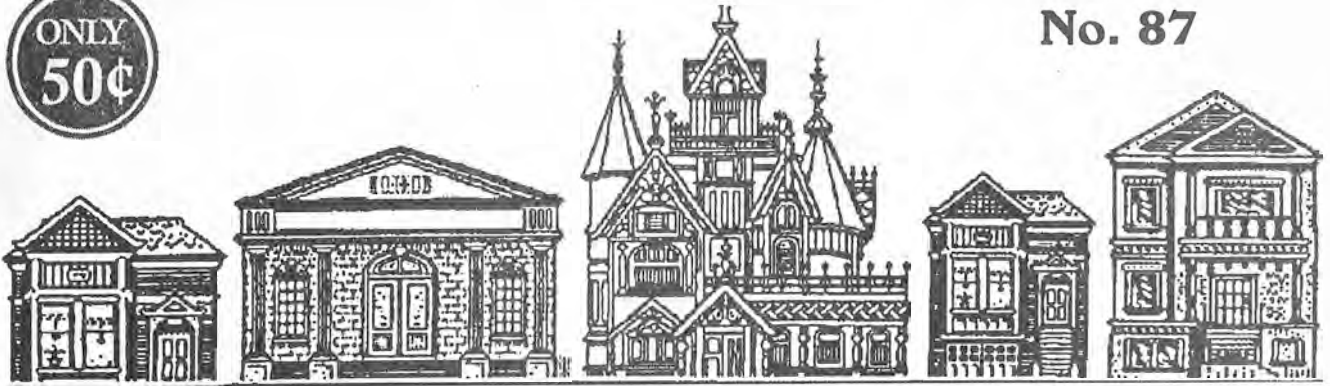


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No. 87



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



Sheriff Knox McRae

One Sheriff Too Many

Alabama politics have always been a fascinating spectator sport. In 1959, a feud between outgoing Gov. Folsom and incoming Gov. Patterson resulted in two different sheriffs being appointed to Morgan County.

As all of North Alabama watched, everyone wondered - which man would keep the job?

Also in this issue: *An Angry Man With A Past*

One Sheriff Too Many

by Jo Shaffer

Richard Hyche had no more than stepped through the door of his house when his wife hit him with the news. "Jimmie Collier dropped dead of a heart attack today when he was arresting a couple of drunks below Whitesburg Bridge."

Though she had rehearsed all afternoon how she would break the terrible news to her husband, it came out in a mad rush just the same. "Come sit down. Can I get you something to drink?"

In a daze, Richard allowed himself to be led to his favorite chair. His friend dead? Today, on Christmas Eve?

It couldn't be true; he had spoken with Jimmie just last week and congratulated him on being reelected sheriff. Collier had even tried to talk him into coming back onto the force, but Hyche had replied, "Not until you decide to retire, old man. Can't feed a wife and three kids on a

deputy's pay. I'll come back as sheriff or not at all!"

The two men had been friends since Richard Hyche first moved to Decatur when he got out of the army in 1945. Hyche joined the Decatur Police Department in 1948, and Collier had been a city officer at the time as well - until Jimmie ran for sheriff in 1954 and won. Richard was persuaded to come along and within a year was named Sheriff Collier's chief deputy. He served as the sheriff's "right-hand" until the financial needs of a growing family led the younger man to accept a position as head of security for Decatur's Fruehauf Company in August of 1958. Hyche had realized there was no chance for further promotion in the Sheriffs Department, mostly because he would never run for sheriff against his best friend and mentor. The "plant protection" business wasn't as exciting as busting up a still or catching a crook red-handed, but it paid the bills.

When he served as pallbearer at his friend's funeral, Richard Hyche hadn't considered Jimmie Collier's untimely death in terms other than immense personal loss, but gears in the great state political machine were already grinding. When an elected official dies while in office, it is up to the Governor to name his replace-



