton Rolf, Poythress, Mason and Jener.

Wes Skaggs, 1752 Chesapeake Pl, Arroyo Grande, CA 93420.

JACOBS * VANN * COBB

Searching for parentage of Maggie JACOBS, b. AL ca. 1866, June. Married (1) Edward H. VANN II 23 Dec 1884. What happened to him? Did he die prior to her second marriage to (2) Joseph R. COBB, 1899. Who is he; When did he die? Who were their children? Maggie is found in 1910 and 1917 as a widow. Any help appreciated. Will be glad to share any information that I have accumulated.



Martha Vann Yount, 6420 65th Northeast, Oak Harbor, WA 98277.

MESSENGER

I would greatly appreciate hearing from someone who is knowledgeable about Mountain Mills, south of Tuscumbia, AL. In 1860s, the Asa MESSENGER family had a home and steam mill at Mountain Mills, per family letters, will, and 1860 census.

Virginia Pearson, 1310 Oakhill, Keller, TX 76248

BOLTON * OWENS * BURNES

Interested in contacting anyone researching the following family: Gilliam BOLTON, alias John OWENS, b. 1794, Sussex Co., VA, d. 1878, Graves Co., KY. He married 2nd wife, Elizabeth BURNES 18 July 1826, Madison Co., AL. Who were Elizabeth's parents? Any help appreciated.

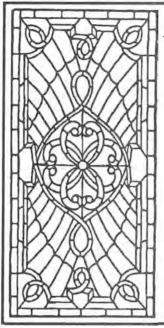
Wayne Langston, 188 Mitchell Drive, Atwater, CA

THOMAS * STRAWN * POINDEXTER

Seeking any information on Josiah Prater THOMAS, b. 1802, married Rachel STRAWN 1824, in Lauderdale Co., AL. On 1850 census of Lauderdale Co., A; then moved to Webster Co., MO around 1855. Children: William (b. 1825), Alfred (b. 1830, married Mary Diana POINDEXTER 1850), Samuel (b. 1832), Amos (b. 1835), Minerva (b. 1837), Melinda (b. 1842), Francis (b. 1850). Will exchange information.

Linda Buck, Rt. 4, BOX 5740, Marshfield, MO 65706.





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Christmas Tips

EARLENE

Fill your dining room with candles at different heights - try going with one color, like burgundy or dark green.

For an eye-catching centerpiece for your dining room table, loop a wide taffeta ribbon around a wreath of greens and place on table. Intertwine with small white lights and in the middle put candles of varying heights.

Make your own stairway greenery - just cut a large spray of greens, such as boxwood or magnolia - add a bow and wire it to the banister. Add a few Christmas balls to the greens and it will look great!

Head off stress by sticking to your normal eating, sleeping and exercising routines as much as possible.

Go to only those parties and events that you really want to attend - don't feel obligated and go.

Shop early for those presents that need to be mailed away. Order your greeting cards and begin addressing envelopes.

To keep warmer inside vacuum radiator surfaces frequently, open your shades and draperies on sunny days and close them at night, and wear warmer clothing, layered, indoors. If you have a room where clutter seems to multiply, just get a couple of large, attractive wicker baskets and toss the clutter into the baskets for a quick and easy pickup.

Want your kitchen trash can to smell fresh? Just toss a handful of good-smelling potpourri into the bottom of the can, then put in your plastic liner.

Make sure your Christmas tree is fresh by doing the following: Use a knife to cut into the bark above the base. The exposed area should be green and begin to show moisture. Once you get home, cut about 1-2 inches off the base, strip away the bark an inch above the cut and immerse in water. If you've done it right, you'll notice that your tree is drinking a lot of water immediately.

When gift-shopping, have a list of what you're getting for each person. Then you won't find yourself hopelessly frustrated and wandering around the store with hundreds of other shoppers.



Yankees but there goes the hardest looking gang that I ever saw."

When they were even with the courthouse they filed left and went to the Provost Marshals office where they formed a halfcircle line in front of the office. The Provost Marshal went with the Colonel across to Col. C-'s office to deliver General Milrov's orders to Col. C-. In the meantime I walked across the square to look for my brother and as I approached the southwest corner of the square I noticed him and White Buchanan sitting with their backs against Dr. Bonner's vard fence engaged in conservation. Just then I noticed Col. Stauffer and the Provost Marshal coming through Dr. Bonner's yard gate from Col. C-'s office, and I noticed the Provost look at my brother, then say something to the Colonel and the Colonel turned and set his eyes on brother and gave him a long. wicked, vicious look until he had walked some distance. The Marshal glanced to me but the Colonel kept his eyes on brother until they had passed without seeing me. I spoke to White Buchanan and my brother and passed on to meet Parson Gill and another friend who had just then driven up and stopped on the street in front of Col. C-'s office. I walked up and was standing with one foot on one of the front wheels when Col. C-'s office guard walked up to me and said in a low voice for me and brother to come into his office and stay there. The guard passed on to brother and notified him. Brother glanced at him and we both walked into Col. C-'s office. The Colonel was walking the floor seemingly in much trouble, and without delay made known to us General Milroy's orders,

and he said for us to get out of town without delay and report to General Johnson at Pulaski, and referred us to his adjutant for further instructions.

