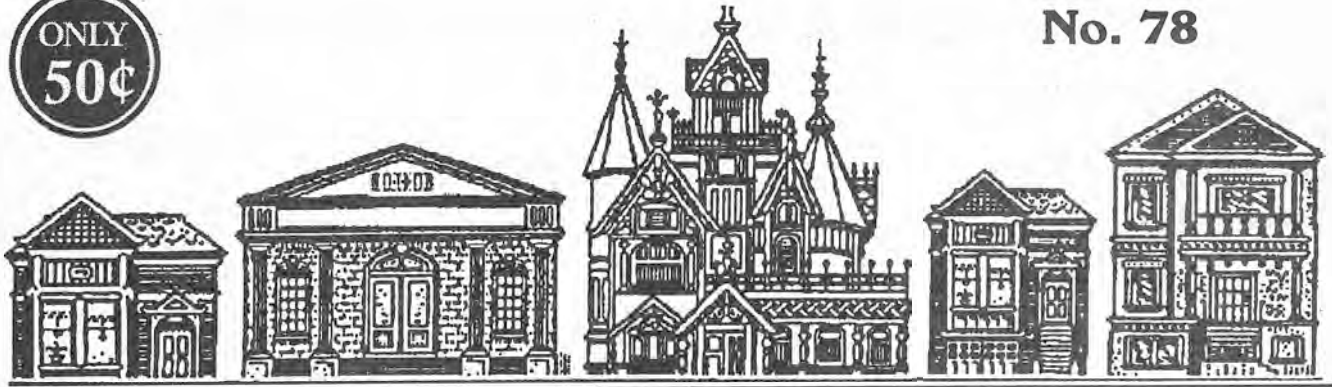


ONLY
50¢

No. 78



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Southwest Molester

by Heather Douglas

Never, in the history of Huntsville, Alabama had its citizens been held in such a frightening grip of terror.

All points bulletins were issued and police worked overtime. Suspicious strangers were questioned and tips were relentlessly pursued.

But no one suspected their own friend.

Also in this issue: Murder or Ministry?

The Southwest Molester

He had a name we couldn't pronounce and committed crimes we'll never forget.

By Heather Douglas

It's been twenty years since a masked molester terrorized Huntsville but people remember minute details of his crimes as if they had just happened last week. What most people remember is the terrible fear they felt. It seemed, at first, as if the molester had a precise modus operandi. Then, when police were getting close to capturing him, he ventured out among other parts of the community. No one, including the police, knew where he would strike next and everyone felt helpless.

Although his crimes may not seem to measure up to today's standards, where our children know the names of criminals better than they know our government leaders, no one wanted to become one of "his" victims.

He had created thirteen crime scenes and eighteen victims before he was caught. As the crimes continued, investigators could tell that it was beginning to take more to satisfy the bizarre cravings of the molester. The cuts became deeper and the beatings became more severe. He admitted later he had to throw out the gun he had wrestled away from one of his victims because he was afraid that he would eventually kill. He had used the gun as well as a knife, scissors, hammer,

table leg and other objects as weapons. Most of the objects were taken from the victim's residences. He admitted to taking a table leg to one location but only because he had been carrying it around for hours simply "to have something for my hands to do." He obtained entry to each of the residences by open windows or unlocked doors.

It seems apparent, though he adamantly denies this, that he had observed his victims prior to the attacks and had knowledge of their residences and day to day life.

Before the arrest of the person who would become known as "The Southwest Molester," police struggled to find clues at clueless crime scenes while the whole city panicked. Everybody wondered how long the masked intruder would prey on their city before he could be caught.

A "molester task force" was formed and many investigators worked around the clock participating in stakeouts. They were once successful enough to even chase the molester out of a neighborhood he had already hit twice. The molester, fearing capture, or perhaps becoming braver, ventured out of the southwest Huntsville areas and complicated the investigation even further.

Eunice Merrill (Aunt Eunice) remembers the terror that swept through the city. "Everyone was afraid," she recalled. "I remembered being afraid to walk to my car at night after church services. There was this man, John Dejnozka, who always walked me to my car and made sure I was safe. He seemed like the nicest man."

Her opinion of the "nice man" would change drastically over the next several months.



Old Huntsville

Published By

Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, Ala. 35801
(256) 534-0502
Fax 539-3712

E-Mail

Oldhville@mindspring.com

Internet Home Page

www.cntnet.com/oldhville

Publisher

Cathey Callaway Carney

Senior Editor

Thomas Frazier

General Manager

Clarence Scott

Special Assignment

Stefanie Callaway

Distribution

Golden K Kiwanis Club

Copy Boy

Tom Carney



Member

Association of
Southern Publishers

All material contained within is copyright 1998 (c) and may not be copied or reproduced in any form without written permission from
Old Huntsville, Inc.
All opinions and views expressed in this publication are probably our own.

APC Interiors

ALABAMA PROFESSIONAL AND CUSTOM INTERIORS

536-6207

SPECIALIZING IN:

- ◆ CORPORATE
- ◆ HEALTHCARE
- ◆ HOSPITALITY
- ◆ TENANT FINISH
- ◆ MODEL HOMES
- ◆ RESIDENTIAL
- ◆ REMODELING
- ◆ SPACE PLANNING
- ◆ FACILITIES PLANNING
- ◆ FEASIBILITY STUDIES
- ◆ OFFICE SPACE ANALYSIS
- ◆ BARRIER FREE DESIGN
- ◆ COMPUTER AIDED DRAFTING AND DESIGN
- ◆ SPECIFICATION OF FURNISHINGS, FINISHES, FIXTURES, EQUIPMENT AND ARTWORK

Function First... Aesthetics Always

Investigators enlisted the help of all local law enforcement agencies, including the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Even Special Agent Robert Ressler (now retired) assisted Huntsville police by doing a "profile." Ressler and John Douglas are credited with coining the term "serial" relative to criminals who perform similar crimes on several victims. Ressler and Douglas were instrumental in forming the FBI's Behavioral Sciences Division and were among the first to

develop "profiles." Ressler took the information from the police reports that he had been given and applied facts he knew about similar criminals to develop the profile. When the profile was returned to Huntsville Police it included the following descriptions of the offender:

He is a white male, approximately 30-35 years of age, a sexual sadist who enjoys gratification through infliction of pain on others, brutality involved in the crimes is dis-

placed aggression caused by real or imagined injustices from women in the subject's life, he is a high school graduate with some formal education, possesses above average intelligence, has a possible arrest history, is a well groomed individual, owns and operates a two to three year old automobile which has been well maintained and is a model employee.

As time lapsed, investigators began to feel extreme anxiety at the molester's ability to evade

Subscribe to North Alabama's most popular magazine!



OLD HUNTSVILLE

If you have enjoyed reading *Old Huntsville Magazine*, we would be glad to send you an issue every month. With *Old Huntsville Magazine* you'll get stories about Old Huntsville that you won't see anywhere else, great down home recipes, North Alabama trivia, humorous and true accounts of the history of the Tennessee Valley and much more.

So don't delay. Subscribe today and be in the know with *Old Huntsville Magazine!*

Yes, I would like *Old Huntsville Magazine* delivered to me each month.
I've enclosed \$15.00 for a full year's subscription (12 issues).

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

If Subscription is a Gift please fill in below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Please make check payable to:

Old Huntsville Magazine 716 East Clinton Ave. Huntsville, Alabama 35801 (256) 534-0502

capture. They found no evidence at the crime scenes because he used instruments he took from the victim's residences. The one time he did leave any evidence, the police were ready. On September 19, 1979, the molester would strike yet a second home on Miller Lane in the Big Cove community. This time-- he made mistakes-- this time would be his last time.

The eighteenth victim was bound with tape and so were the hands of a seven year old child. As they both lay there overcome with fear, the molester cut away the victim's clothes and began viciously slashing her body. When he was satisfied, he got in his car and drove across the mountain and kept driving aimlessly until the sun began to appear over the horizon. He noticed later on that morning, as he was preparing to go to work at a computer services firm, that his car was extremely muddy. He went down to the car wash on Sparkman Drive and washed his car.

It was too late, however. The police were already making casts at the crime scene of tire

tracks and a partial shoe print. After consulting with tire manufacturers, Huntsville police began a city wide search for a man driving a small foreign car. Within a short time, investigators zeroed in on a man who drove a small blue foreign car, and who also fit the profile. Investigators quickly learned that the owner of the car had a criminal record and had no alibis for the times the crimes were committed. After obtaining a search warrant, police discovered evidence in his apartment linking him to the crime scenes.

After intensive questioning, the suspect finally confessed to the crime spree that held Huntsville in one of the most fearful grasps it had ever known.

Madison County grand jury returned 26 indictments containing 41 counts against John Paul Dejnozka (pronounced danishka) on September 26, 1979 in connection with 13 residential break-ins and sexual assaults on Huntsville area women that began in early 1978. It took over a year to catch the "Southwest Molester," but only two days to convict him in his first trial.

Then District Attorney Fred

Simpson and Assistant District Attorney Charlie Hooper successfully prosecuted Dejnozka. Two local attorneys, Richard Kempaner and Bruce Williams were appointed to represent Dejnozka. There would be a second trial before Dejnozka plead guilty to the other charges.

As Charlie Hooper stated in his closing statements to a jury in 1981, there was something sinister about the method. "...It is a common understanding that a burglary in the nighttime is a serious offense because we are helpless during that time of our lives... [we all must lay down and sleep and become unconscious, it is part of our existence. If you want to come at me and if you want to hurt me, give me a fighting chance, give me a chance in the daytime so I can see you coming]. In the nighttime when I am helpless, you ought to let me alone."

Dejnozka's crime life did not begin in Huntsville, Alabama. In fact, he was on parole for raping a woman in Illinois when he moved here. The details of that

Cousins CAR & VAN WASH

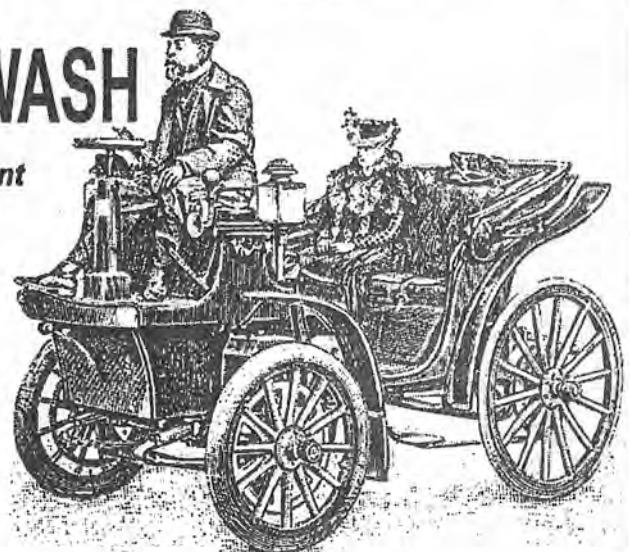
Featuring the Latest in High Tech Modern Equipment

ALL CLOTH
FULL SERVICE CAR WASH
Complete Detail Center

"We Treat Your Car Like Family"

11399 S. MEMORIAL PKWY
HUNTSVILLE, ALA. 35803

880-9899



rape were similar to the crimes that he was eventually convicted of here in Huntsville. He received a four to 12 year prison sentence for the rape charge but was released after serving only thirty-two months. The last three months of his prison sentence was spent in a work release program in Illinois. After being granted a parole, he moved to Huntsville to start a new life near his brother.

Dejnozka was starting over in Huntsville, bringing with him all of his mental baggage, unpacking it on each innocent victim, one at a time.

Dejnozka had a very impressive resume that included extensive education. He had even served his country by enlisting in the Navy and spent a tour of duty in Vietnam. He held a master's degree from the University of Southern Illinois and a technical degree in water and wastewater technology. He taught at a college in Edwardsville, Illinois. It was his technical degree in computer science, however, that would land him a terrific job at a Huntsville computer firm. It wasn't hard for anyone, including his brother, his employer and his neighbors in his apartment community to recognize the potential in John Dejnozka.

His brother knew that John had gotten into some trouble in Illinois, but he loved his brother and wanted him to make a new start. That is exactly what Dejnozka appeared to do be doing. He excelled in his job and received three promotions before he was arrested. He was active with his social circle at Haystack apartment community where he helped plan the 1978 Halloween costume party and took home first place honors for his great

Italian chef costume. The mild mannered Dejnozka, who everyone seemed to like, reported monthly to a local probation officer and appeared to be a model of rehabilitation.

Despite intense police efforts to capture the molester, Dejnozka was never among the 100 suspects who were checked out before his arrest on September 21, 1979.

After Dejnozka's arrest, he confessed to all of the crimes investigators suspected he committed. He provided them with details and attempted to provide them with a reason with what little remorse he could muster. He told them that he was "really sad that it had to end this way" and how he was just beginning to become successful in his career and financially independent.

He admitted he played "road games" and that he often followed women at night who went home alone. He told one of the key investigators in the case that he was "attracted to a light like a moth in the night" and advised women not to draw unwanted attention to their homes by keeping all of the outside lights glowing. On occasion he followed women home from a local grocery store, though he denies that any of those women later became his victims.

Dejnozka told of his unsuccessful attempts to manage anger. Dejnozka told them of the many nights victims were spared because he beat pillows from his own bed to let out his anger. Dejnozka remarked at his own feelings of helplessness, "...after the first one, I knew something was wrong and I didn't have anybody I could talk to about it."

