

Also in this issue: Aunt Eunice's Coffee Talk

# Demons from the Mountain

by Tom Carney

The name Isham Hobbs was a familiar one to the people living in the mountains surrounding south Huntsville. Some people said he was antisocial and didn't like people. Others said he was just a natural woodsman who felt more at home in the rugged wilderness than he did in civilized society.

Isham David Hobbs was born near the banks of the Tennessee River below Farley in 1917. His family was known as being God fearing, hard working farmers whose ancestors had helped settle the area almost a hundred years earlier.

As a youth, Hobbs developed a fascination with the mountains surrounding his home. With no supplies except for his .22 rifle, he would disappear into the forest for weeks at a time. While still a teenager, he earned the reputation as one of the most skilled woodsmen in this part of the country. A friend later recalled going hunting with Hobbs: "One minute he would be right next to you but when you turned your head he would disappear. It was eerie."

As Hobbs grew older he began spending longer periods of time in the mountains. Often he would disappear for months at a time, sleeping in caves and surviving off of the squirrels and rabbits he hunted. The few supplies he needed; ammunition, a pair of pants or maybe some salt, were easily obtained by pilfering nearby homes at the foot of the mountains.

Though the pilfering was petty, it still raised the ire of people in the community. A warrant was sworn out and Hobbs was quickly convicted and sentenced to probation. The judge however, believing a stretch in the military might help Hobbs, released him from probation and allowed him to enlist in the army.

Information about him while in the army is sketchy. He was reported to have been an expert rifle shot, extremely shy, and a loner who was never at ease around other people. He was described as a "highly intelligent individual with an overpowering vocabulary," who hardly ever read a book but when he did, "could quote entire pages from memory months later."

"All in all," a friend later said, "he just didn't fit in."

In October of 1943, Isham Hobbs deserted from the army and returned to the mountains of Madison County. Though he had family living in the area, he spurned all contact with them and took up residence in a cave at the base of Green Mountain. Salvaging items from trash piles at night, Hobbs soon furnished the cave with bedsprings, dishes and cooking utensils. A fishing rod and a .22 rifle provided much of his food.

Many of the mountain families living in the area identified with Hobbs and were only too happy to supply him with extra food and information about the M.P.'s who were searching the mountains for him. For them the woods were a way of life and they too were suspicious of "government people poking around."

Hobbs later described this



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# The Chest Pain Center at Huntsville Hospital

hen your chest hurts enough to get your attention, the last thing you need to do is selfdiagnosis. "Was it something I ate... or something I did? Maybe it will go away in a little while."

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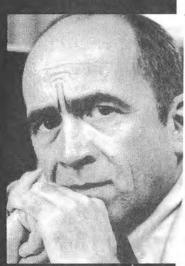
**KNOW THE SIGNS.** Recognizing the signs of a heart attack can be a matter of life and death. They include uncomfortable pressure in the chest; sharp pain that spreads from the chest to the jaws, shoulder, arm or back; nausea, sweating; shortness of breath; dizziness, weakness, even fainting.

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**CHANGE THE ODDS.** Why wait until you have a heart attack to start living more heart healthy? Talk to your physi-cian about ways to reduce your chances of a heart attack.

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period as "the happiest in my
life."

All this was due to change however in the early morning hours of May 5, 1944 when Sheriff Henry C. Blakemore received a phone call about a homicide that had just taken place.

Huntsville, like most small Southern communities in 1944, had its share of homicides. Most of them were caused by family feuds, drinking and an occasional robbery attempt. Normally there was nothing about them to merit headlines for more than a day or two.

Blakemore knew this case was going to be different however. The murder victim was Mrs. Margaret Thornton Fleming, a member of one of the most prominent families in North Alabama.

The Fleming family was reputed to be one of the largest, and one of the wealthiest, landowners in Madison County. They were heavily involved in Huntsville's cultural and social

activities and were rumored to have political connections reaching all the way to Washington, D.C.

As investigators gathered at the murder scene in south Huntsville they began to patiently reconstruct the events of the night before.

Mrs. Fleming had gone to bed shortly before 10 P.M. and the two ladies staying with her retired about 30 minutes later. Around 4 o'clock in the morning one of the women was awakened by the

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presence of a man in her bedroom who began beating her furiously about the head with a small rifle he carried. She began screaming hysterically and within seconds Mrs. Fleming and the other woman attempted to come to her rescue.

During the wild melee that followed the women attempted to beat the assailant off by hitting him with an iron poker. At one point in the furious struggle the attacker's rifle was discharged into the ceiling. Overwhelmed by the sheer ferocity of the women's defense, the assailant pulled a hunting knife and began slashing, trying to free himself.

By the time the stranger managed to escape, Mrs. Fleming was lying on the floor dead of multiple stab wounds. The other ladies had suffered cuts, bruises and broken bones. Evidence of the ferocious struggle was easily apparent to the investigators. Overturned furniture, broken lamps, a broken end table and the pool of blood on the floor all bore witness to the brutal crime.

At first the clues seemed meager. There was no sign of forced entry, but further investigation revealed a small hole in one of the screens where an intruder may have used an instrument like an ice pick to make it. The only other clues were the murder weapon, a small fragment of cloth from a jacket, the magazine from a .22 rifle and a cap.

It was reported the assailant was about 17 or 18 years old, dark haired and having a prominent nose. Investigators seemed positive of the ladies' abilities to identify the murderer.

The first break in the case came several days later when a

person known only as Mr. X, and who has never been identified, told investigators the cap found at the scene had once belonged to him. Weeks earlier, he told the authorities, he had gone swimming with a friend named Isham Hobbs and had given the cap to him.

The identification of Hobbs as a suspect came as a shock to the community. Though everyone agreed he was eccentric and a loner, no one could imagine him committing a murder. One friend later described him, as "being gentle as a lamb; the last person in the world to do harm some one."

Bloodhounds from Chattanooga, Tenn., were sent for and dispatched to the murder scene. At first the hounds seemed to pick up the trail but as they entered the nearby woods it was quickly lost.

Sightings of him were reported from all across the county. Skilled woodsmen from all parts of Alabama joined the search hoping to collect the reward.

It was an exercise in futility. The area being combed was



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Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath. larger than Huntsville and the Arsenal combined. A person who grew up in the mountains was quoted as saying, "You ain't gonna catch him until he gets ready. There ain't no one knows these mountains better than Hobbs."

Truer words were never spoken.

For the next 17 years legend, folklore and tall tales would all combine to make Hobbs seem invincible. Stories would be told of people meeting him on a mountain trail, carrying a rusty rifle and wearing a long straggly beard. Every time something was misplaced on the nearby farms its disappearance would be blamed on Hobbs.

Even children were taught to behave, "or the wild man in the mountains will get you!"

Hobbs was well aware of the manhunt for him. At the least, if he gave himself up he would have to face charges of desertion. And as a friend later recalled, "In the charged climate of Huntsville at the time many people thought if he was a deserter he was probably a murderer too."

For weeks following the murder he easily evaded law enforcement authorities, often sitting on a bluff while watching the law men search the woods below. At one point he was discovered by bloodhounds but rather than being the ferocious manhunters he had imagined, they jumped all over him in their excitement to be petted. Before sending the dogs back down the mountain, Hobbs removed their collars.

Hobbs would have been content to stay in the mountains but friends convinced him he had to get away. Three weeks after the murder he was smuggled out of the mountains and carried to Chattanooga where he boarded a bus to Ashville, North Carolina.

Using the assumed name of Jack Perry, Hobbs rented a room across from the bus station. For the first few weeks he rarely ventured out of his room but as time passed he began to feel more

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

- 1. Found Among The Fragments -Courageous women in Yankee occupied Huntsville by Sarah Huff Fisk (\$15.95).
- Mid-South Garden Guide The best book for Zone 7 (that's us) Gardening (\$16.95).
- Long Ago in Madison County written and illustrated in 1964 for young children by Kenny and Fisk (8.95).
- True Tales of Old Madison County - Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$6.95).
- Hard Times The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$16.95).
- 6. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th edition (\$12.95).
- Wildflowers of North Alabama
   Full Color Guide (\$19.95).
- 8. Spurs, Sabers, and Steam Engines - The Union capture of Huntsville in April 1862, by Bob Dunnavant (\$7.95).
- 9. Changing Huntsville 1890 1899 by Elizabeth Humes Chapman (\$16.95).
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comfortable in his new surroundings. He worked as a house painter for a short period of time, and then got a job on a surveying team. When that job ran out he went to work as an apprentice optical technician. For all outward appearances he seemed to be just another ordinary working man.

Night time, however, was a time of demons for him. For the past several months he had been having trouble remembering things. It had gotten to the point where he was not even sure what his real name was or where he was from. Even more terrifying were the mountains surrounding Ashville. Though he had once felt at home in the rugged wilderness, the mountains now represented something dark and evil. It was, as he later said, as if "the mountains were holding a dark secret he could not remember."

The effort of trying to remember brought on constant excruciating headaches accompanied by sickening nausea. The only relief he ever felt was at nighttime when he went to sleep. Hobbs later said that he would often write his name on a piece of paper before going to sleep so he would know who he was when he woke up.

In 1947, after almost two years on the run, Hobbs tried to commit suicide. He later spoke of being terrified of demonic memories hidden somewhere in the deepest recesses of his mind. "I wanted to know," he explained, "but I was scared to know."

Though Hobbs recovered from the suicide attempt, he knew he had to get away from the mountains. They were a constant reminder of something he could not remember and could not forget. With the few clothes he owned tied on the back of his motorcycle, Hobbs left Ashville, spending the next four months wandering through Tennessee and Georgia before finally settling in Florida.

Strangely enough, though the Sheriff's department and the F.B.I. knew of Hobbs' possible presence in Ashville, the local authorities were never contacted to be on the lookout for him.

Hobbs undoubtedly at this time harbored a desire to be caught. In Atlanta, he mailed letters in his own name. In Macon, Georgia, when stopped by M.P.'s who were suspicious of the military type shoes he was wearing, Hobbs again gave his own name. Through a bureaucratic blunder, his name did not show up in any records and he was released.

The farther south Hobbs traveled, away from the mountains, the calmer he became. The demons were still with him and haunted his dreams but in his mind he had forgotten where they had come from.

In Bartow, Florida he answered an ad for an optical technician and was immediately hired. After getting a room at a nearby boarding house, his life soon developed into a pattern. Up at 4:30 every morning, two pieces of toast for breakfast and then sit and look out the window until time to go to work.



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The very qualities that made him a recluse also made him a valued worker. He never complained about pay or working extra hours. One coworker said Hobbs actually enjoyed working late and never seemed to care if he got paid or not. Years later Hobbs was asked how he spent his pay. Pausing for a long moment, as if searching his memory, Hobbs finally replied "I don't know."