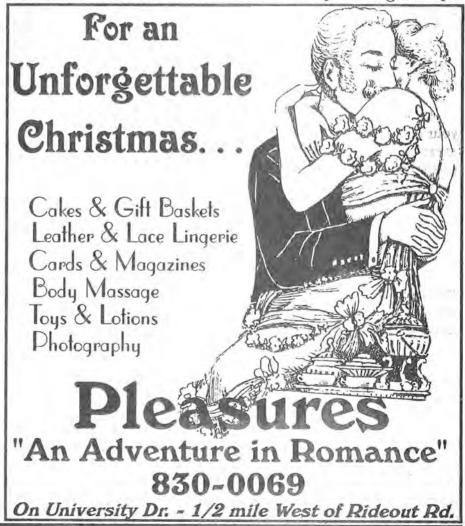
The adjutant was also excited and informed us of General Milroy's orders and told us to make our escape if we could and report to General Johnson at Pulaski, who would protect us.

I remarked that I was sick and had not eaten since yester-day morning and I was not able to make the trip to Pulaski. The adjutant replied, "get away from here. Avoid the pickets if you can." Then he turned to brother and said, Captain, you have the pass that I gave you yesterday to pass you and your brother outside the pickets? Yes, replied brother, "a pass for me and one other man. "That will do. Your

brother is the other man: avoid the pickets if possible as they may have heard the news. But if you meet them show them your pass without excitement and pass on."

Brother asked the adjutant, "Do you know where the pickets are on post? He said, No, but I believe there are none west. He then opened the door for us to pass out. We passed out down the hill, across the street, and going directly west went up through a beautiful blue grass lawn where we meet a Yankee soldier driving some loose horses off the pasture. He was the only Yankee we saw.

We addressed him and leisurely passed on, pointing at and talking about some fine cows grazing on the blue grass, and occasionally turning our eyes



toward town. Continuing west we crossed over the hill south of the college and at the head of a ravine we stopped where we could see back over town and took a good look, but could see no sign of excitement or unusual movement in any way. As we started down the ravine we increased our gait and were soon under cover of the hill so we could not be seen and we began to feel more safe. We struck the river at the head of a small island about one-fourth the distance across. Both up and down the river as far as we could see the water looked as though it was deep. But, deep or shallow, we must cross to the other side. I began to taking off my shoes. My brother asked if I meant to remove my clothes and I answered that I was too feeble to travel in wet clothes.

We found the water about the same depth all the way across, reaching to our hips. We felt thankful that it was not any deeper. We climbed up the bluff to where the bush would partly hide us and rubbed our limbs dry and dressed and then climbed to the top of the bluff and crossed a field keeping to the southwest we reached a beautiful grassy woodland.

The tall grass killed by frost, made a fairly good bed; the sun was shining nice and warm and I was feeble and needed rest so we chose a nice place with a large log on the south side which hid us from passersby. The sun warmed us from our cold bath in the river and a half hour's rest made us feel better able to travel. About half an hour before the sun set we were passing a house and I had passed four meals without eating and our little jaunt that day had made me quite fatigued and hungry.

While I was resting brother asked the lady of the house if she could furnish us something to eat. She said nothing was cooked but if we could wait we could have supper. Brother gave fictitious names saying we lived in Jackson County, Ala., and that we belonged to General Hood's army and that I was sick and he, my brother, was detailed to wait on me and we were now trying to get home.

My physical appearance verified the sick part. While we were waiting, brother stated that in passing west of Fayetteville that day we heard the Yankees had captured Captain Cunningham and his brother and were holding them prisoners at Fayetteville and General Milroy had sent a squad from Tullahoma to execute them. The lady said, "Yes, they are prisoners but I don't think they will be executed. My husband is acquainted with them and he is in town today. I am looking for him home now; he will know." In a short time he came in and said it was a

false report; that he had just came through town that afternoon and would have heard it if it had been true. He said he said he was acquainted with the Cunningham boys especially Peter whom he would know any-



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where they met. Peter was our County Register before the war began. Yes, I (Peter) and the gentleman were intimately acquainted before the war, and I recognized him but he did not recognize either of us while we stayed and talked an hour.