He couldn't talk to a mental health professional, he later said,

Shaver's Top 10 Civil War Books of Regional Interest

1. Hard Times - The Civil War In Huntsville And North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$16.95).
2. Sword Of "Bushwhacker" Johnston - Out of print best-seller soon to be reprinted in paperback.
3. Railroad War - Nathan Bedford Forrest In North Alabama by Robert Dunnavant, Jr. (\$17.95).
4. Decatur - Yankee Foothold In Dixie 1861 - 1865 by Robert Dunnavant, Jr. (\$17.95).
5. Found Among The Fragments - Yankee Occupation Of Huntsville In 1862 by Sarah Huff Fisk (\$15.95).
6. Black Flower - Civil War novel by Motlow State Professor Howard Bahr (\$12.00).
7. That Devil Forrest - Nathan Bedford Forrest by Guntersville native Dr. John Allan Wyeth (\$19.95).
8. Law's Alabama Brigade In The War Between The Union And The Confederacy by Morris Penny (\$37.50).
9. From Huntsville To Appomattox -4th Alabama Volunteer Infantry by R.T. Coles (\$32.95).
10. Valiant Survivors - Confederate Veteran Grave sites In Madison County by C.R. Wells (\$25.00).

**MAIL ORDERS ADD
\$2.00 PER/BOOK**

Shaver's Bookstore
(256) 536-1604

2362 Whitesburg Dr.
Whitesburg at Bob Wallace
Huntsville, Ala. 35801

because he was already on parole for a similar crime and was afraid he would be turned in immediately.

Whether or not talking to someone could have helped Dejnozka control his behavior will never really be known, but is definitely an unlikely possibility. In a pretrial psychiatric report Dejnozka was characterized as "intellectually bright" scoring in the upper 2.2% of the general population. The psychiatrist also established that Dejnozka was resistant to guilt feelings and described his frustration tolerance as "low." The report stated that Dejnozka tended to be "selfish, callous, impulsive and resistant to learning from experience and punishment." It also stated that Dejnozka "rationalized any deviant behavior on his part." It further stated that previous imprisonment and therapeutic efforts had "shown little effect on his overall psychological adjustment."

It is not known what kinds of psychiatric reports, if any, there were in Illinois. It is doubtful that the results of those reports would have made any difference.

One of the key investigators in this case, Captain Ron Curlee, still says, "Dejnozka was an opportunist. He would have continued to prey on women. In fact, his crimes were becoming progressively more severe in nature. He stopped only because we caught him."

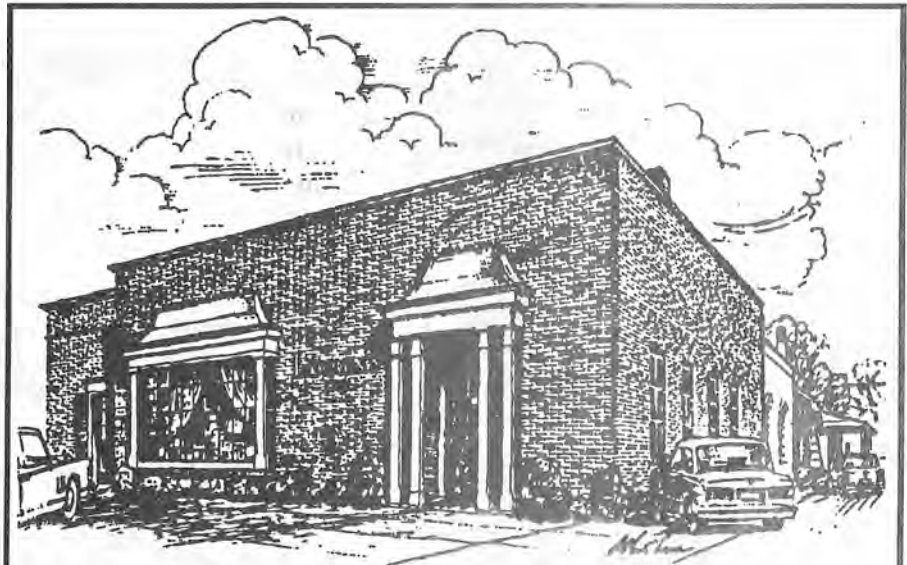
A *Huntsville Times* editorial entitled "A Great Relief" was published Sunday morning, September 23, 1979. The article told of the capture and confession. It also expressed the sentiments of the law enforcement community who had been most anxious to make the arrest. The community

could finally take a deep breath and relax somewhat. Husbands, fathers, brothers and sons no longer paced floors in the midnight hours, checking and re-checking door and window locks. It was pretty much the beginning of the end for most people. They had opened their eyes and the morning paper after their first good night's sleep in almost two years.

It wasn't such a great relief for the Sharp family however. As a matter of fact, it was just another twist to the nightmare that had begun months earlier, on

May 6, 1979. On the eve of their sixth wedding anniversary, Mr. Sharp reluctantly left his southwest Huntsville home and headed to Chattanooga on business. Before he left his wife and two little boys, words were exchanged about being careful and something was also mentioned about the un-caught "Southwest molester."

It wasn't anything that either one of them took too seriously. However, they were aware "he" was out there. Mrs. Sharp went about her daily activities as usual. Later on that evening, she



LAWREN'S*

809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table
Linen, Cookware.

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and
Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal,
Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath.

knew that a few of the Amway salespeople would be dropping by to pick up their orders. One of those salespeople was John Dejnozka. Mrs. Sharp mentioned to the salespeople how she was a bit uneasy about her husband being out of town, especially on their wedding anniversary. She thought nothing of that statement. After all, that is how she felt and she was among friends, so she thought.

Later that evening, she put her children to bed and then she retired also, not giving any thought to the back door which, she is sure now, was unlocked. It was through that unlocked door that a masked man entered, grabbed a knife from a wooden block out of her kitchen and began creaking up the stairs to her bedroom. This creaking woke Mrs. Sharp from her sleep. She thought to herself that the steps only creak when someone is on them. A moment later she called out the name of her oldest son and the creaking stopped. As she drifted back to sleep, she faintly heard the creaking begin again.

This time, when she opened her eyes, there stood a masked intruder in the doorway. Without thinking, she let out a terrifying scream. Before she could gather her wits about her, the masked intruder bounded across her bed and hit her across the face with the handle of her own kitchen

knife. As her nose began to swell and her heart seemed to pound so hard her body was shaking, the intruder put his hand over her mouth to silence her, calmly whispering, "Shut up or I'll kill you."

He ordered her to lay on her stomach with her hands behind her back before then taking a pair of pantyhose out of his pocket and tying her hands. After placing a pillow over her head, he turned the bathroom light on and began pilfering through the contents of the medicine cabinet. He then reentered the bedroom and after tak-

ing a pair of pantyhose from the dresser drawer, wrapped them tightly around her head, making it impossible for her to see him.

The intruder demanded to know where she kept her money and drugs and when she told him she had none, his language became offensive and abusive. In a rage, he lunged at her and began stuffing a pair of panties in her mouth and wrapping more pantyhose around her head. He emptied two pillowcases of their pillows and placed both cases over her head. As she gasped for whatever air was available inside her pillowcases, the intruder



The
DUSTY SHELF
Books & Gifts®

708 ANDREW JACKSON WAY, PHONE 539-5466

- ART
- PHOTOGRAPHY
- FINE PRINTS
- WALL MURALS
- CALLIGRAPHY
- GIFTS

**Advertise in
Old Huntsville
534-0502**

pulled her nightgown over her head and placed the cold silver blade to her stomach.

Somehow with her tongue, she managed to push the garments just far enough out of her mouth to speak. She asked the masked intruder, "Sir, do you know the Lord."

Without a sound, he pushed the panties deeply into her throat and she heard the sound of crisp jeans dropping to the floor. The intruder began to rape her. During the rape, Mrs. Sharp prayed for some sort of noise that would startle the intruder and make him stop, make him leave. Suddenly, her son began coughing uncontrollably. Seemingly startled, the intruder dressed himself. Before leaving, he told her, oddly enough, that he wasn't going to hurt her anymore. She heard the stairs creak, the front door open and then there was silence.

For a moment, all she could do was thank God that she and her children were alive. She knew she needed help. Somehow, she managed to twist around on the bed with her hands still bound behind her back and reach for the phone that was on her night stand. Almost incoherent with fear, she called her sister and brother-in-law who lived across the street.

Without even pausing to hang up the phone, the brother-in-law rushed across the lawn and up the stairs where he found Mrs. Sharp still tightly bound. He couldn't understand exactly what she had said, but he knew that she needed help. After calling the police, they called her husband at his Chattanooga hotel and told him he needed to come home. Mr. Sharp arrived at the hospital and collapsed into his wife's arms as she lay recovering from

her attack. Over and over he apologized for not being there to protect her.

Mrs. Sharp later stated that she believed God had spared her and answered her prayers.

In the weeks and months that followed the rape someone they barely knew began spending time at the Sharp's home. It was the Amway salesman, John Dejnozka. Before long they all became good friends and John acted as if he just couldn't do enough for the Sharps. John had

a boat and often he and his girlfriend, Loretta, would take outings and invite the Sharps along.

No one thought much about it at the time. John seemed like such a nice man with good Christian values.

It also wasn't unusual for John to sit outside the Sharp home for hours talking with Mr. Sharp about his life and his salvation.

A few months after the friendship really blossomed, Mr. Sharp received a disturbing phone call

**Quality
Professional
Dry Cleaning &
Laundry
Service**

**One of Huntsville's
Oldest
Businesses!**



SANDERS

1215 Jordan Lane 837-6072

7538 Mem. Pkwy. S. 828-0106

early in the morning hours. A family friend called to tell him that John Dejnozka had just been apprehended and was thought to be the "Southwest Molester." Mr. Sharp dressed hurriedly, grabbed his Bible and some bible tracts and went down the jail to try to talk to his friend. He wasn't able to see his friend in jail, but he was able to leave the bible tracts.

Eventually, John Dejnozka confessed to his crimes, which included raping his friend, Mrs. Sharp. In his statement he says that he does feel remorseful for raping her because he, "...did wind up finding out what fine Christian people they are..."

Dejnozka is currently serving an eight hundred year sentence for his crimes at Holman Prison in Atmore, Alabama. Although Dejnozka is eligible for parole in August of this year, it is unlikely that he will be released in his lifetime.

Family members hopes that is the case. They feels that his brother's debt to society could never be paid. They also feels that

the brother he knew growing up is dead. The man who committed those crimes wasn't the same personable and caring brother they remember. They didn't stay in close contact after John graduated from high school. He was four years older and they had different interests. However, there was no abuse at home and their father was a respected Air Force officer. Although the family travelled extensively, they were never unhappy or disadvantaged. Something had to have happened to John Dejnozka to radically change him from the good kid his brother knew him to be. The motives behind Dejnozka's crimes will quite possibly remain unknown.

Something, somewhere, somehow went terribly wrong and this city will never forget its consequences.

Editor's note: Some names have been either left out or changed to protect the privacy of innocent victims of the Southwest Molester.

Ageless Beauty Tips



Don't like to use soap? Use milk or yogurt on your face instead.

In the morning no one's face looks too good. To tighten up those pores take an ice cube and rub it all over your face-- be sure and rinse the cube briefly with water so it doesn't stick to your skin.

Wrinkles on your top lip? Apply Vitamin E oil to it at night.

If you just hate those dark circles under your eyes, consider using an extra pillow at night. Also, freeze a baby's teething ring, wrap it in soft cloth and place over your eyes for a few moments.

**EVERY
MONDAY
IS
FAMILY
NIGHT!**

Gibson's
BAR-B-Q
SINCE 1956



**Kids Eat
Free**

**EVERY MONDAY NIGHT
KIDS EAT FREE**

One child, 10 and under, eats free from our new kid's menu with each paid adult entree. Offer good for Dine-in only.

3319 MEMORIAL PKWY., SW 881-4851
Dine in or carry out & our famous breakfast

8412 WHITESBURG DR. SOUTH 882-0841
Dine in or drive thru & our famous breakfast

Gibson's
BAR-B-Q

YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

A Lively Incident Lands all Parties in Police Court

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper



A domestic incident of more than usual seriousness was disclosed in the police court this morning when Tom Pirtle and his wife, and W.H. Cape, all from the county, were arraigned before Major Pro Tem Young on charges of drunk and disorderly conduct.

The story told in court was to the effect that the trio of defendants were boarding at a house on Washington Street and that Pirtle appeared in his wife's room last night in an intoxicated condition.

His wife claims that she was afraid of him and that she sought protection by going into the room

of Cape, their mutual friend. Anyhow, her husband claims she was in the friend's room when he recovered consciousness, so he seized a pistol and chased the couple out onto the street in their slumbering robes.

In this condition the police found them and arrested the whole bunch. Cape and the woman were fined ten dollars each while Pirtle was fined five dollars. The fines were all paid by Cape.

After their release from custody, Pirtle is said to have threatened the life of Cape and the latter had him arrested on peace proceedings. Pirtle was unable to make a peace bond and was sent to jail.

Cape believes the scheme was made up by Pirtle and his wife for the purpose of robbing him and he says he intends to make it very hot for the couple.

Since light travels faster than sound, isn't that why some people appear bright until you hear them speak?

H.C. BLAKE INC.

