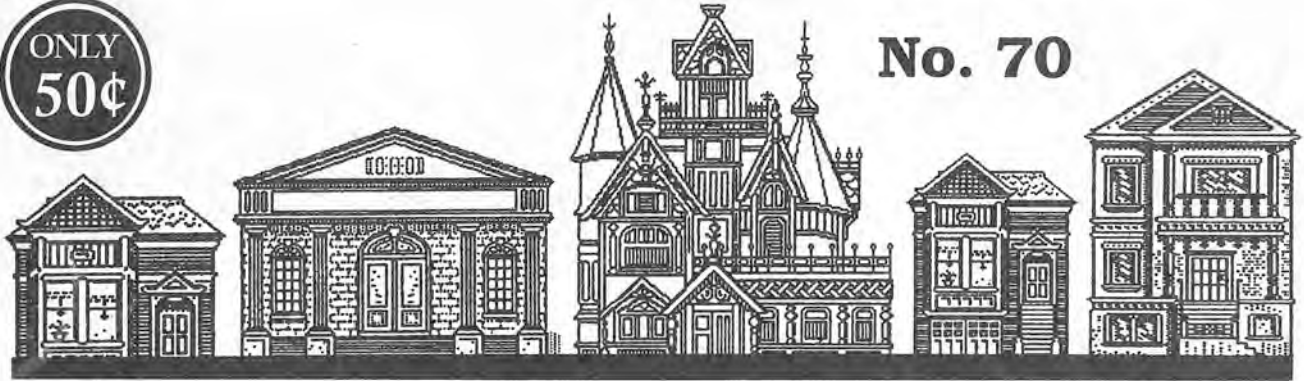


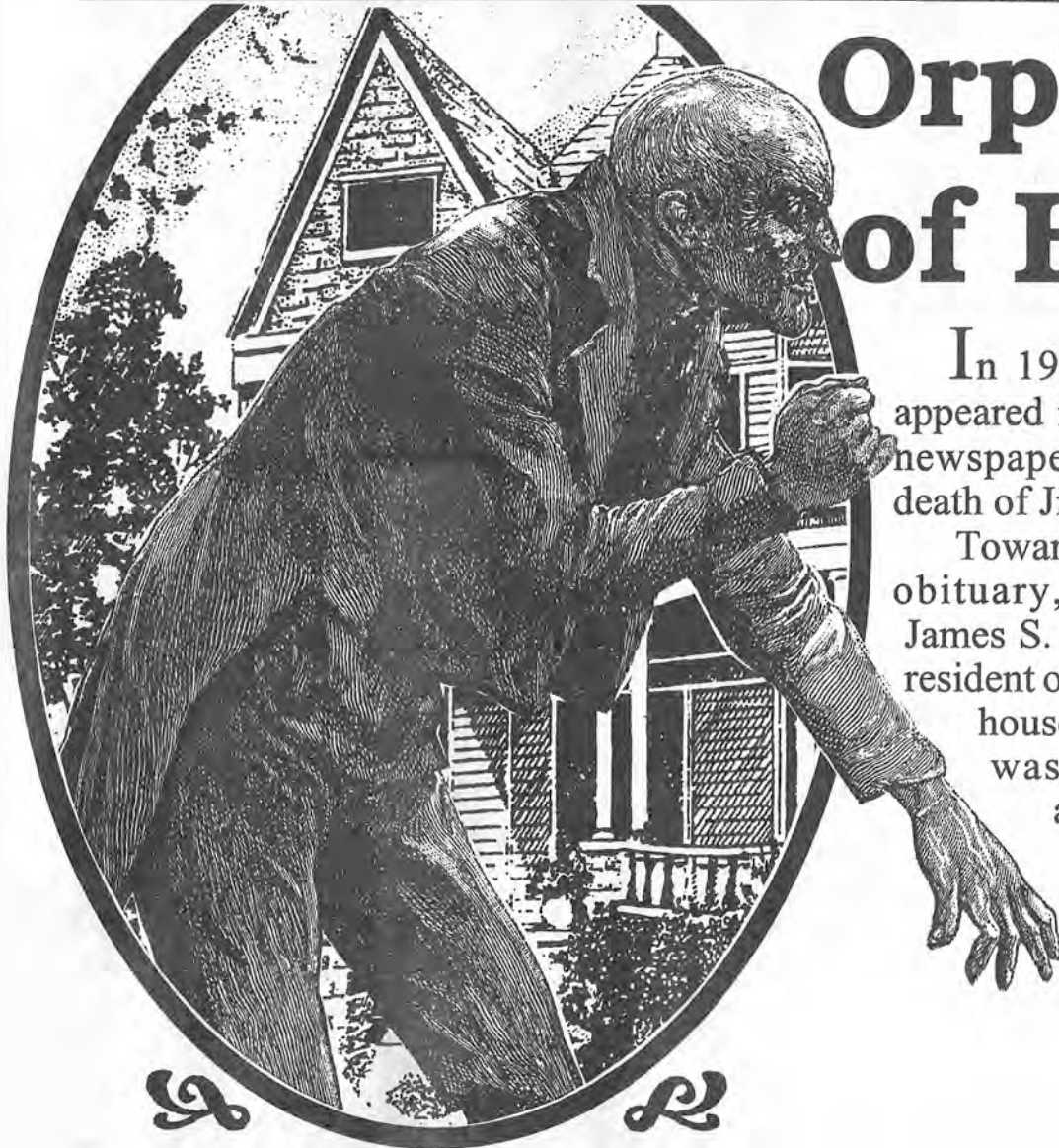
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Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE



Orphan of Hate

In 1931, an obituary appeared in the Huntsville newspaper telling of the death of Jim Britt.

Toward the end of that obituary, it stated that James S. Britt had been a resident of the county poor house for 66 years. It was believed, the article said, to be a national record for the longest time anyone had ever spent in a poor house...

Also in this issue: Letters Home

Orphan of Hate

In 1931, an obituary appeared in the Huntsville newspaper telling of the death of Jim Britt. At first glance, there appeared to be nothing unusual about the death of the 72 year old man. He had been sick for four weeks and the account stated he had died from "infirmities of old age."

Toward the end of the obituary, however, it stated that James S. Britt had been a resident of the county poor house for 66 years. It was believed, the article said, to be a national record for the longest time anyone had ever spent in a poor house.

If anyone reading the paper that day had felt a twinge of sympathy, or perhaps curiosity, about the old man who had spent his whole life as a ward of the county, they quickly changed their mind when they learned he was the son of the infamous Kinch Britt.

"Good riddance," they probably thought, "and may God have mercy on his soul!"

It was going to take longer than 66 years for Huntsville to forget its bloody past.

When Jim Britt was born, in 1859, he was named after his grandfather, James Britt, a resident of Jackson County. His father, Kinchen, nicknamed Kinch but sometimes referred to behind his back as "Kitchen," had moved to Huntsville sometime prior to 1850 and married Susan Williams in 1858. The

newlyweds settled on a small piece of land located a short distance west of the Huntsville Depot, where Kinch began earning a living as a farmer. According to available records the family was of modest means with the farm valued at just \$500.00 and personal property worth \$200.00.

If the couple had any hopes of seeing their son have a normal childhood, their dreams were quickly dashed as rumblings of war swept across the Southland.

On August 26, 1861, Kinch mounted his horse and rode to nearby New Market where he enlisted in the Confederate Army under the command of Captain David C. Kelly. Any doubts Kinch's wife had about him joining the army were probably cast aside by the fact that Kelly was the highly respected pastor of the 1st Methodist Church in Huntsville. She may have thought Kelly would be a good influence on Kinch, who was already developing an overly acquaintance with the whiskey bottle.

With her husband off serving in the army, Susan Britt's life undoubtedly changed drastically. Owning no slaves to work the fields and having no money to hire hands, making a cotton crop was out of the question. Like countless thousands of other women across the South her sustenance depended on a small garden and maybe a few chickens, with her only cash coming from the produce she could barter in town. Early expectations of a quick and easy war soon vanished, and 1861 dragged on into 1862.

Adding to many families' worries was the fact that Huntsville had been captured by Union troops on April 11, 1862. Susan,



Old Huntsville

Published By

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

E-Mail

Oldhivill@Hsv.Mindspring.com

Publisher

Cathey Callaway Carney

Senior Editor

Thomas Frazier

General Manager

Clarence Scott

Special Assignment

Stefanie Callaway

Sales

Wendy Dyer

Distribution

Golden K Kiwanis Club

Copy Boy

Tom Carney



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Join The Fun...

Senior Friends at Columbia Medical Center has the following activities coming in August...

August 6 - New member Orientation Breakfast. While you enjoy your complimentary full breakfast, you will learn all about your new membership including all the details on discounts and upcoming trips.

August 11 - Noccalula Falls Day Trip: Will include a train ride in the Noccalula park, a stop for shopping in Boaz and lunch at Mrs. Tupper's.

August 15 - Lunch Bunch. This month's "bunch" will be having lunch in Decatur at Granny Mable's Cook'in. Don't miss out on this country cookin!!!

August 19 - Senior Friends and Parkway City Mall are proud to announce their new mall walking program, Pacemakers, beginning August 19th at 8:00 a.m. Columbia will be doing weekly blood pressure checks, clocking miles and giving special re-

wards when you have reached the 100, 200, and 300 mile marks.

August 20 - Movie Day. Featuring Tom Hanks in "Forrest Gump." A mentally and physically challenged boy faces many trials and tribulations of life. FORREST GUMP is filled with adventure, romance, tragedy, music, laughter and tears. Rated: PG13.

August 25 - Dine with the Docs. Senior Friends new "up close and personal" opportunity to hear from leading medical specialists on our staff about important health issues and get answers to your questions. *DINE WITH THE DOCS IS OPEN TO SENIOR FRIENDS MEMBERS ONLY.*

August 27 - Monthly Association Meeting. Our Columbia Home Health Staff will present a special program on "Caring for the Caregiver." The hospital will cater a "Build Your Own

Baked Potato" Bar and our Terrrrific Hospitality Committee will make homemade banana pudding for us all! Then sit back and enjoy an exciting "Armchair Traveler's Adventure" of the Holy Lands.

August 28 - Carl Hurley Concert. One of the South's most loved and admired comedians. Our pre-show will feature the terrific sounds of the Moonlighters. All motor coach travelers will spend the afternoon touring the Alabama Music Hall of Fame in Muscle Shoals. We will then dine at the beautiful Renaissance Tower restaurant, high in the sky, overlooking Wilson Dam and TVA.

August 29 - Our monthly birthday parties, open to our entire membership, have proven to be a big hit with our Senior Friends. We celebrate our membership birthdays with games, cake, ice cream, pictures and balloons.



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like most of the other wives in Huntsville, became exiles in their own city. They were forbidden to have any communication with their husbands who were serving the Confederacy. Women could not travel out of town without a special pass and often what meager food and supplies they had were seized by the hated Union Army. When they swallowed their pride and approached the yankees requesting to buy food, they would be told they'd first have to swear alle-

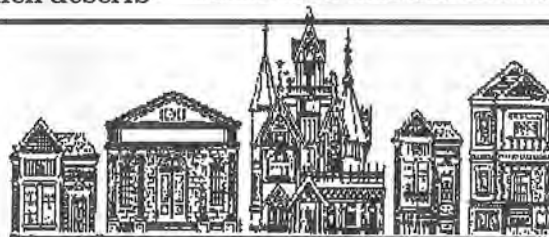
giance to the Federal government. Few women were willing to betray their husbands in so callous a manner.

What little information Susan received about her husband came from whispered messages from soldiers who sneaked into Huntsville to visit their families and from letters smuggled across the Union lines. Though Jim was only three years old at the time it is easy to imagine him sitting in his mother's lap as she read letters from Kinch describ-

ing his exploits in the Confederate Army. His company had joined Nathan Bedford Forrest's battalion and had seen action in campaigns throughout Tennessee and Kentucky.

When the Union army was forced to evacuate Huntsville in late August 1862, General Forrest marched in with his troops to give them a short furlough. Kinch returned as part of the liberating army. When he rushed to his home, however, he discovered that his wife had died

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not long before. True to the South to the last, she had half starved and finally died of disease rather than take the hated yankee loyalty oath. Kinch was crushed and now had a son to take care of. But how could he, a soldier, provide the care young Jim needed? He found the answer soon enough.

Kinch already knew 20 year old Louisa Bradley, daughter of a semiliterate blacksmith. Flattered at the attention she received, Louisa agreed to be Kinch Britt's wife. After all, his enlistment was almost over and she would be the wife of a dashing Confederate veteran. To her dismay, Kinch promptly reenlisted in the 4th Alabama Cavalry for the duration of the war.

Now Louisa may have been happy to be a wife, but she had little taste for the role of a caring stepmother. Much to her chagrin, Kinch, having secured the services of a live-in baby sitter for his son, left her and returned to the war soon afterwards.

Louisa, still young and attractive, quickly tired of playing stepmother and war bride. All around her young women were going to parties and dancing until the wee hours of the morning. Unfortunately, as a married woman, she was expected to stay at home and wait patiently for her husband's return -- whenever that might be. Married life was definitely not what she had expected it to be.

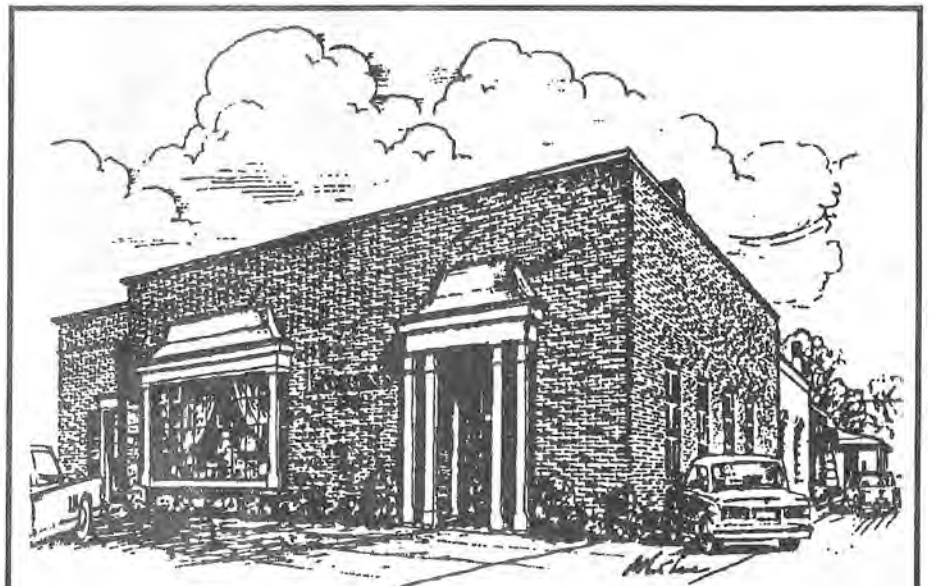
If Louisa was unhappy in her role, her husband was not faring much better. His regiment had been transferred to Gen. Joe Wheeler's cavalry brigade and was seeing almost constant combat. Finally, in the summer of 1863, Kinch had been captured in Tennessee. The

yankees had paroled him and allowed to return to Huntsville until he could be exchanged. Where he had once been a loyal Confederate, now he began to have doubts as to his allegiance. During almost two years of war he had seen countless men fall in battle, often leaving their families destitute and starving with nothing but a few hollow words of praise to show for their loss. By this time the war had lost its glamour and become a bitter, deadly struggle. People both North and South were starting to

say the same thing: "It's a poor man's fight, but a rich man's war."