After supper we left him in ignorance as to our identity and then we followed the road east. After a little it became so dark that we could not follow the path so we went a few steps to one side and lay down in the underbrush and took a nap until the moon rose so we could see the path. Then we arose and traveled on until were within a half mile of Esquire Myrick's where

few days and all would be well.

The day following we took some large wagon covers that we had captured from the Yankees

brother's family was stopping. We moved on cautiously to the house and awoke Mr. Myrick. He had not seen or heard of any Yankees being about. Day was now coming on so we retired to an out of the way place for the day. During the day one of Col. C-'s captains with his company passed within half a mile of Esquire Myrick's house and went on to John Smith's a mile further on. The captain requested Smith to go to Esq. Myrick's and tell Captain Cunningham's wife to tell the boys to lay low for a

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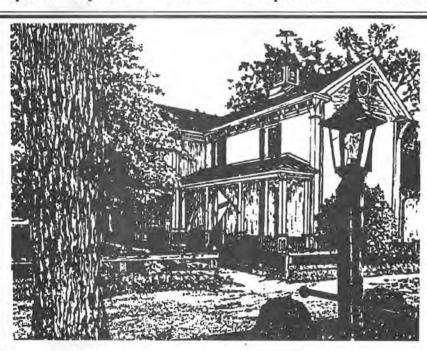
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a short time back and went two miles from home to a dense woods where a cyclone had passed two years before and uprooted all the trees in its way; and saplings fifty feet tall on down to under brush and briers had grown up thick; and in this thicket we set our tent made of wagon covers. The large logs crossed and piled all about us made a good wind break. We made our fire where a large tree had been blown out so the fire could only be seen a short distance. We kindled the fire in the day time on account of the smoke being seen. We made a good bed out of forest leaves and had blankets and quilts. Our tent did not leak and we did our cooking at night. There was a small stream of running water

within a few feet of our tent.

We never fared better at any time of the war; well protected from the bad weather, a cozy bed to sleep on, fire wood convenient, good water at the door, enough to eat. But we deemed it advisable not to stay in one place long consequently we moved several times before the eighth day of May when we were finally paroled.

I will not weary your patience further.

Yours, Peter Cunningham

A teenage boy is at that awkward stage - he likes to park but doesn't know exactly why.



It's The Law

All states have, or have had, some laws that sound quite strange. Here is an assortment of some of the most unusual ones. Many of them, of course, have been repealed or replaced, and those that are left are almost never enforced. But somewhere, somehow, they were real laws.

Alabama:

It was illegal to wear a false moustache in church if it made people laugh.

It was forbidden to put salt on the railroad tracks.

It was taboo for a man to beat his wife with a stick larger than his thumb.

Books about outlaws were banned.

Arizona:

An automobile had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag.

It was illegal to blindfold cows on public highways.

It was illegal to set up a lunch counter on Memorial Day within a half-mile of a Confederate cemetery.

California:

It was illegal to shoot any game bird or animal from a car—except a whale.

A woman could not go for a drive in a housecoat.

It was taboo to pick feathers from a live goose.

Anyone setting a trap for a mouse had to have a permit.



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Another Severe Winter Ahead?

If you notice several of the following signs, it will be another cold winter this year:

You notice that squirrels seem busier than ever, their tails are very bushy and they begin gathering nuts earlier than usual.

Fur or hair on dogs, horses, cows, cats and mules is thicker than usual.

Squirrels build nests very low in the trees.

Birds huddle on the ground, and eat up all the berries early.

You notice that your holly and dogwood trees have more



berries than usual.

The bark on trees is thicker. Sweet potatoes have a tougher skin.

The woolly worms are everywhere. You see them before the first frost. Also, if the worm has a very heavy coat and the black band on his back is very wide, it will be a severe winter.

When you see butterflies gathering in bunches in the air, winter is coming early.

Hickory nuts have a very heavy shell.

Wild hogs gather sticks,

straw and shucks to make a bed.

The darker green the grass is in the summer, the harder the winter.

Have you heard lots of low, rolling thunder in the fall? Bad winter.

If it frosts before November 23rd, it will be a bad winter.

For every fog in August, there will be a stormy day in winter. (Remember how many fogs we've had so far?)

Two frosts and lots of rain mean a bad winter is near.

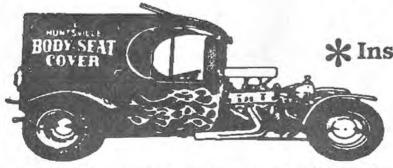
Pine cones open early - bad winter.

Laurel leaves roll up? Watch out.

"Old Huntsville" has observed several of these phenomena, therefore for the first official "Winter Prediction," we say it's going to be as hard a winter as last one was. Better get your firewood cut up!

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