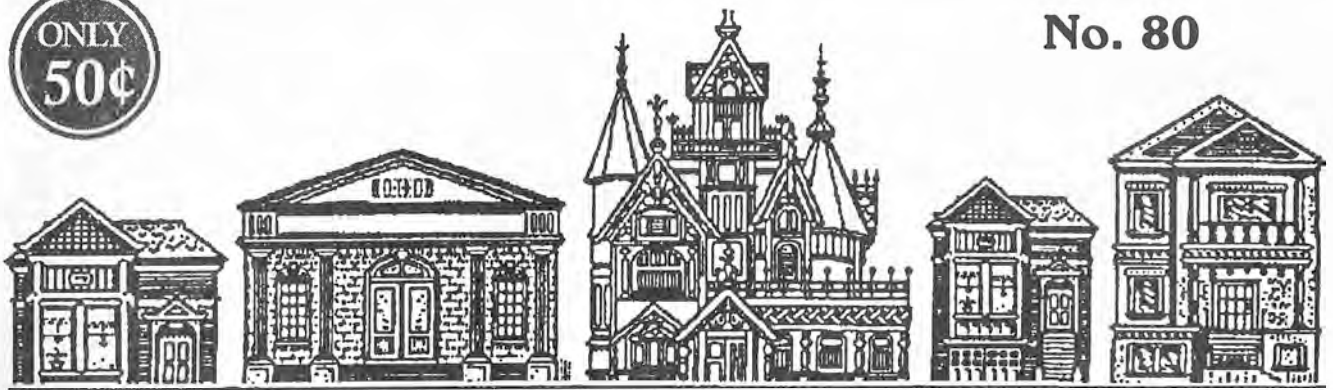


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Wernher von Braun

He was a German citizen, an American hero and a visionary of space.

President Eisenhower held dinners for him in the White House and President Kennedy called him a friend.

Dr. Wernher von Braun was all of this, but more importantly for the people of Huntsville, he was their neighbor.

Also in this issue: Escape from the Huntsville Depot

WERNHER VON BRAUN

by Jacquelyn Gray

On the warm, cloudless evening of August 17, 1943, 571 Royal Air Force bombers took off for a secret base deep in the Third Reich. Minutes later, the RAF launched a squadron of "Mosquito" bombers to Berlin to divert the German's attention from the real intended target that night-- the top secret rocket center known as Peenemuende.

Under the guidance of Duncan Sandys, son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill and later a great admirer of Wernher von Braun, the British had been gathering information on Peenemuende for nearly a year. Evidence showed that some 5,000 scientific experts, under the direction of von Braun, were working around the clock on the supersonic rocket, later known as the V2, or "Vengeance" rocket, which would eventually be capable of striking London.

The Royal Air Force attack caused extensive damage to the Peenemuende factory, although none of the eleven test stands were hit. Of the approximately 735 casualties that night, most were Polish and Russian prisoners who were forced to work in the factory. Despite the horror of the bombing raid from the night before, Peenemuende was back in operation within a matter of hours.

Wernher von Braun was born into a prominent family of German nobility and developed an interest in rocketry at an early age. At that time, the science of

rocketry was placed in the same league as "the Man in the Moon" and it was only when war clouds began to loom over Europe that his interest was taken seriously by the German war machine. Germany had been deprived of much of its arsenal by the signing of the Versailles Treaty at the end of the first World War. German leaders saw rockets as a way to circumvent the treaty.

The beginning of World War II saw the young von Braun as the head of one of the largest and most top secret rocket facilities in the world. Von Braun's age surprised many who met him for the first time. At Hitler's first meeting with him, he expressed surprise that a man of his age could be in charge of such an important undertaking. Later, as a token of his esteem, Hitler ordered that von Braun be conferred a doctorate's degree.

Although his critics later accused him of being a Nazi, the reality was that he was a German, serving his country as patriotism dictated. Himmler, at one time, awarded him honorary membership in the SS, although there is no proof that von Braun ever acknowledged it.

Ironically, it was his alleged party membership that got him in trouble when the Nazi leadership accused him of building his rockets for future space exploration instead of weapons of war. Himmler actually had him arrested at one time based on these accusations, but he was soon released when it was established



Old Huntsville

Published By

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

E-Mail

Oldhivill@mindspring.com

Internet Home Page

www.cntnet.com/oldhivill

Publisher

Cathey Callaway Carney

Senior Editor

Thomas Frazier

General Manager

Clarence Scott

Special Assignment

Stefanie Troup

Distribution

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how important von Braun was to the war effort.

By January 1945, the Third Reich, for all practical reasons, had ceased to exist. Its cities were piles of bombed-out ruins, transportation had come to a standstill, and many of its people were literally starving. Morale at Peenemuende was low, workers and engineers were exhausted. The loss of subcontractors and key personnel placed the rocket program in a desperate situation.

A secret meeting was held by von Braun and his top scientists to decide their fate. Continued allegiance to the Third Reich was out of the question. Most of the scientists had long before abandoned whatever affinity they may have held for the Third Reich. The Russians, too, were out of the question; that would be exchanging one brutal regime for another. Finally, with the sound of approaching Russian artillery in the distance, they made the unanimous decision to entrust

their fate to the Americans. Von Braun ordered the most important papers relating to rocket development boxed up and trucked south to be stored in a mine shaft. The entrance was dynamited to camouflage it, and personnel was sworn to secrecy.

Ironically, even as they held this secret meeting, the German scientists were more afraid of the German Gestapo than the approaching Russians. The Gestapo wanted them to die rather than surrender.

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The dramatic evacuation of Peenemuende took place only weeks before the Russians arrived to capture the facility. Traveling south at night to avoid Russian captors, German SS and allied bombers, von Braun's driver fell asleep and careened over an embankment at a high rate of speed, leaving von Braun with a broken shoulder and left arm. In that instant, the history of space technology could have been changed forever.

In May 1945, von Braun and his team were in hiding at Oberjoch, Germany when the opportunity to surrender to the Americans presented itself. Magnus von Braun, Wernher's younger brother, was chosen to approach the Americans because he spoke the best English. Once the Allies realized the importance of the surrendering prisoners they were taken into custody by the 324th Infantry Regiment, 44th Division. Even then, von Braun's magnetism served him in good stead, as he soon became a celebrity among the American soldiers. Many soldiers today can boast of having their photograph taken with prisoner von Braun.

Colonel Holger N. Toftoy, a name now familiar in Huntsville, was in charge of inspecting captured enemy weapons for possible shipment back to the U.S. His assignment in Germany was to gather together enough parts to assemble one hundred V2 rockets to be studied by American scientists and engineers.

When Toftoy was told about the captured German scientists, he immediately realized their importance. After much negotiation, he made arrangements to bring them back to the U.S., for interrogation. No one at that time realized that these Germans

would become the cornerstone of one of the largest scientific and industrial endeavors in American history.

Toftoy's task was a difficult one. His goal was to choose men whose expertise was varied, but yet could not be duplicated by American personnel. He was to form a complete team of guided missile experts. Toftoy and von Braun were able to reduce his list

from 300 to 127 men, and make arrangements for them to come to the United States for a six month period of time.

After making his selection, Toftoy faced another difficult problem of deciding what to do with their families, who were not allowed to come with them. Food and money were scarce for German citizens, and the scientists were reluctant to leave their fami-



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lies to fend for themselves. After much negotiating, he set up a camp staffed by a few American personnel to oversee the needs of the German civilian dependents, to be covered by the scientists' pay.

Under "Operation Paper Clip," the scientists were sent to live at Ft. Bliss, Texas, near the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico. They lived and worked just 100 miles north of Trinity Site, where the first atom bomb was detonated. Under the shadows of the imposing Organ Mountain Range, where legend says was hidden a cache of Spanish gold in the Victorio Peak, the German scientists once again began their work to develop rockets. The rockets were test fired across the New Mexico badlands named "Jornada del Muerto," or Journey of Death, by the Spanish Conquistadors.

George Williams, Toftoy's son-in-law, recalls a story that Toftoy often told about a failed guidance system on a V2 that was being tested. To everyone's chagrin, it landed in Juarez, Mexico. When a rather apprehensive team was sent to retrieve it, they found that it had landed in a cemetery and a Mexican entrepreneur was already selling parts of it.

Though they were originally under a six-month contract, the U.S. Government realized that this amount of time was inadequate to tap into the wealth of knowledge the Germans had to offer. When the German scientists expressed a reluctance to extend their contracts due to their desire to be reunited with their families, the wives and children were brought over to be with them. At around this time, von Braun had proposed mar-

riage, by letter, to his cousin Maria back in Germany.

In their efforts to learn English, the Germans picked up American slang that occasionally found its way inappropriately into von Braun's presentations, with sometimes embarrassing, if not hilarious results. For example, upon being told that the term "jerk" was another word for "friend," von Braun welcomed the attendees to a Pentagon briefing by saying how glad he was that so many "jerks could attend."

Years after they left Ft. Bliss and White Sands, the Germans confessed to Major Hamill that they had cut out a hole in a corner of their fenced in complex and would sneak out at night to walk in the desert. Hamill also confessed that he knew all about it, and had someone watching from a distance. Although they were allowed to go into El Paso weekly for shopping or a movie, he understood that they also needed more time alone, a somewhat self-controlled sense of freedom.

With the intended goal of developing a guided missile with a 1,000 plus mile range, it was necessary to expand their existing facilities. The Commanding General at Fort Bliss directed that no additional land would be provided, and with friction mounting in Korea, the Army anticipated the need for the fledgling rocket complex. Since Ft. Bliss was unable to provide the necessary space, a new location was necessary.

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On August 14, 1949, General Toftoy arrived in Huntsville, Alabama to look over Redstone Arsenal. He felt that it would not suit their needs, but nearby Huntsville Arsenal would. Toftoy asked for the facility, but was turned down by the Secretary of the Army due to the postwar military cutbacks. Refusing to accept the word "no," he went to General Matthew Ridgway, the Vice Chief of Staff, and put forth his convincing, and ultimately successful plea. Toftoy combined Huntsville Arsenal and Redstone Arsenal, named the complex Redstone Arsenal, and it became the headquarters of U.S. Army Ordnance Missile Command.

After five years of scorching sun, dangerous sandstorms and tumbleweeds, the scientists packed up their cowboy boots and left the old stomping grounds of Billy the Kid. Their destination was the town of Huntsville, Alabama, the famed "Watercress Capital of the World."

Before their departure to live in the Deep South, several of the German wives visited Huntsville. When they returned to Ft. Bliss, they told their horrified friends that many people in this region did not own shoes, and therefore they should purchase extra pairs before arriving in Huntsville. They had noticed many children playing barefoot in their yards, a custom almost unheard of in Germany.