Kinch Britt had hardly returned home when Union cavalry raids began targeting Huntsville. The Confederate army seemed unable to stop them. In September 1863, the yankees came to stay. Rather than return to the Confederate army, Britt decided to throw in with what he decided would be the winning, and more profitable, side.

He went to the Union headquarters and offered to work for



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them as a civilian spy. They offered him \$3 a day as pay. At \$90 a month, this was probably more than he had ever earned in his life. (As a Confederate private he had received only \$13 a month, when he was paid at all.) Kinch quickly accepted the job and went to work.

Before long Kinch Britt had earned the gratitude of the yankees and the hatred of his neighbors. His knowledge of Madison County was better than any map they could have purchased. Britt knew every Confederate in Huntsville by sight and could often be seen on the downtown streets, accompanied by a detachment of yankee soldiers, pointing out the people he knew was loyal to the Southern cause.

Within days, Britt had become a social outcast in his own town. The more Kinch was shunned by his neighbors, the more bitter he became towards them. Now, instead of merely informing on them, Britt began looting their homes, often in broad daylight. Brazenly, he

would kick the doors in, steal the silver and other valuables and return to the yankee camp where he would sell the loot.

Even the yankees had little love for the turncoat Britt. They well knew he was only in the war for money. He was not the only one in North Alabama to succumb to such temptation, as a Union colonel named Lewis Merrill noted. "The men who are employed ... as scouts, guides and spies," wrote Merrill, "are, as a rule, thieves, and accompany troops who go out simply for chances to plunder."

Whatever Kinch may have been, it was even harder on his young wife and son. Once the wife of a Confederate hero, Louisa was now married to a social pariah. No one would speak to her any longer, and even her young stepchild was not allowed to play with his neighbors' children.

Spurned by the citizens of Huntsville, Louisa too became a turncoat. She seemed to take a special delight in appearing on

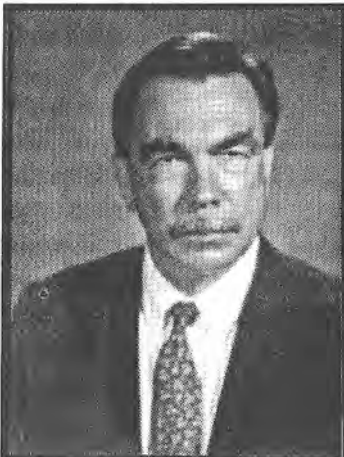
Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Found Among The Fragments - Courageous women in Yankee occupied Huntsville by Sarah Huff Fisk (\$15.95).
2. Billy Joe Cooley is Full Of It! Clean Southern humor? By Billy Joe Cooley (\$15.00 cheap).
3. Truth and Lies: Life from a different angle, by Ralph Hood (\$20.00).
4. Children of the Lily - French Colonization of the Gulf Coast in the early 1700s by Placide Nicaise (\$10.00).
5. True Tales of Old Madison County - Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$6.95).
6. Mid-South Garden Guide - The best book for Zone 7 (that's us) Gardening (\$16.95).
7. Long Ago in Madison County - written and illustrated in 1964 for young children by Kenny and Fisk (8.95).
8. Hard Times - The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$16.95).
9. Southern Railway: From Stevenson to Memphis, edited by Jack Daniel (\$24.95).
10. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison

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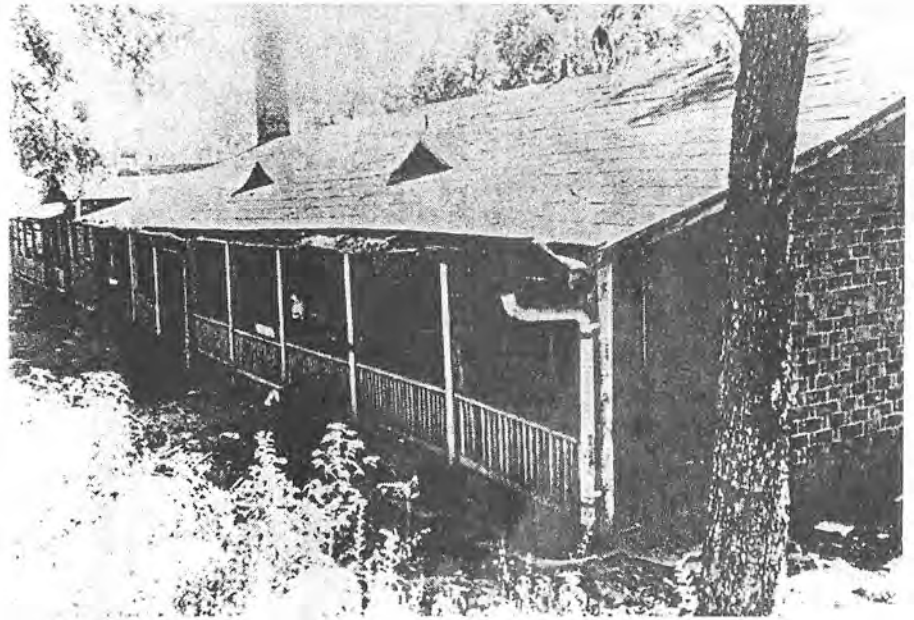
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the streets dressed in finery looted from nearby plantation homes. When entertaining her new found yankee friends she would proudly point out the crystal glasses and engraved silverware; identifying which homes her husband had stolen them from.

On November 10, 1864 Captain James Madison "Mack" Robinson was daring enough to lead his Confederate scout company to "Forestfield," his father's plantation home on the road between Huntsville and Meridianville. Kinch had his ear close to the group and seemed to know everything that was happening.

Mack Robinson had once been Kinch's lieutenant in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, but Kinch no longer felt any loyalty to his old friends. He promptly went to the Union provost marshal, Lt. Col. John Horner, and told him that Robinson had come home. Horner had already earned a reputation as, "the meanest yankee that was ever in North



The County Poor House located on Hermitage Street.. It was demolished in 1956.

Alabama." He was about to justify it.

The next day, Horner set off early for Forestfield, taking Kinch Britt along to show the way. The clinking and clanking of the cavalry gave Robinson warning, and he awakened his handful of men. Colonel Horner deployed his men around the

house and ordered Robinson to surrender. But Mack Robinson had been in the war since the very beginning and was not about to give up without a fight.

Kinch Britt was cautiously edging along the wall of the house, trying to get a shot at Robinson through a window. Robinson spotted him first and



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shot him dead.

Robinson then stormed out of the door, blasting away with a six-shooter in each hand. Col. Horner had one of his shoulder straps shot off and the yankees scattered. The Confederates reached their horses and rode away to safety.

Furious, the Union soldiers murdered the caretaker, an innocent civilian who had not taken part in the fight, and returned to Huntsville.

The citizens of Huntsville breathed easier when they heard of Kinch Britt's demise. However, Col. Horner viewed the matter differently. The next day he led a large detachment back to Forestfield and burned the beautiful home to the ground.

When news of the burning of Forestfield reached Huntsville its citizens became enraged. Unable to wreak havoc on the now dead Kinch Britt their anger turned toward his young widow. She had long before lost what little sympathy the town's people might have felt for her and her stepson.

Several nights later Louisa' home caught fire. Though it was never established wether or not it was an accident, none of the townspeople went to her aid in fighting the fire. The house burned to the ground, severely burning her stepson, Jim and destroying the loot her husband had plundered from their neighbors.

Though Louisa was young, and possibly naive, she was still smart enough to realize she did not have a bright future in Huntsville. The next morning after dropping the injured Jim off at the Army hospital she boarded a train for Nashville, reportedly in the company of a

Union soldier who had taken a liking to her.

The army hospital, known as the Huntsville Hospital and located in Fagans Spring, had the dubious distinction of being the only permanent structure the yankees built while occupying Huntsville. Though equipped to handle medical needs for the thousands of soldiers passing through Huntsville, it had scant facilities for a five year old boy.

After dressing the youngster's burns the hospital authorities tried to find someone to take him off their hands. This was easier said than done. The few openly Union sympathizers wanted nothing to do with the son of a Confederate turncoat and the Southerners wanted nothing to do the son of a Union spy.

All indications leads one to believe that Jim stayed at the hospital, perhaps as a ward, until it

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burned the following year. At that time the county took over some of the property and converted one of the buildings into a poor house. With no one to turn to, Jim Britt, at the age of six, became its first resident, and ultimately, its longest.

The county poor house at that time was literally a dumping ground for the infirm, the homeless and the aged who had no one to take care of them.

Though Jim still bore terrible scars from being burned in the house fire he was by no means disabled. While most lads his age were playing games Jim was put to work as an unpaid hand at the poor house. Carrying firewood, fetching pails of water or helping in the kitchen became his everyday routine.

If Jim ever thought about schooling or playing with other youngsters his age, those thoughts were quickly put out of his mind by authorities who had no time to waste with "such fool-

ishness."

A glimmer of hope rose in the fall of 1868 when Union Aid societies began identifying war orphans and placing them in foster homes. Finding a home for the son of a Rebel turncoat and a Union spy proved to be a formidable task however, and Jim was quickly passed by.

In 1872 Jim's stepmother, Louisa, returned to Huntsville. Any thoughts of her providing a home for Jim were discarded when she married a man almost 40 years her senior. Neither she nor her new husband wanted anything to do with the son of the infamous Kinch Britt.

For Jim, the months turned into years and the years turned into decades and still no one cared about his fate. People came to accept him as a permanent fixture at the poor house; one that could also provide free labor.

Left unspoken was the fact that perhaps Jim Britt was ex-



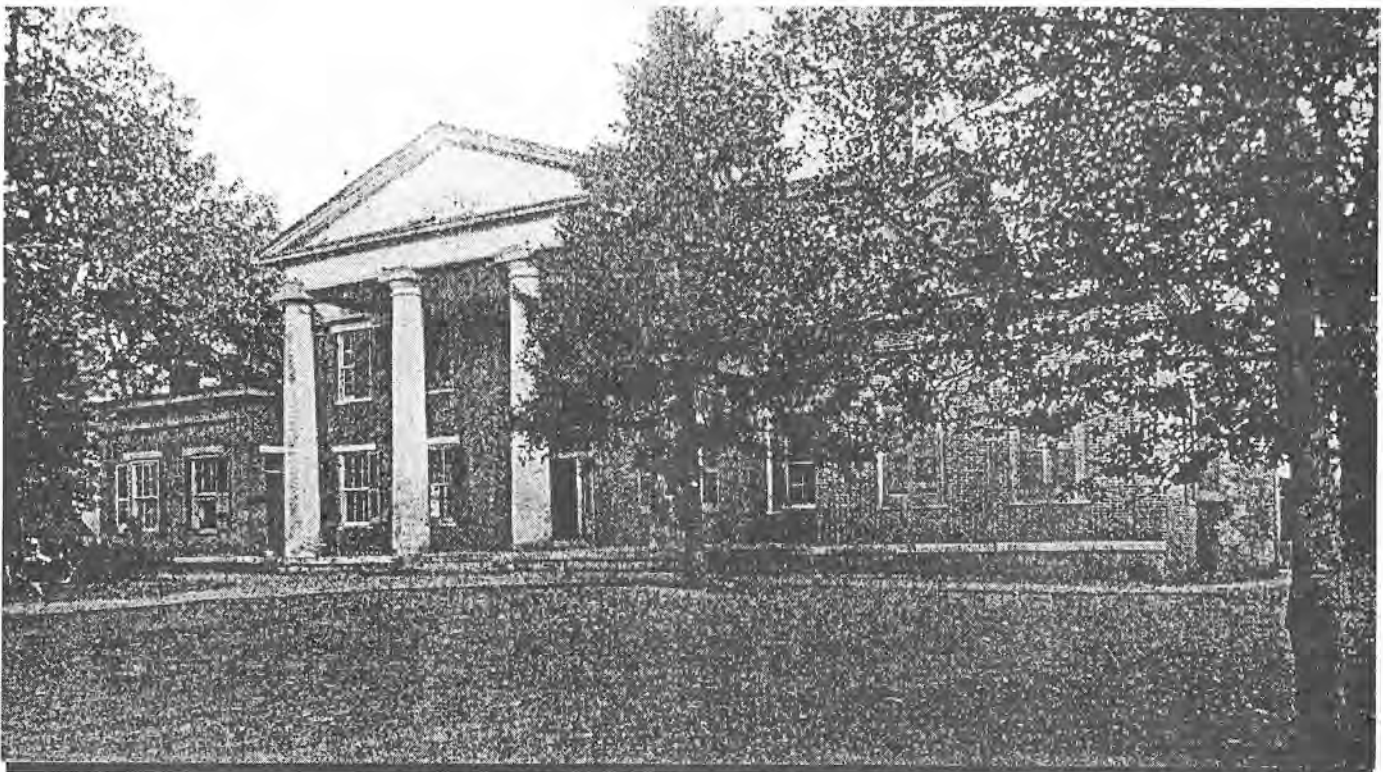
Nathan Bedford Forrest - Kinch Britt served with him during the bloody campaigns in Tennessee and Kentucky.

pected to pay penance, and be punished, for the sins of his infamous father.

Occasionally a stranger would inquire about the long time resident. They would be told, if they persisted in their questioning, that Britt suffered from "infirmities of the mind."

No one ever questioned why,

Oaklawn Plantation on Meridian Street in an 1905 photograph. Oaklawn was built as an exact duplicate of Forestfield where Kinch Britt was killed.



if in fact he was mentally disabled, he was never admitted to the state mental institution.

Other people would claim he suffered physical defects that made it impossible for him to care for himself, although the poor house authorities, during a budget crunch in the mid 1890s, did not hesitate to lease his labor to cotton farmers.

As Britt grew older, and unable to do the chores of a younger man, he was placed in charge of the garden at the poor house. In the evening he would return to the room he shared with three other men; a small box at the foot of the bed holding the few possessions he owned.

Occasionally, after he had become an old man, he would be seen wandering the streets downtown appearing, as one person described it, "as if he was lost in the past." Sometimes he would enter one of the churches and sit quietly for hours until someone would return him to the poor house.

As one old-timer in Huntsville recently explained, "Being in the poor house was all the man knew... or expected. That's the way he was raised."

When Jim Britt died in 1931 the local newspaper eulogized him as "the son of a Union spy." Almost begrudgingly the paper added, "the county has spent almost \$15,000 on Britt's upkeep during the last 66 years."

*When a man
is out
of sight,
it is not too long
before he
is out of mind.*

Furloughs Given for Posterity

Confederate Gen. D.H. Hill has a fine eye for posterity and a soldier's furlough.

RAYMOND, MISS., April, 1865-- Gen. Hill approved one request for leave, endorsing on it: "Approved for the reason that a brave soldier ought to be allowed to go home whenever practicable, else all the children born during the war or within the usual period afterwards will be the offspring of the cowards who remain at home..."

Taken from Richmond, Va., newspaper, April 30, 1865

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A detailed black and white illustration of a woman, likely a laundress, wearing a bonnet and a patterned shawl over a long dress and apron. She is leaning over a large wooden tub, washing clothes. A small soap dish with a bar of soap sits on the wooden surface next to the tub.

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Heard on the Street, 1891



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The roof is now placed upon the great Dallas Mills. Thus it is that this immense structure is rapidly nearing completion. The wing now nearly completed is three hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, five stories high. It will require eighteen hundred operatives to

run this mill.

For Sale - New residence on Maiden Lane, two blocks off the Square. Apply to M. K. Cooper.