After getting off from work at 5:00, Hobbs would go to a Diner two blocks from where he lived an ! have the blue plate special, at 69 cents, for supper. He always sat in the same place, never talked to anyone, ate his dinner and after leaving a nickel tip would go back to his room at a boarding house.

There he would sit and look out the window waiting for darkness to fall, or as he said later, "waiting to die."

A psychiatrist later described Hobbs as "an atheist with no sense of smell or taste; a person who did not smoke or drink and had never been intimate with a woman; a person who never had any fun and had nothing to live for.

Adding to his emotional turmoil was not knowing who he was. By this time he was suffering from complete amnesia. His memory had been sporadic for years but now he no longer could remember where he was from, his real name or even his relatives. The only thing that stayed with him were the demons that returned to haunt him night after night.

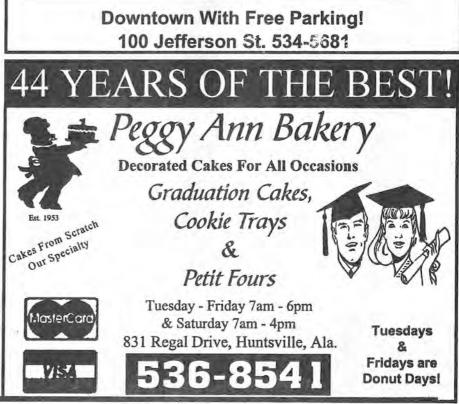
In November of 1960, Hobbs, no longer able to cope with the nightmares or the loneliness, tried to commit suicide once again by smothering himself with a plastic bag. The landlord of the rooming house discovered him a few minutes later and called the police and an ambulance. Though he quickly recovered at the hospital, the police's curiosity was aroused when they ran a background check and discovered no one by the name that Hobbs was using existed. The police asked Hobbs to consent to fingerprinting; a request he eagerly agreed

to.

Within hours the police had an answer: Isham D. Hobbs, deserter from the United States Army and wanted for murder in Madison County, Ala.

The news that Isham Hobbs had been captured in Florida hit Huntsville like a bombshell. Almost 17 years had passed since the murder and most people only had vague memories of it. Many





people who remembered Hobbs believed he was still living in the mountains and had supposedly been sighted many times by hunters and hikers. As recently as 1960, a helicopter had been shot at near Green Mountain and people had automatically blamed it on Hobbs.

Before Hobbs could be returned to Huntsville to stand trial for murder, however, he had to face charges of desertion from the military. He was sent to Elgin Air Force Base and confined to the psychiatric ward where a team of 11 psychiatrists examined him.

The doctors' reports were unanimous. Hobbs was suffering from complete amnesia and had no desire to live in his present state. This posed a dilemma for the military authorities. Hobbs could not be tried for desertion if he was not competent, and if he was released without being charged he would be eligible for 17 years back pay, a sum amounting to almost \$70,000.

In a move that would be debated in psychiatric journals for years, the doctors sedated Hobbs with heavy doses of drugs and used the murder charges to jog



1943 Army photograph of Isham David Hobbs

his memory. After extensive prodding, he finally confessed to the murder and signed a written confession. Many doctors would later question whether Hobbs actually remembered the crime or whether it was implanted in his mind. Later, when questioned about details of the confession, Hobbs would have trouble remembering what he had said.

In his confession, Hobbs said he had gone to the Fleming house to steal a shotgun but when he saw the woman lying in bed, decided to knock her in the head and carry her back to the cave. No one ever questioned him as to how he expected to carry an unconscious woman five miles across the mountains at night time in the midst of a pouring rain.

Three months later, by a split decision, the doctors ruled that Hobbs' memory had been mostly restored and was competent to stand trial. He was presented with a "less than honorable" discharge and turned over to the Alabama authorities to stand trial for murder.

Sheriff L.D. Walls and Deputy Earl Frazier traveled to Florida to bring Hobbs back. Frazier later described Hobbs as "a loner, though eager to please and extremely intelligent." On the way back from Florida, as they were crossing Monte Sano Mountain, Hobbs told how years earlier he had ridden his motorcycle from Florida to that very spot on Monte Sano and had stood for hours staring at Huntsville in the valley below. He had no idea why, he said.

After being returned to Huntsville, Hobbs agreed to show the authorities where he had hidden



out on Green Mountain 17 years earlier. Handcuffed and accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Joe Cobb he led the way to an isolated and overgrown spot near the base of the mountain where after a few minutes searching an opening to a small cave was revealed.

Inside the cave were the few remnants of his life in the mountains; a rusted .22 rifle and telescopic sight, bedsprings, an axe blade and a fishing rod. Stacked against the wall of the cave, as if waiting for someone to return and prepare a meal, were numerous jars and rusty tin cans.

Hobbs sat on a nearby rock and watched silently as his belongings were recovered from the cave. At one point he remarked, almost as if he was talking to himself, "I could have stayed up here for 17 years and you fellows would have never caught me."

Regardless of the military's decision, there were many people in Huntsville that questioned Hobbs' competence to stand trial. On May 23, 1961 the Circuit Court ruled that Hobbs should be transported to Birmingham and be examined by another psychiatrist. Two weeks later Dr. Frank Keys, a noted Birmingham psychiatrist, ruled that Hobbs was sane, though "borderline and possessing a schizophrenic personality." The doctor further stated that, "Hobbs would probably commit suicide if released and the question remaining is whether he should be placed in an institution."

With the question of Hobbs' sanity established the case should have been a foregone conclusion.

It wasn't.

The mysterious "Mr. X" who had stated 17 years earlier that he had given Hobbs the hat

found at the murder scene now changed his story and denied ever owning the hat. He still swore that he had been swimming with Hobbs and his sister two weeks prior to the murder but when the sister was interrogated in North Carolina she offered convincing proof that she had not seen her brother since 1943. Exhaustive lie detector tests given to Mr. X proved inconclusive.

"Mr. X's" testimony was crucial to the prosecution as he was the only person who could place Hobbs in Madison County at the time of the murder. Though everyone assumed Hobbs was hiding in the mountains, no one had actually admitted seeing him.

When the case went to trial June 20, 1961, James Baker, Hobbs' defense attorney, entered a plea of not guilty by insanity. Reminding the jurors there was no evidence to connect Hobbs with the murder except a confession obtained during a "drugged state," he pleaded with them to examine the facts. He also reminded them that though the



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women who had been attacked the night of the murder had known Hobbs, they were still unable to identify him.

Macon Weaver, the prosecutor, asked the jury to sentence Hobbs to life imprisonment. Pointing to Hobbs sitting at the table he declared, "This boy would be happy to be institutionalized. The most cruel and inhumane thing you can do is to tell him to walk out that door. Where is he going to go to?"

"Life imprisonment," Weaver continued, "would be as much compassion as punishment."

After deliberating for over six hours the jury reported back to Judge Parsons that they were hopelessly deadlocked.

Hobbs expressed disappointment at the verdict, stating that if he was not sentenced to the electric chair he would kill himself.

A retrial was held September 13, in Judge Parsons courtroom with Thomas Younger replacing Macon Weaver as prosecutor. The trial was much like the previous one, with the same witnesses being called and the same evidence presented. The only surprise came when Younger called one of the victims to the stand and asked her to identify a 1943 photograph of Hobbs.

In a low voice that carried all across the courtroom, the woman identified the photo as a picture of the person who had attacked her. In 17 years this was the only time an identification of Hobbs had ever been made.

Later when asked why the photo was not shown during the first trial, Younger pointed out that he was not the prosecutor in that trial.

After debating for a little over two hours, the jury found Isham Hobbs guilty of first degree murder and sentenced him to life imprisonment.

Isham Hobbs, though disappointment at not receiving the death penalty, expressed happiness at the prospect of being locked up for the rest of his life.

As Hobbs was being led away

following the verdict, he paused briefly in front of Thomas Younger, the prosecutor. After eyeing Younger carefully, Hobbs told him, "Thanks."

Startled by Hobbs' statement, and not used to people he prosecuted offering thanks, Younger asked what he meant.

"Now I don't have to worry," Hobbs replied. "I don't have to worry about getting out, looking for work or trying to make a living."

Isham David Hobbs died in 1969 of stomach cancer while serving a life sentence at Kilby Penitentiary.

Although it has been over a half century since the murder, questions are still being debated. Was the man people described as "gentle" really a cruel murderer? Who was the mysterious "Mr. X" that fingered Hobbs as a suspect? Why did Mr. X change his story years later? Was Hobbs really insane? Why did it take 17 years before his photograph could be identified?

No one will probably ever know? The End

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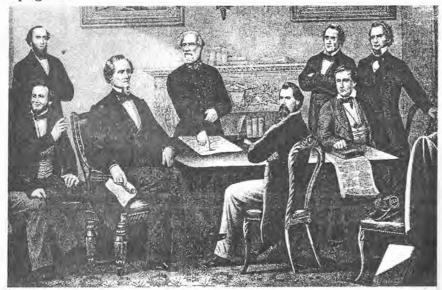
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### The Fortunes of War

Pittsburgh, Pa. Dec. 14, 1901 Dear Sir:

A clipping was recently handed me, stating that the President had appointed you to a judgeship for the Northern and Middle District of the State of Alabama, and giving a sketch of personal history, stating that you had served in the Confederate army under General Gordon, and carried a flag of truce to Sheridan's lines at Appomattox.

My object in addressing you is to ascertain if you remember on that occasion as you approached the Union skirmish line you stopped and asked a Union soldier, dressed in a zouave uniform, where the commanding General was. If you are the person that carried the flag of truce in at that point, I was the party who directed you. I was Sergeant-Major of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, First Brigade, First Division. Our Regiment was on the skirmish line that morning, advancing into Appomattox, when I saw a supposed cavalryman advancing

from the Confederate lines with a flag of truce; he stopped, addressed me an inquiry, and I directed him where to go. This is a matter of personal interest to me to straighten out history, and it will also be source of pleasure to renew an acquaintance and claim you as a friend who was once a foe. Hoping to hear from you at an early date, I remain,

Very truly yours, William Shore.

Huntsville, Ala., April 14, 1902. Dear Sir:

Your letter of April 7th revives some very interesting memories and I reply at the earliest opportunity.

When the war ended at Appomattox, I was an officer on the staff of Major-General John B. Gordon, who then commanded the Second Corps of the army of Northern Virginia, and parts of Anderson's corps. General Gordon was selected to command the troops which attempted to cut out about day-

break on April 9th, and I was with him in that charge.