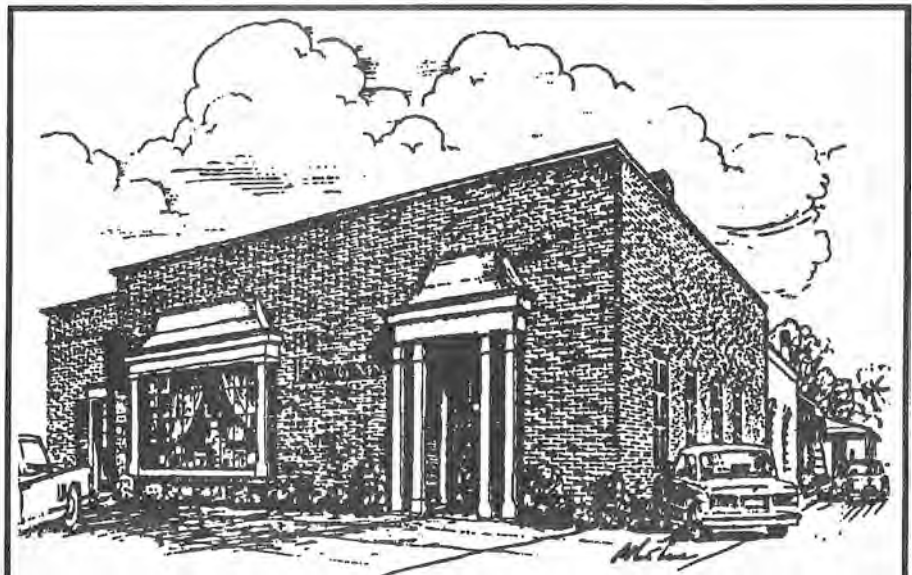
At that time, the population of Huntsville was under 20,000 and the major economy was cotton mills and farming. Though Huntsville Arsenal had at one time provided many jobs, it had closed down at the end of the war, leaving mass unemployment. The apprehension felt by the citizens at having former en-

emies living among them was overshadowed by the anticipated boost to their local economy and employment opportunities. Although history books portray the German's arrival in Huntsville with open arms, they were actually shunned by some local businesses and guards were posted at work sites to prevent them from being physically and verbally abused.

Von Braun's movie star good looks and charisma, combined with his intelligence and enthusiasm for his work, soon overcame any antagonism felt for him

and the other Germans. He was invited to give commencement speeches, and he received honorary degrees. Using this format, he began to promote a higher standard of public education in America. He encouraged women, elderly people and handicapped people to strive for gainful employment as scientists, believing that science was impartial to gender.

Dr. von Braun's mind never rested. On a family vacation, he once read his daughter's science textbook, cover to cover, and was later said to have been im-



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pressed with the valuable information which it held.

As von Braun's popularity and fan mail soared, school sponsored science fairs began springing up all over the country. Young boys tried to build rockets at home. This development worried von Braun, because without the years of required education to become rocket scientists, these boys often had disastrous results that ended in maiming or death. Von Braun wanted to encourage natural curiosity, yet cautioned against recklessness.

In one case, in 1956, a 16 year old boy from North Carolina built a 6-foot gasoline rocket and planned to fire it in a nearby open field. A court ruling stated that it was too dangerous to fire it, yet he planned to do it anyway. When von Braun heard of this, the Army public relations people invited the boy to Redstone Arsenal, to have engineers inspect his rocket and give him the red carpet treatment. His rocket design was deemed faulty and dangerous, and although he got the grand tour, he also got a lesson in safety.

Dr. von Braun was repeatedly asked for his autograph wherever he went, and on one occasion, a schoolgirl asked him for two autographs. He asked her if she planned to give one to a friend. She said "no," and explained to him that two autographs from Wernher von Braun were worth one of Elvis Presley's.

With the October 4, 1957 surprise announcement that the Russians had successfully launched the Sputnik satellite,

Americans angrily demanded, why a country considered barely civilized by our standards, could slip so far ahead of us in the race to space. The launch of the second Sputnik on November 3, 1957 was considered by many to be a national disgrace. Dr. von Braun was acutely disappointed himself, because he had been waiting only for permission to launch our own satellite. With pressure from the outcry of paranoid U.S. citizens, von Braun was given permission, and he promised to have an American satellite ready for launch in 90 days.

On January 31, 1958, Explorer I was successfully launched from Cape Canaveral. Spontaneous celebrations broke out all across the country. When Huntsville received the word of a successful launch, the down-

town streets filled with residents in a loud, impromptu party. Thousands of people, many who drove in from outlying areas, joined the celebration. Many people were waving the headlines from that day's *Huntsville Times*, while others set off fireworks and called for speeches. Even the mayor of Huntsville was observed setting off bottle rockets on the sidewalk.

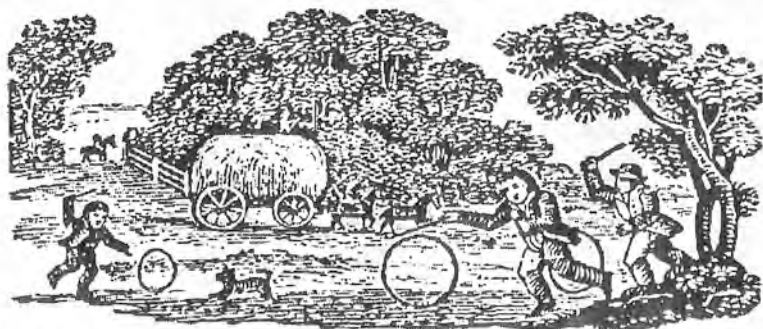
Explorer I was in orbit for 12 years and helped establish America's leadership in space exploration. Ironically, the rocket used to launch the satellite had literally been lying on the shelf at Redstone Arsenal, but due to political infighting and intrigue, von Braun had not been given the opportunity to prove its capability.

Dr. von Braun was invited to a formal White House dinner on

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February 4, 1958 to commemorate the event. While getting dressed in his rented tuxedo, he discovered that the rental store failed to include the white tie. Hoping that he could borrow one upon his arrival at the White House, he and Maria went on. His request was granted, and after a few minutes someone appeared with a white tie. They sat down to await the arrival of the President. When President Eisenhower arrived late, he apologized for his delay; apparently his white tie could not be located, and after a frantic search he was forced to wear a black one instead.

Though von Braun was an invited guest at the White House and had achieved national acclaim, he never lost the humility, humor, and dedication that made him so popular with his coworkers. Rudy Barraza, who worked with the German scientists for over 30 years, said that he had never known another man that could fill Dr. von Braun's shoes, "halfway." Yet, Dr. von Braun, who was reverently referred to by many as Professor von Braun, was always quick to praise others. It bothered him to be singled out for awards and praise, and he always accepted accolades on behalf of everyone who contributed to the project. Dr. Shelba Proffitt, who worked at NASA in the von Braun era, says that those who knew him were always among the most enthusiastic about him.

In 1959, General Holger Toftoy was honored by Ralph Edwards' "This is Your Life" television show. Dr. von Braun, a surprise guest on that show, related to the audience how General Toftoy's first concern when meeting with the scientists in Germany was that they receive

"milk for our babies." Perhaps one of the most telling statements of the show was when both men emphasized the necessity of having a "good defense against incoming missiles... preventing our country from being subject to crippling attack" by other countries. Oddly enough, today our ability to defend against incoming missiles is even worse, according to some of the original scientists.

Despite the fine relationship

between the military and the civilian townspeople of Huntsville today, Doris Williams, daughter of General Toftoy, and Huntsville resident, recalls that in the 1950s and 1960s, they were even more closely intertwined. Military people were always included in civic and social functions, and vice versa. Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, coauthor of "Wernher von Braun - Crusader for Space" and retired NASA scientist, recalled that the German scientists were active in

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supporting the symphony, ballet and art. One scientist even served as President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce before he received his American citizenship. They embraced their life in Huntsville and taught courses at the fledgling University of Alabama extension, as well as contributed their time and talents to the Space and Rocket Center. Dr. von Braun was quick to volunteer his talents, as were the scientists who worked under him, for many civic functions. The observatory on Monte Sano Mountain was largely built from donated skills of Dr. von Braun and the people who worked for him.

In the late 1960s, development was underway for the public exhibit of rockets and weapons in what was to eventually become the U.S. Space and Rocket Center in Huntsville. Von Braun's feeling was that it should contain interactive exhibits, not displays behind windows. He also wanted a Saturn V at the Center, but NASA turned down the request because they wanted

to fly Saturn V's, not exhibit them. A plan was concocted to request components from around the country for "testing and training" purposes. A complete Saturn V was finally assembled in this slightly devious manner. Some people later wanted it sent to the Smithsonian Institution or Wright-Patterson Air Force Base for exhibition there instead. Quick thinking was needed again, so in order to keep it in Huntsville, it was named a National Historic Landmark and has since become one of Huntsville's biggest tourist attractions.

On July 15, 1969, Dr. von Braun spent a restless night preparing and worrying over the planned launch of the moon bound Apollo 11 crew. Many dignitaries, including former President Lyndon B. Johnson, were waiting anxiously at the launch site at Kennedy Space Center, as were all citizens of Huntsville who sat glued to their television sets to witness the historic occasion.

When man walked on the moon, it was the culmination of Wernher von Braun's career. All over America, pride was expressed in the tears shed as the American flag was planted in lunar soil. While Americans everywhere reveled in the glory and rejoiced, to the handful of the original German rocket scientists, it was the fulfillment of their life's dreams that had started so many years before at Peenemuende.

By 1970, NASA had grown and its headquarters was in Washington, D.C. Dr. von Braun was told that his leadership abilities were needed there, so he was transferred. When asked about the reaction of the German team to the transfer, Dr. Stuhlinger recalled that they were not angry with Dr. von Braun for leaving the cohesive unit he had been so instrumental in forming and maintaining. He said that it had appeared to be inevitable, and that they had all been sorry to see it happen.

Von Braun's transfer to Washington effectively signaled the

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end of the German influence in American rocketry. For over two decades, America had depended on the German scientists, now many of them were being pushed aside. A new generation of American born scientists, influenced and educated by the Germans' ideals, were now stepping forward to pick up the reins of space technology.

Although Dr. von Braun never criticized anyone, his move to NASA headquarters was the end of an era. Because of petty jealousies of others, he was no longer invited to Pentagon briefings; his status, and therefore his influence were greatly diminished. A friend who knew him during those days described him as a lonely old man wandering the corridors of his former glory. After two unhappy years, he went to work for Fairchild.

In August 1975, a tumor was discovered that was too far advanced for successful treatment. Dr. von Braun's health went downhill quickly, and he spent more and more time in hospitals. After nearly two years of declin-

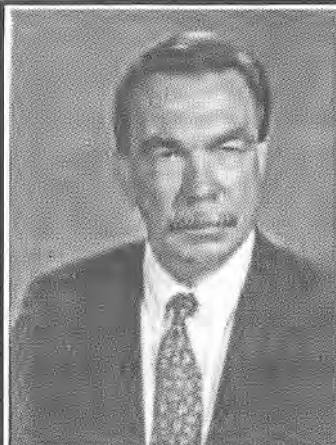
ing health and constant pain, Dr. von Braun died on June 16, 1977 at the age of 65. He was buried in a churchyard in Arlington, Virginia the next day. He was survived by his widow, two daughters and a son. Dr. von Braun and his team accomplished so much in such a short period of time. Had he been interested in medical science instead of rocket science, we can only surmise how medical science may have advanced in his lifetime.

Dr. Stuhlinger and the other German scientists feel a debt of gratitude for having become American citizens and working in this country. In reality, all Americans owe a huge debt of gratitude to them for what they have accomplished. Unfortunately, there are many school children in this country, and more importantly, here in Huntsville, who do not know who Wernher von Braun was or the tremendous accomplishments he made in such a short lifetime.