News is that the Pullman Car Company wrote Monte Sano Manager Harvey S. Denison on the subject of securing the adoption and use of the name of our loved mountain on one of their palace cars. Yesterday Mr. Denison received a letter from one of the officials stating that they have named one of their cars "Monte Sano" and thanked him for the suggestion.

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Letters Home



As war clouds loomed in Europe, America began calling its young men to duty. When James Lane answered the call he had only been married for a few months and like young men everywhere, missed his wife terribly.

Sept. 3, 1917
Camp Mills, N.Y.

...Your sweet letter was just received and was mighty glad to

get same... I think we are going to be under quarantine on account of measles breaking out in camp... Don't know what they are going to do about paying us off, but I don't really see how they can't; there is so many people dependent upon us now.

Close for now as it is nearly time for retreat.

Sept. 6, 1917
Camp Mills, N.Y.

The boys from Huntsville. Top row, left to right: James A. Lane, Willingham, McNabe, J.C. Mason, Sitting: Hubbard, Duke, Rutherford, Maxwell.



Dearest Darling

I won't write much as I am feeling bad; just had another inoculation and my back is so sore I don't know what to do. Wish I could see you tonight. We have not had a chance to go to New York yet. We are under quarantine for 21 days. I don't like this place very much.

I want you to write me every time you can for it helps drive the blues away.

Darling, it will be a good

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while before I can send you a picture of me. And I hope I will be able to send you some money soon. They are talking about pay day but don't know wether we'll get paid this month or not. We signed the pay roll but haven't been mustered in yet.

Sept. 7, 1917
Camp Mills, N.Y.

I haven't heard from you but twice since I left you and I have wrote you every day. Did you get the letters I wrote you while I was on the train? I pitched them off the train to different people to mail for me.

It is expected we shall leave for France within the next thirty days. If we do go, my only hope is not to be killed so I can come back to you.

Sept. 12, 1917
Camp Mills, N.Y.

We have just been paid off and I am enclosing the money order and you can take same to the Southern Express Office and get it cashed... I am sorry I didn't have more for you but will do better next month. Send Uncle Tom the \$10.00 and keep the other and next month we will give some to Mama.

Oct. 1, 1917
Camp Mills, N.Y.

...The supply company and headquarters company left here today and we expect to leave sometime next week... Darling, just look at the bright side of everything and maybe someday I can come back to my darling. And then we will be happy, for we love one another and I will settle down and get a job and build a bungalow for us. ...

Darling, be brave and live in hope of my return. Don't be surprised if you don't hear from me for whenever we move they will

take us by surprise.

...We are taking hikes at night now for practice. We get up in the middle of the night and hike five or six miles but we have quit drilling and are getting instructions in first aid for the wounded. I can bandage up most any kind of wound now.

Oct. 11, 1917
Camp Mills, N.Y.

.... I was sick and couldn't write you... Conditions were such that I couldn't get anyone to write you nor write my self

for 4 days. I am feeling much better today and am yearning for the day when I can take you in my arms and kiss you to my heart's desire.

... I understand I am up for a discharge but am not sure if I will get it for Capt. Jackson is against it.

Eaton has been AWOL since payday; has never come back and I don't guess he will have anything when he comes back and will most likely be fined all his pay next month.

If you can't do without some more (money) until the first of

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the month, I will borrow some and send to you, but I hate to have to pay fifty cents on a dollar.

Oct. 18, 1917

Camp Mills, N.Y.

I just have time to write you a few lines. I am on guard duty and haven't anything to do right now... Haven't heard any more from my discharge... I think James is calling it quits with Marie. He hasn't written her in about a week he says and she doesn't write him often. Anyway he has a girl up here he seems to be crazy about and he says Marie is going with another guy... I am trying to get my discharge but if I don't get it I am not going to cry over it... Tell William I said he had better go to school and quit playing with automobiles; that I said he would never make a mechanic.

Oct. 24, 1917

Camp Mills, N.Y.

I am not feeling well today as it has been raining here all day and the water is three feet deep in some places. There are 10 men in my tent right now and I haven't got room to do anything... We are still expecting orders to move anytime so you



**Private James A. Lane,
member of the Allied Expeditionary Forces in France.**

mustn't get worried if you should not hear from me... You can count on me writing every day unless I am on guard duty.

... This place is awful. I want them to fight right now or let me go home.

... I guess the government will send you the money on or about the first of the month. I will send you some also. I want to buy me a new tailored made suit of clothes and a ring for you also and have some pictures made and send them to you. I wanted to do it last month but I felt so bad I didn't do it.

Nov. 18, 1917

On the coast of Ireland

Just have time to write you a few lines... I am sending it by a fellow that is going back to New York and he will mail it there for

me so it will not be censored. We are now in the most dangerous part of the war zone, about 300 miles from London, England... Guess it will be at least 3 weeks before you can hear from me again as I am going to be under quarantine and all my letters will be censored. Don't be surprised if you get funny letters from me hereafter for it is because it is all I can say... I am your devoted husband.

Dec. 23, 1917

In France

... Guess you think you shall never hear from me again but it can not be helped on account of things existing every day... You must not worry about me not writing for I can not tell you why... It is cold over here. We nearly freeze to death at all times... Darling, you must not get the blues for it makes me feel so bad to know you are so blue... My hands are so cold I can't hardly write but I will try... Things look awful gloomy but we'll have to stand it and trust in God to carry me through.

Jan. 6, 1918

In France

... You mustn't worry about me for it doesn't do any good and only makes matters worse. Wish I could tell you a whole lot of things but I can't. If you want to get the best news, write to the New York Herald and subscribe to it... You will know more about what we are doing over here.

Jan. 30, 1918

In France

.... I hope my darling is well and doing fine. I worry about you all the time thinking about your

cont. on page 22

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Make Your Own

Some of the following recipes work just as well as the "store-bought" variety and will save you lots of money:

Nighttime cold remedy

- 1 lemon
- 1/4 c. maple syrup
- 1/4 c. hot water
- 2 tablespoons brandy

Squeeze all the juice from the lemon and stir it into the syrup. Add the hot water and brandy; use entire recipe. Get bundled up in your PJ's, get your heating pad ready, sip your "remedy" while it's still hot, go to sleep for hours at least.

Perfumed Bath Powder

- 2 c. cornstarch
- 1 c. rice flour
- 1 teaspoon orrisroot powder
- Several drops of your favorite perfume or oil

Mix all ingredients and store in a tightly closed tin for a week so that the orrisroot powder will absorb the scent. Use 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract or 2 vanilla beans if you prefer that to the perfume.

Super-Body Hair Treatment

- 2 tablespoons molasses
- 2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin

1 tablespoon Sweetened Condensed milk

1 tablespoon state beer

Combine ingredients in a small bowl. Comb into your hair, cover with a plastic shower cap or wrap plastic wrap around your head, cover with a towel. Leave the treatment on for 30 minutes, rinse in warm water and shampoo.

This is ideal for fragile, damaged hair and will add incredible body and fullness, leaving your hair shiny and soft.

Disinfectant Spray

- 1 c. chlorine bleach
- 8 c. water

Combine the above in a clean quart-size jug, label and cap it tightly, keep away from children.

This mixture is ideal for disinfecting and refreshing garbage cans, diaper pails and for spraying under the sink if that's where you keep your garbage can.

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Cool Treats For Hot Days

Best Cold Stuffed Eggs

6 hard-boiled eggs
 6 strips bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
 1/2 c. mayonnaise
 2 T. spicy mustard
 paprika and garlic powder

Cut the eggs in half and remove yolks to a small bowl. Smash the yolks, add all ingredients except the paprika, mix well. Place a large glob of the mixture in each egg half and sprinkle with spice mix.

Cheesy Caramel Apple Dip

1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia

cream cheese
 1 c. powdered sugar
 1/2 jar caramel sauce
 1/2 c. peanuts
 3-4 Granny Smith apples, sliced thin

Cream together the cream cheese and sugar. Spread on a serving platter, top with the caramel sauce. Sprinkle on the peanuts, serve at room temperature with apple slices.

Corn and Black Bean Salsa

2 cans black beans, drained
 1 bag frozen white corn
 1 red bell pepper, chopped

3 plum tomatoes, chopped
 1 bunch green onions, chopped
 1 T. white vinegar
 1/2 T. cumin
 Chopped fresh cilantro or 1 T. dried
 1 1/2 T. chopped garlic
 3 limes, squeezed

Mix together the night before you serve this with crispy tortilla chips.

Quick Cool Cheese Pie

1 baked pastry shell
 1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese
 1 can Eagle brand Milk
 1/3 c. lemon juice
 1/2 t. vanilla extract

Beat all well, fill pastry shell and top with either cherry, strawberry or blueberry pie filling. Refrigerate.

Refrigerated Mashed Potatoes

9 large potatoes
 1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese
 1 c. sour cream
 1 T. onion salt
 2 t. garlic powder

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1 t. salt
2 T. butter
Black pepper to taste

Grease a casserole dish, cook and mash your potatoes. Add all ingredients except butter. Put in a dish and dot with butter. This keeps in the fridge for 2 weeks. Top with chopped Cheddar cheese and bacon bits.

Savory Grilled Pork

1/4 c. lite soy sauce
1 T. brown sugar
2 t. red food coloring
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 2-lb. pork tenderloin
2 T. dry red wine
1 T. honey
1/2 t. cinnamon
1 green onion, chopped

Place the pork in a large bowl that can be covered. Combine all remaining ingredients, cover and let stand at room temperature for 2 hours, or can be refrigerated overnight. Grill the pork on your gas or charcoal grill, basting with the sauce.

Anne Kurtzahn's Poppy Seed Chicken

2 lb. chicken breasts
8 oz. sour cream
1 10-oz. cream of chicken soup

Stew chicken, when cool, debone and place in a flat casserole dish. Mix the chicken soup and sour cream together, pour this over the chicken.

1 1/2 c. Ritz Crackers, ground into crumbs,
1 T. poppy seeds,
1/2 c. melted butter.
Mix all ingredients and sprinkle over the top of the chicken and soup mix. Bake at 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Italian Cheese Cake

1 butter cake mix
1 1/4 sticks butter
1 beaten egg

Mix these and press into a 9x13 inch baking dish. Spread the following over the cake mix: 1 large can crushed pineapple, drained, 1 c. shredded coconut, 1 c. chopped pecans.

Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Blend the following and spread over top:

1 box powdered sugar
1 beaten egg
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese

Baked Bean Sandwich

1 c. baked beans
1/4 c. chopped walnuts
1/4 c. chopped celery

2 T. minced onion
1/4 t. salt
1 T. chopped pickle
2 T. ketchup

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Take some whole wheat bread, butter it good and spread the bean mixture over the bread. Makes about 1 1/2 cups of bean spread. Delicious!

*Tell me what you eat, and
I will tell you what you
are.*

--Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

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Absurd News

William Gaswell, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire constructed a home from 2,138 champagne bottles.

D. W. Grigsby, an Iowa dairyman, has trained his two cats to sleep on the backs of cows on cold winter nights.

Ezra Wilson, a silversmith from Indiana, is still operating an automobile he built in 1910. Wilson is unmarried, and has never allowed a woman to ride in his auto.

Eleven years ago, the mother of Vivian Daly of Chicago lost a diamond out of her engagement ring. Recently Vivian complained of a severe earache and upon looking, a local doctor found the \$500 stone imbedded in her right ear.

H. R. Amling, general manager of a wholesale florist concern in San Francisco, has installed an electric toy train on a 130 foot track to carry messages, orders and invoices between his departments.

Frank Vanderbilt, a Michigan hotel owner, so admired the beer drinking ability of his pet bear that upon her death he erected a monument to her memory, depicting her in her characteristic drinking pose.

Harry Kleine, a Kentucky confectioner, has built a "tree of a thousand wishes" out of 1,000 wishbones he saved from wild and tame fowl on which his family has dined for the past 35 years.

The four sons of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders of Oklahoma are named Okla, Homa, Terri and Tory.

Mrs. Brooks of Phoenix, Arizona has trained her Boston terrier, Toodles, to gather the eggs each morning from the hen houses.

Mrs. Selma Hughes, from Aragon, Georgia, built a six-room house single-handedly in only 8 months. A widow with 2 young daughters, she rose at 4:30 a.m., cooked breakfast for her father and brothers, then worked on her house until 2:00 p.m., when she reported to a nearby mill to work until 10:00 p.m.

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For years Thomas McCarrier daily tossed his loose change into the hollow trunk of an apple tree. A recent storm blew down the tree and opened his savings. It contained enough coins to fill a large nail keg.

Melvin J. Dunn, of Troy, Vermont, pays taxes on his 15 acre farm in two countries, two towns, a state, a province and a county. The farm is two-thirds in Canada and one-third in the U.S.

If you eat and drink to excess in this hot weather, your brains will lie in your belly (1807 almanac).

A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better.

Some Advice To The Ladies

from an 1890 newspaper

Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand, ladies, pass through the ordeal of eating soft-boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the tablecloth, the napkin and his shirt unspotted, take him.

Try him next with a spare-



rib. If he accomplishes this feat without taking out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bone onto your lap, name the wedding day at once. He will do well for you to tie to.

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

*With pearls of wisdom
contributed by the Liar's Table*



Brenda Turner, daughter of **Dr. Jack Turner**, came by recently to see me. She's looking good, doing well and living in Santa Clara, California.

A big hello to **Mrs. Apple Baun** of Pits Grove, N.J., who receives *Old Huntsville* each month in the mail. She was visiting her family here recently and made a special effort to come by and eat with me.

Coffee Pourer of the Month Award goes to **Ken Arnold** of City Council fame. Get used to it Ken. If you're going to be in politics... you gotta pour the coffee!

Good Luck to Jan, our own local astronaut who will be going up in space August 7. Jan's parents are my good friends **Bryce** and **Dolly**

Davis who have been eating with me for years.

The **Golden K Kiwanis** have been passing out checks lately to many of Huntsville's charities. Some of the recipients were Boy Scout troops, Hands On Science Museum at Calhoun College, Childrens Hospitals and scholarships.

Get well to my special friend **Trey**, who had his tonsils out this month. Trey is the son of **Lloyd** and **Marci Tomlinson**, owners of the OutBack restaurant.

A Special Southern Hospitality Welcome to all the folks from St. Louis. I got the chance to meet a few of them when they stopped by for some biscuits and gravy. They are going to make good neighbors!

Sheriff Joe Whisante works hard at politics, but we got a big laugh when he tried to tell some folks what all he has done since being elected. Problem is they couldn't vote for him... they were from out of state. But they liked him anyway.

Hot Gossip Flash... Rumor has it that folks are getting excited about **Sandra Rhodes** running in the next city council election against **Mark Hall**. This lady is going to a candidate to watch. Everyone give her a call!

Inside rumors tell us that **Bill Gates**, of Microsoft fame, is taking a personal interest in the Madison County Library system. Look real soon for this to become one of the most computerized libraries in the nation!

Rosco and **Jane Roberts** were seen rubbing elbows with Huntsville's notables at the opening of the new Bailey Cove Library. They are both long time and valued supporters of our libraries.

Welcome back to **Susan Morris**. She just returned from an Alaskan cruise which she worked mighty hard for.

HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

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She said it was beautiful and she had a great time.

Our sympathy to **Barbara Jeffcoat** and her sisters for the loss of their very special grandmother, **Mrs. Barton**.

Jim Kirkland's looking awfully debonair these days since he threw away his glasses and had **Dr. Thorstead** perform the R K surgery. Watch out Susan, I noticed some young ladies giving him the eye the other day!