As you will remember, we drove the cavalry some distance; when, coming upon General Ord's forces, we retired, without attempting to break through, then being closely pushed by the infantry. When General Gordon ascertained that General Ord's command was in front of him, he gave up all hope of cutting through, and as he had been directed in that event, by General Lee, with whom



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he was in communication by messenger and courier, sent in flags of truce at several points on the line in our front.

As the emergency was very pressing and your people were about to swoop down upon us, it was all important to stop hostilities at once, and General Gordon directed flags to be carried to several points along the line which was advancing on us.

I was then not quite twenty-one years old, and was mounted on a good-looking bay horse, and was in full dress, having put on our best uniforms for fear they would be captured with the wagons. We all expected the worst and wished to be dressed as decently as possible. I rode in on the right of Appomattox Court House, coming from the direction of our lines. Some of your skirmishers opened fire on me at first, but they stopped as soon as they perceived my flag of truce, which was a large, white napkin in which some ladies had wrapped some snack for me the day before, the napkin being all that remained in my haversack.

I have always had a vague recollection that the officer I met was an artillery man, and it may be you were the man who told me where to go, and that I mistook the artillery man for a man in zouave uniform. I was so intent on getting the firing stopped that I did not pay very particular attention to what happened on the skirmish line. Thirty-seven years have elapsed since then, and my memory is not very distinct as to the details.

I think the first general officer I was carried to was General Chamberlain, of Maine, who was a Division Commander, and if I am not mistaken, he carried me to General Griffin. General Sheridan was near by. I think he or some of his staff rode out into a part of the field where I was and said something about having another flag of

truce and that "we seemed anxious to stop" and so on.

From this point I was sent with a Union officer to some Confederates, who did not understand the situation, and were trying to move off and were occasionally firing. After this I went back into the Confederate lines to where General Lee was sitting on the road about a mile from Appomattox Court House on some rails near an apple orchard, waiting to hear from General Grant.

It would give me great pleasure to meet you should chance ever bring you to Alabama, and I will hunt you up if I ever come to Pittsburgh.

Yours very Truly, Thomas G. Jones

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### Reuben Stone of Bloucher's Ford, Alabama

by Sharon Brakefield

Reuben Stone was listed on the first squatters list of Madison County in 1809. He came to Madison County with his wife Priscilla Fowler Stone and their 5 children; Jesse, Reuben Jr., John, Joel and Polly Stone. They settled in the Bloucher's Ford area on the Flint River.

Several other Patriots of 1776 lived in the area also; Daniel Wright, Uriah Bass, Ezekiel Craft, who later went to the New Hope area, and Robert Rudolph Bozart.

Reuben was first a member of the Flint River Church and later joined Enon Baptist Church. Reuben died in 1849 and is buried in Stone Cemeteru.

This excerpt was taken directly from Reuben Stones' Revolutionary War pension record:

"I was born in Faquier County, Virginia in the year 1755, I am now in my 78th year. I removed with my father's family into Laurens County, South Carloina, I believe the years 1773-1777. I volunteered from that county and joined Captain Benjamin Raney's Company of men raised to defend the Country against the hostile Cherokee Indians. I joined for 6 months - 5 of which I certainly served, I was marched either on the frontier or in marches into Indian's Country. For this I claim allowance on my pension, only if entitled. It was a service before the Revolution and my sufferings are at least sufficient, but I am not informed whether Congress has allowed for each service."

"On the 5th of August 1777, Col. Sumpter was raising a regiment of horses and was in Laurens County aforenamed and Thomas Childers yielding to the zeal inspired by that district and for the moment forgetful to the calls of a sick family, his wife having a permanent and distressing disease, enlisted under Sumpter for 3 years. I pitied his family and proposed myself as his substitute and was accepted and joined Sumpter in the same county on that day or the day af-



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terward.

"The legislature of South Carolina, however, as I understood refused to sanction Sumpter's regiment and he was ordered to one of infantry and I was put under Captain Ridgebow in Col. Henderson's regiment. Under this enlistment I served 5 years and 9 months at least - was not always under Ridgebow sometimes under other Captain Henderson. Was in the attack made upon the British while they occupied Savannah, at which Gen. Moultrie commanded us. I was assisted by Count de Estrang and the French. I was also in the attack of the British at Stono. where I think Moultrie commanded us.

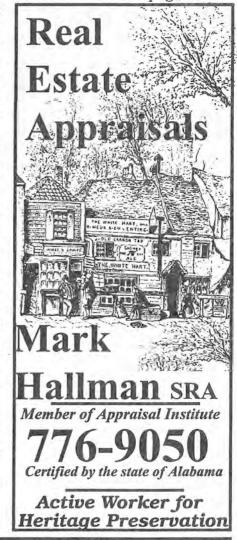
"After being marched to Charleston and abandoned there for a time. General Howe of the American Army as was understood proposed the capture of St. Augustine in Florida. I was detailed for that expedition part under him and I was marched by the way of Fort Barton on the aftermath and then across St. Mary's to Fort Onion in Florida, but the troops became disaffected to Howe, on account of his name and record. I remained at Charleston until it was invaded by the enemy and compelled after the siege of the place to surrender.

"General Lincoln commanded at the siege. I was among the prisoners taken by the British and then abided in the surrender, but not long after found opportunity to escape and succeeded. I escaped to Laurens, South Carolina, and my term having expired, I did not rejoin the army.

"My sufferings in the march thru a wilderness country to Florida and back to Charleston was very severe and that was the only expedition on which I met privations beyond the actual peril of life in battle. I am advised, that a minute detail of the countless incidents I experienced (many of which now yearly pass from recollection) need not here be given.

"I have stated my officers and the Chief Officer and expeditions which I was engaged. My regiment was at first counted as No. 6 and after was divided at Sullivans Island and I fell into what was called the first regiment of the line. My whole service was 3 years and 5 months, as before stated attention to 2 vears 9 months during the Revolution. It was indeed more I think, but I state it at that. I got no discharge in writing. I lived in Laurens County, South Carolina until 1808, when I removed to Madison County, in Alabama aforenamed, where I have since dwelt, and now reside."

Sworn and submitted 20th August 1833.







### Roaring Twenties Treats

#### Indian Pudding

2 c. boiling water

1 c. corn meal

4 c. hot milk

1/2 c. molasses

1 t. salt

1 t. ground ginger

Pour the boiling water over your corn meal, add this to the hot milk and cook in a saucepan for 20 minutes. Remove from heat and add the molasses, salt, and ginger. Stir well and pour the mixture into a greased pudding dish. Bake at 250 degrees for two hours. Serve with milk or ice cream.

#### Homemade Mayonnaise

1 egg

2 T. lemon juice or vinegar

1 t. dry mustard

1 t. salt

1 t. sugar

dash pepper

1/2 c. oil

Mix the first 6 ingredients well in a glass bowl with an electric mixer. Gradually add the oil, blend and refrigerate. If you prefer a reddish color, add a bit of paprika, or garlic powder if you like that taste.

#### Fish Hash

2 c. cold, flaked fish

1 c. chopped boiled potato

3 slices crisp bacon, crumbled salt to taste

1 t. chopped fresh parsley

1 T. chopped onion

1/2 t. dried thyme

Black pepper

Mix all together, then cook slowly in a well-buttered hot pan til it becomes crispy and brown. Serve with ketchup and cole slaw for a good lunch.

#### Peanut Butter Bread

2 c. flour, plain

4 t. baking powder

1 t. salt

1/3 c. sugar

1/2 c. peanut butter, crunchy

1 1/2 c. milk

Sift the first four ingredients together, when thoroughly sifted, add the peanut butter. Beat well, add the milk, and beat again.

Pour the batter into a wellgreased bread pan and bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

This makes one large or two small loaves of bread. This is especially good with real butter or a touch of cream cheese for the more adventurous - this bread can be frozen.

### What's Playing Round the Corner?

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#### Ham Rolls

Biscuit dough

2 c. chopped ham, cut into very small pieces

2 c. milk gravy

Roll your biscuit dough into an oblong shape, about 1/3 inch thick. Spread the ham over it and moisten with just enough gravy to make it moist. Roll up like a jellyroll and place into a greased loaf pan, bake at 450 degrees for 20-25 minutes. Cut into pieces and dip into extra gravy when eating.

### Aunt Sweet's Quick Sally Lunn

2 eggs

3/4 c. milk

2 1/2 c. flour

3 T. butter

2 T. sugar

1 t. salt

4 t. baking powder

Beat your eggs together til very light, add sugar, mix as in making cake. Sift together the baking powder and salt with the flour, add melted butter last. Drop in hot, greased muffin tins, or bake in round layer pans. Cut in pie shape sections, serve hot with butter. Use more or less flour to have batter as thick as muffin batter. Use a hot oven.

#### Raisin Nut Pie

l c. chopped English walnuts

1/2 c. cream

1/4 c. firmly packed brown sugar

1 c. chopped raisins

1 dash salt

2 T. lemon juice

Unbaked 9-inch pastry shell

Combine first 6 ingredients and pour into your pastry. Bake at 425 degrees til crust is crisp and evenly browned.

### Vinegar Taffy

2 c. sugar 1/2 c. vinegar pinch salt

1/8 t. cream of tartar

2 T. butter

Combine all ingredients and boil to hard ball stage (265 to 270 degrees). Pour this into a well-greased pan and cool. Then get a strong friend and pull the taffy til it becomes white and porous. Cut the taffy into 1-inch piececs.

### Cottage Pudding with Brown Sugar Sauce

1 c. sugar

1 c. milk

2 c. flour

4 T. butter

1 egg

4 t. baking powder

3/4 t. salt

Bake in deep layer pan in moderate oven. Cut in cubes and serve with the following:

1 c. brown sugar

2 c. boiling water

4 T. flour

2 T. butter

1 T. sweet spiced vinegar left from pickles

1 t. vanilla

Mix flour with sugar. Over this pour the hot water, add remaining. Cook til clear and thick as sauce - serve over the pudding.







### What To Do

by Ollie Knight

In the fifties and sixties, what to do was a serious problem for teenagers in Huntsville. The loop tended to be between Shoney's and Jerry's. In the fifties, it was the Shoney's on north Parkway. Of course, Jerry's was south of Governors Drive on the east side of the Parkway. In the sixties, the loop was between the Shoney's on south Parkway and Jerry's.

Everyone who remembers that time has a favorite song that they listened to while cruising the drive ins. If you were lucky, there was enough money to stop for a burger.

If you were fifteen, a sixteen year old would pick you up in the family Studebaker. If you were extremely fortunate, you would get to sit in the back seat with someone of the opposite sex.