Suffice it to say that Wernher von Braun and his small team

of German scientists helped make Huntsville, Alabama and the United States of America what it is today.

My appreciation to the following people who contributed much valuable information for this story: George and Doris (Toftoy) Williams, Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, George Helfrich, Rudy Barraza, Don Porterfield and Dr. Shelba Proffitt.



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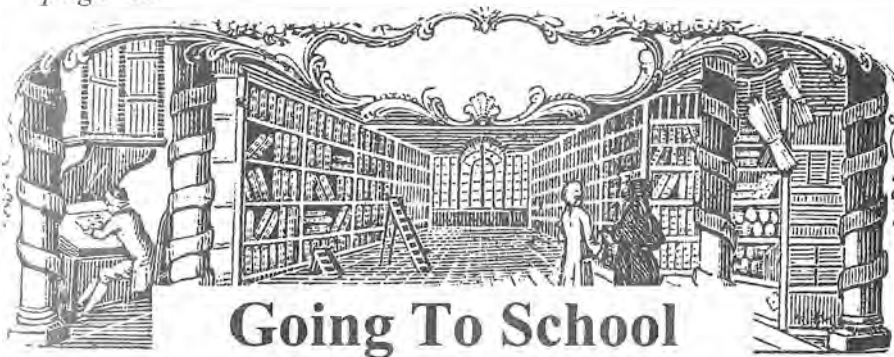


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The candidate must stand an approved examination on arithmetic, geography, the English, Latin

and Greek grammars, Latin prosody, four books of Caesar's Gallic War, Sallust's, Cataline and Fugurtha, The Bucolics and six books of The Aeneid of Virgil, Anthon's Select Orations of Cicero-- and the whole of Jacob's Greek Reader.

To enter upon advanced standing, an applicant will be examined on all the preceding studies of the class to which he aspires.

The grammars used in examinations of applicants, are Murray's, or Kirkham's English, Andrew's & Stoddard's Latin, all of which exami-

nations will be rigid. The faculty would state that applicants are found, almost universally, deficient in elementary branches; in arithmetic, the grammars and very frequently also in geography. It will not be inappropriate to urge upon parents and teachers, the importance of a thorough and faithful preparation according to the foregoing statement of requisitions.

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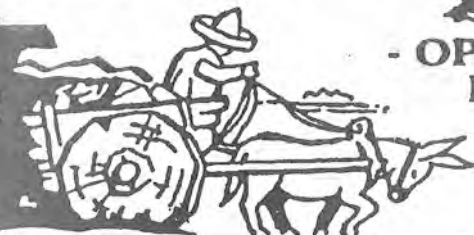
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Absurd News

In a contest of who could kiss a boat the longest-- in order to win a \$15,000 Century craft-- two people had enough lip power to wear out even the judges. The two were still kissing at 7 p.m. Saturday, 55 hours after the "Kiss of the Century" contest began. Organizers called it a tie. "We got down to 2 people and they both vowed they'd go til the bitter end," said one of the organizers. "It's hot and humid, so we decided to give a boat to each of them." Contestants kissed for 4 hours at a time and were given 30 minute breaks.

As many as 200 voters last fall were rewarded with yellow coupons good for a \$1 purchase at a local gas station-- enough for a cold can of beer at the convenience store. And enough to trigger a federal grand jury investigation into allegations of Democratic vote-buying. "Thank you for your Support!" Read the mass-printed coupons that Republicans say were handed out

to departing voters in the mostly black, poor areas to reelect a local "good ole boy" who took office on the 1960 Democratic ticket headed by John F. Kennedy. "In no way did we cheat," said Harry Warren, owner of the gas station and a longtime Democrat. "The Republicans just got mad because they got beat." Several figures in what has been dubbed the "Beer for Votes" case have testified before the grand jury. No one has been charged.

In Nashville recently some inmates escaped using an unusual method-- a golf cart. Authorities said James Bly, 35 and Daniel Dye, 42, used the cart to motor away from the Tennessee State Penitentiary on Tuesday. The cart was taken from a warehouse where Dye was working. Bly was assigned to cut the grass and do other maintenance chores when he and Dye left their posts at around 11 a.m. Authorities later found the cart abandoned under a nearby bridge-- along with their inmates' uniforms. Dye was serving a 25 year sentence for second-degree murder. Bly was

serving 27 years for burglary and other charges. They are still on the loose.

Their single-engine plane stalled, clipped a couple of trees, had its tail sheared off by an electrified fence and skidded upside down for 50 yards. But John Clair and Henry Kirst had bigger things to worry about, like getting to the Romeo Peach Festival's all-you-can-eat breakfast buffet. Neither Clair, 82, nor Kirst, 71, was hurt. They were hungry, however. So after hanging upside down for a few seconds after the crash, they unbuckled their seat belts and headed for breakfast. A passing motorist gave them a lift to the Romeo Airport, their destination and scene of the breakfast spread. The men spoke with some of the 100 other people at the buffet but neither mentioned the crash until they told airport manager Robert Box some 90 minutes after the fact. "They're lucky men," he said, who then located the wreckage by following the smell of airplane fuel.



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Tips from Earlene

Help your heart! Wheat germ eaten every day is said to help reduce hardening of the arteries. Garlic is the best for your heart - 2 capsules taken daily will strengthen the heart and help thin the blood. Garlic eaten in its raw form is great also.

Using a heavy rope when you jump rope will strengthen your upper body. Use one that weighs 1/4 to 1/2 pound and make sure the weight is in the rope, not the handles.

If you keep your computer in a central location of your home instead of an isolated room, you won't find yourself spending hours away from the family.

Exercise and chemotherapy is a good mix. In a study done, cancer patients who exercised regularly weren't limited by the fatigue associated with chemo. A quarter of the sedentary patients were.

You can make a beautiful furniture stain with coffee grounds.

Drain your wet grounds in a sealed container, when it's full drain off the liquid and simmer it. What's left is the stain you can use.

Leaves will be falling soon. To have an easier job of getting rid of your leaves, take a medium sized corrugated box, remove top and bottom. Bring a trash bag through it, then open and fasten the bag with clothespins. The box will lie flat on the ground allowing you to simply rake the leaves inside the bag.

Make your own flower bed underground watering system. Take some PVC plastic pipe with holes drilled along the entire length. At each end, use an elbow to bring a short pipe above the surface. To water, poke a hose into the exposed pipes and water will come out all the way along the bed.

Walking increases your fitness level just as much as running when done just a little

longer (40 minutes instead of 30) and a little more often (4 times a week instead of 3). And you don't have to do all 40 minutes at once.

Did you know that when U.S. home owners sell their homes, they recoup an average of 83% of the money they spent adding on a second story or a family room addition?

Cure a trunk with a musty odor by putting a pound of cat litter inside for 2 days.

If you have a mildewed book, try sprinkling the pages with cornstarch.

Have flies around your trash cans? Toss a few mothballs inside the can, leave them there.

Readjust your attitude. Thinking about how uncomfortable you'll feel doing a task encourages you to procrastinate. Instead, concentrate on how good you'll feel when the job is done.



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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

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



Well, the summer is almost gone but many great things have happened this year. Lots of you have stopped by to visit me and I've loved every minute of it.

Cathey Carney's daughter, **Stefhanie**, recently married **John Troup** in a private ceremony. The wedding was held at Cathey's house and was absolutely beautiful. It even stopped raining!

My granddaughter, **Donna**, married **Todd Wheatstone** on Aug. 29 in a beautiful wedding held at the Twickenham Church of Christ. Thanks to all who shared that day with me.

Last month's photo was **Eddie Levick** and was guessed by **Glen Sisk** who won the country ham breakfast. He really enjoyed every bite, too!

Only one couple called me about having a 50th anniversary this month. **Dalton and Muriell**

Warden were honored at the Walnut Grove School by their five lovely daughters and one son. Almost three hundred guests showed up to honor them. Congratulations! We all love you!

Our friend **Mayor Loretta** is a busy lady these days but she still takes time to stop by and catch up on what's happening. She is really a caring person who cares about people's problems.

What do y'all think about having a lady council woman? Congratulations, **Sandra Moon!** We'll miss you Ken, but Sandra will do a great job.

My good friend **Bud Cramer** stopped by last week for breakfast. He's really working hard for Huntsville and doing a great job! We love you, Bud, and keep up the good work.

Our sympathy goes to my dear friend **Linda Johnson** and her family in the death of her mother, **Mrs. Bonnie Reed**. She

was a neat lady!

Huntsville author, **Charles Rice** has accepted a teaching position in Thailand. Charles is a great historian and has been an asset to helping preserve Huntsville's heritage.

I had great fun at **Cynthia Parson's** beautiful backyard party for **Reagan Upshaw**, of the Gerald Peters Gallery in New York. Reagan was in town to speak at the Museum of Art, but that didn't stop him from putting away the ham and biscuits the next morning.

The Senior Center sure had a great Health Fair last Friday for seniors. Lots of good information and health screenings were offered. I heard **Jeff Enfinger** was there shaking hands and the nurses had to stick him twice for a sugar test. Yes, politicians really do bleed, regardless of what you may have heard. Good luck Jeff in your Senate race!

My good friends **Marci and**

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: TV personality



Last month's photo was Eddie Levick

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Loyd, of **Outback Restaurant** fame, just returned from a month long vacation in the Florida Keys. Welcome home!

The race between **Sandra Rhodes** and **Ray Swain** for County Superintendent is going to be a close one but in a few more weeks we'll know if all of Sandra's coffee poring is going to pay off.

Everybody is invited to my **Annual Arthritis Breakfasts** on **October 13 and 27**. Just show up and I'll feed you the best breakfast ever! The cost is \$10.00 per person and all proceeds go to the Arthritis Foundation. Just wait till you see who my waiters are this year!

We hear that **J.B. Tucker**, mayor of Hurricane Creek, has recuperated nicely from his heart attack and is spending his time telling tales and solving the world's problems at the **Four-Way Crossing** store. Other regular attendees are **Jimmy Brannon, Welch Husey, Roy Marona, Carl Hale** and **Jerry Craig**.

Happy Birthday to **Joe Koob** who is turning 24 on Sept. 26. Joe married **Jim and Susan Kirkland's** daughter, **Angie**. Joe, just pay attention to your mother-in-law and she'll keep you straight!

Birthday greetings also go out to **Tom Glynn**, the executive director of the Senior Center. Also thanks to all my friends and family who recently helped me celebrate my birthday. They claim I'm 79 now, but I'm not talking! Must be just another rumor!

We were glad to hear that **Bill Mitchell**, with his lovely wife **Catherine**, was able to attend services at Cameron Methodist Church last Sunday. Bill has been sick lately and unable to get out.

The folks at **Old Huntsville Magazine** have another book, **Portraits in Time**, coming out in November. It will be over 300 pages of stories about Huntsville and will sell out fast! Call **534-0502** to reserve your copy.

It was with great sadness that we learned of the death of **George Ortlip**, a longtime member of the **Golden K Kiwanis**. He will be missed by his many friends.