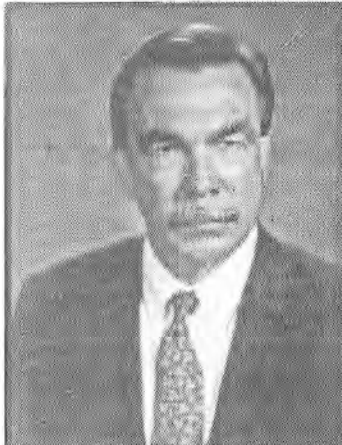
Plumbing, Electrical
Heating,
Air Conditioning



SERVICE
IS OUR
BUSINESS
SINCE
1884

Hall B.
Bryant, Jr.
Proprietor

534-0781



Personal Injury

No fee is charged
if no recovery

Divorce & Custody
Criminal Cases
DUI, Etc.

34 Years Trial Experience

David L. (Dea) Thomas

Attorney At Law

301 Franklin St.

536-0732

Alabama state bar regulations require the following in all attorney's ads: "No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers"

When The Governor Came To Town



The first summer George C. Wallace came to Huntsville campaigning for Governor, it was hot. It was so hot that the tar on the roads was melting. When Wallace first started out that morning he was dressed like any other self respecting politician, white shirt, tie and jacket. By the time the temperature had reached 85 degrees the jacket was gone. At 90 degrees the tie became history, and at a 100 degrees the once white shirt resembled an old wet

dishrag.

He was supposed to attend a reception but after kissing babies, shaking hands all day and dealing with the weather, he just wasn't in the mood. A couple of blocks before they reached the house he told the driver to pull over and let him out. He figured he would walk, take his time and maybe cool off a little. In the meantime his advance men could go in, shake hands and prepare the way for him.

Trouble was, Wallace, with no tie, a dirty shirt, and his sleeves rolled up, just didn't look like a future governor. First thing he had to do was find a place to clean up a bit before facing the mob at the reception.

Cutting across the backyard, Wallace went up to the back

door and knocked. The lady of the house jerked the door open and before he could say anything, she threw an apron at him and told him to "get over to that sink and wash those hands good. I got Mr. George C. Wallace, the future Governor of Alabama out there and my husband can't even send me good help!"

Not wishing to displease the lady of the house, Wallace took the tray and began serving drinks. There were probably two hundred people standing around, smoking, drinking and shaking hands. They also had no idea who everyone was.

Pausing briefly in the kitchen while getting another tray of drinks, Wallace, with a twinkle in his eye, asked the lady which of the gentlemen in the parlor was Mr. George C. Wallace.

"He's the distinguished looking one! Don't you have eyes in your head?"

Whose cruel idea was it for the word "lisp" to have an "s" in it?

**CD OR IRA
MATURING?**

**JUST SAY NO
TO LOW RATES ON YOUR MONEY!**

**CALL NOW
FOR A FREE
AUDIO CASSETTE.**

Learn how your savings
could be earning
substantially more.

**CALL NOW
FOR A FREE TAPE
534-1648
or 800-426-9918**

Absolutely no cost or obligation.



**Earth Moving
Site Preparation
Ponds and Lakes
Land Clearing
Consulting**

536-5601

*Specializing in Mountain Side Excavating
with Over 20 years Experience*



Tips from Earlene

Get some of that good Elephant garlic, peel and cut into pieces and place in vegetable oil for use later.

Broccoli is very good for you - steam it briefly, then put in a bowl with a bit of margarine, lemon juice and chopped, raw Vidalia onions. Delicious!

A small bag of sulphur kept in a drawer or cupboard will drive away red ants. Black ants hate borax powder - just place some at the point where they come into your home.

The secret of good health is to eat lots of onions. The trouble is, keeping that secret a secret.

Hosta plants are great for shady areas of your garden, and will come up multi-fold year after year. Plant them towards the back of the house, with smaller bushes and flowers in front.

Branches of elderbush hung in the dining room will clear the house of flies. There is an odor

in them that flies detest.

If rats enter your cellar, a little powdered potash thrown in their holes or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways will drive them away for good.

There is not a prettier walk than through downtown Huntsville - including Old Town and Twickenham - during any season of the year. There are plenty of sidewalks, huge trees and beautiful old homes. Get yourself some good walking shoes and come on downtown!

Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store room free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne, in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with either wood or mortar. No mouse or rat will cut that rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

To marinate your meat get some Ziploc storage bags. Clean your meat and place it inside the bag with your marinade - toss in fridge and change its position several times to get a good soak.

Eggs for boiling should be as fresh as possible. A newly laid egg will generally recommend itself by the delicate transparency of its shell.

To keep your breath smelling fresh when you can't brush your teeth, carry some mint tea bags with you. Chew on one after a lunch or dinner and your breath will be very fresh.

To clean brass, rub the tarnished brass by means of a cloth or sponge with diluted acid, such as the sulfuric, or even with strong vinegar. Afterwards, wash with hot water, to remove the acid and finish with a dry cloth.



**LEWTER'S
HARDWARE STORE.**
For All Your Hardware Needs

A Hardware Store ... The Way You Remember Them!
222 Washington St. 539-5777



Southern Comfort

Crunchy Chicken Pie

3 chicken breasts
6 ribs celery, chopped
1 3-oz. package walnut pieces
1 3-oz. package pecan pieces
1 8-oz. carton sour cream
salt to taste
pepper to taste
1 c. grated cheese
1 9-inch pie shell, baked

Cook the chicken and cut into bite-size pieces. Mix all ingredients except for the cheese and fill the pie shell. Sprinkle the cheese generously over the top, sprinkle with a bit of garlic powder. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes at 300 degrees.

Hot Pineapple Casserole

2 15-oz. cans chunk pineapple and juice
5 T. flour
1 c. sugar
1 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
1/2 sleeve round butter crackers, crumbled
1/2 c. margarine, melted

Grease a 9x13-inch casserole and pour in the pineapple and juice. Add your flour and sugar. Next, blend 1/2 cup of the cheese, the crackers and melted margarine. Mix together, add the remaining cheese as a topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Cinnamon Cookies

1 c. butter
1 c. sugar
2 eggs, separated
1 t. vanilla
2 c. flour
2 t. cinnamon
3/4 c. chopped nuts

Cream butter and sugar; add egg yolks and vanilla. Fold in flour and cinnamon. Press dough on large cookie sheet; cover with nuts and press down. Beat egg whites til frothy and brush top of dough. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cut into strips while hot and remove from the cookie sheet at once.



The Book Legger

"The Reader's Bookstore"
Paperbacks - Hardbacks

Good Selection of used & out of print Paperbacks. Used & remaindered Hardbacks. We sell or trade Paperbacks at half price.

895-0082

Mon - Sat 10am - 6pm

Sun 1pm - 5pm

4001 - C Holmes Avenue Huntsville, Ala.

Catfish Fillets in Beer Batter

1 c. beer
2 c. flour
1-2 T. vegetable oil
salt to taste
2 egg whites, beaten til stiff
12 catfish fillets

Let the beer stand open for a couple of hours. Mix all ingredients, fold in the egg whites last, coat the fillets and fry. Serve with lemon wedges and chunks of vidalia onion.

Banana Nut Bread

- 1/2 c. shortening
- 1 1/2 c. sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 c. ripe bananas, mashed
- 2 c. flour
- 1/2 t. baking powder
- 1/2 t. baking soda
- 1/4 c. buttermilk
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Preheat your oven to 300 degrees. Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add the bananas. Sift your flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Add flour mixture alternately with the buttermilk. Add the vanilla and nuts. Bake in a greased 5x9-inch loaf pan for an hour and 15 minutes. Cool; wrap tightly in plastic wrap. This will keep for about 2 weeks, and can be frozen.

Ritz Cracker White Chocolate Cookies

- 1 16-oz. package of white chocolate
- 1 c. peanut butter
- 1 16-oz. box Ritz crackers

Melt the chocolate in top of a double boiler. Spread the peanut butter between two Ritz crackers and then dip them in the melted chocolate. Place them

on waxed paper until the chocolate has hardened. Chocolate can be tinted for parties.

Almond Coconut Bars

- 3/4 c. butter
- 1 1/2 c. flour
- 2 t. sugar
- 5 eggs, beaten
- 2 c. sugar
- 3 T. almond extract
- 2 c. coconut

Mix the butter, flour and sugar. Press into a 9x13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Mix the remaining ingredients and spread over the pastry. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

Fried Ice Cream

- 1/2 c. caramel syrup
- 6 oz. corn flakes
- 1/2 gal. vanilla ice cream
- vegetable oil
- 1 12-oz. carton Cool Whip
- 12 cherries

Mix the caramel with the corn flakes til sticky. Scoop out the ice cream and apply corn flake coating to cover the ice cream. Store any leftover coating in the fridge. Drop the coated ice cream balls in hot oil (enough to cover the balls) for 15 to 20 seconds. Place in a dish, top with whipped cream and cherries and eat immediately.

Fat and Marriage

What are you having for dinner tonight? A study discovered that unhappiness among spouses is directly correlated with how much fat they eat.

155 married couples were interviewed about their eating habits and family life. Each spouse rated how in control they felt and how they believed their partner would rate them on various personality traits. Researchers found that women who felt helpless and out of control ate the most fat in their diets. Men who felt their wives didn't think highly of them were the ones whose fat intakes were the highest.

Rolo's Restaurant With The Trains!



505 East Airport Road
Huntsville, Alabama

883-7656

Country Cooking
Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner
Mon. - Fri. 6:30 am - 9:00 pm
Closed Sundays

Linda's Printing Service

Commercial - Social - Continuous - Ad Specialties

3308 7th Ave. S.W.

534-4452



News of the Absurd

John Allen and his brother, Richard, decided to remove a bee's nest from a shed on their property with the aid of a "pine-apple." This is an illegal fire-cracker that is the explosive equivalent of 1/2 stick of dynamite. They ignited the fuse and retreated to watch from inside their home, behind a plate glass window. The concussion of the explosion shattered the window inwards, seriously lacerating John. Deciding his brother needed stitches, Richard took John out to his car and while walking, John got stung 3 times by one of the surviving bees. Unbeknownst to either brother, John was allergic to bee venom, and died of suffocation enroute to the hospital.

A driver crashed into the side of a 3000-ton wheat train and was dragged in his car more than a kilometer before being slammed into a pylon at the edge of a cliff. He died when he suc-

cessfully got out of his car, then fell to his death from a bridge as he walked for help.

In Gulf Breeze, Florida, 3 unidentified teenage males were using a home video camera to film an action "movie." In this movie, that one of the boys had written, a character is ignited by fire when his clothes are doused with lighter fluid. The intentional fire, which proved unexpectedly difficult to extinguish, left the young man with third degree burns on his left arm, torso, and both legs. It was all captured on film.

In Bradford, Pennsylvania, J. Cruew, 28, caught a small snake in his yard. As a joke he placed the snake in a container, then handed it to his wife. She opened it and, startled to see a snake, dropped it. The poisonous snake immediately bit Mr. Cruew on the ankle. The man survived.

In a rural county of Pennsylvania, a group of men were drinking beer and discharging firearms from the rear deck of a home owned by Irving Michaels, 27. The men were trying to shoot at a raccoon that was wandering through the yard. The beer impaired their aim and the animal escaped into a 3-foot diameter drainage pipe 100 feet away from the deck. Determined to get the raccoon, Mr. Michaels poured 5 gallons of gasoline down the pipe, then tried to ignite the fuel. After trying several minutes, he finally slid feet-first 15 feet down the sloping pipe to toss the match.

The subsequent rapid fireball propelled Mr. Michaels back the way he had come, though at a much higher rate of speed. He came out of the angled pipe, "like a Polaris missile leaving a submarine" according to witnesses. Mr. Michaels was launched directly over his home, right over his astonished friends, traveling 200 feet through the air. Luckily the man was not hurt. No one knows what happened to the raccoon.

War doesn't determine who is right, just who's left.

R.G. NAYMAN CO. INC.
RG N
GENERAL CONTRACTORS

General Contractors
Residential & Commercial
Specializing In
Fire Damage Repairs

"A Contractor You Can Trust"

533-9016

Charles Hooper
106 South Square
Huntsville, Al. **ATTORNEY-AT-LAW** (205) 539-8914
Fax (205) 539-4570
Alabama state bar regulations require in all attorney's ads: "No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."

A June Wedding

from 1886 Huntsville newspaper

Married at the Decatur residence of the bride's father, at 3:00 o'clock Thursday afternoon by the Rev. John S. Frierson of the Presbyterian Church were Mr. Ben Lambert and Miss Minnie Lou Grubbs, eldest daughter of Rev., and Mrs. L. Hensley Grubbs of Decatur, Alabama.

The romantic marriage ceremony over, congratulations of friends received, the couple left by the 3:30 east-bound train for Huntsville where they will make their home.

Among the presents received by the young couple were an ingeniously hand-wrought bed-



room lace set, by the groom's grandmother, Mrs. H. Easley of Huntsville.

They received beautiful snowdrop tulle, from Mrs. R. D. Horton of Decatur. An elegantly polished brass cut-glass lamp with ornamental Egyptian shade, from Miss Katie Finn, Decatur was received.

Beautifully and artistically

arranged floral collection from Miss Lou Leadingham and Mrs. S.A. Bissett, Decatur.