On a very active evening, either before, or after cruising Shoney's and Jerry's, you took in a movie. This could have been a walk in, or a drive in. The walk ins were just north of the square on Washington Street. Heading north, the Lyric was on the right.

The Martin was directly across the street. I still remember being scared to death in the Martin watching "Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte." That one was more frightening than the time my older sister yelled "Marley's Ghost," turned out the light, slammed the door on me and ran downstairs. Come to think of it, I still need to have a conversation with her about that.

The drive in theaters were the Whitesburg, Woody's and the Parkway. Many an evening was spent at the Whitesburg. In the winter, in very cold weather, we all sat there with engines running and heaters on high. Cars got fogged up for several reasons.

On a real "date night," evenings tended to end up at one of the lookouts on Monte Sano Mountain. Cars were always lined up bumper to bumper.

I don't know where kids hang out now, and it is probably just as well. It might scare me into an early decline. However, I imagine most of our parents kept their heads low, watched Lawrence Welk to keep from worrying and prayed a lot. The names and places change quickly, but life does not, and so it goes on in Huntsville.

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### THE LONG & THE SHORT OF IT

from an 1873 publication

A tall Eastern girl, named Short, for a long time loved a certain Mr. Little, who was big. Mr. Little thought little of Short, but loved a little lass named Long.

To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Long's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before Long, which caused Little, in a short time, to marry Long.

Query: did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long?



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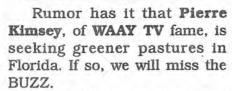


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### Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

With pearls of wisdom contributed by the Liar's Table



Best "coffee pourer of the month" award goes to **Bill Easterling.** Not only is Bill a great writer, he is also a wonderful person.

The list keeps getting longer as more and more people begin eyeing the city council seat held by Mark Hall. So far we hear rumors that Sharon Brakefield, John Dodd, Ronnie Reed, John Cockerham and Johnny Hall are all considering running against him.

Poor **Keith Clines** of *The Huntsville Times*. Have you ever noticed that of all the stories he writes, city officials are the only

ones who accuse him of getting his facts wrong? Could the folks in City Hall be suffering from bouts of amnesia?

Was that really **Betty Hubbard** dressed in leather and hugging a guy on a motorcycle?
Happy birthday Betty and keep on having fun!

We hear business at the Outback Restaurant is doing great. The reason is Marci Tomlin who is training her husband, Lloyd, the owner, on how to win friends and influence people. Keep it up Marci! We love to see Lloyd with that sweet smile and offering Southern hospitality to all his folks.

Floyd Hardin, the Mayor of Dallas Village, is twisting arms and calling in favors from Montgomery politicos. We hear he is determined to get improvements made on Winchester Road. It's about time!

**R.J. Rhodes**, local political pundit, is very busy these days learning the responsibilities of being a new grandpa to Jonathan Cole (J.C.), born Jan. 19 to his daughter Jenny and Jim Askins of Hazel Green.

R.J. is one of our favorite inside tracks to Montgomery politics as well as local.

Mark McDaniel is being talked about for a Federal judgeship. There are two other people also being considered but I'm betting my biscuits and gravy on Mark.

Ex-sheriff **Joe Patterson** is reported to be throwing his hat in the ring to run for sheriff against **Joe Whisante**. That's going to be an uphill battle.

Mike Glenn, son of John and Barbara, has got the Brentwood Baptist Church as his flock now. With something like 2,000 folks in his congregation he's going to be busy.

Glen Sisk is the guy to "horse" around with these days. He provides horseback riding along some beautiful mountain trails. Just in case you girls are interested, he's also single, good looking and a Casanova.

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page 21

Political gossip is slow right now but I hear that no one needs to bother about running against **Tim Morgan**, our District Attorney. Everyone agrees he is doing a great job.

Our best wishes go to Miss Nell Lacky who recently had surgery. Get well soon and we love you.

Huntsville's own astronaut, Jan Davis, along with her parents Bryce and Dolly, visited with us over the weekend. She says the food here is better than in outer space!

Susan Kirkland, my friend with the biggest smile in the world, is doing job training and fun activities for the residents of Valley Garden Apartments. Being offered is computer Training, Self Evaluation, Line Dancing, Boy Scout and Girl Scout Troops, Bingo and many other fun things. If you want to participate call Susan at 539-3300.

Ever seen the person below? The first five people who can identify her gets a free cup of coffee (if you pour) so stop on by and tell us who you think it is.

We hear our city leaders are



going to spend \$20,000.00 for a party to welcome the folks moving here from St. Louis.

Wonder how many Huntsville taxpayers are going to be invited?

Brother Byrom, better known as husband of Miss Tillie, was reported to have preached the shortest sermon on record a while back. I'm not saying he was in a hurry to go fishing, although he did catch a 9 1/2 lb. bass.

Friends tell us that **Bill Kennedy** may be up for the job as Director of the Housing Authority. It would be hard to find a man more qualified! Good luck, Bill.

For all those folks that keep asking me how I like "my" Mayor, I have to say that she is a smart woman. She knows where to get her ham and biscuits!

That's all for this month but remember, I love you.

awal Eunice

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Mr. Bacon, of Huntsville, was courting a lady in Hartselle. She had refused him frequently and he often repeated his suit. At one interview she became exceedingly annoyed at his importunity, and told him that she could not marry him; that their tastes, opinions, likes and dislikes were totally different.

"In fact," she said, "Mr. Bacon I don't think there is one subject on earth upon which we would agree." "I assure you, madam," he said, "that you are mistaken and I can prove it." "If you can mention one thing about which we agree I will marry you," she returned.

"Well," said he. "I will do it. Suppose, now, you and I were traveling together. We arrive at a hotel, and there only two beds for us. In one there is a man and the other a woman; which bed would you select to sleep in?"

She arose indignantly and replied, "With the woman, of course, sir!"

"Well, there you are," grinning from ear to ear he replied, "So would I!"

### Robbers Make Raid on Big Poker Game

from 1905 newspaper

In true Western style late last night, unknown men, fully armed with their faces covered by masks, made quite a rich haul on a houseboat 30 miles up the Tennessee River, on which a game of draw poker was in progress.

It is said that something like \$400 and several watches and diamond rings and studs were secured by the robbers, who made good their escape under the cover of darkness.

It is believed that a gang of well organized thieves is operating in the county. Recently several stores have been broken open and goods taken.



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### Heard on the Street in 1871

Josh Billings says that a large policy of life insurance doesn't exactly make a man a corpse for his widow, but it helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

A Randolph Street man advertises for a "self-supporting Wife."

A Decatur thief, after great risks, managed to steal \$400 in Confederate money.

The little town of Gurley has been raided by burglars lately. They made off with quite a successful haul.

Passenger travel on the trains has been better this summer than was ever known before.

Two rifled United States mail bags were discovered Monday under the platform of a cotton press. One was unlocked, but both were cut open as if with a dull knife, and both were empty. Their appearance indicated that they had been

very recently put there. No letter or sign of the contents was found, but there is reason to think they were rifled Saturday night after being snatched from the incoming train from Nashville.

Inspector Booth, at Atlanta, has been telegraphed to send a detective at once.

A local woman who, unfortunately, has been addicted to the morphine habit for a number of years, sought refuge in the police station Sunday and died there.

The "Great American Rotary Hen Regulator" is the name of a new machine for getting the golden egg, without making a roast of the thing that laid it.

The assessed value of Boston is greater, this year, than that of the whole state of Massachusetts, fifteen years ago.



### Rison School Memories

by Ruby Crabbe

Although Rison School no longer stands on the corner of Oakwood Avenue and Andrew Jackson Way, the memories still linger in the minds of all who at-

tended the school. Some good times, some bad times, and some memories we try to forget but cannot.

I remember one day in par-

ticular. Such a pretty day it was. The teacher was trying to pound some knowledge into our heads. but half the class was too busy talking, and making plans for when school was out. The school windows had no screens but were open all the way to the top. One boy was sitting in the back row with a big ole chew of tobacco in his mouth. He kept waiting for the teacher to turn her back to the class so he could jump up and spit out the window.

Every time he raised from the seat the teacher would turn around and face the class. By this time his mouth was full of spit and all he could do was sit there and pray the teacher wouldn't ask him a question. For a slight minute the teacher did turn her back to the class and the boy thought it was now or never. He shot out of that seat like a bubble in a whirlwind, emptied his mouth, and with a wide grin on his face he just fell back into his seat. Everything would have been all right except for one thing. It just so happened Mr. Fain, our principle, was passing outside just below the window ledge.

About a minute or two later the classroom door opened and there he stood. That amber juice smeared his white shirt from top to bottom and a big splash of it was running down his face. He stood there, the class sat as if frozen. "I want to know who did it," he yelled. No answer. I don't know who looked the funniest, him or the guilty boy, but one thing I can say is, that was the quietest schoolroom I've ever sat in.

After Mr. Fain left I looked over at the boy. He sat there as pale as a ghost at midnight. I whispered to him, "Are you all right?" Well, he wasn't. Mr. Fain had scared him so bad he had swallowed his chew of tobacco

### When you married her, she was the most precious thing in the world.

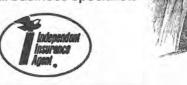
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One girl who always sat at the back of the class with all of us mischievous ones was Annie Gentry Golden. Annie and I had been friends since kindergarten. Annie and I, and probably half of the class, would sit and chew paper wads and get them ready for the fun we would have Saturday nights when we went to the Dallas YMCA movie. All of us would sit in the balcony.

Sitting in the balcony was a must. When the movie came on, out came our ammunition. Loaded with our paper wads and strong rubber bands the fun would begin. Since we all were sitting in the balcony we would shoot our paper wads at the people sitting downstairs. We couldn't see who we were hitting but we sure knew when we did hit someone. They would come out of that seat with a wild yell you could hear all the way across town.

For sure we hit the targets more times than we missed because at one time there were more people standing up and rubbing their heads than there were people sitting enjoying the movie.

Now before you condemn us balcony sitters let me point out one thing. There were a lot of paper wad shooters sitting in the downstairs section, also. I guess you could say the whole movie house was armed with spit balls and paper wads.

Annie passed away several years ago. I had her friendship for 57 years. I lost a dear friend and the world lost a ray of sunlight



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### Tips from Earlene

Use spirits of ammonia for several things - it is good in water (a teaspoonful in a quart) for cleaning windows, wiping away dust and cleaning mirrors. It will take spots from every fabric. It cleans and brightens silver when the ammonia is mixed with a bucket of suds.

If you have petunias in window boxes, be sure and take off the old dried flower to encourage more flowering.

Rinse your hair in borax and rainwater, it will make it soft.

Mix a little powdered potash with meal and throw it into the holes where you see rats - it will not fail to drive them away. If a mouse enters into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution and stuff it into his hole.