A big and special thanks to my good buddies, **Toni Lowery** and **Gary Dobbs**, at **WAAY Too Early**, for helping me promote community projects. They are special people, and dear friends.

Sometimes we get so caught up in everyday life that we don't take time to tell friends like **Liz Hurley** how much we think of them. Liz is a talented person, an excellent newscaster and a sweet person, but most important, she is my friend and I love her for it.

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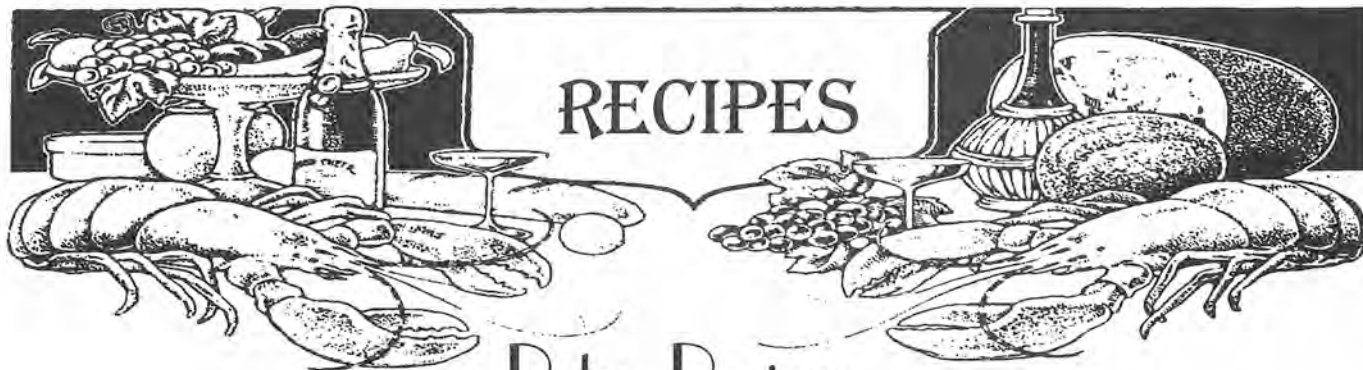
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RECIPES

Retro Recipes

Hot Cheese

- 1/2 c. butter
- 2 c. Cheddar Cheese, shredded
- 1 c. flour
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1/2 t. paprika
- 1/2 t. garlic powder

Cream your butter and cheese, add the flour, salt and paprika. Add garlic, mix well. Shape into balls, freeze on your cookie sheet. Store in bags in the freezer. When ready to use, bake on cookie sheet at 350 for about 15 minutes.

- 3/4 c. sugar
- 3/4 t. cinnamon

Cut the biscuits into quarters and roll the pieces in your sugar-cinnamon mixture (1/2 c. sugar and 1/2 t. cinnamon). Pile them into a greased and floured Bundt pan. Melt your butter, add 3/4 c. sugar and 3/4 teaspoon cinnamon. Heat until the sugar melts and pour this over the biscuits. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30-35 minutes. Let stand 10 minutes after removing from oven, invert onto a cake plate and serve.

- 2 t. vanilla
- 2 c. chopped nuts

Mix all ingredients and bake in an oblong cake pan at 300 degrees for 40 minutes. Cover with small marshmallows when removed from oven.

Icing:

- 1 1/2 sticks butter
- 1 T. vanilla
- 1 box powdered sugar
- 1/3 c. cocoa powder
- 1/2 c. Pet evaporated milk
- 1/2 c. chopped pecans

Mix all ingredients well. Don't cook. Pour over cake while still warm.

Monkey Bread

- 3 cans buttermilk biscuits
- 1/2 c. sugar
- 1/2 t. cinnamon
- 1 stick butter

Mississippi Mud Cake

- 1 c. Wesson oil
- 1/3 c. cocoa powder
- 4 eggs
- 1 3/4 c. sugar
- 1 1/2 c. self-rising flour

Icebox Pie

- 4 egg whites
- 1 c. sugar
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 c. pecans, chopped
- 13 graham crackers, crumbled into small pieces
- 1 can coconut

Beat the whites til stiff, add the sugar and vanilla slowly. Add coconut, pecans, graham cracker crumbs. Pour in a buttered pan and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Chill before serving.

Heirloom Cookies

- 1/2 lb. butter
- 1 c. powdered sugar
- 2 c. all-purpose flour
- 1 T. vanilla



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- 1 T. water
- 1/8 t. salt
- 1 c. chopped nuts

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the flour, vanilla, water, salt and nuts. Roll in little balls and press with fingers. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in 350 degree oven until slightly browned, about 12-15 minutes. While still hot, roll in powdered sugar.

Macaroni Casserole

- 1 8-oz. pkg elbow macaroni, cooked in salt water & drained
 - 1/4 c. chopped bell pepper
 - 1/4 c. pimiento, chopped
 - 1/2 c. chopped onion
 - 4 T. butter, melted
 - 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1 small can mushroom pieces
 - 1 c. mayonnaise
 - 1 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 - 1/2 c. bread crumbs
- Mix all ingredients except crumbs and put in a buttered casserole. Top with bread crumbs that have been dredged in melted butter. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

Deep-Fried Tuna Balls

- 1 small can tuna
- 1 egg
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. pepper
- 3/4 c. flour

Mix all together and form balls. Drop into hot grease and fry til golden brown.

Cajun Catfish

- Yellow corn meal
- 4 T. hot sauce
- 1 1/2 lb. catfish
- 4 T. mustard

Cut the catfish into small pieces, mix hot sauce with mustard. Dip the fish into the mixture and let marinate for 4 hours. Then dip in the yellow corn meal. Fry in hot oil til brown.

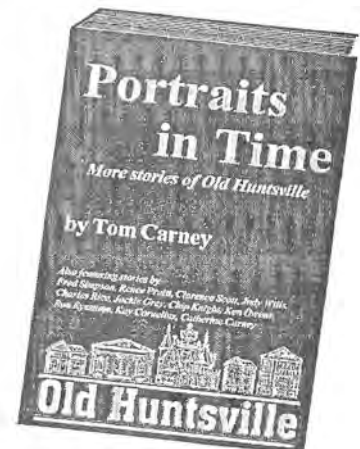
Pigs in a Blanket

- 2 lb. pork sausage
- 3 cans biscuits

For the sausage into thumb size pieces. Fry in skillet til done. Wrap each piece with an uncooked biscuit. Turn lapped side down; place on a cookie sheet and brush with sausage drippings. Cook for 15 minutes or til brown in 375 degree oven. Serve with hot mustard.

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Remembrances of Robert B. Morrow of Co. L, 5th Ala. Cavalry

written in 1912

In July 1864, I joined as a volunteer of Co. L, 5th Regiment, Alabama Cavalry.

Perhaps it will be interesting at this time, for it lacks a little of fifty years, to tell something of my equipment. I rode a mule, a large gentle one, a good traveler. My bridle was made of home tanned cow leather sewed into the bits with cords made of home tanned fox or coon hides. The bit was made in a shop nearby and was what was called a cord bit. The saddle, homemade also, consisted of two pieces of poplar, shaped so it was supposed to fit the mule's back as they lay lengthways on her. These were fastened together in front by a piece of tough oak with rivets made of iron in the shops nearby, the back part was fastened the same way, by tough oak, cut so as to resemble any ordinary saddle.

This saddle had holes mor-



tised, through which to tie on the belongings of a soldier of the C.S.A. When this was covered with a heavy woolen blanket, spun and woven at home by my Mother and Sister and colored with bark, the soldier, dressed in cloth made by the same loving hands was ready to mount and be off to war.

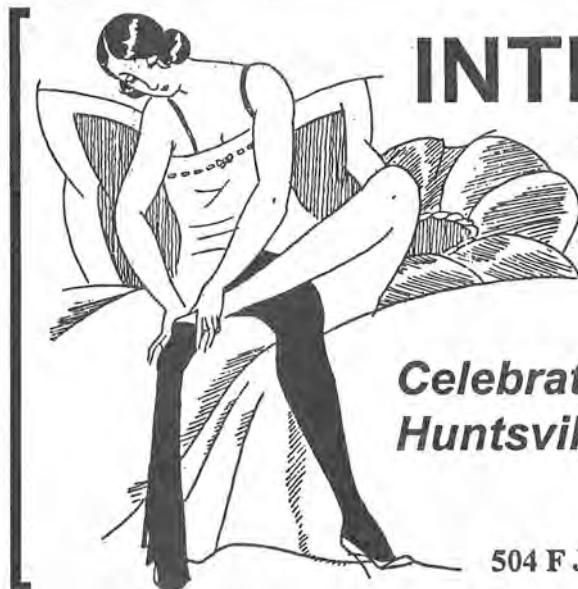
Neither the boy nor his equipment would make a formidable looking soldier or inspire terror, you will say. True! But the mule could travel, and the boy could shoot, and either could very nearly find his own ration. These three formed the chief req-

uisites for a soldier in Forrest's Calvary.

The next morning after I was sworn into the service and became a soldier of the C.S.A., we were ordered to cook one day's ration which consisted of one pound of corn meal and one pound of beef. This done, we started, Wednesday morning, on a raid across the Tennessee River. When we had traveled 35 miles we stopped in the night, stayed there all day Thursday and until 3 o'clock Friday, then rode back 30 miles and we had eaten by Saturday at 10 a.m., that one pound of beef and meal. I mention the ration not because it was so unusual an episode in a soldier's life, but because as an introduction into the profession it was rather hard on a 17 year old boy.

It would be useless to try to remember or record the almost daily bouts with the enemy on such outpost duty as we were on. Sometimes we were running and fighting, the enemy in front; and sometimes fighting and running, we were in front.

One other battle was on the west fork of Flint. We had followed the enemy of 1,000 or 1,200 men all day; we had 500.



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When they camped we concealed our horses in the woods, lay there until 4 a.m., then charged into their camp on foot. We lost some men, but could not learn what loss we inflicted as they carried their dead and wounded with them.

I will relate one incident of this battle, which I am glad to say, was the only one of its kind I ever knew of personally. While a cousin of mine, a boy about my age, and I were standing side by side firing into the camp, he was shot, and his thigh broken. I was directed to take him back out of the camp. When I had gotten out a piece, the enemy rallied, passed around us and cut us off from our own men. As I could get no further, I left him standing, holding himself by an apple tree. When the enemy found him they commenced to shoot him, in spite of his cries for mercy, which I heard as I lay hidden nearby.

They kept shooting till he fell with two more wounds, one in his breast. He then feigned death. They took a sword, jabbed it into his back, cut at his neck and head. He feigning death, they left him. He was afterwards found by some of the enemy, carried to a nearby house and left, as they supposed, to die. To the surprise of all, he got well. He lived for 35 years, carrying to his grave not only the scars of the gun wounds, but the sword wounds which the dastards had inflicted to neck, back, and head, while he lying face down on the ground supposedly mortally wounded.

Think twice before you speak, especially if you intend to say what you think.

MONTE, SAY NO!

In the early 1800s, according to legend, a beautiful Cherokee maiden named Monte lived in the mountains overlooking Huntsville. Two men, one an Indian and the other a white settler, were both pursuing Monte for her affections. Things came to a head one day when the settler was visiting the Indian encampment and discovered that his rival had proposed marriage.