An exquisitely handsome handmade, colored Satin cushion and toilet case from Misses Celesste, Frankie and Katie Lambert of New York.

An unknown lady friend gave them a Damask table linen set. A lovely white feathered fan was received from Walter and Lelia Grubbs of Decatur. An elaborately embroidered black satin parasol was given by Thomas Grubbs of Decatur.

Then there were a silver knife and fork set (100 pieces), gilt French China; black walnut heavily carved chamber set; large bevel board; spring-back, illustrated family Bible all from the parents of the bride.

It was heard mentioned that after a wedding, all the father has left to give away is the bride.

Hard of Hearing? 100 Years Ago, This Was State-of-the-Art Technology



Today There's MIRACLE-EAR[®]

Hearing loss can occur at any age. Don't miss out on hearing your child's school play. Don't miss out on hearing your favorite symphony. After all, it's the little things that count the most.*

FREE Hearing tests**
Call or come in today.



The Mirage™
Hearing Aid

Two Location in Huntsville to Serve You:
Miracle-Ear Center 900 Bob Wallace Ave. 539-4009[®]
Sears Hearing Aid Center (Madison Square Mall) 830-8529

*Hearing aids won't restore natural hearing. Individual experiences may vary depending on proper fit, severity of hearing loss, accuracy of evaluation and ability to adapt to amplification.

Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

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



Welcome! Gee, I've sure missed you since I wrote you last time. A lot of things have happened in the past four weeks!

I sure was tickled to have football **Coach Lloyd Carr** from the University of Michigan (National Champs for this past year) come by for breakfast. He was here to speak at the Quarterback Club.

Joe Koob, son-in-law of of **Jim and Susan Kirkland** got the Coach's autograph and was absolutely thrilled!

Congratulations to **Ms. Mayor** for hosting a breakfast for the firemen. They're a great bunch of guys and deserve all of our support!

For all the folks wondering about **Mr. Howard Grizzard** after his car accident, he's out and about again. We've missed you Howard.

My dear friend **Phil Williams**, who ran for governor in the

primaries, has already been back in for breakfast. He says his biggest goal now is to get **Winton Blount** elected.

Last month's "Photo of the Month" was **Fred Simpson** and was guessed by **Betty Wilson**, who wrote from the Julia Tutwiler Prison for Women. "Actually," she wrote, "there are many people down here who could have recognized him!"

Our friend **Julian Butler** has been seen regularly at the Kaffeeklatch on Wednesday nights eating **Carol Record's** gourmet dinners. Julian, just don't forget to come by here for breakfast!

The table to be at last Saturday was **Elaine Marshall's**, who brought her "Secret Pal" group (all 23 of them) to breakfast. They sure were cutting up and laughing about something!

Happy 50th anniversary to my sister and brother-in-law, **Eliza-**

beth and Andrew Lyon. That's really something to celebrate!

A big thanks to the **Huntsville Times** on doing such a wonderful story on **Mrs. Nell Lackey**. We're so proud of her!

I keep hearing rumors that the Congressional campaign between **Bud Cramer** and **Gil Aust** is going to get dirty. I hope not. Boys, take some advice and just run on the issues. If you start slandering people, you're going to lose more votes than you gain!

June Young, **Marie Osbourne** and **Kitty Swain** all just retired from the school systems. We hated to see them leave but now I expect to feed them breakfast at least once a week.

Is Elvis still alive? Be at the Twickenham Church of Christ youth center Saturday night at 7:00 to find out. A great show with a great performer, **Mitch Brown**.

Well, if you eat with me enough, you're going to have your

Photo of The Month

The first person to identify the little boy 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: Media personality



DAVTRONIX

Computers, Inc.

Huntsville's Oldest Computer Store!

534-2900 or 1-888-DAVTRON

225 Spragins Street - Downtown Huntsville

coffee poured by **Sandra Rhodes**, who is running for County Superintendent. She's not only a great coffee pourer but a great lady, too!

Drop us a line if you know anyone who is celebrating a 50th wedding anniversary (to the same person!) or someone over 90 who is celebrating a birthday, so we can tell them congratulations. They deserve it.

James Robertson, noted Civil War historian is going to be giving a talk August 1st at the Lockheed Martin building on, "Why the Civil War still lives." For all you people from up north, y'all might want to attend this one.

My dear friend, **Dr. Ralph Langley**, has accepted the job as interim Pastor of Jackson Way Baptist Church. He and his lovely wife came by last week for ham and biscuits and it was good to see both of them!

There was no surprises in **Sherriff Joe Whisante's** race. I love you, Joe.

Jeff Enfinger walked away with his ticket but he's still facing the fall elections so he has to continue being nice to me! Just teasing Jeff, you're a fine man!

I'm also proud of **Patrick Jones**, who won his race. We're going to see a lot of that boy!

If it gets hot in the next couple of months, just blame it on the upcoming city elections. Seems like everyone wants to be a councilman for District 2 and run against **Mark Hall**.

Don't forget the **Rock Around the Square** celebration this 4th of July! We hear **John Cockerham** is going all out to put on a really good show.

Speaking of Cockerham, **Ranee Pruitt's** been seen around town sporting a button saying "**John's The Man!**"

Bill Kling looks safe in his seat but we keep hearing rumors about some unknown who is go-

ing to run against **Ken Arnold**.

Looks like there's going to be a lot of "monkey business" in the race for Governor. I just hope they don't start throwing bananas at one another!

Nelson Papucci surprised everyone and walked away with his race against **Cecil Moses**. Now, if that boy will just stay off the Internet. ...

Please, to everyone I know and love, be careful with this heat whether you're mowing your yard, fishing or whatever. Please take care and remember I love you.

Don't Enuff

I think I provide a valuable public service. When foreign countries see our show, they lose all desire to take us over.

Jerry Springer

**One Meal,
One Customer
at a time.**



A Franchisee

**NO RULES.
JUST RIGHT.™**

4777 Whitesburg Drive
Huntsville, AL 35802
Phone: 205-882-6283

Reid Hardware

Home of Pocket Knives, Red Wagons & Cast Iron Skillets



*Come by and let us assist you for all
your Hardware & Plumbing needs*

Serving Huntsville Since 1962
536-2616
2402 Mem. Pkwy. NW, Huntsville, Ala.

Murder Or Ministry

Did Bloody Bill Quantrell find salvation in a Huntsville Pulpit?

The Civil War was over. Men who had once watched their comrades in arms die on a thousand bloody battlefields were now faced with the task of rebuilding their homes and plowing the fields that had laid fallow for almost five years.

For most men, their service for the Confederacy was a point of pride. Even the lowest private would spend hours rehashing past battles and remembering, and political careers would be built by men with the prefix of Captain or General added to their names.

A few men, however, wanted to forget. They knew that even the mention of their names would make the yankees start scurrying to place nooses around their necks. The Tennessee Valley, with its strong antiunion sentiment, was a perfect place for such a man to take on a new identity, and hide.

One of these men was William Clark McCoy, a Methodist minister who was ordained here in Huntsville. During the War, people claimed he had become synonymous with bloody massacres and terror. While few people recognized the name McCoy, many people swore he had another name, William Clark Quantrell.

Our story began in 1857 on the Kansas border. An undeclared border war had been raging for several years between

Unionists and Southerners. Bands of outlaws, Union sympathizers calling themselves Redlegs, and operating under the guise of patriotism, murdered and pillaged the countryside. In this conflict there was no middle ground, you were either for them or against them. A choice either way made you eligible for a bullet in the back and your home burned to the ground.

It was into this conflict that William Quantrell rode in the summer of 1857. Quantrell was a native of New Jersey whose older brother had moved to Kansas several years earlier. Shortly after Quantrell arrived, the two brothers decided on a trip to California. The first part of the trip was uneventful until they reached Cottonwood, Kansas and made camp for the night.

Late that evening, after supper was finished, a group of Redlegs approached the camp. At first the brothers were not alarmed, strangers were always welcome in their camp. Suddenly, without warning, the leader of the group pulled his gun and began firing at the hapless brothers. Quantrell was severely wounded, his brother dead and all their worldly possessions stolen.

According to legend, Quantrell laid there for three days, near death, guarding his dead brother's body. Finally an

old Shawnee Indian stumbled across the camp, helped bury the older brother and carried Quantrell back to his home, where he nursed him back to health.

It took Quantrell almost a year to completely recover his health and the whole time he had but one thing on his mind, vengeance for his dead brother. During this time he listened and learned. He learned that the group of Redlegs that had ambushed him were part of a group operating under the leadership of a notorious guerilla chieftain by the name of Jim Lane.

Quantrell grew a beard, changed his name and began making friends with the guerillas. Now known as Charles Hart, he was quickly accepted as a member of the band of cutthroats. He enrolled in a company that contained all but two of the men who had murdered his brother. Enlisting as a private, he was soon promoted to an orderly, and as his leadership skills became evident, was advanced in rank to the position of sergeant.

Before long, Redlegs began to disappear. First one or two would be found hung, or maybe with a bullet in the back of the head. Then it got to the point where scarcely a week would go by without another dead body being found. Men began to whisper about the unknown Judas in their midst. Even the bravest men were terrified.

One night about a year after he joined the band, Quantrell was sitting around the campfire listening to the men speculate on the identity of the assassin. One man brought up the story about the time him and a group of other men ambushed two brothers on Cottonwood River.

"It's a funny thing," he said.

"All those men are dead. I'm the only one left alive."

"Not for long," Quantrell said as he casually pulled the trigger on his pistol, sending the Redleg to burn in Hell.

William Quantrell was a wanted man now, with a price on his head, dead or alive. Word of his exploits galvanized Kansas and Missouri and it wasn't long before he began attracting recruits for his own private army. Jesse and Frank James, their homes burned by the Redlegs, joined as did Kit Dalton, Cole Younger and many other young men thirsting for vengeance.

Though it has never been verified, rumor has always persisted that Quantrell was commissioned a Colonel in the Confederate Army. This, however, is highly unlikely due to his tactics. Quantrell's army, fighting under the black flag, took no prisoners.

His most infamous deed was the August 21st, 1863 raid on Lawrence, Kansas, where he and 273 of his men captured the city and put one hundred and fifty of its citizens to death.

On May 10, 1865, Quantrell and his men took cover from an afternoon thunderstorm in a barn belonging to a Mr. Wakefield. Coming from the opposite direction was a column of 120 union soldiers commanded by Captain Edward Terrell. The union soldiers, seeing the fresh footprints leading to the barn decided to investigate.

Immediately shots rang out. During the furious gun battle, most of Quantrell's men were able to make an escape, leaving only five men behind, two wounded and three dead. Captain Terrell, upon questioning the two wounded men was shocked to hear one of the men confess his identity as that of William Clark

Quantrell.

The man purporting to be Quantrell was badly wounded. He had suffered gunshots to the shoulder in addition to a broken back. Anyone could tell that the man was mortally wounded.

"Please," said the man, "Leave me here in peace to die."

After checking the man's wounds, the union captain agreed to the wounded man's request. Calling for his men to mount up, the officer led his men back to town, satisfied that he had caused the end of Quantrell. Unfortunately, his commanding officer was not as happy.

Angry at the fact that his men had left Quantrell to die in peace, the Commander sent another squad of soldiers to recover the fallen chieftain.

By most established reports, Quantrell died about two weeks

later of his wounds while being held a prisoner in Louisville, Kentucky. Before dying he was supposed to have been converted to the Catholic faith and made a full confession. His remains were buried in a local graveyard with no marker.

The burial marked the beginning of a mystery that continues to this day. No one that had ever known Quantrell stepped forward to identify the body. The only proof the soldiers had was the wounded man's own statement. Even the confession and the account that he had converted to the Catholic faith began to lose credence once it was pointed out that William Clark Quantrell was a Methodist.

Even the local newspapers hesitated to identify the person as being Quantrell. The *Louisville Times*, May 14, 1865 reported:

cont. on page 27

Was McCoy Really Quantrell?

- * Both were the same height, weight, had same color hair and blue eyes.
- * Both had a tattoo of an Indian maiden on their left forearm.
- * Both were expert pistol shots.
- * Both had same first names: William Clark.
- * Both had the first joint missing from the little finger of their right hand.
- * Both were excellent public speakers.
- * McCoy became a Methodist minister and Quantrell had taught at an Eastern Methodist College.
- * Both had excellent writing skills. McCoy was editor of the "Christian Advocate," and Quantrell had taught English at an Eastern college.
- * McCoy's wife, though supposedly eligible, never applied for a Confederate pension.
- * Methodist church records identify McCoy as a former guerilla during the War Between the States.

Long May She Wave

It is sad but true. On any important National holiday - like Veterans Day or Memorial Day - when I travel around this city of Huntsville I can see that in some neighborhoods about 98% of the homes DO NOT display the flag. Either they have no interest in flying the flag, which I doubt, or they just don't have a flag in their home, which is more likely true.

The National Flag is a symbol of our unique American way of life. All one has to do is learn how it is in other countries to really appreciate what we have in our country. Here we have a nation built on the principles of individual freedom, responsible government and human equality. When we display our flag at our homes we are showing our pride in our country and for what she stands. When we show respect for our flag, and pay it homage, we are restating a dedication to our heritage (no matter where our ancestors came from) and our resolve to continue it.

If you have a flag in your home, display it at any time but especially on National holidays. If you don't have one, get one and display it with the pride that only a true American can show.