To maximize sunlight in your

outdoor garden, plant your rows east and west. Plant the tallest vegetables in the northernmost row of the garden. Next to them plant your medium-height veges. In the last rows - the south side of the garden - plant the shortest vegetables.

Sapolio should be in every kitchen. It is invaluable for cleaning tins, iron-ware, knobs and does not blacken your hands.

Buy essential oils instead of trying to make them. It takes a tremendous amount of the extracts and you will save money by just buying the oils.

You can get swimmer's ear if you wear a hearing aid - they tend to trap moisture in the ear canal. To avoid this, remove your hearing aid as often as possible to give your ear a chance to dry out.

Use color to correct a room's dimensions: light colors will open up a small room. Dark colors will shrink a large room. Low ceilings can be raised by painting them a lighter shade than the walls, while high ceilings can be lowered by painting them the same shade as the walls.

Before using vinegar to remove rust stains from your bathtub, make sure that both the bathtub and the room temperature are as warm as possible.

Another great use for vinegar is as a polish for your chrome fixtures - simply moisten a cloth with vinegar and use it to polish - no rinsing necessary. To remove grease from your wallpaper, dip a flannel in spirits of wine and go carefully over the soiled places once or twice.

To take quinine without tasting it - put a little of the mucilage from slippery elm in a teaspoon. Drop the quinine on it, and put some mucilage on top. This will make the quinine slip down the throat without leaving any taste.





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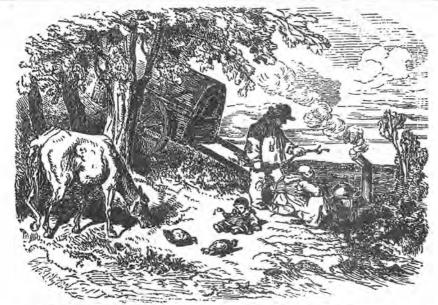
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### Old-Fashioned Folks are Disappearing

from 1890 newspaper

The longer I live, and the more I see of men and women, the stronger is my feeling to exclaim, "What shame we both have come to be!"

I've grown to be an old woman, and I don't claim that I was ever handsome or graceful, or angelic, but the fact remains that I've been married, and you must take it for granted that my John loved me.

I look back to my courting days and am amazed at the change which has come over the world.

My John saw me in a plain calico dress, without false teeth, false hair or padding. He was an honest, sun-browned lad, who parted his hair on the side, wore boots large enough for his feet, and had no money to spend at dancing school. I had not learned how to lace my waist until my heels were lifted off the floor, and as for paints and powders, they were unknown.

My John never asked me if I could bake, wash, iron, sew and be a helpmate to him. He knew I

could. He had eaten of my bread and pies, and had found me at the washtub.

I never had a fear that he would be out of work half the year and be compelled to live on his father-in-law. If he had no clean starched cuffs, neither did he smoke. If he had no stand-up collars, neither did he know the interior of saloons. If he sported no cane, neither did he know of poker, faro and old sledge. If he had no Alaska diamond to act as a headlight on his shirt-front, neither had he tailors' bills to worry over.

There was nothing said about a pony phaeton, piano, hired girl, bridal tour and the like when we were first married. John had \$200 saved up, and I had bedding and a set of old-fashioned dishes, and we went to keeping house in a long cabin with bare floors and had no envy of John Jacob Astor.

There was funeral now and then in those olden days, but never a divorce. Women fell sick, but they never eloped. Men were lost in the wilderness but men never left wife and children to run away with a painted face and a treacherous heart.

Neighbors were not enemies - social gatherings were not slandering societies - worth was not boiled down to a silk dress or a swallow-tailed coat.

John brought up his boys to believe that no man need be ashamed of honest toil. I brought up my girls to believe that it was a wife's duty to know how to manage a home from cellar to garret. Now they have come to be ashamed of it! Honest toil is no longer the thing for men, and the woman who admits that she knows how to dye, quilt, patch, bake and iron is lost to society.

Their children call me grandma when nobody is about to hear them. When they have company I am supposed to be out of the way upstairs. Grandpas and grandmas are no longer fashionable. They are too blunt and outspoken.

They can't make out how a wife whose husband earns \$1200 a year can put \$800 of it on her back. They can't see why boys and girls of 15 should be engaged, why girls should spend all their time at the piano and on the streets and none in the kitchen, why the parlor carpet should be of velvet while the kitchen is in debt head over heels, why receptions should be given one week and the sheriff locked out the next, why silks and satins and new bonnets can be pitted against womanly sense and wifely duty and win every time.

### Senior Friends Celebrates 10th Anniversary

The National Association of Senior Friends is celebrating its 10th anniversary this year and its growth from 47 to more than 220 chapters and over 300,000 members across the country.

Open to adults age 50 and over, both employed and retired, Senior Friends offers healthy-living benefits and services including fitness programs, prescription discounts, lively social events, special travel opportunities, national magazine and a local newsletter.

Senior Friends chapters are sponsored by more than 220 Columbia/HCA Healthcare Corporation facilities across the country. The cost of a one-year membership is \$15; a two-year membership is available for \$25.

Columbia is building comprehensive networks of healthcare services including home health, rehabilitation and skilled nursing units, in local markets around the country. The company is the nation's largest provider of healthcare services with facilities in 37 states, England and Switzerland. Columbia's networks include 343 hospitals, 147 surgery centers, more than 550 home health locations and a nationwide pharmacy benefit company. For information on your local chapter, call 880-4131.

### Senior Friends June Calendar of Events

June 4th Wednesday - New Member Orientation 9-11 am.

June 7th Saturday - Visit to Theater Round The Corner to see the much acclaimed play "Smoke On The Mountain" 5:30 pm.

June 9th Monday - Hospitality Committee 10:00 am.

June 12th Thursday - Visit the beautiful Botanical Gardens and enjoy a picnic on the grounds 11:30 am.

June 18th Wednesday -Movie Day 2:00.

**June 19th** Thursday - Day Trip to historic Looney's Tavern.

June 25th Wednesday Monthly Association Meeting 11:00 am featuring special guest speaker Tom Weiss, CEO of Columbia Medical Center, with entertainment by the Merry Mixers.

**June 30th** Monday - Game Day 10:00-12:00.



### **CELEBRATING OUR 10TH ANNIVERSARY...JOIN TODAY!**



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Call 880-4131 today!





Call toll free for information 1-800-348-4886.

rom The Year 1

### **Local Boy** iet Puts Man In Returns to Space Pioneer Feeling Well

Moscow: The Soviet Union announced today it has won the race to put man into space. The official press agency, Tass, said a man has orbited the earth in a spaceship and has been brought back alive.

A brief announcement said Yuri Gargarin had landed in what was described as the "designated area" of the Soviet Union.

A Moscow radio station broke into regular programing and announced in emotional tones:

"Russia has successfully launched a man into space. His name is Yuri Gargarin. He was launched in a sputnik named Vostok, which means "East."

Tass said than on landing Major Gargarin said: "Please report to the party and Government, and personally to Nikita Khrushchev, that the landing was normal. I feel well and have no injuries or bruises."

Major Gargarin, 27 years old, is an industrial technician and married. He was reported to have had preflight training similar to that of the astronauts who will man the U.S.'s first space ship.

Reactions from around the world ranged from the skeptical in London to outbursts of joy in Prague.

It has been widely believed that the U.S. space team has been capable of launching a man into outer space for the past year but have been held back by political bickering in Washington.

The White House said today that it will have an official announcement concerning current U.S. Space policy within the next week.

No clue has been given as to what the announcement will be.

Music

Ernest Ashworth, better known to music buffs as Billy Worth is once again trying to pursue a career as a country singer. Ashworth, who lives with his wife and children on Viscount Dr. had vowed in 1957 he was done with music. "I almost starved to death," he said of his earlier attempt.

He has one release out now entitled "Each Moment Spent With You," co-written by another Huntsville native Billy Hogan and is working on another tentatively entitled "Talk Back Trembling Lips."

Ashworth is currently employed as a truck driver on Redstone Arsenal.

### **Elvis' Father to Wed**

Vernon Presley, father of rock and roll singer Elvis Presley. announced Saturday he will marry Davada Stanley Elliot, his long time house-guest and formerly of Huntsville, Ala.

Presley said the exact date of his marriage to the 31 year old divorcee has not been set yet. The timing will depend on his son's schedule. Elvis will be the best man, the elder Presley said.

Mrs. Elliot is the half sister of Richard Neely, of Huntsville. who is expected to give the bride away.

### OLD HUNTSVILLE - YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

### **Blast Rocks** Wellman Av.

### Three People Sent To Hospital

A gas explosion at the Huntsville Butane Gas Co., on Wellman Ave. sent three people to the hospital this morning.

Neighbors described the explosion as "sounding like sticks of dynamite going off."

The Huntsville Fire Department is working to establish the exact cause of the blast but at this time have no clues.

A neighbor living nearby was quoted as saying he believed the explosion was caused by careless smoking near the butane tanks. Hospitalized were James Myrick, an employee, Jim Young of Marshuetz Ave. and William Strictland.

The blast of the explosion was felt all across North East Huntsville, leading many people to believe the damage was much greater than it actually was.

### **Expert Declares Bad Weather Caused By Rockets**

Nashville: Neil Ewing, a local evangelist and self proclaimed weather forecaster has been drawing record breaking crowds to his tent revivals.

Many of the people are drawn by his claims of having scientific proof of a communist conspiracy to control the weather by launching rockets into outer space. The U.S. government, he said, is aware of the Communist's manipulations of our weather patterns but are afraid to take action for fear of losing ground in the space race.

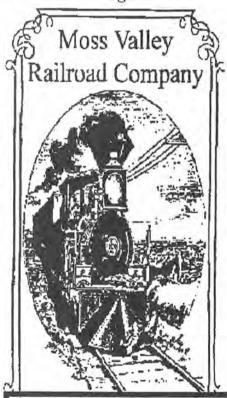
Ewing claims the government has fallen into the trap Communist Russia has set for it.

In a talk to reporters last night the evangelist attempted to explain how every rocket launch caused fragmentation of atomic particles in the atmosphere that controls the weather.

"We are fast reaching the

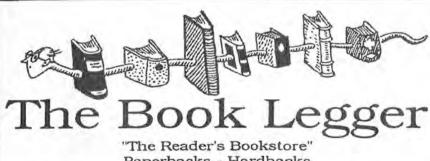
point," he declared, "when the atmosphere will collapse, bringing with it the destruction of the world."

"A perfect example is this past winter, one of the coldest on record. The government launched nine rockets and with every blast off, the weather got worse."