Distraught at losing the object of his affections, the settler shouted in a loud anguished voice, "Monte, say no!"

The words echoed throughout the mountains and the valleys below and from that day on the mountain was called, Monte Sano.

Although the story makes for a colorful legend, it never happened. The story was a product of romantic and wishful fiction.

Huntsville, in its early days, was a community surrounded by marshes, pools of stagnant water and open cesspools. Every summer it became a breeding ground for malaria. In an effort to escape the pestilence, many settlers fled the "demon valley" to the mountains during the hot summer months.

The settlers did not really understand why but the mountains seemed to provide a refuge against the disease.

A local doctor by the name of Thomas Fearn noticed the medical phenomenon and named the mountain "Monte Sano."

The words are Italian for *mountain of health*.

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Davisville, Alabama?

The cabin that John Hunt built here was actually started by someone else.

In 1803 or 1804, a man by the name of Isaac Criner was part of the movement of pioneers who came to this area from the north, down the old immigrant trail now called the Winchester Road. They explored the northern part of the county around New Market and liked what they saw.

The very first cabin erected in this area was in 1805, by Joseph Criner the uncle of Isaac. It was located several miles away from Isaac's, who preferred the beautiful area now called New Market. Isaac's cousin, Stephen McBroom, was the third to build a cabin, in the area



known today as Gurley.

Although these three gentlemen were the first to settle in the county, they were by no means the first to arrive here. John Ditto had come to Huntsville back in 1802 and had built himself a small shack by the area known now as Big Spring. After a short while he moved down next to the Tennessee river to what is now known as Ditto Landing.

Samuel Davis came to the Big Spring before John Hunt, but after building the foundation of a small cabin, and cutting the logs, returned to Georgia for his family. Just after the Criners had moved into their cabins in New Market, John Hunt and a man by the name of David Bean stopped for the night and was welcomed into one of the homes. The next day Hunt and Bean left, and reached the spring where Davis had started his cabin. Hunt liked the area so much he decided to finish building the cabin, and take it over. Bean helped him finish it, but was not as intrigued by the country here and went back to Tennessee and settled near Salem.

Not much is known of really happened when Samuel Davis returned and discovered John Hunt in his newly finished home, but Davis left and built another cabin near New Market.

If Davis had not returned to Georgia to fetch his family when he did, odds are we would be living today in Davisville, Alabama.

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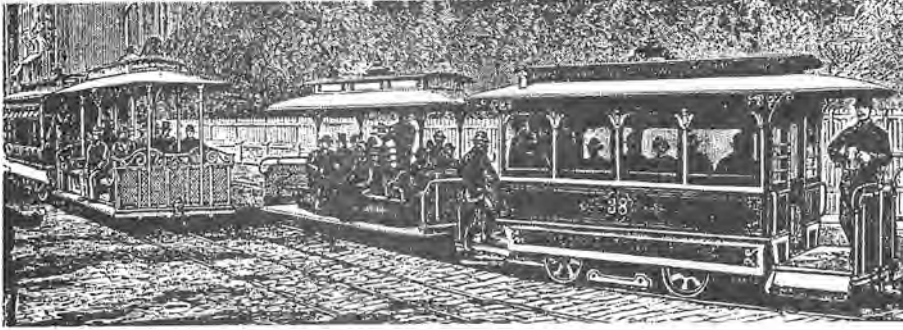
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Street Cars

Had it not been for the street cars, transportation would have been a big problem for the early residents of the community, many of whom did not own a horse and buggy. The cars started running about four months before No. 1 mill

(Merrimack Mill) was completed, as evidenced by the following announcement in the March 3, 1900 issue of the *Republican*. "TAKE A RIDE: Huntsville's electric railway has at last started. The cars began running regular Wednesday morning. The first car leaves the barn at 6:00 in the a.m., and the last car at midnight."

At this time the railway company had four cars in operation. The fare was five cents.

The fact that the line extended within the village limits brought many town sight seers to the new community, and the Brahan Spring, close to the end of the car line, was a popular spot for city wide events, such as Fourth of July celebrations. Sometimes the electric railway offered a special rate of five cents for the round trip to those who wished to attend the day-long events at Brahan Spring.

The last street car ran on February 23, 1931.

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Markers in Time

First Presbyterian Church

by Raneë Pruitt

Located in the heart of Huntsville's Twickenham Historic Preservation District, Huntsville's First Presbyterian Church has served generations of local worshippers. In fact, the church in one form or another even predates Alabama statehood, since it was organized on June 15, 1818, a time when Alabama's non-Indian population numbered only a few thousand souls. The little town of Huntsville itself then consisted of just 260 buildings, most of them homes but not one of them a place of worship. Huntsville's oldest church, First Presbyterian Church has stood on the same spot since for 166 years, although the present building is the church's second.

When originally purchased, the hillside lot on the corner of Lincoln and Gates was heavily wooded. Even today, there are lovely old trees on the property. The present church building was erected in the 1850s, a time when Huntsville was booming and was often considered almost the unofficial capital of North Alabama. The impressive brick Gothic-style church was the finest the late antebellum period could offer. When completed in November 1859, it was topped with a steeple stretching 170 feet into the sky, like a hand pointing to heaven. The steeple did not exactly fit in with the Gothic style of the church, but a steeple was

expected by the congregation and the architect had to go along with them.

Since it did tower over the new Church of the Nativity's steeple by 19 feet, there may also have been a bit of vanity in its addition to the church plans.



The red brick church on the hill has seen its share of happiness and sorrow. It was less than two years old when the horrible War Between the States divided the nation, and the Huntsville congregation would suffer along with the rest of the South. While Huntsville had been somewhat reluctant to leave the Federal Union, its citizens did rally to the defense of the South after Abraham Lincoln declared war on them. One of the first mentions of the church during this

time comes in several notices in Huntsville newspapers that the local ladies and children were meeting in the Presbyterian Church's basement to sew uniforms and knit socks for the defenders of the Southland. Soon, however, the newspapers would be carrying sadder notices of funeral services for Huntsville soldiers at the church.

In April 1862, the Union Army occupied Huntsville, occupying some of the churches for barracks and even as stables. While First Presbyterian seems to have escaped this fate, one incident of that trying time is remembered. Scottish-born Samuel Coltart, ex-mayor of Huntsville, had a prized mule he wanted to keep safe from the Yankees. Coltart slipped the mule into the church's basement one night. All went well until the ladies were having a prayer meeting several days later. When the women began singing, the lonesome mule in the basement decided to sing right along with them!

A less humorous event is also remembered from the Civil War. This was the time in December 1864 when the Yankees arrested Rev. Frederick A. Ross and sent him as a prisoner to Decatur, Alabama. Ross's offense apparently had been that he was brave enough to ask his congregation to pray for the success of the South. Dr. Ross was held for several days, all the time threatening with being hanged as a spy. Eventually, he was released from his dungeon. However, he was not allowed to return to the pulpit until near the very end of the war.

Since Huntsville was Union Army headquarters for North Alabama during the latter part of the Civil War, the city escaped

the destruction which befell most of the others towns and villages in the area. Nevertheless, the congregation was impoverished by the conflict, and it would take many years for prosperity to return to Huntsville. This was shown as late as 1878, when the high steeple blew down during a tremendous wind storm. The congregation simply could not afford to replace it, and the church thus stands to this day without it.

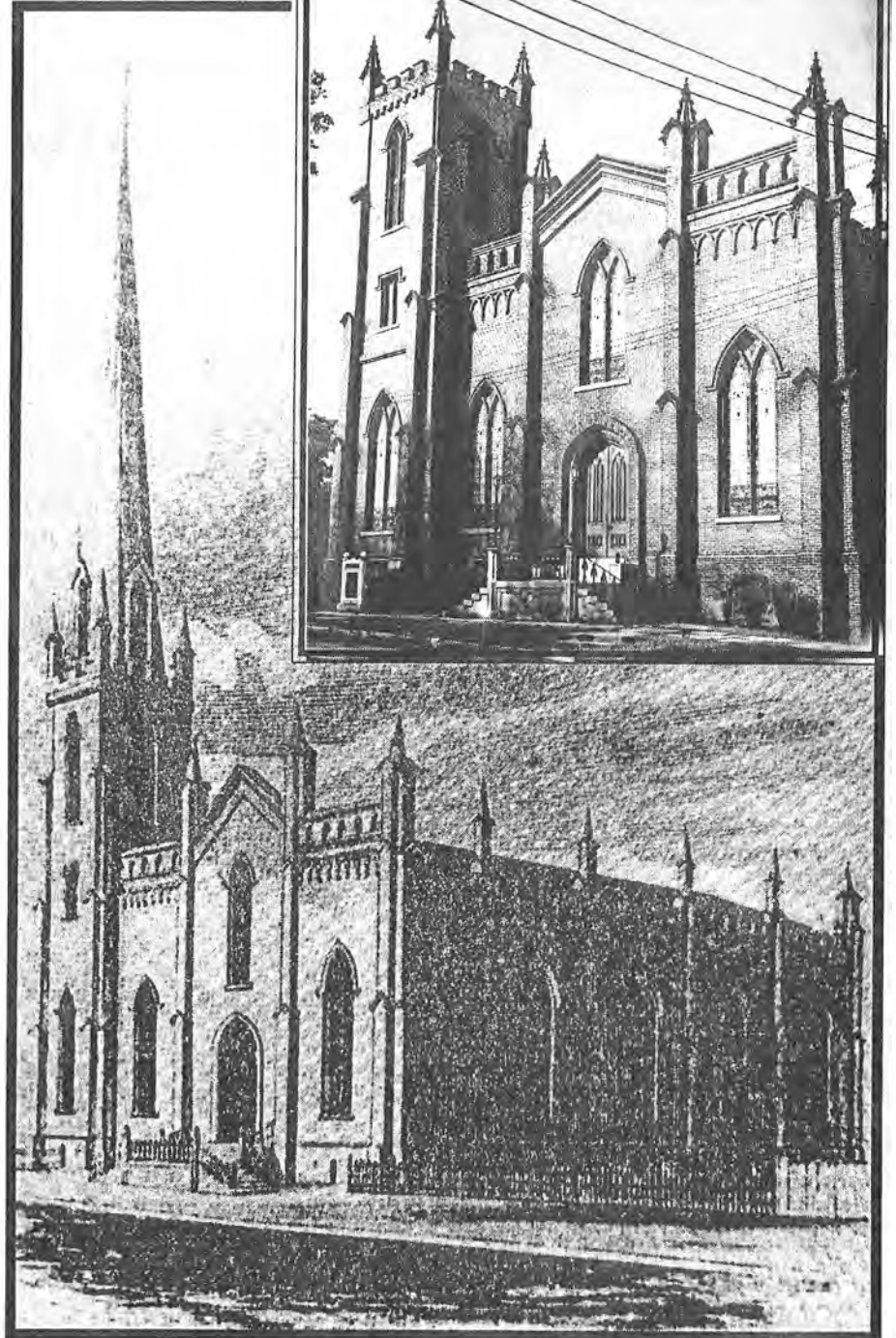
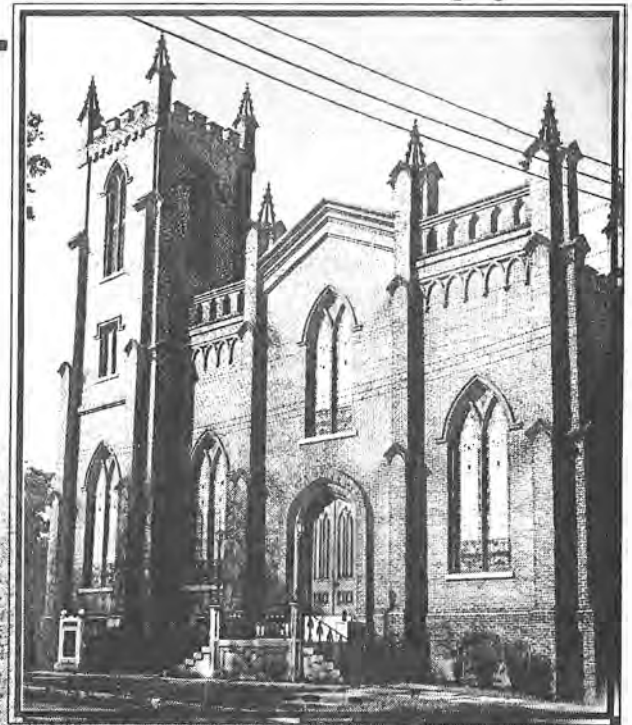
First Presbyterian today is one of the most thriving and prestigious of Huntsville's churches. The interior has undergone periodic changes since its construction 140 years ago, but the exterior is much the same. Pay a visit some Sunday, or merely drive by almost any day. It is rare not to see a wedding or other service being conducted in this historic center of devotion.