Civic organizations in Huntsville should urge their members to display their flag, and to encourage their neighbors to do the same.

The flag of the U.S., was established by Congress to come into being on July 4, 1818. It initially had twenty stars with one star added for each new state. Stars have long been used to



denote sovereignty and dominion symbolically since ancient times. The color blue signifies vigilance, perseverance and justice; red is for hardness and valor; white means purity and innocence. So LET'S GO, Huntsville! If you consider yourself to be a good, proud American - how about showing your true colors this 4th of July?

Note from the Golden K Kiwanis in Huntsville:

During a past meeting, we had considerable discussion about the American Flag and whether anyone had the right to burn it in protest of any issue. We had pros and cons among our membership with the majority of them in favor of coming up with a petition indicating our disfavor with anyone burning or otherwise insulting the American standard. George Ortlip and Luther Adams led the way in coming up with this petition.

If you've ever whiled away an afternoon at your doctor's office, you'll know why we're called patients.

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

Shouldn't you worry about her future now?

Whether it be Life, Home, Automobile or Health insurance, Mullins Insurance can take care of all your needs.

- * Discounts for safe drivers
- * Small business specialists



Mullins and Company
For All Your Insurance Needs
121 Lily Flagg Rd. 880-3303

Wonderful Vidalias

Did you know that the ancient Egyptians held the onion in such high esteem that civil officers recited their office oath while holding an onion, similar to how politicians swear oaths while placing their hand over the Bible today? The Egyptians considered onions fit for royalty and revered them for their perfect geometric exterior, with layer forming spheres within spheres.

During the Middle ages, onions were so valued they were even used as rent payments and wedding gifts.

Designer onions and storage onions are perfect for the health-conscious. In fact, studies at East Texas State University identified a chemical in onions that is very good for your heart.

A fresh Vidalia onion has a light golden-brown bulb and a white interior. Its shape is

rounded at the bottom and somewhat flat at the top or stem end. Ordinary storage onions are darker, have a thicker skin and are generally more round or oblong.

Since Vidalia onions are available only part of the year, sweet onion lovers buy them in quantity (50 or 100 pounds) and store them for extended enjoyment. The key to keeping Vidalia's for a long time is to keep them cool, dry and unbruised.



Brooks & Collier

A Complete Selection
Of Unusual Trees, Shrubs,
Flowers, and Unique
Garden Statuaries &
Accessories.



Free Local Delivery
813 Meridian N.
Downtown

536-0734

*If all those psychics know
the winning lottery
numbers, why are they all
still working?*

DISCOVER THE FLAVOR OF OLD MEXICO!

OUR MOTTO *"The Best Mexican Food In Town"*



EL MEICANO
RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

"SERVING HUNTSVILLE SINCE 1973"



Delicious Mexican Food In A Friendly Atmosphere
All Menu Items Prepared Fresh Daily
Banquet Room Facilities

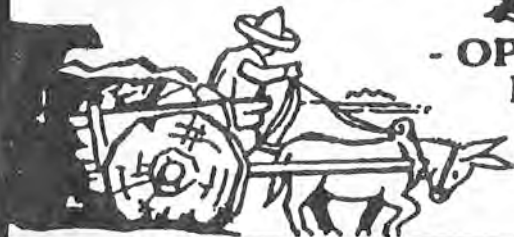
**- OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER -
DINE IN OR CARRY OUT**

Closed Mondays

CALL...534-2371

2713 PATTON RD. S.W.

- BETWEEN BOB WALLACE & DRAKE AVENUES -



Markers in Time

Dallas Mill

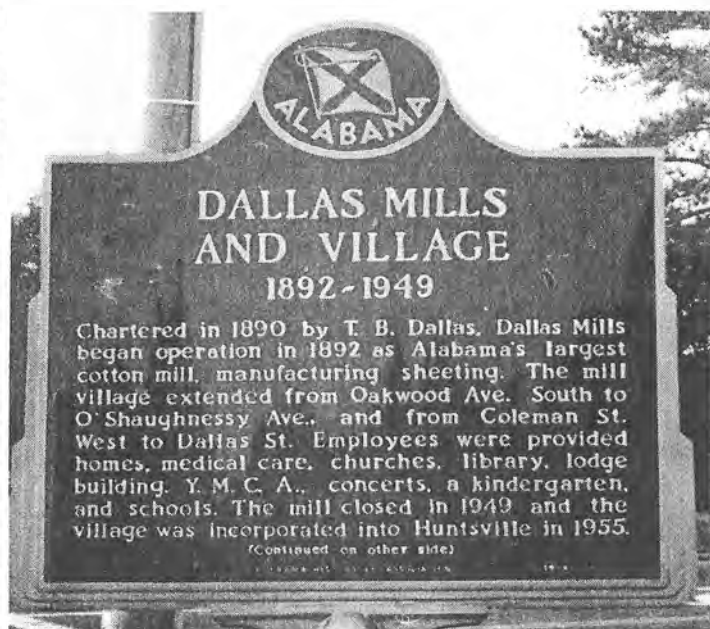
Huntsville's First Cotton Mill

by Raneë Pruitt

The little city of Huntsville originally began as a cotton town and regional trade center. With the Civil War and the devastation it brought with it, Huntsville lost much of its antebellum role in the state. In the 1890s, however, the Yankees returned to our city. This time, they came bringing Yankee dollars instead of bullets and bayonets. This unexpected financial boom came in the form of cotton mills, which combined northern capital with southern labor. While the impetus may not have been exactly altruistic — the northern investors wanted to build their plants far from the labor unions — the mills did bring many jobs into the South, sparking a rebirth of the flagging economy. Huntsville would soon become an industrial center, with manufacturing communities encircling the city. The population increased rapidly, as mill workers moved in from the surrounding countryside and neighboring Tennessee. But it all began with the mill named Dallas.

Dallas Mill was incorporated February 26, 1891, and completed and opened on November

8, 1892. The owner firm, the Dallas Manufacturing Company, took its name from the general manager, T. B. Dallas of Nashville, Tennessee. The original capital totalled half a million



dollars, much coming from the wealthy Milliken family of New York City.

The impressive red brick mill building stood five stories high, and its floor space was estimated at 300,000 square feet. Employing 500 people, Dallas Mill was designed for 700 looms and 25,000 spindles. By the turn of the century, however, this capacity had already been doubled. The mill then used about 20,000

bales of cotton annually, which was a major boon to the local cotton growers.

As the years went by, the mill converted from steam power to electric, and new and more efficient machinery was installed. An entire village grew up around the mill, by 1916 including some 120 houses and another 74 tenement buildings. Eventually, the mill village would consist of around 380 houses, and Rison School — built by the mill — was opened to educate the employees' children.

Laboring in the mills may have provided an income for many families, but the work was anything but easy. The hours in the early days were from 5:45 AM to 6:15 PM, a total of 12 1/2 hours. For this, each employee took home about \$14 a month. Thus it was not unusual to find the entire family working at the mill, combining their salaries to try to make ends meet. Rent in the mill houses reportedly consisted of one dollar a month for each room.

Other mills followed and by 1904 Huntsville could boast of 11 separate cotton mills. The city did not claim the mill villages, however, and it wasn't until 1910 that police protection was extended to the villages. The different mills became communities unto themselves, and an intense rivalry developed between the mill worker families. Boys from one mill did not dare date a girl from another mill, or for that matter even set foot in another mill vil-

lage. The hostility was especially intense between Dallas Mill and its nearby neighbor, Lincoln Mill. The boys from these mills used to meet periodically to engage in wild rock throwing battles, with casualties on both sides.

The Great Depression of 1929 inflicted its toll on Huntsville's mills, with the number dropping to 9 by 1930. Nevertheless, Dallas Mill survived. By 1945, at the end of World War II, just three of the city's mills remained in operation. But Dallas Mill was not to be the last. The big plant finally closed its doors in July of 1949, at which time the machinery and building were auctioned off for a total of \$953,617. Most of the mill houses had been sold previously to the families that occupied them. Lincoln Mill and Merrimack Mill both survived a few years longer, shutting down as recently as 1957.



Photograph of child laborers taken in 1910.

For nearly half a century, Dallas Mill stood empty, simply a ghostly shell of its former self. In the 1980s the city of Huntsville was offered the building and the remaining 14 acres as the site of its proposed Arts Center,

but the city council rejected the idea. Architect Harvie Jones also drew up a proposal to convert the structure into apartment houses. With the historic building approaching its 100th birthday, moves were made to place it on

BARRY'S BLIND FACTORY

Call or come
visit our factory!

SAVE ON

2" WOOD BLINDS (PURE WHITE)

Bring this AD in and save another 10%

Offer good until further notice.

533-0000

517-3422

(digital beeper)

Come visit us at
our new address--
706 Dallas Street

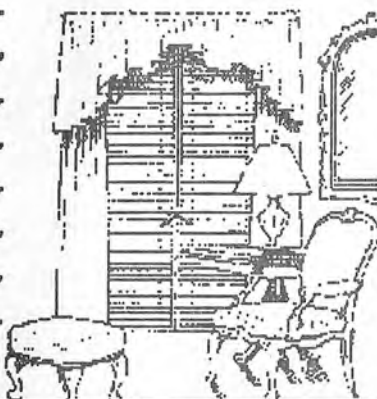
We Serve

North Alabama
&

Southern Tennessee.

There is a \$42 trip charge
outside of Madison Co.

Fee includes
Measurements
&
Installation.



**Dallas Mill -
Photo taken in the 1920s**

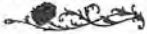


the National Register of Historic Places. But before that could happen, disaster struck first.

On July 24, 1991, a mysterious fire broke out, perhaps carelessly set by a homeless person. The linseed soaked floor boards blazed furiously, and no human efforts could have saved the

building. Some young spectators cheered as the historic walls tumbled spectacularly amid the bright flames. However, many an older resident wiped a tear from his eye as he remembered how his family had labored in the old mill. The salaries might not have been much,

but at least they fed and clothed many Huntsville families and saw them through times of hardship. It was hard work, but it was decent work and honest.

Most of all, it let people keep their pride in supporting themselves without any help from the government. 

*Lee's
Errands,
Etc.*

- ✓ I can take that big bedspread to the laundry. (*You've been thinking about it for months.*)
- ✓ I can pick up your prescriptions or groceries.
- ✓ Company coming? I can polish the silver.
- ✓ Need advice about the garden? I can do that, too. (*even help you plant it!*)
- ✓ Need extra help in the kitchen? (*I'm a great cook.*)
- ✓ Do you need a specific gift right now, wrapped and delivered to you?
- ✓ Is your filing backed up and you need someone for just an hour or two? Call me.

Remember, *Lee's Errands, Etc.* We'll be the extra help you need.
Call Lee May, Beeper 707-0002, or home machine 533-0333

Quantrell

cont. from page 21

"Captain Twirl and his company arrived here yesterday from Taylorsville. They brought with them the guerilla who bears the name "Quantrell." It is not the Quantrell of Kansas notoriety, for we have been assured that he was at last account a colonel in the rebel army under Price. This prisoner was shot through the body in a fight in a barn near Taylorsville on Wednesday last. Five others were killed at the barn but what their names are we have not been able to ascertain. The prisoner brought here is confined to the prison hospital and is in a dying condition."

Adding further to the confusion is a newspaper article dated June 7, 1865 that throws the whole question of a confession into doubt.

"It will be remembered that a guerilla calling himself William Clark, captain in the Fourth Missouri Rebel Cavalry, but generally supposed to be the infamous monster "Quantrell," was wounded and captured on the 10th of May and placed in the military hospital of this city. He died of his wounds yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock."

If Quantrell had confessed

why did the paper still identify him by the name William Clark and state that "he was generally supposed to be Quantrell"?

And so, for lack of a better answer, the military authorities buried an unidentified body and wrote finish to the bloody chapter of William Clark Quantrell.

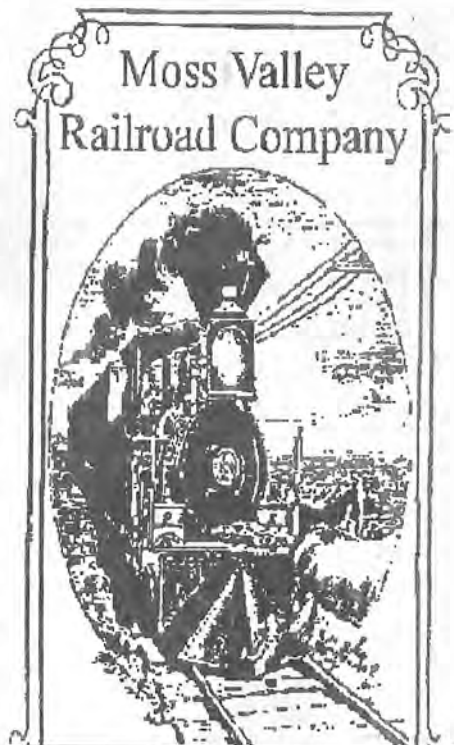
Or so they thought. When Quantrell's mother had the body exhumed to move it to a family plot, the corpse was discovered to have red hair. Quantrell's hair was black.

Almost two years later our story takes another bizarre twist. A young man by the name of William Clark McCoy appeared as a Methodist circuit rider in the Tennessee Valley. According to the story given at the time, McCoy was an ex-soldier who had served briefly with Quantrell and then later joined Stonewall Jackson's army as a courier. At the end of the war he learned there was a reward offered for members of Quantrell's band so instead of returning home, he made his way south, to Alabama, where he became a minister.