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### How to Meditate

By Richard Rausch

I meditate every single day, and people often ask me, exactly how do I meditate?

You begin by preparing your mind and body for meditation this way:

 Look for a quiet, dimly lighted room to meditate in.

Sit comfortably on a chair.Don't lean back, but place your hands on your thighs, relaxed and palms up.

Start with some deep breathing for a couple of minutes.

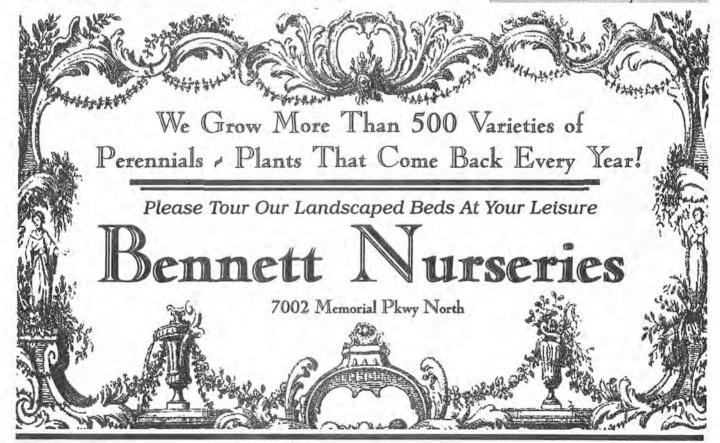
4. Close your eyes and enter the cozy darkness of your inner self. Talk to yourself slowly and exert full concentration upon the meanings of your words. Don't move your lips or speak out

loud, relax your body totally and also your brain. Eliminate all stress, strain and worry from your mind. Relax all tension from the muscles of the entire body. Relax and feel the comfort coming from total relaxation. Switch off the activities of the senses, the memory bank and subconscious emotions in order to avoid disturbing the inner calmness, harmonize your conscious emotions in order to avoid disturbing the inner calmness, harmonize your body and mind by establishing tranquility in the mind, think about harmony and bliss. Enjoy this because it will stimulate production of endorphins in the brain and the happy making chemicals that support and intensify tranquility, harmony and bliss.

While in this state, my thoughts often turn to the Almighty. Each person has his or her own personal beliefs and religious feelings and when you get in a meditative state you just seem to get closer to your Almighty, whoever that is for you. I know that I was created by the Lord and He gave me the ability to meditate and to see and to feel His Presence in me. He always guides me in my thoughts, words and deeds, and in feelings and all endeavors.

I truly believe that my immune state is strong and healthy due to this daily meditation. My mind is sharp and alert, clear and happy. For many years I did not recognize this power in me, but now I have found it and I will never lose sight of it again. I am always able to identify myself with that inner vision of my Almighty.

He that never changes his opinions, never corrects his mistakes, and will never be wiser on the morrow than he is today.



# ANTIQUE SHOPPING GUIDE

### Pratt Avenue Antique Mall

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



### Red Rooster Antique Mall

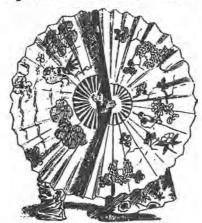
12519 South Mem. PWY. 881-6530 Mon - Fri 10 - 5, Sat 10 - 5, Sun 1- 5 10,000 sq. ft. of Antiques & Collectibles





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### The War Years

### From "A Dream Come True"

by James Record

The push of Hitler's War Machine was unmistakable and the U. S. soon found it impossible to ignore it as a real threat to national security. The crushing tactics, the repression of millions, meant the U. S. eventually would be forced to act.

The nation in 1940 began preparation for the inevitable. Although the U. S. was not in the war, the need to begin some means of building an army began.

Alabama, like the other 47 states, started the arduous task. In Madison County, Carl Crabtree, age 19, a local Western Union delivery boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor E. Crabtree, 4018 East Clinton Street in Huntsville, became the first volunteer accepted by the county draft board. Crabtree was later killed in action during 1945 on Luzon in the Philippine Islands.

And there were mixed emotions over what the U. S. seemed destined to face. It was obvious, even in Madison County, when its first young men left for training. There had been parties in their communities, but tinges of sadness and uncertainty crept to the surface.

The first Madison County draftees to follow the call were Reese M. Thompson, 363 B Street, Merrimack; William S. Congo, Route 2, Madison; Robert Parker, Route i, Hazel Green; and Gardner E. Myers, Route 1, Woodville.

The draft was not confined to

the "young." Flavil Jenkins became the first grandfather to be drafted. The draft sent growing numbers into military training, eventually reaching 288,033 from Alabama alone.

The uncertain year was, too, a time of reflection. More than 40,000 visitors trekked to Monte Sano Park in 1940 to pause and enjoy the tranquil peace, also to enjoy the newly opened Dude Ranch, first in the Southeast, and to watch construction of three new cabins being built.

The dusty, gravel road from Huntsville to the Tennessee River, along U. S. 31, disappeared during 1940. The state put in concrete pavement, heralding it a giant step forward in the transportation system.

In Huntsville there were 35 miles of streets, 11 miles of alleys 31 miles of water works, 29 miles of sewers, 3,025 water meters, 13 miles of gas mains, 652 gas meters and 2,642 tele-



The Lyric Theater was one of the most popular places in town. Originally built in 1914, it was destroyed by fire in 1930 and immediately rebuilt.

phone connections, according to a 1940 count.

Alabama Power Company also sold their Bus Transit system in 1940 to Crescent, who charged 5¢ per bus fare.

Joe and Ruby Cambron opened their Aero Club on Monte Sano Drive and Whitesburg Drive, soon to be "the" place to

And the local livestock market in January had the largest number of livestock ever sold in one day before-729 head.

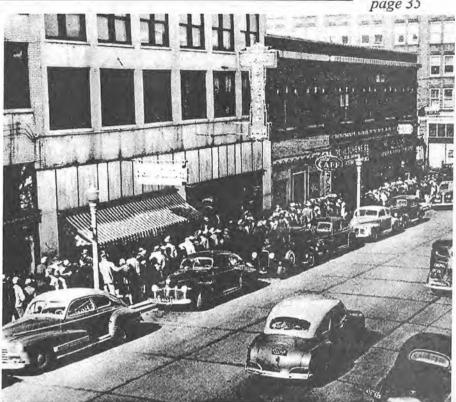
During 1940, also, Madison County and the City of Huntsville jointly agreed to appropriate \$31,000 for 720 acres of land west of Whitesburg Drive, owned by Joe D. Anderson, for an airport. The land, known also as the Garth or Sivley farm, was approved in November by President Roosevelt. Construction costs of \$91,000 were also approved, with the City and County absorbing \$33,000 of this, with the W.P.A. taking the rest.

Meanwhile at A & M College, the first degree granting course was begun, ultimately leading to a bachelor of science degree in elementary education. An \$80,000 athletic stadium was also built at A & M during 1940, by W.P.A.

In 1940 Huntsville already had one senior high school, one junior high, two elementary schools for whites, one Negro high, and one Negro elementary, all taught by 69 teachers.

The county system was faring equally well with 90 schools, including 28,800 white students and 11,710 colored, taught by 261 white teachers and 83 Negro educators.

Money was still tight and the looming military effort made the situation worse, but the county still managed \$11.2 million in



During the war years Huntsville's economy boomed as people moved here to work at the Arsenal.

retail sales for 1940. Gas was selling for 21¢ and 27¢ while beer was 10¢ and 15¢ per bottle.

During the hot, muggy summer of 1940, Huntsville's youngsters found a special treat. The new municipal swimming pool opened with Milton Frank as Manager. The hot summer days-up to 101 degrees-were a far cry from the winter, when the county had experienced a five

By February of 1941 not a single National Guardsman remained in Madison County. The draftees and the volunteers trudged off to Army camps, scattered around the country, for much-needed training.

Only a month earlier the 151st Engineers Regiment from the County was inducted into federal service and sped off to Camp Shelby, Mississippi for training and, within months, to the Alaskan frontier.

The War Department an-

nounced that a \$41.2 million chemical warfare plant, and a \$6 million ordnance plant would be built in Huntsville. The site had been chosen in June by the chief of the chemical warfare service. General Porter, To Madison Countians, the announcement meant jobs, thousands of them, to aid in the war effort. Within nine days after the announcement, the first civilian employees were hired-a janitor, secretary and mail clerk to work with the engineering firm that set up in the armory, with furniture loaned by the Madison County Commissioners. A vast acreage west of Huntsville totalling 38,723 acres, or 64 square miles, became the site.

The United States District Court had granted an order on July 24, granting possession of the area to the government. A December report showed that 512 families had been displaced from their lands. The Federal

District Court was still located in Huntsville then.

Madison County then began construction of its first four lane road, Jordan Lane, an extension connecting Madison Pike with Athens Pike to accommodate the influx of workers. F.S.A. opened a trailer park of 200 trailers south of Merrimack.

In downtown Huntsville, the first Soldiers Service Center opened in the old Laughlin building across from the Russell Erskine Hotel. More than 400 soldiers attended the first day while Miss Hazel Robinson, Director, supervised. Work on a 500 cot rest area, costing \$7,000, also began on Tennes-

see Avenue. The C.C.C. Camp had previously moved. Residents again, in the area protested the facility, as they had previously protested the C.C.C. Camp.

The attack on Pearl Harbor brought home the horrors of war. The first Madison Countian to lose his life in World War II, Luther James Isoms, son of the John C. Isoms of West Huntsville, was aboard the Arizona when the attack came. He died with his comrades.

The old cannon on the Madison County Courthouse lawn had been only a symbol of World War I patriotism, but Madison Countians turned it into another symbol of pride in another year,

another time. The cannon, given to the county by the American Legion, was donated to the War department for scrap metal to be melted down and recast for the war. War time or not, however, certain things went on. The Pilots Kiwanis and Hairdressers of Alabama held their annual conventions in Huntsville, and Belk-Hudson, managed by J. L. Anderson, announced their new store on Washington Street. The National Fox Hunting Association held their 48th running in Madison County on November 6, 1941.

Madison Countians decided to have another go at the wet-dry issue, and on September 23



Parades with patriotic themes were a regular occurrence in Huntsville during 1944 as people eagerly awaited the end of the war. Notice the sign on the front of the girl's bicycle.

1941, by a margin of 2152 to 1,795 voted dry. The effort was led by the newly organized Madison County Temperance Committee headed by W. E. Butler, President.

With Huntsville destined to be a major war material production center, even the military cloak and dagger roles crept into community. The Big Spring, while still providing most of the city water supply, was put under wire cover during 1941. Guards watched the spring around the clock, fearing the consequences of what poison dumped into its water by a spy could do to cripple the city.