Right: an antebellum view of First Presbyterian Church with its original steeple reaching 170 feet towards heaven.

Right above: a recent photo of the church as it now appears.

The only time people dislike gossip is when you gossip about them.

--Will Rogers



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Real Corn Pone And Potlikker

by Ron Eyestone



Like an old horse, some folk have been known to founder from overeating when faced with this traditional Southern dish.

CORN PONE. (This ain't no fancy cornbread, so pay attention!) Mix about 1/4 cup of cornmeal with; 1/8 teaspoon salt for each cake. Blend with enough water to make an easy-to-shape dough. Mold into cakes about 2 inches square by 1/2 inch thick. Now comes the tricky part. Wet brown wrapping paper and wring it out. Wrap each PONE tightly in wet paper and bake in the ashes of your fireplace. (For those of you less adventurous, bake at 450 degrees for 20 minutes.

POTLIKKER. Put a ham shoulder into about 3 quarts of water and simmer for about two hours. Wash young turnip greens and put them in the pot with the ham. (Cabbage can be used if preferred.) Add 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper and pinch of red pepper. Cover and simmer another 2-3 hours. Add water as required to keep original volume. Chop the greens, slice the ham, put the greens and ham on top of the PONE and pour some POTLIKKER over the whole mess.

Personally, I think that's why Grandpa died!

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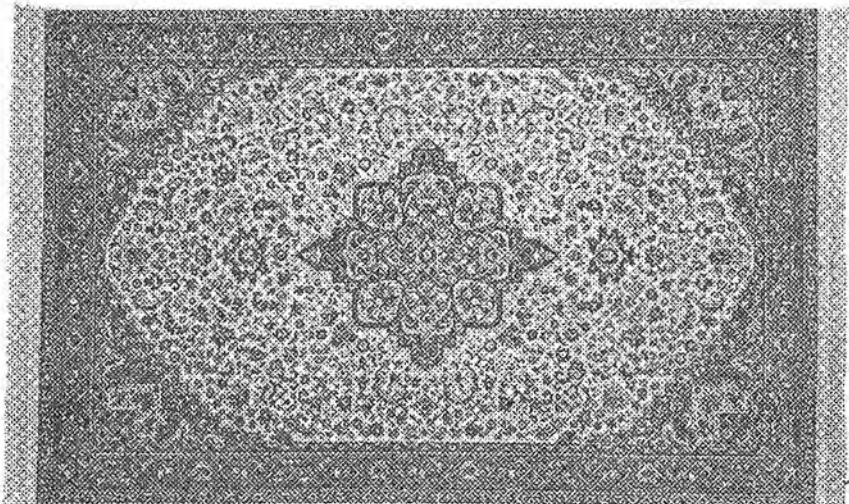
*Being a woman is a
terribly difficult task
since it consists
principally in dealing
with men.*

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Gossip

from 1896 newspaper

A handsome young woman from Birmingham recently came on a visit to a young matron whose husband is a prominent businessman in Huntsville. The fair guest was extensively entertained, remained several weeks and departed. A few days afterwards the husband left the city on a business trip. During his absence, his wife, in rummaging through the pockets of his coats, came across a letter written in a decidedly feminine hand. Her suspicions were instantly aroused, and she read the contents.

What was her astonishment and anger to find that the letter was an endearing little note from her recent visitor, fixing a meeting with her husband in Birmingham. When the gentleman returned home from his business trip, he was confronted with the "billet doux." Those who are acquainted with the fact say that the tinder missive will probably be made public as an exhibit in upcoming divorce proceedings.

For sometime past a well known young lady of nearby Decatur has been puzzled and

frightened by the occasional appearance of a skulking figure at night in the yard of her home. These visitations usually occurred on Saturday, and a couple of weeks ago she requested a married friend to send her husband over to lay in wait for the intruder.

The gentleman responded and about the time the young lady was retiring saw three men slip up to her bedroom window. He promptly raised the alarm and gave chase. They ran like scared rabbits, but the amateur detective hung to the trail of one of the trio and finally succeeded in overhauling him.

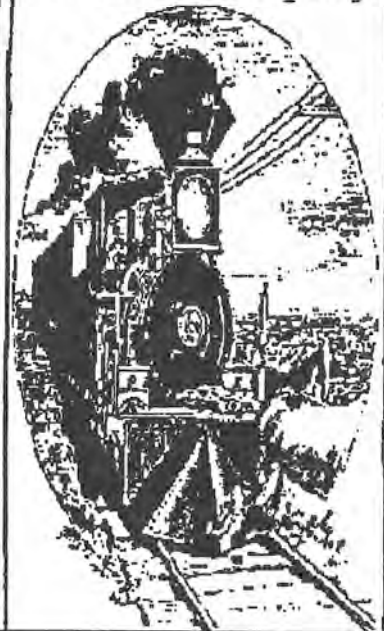
To his utter surprise, he found that his prisoner was a prominent young lawyer and worst of all, an ardent suitor of the very girl at whose casement he had been detected in the fact! The young attorney was badly rattled and eventually made a clean chest of it. He admitted that he had been in the habit of spying at the window of his sweetheart for weeks past and that his companions were present at his visits. Both are well known about town, and one is a fledgling physician. Possibly he regarded it as a good opportunity to perfect his knowledge of anatomy.

The trio has since made a ghastly effort to pass the affair

off as a joke, but this explanation is received with no smiles. The gentleman who solved the mystery has made no secret of the facts and wherever they have been heard, the comments are scathing. The affair is certain to result in the complete social ostracism of all three of the young men concerned.

*Eat, drink, and be
merry,
for tomorrow ye diet.
-William Gilmore*

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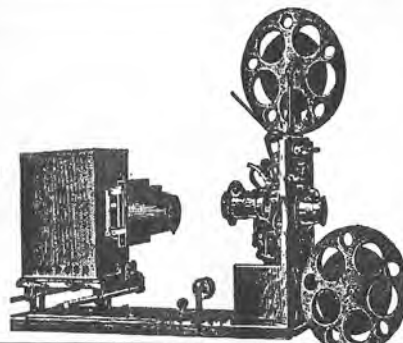
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One of the first boat yards boasted the unlikely name of "Boat Yard of the American Oak Leather Company." This company manufactured an extract made from chestnut trees to tan leather. When a blight killed most of the local chestnut trees in 1887, the company was forced into bankruptcy.

In 1937, with war clouds looming on the horizon, Ingalls

Steel and Iron Works opened a shipbuilding facility on the river, near Decatur. The company would eventually employ more than 1500 workers and operate 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The company enjoyed a large part of its success due to the fact that it was one of the pioneers of building ships with welded seams. It was not only faster than the old fashioned rivet method, it was also much cheaper.

During the war over 3000 "Liberty ships," barges and landing crafts were built at the facility before being sent down river to the Gulf. Other companies in the Valley provided gear such as oars and life jackets. As unlikely as it may seem, by the end of the war, the area had become an important supply center for the U.S. Navy.

Though the shipyard closed in 1983, there are still some Naval buffs who swear there are rusted hulks, still plying their trade in the far reaches of the world, bearing the slogan, "Made In Alabama."



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Old Folk Remedies for Baldness

A simple method for hanging on to the hair you've got left is to wash your head regularly with water mixed with a little salt. Another, from Greece, tells us to massage a paste made of the leaves of the aloe vera plant. If you want new growth, wash your head with water containing the leaves and flowers of the sage plant. This originated in Europe and came to America with the early settlers. Long before the settlers arrived, however, the Montana Indians were using water infused with sagebrush or blue sage for their hair-- they said it also made a good tonic.

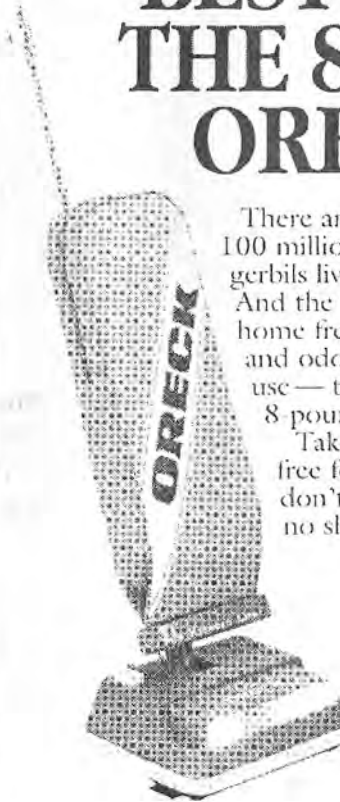
"The White House Cook Book," published in 1887 offers a hair invigorator consisting of:

Bay rum, two pints; alcohol, one pint; castor oil, one ounce; ammonia, half an ounce; tincture of cantharides, one ounce. Mix them well. This compound will promote the growth of hair and keep it from falling out. (Tincture of cantharides is a solution containing the notorious Spanish Fly in dried form.)

*Heaven will be no heaven to
me if I do not meet my wife
there.*

--Andrew Jackson

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The Witchcraft Trial

The courtrooms in early Alabama history normally dealt with horse thieves, murderers and bushwhackers, but in the late fall of 1822 our courts of law were forced to deal with something totally different. The courts had to render a decision about a woman accused of witchcraft.

History has forgotten the old woman's name. All we know about her is that she lived on the banks of the Flint River. A friendless old crone who had strange ways and was rather aloof, the woman was the talk of the local area. At first, she was spoken of only in whispers, then more boldly until she was publicly accused of being a witch. It culminated in a warrant for her arrest signed by one of the landed gentry of the community.

The day of the trial was fixed. Excitement ran high and people came from far and near to witness the unusual event. The trial proceeded on time and a great number of witnesses were called to testify, but nothing positive resulted from any of their testimony.