A search of all the records would later reveal no William Clark McCoy serving with Quantrell or Jackson. Even more confusing was the fact that years later his wife, before her death, admitted there was a

\$50,000 reward offered for the capture of her husband. Quantrell was the only member of his group who had a price on his head at the end of the war.

Rumors surrounded McCoy as to his real identity from almost the first day he moved to the Valley. Photographs of Quantrell had been circulated throughout the country and there were thousands of ex-soldiers returning home from war who had fought with Quantrell or had seen him. Surprisingly, no one at the time thought it was strange that the man once known as "Bloody



Huntsville's 'Historic'

Train Shop

MTH - WEAVER
WILLIAMS - LIONEL
RIVAROSS - LGB

536-3303

Mon. Thru Friday

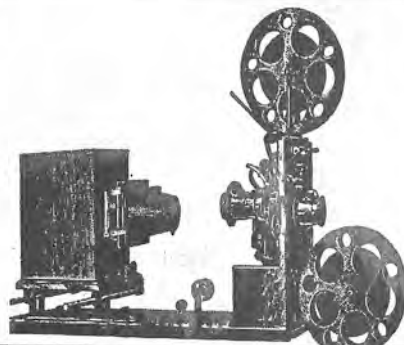
10:00 til-6:30

Saturday 10 - 6
320 Church St. Huntsville, Ala.

Hi Fi Service

For expert repair of
audio/video equipment

Factory authorized service
center for 22 manufactures



1318 Putnam Dr. 722-9889




MEN - WOMEN - CHILDREN

Billy's

BARBER SHOP

Full Service
Master Barber
* Call anytime *
leave message
533-5714
805 Regal Dr., #7
Huntsville, Ala. 35801

**BLACKWELL
LAND & TITLE
RESEARCH**



Over 34 Years Combined Experience

N. Alabama & S. Tennessee
Specializing in All Types
of Real Estate Research
(24 Hr. Service in Most Cases)
Member Dixie Land Title Association
Office Fax 533-2439
Digital Beepers
720-3110 - 707-1536

Quantrell" was now seeking salvation through religion.

After accepting the Methodist faith, McCoy became an active worker in the church. One of the anecdotes about McCoy handed down through generations had to do with him helping raise money for a church. The church was having a picnic along with games and contests. One of the contests was a shooting contest with the winner receiving a freshly baked apple pie. Unfortunately, even with the low entrance fee of twenty-five cents, the contest did not generate much interest.

Some of the local men, having heard the rumor of Quantrell being in their midst, and noticing the brace of pistols he wore underneath his coat, appealed to McCoy to try his luck. Maybe if the crowd saw him entering the contest it would encourage other men to do the same.

At first McCoy refused but after many appeals to his charitable nature he finally agreed.

The crowd grew silent as he approached the firing line. Twelve bottles sitting in a row at

a distance of thirty paces were the target. Slowly he pulled one pistol and after carefully taking aim, hit the first bottle dead center. The second shot came a few seconds later and another bottle disappeared. As the gun began to feel comfortable in McCoy's hand again, the crowd watched with amazement as his body went into a crouch firing at the bottles so rapidly that it was impossible to tell one shot from the next. Moving so fast that his hand seemed to be a blur, he dropped the empty pistol and drew the other one. This time, instead of shooting with one hand, he threw the blazing gun from hand to hand as bottle after bottle exploded into a thousand pieces of glass.

People later said that after McCoy had finished firing, he stood there for a long minute, staring at the spot where the targets had stood, and as he slowly turned around to leave, reached down and unbuckled his gun belt. Though he taught all of his children to become expert marksmen, and gave occasional

cont. on page 31



Make it a perfect
Wedding
beginning with your
Invitations

**Invitations, Announcements, Napkins,
Thank You Notes,
Reception Favors, Ribbons, Guest Books,
Toasting Glasses, and More.
For Any Social Occasion**

Linda's
Printing Services

3308 7th Ave., Huntsville, Al. 35801 - (205) 534-4452, Fax (205) 534-4456

Visa
Master Card
American Express

For Women Only

If you're like me, you have bought a dozen or so vacuum cleaners over your lifetime and never really found one that you loved. It either doesn't have enough suction, or it dies when it swallows a penny or string, or it's heavy and hard to maneuver.

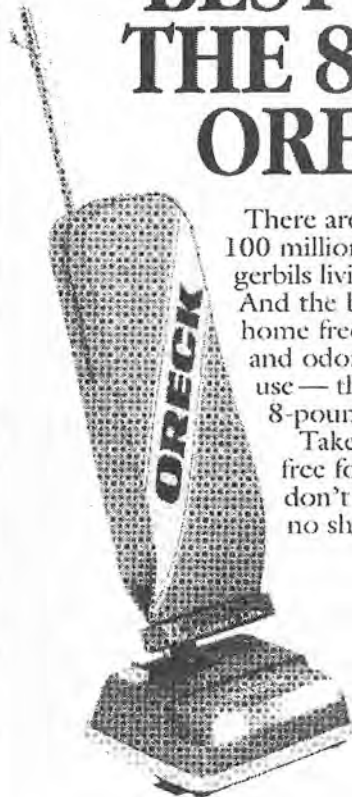
Well, I have finally found one that I have fallen in love with, and my husband just doesn't get my enthusiasm. But now when it's time to vacuum I actually look forward to it.

I know you've all seen those Oreck ads that seem to promise you everything short of a trip to New York. But the vacuum cleaner I was using was a canister that was loud, heavy and hated me. So I decided to get even with it and look for an upright. I went to the Oreck place on University by Home Depot just to look.

So I decided to (again) take the plunge and buy another new vacuum. I got it home and began on my carpets. Well, I'm here to tell you - it was the most fun I've had in a long time. It REALLY HAS SUCTION! I have a long-haired white cat and on dark green carpet, his fur really shows up. That cat hair just disappeared, along with everything else. It has a hypo-allergenic bag and the house smelled great when I was done.

But the thing I really loved about it were its twin headlights on the front. Tom couldn't get over my enthusiasm about those headlights - but how else to see in dark corners? Besides, the new riding lawn mower he is dying for has headlights - and when is he going to mow, at night??

A PET OWNER'S BEST FRIEND. THE 8-POUND ORECK XL.



There are somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 million cats, dogs, hamsters, rabbits and gerbils living in American homes. And the best way to keep your home free of hair, fur, dander and odors is also the easiest to use — the American-made, 8-pound Oreck XL hotel vacuum.

Take the Oreck Challenge and try one free for 15 days. If you don't love it, you don't keep it. And that's no shaggy dog story.



ORECK

Home Depot Shopping Center

964-8440 fax 964-8442

SHAW INVESTIGATION

AGENCY, INC.

Accident Reconstruction
Fraud
Drugs
Rape
Civil Rights
Accidents
Missing Persons
Domestic Relations
Workman's Comp

Internal Theft
Security
Medical Malpractice
Arson Defense
Background Checks
Product Liability
Sexual Abuse
Executive Protection
Confidential

Huntsville Office 701 Pratt Ave. NE Suite 103
(205) 533-1777 - 1-800-266-1777

shooting demonstrations he never strapped on a gun belt again.

During this time McCoy had been ordained as an elder in the Methodist church here in Huntsville. According to legend, when McCoy signed the notice appointing him a minister, he signed with the name William Clark Quantrell. The Bishop then penciled in the name "W. C. McCoy" and kept the papers in his personal collection.

Word of his eloquence began to reach the church superiors and in almost an unbelievable short period of time he began to advance in his newly chosen career. Besides serving in the pulpit of churches in Guntersville, Birmingham, and Decatur, he was appointed the editor of the "Christian Advocate" in 1886, and served as financial agent for Southern University.

Even with the good work that McCoy was doing rumors persisted as to him being Quantrell. Neighbors and friends tried to get an answer from him, but McCoy, a man of God, refused to give any information about his past. As his children began to grow older they also heard the rumors. In a youthful attempt to learn the truth his children questioned him about where he grew up. He refused to talk about it. They asked him about his family and again he would not talk. Finally, exasperated, they asked him if he really was Quantrell. McCoy, by this time one of the most respected ministers in Alabama, refused to either confirm or deny the stories.

McCoy's son, Dr. J.H. McCoy, who at the time when he related this story was a Bishop in the Methodist church told about an incident that seemed to confirm, to him, his father's real identity.

The sons had heard the rumors about their father being Quantrell and they had also learned that Quantrell had a tattoo of an Indian maiden on his left forearm. Their father, however, always refused to take his shirt off. Even in the hottest part of the summer he would not roll up his sleeves. One hot August day McCoy and his sons were working in a field next to a cool flowing creek. Late that afternoon the boys suggested a dip in the water to cool off. "Go ahead," McCoy said, "I'll be along directly."

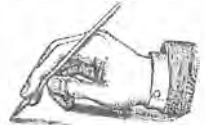
After the boys had finished their refreshing dip, they dressed and went in search of their father, who in the meantime had disappeared. Walking down the creek they found their father, with his shirt off, bathing in the creek. Seeing the tattoo of an Indian maiden on their fathers left forearm, the boys began to ask questions.

McCoy, highly agitated, quickly put on his shirt and told the boys: "Now listen to me, you haven't seen a thing not a thing, you understand!"

One evening, while still a pastor at Haney's Chapel, near Guntersville, he read in the newspaper that Frank James was being held prisoner in the Huntsville jail. Summoning his brother-in-law to accompany him, he told his wife, "I must go to Huntsville and see Frank James." After arriving in Huntsville they quickly received permission to talk with the prisoner. The Huntsville city jailer at that time and McCoy's brother-in-law both verified what happened next.

As the door to the cell opened, Frank James was sitting on an army cot, idly glancing through a book. Looking up and

Know Your Rights



Temporary Custody of Children

For various reasons, parents may find themselves unable to provide care for their children for a period of time. For instance, an operation, a serious illness, military duty, job reassignment, incarceration, vacation or other events may create the need for another person to step in and act as a guardian for a minor child on a temporary basis, where a change of legal custody of the child is neither necessary nor in the best interests of those concerned.

Under Alabama's Uniform Guardianship Act, Alabama Code 262A7, an affidavit (similar to a power of attorney) can usually be signed to delegate parental custody and guardianship to a third party for a designated period not to exceed 12 months. The delegation can be renewed. The delegation can either be general (to do most things for a child which the parent could do) or limited to specific matters (such as making medical decisions for the child).

The parent can revoke the delegation at any time for any reason. The document does not have to be filed with a court, but may be filed with the Probate Judge, for a small fee. The delegation does not affect any judicial decision regarding legal custody, or change primary responsibilities of a parent as established by law or by a court. Also, any delegation might be considered by a court in a lawsuit seeking a change of custody.

This column is provided as a public service by Legal Services of North-Central Alabama, Inc., a nonprofit corporation providing free legal help to low income persons in a 5 county area.

To make a donation or receive information on how you can help, contact:

Legal Services of North Central AL., Inc.
2000-C Vernon Drive,
P.O. Box 2465
Huntsville, Alabama 35804
(205) 536-9645

seeing that he had visitors, he started to speak, and then fell silent with a look of astonishment on his face. "Bill," James cried out, "Everyone said you were dead!"

McCoy asked the other men to step outside so they might talk in private. Again, true to his character, he refused to ever reveal what they talked about. Later, when his wife questioned him, McCoy simply chuckled and replied that James had said, "If you can become a preacher, anyone can."

The years wore on and more people stepped forward claiming that Reverend McCoy was really Quantrell. He finally admitted to knowing and having been friends with Jesse and Frank James, the Younger brothers and numerous other members of the outlaw band but he still refused to give an answer to the question that was on everyone's mind.

William Clark McCoy died in 1891 in Decatur, Ala. His children knowing that their father kept a collection of old papers, wanted to settle the matter of who he really was. They were too late. Their mother, upon his

death, had burned the papers. While she readily admitted that McCoy was not his real name and that there had been a \$50,000 reward for his capture, she refused to reveal his real name. "I promised your father to never talk about it" was all she had to say.

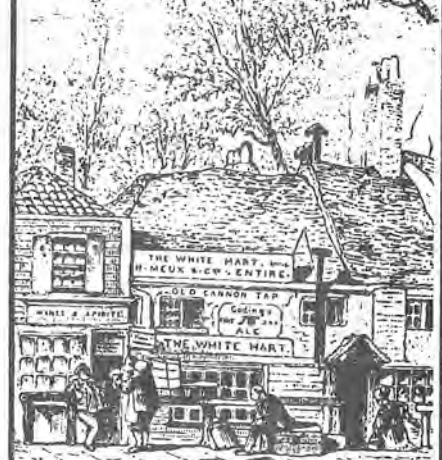
McCoy's children and grandchildren, some of whom went on to become noted professors, judges and pastors, traveled thousands of miles, spent untold hours pouring over old records and interviewed countless people in order to establish a genealogical record of their family. In all of their research, the only thing they could establish was that no such person as William Clark McCoy existed before 1866. The only records are those that he chose to give. Even these records present a puzzle. In the course of twenty years, he listed four different places of birth and four different birthdays. Was the quiet spoken Methodist Preacher really the bloodthirsty William Clark Quantrell? Although his family believes it to be so, possibly no one will ever be able to prove it conclusively.