Christmas in Huntsville in 1941 was a bleak, sad affair in many homes. Making matters worse on New Year's Eve, Dunnavant's, Huntsville's largest department store, burned. However, the fifth annual Santa Pal Drive, headed by Mrs. Reese T. Amis and Mrs. Ava Searcy, was a rousing success.

By the year 1942 hundreds of incendiary bombs were already rolling off the assembly lines at Redstone Ordnance plant. Huntsville was pushing war production in a frenzy. Alabama beating Texas in the January Cotton Bowl helped.

The hazardous business of war production took its first toll at the arsenal. Miss Easter Posey from Hazel Green, a worker at the ordnance plant, was killed when 160,000 fire bombs ignited in a factory building.

In Huntsville, seven of the surviving 21 Alabama Confederate veterans met for a reunion during 1942, but not without noting that more than 30,000 young soldiers had thronged through the service club in downtown Huntsville.

The wartime economy saw

Huntsville stretching to meet demands of a growing population. Construction of Haven Manor, Brookfield, Westlawn and Madison Heights subdivisions in 1942 helped make room for newcomers. By June, Jere Evans had announced Mayfair had 65 families. The Huntsville Hospital also had to make room for newcomers, increasing its bed capacity from 50 to 86 during 1942. The same year, Huntsville's Big Spring showed a shortage and the State Health Department also began to insist that the City do something about providing water elsewhere.

June 3, 1942 hit close to home. The Japanese bombed Dutch Harbor, Alaska, and Madison County's Glenn Howard Tate was killed. Glenn C. Talley was injured severely and Arnold Jacks and Edward C. Bea were also injured, less severely.

Huntsville had established another record of note in the bloody war. Sgt. Kent L. West, who had worked at the arsenal, was credited with shooting down the first Nazi fighter plane.

Back home, 309,097 pounds

of scrap rubber was collected in a 1942 drive, 50 per cent more than the quota for Madison County. In two months over 1.5 million pounds of scrap metal was collected. Ration books were in full use for sugar and coffee, while many other items were available only in limited supply. Even so, the Cotton Buyers held their Fourth Annual Cotton Ball at the Russell Erskine Hotel, with Bob Lowry chairing the event.

At Huntsville Hospital, the staff was overjoyed, finally, to see the hospital pull out of debt. Following a community drive, headed by Kenneth Thomas, \$19,000 was raised and the hospital debt paid off. The same year motorists were made happy with the introduction of the tubeless tire on the market. And speaking of tires, Charles E. Shaver, C. S. Boswell, and George Elliott composed a ration board. They let Huntsville folks have the "large" amount of 59 tires during 1942.

Huntsville Times carriers during 1942 also set a record. They led the nation in sale of defense stamps and bonds.

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There was another first, too. Most able-bodied men and women were either in service or working in the defense effort. The new Crescent Cab Company hired Huntsville's first woman cab driver.

At least one surprising event took the minds of Madison Countians off the horrors of war. Mr. and Mrs. William McQuiston of Hall Street became parents of the first triplets in Madison County since 1922. And Women's Lib appeared with formation of Huntsville's first women's bowling team.

In other local matters, the Catholic St. Mary School discontinued its high school, and a Home Guard was organized. Ben Giles was Commander; F. W. Fleming was First Lieutenant; W. L. Latham, Second Lieutenant; while Felix Newman, Thomas E. Holder, James F. Watts, Dr.

Moody Walker and J. B. Hill were Sergeants. The group met frequently in various of the county's 75 restaurants and other meeting places, discussing the home front problems, including the crime rate. One such meeting disclosed that the Huntsville Police Department reported 4,019 cases during 1942, of which 1,310 were for public drunkenness and 1,395 traffic. By comparison, 1937 had shown only 1,067 public drunkenness and 118 traffic cases.

The county became the first in Alabama to sell enough war bonds to buy a \$446,000 bomber. A Liberator B-24 Bomber was subsequently christened "Madison County. Alabama". Another test of the county's willingness to aid the war effort also showed up in the very successful grease salvage drive.

During the year 1943 Redstone Ordnance Plant's name was changed to Redstone Arsenal and the name of the Huntsville Chemical Warfare depot was changed to the Gulf Chemical Warfare depot. By then more than 19,300 workers toiled on the arsenal confines.

Workers meant school children and school children meant a dire need for more classrooms to handle the city's growing, booming population. The Federal government found itself in the school building business. The \$100,000 Fifth Avenue School was constructed by the U. S. Government.

At Farley, a \$1,075,000, housing project for 300 arsenal families, 112 buildings, was also built by the Federal government. Paul M. Speake was architect. The project was torn down in 1969. And the number of trail-



ers in Madison County had increased from just 24 in November 1941, to 682.

On McClung Street in Huntsville, the soldiers 100 tent box wall recreation camp, built in 1942, closed, as new facilities provided a relaxed atmosphere for the military on the arsenal.

One note of interest to many people was the Old Age Pension of Alabama which paid on the average \$10.00 a month in 1943.

With the fall of North Africa, Madison County again was linked directly with the war in another manner. Many German prisoners from Rommel's Afrika Corps were quietly shipped to the United States, many of them being confined deep inside Redstone Arsenal's vast wilderness. Tons of chemical munitions, captured from the Germans, were stored at the arsenal under top secret labels.

Housing the German prisoners of war posed problems at Redstone Arsenal, particularly



Medal of Honor parade celebrating C.H. Bolton and Paul L. Bolden, August 29, 1945.

for security. Chambers Construction Company of Athens received a \$24,000 contract in July 1944 to build a facility for the prisoners. With a few weeks the first contingent of prisoners were quietly moved in.

At the same time, a work force of 20,000 at Huntsville and Redstone Arsenal busied themselves in the munitions production effort.

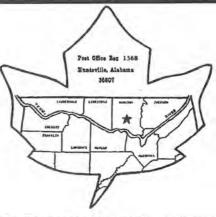
Cont. on page 42

Though World War 11 helped propel Huntsville into the forefront of the scientific community, it still retained images of another time. Shown below are C.C. Robinson and his prize winning team of mules in a phototaken on the courthouse square.



MEN - WOMEN -CHILDREN RBER SHOP Full Service Master Barber \* Call anytime \* leave message 805 Regal Dr., #7 Huntsville, Ala. 35801

# Searching For Our Ancestors



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

#### WILLIAMS \* DEAN \* HIGGASON \* RAINEY \* MILAM \* WALKER

Searching for parents of William P. Rainey b. 11 Mar 1826 TN; mar. 26 May 1856 Lucinda Jane MILAM Anderson Co, TX. Searching for parents of Dr. George HIGGASON b. VA, m. Davis sisters. Lived in TN; AL and Aberdeen, MS. Son John Davis HIGGASON, b. 13 Jun 1819 AL m. Lucy Matilda WALKER 25 Nov 1846 Monroe Co, MS - moved to TX. John DEAN family of Clarke Co, AL

moved to AR then TX. Will exchange information...

Jacqueline Williams Judah, P.O. Box 3924, S. Padre Island, TX 78597

#### GREENWOOD \* JONES \*

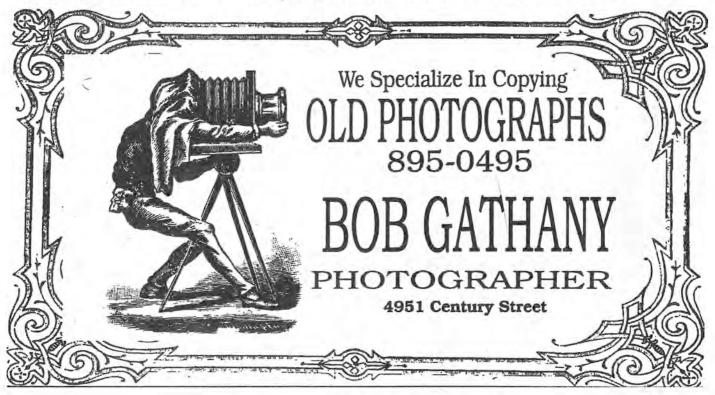
Seek information on the family of Joseph GREENWOOD who was born in Kent Co, DE Mar 1755. he married Martha Jones c1775. They moved to Rowan Co, NC c1785; Lincoln Co, KY c1797; and Wilson Co, TN c1803. They settled in Madison Co, Miss Territory. c1809 and remained there

until c1829 when they moved to Calloway Co, KY. Children: William; Margaret; Nancy; Jane; Martha "Patsy'; and Joseph. Martha "Patsy" GREENWOOD mar. Henry LOY 23 Jul 1809 Madison Co. Henry b. 23 Jul 1790 in Orange Co, NC. In 1814 served Henry in Capt. Crawford's company, Col Burris' Rgt fighting against the Creek Indians in the area of Huntsville and Limestone Co.. Henry and Martha moved to Calloway Co, KY c 1829 and Jackson Co, IL c1840, their children: Alfred: Sarah; Catherine; Jane E.; Mary A.; Margaret A.; Barsheba; Henry G. and John A.

Joel S. Russell, 8360 Greensboro Dr. #911, McLean, VA 22102-3543

# YARBROUGH \* MALONE\* BLAIR \* HINE \* COE \* MASON

Need help tracing my family roots on my father's side. I am black and believe that I might be a descendent of the slaves owned by Henry YARBROUGH who was



recorded in the 1820 census as having 14 slaves. On Jan 8, 1855 these slaves were divided by his widow Mary to: William H.; James A.; David B.; and Albert YARBROUGH; Francis; Henry; Susan; Sally Betty; and Nancy R. MALONE. Would like any information on slaves of Southwest Limestone Co, AL. Others recorded in the same area and census with slaves were: Jonathan BLAIR; Silas HINE; William MALONE; Jesse COE and Elizabeth MASON.

Houston A. Yarbrough, 1109 Bessemer Road, Huntsville, AL 35816

# BOWEN \* HESTER \* HAMILTON \* REA \* McLEMORE

Need information on William Bowen b. SC and wife b. TN. Came to N. AL 2 April 1825 and patent land in 1825, some of their children b. TN some b. AL. Need info on Sarah BOWEN m. 24 Dec 1831 John HESTER b. 16 Aug 1812 NC son /of William Buck HESTER and Amy MALONE. Need info Edmond Little Hamilton m. Mary Ann REA in Franklin Co, AI:. Edmond d. 1862 and Mary Ann m. 2nd John McLemore. Children: Louvella: Burton: and Jesse McLEMORE. Will pay for copies and postage.