Then a young woman was called to the stand. Her testi-

mony went as follows: One day she was washing down at the creek, and became extremely tired. She sat down at the foot of a beech tree to rest. Soon, the old accused woman came down the tree in the form of a squirrel, with its tail curled over its back, snarled at her and put a spell on her. The sickly girl testified that she had been ill ever since and couldn't sleep due to pain in her stomach that started the day she saw the old woman in the form of the squirrel.

The presiding judge, who seemed to have been in deep study, now, seemed quite relieved upon hearing the young lady's testimony. He straightened in his chair and announced that the young woman's testimony was proof positive of the old woman's guilt. His opinion was that he should immediately send her to jail and began writing the order to put her behind bars.

Shock and dumb amazement settled on the faces of every sensible person in the room except that of a young Irishman named John Gallagher. Gallagher seemed calm and self-possessed. He rose and modestly asked per-

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Consumer automobile loans usually require the borrower to purchase physical damage insurance coverage to protect the lender's interest in the collateral. However, if you fail to buy such insurance or allow it to lapse, lenders then purchase "force-placed" insurance themselves and charge you the premium. This force-placed insurance (also known as creditor-placed or collateral protection insurance) most always costs more and protects you far less than a standard insurance policy.

This little understood practice costs consumers more than \$400 million each year, and results in loss of important auto insurance coverage, increased insurance rates, extra interest and/or repossession of your car. Often consumers do not even know that the lender has force-placed a policy until the end of the loan, when the insurance charges and accrued interest appear in the balance still due.

To avoid this rip-off, act quickly to get insurance on your own, and keep proof that you notified the lender of your policy. Even if you fail to do so, and the lender has already obtained forced-place insurance (which is expensive and inadequate), you can still terminate it by providing your own policy to the lender and get at least a partial refund. Also, you should get some money refunded if you pay off the loan early or refinance, or if the vehicle is repossessed or declared a total loss.

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mission of the court to make a single remark, whereupon he was told by the judge that he could make as many remarks as he wished.

"Then, sir," began Gallagher, "allow me to remind you that it would be useless to send this woman to jail, for if she really is a witch she could escape through the keyhole; and if she should be innocent, it would be a great pity for her to be sent to prison."

The old judge was now more perplexed than ever for he was in a dilemma as to what to do with the old woman and asked young Gallagher his opinion. At this, the sensible young man suggested that the case rest where it was until the Grand Jury met at which time it could be laid before them.

That course of action was accepted, but for one reason or another the case was never taken before the Grand Jury and was never brought up again. It is assumed that the poor old lady lived out her days in peace, left alone, by the banks of the Flint River. And so ended the only witch trial that was ever held in Alabama's colorful history.

Did You Know?

From the Golden K Kiwanis



The fastest growing segment of our population will be the people ages 85 and older, whose numbers double to seven million by 2020?

That most persons age 50 and older say that they prefer to stay in their current homes as they age, but that few make preparations for their future housing needs?

That successful aging depends, to some degree, on volunteer work in community agencies, civic club membership, providing valuable assistance

such as home-delivered meals, friendly visits, transportation, medical escorts and household chores?

That underdeveloped countries-- mostly in Latin America, Africa and Asia-- account for 90% of the global population growth?

That it was during the Civil War that the now familiar motto, "In God We Trust," first appeared on American coins?

Fashion is what one wears oneself. What is unfashionable is what other people wear.

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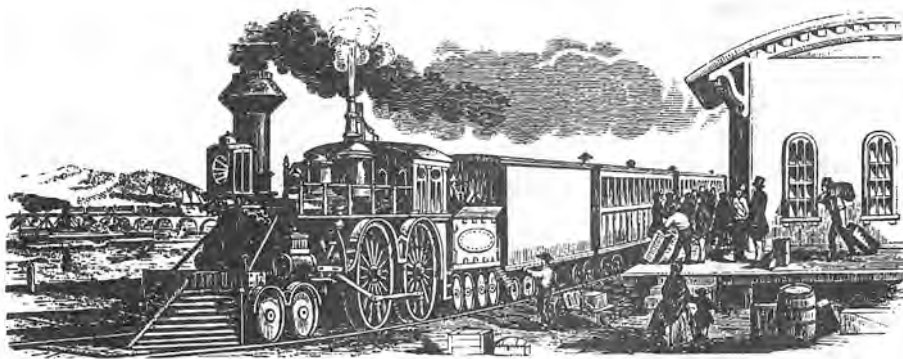


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Escape From The Depot

A personal account written shortly after the war.

The excitement in the city was very great, as telegram after telegram gave the reports of what was taking place on the bloody battlefields of Shiloh, for many of our Huntsville boys were there. While they were absorbed with the news coming from the telegraph office, the people were taken by surprise by a carrier riding in hot haste down the Meridianville pike, shouting to everyone he saw, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!"

It was that fateful cry, long and fearfully anticipated but now suddenly sprung upon them that made livid the faces of women and children. The cooler heads among the men were trying to sift the truth from the excited horseman, when his re-

port was verified by the coming of another galloping horseman.

Hardly had this validation of the truth settled upon the excited listeners when the long whistle of an incoming train from the west was heard. "What train is that, and who are aboard it?" was asked with blanched lips. A few of the older men rushed to the depot, and before the train stopped saw that it was a military train with Southern soldiers aboard, bound for the east. Realizing the danger of the situation, one man rushed forward to the engine and shouted to the engineer, "Go on, go on! Don't stay, the Yankees are right here and will catch you."

The engineer looked back to the conductor who had also heard the

warning, but who for a moment hesitated, weighing the report in his mind, then finally deciding from the earnestness and character of the man, gave a quick motion for forward to the engineer who quickly pulled open the throttle, but it was too late. Before the steam pressed upon the piston, the train was surrounded by Yankee cavalry, who with leveled revolvers forced the engineer to close his throttle.

The train and all that it con-



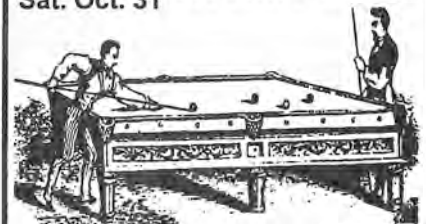
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tained was now in the possession of the enemy. A company of Confederate soldiers were on board. These men had performed gallant service at Manassas and as a reward were given a furlough to their respective homes from which they were now returning. They were now few in number, without arms and surrounded.

The Yankees (Fourth Ohio Cavalry) took possession of them as prisoners and marched them into the depot the same old freight depot that is there today.

This regiment of cavalry was soon followed by the rest of the command of Brig. Gen. O.M. Mitchel, who took possession of Huntsville with its old men, women, and children, and for some time after ruled them with a rod of iron.

Before the war, Mitchel had been quite conspicuous as an astronomer and lecturer, but when he changed his science and literary career for a military one, he shook off the attractive qualities of mind and heart that belong to a scholar and assumed voluntarily the iron mantle of despotism. In his view, no man had a right to be a rebel, and, in addition, no wife or child had a right to be the wife or child of a rebel. If they dared to continue as such, they ought to receive the just punishment that he was sent to administer.

His boast was that he would soon scourge them into submission.

In the disposition of his forces he had made a quick movement, took Huntsville by surprise, and overwhelmed its citizens with pain and sorrow for he fed his troops from their scant stores. His provision train was too far away. Bridges had been burned and no one could tell when his wagons would arrive. In the meantime his soldiers must be fed. "They had fought bravely," he said, and were entitled to the best of rations and all the good things the country afforded. If they were given voluntarily, well and good! If not, they would be taken. The boys in blue knew where to find what they needed.

The women of Huntsville gath-

ered together in solemn council, for upon them the grim reality fell most heavily. How could they meet Mitchel's demand of their scant stores of food? Even more desperate was the plight of their own kind. If Federal soldiers were this hungry, how was it with those poor boys in gray, cooped up within the old walls of the depot? They must be starving. It was unanimously resolved that this condition must be rectified.

A committee of two ladies was appointed to visit the general and obtain his permission for them to feed the prisoners.

In answer to their appeal, he granted a very generous denunciation of all rebels, especially female rebels.

"Yes," he replied, "you may feed the prisoners, but you must feed my soldiers, too."

"Very good, general, but may we begin at once with our poor boys in the depot? They are starving. They have had nothing to eat since you came now, two days ago!"

"Starving!" They deserve to starve. They have been fighting the Union army in the east. They are a part of the same set," thundered the irate general.

The eyes of the sober matron twinkled a little and a smile played upon her lips as she replied, "Yes, General, we have heard that they were there."

The brows of the officer narrowed, remembering that these were the same brave confederate troops that had carried the day at Manassas. Churlishly he muttered, "and for that you want me to feed them?"

"Yes, for that we want to feed them. But, General, all brave soldiers feed their prisoners."

The scowl upon the general's features smoothed a little as he caught the pleasant smile upon the lady's comely face.

"Well, take your order for permission to feed the prisoners. What else do you want of me?"

"A pass, please," she replied, "for messenger and provisions."

The general signed to an officer in the rear. "Adjutant, write a pass for female bearer to deliver provisions twice a day to prisoners."

He turned away to other business. The pass was written and received. The two ladies who had remained standing in that august pres-



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ence bowed their thanks.

It was with a quick step and a light heart that the two ladies left the headquarters of Gen. Mitchel and hurried down the street. Hardly had they left before they noticed a young Negro clad in a Yankee's blue coat. After recognizing the figure as Joe, one of their house servants, the ladies burst out laughing, exclaiming, "Why, with that blue coat he looks just like any other Yankee."

The friends walked on thoughtfully for a few moments when the first speaker exclaimed as though talking to herself: "Good, we'll do it sure." Then Joe, Joe," she called out to the servant. Stop there, I want you."

The boy stopped at once at the command of his mistress' voice. He turned back to her, a little scared at his being thus caught.

"Joe, where did you get that coat?"

The boy hesitated and with an apologetic grin, replied:

"I got him from a Mr. Yank. He give him to me."

"How came him to give it to you?", was the stern question.

"He give him to me for cleaning up his horse and rubbing up his saddle, and shining up his boots and

his spurs."

"Very well! You are sure that he gave it to you? Are you very sure?"

"Yes, Missus; I would be scared to wear it if he didn't."

"Very well, then. Now listen. I don't want you to wear that coat on the street. I want you to take it right home and give it to Aunt Susan to take care of for you. Do it right away. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Missus. I takes it right home."

That evening before the sun went down an irregular procession of ladies, beginning at the eastern side of the town and adding to its number as it passed the different houses, proceeded to the depot. Some had with them servants carrying baskets and others carried their baskets themselves. All the baskets were loaded with provisions covered with napkins or papers to screen their contents.

There was some trepidation in their ranks caused by their unusual errand and the uncertainty of their reception by the soldiers of their avowed enemies, but all were brave at heart and willing to face all opposing obstacles to accomplish their purpose.

Reaching the platform of the de-

pot, they found the first large enclosed door guarded by a squad of blue coated soldiers. The other doors were tightly closed. The soldiers stood at attention. Two pair, a little distance apart, crossed bayonets, thus making two arches under which the processing was permitted to pass.