The one thing that we can be certain of is that his name was not William Clark McCoy.



Why do banks charge you a "Non-Sufficient Funds fee" on money they already know you don't have in your account?

Real Estate Appraisals



Mark

Hallman SRA

Member of Appraisal Institute

776-9050

Certified by the state of Alabama

Active Worker for Heritage Preservation

Meridian Street Chevron



Full & Self Service Gas Pumps

*New & Used Tires - Wrecker Service - Brakes
Air Conditioning Service - Tune ups - Road Service
Wheel Balancing - Computerized Engine Analysis*

Jim Wolchik, Manager

534-9478

1315 Meridian Street - Huntsville, Al 35801

Four Seasons Sunrooms - Enjoy Outdoor Living Indoors - 539-3687

Things Everyone Should Know

Einstein couldn't speak fluently when he was nine. His parents were afraid that he might be retarded.

In Los Angeles, there are fewer people than automobiles.

Research indicates that mosquitoes are attracted to people who have recently eaten a banana.

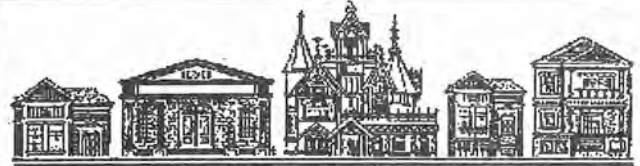
You are taller in the morning by at least a quarter of an inch.

The first known contraceptive was crocodile dung, used by Egyptians in 2000 BC.

A Saudi Arabian woman can get a divorce if her husband doesn't give her coffee.

The average teller at your local bank loses an average of \$250 per year.

Even if you cut off a cockroach's head, he will live on for another several weeks.



Old Huntsville

1868 A stray bullet kills Judge Thurlow of Athens, during a meeting of freed slaves and carpetbaggers on the square in Huntsville. The Klan rode in, but never fired a shot, others in the assembly did.

1869 Jefferson Davis makes a trip to Huntsville, staying at the Huntsville Hotel where he had stayed before.

1869 The city orders the City Marshal to feed the deer in the courthouse yard, while at the same time passing an ordinance prohibiting hitching any stallion or jackass to the courthouse fence.

1869 John Hays catches a 104 1/2 pound Sturgeon in the Tennessee River and auctions it off at the market house for \$3.50.

1871 Thirteen gas lamps are put on city streets and Huntsville appoints its first official Lamp lighter, Aaron Franks.

1872 A dread disease strikes Madison County. Cholera leaves 51 dead, and a home is rented from P.N. Drake to be used as a hospital for the victims.

1877 The county poorhouse, located off Whitesburg Drive near what later became the airport, is sold to Willis W. Garth.

1889 The Huntsville city fathers pass an ordinance that forbids lewd women to ride through Huntsville on horseback.



Bennett Nurseries

We grow and sell a complete selection of trees, shrubs, flowers, bulbs, vines, and plants for this area.

State of Alabama Certified.

More than 500 varieties of Perennials in stock - plants that come back every year.

Nurserymen and Nurserywomen available to serve you.

7002 Memorial Parkway North
Huntsville, Alabama 35810
(205) 852-6211

**Landscaping
call
837-3902**

The Price of College

from an 1899 newspaper

At Radcliffe, Harvard's affiliated college, the lowest estimate is \$450, and this ranks as the most expensive of all the colleges; while Mount Holyoke, at \$250, is about the lowest. Barnard, Vassar and Wellesley each charge \$400; the Women's College of Baltimore is \$375; Smith, \$300; the University of Chicago, \$324.

This includes laundry charges, too, but nothing more. Books, clothing, and traveling expenses must all be counted extra, and an average of \$100 is needed for church, charities, clubs and the numerous small incidentals that have a way of cropping up on all sides in the everyday college routine. These figures only represent the cost to the student of limited means. The rich girl may easily spend \$1,000 and not be markedly extravagant. Every college tries to facilitate efforts of the wage earning student by donating whole or partial scholarships, loaning money without interest, and offering employment in the library, copying, tutoring, and similar work.



Favorite Home Remedies

Suck on a wedge of lemon anytime you feel queasy, whether on a plane or on the ground. Be sure and rinse out your mouth afterwards, lemon juice can eat through tooth enamel.

Want to quit smoking? Cream of tartar has been known to clear the nicotine out of your system. Just mix 1/2 teaspoon with 8 ounces of orange juice and drink it before bedtime. Do this every night. You will find that your craving is not as bad during the day, and will reduce the number of cigarettes you want every day.

Bee pollen works for healthy, shiny hair. Start with just a few granules daily to make sure you're not allergic - then slowly increase the amount to a quarter teaspoon a day. Slowly work up to a tablespoon per day.

Coarse hair can drive you crazy! Want to tame it? Wash as usual, then towel dry. Take a pint of plain yogurt and glop it on your hair, all over. Let it stay on for 15 minutes, then rinse with tepid water.

Vitamin C can help a heart stay healthy. Eat foods rich in the vitamin - citrus fruit and leafy green vegetables - and supplement your diet daily with at least 500 mgs., of C.

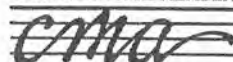
Strengthen your memory with caraway seeds. Just crush a tablespoon of them, place in a bottle and every once in a while take a whiff.



TLS, Inc.

"We Light the Stars"

ORGANIZATIONAL MEMBER



COUNTRY MUSIC ASSOCIATION

DEALER MEMBER

ESTA

ENTERTAINMENT SERVICES & TECHNOLOGY ASSOCIATION

Theatrical Lighting Systems, Inc.

SHIPPING/SHOWROOM:
909 Meridian Street
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

MAILING:
P.O. Box 2646
Huntsville, Alabama 35804

PHONES:
256-533-7025 Voice
800-229-7320 Fax

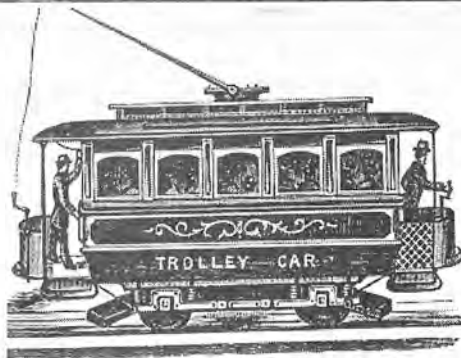
Going Downtown

by Jim Harris

Huntsville had a mass transit system when I grew up in the thirties and forties. It was still going strong when my family moved out into the county in 1946.

Actually, the part of Lincoln Village I grew up in was still in the county in 1946. The city limits were about halfway between Oakwood Avenue and Five Points, as I remember. We still were not more than a mile from downtown.

The transit system was probably the best public service this city has ever had. It was also affordable, even in those days. A nickel or dime is all I ever remember paying for a ride downtown. If a kid had a quarter, he could go to a movie, at least at the Elk Theatre, have a Coke, a

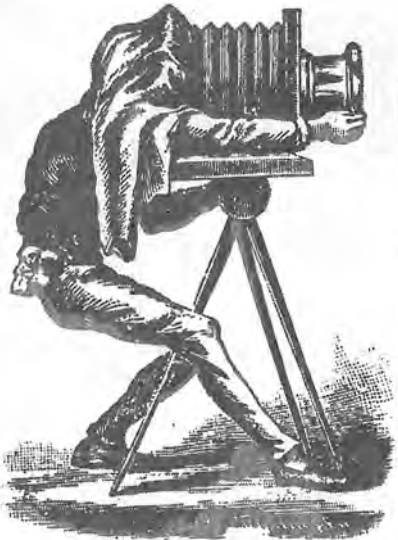


bag of popcorn and ride the bus downtown. If a candy bar or ice cream cone was more important, he could walk. I don't remember riding the bus back home that often. It could be that I seldom saw a coin larger than a quarter. Even then, a quarter would buy only so much.

The route my bus took ran north on Meridian Street to Oakwood Avenue. Right on Oakwood Avenue to Andrew Jackson Way (Lee Highway at the time). Then right on Andrew Jackson to downtown. The buses ran often enough that to miss one meant only a short wait until the next one. If you were in a big hurry, you could probably walk fast and beat it.

Somewhere along the way something went wrong. When the masses got scattered out around downtown as far as the eye can see, we got rid of the mass transit system. But then, we also got rid of many good reasons to go downtown. I suppose whoever was in charge of the system decided that if a bus doesn't go downtown it may as well go nowhere. That was especially true of Saturdays.

Saturday downtown was similar to First Monday in Scottsboro. It was especially important to people out in the county. Farmers usually worked six days a week but when they went to town, it was usually on a Saturday. The Square didn't play a role in my life until we moved out into the county. My folks would allow us to go off on our own, but when time came to leave, we met at the courthouse. Everything took place around the Square. You could buy, sell or trade anything. When trading something, though, the goal was not a fair or even trade, but one



We Specialize In Copying
OLD PHOTOGRAPHS
 895-0495
BOB GATHANY
PHOTOGRAPHER
 4951 Century Street

of the traders had to make a better deal than the other. You could ask each trader who got the best deal and each would say he did.

Even things that couldn't be displayed publicly were sold. I remember one man who always had a bag of something. He always hung out around the men's bathroom, and never approached kids, only men. I never did see what that guy was selling.

My favorite downtown activity took place around the Big Spring. I always admired the fish. I fished a lot after we moved out into the county, but never caught nor did I ever see anyone else catch fish as big as those in the Big Spring. The Big Spring really was the "Big Spring" back then. Big enough that workers had to go out in a rowboat to clear out milfoil and seaweed.

The area from the Spring up to the street on the East side of the Square was a grassy slope where one could enjoy a picnic or just look at the natural scenery. That place was as beautiful as any in the country. Many people enjoyed it. Now, however, most people just travel through, and then, only if it's a short cut from where they want to be and they can't find a parking space down below.

We don't need to stop progress but as beautiful as downtown Huntsville is now, the

area around the Big Spring doesn't compare to the beauty that the Creator first gave it. I hate that part of progress.

I tried to come up with several reasons, other than the historical value, why one would visit downtown Huntsville these days. I came up with these:

- 1.) To buy a license;
- 2.) To pay taxes;
- 3.) To pay a fine;
- 4.) To go to court to keep from paying a fine and;
- 5.) To meet your neighbor, who probably sued you, and you have no choice.

There is one other good reason to go downtown and that is to try to figure out what kind of animal is embedded in the First Alabama (now Regions Bank) retaining wall. To find it, stand in front of the bank facing the bank and go down to the bottom of the stairs on your right. Now go to the corner of the retaining wall on your left and look at the fourth, fifth and sixth blocks from the bottom. I'm no expert, but I think you will see the fossilized remain of the tail of some prehistoric lizard.

Have you noticed that lemon juice contains mostly artificial ingredients but dishwashing liquid contains real lemons?

Pleasures

Imported Chocolates
Toys & Lotions
Delicious Coffees
Informative Videos and Literature
Cards & Magazines



A Store For
The Romantic

830-0069

On University Dr.
1/2 mile West
of Rideout Rd.

Gill Diamond and Jewelry, Inc.

Diamonds and Jewelry at Wholesale Plus Brokerage Fee

Don Gill, Graduate Gemologist (GIA), 25 years experience

Harold Gill, GIA Diamond Grading Certificate

Appraisals (While you wait)

Repair Service

"Where Quality Is Not Expensive"

(256) 534-3334

2006 Franklin St. Suite 205

Franklin Professional Center - Huntsville, Ala. 35801

Diamonds
Gold
Chains
Bracelets
Earrings

Wedding Bands
Pearls

Colored Stones
Citizen Watches
Artcarved™ Wedding Bands

On Hurricane Creek

by Billy Joe Cooley

Her name was Mary Riddick and she was one of the area's most beloved educators during the years she taught at the Hurricane Creek and Riverton schools.

She started teaching as a substitute teacher shortly after the second war, never having attended college. Almost a quarter of a century later, when the education powers-to-be mandated that a college degree was a necessity, the furor in the community was such that she was given special dispensation to continue teaching. Her students were special people to her. No child would ever enter her classroom with a dirty face, or perhaps with a tear in his or her eye, without Mrs. Riddick immediately taking notice and providing the comfort that a small child needed so bad. People in the community later said that she could have bought a new house with the money she spent over the years buying food and shoes for the children. She taught three generations, and they were all her children.

She never asked anything in return.

Outside the classroom she set an example in compassion and caring. She was always ready to help the community's ailing, the poor, or just anyone that needed advice or a shoulder to cry on. For newcomers to the area, she would invariably bake a loaf of her mouth watering

homemade bread.

"You could tell when Mrs. Riddick was coming up the path by the smell of that delicious bread," recalls Margaret Frazier Tucker, who along with her husband J.B., are natives of the valley.

Time has a way of standing still, but only in our minds.

This was my thought the other afternoon as some of us drove up along Hurricane Creek, listening as we went, to Thomas Frazier relate tales of his young years, many of which were spent in that scenic community.

Before the day was over we had visited with several old-timers, and a few new residents, of the area.

While several prominent people have their roots, or graves, in this beautiful valley, few, if any, reside there today. Yet, there are still some characters living in this refuge of days gone by, and the memories of the community's mile markers are as vivid as the day they were made.

Mrs. Riddick's son, Frank Jr., followed his mother's inclination and became a public servant; probate Judge of the county, to be exact. Buck Watson became a noted Huntsville lawyer. Alvin Blackwell attained several high chairmanships, includ-

ing the county Democratic Party helmsman for many years. Herbert Ray went on to head one of the state's leading Ford dealers.