Hats off to our **Mayor Lorretta Spencer** and the city for the wonderful party given in honor of all those generals who met here in Huntsville. There was so much brass at the V.B.C., that one person thought it had turned into a hardware store!

Congratulations to **Joe Reid** who won the country ham breakfast last month for

identifying the *Photo of the Month*.

We were all saddened to learn that **Ron Saunders**, city school superintendent, will be leaving our city.

Dr. Saunders, we'll all miss you and thanks for the great job you have done.

To all of you who have been asking about **Nell Vizzini**, I talked to her last week and she loves New Mexico, her home now. She's doing great and says "Hi" to all of her friends here.

Rumors are flying all over about **Don Siegleman** and **Dwaine Freeman** and what they are going to do in politics. Come on Don, tell us what's going on!

Twickenham Church of Christ is really growing these days. They recently opened a

new wing with eleven rooms on two floors. Also a whole new building has been opened up for Twickenham's Mercy Ministry to distribute food, clothing and counseling for the needy.

Rumor has it that merchants in Decatur are starting a new advertising campaign built around "**We have no parking meters!**" One business is actually going to offer a discount to anyone who brings in a Huntsville parking ticket!

Ron Eyestone is having a hard time getting used to being retired. "Hard to decide what not to do next," he says!

That's all for now, but remember I love y'all!

Aunt Eunice

Photo of The Month

The first person to identify the girl in the picture below wins a breakfast at Eunice's Country Kitchen. So stop by and tell Aunt Eunice who you think it is!

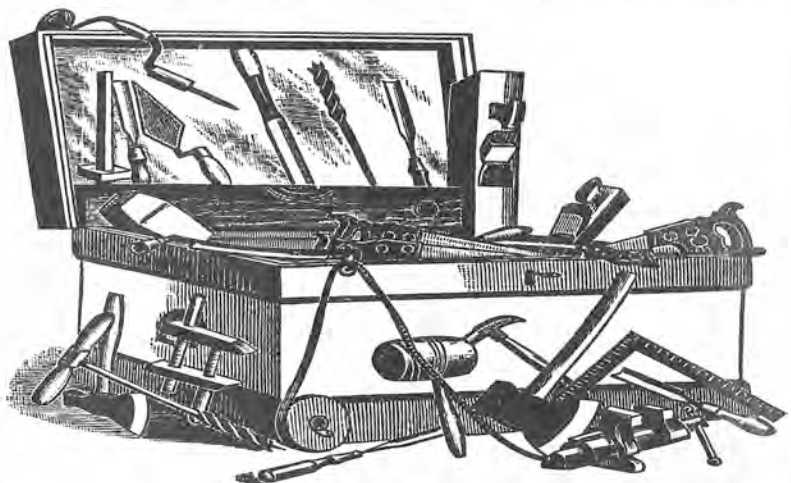
Hint: Huntsville personality.



Last month's picture was **Loretta Spencer** and her brother **John Purdy**.

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Letters

cont. from page 14

condition and how everything is going to turn out and if I shall ever be back to see you again.

... Wish I could explain conditions here. You would be surprised; but I am getting along right well except for worrying about you.

I hope God will bring me back safely to you, my darling and that the time comes when we shall be a father and mother and that I receive a telegram to that effect.

March, 11, 1918

In France

... I have been up all night and I am awfully sleepy at present and a little nervous... I guess when you receive this letter we will be a father and mother... I only hope that I may come back to you safe and sound.

June 8, 1918

In France

Just have time to drop you a

few lines before having to "fall in." I would give anything to be with you today. ... Conditions are very good over here at present. It looks as though we are going to whip the Germans very soon. They are not making much progress with their drive.

... I guess you are receiving your allotment by now, for I have done everything in my power to get matters straightened out. As for myself, I haven't received a cent of pay since last January. It doesn't make any difference to me as there isn't anything over here to spend the money on.

June 12, 1918

In France

.... I am going to have one big night if I ever get back alive. We must have a family reunion; don't you think that would be fine? ... I don't think it will be long before the Allies will win. Everything is in our favor over here... Was James Hutchins ever drafted? I guess there isn't many boys left now... Well, there is going to be a talk made in the morning so I guess I must close for now.

June 19, 1918

Verdun, France

... I haven't had a chance to do anything since I arrived here. We are going out on the target range tomorrow for rifle practice and it will last for four days. When that is over I will try to get a furlough and come home. I am nearly crazy to see you... I think about you almost every minute since I last saw you... Darling we may get paid off tomorrow and if we do I will hold some (money) for a day or two until I see if I get my furlough... I will write you again tomorrow so will close hoping to be with you soon.

Your Husband,

James

James Lane never received his furlough. Shortly after completing target practice his company was rushed to the front in an attempt to stop a German advance.

The next word his wife received was a telegram from the U.S. Government stating that James Lane had been killed in action.



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Hug drops from warm showers*

*Each hazy summer evening
When workers are leaving*

*Horses are clopping
Everyone's talking
Carriages are stopping
For those walking*

*I sat there for sixty years
Seen many smiles and tears
Even heard echoes of laughter
From those I came after*

*If I die and leave this place
Don't cry and wet your face*

*The choir will sing
They'll pay my bill
I'll always see Big Spring
From my grave on Maple Hill*

Weldon Brown, Arab, Alabama



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The Legend Of Lily Flagg



Even though it not as old as some homes still standing in Madison County, the Watkins-Moore home at 1619 Adams Street bids strongly for a unique place among colorful local history, for this was the location of the only reception ever held for a cow.

In the 1850s the home was built by the Watkins family. James L. Watkins passed the land on to his son, Robert H. Watkins. At the time this home was built, Huntsville was renowned for having some of the most beautiful homes throughout the South. This started a building feud in Huntsville, and Watkins was not to be outdone. He was surrounded by stately dwellings, and wanted his home to outshine them all.

The building of the home began. Craftsmen were called in from other states to create plaster of Paris molding. All the woodwork inside the dwelling was made of walnut, frescoing was put together painstakingly in sections. Slaves were put to work making hand pressed brick for its walls. Two stairways led to the second floor of the home, with a third going directly to a tower on the roof which consisted of two floors.

There was no other structure like the tower anywhere near Huntsville. Those who trav-

eled the world spoke of a similar one in Paris. On clear days, one could see as far as the Tennessee River from the lookout in the tower.

Robert Watkins built this magnificent home as a gift to his beloved bride Margaret Carter. She didn't live long in the home, however. Soon after the home was completed, the Civil War began and the men went away to war. Margaret had just given birth to their first child when yankee forces reached Huntsville. When the yankees spread their tents all over the yard of the mansion, the alarmed servants ran in to tell the weakened mother the news. She became extremely agitated, and died a few hours after being notified.

When Samuel Moore acquired the home in 1890 he continued to improve the interior of the home. Such rare items as bathtubs, lighting fixtures, and marble mantles from Italy were brought in.

Mr. Moore was quite a colorful character. Even though he was a renowned bachelor and a member of the State Legislature, he loved parties and people. Prominent visitors never missed a tour of his home, and many local celebrities married there, surrounded by flowers and gaiety.

cont. on page 32

American Slogans That Didn't Make It Overseas



As American businesses began expanding into overseas markets many of them discovered their slogans just didn't work with the local languages.

When McDonald's (hamburgers) began opening outlets in France, it translated its "Big Mac" hamburger as "Gros Mec."

In French slang this means "big pimp."

Hunt-Wesson had a similar problem when it introduced its "Big John" line into Canada.

It translated as "Gros Jos," a slang expression for large breasts.

A beer company's slogan, "Turn it Loose," translated into Spanish as, "Our beer causes diarrhea."

The Chevy Nova was not a huge success with Spanish-speaking people. Translated literally, its name means "Star."

When spoken, however, it sounds like "No va," which means, "It doesn't go."

Similar problems were had by the Ford "Fiera," which in Spanish means "ugly old woman."

When Pet Milk was marketed in France, its makers were soon informed that "pet" in French means "to break wind."

"Come Alive," Pepsi's slogan during the 1960s, came out in German as "Arise from the Dead."

In a similar vein, "Coke Adds Life," translated into Chinese became "Coke Brings Your Ancestors Back from the Dead."

In the 1920s, when Coca-Cola was planning its marketing strategy in China, it hoped to use

its corporate name. It discovered that Coca-Cola pronounced phonetically in Chinese means either "Female Horse Stuffed with Wax," or, with a slightly different intonation, "Bite the Wax Tadpole."

Kentucky Fried Chicken's slogan, "It's Finger lickin' Good!", translated to Chinese as "You'll eat your Fingers!"

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

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How to Pull a Tooth

from 1874 newspaper



A peculiar dental operation has just come under our observation. A certain citizen had an upper tooth which was loose and troublesome, so he resolved to extract it by fastening a string to it. But after a trial pull, finding the operation painful, he had not the grit to grin and bear it. He thought if the tooth could be extracted by some sudden movement, the pain would be transient and he hit upon an ingenious plan to jerk it out in a jiffy.

Procuring a heavy flat iron he tied the other end of the cord attached to his tooth, then, shutting both eyes, he let the iron drop, which descended plumb center on his pet corn. After hopping about the room wildly on one foot, groaning in anguish of spirit and reciting choice passages from profane history, he finally calmed down sufficiently to hurl the flat iron over the fence, and swath his sore toe in camphor and cotton.

But he pulled the tooth, and with it a piece of his gum the size of a beefsteak.

Man endures pain as an undeserved punishment; woman accepts it as a natural heritage.



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Markers in Time

by Raneé Pruitt

A longtime Huntsville landmark was the magnificent home of Pennsylvania born Meredith Calhoun and his wife, Mary Smith Calhoun of South Carolina. The three-story brick mansion once stood on the corner of Eustis and Green, diagonally opposite the Church of the Nativity. It was built in the 1830s by Judge William Smith, a former U. S. Senator of South Carolina, and is said to have cost the unbelievable sum of \$75,000 to build.

When Meredith Calhoun married Smith's granddaughter, he moved to Huntsville from Philadelphia and the property passed to him. The lot surrounding the house then consisted of the entire block, all fenced in and beautifully landscaped with trees, flowers, and gardens. Sculptures brought from Calhoun's trips to Europe decorated the home, while paintings by noted 17th and 18th century artists enhanced the beauty of the walls. Elegant is the only word to describe the Calhoun house, which once played host to stately soirees for Huntsville's antebellum elite.

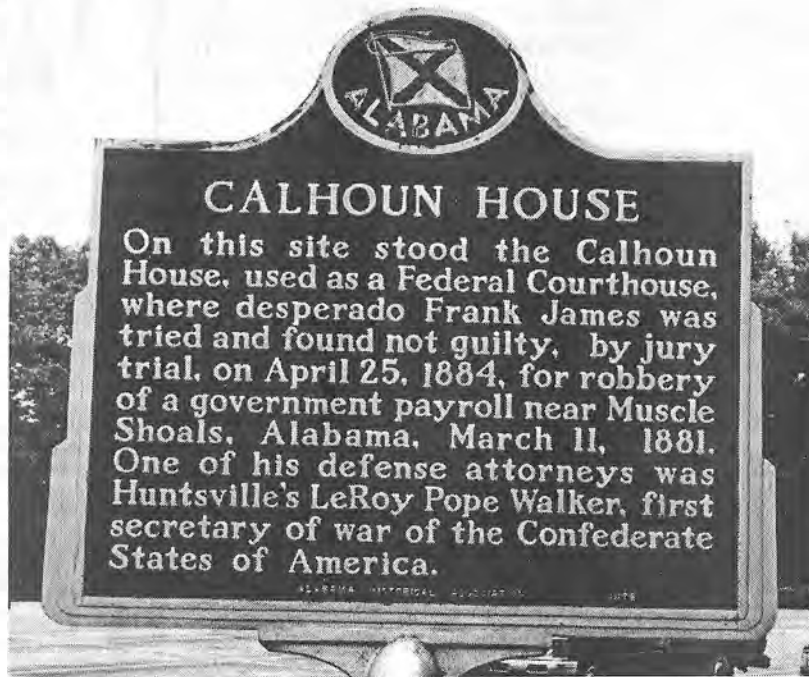
Meredith Calhoun's interests also extended to Louisiana, however, and during the 1850s he spent much of his time in that State. His absence is understandable, since he owned a plantation there valued at over one million dollars. Calhoun also

France for a lengthy holiday. When the war commenced, he managed to return to Huntsville by way of Canada. Calhoun crossed the border at Detroit and travelled south, pretending to be a Frenchman who spoke no English. Thus he was able to pass through the Union lines and return. He left the city when the Union Army threatened to invade, and spent the rest of the war in Europe.

When the Union army captured Huntsville on April 11, 1862, the impressive Calhoun house was certain to attract attention. Gen. Ormsby Mitchel made his home in the McDowell house on Adams Street. But the art treasures of the Calhoun house had not escaped his attention. Mitchel had many of them, plus some of the furniture, moved to decorate his headquarters.

Because of its size, Mitchel also turned the Calhoun house

into a military hospital. When the Union forces withdrew from Huntsville on Aug. 31, 1862, the returning Confederates found the Calhoun house filled with sick and wounded Yankees. The ailing bluecoats were held there until they could be exchanged a few weeks later, the home thus becoming a military prison. Huntsville would change hands several more times during the war, and both sides continued to use the Calhoun house as a hos-



purchased a Louisiana newspaper, which he renamed the *National Democrat*. Calhoun maintained his Huntsville home and spent at least part of each year in our city. But the brutal War Between the States would soon destroy the world as he knew it.

A Douglas Democrat in the 1860 presidential campaign, Meredith Calhoun was opposed to secession from the Union. Perhaps to avoid the coming unpleasantness, he had gone to

pital. By the war's end in 1865, it had been greatly defaced and largely looted.

Meredith Calhoun died not long after the war, and his widow followed him in 1871. Their home was used as headquarters for the occupying Federal troops during Reconstruction, and the Calhoun heirs agreed to sell the house to the U. S. Government. After Reconstruction ended, it became a Federal court house.

The house attracted national attention in 1884, when Missouri outlaw Frank James was tried in it for allegedly robbing a Federal paymaster at Muscle Shoals. Frank's brother, Jesse James, had recently been murdered in a controversial assassination arranged by the Governor of Missouri. Thus there was considerable sympathy in Huntsville for the famous outlaw.

Since the evidence seemed

contradictory, Huntsville's LeRoy Pope Walker was able to win an acquittal for Frank James, making headlines all across the nation. Unfortunately for James, he was immediately rearrested and taken to Missouri for another trial. There he was convicted and sentenced to life in prison.

In 1888 the once lovely mansion became the Huntsville Academy. The halls where formal parties had been held, Civil War soldiers had died, and the gavel had rapped in famous trials, now echoed to the laughter of the young women of prominent North Alabama families. Alas, financial panic in the 1890s would close the school, and the Calhoun house stood empty and forlorn.

Not long before the First World War, the building was razed to the ground. A grocery

store stood on the site for many years, but was torn down in the early 1970s to make way for a parking lot. Only a brief and not very informative historical marker remains to suggest what once happened on this now asphalt covered spot.

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Like much of Huntsville's history, the site of the Calhoun house has now become a parking lot. Below, in a photo taken in the 1890s, is the Calhoun house during its days as the Huntsville Academy, a school for the young ladies of Huntsville.





Tips from Earlene

When baking your favorite multi-grain bread, try adding a couple of tablespoons "Bacos" bacon chips to the mixture - adds crunch and taste.