The leader of the ladies was a handsome woman large and imposing in appearance. She had laughing eyes and a smiling countenance. She was perfectly fearless of danger. She was one who had given her sons to the army. Her large house (now unhappily one of the things of the past) was ever open to shelter a Confederate soldier. She was not afraid to express her wants to a Federal general as she had this day, nor to Federal soldiers with bayonets.

She stepped forward under the arched bayonets to the officer of the guard, and smilingly presented him with the general's order. He read it, blushing, and deferentially stood aside motioning her to enter, which she did with her servant. She turned and bade the others follow. This they were ready to do. Soon they all found themselves on the inside and were cheering the artillery boys with smiles as well as with sustenance.



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The gray coated boys appreciated both, and for a time, were happy.

The officer of the imprisoned command held a little confidential conversation with the leading lady, and arrangements were soon made that resulted in lessening, to a considerable extent, the number of Confederate prisoners in the old depot.

Among the prisoners was one who was a superb violinist. He was said to be unequalled in the Army of Virginia. His violin had gone home and back with the furloughed violinist. The chief diversion of the company was in his music and in the resulting dance of the lively lads when the spirit was on them.

The supply of food settled into a routine. The next evening, a little before the expected coming of the food supply, the spirit of music and dance was on the imprisoned soldiers.

An empty box near the center of the depot furnished a seat for the violinist. A rattling piece of music from his instrument drew the attention of everyone within a considerable distance. A large detachment of Federal soldiers were camped nearby to furnish guards for prisoners and stores. Quite a crowd of idle soldiers soon gathered upon the platform.

The Confederate boys drew near their musician. Soon, some dance music set their feet and bodies in motion, and then the dance was on. It was such a dance as the blue coats had never seen. As the music quickened and varied, so too did the dance. Soon the eager crowd outside the guard pressed near to see and

hear. The guard itself with its good-natured corporal became absorbed and interested in sound and motion and allowed the numbers outside to press within the doorway.

It was at this time that the deputation of food bearers arrived. The officer at the door passed in one old colored woman with a large basket carelessly covered with a cloth. He lifted the corner a little and scanned the loaves of bread and buttered sandwiches, dropped the cover and motioned her to return and take in the other baskets and return them, as he now would permit but one person to enter.

A plank partition at that time separated a room at the northeast corner of the depot from the rest of the building. Inside of this the baskets were quickly carried and emptied by the eager hands of the prisoners.

Within the first basket, well wrapped in a newspaper, was a large blue overcoat and cap. A young artillery man, the first selected to run the blockade, was soon enveloped in this overcoat and surmounted with the cavalry cap. Watching his opportunity when the Federal soldiers about the door and who had gradually encroached within the building were absorbed with the dance and music, he quietly stepped out of the little room and sauntering along the wall, joined the blue coats near the door. When all was ready the music and dancing ceased, and the gray jacketed boys were called to supper. All was then confusion, and the bayonets of the guard pushed out the rabble of blue coat onlookers near the door, and with them the sheep

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Reaching the platform the young man dropped out of the squad of blue coats and struck into the street heading to the courthouse. This he had hardly reached with he was met by a boy who, turning to the left, piloted him to a large house near the outside of the town.

Here he turned over his cap and coat and was given a good supper and portable lunch, furnished a place to sleep until nearly daylight, when a guide passed him between the pickets and gave him directions how to safely reach the Confederate lines across the Tennessee River.

The next afternoon and for several succeeding afternoons as long as prudence permitted, that basket with its enclosures went to the Confederate prisoners, where the same scene was enacted and other prisoners were allowed to escape.

This practice was continued for several weeks until the remaining prisoners were transferred to prison camps in Illinois where they set out the rest of the war in captivity. According to legend, one of the escaped confederate soldiers returned to Huntsville after the war and married the young lady responsible for his rescue.

Today, there are few signs left in Huntsville to remind one of the events of that day. The grounds which once held the tents of the union soldiers guarding the depot are now occupied by an office building. The old depot has been placed on the registry of Historical Buildings.

Perhaps the only clue that it was ever used as a prison are the interior walls, where, if you ask a guide to show you, you can still see the graffiti from a day over a hundred years ago where bored Confederate soldiers wrote their names on the walls.



ODD BELIEFS AND CURIOSITIES

A pregnant woman who eats a potato with a spoiled spot on it will give birth to a deformed child. But the child of a woman who eats carrots will be blessed with fine eyesight.

If you whip your child with the branch of a green broom plant, he will stop growing.

Dogs will eat grass before a rain.

If you are desperate to get rid of your rheumatism, do the following. Stand naked in a hole in a graveyard, and have your friends cover you up to the neck with dirt. Remain a prisoner there for 2 hours. Repeat the process nine times.

If you cover your mouth while you yawn, you will keep evil spirits from entering your body.

Never comb your hair after the sun goes down-- it will make you forgetful.

Wear a piece of silver around

your neck on a string if you want to avoid colds and other contagious diseases.

To rid your face of freckles: take a wineglass of urine and mix it with a tablespoon of good vinegar. Add a pinch of salt. Let it sit for 24 hours, then pat it on the freckled skin and leave it on for one half-hour, and rinse off with cold water.

Take a rope that has hanged a criminal and cut it into pieces. Sell the pieces to those afflicted with rheumatism, arthritis or gout and when they rub the afflicted parts with the rope piece, their pain will go away.

*The thing generally
raised on city land is
taxes.
--Charles Dudley Warner*

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The Backwards House

by Clarence Scott

As hard as it may be to believe, one of the most beautiful and substantial houses in the Twickenham district was built as a mistake!

By 1842, William McDowell had become a successful cotton broker and was looking for a site to build a home on that might befit his newly found status. After much searching he finally settled on a site facing Adams Street. The area was still largely rural, but McDowell felt sure that it would become an affluent neighborhood someday, thereby justifying the high cost of the land.

During the next several months McDowell spent every free moment working on plans for his new home. Every detail was planned meticulously, even down to the type of wood to be used and how many nails it would take.

Just as time for construction was to begin, McDowell was forced to go to England on business. Realizing it would be months, and possibly a year or so before he could return, McDowell went over every detail of the house with his newly hired contractor. Finally, after satisfying himself that the contractor knew what he wanted, McDowell left for England.

In the following months, Huntsvillians watched curiously as the house began to take shape. The materials were superb, the workmanship was excellent, but still... there was something that was just not right.

When the long awaited return of McDowell arrived, he immediately went to the site to view the home he had been dreaming of for so long.

One can just imagine McDowell standing in the streets and gazing at the home. It was exactly as he had planned it, down to the smallest detail.

Except for one minor detail.

It had been built backwards!

Possibly McDowell had forgotten to inform the contractor of which way the house was to face, or maybe as some locals later surmised, the contractor simply could not read.

Regardless of why, the home still stands today as the only known house in America to be built backwards.

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Trees native to the Holy Land found growing on Monte Sano

from 1912 newspaper

Local lumbermen have samples of the famous Chittim timber which has been discovered by government experts in Madison County, in the vicinity of Huntsville, and much discussion about the same is being indulged by the lumber people. The timber found is not very extensive, the forest of the same being but sparsely built up. The timber is supposed to be growing only at Jerusalem.

It will be remembered that interior work of the great temple at Jerusalem, told of in the Bible, was built of Chittim wood. It was not believed that there was any of this timber anywhere. Government experts in looking over the Alabama forests investigated trees which natives were calling Chittim wood and they have pronounced it the real article. The timber, of course, will be preserved, and an effort made to bring about a growth. The samples of the wood on hand here are prized highly.

Here Chittim wood has been known to exist on Monte Sano since Huntsville was laid out in town lots nearly a century ago. Chittim wood was first hauled to town and sold as firewood. For the past twenty-five years local mechanics have been working it into walking canes, gavels, po-

lice clubs and many different kinds of furniture.

The Smithsonian Institute sent representatives here during the early nineties to investigate the wood and extent of growth, and now have a block on exhibition in the Institution at Washington.

You needn't love your enemy, but if you refrain from telling lies about him, you are doing well enough.
-Ed Howe

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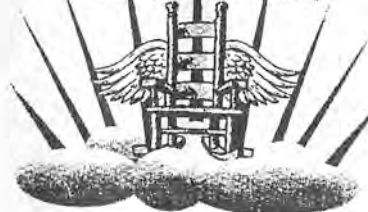
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The Accident

From 1896 newspaper



When a prominent doctor was thrown from his buggy in a run-away the other day, the garbled reports of the accident that floated back to the city gave his identity as that of another equally eminent physician. This mistake brought about an amusing little episode.

The sheriff heard the news and at once set about getting information of the accident to the wife of the doctor who was wrongly supposed to be hurt. The tenderhearted sheriff, not caring to be the bearer of such sad news, determined to delegate the task

to a lady who is a close friend to the doctor's wife.

He rang her by telephone. A woman's soft voice at the other end of the line answered him.

"Mrs. A.," said the sheriff hurriedly, without stopping to ask whom he was addressing, "I have just learned that Dr. B., while driving in the park with a young lady, was thrown from his buggy and seriously injured. I wish you would please step over to his home and break the news

to his wife."

But as it happened, the lady who listened to that alarming message was the doctor's wife in person, and a very high-spirited woman, it may be said, into the bargain.

"What's that you say?" She shouted into the transmitter. "My husband seriously hurt while driving with another woman? All right. I'll finish him when he comes home."



The trouble with people is not that they don't know but that they know so much that ain't so.

--Josh Billings

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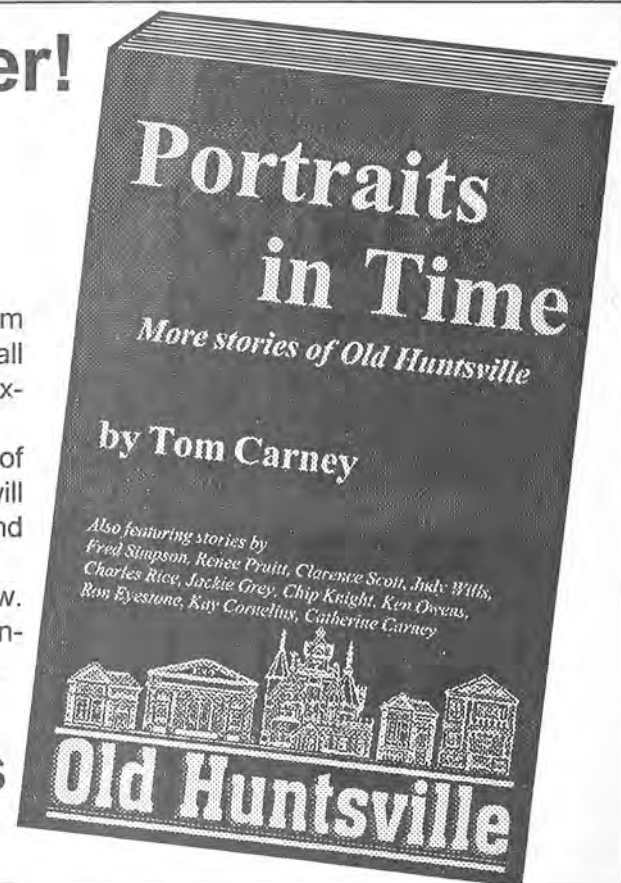
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