Mrs. Dorothy H. Turner, Rt 7, Box 2840 Ben Higgins Rd., Dahlonega, GA 30533

#### JONES

Need the name of the parents of John W. JONES born 5 Dec 1838 near Huntsville in Madison County, Alabama.

Mary J. Marchant, 2901 Springfield Dr., Tallahassee, FL, 32308-3274

#### **PORTER \* WILLIAMS**

Need information on any of Porter family from Jackson Co., AL around Long Island on line of GA also lived Dade Co, GA. Elijah PORTER m. Nancy WILLIAMS, ch: John B.; Louisa B.; Georgetta; Winfield Scott; Alexander Pierce. Will exchange copy with anyone connected with this family. Who was Elijah's father?

Bess Carter, Rt Box 76, Pollock, LA, 71467

#### **NANCE \* THOMAS**

Seek information about parents / siblings of John NANCE b 1833 Pickens Co, SC, m. 1858 Cobb Co, GA. Caroline THOMAS. John in the 40th GA Inf. Reg, until wounded and captured at Chattanooga Nov 1863. Imprisoned at Rock Island, IL. Enlisted in US Navy and served until end of war.

lived Whitfield Co GA 1870; in MS Delta c1873; Holmes Co, MS 1880 and Sunflower Co, MS 1900.

Leroy Nance, 4605 Lakeview Drive, Huntsville, AL 35810

#### WHORTON \* JULIAN

Need information on parents of Isaac WHORTON living in Marshall Co, AL 1850 married 2nd 1838 Rebecca M. JULIAN. in Forsyth Co, GA.

Sunny Daily, Rt 5, Box 201, Hyw 21, Pittsburg, TX 75686-9026

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#### Cont. from page 39

The arsenal, too, served as a vital training ground for Army aviators in learning precision bombing techniques, zeroing in on mock villages built on the installation. The training, however, was all too realistic and often hazardous. Three aviators flying a B-26 Martin Marauder on a bomb training mission were killed in July when their plane crashed about nine miles west of Huntsville.

Before the year was out, the city would also vote to begin a water purification plan for Huntsville: the old Monte Sano Hotel was sold to Mayer Lumber and Supply Company of Birmingham for demolition; the State National Bank Building name was changed to the Terry-Hutchens building; and the Retail Merchants Association, along with most Huntsville civic clubs, endorsed a planning commission for Huntsville. City fathers didn't buy the idea during 1944, although they did agree that an advisory planning commission might be helpful. The N.C. and St. L. Railroad, thinking ahead, tore down its old depot.

Paul L. Bolden, an army Staff Sergeant serving with the Thirteenth Infantry amazed his comrades under fierce gunfire. Bolden, from Madison County, stormed into a house crawling with 35 German soldiers and opened fire with his submachine gun. When the smoke settled, 20 Germans lay dead and Bolden was wounded. Under a hail of bullets, Bolden withdrew from the house leaving the remaining 15 Germans still alive in the house.

When the 15 refused to surrender, Bolden stalked back into the house and killed them all before walking out under his own power and back to his squad. His disregard for his own personal safety left his comrades awed.

The same steely nerve of Cecil H. (Bushy) Bolton, also of Madison County, brought equal unbelief. In a fierce battle, Bolton plodded through icy waters time and time again to obliterate one German machine gun position after another to open a path through the German lines, killing numerous Germans in the process. Although suffering from severe wounds, Bolton never flinched and kept up his personal assault on the enemy until the job was done

Bolton and Bolden thus joined only one other Madison Countians in history through 1944 to win the nation's highest

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honor, the Congressional Medal of Honor. Private Richard Taylor had won the Medal in 1864, while serving with the Union Army! Why? His commendation said he captured a Confederate battle flag!

Later, in 1945, on August 29, a grateful community turned out by the thousands to honor Bolton and Bolden.

During 1944, the new Fifth Avenue School, built by the Federal Government, was completed and Huntsville then had its third school for white children.

With the war over in 1945, war production ceased, and Huntsville and Madison County labored under the transition to a peace time economy. The arsenal manpower dropped drastically with the ammunition plants stopping production. By September all production stopped at the arsenal and the facilities were placed on a standby status. In July 1945 civilian employment at the arsenal had dropped to 3,000, but by December 1945 was only 600. Redstone Arsenal's peak regular employment had been in February 1945 with 4.274, while Huntsville Arsenal's had been in May 1944 with 6,707.

During 1945 Waterman airlines became the second airline to run on commercial schedules to Huntsville.

Veterans began returning from overseas to seek out an occupation in civilian life, and began to again take their part in the community. The Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 2702 was organized with A.B. Smith as Commander, while the Ladies Auxiliary of the V.F.W. was also organized with Mary Stephens as President. To aid the veterans, Frank Rice was appointed as the first Veterans Service Officer in

1945.

The Huntsville Industrial Expansion Committee went industry hunting more than ever. The first DDT to be seen on the local market was manufactured in 1945 on the arsenal by the Calabama Chemical Company, using rented facilities. Johnston Concrete Products located their plant in Huntsville and began the manufacture of Huntsville's first concrete blocks. The city acquired the Laxson-Arnold Water system and the General Shoe plant located here.

One plant, started in 1945, that Huntsville was unable to get, was a new car firm, Kaiser & Fraser.

For one Madison County resident, the war had been a repeat of what he had seen too much of before.

page 43
General John A. Steger,
Madison County's sole surviving
Confederate veteran, celebrated
his 100th birthday December 7,
1945, but only five other of his
comrades were still alive in Alabama to remember the bitter



days of the Civil War.

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# THE DAY NED DIED

by Robert W. Brown

In the year of thirty nine
In the middle of summertime

We were playing at Dallas Mills On the street where Granny lives

Granny came runnning to yell "Ned's down by the dinner bell"

Grandpa used to say with pride "Dadburn Ned's ornery hide" "Best damn mule I'll ever ride"

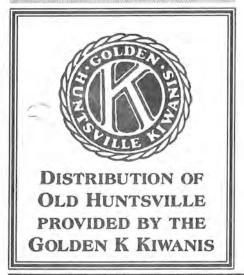
Ned would neigh, nod and play He always got our apple a day

Life's gone from Ned's eyes Granny knelt to eulogize "God must need our noble steed" "To plow weed and plant seed"

We hugged and cried in clumps We sat and sobbed on stumps

How can all of us ever be fed without our gentle beloved Ned

To find a fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.



## The Spelling Bee

by Nell P. Sadler

We were ushered into the auditorium. We had a special place, up in front, at a desk. Paper and pencils were spread to us, by Pages. I'm sure there were speeches made by the Superintendent, but the only thing that I can remember is the words being called out. I was very confident that I knew all of the words in our speller. When the last word was called, the principal said, "Now I want each of you to write these words on the bottom of your paper."

"I affirm that I have not received help on this spelling bee." Then he asked us to sign our names. The Pages came by and collected our papers. The students were strangers to me, because there were not more than three from my school. When the Principal arrived, he began calling the names of those who did

not miss a word - and my name was not called! I became hot and then cold. I thought of my teacher and then my parents. The Pages gave the papers to each of us, and we were excused. As I went to the bus, I looked at my paper. I had missed one word. It was "raisin," and was underlined in red. I had been drilled on the hard words and skipped the easier ones. I dreaded for the bus to approach my house, but soon it was there. My family was outside to meet me. I gave my paper to my parents. They looked at it and, smiling, they hugged me. They were glad that I only missed one word out of all the rest. I am now eighty-two years of age and those words have helped me, down through the years, that and the confidence my family had in





#### **Dressed To Kill**

from 1901 newspaper

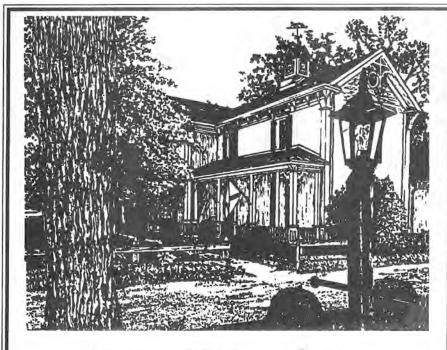
Our correspondent from New Market reports a feud is brewing between two of its most prominent families. The trouble began when a certain lady showed up at a tea clothed in a bright green dress of the latest fashion, only to find the hostess clad in identical apparel.

Words were exchanged, with both ladies claiming the other had worn the dress with the express purpose of causing humiliation to the other.

In an effort to defuse an already tense situation the husband of lady #1 sent word to the husband of lady #2 to meet at the general store where they would try to settle their wives' differences.

At the appointed time both husbands showed up - dressed in identical red shirts.

Gunplay is expected at any time.



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# Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor.

Please have one of your writers do an article about Merrimac Village, the school, Mr. Dubose, etc. I finished there in 1934. Would love to see something about Mr. Bradley - he was so good to us. Mr. J. B. Clopton was

my teacher and a good friend to all.

K. Scott, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Dear Editor,

Having been reared in Huntsville back when it had 7,500 population, and having attended/ graduated from Rison High School, I have a great love for the history of Huntsville. I return every August for our school reunions. Your magazine gets sent to California every month, to another lady who used to reside in Huntsville and was a good friend of my mother's. My dearest friends and classmates still reside there and they take the place of relatives that I no longer have. I treasure my old Huntsville memories.

Lourene Patton Fleming, Memphis, Tenn. Dear Editor,

Not long ago I subscribed to Old Huntsville Magazine for a friend of mine living out of state. I talked with him today and he described it as AWFUL. I certainly do not want him to be exposed to something he considers AWFUL. If it is possible, just transfer my name in the place of his. I always pick it up at Presbyterian Apartments when I visit there, but would appreciate you just sending it to my home. We LOVE your magazine. He has lived with a yankee too long:

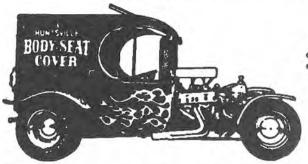
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Sincerely, Merle J. Mackey, Scottsboro



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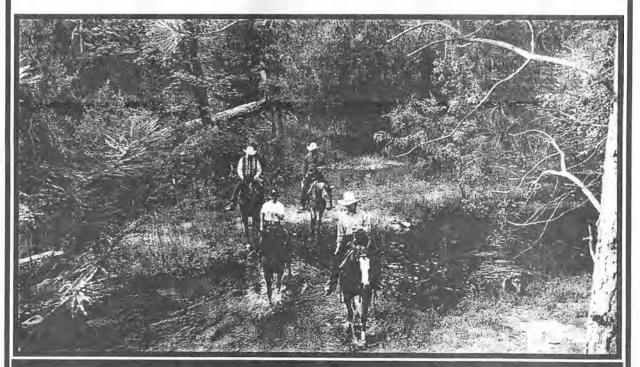
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