If you love fresh ground pepper like I do, bring your own grinder when you travel. You can buy the small ones that fit in a purse, and can fill it with the Garlic Pepper that tastes great on most foods.

Refresh your feather pillows by drying them on the "air" cycle for 15 minutes.

Ripen your avocado by placing it in a brown bag or bowl of flour.

Bananas ripen more quickly if you put them in a bowl with a very ripe banana.

When traveling, if the hotel doesn't have a rubber mat to pre-

vent slipping in the tub, just use one of the small towels to step on - could easily prevent an injury from falling in a slick tub.

Pie crusts will not brown properly in a shiny pie pan. Use dull finish metal pan or glass.

When out in the sun, don't go easy on the unblock. Those who use just a small amount rubbed on thinly are not getting the full protection - use it generously and reapply after getting wet.

Use your leftover wine for cooking and marinating.

To get that musty smell out of your closet, fill an old pantyhose with cedar chips and hang on a hanger in the closet.

Weatherproof your wrought iron furniture by the following: Remove any rust with steel wool. Apply a heavy layer of aluminum paint before covering with outdoor paint. When completely dry, add a layer of paste wax.

In your microwave, food will cook better in round dishes.

Egg whites can be frozen for up to a year. 7-8 whites equal one cup.



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Old Huntsville

From The Year 1914

European Nations on Brink of War Austria Threatens Serbia

Skyscrapers Come To Huntsville

Austria-Hungary is eager and ready to invade Serbia and as the sending of his passports to the Serbian minister is a virtual declaration of war, hostilities will begin probably within the next day or two. Serbia had acceded to most of Austria's demands and nothing but an entire surrender on its part could now avert war. While the warlike attitude of Austria-Hungary has been precipitated by the assassination of the Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand, about two weeks ago, by a Serbish student, a Slavic propaganda against Austria has been in progress for some time.

The Serbs are as treacherous as they are proud and until they are defeated by Austria on the battlefield and completely subjugated, the larger nation will never be safe from their plottings. Serbian leaders have long dreamed of a Greater Serbia--a merging of the small Slav states into an empire. The Slavs hate the Teutonic people, and especially has Serbia felt extremely hostile toward Austria-Hungary ever since the latter nation an-

nexed Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Austria is a well governed and fairly prosperous country, while Serbia, like all the Balkan states, is backward, turbulent and ill governed. Civilization might be the gainer, therefore, if Serbia were to become a protectorate of Austria-Hungary.

But the moment Austria starts a war with Serbia, Russia will take up the fight and aid its little Slavic neighbor to the full extent of its military resources. Germany would join Austria. The German people are in a frenzy of war. France and possibly England would be drawn into the conflict and then the bloodiest battles since our civil strife in the 1860s would appall the world. The only certainty is that the United States will mind her own business and stay out of the fracas.

Europe has been long preparing for such a war as this which is threatened, but although it seems inevitable, all peace-loving people will pray that some way out of it will yet be found.

Ground breaking was held today for the Twickenham Hotel, a project expected to cost \$100,000. The hotel is being built on the site of the old market house which was purchased by the city for a reported \$15,000.

With the completion of the six story hotel Huntsville will be able to boast of having the tallest skyscraper in the Tennessee Valley.

Speed Limit Raised!

The Huntsville city officials moved the city into a new era last night when they approved raising the automobile speed limits from 10 miles an hour to 15.

Despite protests from people who claimed the increase will result in mayhem on Huntsville's streets, the measure was approved unanimously.

OLD HUNTSVILLE - YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

Vest Drowned And Breedlove Arrested

Fishing trip across Tennessee River ends tragically - Body has not been found

Vassar Vest, residence 121 Washington Street, Decatur was drowned in the Tennessee River this morning about ten o'clock. At a point several hundred yards below the bridge, a boat occupied by Vest and a young man named Jim Breedlove turned over according to Breedlove's story, throwing the two out.

Breedlove has been arrested and placed in the county jail.

Breedlove, when seen in the county jail this afternoon, told the following story to a reporter: "Vest and I were crossing the river to fish and had reached the other side when the boat turned over, but I do not know what caused it. I grabbed the side and saved myself. I got the boat turned right side up when I had

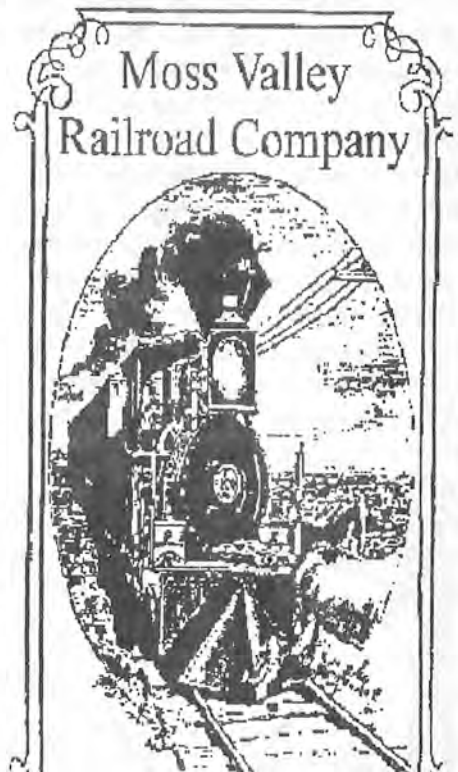
gotten about 50 yards from this side, after having looked for the body of Vest. I came on to land and got the family of Vest and went back across the river. I was sitting on the bank over there when Deputy Sheriff McCulloch arrested me."

Breedlove does not appear to have a criminal face, but there appears to be several details of the drowning which he doesn't seem to be quite familiar with. He stated that he didn't know what caused the boat to turn over, dumping the men in the water, though he said that Vest had been teasing him about not being able to swim and had been rocking the boat in an effort to tease him (Breedlove).

Deer To Go

County official today announced that they would no longer permit deer in the courthouse yard. The announcement was met with hoots of derision by people who have grown attached to the pet deer.

Supporters of the deer have vowed to go to court to prevent the county from removing the animals.



*Huntsville's 'Historic'
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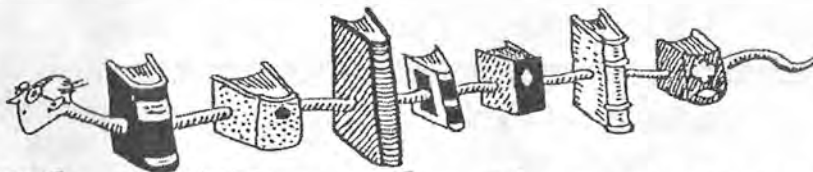
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Lily Flagg
cont. from pg. 23

Samuel Moore not only loved people, he loved his cow Lily Flagg. This was not an ordinary cow, but had just returned from the state fair in Chicago where she had taken top honors as the world's greatest butterfat producer. He was as proud of her as if a daughter had taken top honors in a world beauty contest. So to celebrate her success he decided to honor her with a grand reception.

He spared no expense in the preparations. He had the home painted a bright yellow for the occasion. A fifty foot dancing platform was erected at the back of the mansion and was lit by one of the first electric lighting systems in the Southeast. Lanterns were hung everywhere, flowers were in abundance.

When prominent officials received their invitations, they noticed a picture of a cow on the

front of the greeting. On the evening of the event, guests dressed in formal attire formed a long line that wound its way to the small stable at the rear of the property, where the little Jersey stood almost hidden by roses. She was honored by people from as far away as Washington, D.C.

When the Italian orchestra from Nashville began to play, the dance platform quickly filled up. Special tables were set up all over the property to hold exquisite foods and pastries. Champagne flowed freely and it is said that this was one of the best parties held in the Huntsville area, before or after.

The party lasted until the early morning hours, and older residents said that they would never forget the party for the little cow.

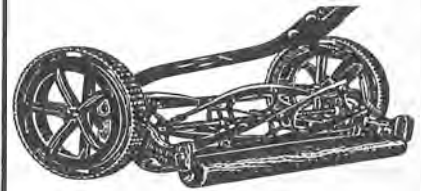


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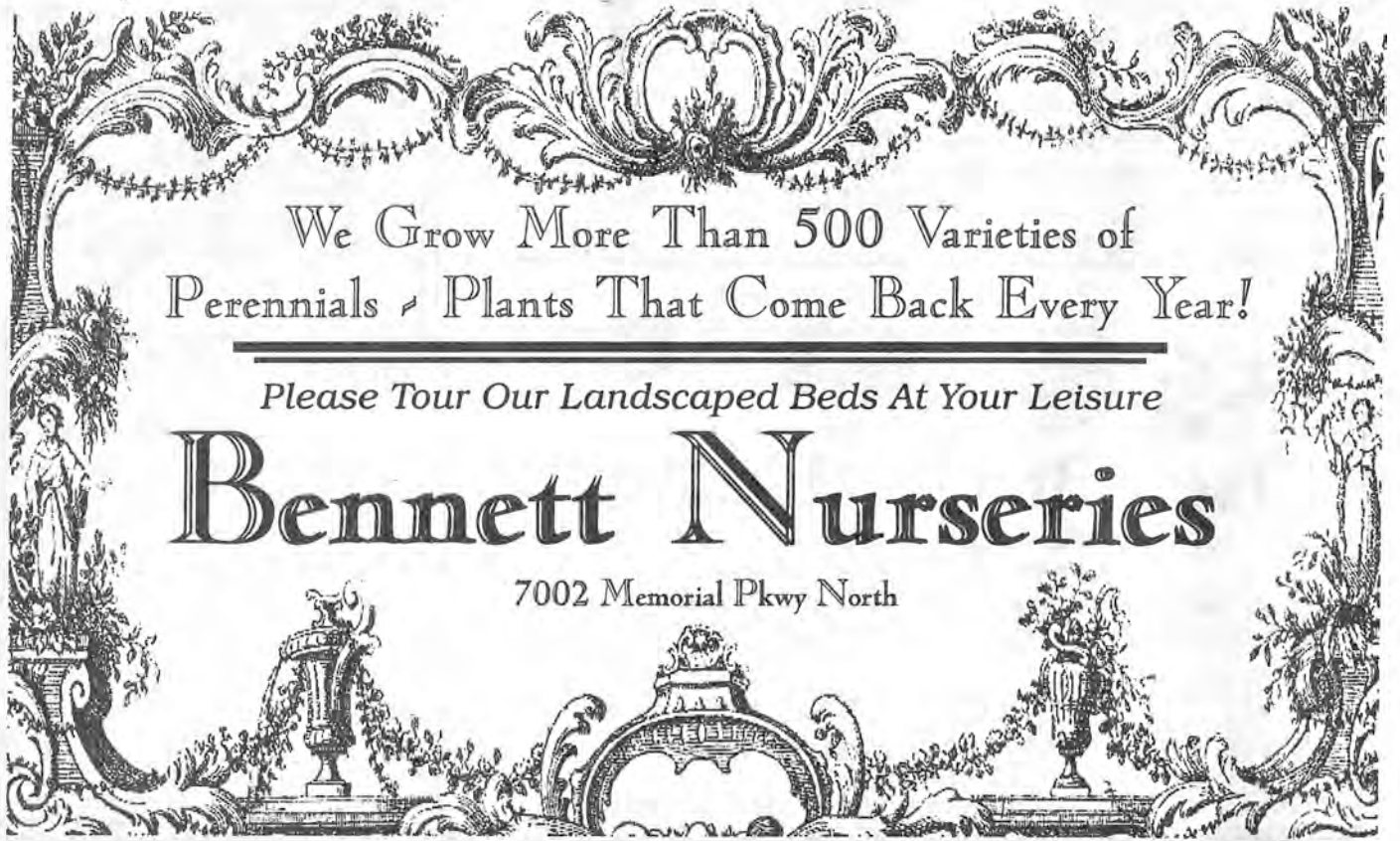
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Alabama Birdman

by Gab Wicks

It all began in a farmer's pasture in Madison County one morning shortly after the turn of the century. W.L. Quick anxiously watched as his teenage son, William, climbed into a bat-shaped monoplane, and made the first airplane flight ever seen. ...

Well, almost.

It was the first flight in Alabama, and possibly the world's first monoplane, but, because of two North Carolina bicycle repairmen, it was beaten by a margin of only a few years.

That is not, however, all of the story. That flight would affect the early history of aviation, and influence the formation of one of the largest aviation companies in the world.

William Lafayette Quick was born near Shiloh, Tennessee in 1859 and later moved his family to a small community outside present day New Market which became known as "Quick's Mill." He set up a grist mill, blacksmith's forge, saw mill, and machine shop in the late 1800s and began to dream of flying.

Quick first began talking of what he called aerial navigation before the turn of the century. Although he had never heard of anyone trying to fly before, he came up with the idea of building a "flying machine."

Quick had no formal education, but he had all the resources he would possibly need. He could build a wooden body in his



saw mill, derive a method of propulsion with his machine shop and make all the necessary rigging and gear in his forge. His primary resource, though, was the models he found in the woods that surrounded his home. Quick's granddaughter, Lorraine Wicks, recalls: "My grandfather would go into the woods back of the Quick home and watch the buzzards sail around and around, dip down and up with ease and never flap their wings." Quick designed his craft after the buzzards, bats, insects, and other flying creatures that surrounded him. He chose his powerplant, cut and laminated the lumber for the frame, took three bicycle tires for landing gear and set about on an eight year design and construction plan, with assembly well underway in 1908.

After assembly, the final step was the selection of a propeller. This consisted of several high speed engine tests to find the right combination. When the choice was made, Quick asked his son William Massey to fly the plane because he was the smallest of the ten children.

The flight lasted for only a few seconds. William achieved an altitude of a few feet, and then ran

out of pasture. He tried to turn the plane, but succeeded in clipping the ground with a wing. The wing was damaged, the propeller broken, and the landing gear torn off, but the plane remained mostly intact. Quick took the plane back to his shop and there it stayed for almost 60 years.

This, however, was just the beginning of the Quick family's career with aviation. In the years to follow, eight of the Quick children became pilots. Some were barn stormers, others were pioneers of the crop dusting industry and others fell victim to the numerous dangers of primitive aviation.

W. L. Quick influenced many friends and relatives to fly, including his brother-in-law, Terah Maroney. Maroney moved west about the time that Will Quick was finishing his monoplane, and enrolled in the flying school of Glenn Curtiss, later founder of the aircraft company that bears his name.

Maroney purchased a flying machine, and became a barn stormer. Later, he became the first man to fly in the state of Montana.

On July 4, 1914, Maroney gave a flying exhibition in Seattle,

cont. on page 42

The Depression Years: 1930 to 1936

From "A Dream Come True"

by James Record

Alabama suffered under the greatest depression ever to strike the nation as 1930 rolled onto the calendar.

Governor Bibb Graves watched as Alabama was rocked to her foundations and left reeling. From 1929 to 1931, sixty-three banks in the state failed.