There were others who made their mark, of course, and to continue listing names would take more space than we have room for in this story. Such a list would certainly have to include the unsung heroes who have contributed much to the area while avoiding the illumination that often comes with good citizenship.

Gus Peavy, known to all the children as uncle Gus, always had a smile on his face and a place in his heart for the youngsters living on the creek. Thomas told me that uncle Gus never forgot the names of any children, and sure enough, while sitting in the front yard of some local citizens, he drove up in his old

CELEBRATE YOUR HERITAGE!



Col. Egbert J. Jones Camp, #357
Sons of Confederate Veterans
PO Box 2811 Huntsville, AL 35804
Meets every 1st Thursday 7:00 p.m.
the Depot, Downtown Huntsville
VISITORS WELCOME!

Pratt Avenue Antique Mall

708 Pratt Ave.

(1 blk. E. of Andrew Jackson)

536-3117

Mon - Sat 10 - 5, Sun 1 - 5

Antiques, Fine Furniture, Accessories,
Books, Artwork, Custom Framing and a
large selection of

Collectibles. 9000 sq. ft.



Mullins & Co. - For all your insurance needs

pickup truck.

He immediately recognized Thomas and called him by his name (which was Tommy in those long ago days on Hurricane Creek).

I later asked Thomas how long it had been since he had last seen Gus.

"Oh, about thirty or thirty five years."

These were also the days when politicians would hold rallies and provide watermelon cuttings, barbecue cookouts and fish fries. They don't do that much anymore.

Hurricane Creek had other interesting happenings, like the time Elvis Presley's father, Vernon, brought his new bride to the Ray's ranch house for their honeymoon. Vernon wanted a place where he could get away from the press to relax and the valley was a perfect haven for the lovebirds.

During the heyday of moonshine, some mighty fine brew was produced in the area, but the Tuckers don't remember any-

thing about it, they being from proper Christian homes and all. "Some of the men-folks would go up to Jones Hollow in Lick Skillet to get liquor. They never caused no trouble, they'd just get together down on the creek and play cards and tell lies," said Tucker, who was born in 1922.

If Hurricane Creek ever had such a thing as a "town hall," it was Bobby Bragg's Grocery Store. Someone sitting on the old wooden bench in front of the store, maybe whittling on a piece of wood, would sooner or later hear of everything that happened in the community.

One memory that likely would be better forgotten was the time Laura Jo Wilbourn, who is now circuit judge Laura Hamilton, participated in a pajama party with Linda and Sandy Tucker at the Tucker home during their pre-high school years. The future jurist and her confederates loaded a pan with marshmallows and put them in the electric oven for toasting.

The young ladies immedi-

ately launched into a session of girl talk, forgetting the marshmallows until smoke, fire and screams permeated the atmosphere. Fortunately, it was springtime and the windows could be left open while fans blew the odor into the atmosphere, which, said Mrs. Tucker, could partially explain the ozone problem we're having today.

The store first opened in 1903 as the J.H. St. Clair Grocery. Mr. St. Clair also owned the local sawmill, cotton gin and coal mine. St. Clair was loved in the community, and often spearheaded movements to help widows and orphans, providing food and coal to them. His grocery, if hard times necessitated it, would operate on the barter system when people had no money, or it would operate on the generous credit system when people had nothing.

There have been some anxious moments on Hurricane Creek, too. Like the time a shotgun was fired through the store's front door. It was the result of a dispute between two feuding families, one member of which was inside the store buying groceries and the other outside waiting to waylay him. Patience wore thin for the ambusher, however, so he fired into the store, hitting nobody.

That was the most serious violence that ever occurred at the store, although Bob Blackwell, who was a deputy, once arrested a drunk who took the whole matter personally. The drunk returned that night and burned the Blackwell barn.

The store was also a voting place, which attracted more than usual interest. A common practice in those days was for unscrupulous candidates to pay for votes among the rougher ele-



Vote Sharon Brakefield City Council Place 2

Pd. political advertisement by friends of Sharon Brakefield

Hartlex Antique Mall

1030 Old Monrovia Rd
830-4278

100 plus Dealers!

Across from Madison Square
Mall, next to Saturn



ments. One voter, known for his close kinship with John Barleycorn, boasted that he sold his vote three times to various candidates. It was noted, however, that he got so plastered on "candidate whiskey" that he passed out before he got around to casting his vote for anybody.

Other remembrances among the residents reflect lives of good morality and of helping fellow citizens. Take Milam McGee, for example. He would stop his school bus every day at the store and let the children buy candy. Of course, he always used the excuse that he needed some tobacco. He must have had the biggest stock of tobacco in the county.

Hurricane Creek has changed a lot over the years. The old dilapidated homes, with privies out behind the woodsheds, are now being replaced with modern brick homes. The fields where whole families toiled in the hot sun, picking cotton, are now home to expensive hybrid cattle. The old wood stove is gone from the store, as are the kerosene lamps overalls and candy

counters. The school bus doesn't stop there anymore and men will never again gather at the store to swap hunting and fishing tales with Bobby.

We all grow up and most of us move away to pursue different careers. We spend our lives chasing a dream called wealth and recognition.

It's only when we begin to get old that we realize that the true dreams are about places like Hurricane Creek.



Walls Tree Service

Tree Service	Licensed
Tree Trimming	Insured
Stump Removal	Lot Cleaning
Shade Trees	10 Years
Firewood	Experience

Landscaping
837-3902

What's Playing Round the Corner

Forever

June 12 - July 3



Reincarnation! Killed in a car crash on the way to their first big concert, the Plaids are miraculously revived for a plaid-fabulous time for audiences everywhere, singing in the closest of harmonies, with a series of well-loved songs and right-on patter. You'll

laugh and hum to "Catch a Falling Star", "Day-O", "Love is a Many Splendored Thing", "Sixteen Tons", "Three Coins in the Fountain" and 28 more favorites.

539-PLAY

1-800-811-7202

All major credit cards accepted

**THEATRE
ROUND
THE CORNER**
INCORPORATED

214 Holmes Ave. between Greene & Washington in Huntsville, AL • FREE PARKING

Compare!

Professional Assembly.

Free 30 day tune-ups.

Test rides before Purchase.

Different sizes to fit every individual.

Lifetime warranty on the Frame & Fork.

Absolutely

The largest selection of Bikes in North Alabama! at

Bicycles Etc.

We haven't forgotten riding a bicycle should be fun & affordable

Quality Bicycles Starting at 189.95



Bicycles Etc.

8100 S. Mem. Pkwy.

881-6947

open 7 days a week



TREK USA
American Bicycle Technology

An Elegy for Me and My Tree

by Weldon Brown

Today I visited an old oak tree that lives where our front yard used to be many years ago. Its trunk is about six feet thick now and the little plot it grows in is hemmed in by a highway, office building and parking lot.

It surely has seen a hundred leafy summers and stood serenely silent through as many wintry slumbers.

We used to walk barefoot under the tree on our way to downtown matinees. Girls in long white dresses with modest faces and big eyes beguiled us with their provocative sashays. We passed grand rose gardens back then and heard the sounds of piano lessons and laughter from

soirees.

Life was full of grace and we were loved and safe in our cocoon of cotton mill provincial when the tree, West Huntsville and the children were young, unpaved and residential.

All those faces and places that gave us serenity flew away on the wings of time without me and my tree.

Back then God granted my prayers for better days, but now, adding to my sorrows, God refuses to put those best old yesterdays into the rest of my tomorrows.

*Tell a man there are 400
billion stars and he'll
believe you, tell him a
door has wet paint and
he has to touch it.*

Robbers Make Raid on Big Poker Game

from 1905 newspaper

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

It is said the thieves made a rich haul of \$400, several watches and an assortment of diamond rings and studs. The robbers made their get away under the cover of darkness.

It is believed the men are part of a well organized gang operating out of Decatur who have recently been preying on games of chance in this locality. Several well known gamblers have already offered a reward.

Jean's Has Moved!

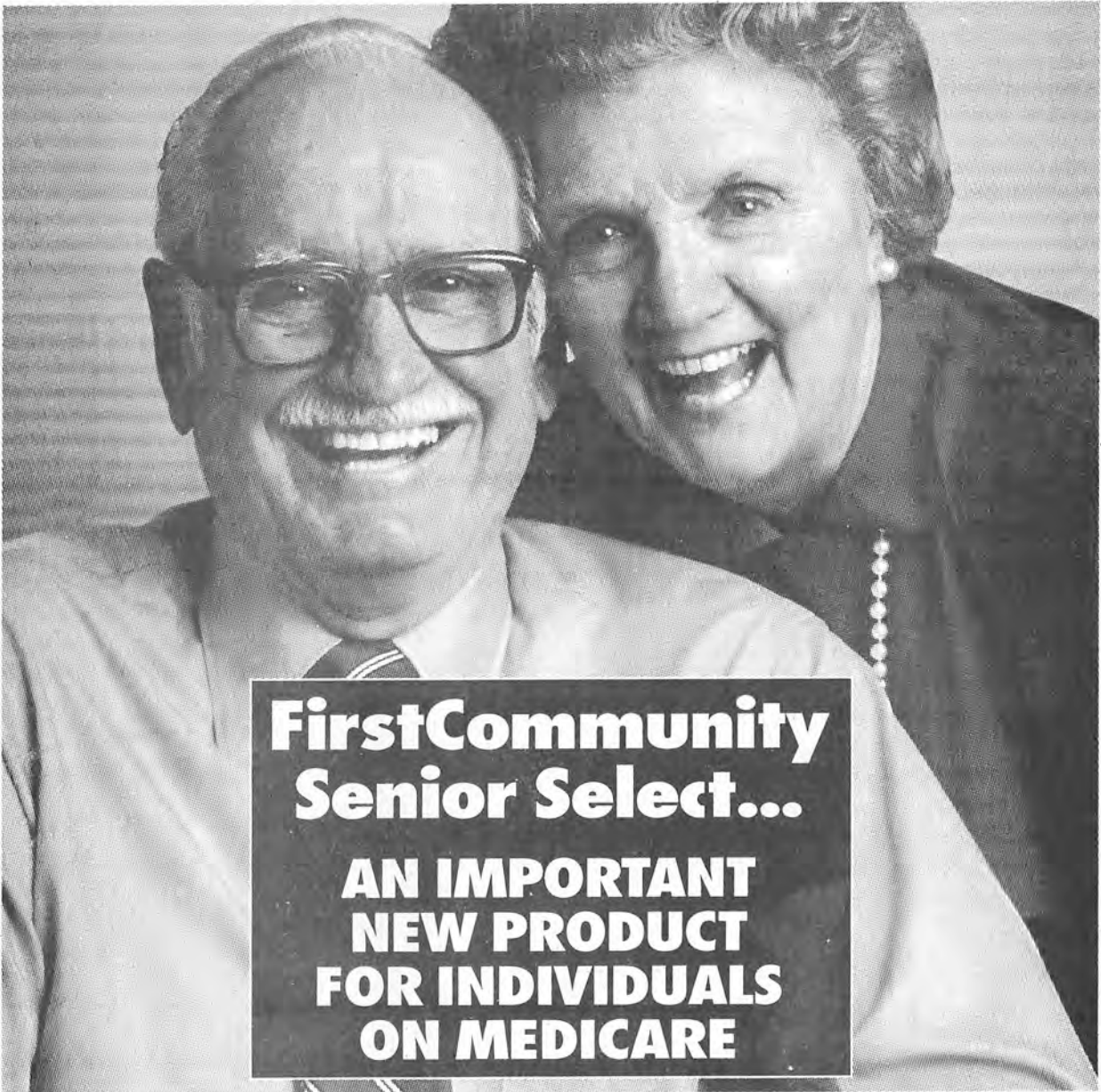
Visit us in our new location!

**SUMMER
CLEARANCE
SAVE 1/3 to 1/2 OFF!**

Fall Merchandise Arriving Soon

817-C Regal Drive
(205) 539-4871





**FirstCommunity
Senior Select...
AN IMPORTANT
NEW PRODUCT
FOR INDIVIDUALS
ON MEDICARE**

FirstCommunity Senior Select...Quality Healthcare for Less!

EXCELLENT SUPPLEMENTAL COVERAGE. There's a great new Medicare Supplement that can make a big difference in the life of a Senior you love. It's called *FirstCommunity Senior Select*. It fills in where Medicare leaves off, providing extensive benefits to keep you and your loved ones healthy and active.

LOWER PREMIUMS. *FirstCommunity Senior Select* provides outstanding healthcare coverage at *substantially lower costs!* So, you will have more money left for the good things in life.

PHYSICIAN & HOSPITAL CHOICE. *FirstCommunity Senior Select* was developed by doctors and hospitals right here in North Alabama. With *FirstCommunity Senior Select*, you can choose any physician you want! Plus, you may choose from the finest hospitals in North Alabama, including Huntsville Hospital, Huntsville Hospital East, Athens-Limestone Hospital, Decatur General Hospital, Eliza Coffee Memorial Hospital, Helen Keller Hospital, and Red Bay Hospital.



FirstCommunity
HEALTH PLAN

539-0513 or 1-888-533-2683

Call Today!

**MONTHLY
PREMIUM:**

PLAN B

\$64

PLAN C

\$77