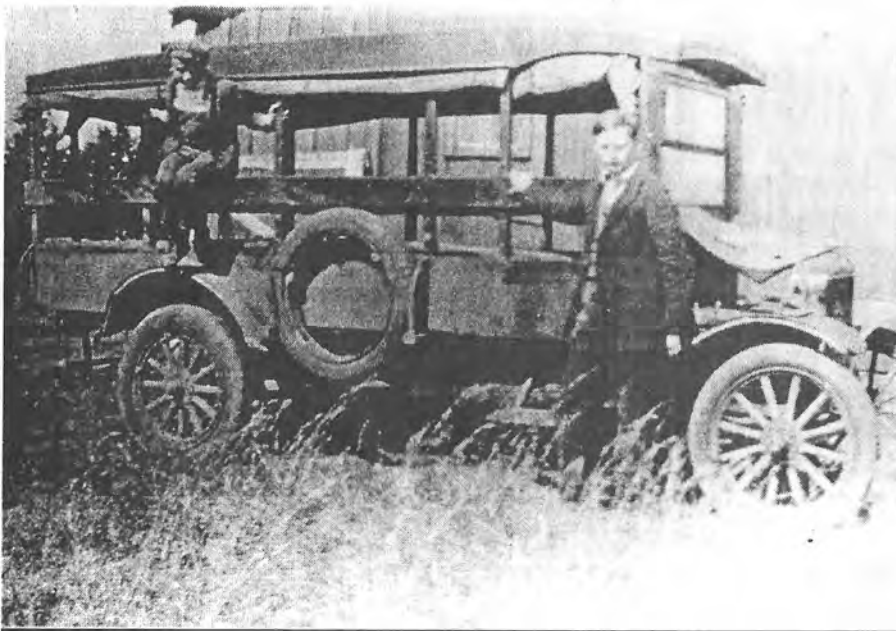
Alabamians struggled against starvation. Although Huntsville had 251 retail stores with 893 employees in 1930, with the stores bringing in annual sales of over \$6 million dollars, the scarce dollars left many hungry, with wages so low.

While much of the state wallowed in panic, the Cochran Coal Mine near New Market began operation in 1930 after 25 years of being shut down and the Huntsville Transfer and Building

Company, installed the town's first redi-mix concrete operation.

Tragedy occurred too, in 1930. H. E. Ross of Ross-Reed Dry Cleaners was brutally murdered, in a yet unsolved crime, by a night prowler in his home. The city became a virtual fortress as a result of emotions brought about by the crime, and mobs threatened action, with the National Guard placed on standby. This year, the Ku Klux Klan was very active in the community. At one time, 500 Klansmen in full regalia drove 150 cars through town to their meeting place at Kildare. On June 22, 1,000 people heard Dr. Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard lecture on White Protestantism. The local Exalted Cyclops of Huntsville Klan 9, urged attendance at the

Although Madison County was suffering from the Depression, school officials still found enough money to purchase modern school buses for its students.



lecture.

Christmas Day, 1930, was not the usual gay time in Huntsville. The Lyric Theatre burned, as well as J. D. Humphrey Store on Washington Street, with all being rebuilt in 1931. This was the third Christmas fire in 20 years. Another fire in August of 1931 saw six stores gutted, including Collins Cafe, Huntsville Bakery, Guarantee and American Shoe Shops, and the Little Gem Cafe, the latter operated by "Uncle" Cabe Fisk, known locally as the "Hamburger" King.

There was a pitiful end for Jim Britt, son of Kinch Britt, a federal spy who had been killed in 1864. Jim, left at the Madison County poorhouse by his distraught mother in 1864, died penniless in 1930 after having stayed at the poorhouse for 66 years.

County school suspended classes in 1930 so students could spend some time picking cotton. At this time 56 per cent of Madison County's population lived on farms. In Huntsville proper, there were 2,589 dwellings.

Street cars were now no more. The Alabama Power Company was given the authority to run buses, following a December 11, 1930 city ordinance granting the privilege. The last street car ran February 23, 1931, and four new red buses took over.

And slapstick fads got minds off the hard times. Charles "Gabby" Street, former Huntsvillian, became Manager of the Saint Louis Cardinals in 1930, but attracted far more attention when he became the first person in history to catch a baseball dropped off the Washington Monument. Huntsville's Jack Giles was involved in other pursuits, however. He was "sitting;"

establishing the U. S. record for tree-sitting, staying up in the limbs for 10 days.

Near Big Spring Branch, West of the Legion Punch Bowl, a \$5,000 baseball park designed to seat 2,500 persons was constructed and named Martin Park. It was the home of the local professional baseball team, part of the Georgia-Alabama league. Ike Dillard was President of the club, which attracted far more attention than the 1930 discovery of the ninth planet, Pluto.

But a dog got nearly as much attention in Huntsville during 1930. A mad dog ran amuck in Bryant Alley, biting 15 persons, all of whom had to take the dreaded Rabies treatment.

Another Madison Countian came in for national attention in 1930. John Fraser, Jr., became President of the American Nurseryman's Association. Another Huntsvillian, Henry B. Chase, had also formerly held the honor.

In county government, the big news was the opening of the new \$85,000 jail, and employment of the first full time County Engineer, A. J. Earl, as well as construction of Central School to serve Ryland and Brownsboro areas.

The year 1931 brought a sensation that would cause almost as much of an uproar as the Depression. Nine Negroes were accused of assaulting two white women, resulting in the world famous "Scottsboro" case.

An entertainment sensation of the year, sponsored by Laughlin-Wood Funeral Home, featured Pascha, billed as the only man to be buried alive. He was buried on the lot where Belk Hudson now stands on Washington Street. The gimmick brought many curious visitors. For the night club set, another entertainment was opened over the Central Cafe and named the Mirror Room, and the song, *Alabama*, by Julia Tutwiler, was officially

adopted as the state song, during 1931.

Indicative of prices locally during 1931, the E. R. Richards Jitney Jungle grocery advertised a quart of milk for 13¢, bacon for 25¢, and a pound of Maxwell House coffee for 33¢. The J. H. Condra barbershop at Lincoln had haircuts for 15¢, shaves for 10¢ and a bath for 5¢.

The A. J. Moore Motor Company listed a two door Pontiac 60 Horsepower Sedan for \$793, with a custom sedan listing for \$903.

About 2,000 persons jammed the courthouse at one meeting to support the Huey Long idea of cotton crop abandonment. In 1932. On August 16, another large Ku Klux Klan march was held through the downtown streets of Huntsville, now by ordinance having parallel parking. Purpose of the marches concerned boxing between races.

Gabby Street brought his

Any airplane landing at the makeshift airport between Bob Wallace and Thornton in the 1930s was sure to draw a lot of attention from curious Huntsvillians.

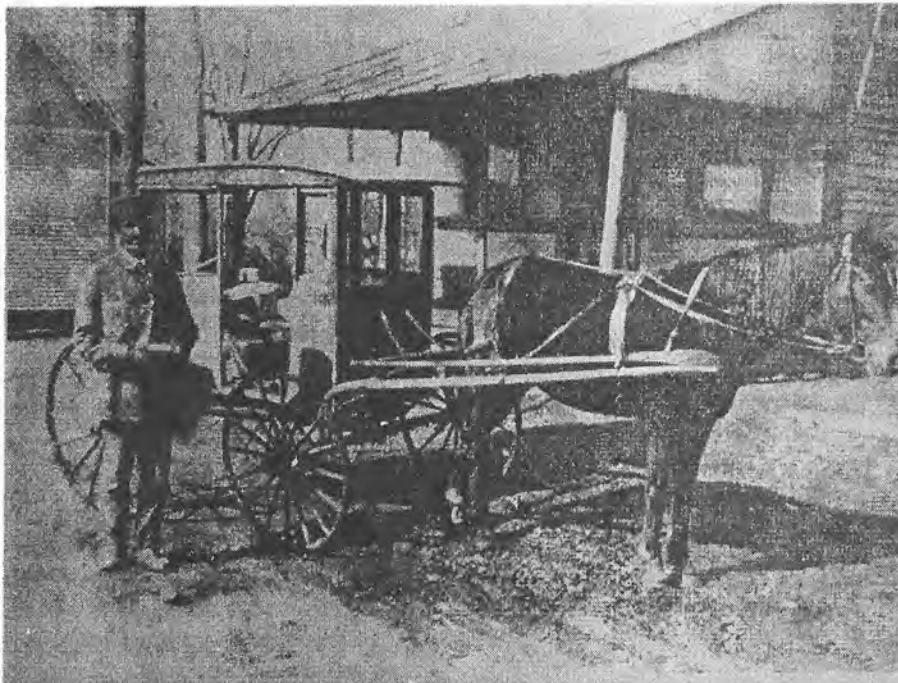


Saint Louis Cardinals to Martin Park to play the locals. It was no contest, even though Street loaned Dizzy Dean to the locals and also put in his substitutes after the third inning. The score ended 14 to 4. Nothing had been seen like it, since 1924, when the Huntsville Times sponsored the Detroit Tigers, accompanied by Ty Cobb, in an exhibition game.

The Tennessee River Bridge at Whitesburg was completed being named after C. C. Clay. Speaking at the March dedication was E. D. Johnston, with Mrs. J. W. Clay and Miss E. Clay in attendance, as well as the Joe Bradley Million Dollar Band led by John Hay.

Another nationwide first was established in Huntsville during December 1931. The Huntsville Daily Register was established by William H. Pierce. It was the only daily paper in the United States to be founded during the Depression. Another record may have been set by the delivery of

C.C. Moore was a postman in Huntsville for 33 years. While the German scientists were developing the moon rocket at Redstone Arsenal, "Uncle Charlie" was still delivering mail in his horse and buggy.



twenty-two sets of twins in Madison County during 1931.

Another red letter day for the community came to pass on June 27, 1931. The city got another feather in its cap. Dreams came true for local aviators, led by Thomas Quick and the Jaycees. They had asked the city to clean off a field on February 26, and following completion of the work, the field was converted into an airport. The August 1931 issue of Southern Aviation carried a lengthy story about Huntsville's new 150 acre airport located west of Alabama Street between Bob Wallace and Thornton. The airport was dedicated with Miss Lorraine Quick, previously selected as Miss Jaycee in a local contest, going up and dropping a bottle of wine on the field. Stunts and races, parachute jumping and cavorting of 15 planes covered what would become known as the Mayfair Aviation Field.

Early in 1932, radio station

WHBS, owned by the Hutchens Company, went on the air as Huntsville's first commercial radio station, although the station would not last very long, even though they had tried since 1930 to get a permit.

Life had to go on despite hard times and Huntsville made the most of it. The American Legion started wrestling matches in the armory on Jefferson Street, and Huntsville and Madison County governing bodies came to the aid of the East Clinton Grammar School in construction of a football field. During the year, too, the caverns under the courthouse were again explored. And the kudzu plant was introduced to Madison County. Another native son became a part of something that would spread all over the South in future years. Gurley's J. Glenn Sherrill became a co-founder of the Krystal Hamburger chain. His father, Sam Sherrill, had pioneered a similar operation in Huntsville, the Nu-Way on the square's north side about 1931. He sold out to Krystal later, in 1947.

The Kildare Hotel opened with Mrs. W. T. Williams as manager, following auctioning of the McCormick estate, with most of the property being bought by George W. Lehman. A second (Whitesburg) Garden Club was organized with 35 charter members, including Mrs. J. D. Thornton, President; Mrs. J. S. McDonnell, Vice-President Mrs. W. F. Hall, Jr., Secretary, and Mrs. Fred Orman, Treasurer.

The first state employment office opened in the Madison County Courthouse in 1933 to aid the hundreds out of work in finding jobs. F. S. Williamson also issued payroll checks to 1,538 emergency relief committee workers in Madison County.

Old-Timers, fourteen to be exact, remembered even tougher times. Still surviving Confederate Veterans in Madison were William C. Bragg, W. H. Beason, W. T. Bennett, I. D. W. Cobb, William C. Canterbury, A. S. Doak, James J. Fears, F. T. Given, T. E. Hereford, A. J. Ikard, Seaborn Keel, W. C. Myrick, J. P. Payne and J. A. Stegar.

In Madison County, various public meetings endorsed a City Park and Pool, as well as a needed new airport. Citizens were against some of the old too, as they asked the city to remove the Abattoir, as well as the Sanitary Wagon operation on Monroe Street. The Vienna precinct, finally in 1933, became New Hope precinct, and Madison County people got to see their first four ring circus when the Seale Sterling Circus came to town.

Mrs. Addie M. Russell of Walker Street became the first recipient of a Home Owners Loan Corporation loan in Madison County. Madison County's

Company picnics for the cotton mill employees were popular events among the residents of the mill villages.



The Alabama Harmony Boys were a featured attraction at many events in Huntsville. They advertised themselves as "Perfection in Dixie Music."

work force showed a steady increase, even for those who had been unable to find work only a few months earlier. More than 1,700 local able-bodied men were employed on public works projects, paid for by the federal government.

In 1934, Madison Countians

were able to collect their first old-age pensions. Pensions, of course, were far less than today. Gasoline for cars, the same year was 8 1/2 cents per gallon.

About this time 814 men were also working on Works Progress rolls in Madison County, including building a gym and auditorium at Riverton and at New Market, along with the stone wall around Goldsmith-Schiffman football field. And the great drought hit the Great Plains.

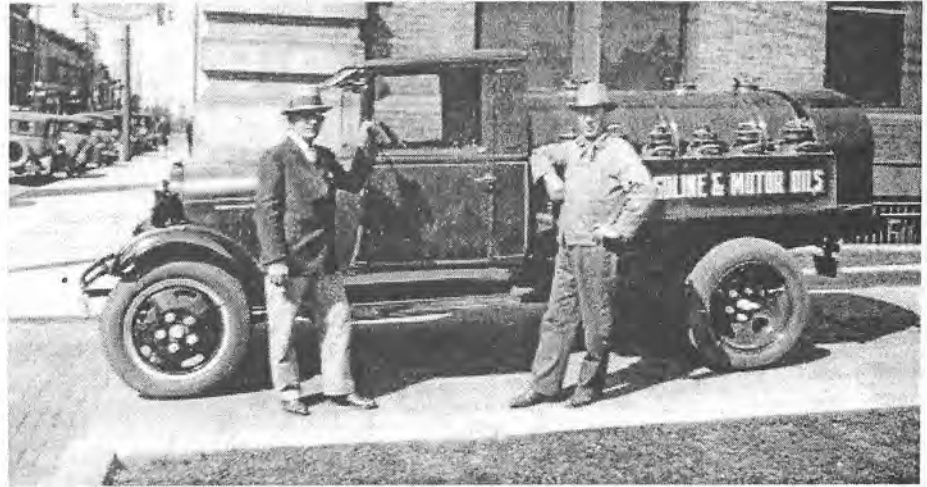
The county grand jury was on a witch hunt the same year of 1936, recommending impeachment of Probate Judge W. E. Butler in connection with alleged voting irregularities. The panel also sought to have the medical licenses of Dr. T. L. Mastin and Dr. C. H. Russell revoked for alleged illegal placement of names of qualified voters on the voting list, with physical disabilities. And, adding insult to injury, the jury recommended impeachment of Sheriff F. G. Hereford on the grounds his health was not good enough to perform his job. The jury charges all came to nil.

There was much talk, however, among the populace about gamblers, street walkers, and bootleggers, and apparently Huntsville's 14 policemen were kept busy. An electrocution gained much attention, too. Walter Mill paid with his life for the murder of Vivian Woodward in Huntsville.

Huntsville folk, too, talked of the twelve year sentence handed out to ex-newspaper editor J. E. Pierce, in connection with fraudulent stock sales concerning T.V.A. Pierce had gained a reputation of boosting Huntsville as no other. The U. S. Supreme Court later reversed his conviction.

Another new profession for women was obvious in 1936. Miss Charlotte Johnston became the first Huntsville girl to become a stewardess, beginning work with American Air Lines.

Unbelievable to most today, the Mayor and City Council of Huntsville were all reelected in



Unidentified men showing off a new delivery truck in front of Boswell White Insurance at 206 Eustis Street.

1936, and without opposition. The W.P.A., also hiring able-bodied men, began work on the Bankhead Parkway, a new road going to the top of Monte Sano Mountain from Pratt Avenue in 1936.

Hard times caught up with another well known industry in 1936. The Huntsville Lowe (Poore) mill went bankrupt, with its houses, mill buildings and other assets being auctioned.

The stated reason was that ladies fashions had changed to Calico. Actually the mill, in 1932, had added 400 new looms, but apparently the die was cast.

The county school system was having it hard, too. In fact, eight county schools would have closed, had it not been for the County Commissioners pledging \$500 cash to each.

If you wanted a new suit in 1936, you could go to Arnold Clothing, North Side Square, and buy it for \$9.95. A new Dodge would have cost you \$640.

A new grandstand at Goldsmith-Schiffman field became a reality in 1936 compliments of the influence of the Acme Club. It may have been the same location where Tom Mix appeared during 1936 in Huntsville with his circus.

And, also in 1936, Huntsville's Western Union went to their first 24 hour operation.

Not everyone in Huntsville was affected by the Depression. Said one resident of Brandontown, a black neighborhood, "We were so poor we didn't even know there was a Depression!"

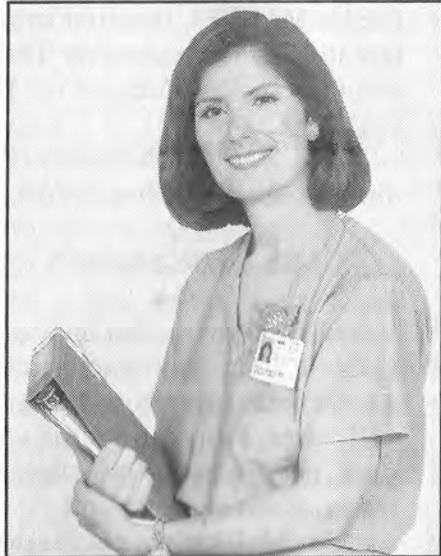


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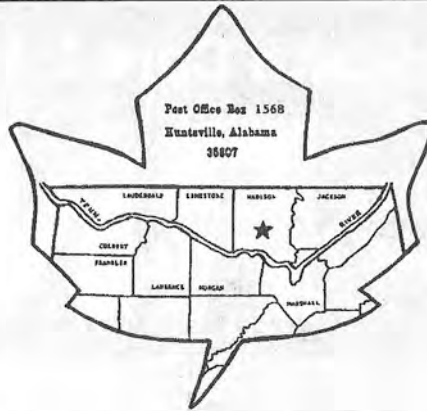
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Searching For Our Ancestors



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

**LIGHT * WILLIAMS
EDWARDS * HAMILTON
WARD * ODEN * MANSEL***

Need proof of parentage of Daniel LIGHT, b. c1880/10. He married Margaret WILLIAMS c1829, pro. Montgomery Co. NC. Family came to Marshall Co. AL. It is thought Daniel's father may have been Christopher LIGHT, b. c1760/70. In 1820 census of Cabbarus Co. NC; 1830 census of Montgomery Co. NC. Any help

appreciated.

Need parents of Ganer J. EDWARDS, b. c1818 Madison Co. AL, he married 1841 Mary THOMPSON in Morgan Co. AL. Their ch: Sarah b. c1845 m. Isaac W. HAMILTON; Elizabeth F., b. c1847 m. J. W. HAMILTON; Elmira (Emily) b. c1848 m. James H. WARD; Almita J., b. c1850, m. Vinson M. ODEN; Lumsford B., b. 26 Jul 1853, m. Matilda J. LIGHT; and Mary M. (Mollie), b. c1857 m. Vincent M. HAMILTON. Was Garner Edward's the son of Jesse

Edwards, who was in Morgan county in 1830-1840? Any help appreciated.


Want ancestors of Daniel M. MANSEVLL, b. 1833 AL or NC. He died in Lauderdale Co., AL in 1878. He married 1854 Margaret A. M. Brooks in Montgomery Co., AL. It is thought Daniel's father may have been John MANSEL b. c1800/10, who was on 1840 census in Pike Co. AL. Need proof Is John the son of Elisha MANSEL (Baptist minister) in Pike Co., AL early 1830s came from Columbus Co., NC. Can anyone help?

Mrs. J. D. Richardson, 809 Juliet Ave., Memphis, TN 38127

CASEY * TENNISON

Seek information on Martin L. CASEY. On 1920 Jackson Co., AL Census, Section Precinct, with wife Anna and nine children. occupation: Physician, Any information appreciated.

Would like to correspond with descendants of John L. TENNISON, b. 29 Jun 1836 TN or MS, d. 29 Mar 1916 Lime-



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stone Co., AL. Buried Legg Cemetery. My grandfather Thomas Franklin CASEY was his half-brother. Any help appreciated.

Joe M. Casey, P. O. Box 511, Tullahoma, TN

CARY * THOMPSON

Need information on the following: Ann Eliza CARY, b. 1812, grad. of LaGrange College 1831, m. 9 Apr 1835 Joseph T. THOMPSON Livingston, AL. They moved to Shelbyville, Bedford Co., TN where she died. Lavinia M. CARY, b. 1816, b. Newcomb THOMPSON II, lived in Shelbyville, Bedford Co., TN. Professor James L. CARY, b. c1820, m. Amanda. He established several schools and taught in Williamson, Marshall and Bedford Co's, TN.

Francis M. CARY, b. 1814 Madison Co., AL, described in Methodist Church records as one of the leading and active men in the Talladega Circuit 1833-1842, may be the brother of those listed above. Rev. J. W. CARY, b. 1861 entered Methodist ministry in 1889, served in Decatur, AL until his death in 1931, was he the son of Prof. James CARY?

Would like to have parents, siblings, etc. for the 5 CARY'S listed.

Elizabeth Thompson Schack, 49 East 73 Street, 10-C, New York, NY 10021

KING * ALLEN * MILLER WILLIAMS

Seeking info on George Washington KING, b. 25 Jun 1844 VA, bur. Wayland Cemetery, St Joseph, TN, m. c1866 Mary Margaret Allen

Would also like info on John Pinkleton MILLER, b. 18 Mar

1878, m. 1900 Callie Dona Williams. Will pay postage.

Barbara J. Thompson, Rt 1, Box 372AA, Tuscumbia, AL 35674

SLOAN * CAPPIO

Researching SLOAN families of Lauderdale County, AL. Looking for parents, brothers, and sisters of Martha Ruth SLOAN, b. 7 Aug 1927, Florence, AL, married CAPPIO, ca. 1943 and moved to Olympia, WA, in 1946.

Jean L. Cappio Rice, 18780 Central Pt., RD #9, Oregon City, Oregon 97045.

CHAPMAN * SUTTON . MOORE

Need birthplace, marriage record, wife's maiden name, and parents of the following: John CHAPMAN (b. 1787 in VA) m. Mariah SUTTON in Culpeper,

VA, in 1814. Was this a second marriage for John? Benjamin CHAPMAN (b.1795 in VA) m. Frances

(b. 1795 in NC) ca. 1818. William CHAPMAN (b. ca 1788 in VA) m. Dolly MOORE (b. VA) ca. 1803. These brothers were in Giles Co., TN. William came in 1813; John was there in 1815. All moved to Limestone Co., AL early 1850's.

Bettye Harrison, 1219 W. Market St., Athens, AL 35611.

DUSKINS * WEBSTER REED

Need info on Dave DUSKINS, lived in the Killingsworth Cove and Sharpes Cove areas of Madison Co., AL, during the 1880's to 1920's. Robert M. Wooldridge IV, Barkley Shores, #8 Barkley Circle, Cadiz, KY 42211.

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Birdman

cont. from page 33

Washington. Many of his audience were impressed enough to ask for a ride - including a certain lumber company owner named Bill Boeing. When Boeing stepped from the plane he vowed to spend the rest of his life as an aviator. The rest is history.

Meanwhile, Will Quick, innovator that he was, modified his original monoplane design, and patented an "improved flying machine" in 1913 that had such modern features as folding wings, retractable landing gear and a three-prop propulsion system. However, it never left his blueprints; he died in 1927, leaving his historical flight simply a local legend.



Will Quick now has a plaque in the Aviation Hall of Fame honoring the flight of his monoplane.

However, in 1970, the Experimental Aircraft Club discovered the old monoplane as it hung in the rafters of Will Quick's old shop. After obtaining the consent of the family, the plane was restored to its original condition using almost all original parts.

It is now on public display at the Huntsville Space and Rocket Center.

Will Quick has received some recognition for the history he created. The Smithsonian has his original model and patent, and the Alabama Aviation Hall of Fame in Birmingham has a plaque commemorating his induction - right beneath the Wright Brothers'.

Even with this notoriety, the

Will Quick story remains one of the most impressive and well-kept secrets of Huntsville's colorful past.

It is only too easy to make suggestions and later try to escape the consequences of what we say.

FORGOTTEN CONFEDERATES

AN ANTHOLOGY ABOUT BLACK SOUTHERNERS



COMPILED & EDITED
BY
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Dear Editor,



Dear Editor,

I enjoyed reading your story "Demons from the Mountain." It brought back many memories of my father (Macon Weaver). He would tell the story all through his life. He was a dedicated lawyer, U.S. District attorney, U.S. Magistrate and Madison County Solicitor. Above all he loved Huntsville because he was a native here. His involvement was intense in the case of Isham Hobbs. So much so that he saved everything pertaining to the case hoping to write a book. He did write a book but it never was published. He wrote a poem that was copywritten and printed in a poetry book. It would have added to your story if you had the pictures of my father and James Baker standing at the cave where Isham once lived and others that were printed in a detective book at the time.

In memory of my father I wish that you would print his poem, "Lament of Isham Hobbs."

Lennie (Weaver) Hopkins, Hazel Green

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Lament of Isham Hobbs

by Macon Weaver

*He didn't have to say a
word, So the D.A. said, But he
had to get it off his chest,
Before he went to bed.*

*For 18 years his past lay,
Buried deep within his brain,
His tortured mind could not
remember, The woman he had
slain.*

*The pills had worked a
miracle, His secret now lay
bare, His attempt to steal a
shotgun, Ended up as a wild
nightmare.*

*He didn't like the army, Or
believe in Heaven or hell. From
Greenwood Field, Mississippi,
He decided to go AWOL.*

*To a cave on Green Moun-
tain, with his rifle and his knife,
with money enough to eat on,
He would enjoy a hermit's life.*

*On that early morning in
May, in Nineteen forty-four, He
walked upon to the rock house
porch, and found an open door.*

*"I don't know what pos-
sessed me," Isham went on to
say, In telling of the things he
did, on that day in May.*

*The blow he struck was
fatal. He dropped the knife and
fled, Back to his cave in the
mountain, with the damp earth
for his bed.*

*The manhunt was on in
earnest, as thousands roamed
the hills, to corner and catch
ole' Isham, would give to each
a thrill.*

The Early Days

The excerpts below are taken from a sketch of boyhood memories written by Mai Taylor, the father of Judge Thomas Taylor, and the author of "The History of Madison County."

So in the year 1806, (My father) with his wife and his nine children, and about a dozen Negroes, loaded up his wagons and pack horses and set his face westward. My father and his two eldest sons rode in front, followed by our wagons with their Negro drivers, then came my mother and the two youngest children on pack horses, followed by Negro women and children on foot and some horseback. Two of my brothers, sixteen and eighteen years of age, with a trusty Negro servant brought up the rear.

It seemed to me that we were traveling for at least a month, maybe two. We traveled about fifteen miles per day over roads not well opened and frequently we had to cut timber out of the road, fill up excavations, and camped by the side of swollen streams to wait patiently for them subside.

We occasionally passed by Indian villages, and, father being well up in the Cherokee tongue was hospitably welcomed and entertained. After we got out of Oglethorpe County we saw no



more white people until we came to what is now Murfreesboro on Duck River, where we found a few white settlers and a grist mill in the course of erection. We had left Georgia, about the first of march, and it was now near the first of April. My father had for many years desired to go to the great bend of the Tennessee, so tarrying on Duck River just long enough to lay in a month's supply of bread and salt, he turned southward and traveled steadily for about a week and one fine spring evening we came to the Elk River.

Here we rested for the night. Our tents were erected near the spring and when I arose the next morning a little rafter sunrise, the Negroes were dressing a fine venison my father had shot and a large rattlesnake was suspended from the limb of a spreading beach tree near the camp. The day was devoted to an exploration of the country and everyone pronounced it a goodly land. On the third morning the sound of maul and ax and the crash of falling timber awoke the echoes.

Soon the walls of a log cabin



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began to arise; the ridge pole and pieces were put on board riven from the heart of white oak. Puncteons hewn out from small logs split in the middle floored it. A chimney was built of split sticks. The family moved in.

At first the Negroes slept under the trees as the weather was warm and pleasant. Night was hideous with the wail of whip-poorwill, hooting of owls and screaming of wild cats and the howling of wolves. In the morning, day was heralded by the song of the mocking bird and thrush, the cawing of crows and the gobble of wild turkey, in the tall tree tops. Our family was alone and for months we had no visitors. This region did not appear to have been intruded on even by the savage. The Indians had no traces of settlement in the neighborhood.

We had dropped into the midst of an immense hunting ground with no one to molest or make us afraid. We lived from the forest and with an occasional pilgrimage to Murfreesboro, the year was passed by our family in a state of complete isolation from the world.

They reported this country to be of unexampled fertility, well watered by man streams flowing south, clear and sparkling as the Elk itself. And one or two adventurous hunters reported that they followed these streams

southward until they had all merged into one strong, clear and rapid little river that they called Flint, and when they came to the junction of the two larger streams, they found a well-defined path leading from it through thickets and canebrakes, toward the mountain that could be seen in the distance. As night approached they had reached the foot of the mountain and encamped near a spring.

Next morning they ascended the mountain which was covered with heavy timber and from a cliff looked down on a vast swampy region with water gleaming in the distance. They tread southward, ascending as they went until just before reaching the mountain summit they came to a spring in a dark mountain gorge with waters of icy coldness. Skirting the mountain top, they followed a sinuous mountain ridge covered with heavy growth of cedar that shut from their view the surrounding country.

As they descended, they found traces of a beaten path that grew plainer as they walked. Presently the cedar gave way to a magnificent oak and poplar growth and they knew that they were at the mountain base yet they found swamps and marshes on either side. On the north side was a long, dark ravine at the

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If a parent violates an existing child support order, you can ask DHR to enforce it or you can usually go directly to the Clerk of Court without an attorney to garnish wages or have the Sheriff seize property.

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foot of an almost perpendicular cliff. Rising some thirty or forty feet above the general level and skirting around to its western side they stood on a perpendicular cliff of limestone from the foot of which issued a large stream of water that spread over the swampy country below.

Soon there was considerable inquiry concerning the new and wonderful region to which our winters half penetrated, and my father began to talk of moving further south. Occasionally were seen the pack horses of settlers near the line of the Mississippi Territory. They attracted as much attention from our little community as a traveler from the Antipodes would now command.

At that time a considerable little village was forming at Hunt's Big Spring known as the town of Twickenham. My father settled on a high hill north of Brownsboro. A horse path lead-

ing from Brownsboro to Huntsville had been made on the south boundary of the section line from Flint River to Huntsville mountain, but many years passed before a wagon road was opened.

All the people living on Flint who drove wagons to town went up the river to the old Winchester road and crossed the river near the Factory, then known as Wood's Mill. On the west side of the river they skirted around the mountain through the open woods, through the Mastin Farm and around by the Green Bottom Inn just opened by John Connally, a famous sportsman and prominent man in his day.

Men now living in this country can have but little conception of the richness and beauty of the region between Brownsboro and Huntsville. With the exception of the mountain spur now known as Cedar Ridge which was then covered with a thick grove of

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stately cedars, it was one continuous grove of magnificent poplars interspersed in the lowlands with oak, walnut and hickory. There was little or no undergrowth. The forest titans had reserved so much space for light and ventilation that wagons could be easily driven anywhere over the woods. In riding through the beautiful open forest a deer on the run could be seen for a quarter of a mile through the forest avenues.

A trip to Huntsville mill was a great holiday for the boys and sometimes a dozen or more would come along together. Usually some older person came along who could put up the sacks which were dragged off by saplings. Needles and thread had to be available for repairs in case of damage. We generally started at sunrise or before and reached our destination in two or three

hours, and as we tarried until all had obtained their grist, we reached home near nightfall. Thus we managed to spend the greater part of the day in town.

No exposition of the present civilized period ever delighted anyone more than the wonders of the new and growing little city did us. We wandered around the spring cliffs and waded in the wide and sluggish waters in the swamp below. Somebody had started a tan yard just below the spring at the foot of the hill, and the making of leather was a new revelation to us. Then came the brickyard and bricklaying and masons at work. There was also a cotton gin run by Dr. Moore and a distillery above the mill owned by James Clemons.

As evening approached we set out in time to reach home before nightfall. Circling around Cedar Ridge we would frequently

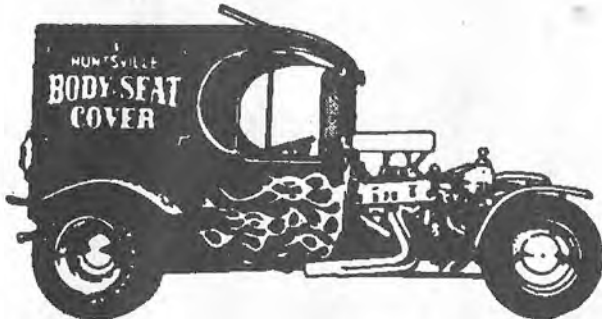
hear the scream of the catamount that infested the rough and honeycombed rocks which covered the upper ridge. We would listen to many bloodcurdling stories of adventurous hunters who had encountered wild beasts in their wild lairs up in the black cedar groves.

Everybody lived in long houses of various grades, from the humble cabin daubed with clay to the hewed log house with plank floors, shingle roof and the cracks chinked and finished or painted with lime. Lumber was all sawed at saw pits by hand. It was a serious task to saw out the plank for a first class dwelling. For the accommodation of my father's large family, he built a square log house about twenty feet square with a side room. The floor was made of white ash

cont. on page 50

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Dear Editor

In an article entitled "Blacks In Gray—Forgotten Confederates" published in issue No. 62 of this magazine the following paragraph appeared.

"In the town cemetery of Canton, Mississippi, just outside of Jackson, stands a 20 foot obelisk in memory of the Black Mississippians who served in a partisan unit attached to General Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry in 1864 led by a young Mississippian, Addison Harvey, and know as "Harvey's Scouts."

It was built between 1894 and 1900 by William Hill Howcott, a private in the unit. It is dedicated to the "good and loyal men who followed the fortunes of Harvey's Scouts during the Civil War."

Because of some scepticism concerning the account, two reporters from the *Independent News Service* traveled to Canton, Mississippi on July 12, 1997 in an attempt to discover the truth. Much to our surprise the monument was exactly as described in *Old Huntsville Magazine*. For the people who remain, "Doubting Thomases" we are enclosing a photograph of the

statue.

On one side of the base of the monument is listed the names of ten men killed in battle. They are: Lieut. Thomas Land, Thomas Field, John Grahman, James Renfro, John Kilgore, William Bates, James Tucker, John Morrow, John Catlett and James Archibald.

Carved on another side of the base are the following words "Capt. Addison Harvey Born June, 1837. Killed April 9, 1865. Just as the country's flag was furled forever death saved him the pain of defeat."

The monument, according to the words inscribed on one side of the base, was "Erected by the survivors of Harvey's Scouts to perpetuate the memory of their Captain and Comrades in Arms."

We would like to point out that there were thousands of



**Harvey's Scouts Monument
Canton, Miss. Cemetery**

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Blacks, both free and slaves who served in the war for Southern Independence and if you think otherwise you have simply fallen victim to one of the greatest hoaxes ever perpetrated by the media and so called historians.

Keep up the good work!

*Kenneth Hearn
Independent News Service*

Editor's note;

For people who still doubt the existence of Black Confederate soldiers, consider the following document.

SOLDIER'S DISCHARGE

To all whom it may concern

Know ye, That Charles Benger, a colored man, of Captain Geo. S. Jones' company, Macon Volunteers, 2nd Ga. Battalion, who was enlisted the 1st day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, to serve one year is hereby honorably discharged from the Army of the Confederate States. Charles is a patriotic and faithful negro, and deserves good treatment at the hands of any and every Southerner.

Given at Petersburg, Va.,
this 22d day of July, 1862.

signed

Geo. S. Jones, Capt.
Macon Vol's.

Charles J. Moffett,
Capt. Com'd 2nd Ga. Batt.
Ga. Vol's.

The Early Days

cont. from page 47

plank and the shingles were cut from chestnut. This house stood without being recovered for nearly fifty years. The kitchen and smokehouse and Negro cabins were rude log cabins daubed with clay and several had dirt floors.

Every spring there was a piece of new ground of several acres to be grubbed, the brush and logs piled. Part of the canebrake was planted and cultivated with the hoe alone. The older laborers had to cut the timber and split the rails. The young boys would then haul the split rails by carts pulled by oxen to the site where the split rail fences were erected by the Negroes.

During the winter months there was wild game, either flesh or fowl, or fish served at our daily meals with cornbread in abundance. Nobody was ever in lack of the actual necessities of life. Sugar and coffee or tea was seldom seen. I do not think there was ever a pound of tea in my father's house, and I have frequently heard him say that he never to his recollection ever tasted the beverage.

There was a large quantity of good whiskey made in the country and nearly all the heads of families drank it habitually, yet there were but few drunkards in the community. Nearly everyone wore homespun clothing - jeans, linsey and buckskin in winter and cotton and flax homespun in summer. In an assembly of forty or fifty boys in summer at church or elsewhere, you would not find half a dozen wearing shoes or coats until they were

seventeen or eighteen. Whether at a cornshucking or quilting, at church or a wedding, the crowd appeared barefoot and in shirt sleeves, their shirts washed white as snow and ornamented with copper or dyed suspenders fastened before and behind with a large wood or pewter button.

We wore hats of plaited grass or straw in summer and of wool or fur in winter. The hatter's trade was a flourishing one and anybody could get a good fur hat that would last five or six years who could furnish a hatter with raccoon or beaver or otter skins enough to make two hats.



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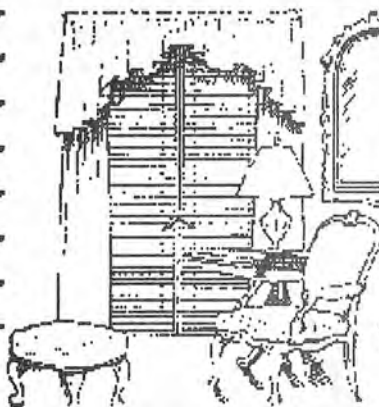
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THE HONOR

by Glenn Brooks

During the 1960s the northern section of downtown Huntsville was known as the "Z" strip. During this era there was a lot of activity there due to several beer joints, pool rooms and at least one dance hail; therefore a drunk or two was not rare.

As a police detective and assigned to the evening shift, I had just parked my car on Jefferson Street when a patrol unit passed by. In the back seat, apparently under arrest, was a familiar face.

I radioed the patrol unit and asked if I could speak with them about their prisoner before they locked him up.

We met behind the police station and after a brief discussion the arresting officer agreed to allow me to take charge of their arrestee and take him home since he was only guilty of intoxication.

It was a long drive to his home out in the county and a longer drive back. I had been away from my duties too long.

On Monday I was summoned to my supervisor's office to explain why I had "interfered" with the officer's arrest. It seemed that one of the officers had made a complaint.

"It was Paul Bolden," was my only explanation. None other was needed. My supervisor said he would take care of it.

I had first met Paul about ten years earlier while we worked together at Redstone Arsenal. I grew to care very much for this small, quiet man.

Staff Sergeant Paul L. Bolden met the enemy a few days before Christmas in Belgium in 1944. Thirty-five German soldiers did not live to regret it. Practically alone, armed with grenades and an automatic weapon, Paul as-

saulted a farm house that contained the German soldiers. Paul was wounded three times in that action.

A hero is motivated into action by fear, courage or madness or a combination of all three. What sent Paul into that fortification, I now know. I know he was a hero.

Paul has since died. Not much has been written or said about this poor North Alabama country boy. I've often wondered why.

He won the Medal of Honor. I won the honor of knowing him.

*It is better to deserve honors
and not have them than
to have them and not
deserve them.*

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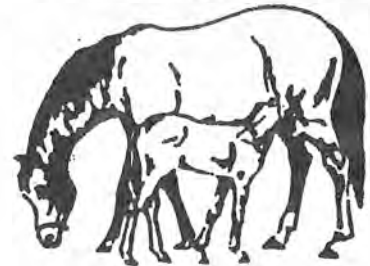
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The Life and Times of James Bierny



Probably one of the most colorful and eccentric characters of all time to reside in Huntsville had to be James G. Bierny. Mr. Bierny was born in Danville Kentucky in 1792 into a wealthy, slave-holding family. After attending the College of New Jersey (now Princeton) he moved to Huntsville in 1817.

Bierny was a failure at cotton farming; he had neither the experience nor inclination to do better. He possessed numerous slaves, earning his living by renting them to other plantation owners. Citizens of Huntsville began to talk of his eccentric ways when he started promenading around

town with a black slave whom he described as his best friend.

At this time James Bierny had become interested in the Abolitionist movement and became an avid spokesman for its ideas. Antislavery meetings were held regularly at his home on East Holmes street, opposite its intersection with North Lincoln street.

When the first state legislature met, Bierny was one of its members and remembering this, the town people were tolerant of

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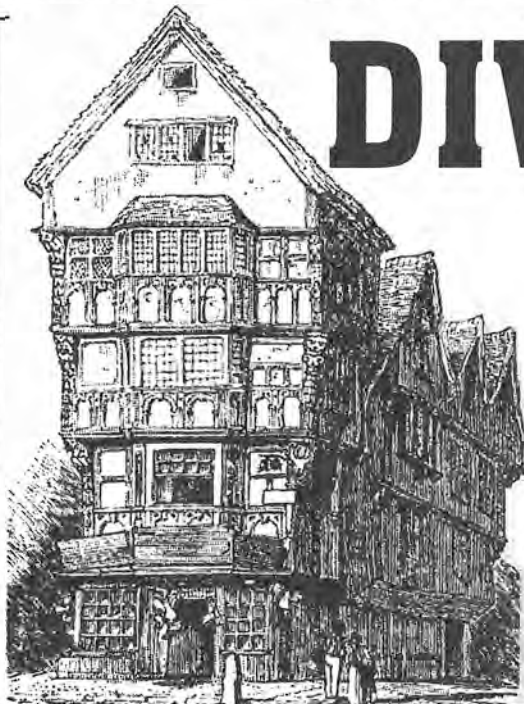


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his unorthodox ways. In a few years his fame as an agitator had spread causing the "American Colonization Society" to offer him a post as its ~General Agent for the States of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas Territories.

James Bierny, upon receiving the offer, asked for time to think it over so he could "consult his conscience." In reality he had asked for time so he could begin to sell his slaves. At about the same time he began to publish a series of letters in the local newspapers condemning slavery and dealing rudely with the south

James Bierny was the only man from Huntsville who ever ran for president.

By now the Huntsville citizens tolerance had worn thin. He was "invited and persuaded" to leave town. A publication of the times states that "wisely he sought some other shore, where those who knew him less might praise him more."

In 1835 Bierny moved to Cincinnati where he published the "Philanthropist", the cause of numerous riots and threats. In 1837 he was again invited to move.

Next he moved to New York where, in 1840 the Liberty party selected him as their Presidential candidate. He garnered 7,100 votes and in 1844, when he was again persuaded to run, he attracted 15,812 votes. He lost the Presidential race but had ensured that slavery would be a major issue in any political race for many years to come.

James Bierny had two sons, both born in Huntsville. David Bell Bierny graduated from Andover and became a lawyer in Philadelphia. He served the

North as a general in the Civil war and was twice faced with charges of dereliction of duty. The charges were finally dropped.

William Bierny, the other son, was educated in the north and abroad. During the war he became commander of a regiment of black troops. He is probably best known for the book he wrote about his father, titled "The Life And Times Of James Bierny."

William explains that his father left Huntsville because "moral conditions were so depraved and shooting and drinking brawls so frequent that one's life was not safe there."

Politicians are the same all over. They promise to build a bridge even where there is no river.

--Nikita Khrushchev

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Reflections of an Immigrant

Name withheld by request

When the airplane from Germany approached New York City, I looked down and saw deserted beaches full of reeds and spacious old rental homes with fire ladders outside. The first glance of America's Metropolis was ugly and not inspiring at all. Nevertheless we stayed in New York, because there was no other place



to go. My wife, our two sons and I rented an apartment and furnished it very sparsely with the last of our savings. We had to sleep on the floor, but we were determined to hold out as long as we could.

I could speak English, but for my family the foreign language was a real barrier. The Office for German immigrants helped us to find a job. Everyday we took the subway many miles to work. We combined money that we earned and it was just enough to barely keep us alive. The youngest son went to school to learn how to speak English.

Four months later, in the spring of 1959, the miracle that we had been hoping for happened. A telegram was in the mailbox. It read: "Call me," and the phone number to call. The daughter of my wife's brother had married and was living in Huntsville, Alabama. She had

learned of our situation and arranged for a good job for me.

Soon we moved to Alabama, a state that the New Yorkers called "The Bible Belt in the Deep South."

A brand new life had just begun for us. I started working in an engineering firm. A new hurdle soon arose. I was accustomed to calculating using the decimal system. In the United States they used inches and feet, what I considered a very antiquated system. To my surprise, the American colleagues helped me feel that I was welcomed and fully accepted. I noticed the drivers on the streets were courteous and not obsessed with the elbow and "me first" mentality that we had found so often in Europe. I also discovered that the churches of all denominations were filled to the brim with the faithful.

Not so in Germany.

Today, almost 4 decades later, I can say that we are well off. We own a very nice home in an established subdivision, with a beautiful back yard and are surrounded by friendly and very helpful neighbors. I fully agree with our sons, who recently said to me, "Dad, immigrating to the U.S., was the best move you have ever made!"

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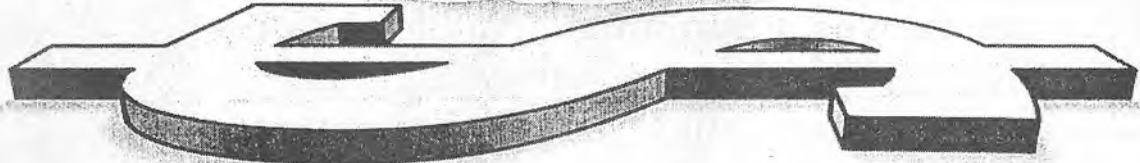
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