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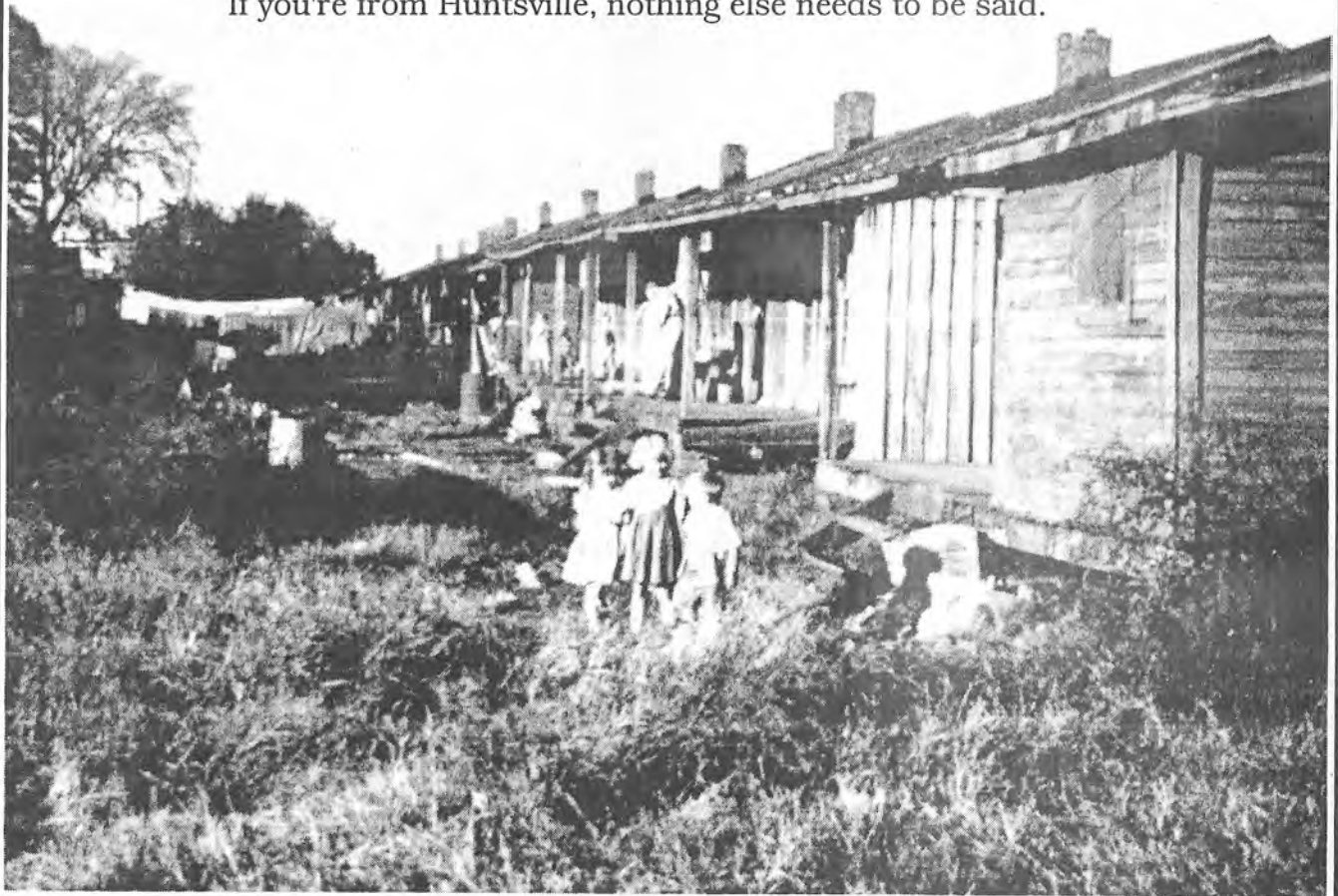
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ment. Jim Folsom would be leaving the Governor's Mansion on January 19th, when newly elected John Patterson took the oath of office. Which of them should make the choice?

The ink wasn't dry on Collier's obituary before certain folks were taking sides. Word on the street was that "Big Jim" - even while out of office - still had enough political clout to make his decisions stick.

The job of Sheriff of Morgan County was pretty lucrative in

those days. Although no salary was allocated, he was paid through a variety of fees that provided an income of between \$15,000 and \$18,000 a year. The appointment would make a nice reward for someone whose loyal service to, and support of the governor was greatly appreciated...

Knox L. McRae was no stranger to the political scene. The prominent businessman served a term as mayor of Decatur, another as city council-

man, and had made an unsuccessful run for city commission. When his friend Jim Folsom was elected governor, McRae was named as Alabama State Docks Director. Many thought he was now the favorite to be named to the job of Morgan County Sheriff - if the responsibility lay with Folsom.

But there were at least an equal number of citizens who felt the incoming governor should appoint the man to fill Collier's four-year term.

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Among the most vocal of these was Hartselle attorney Grady Long. He was the Morgan County campaign manager for newly-elected Gov. Patterson. Long made the point that there were several other men, with years of experience in law enforcement, who were more qualified for the position. Among the names proposed were city policeman Matthew Childers, Patterson campaign worker Roland Guyse, and Richard Hyche.

With Morgan County Coroner Lewis "Pinky" Brown assuming the duties of sheriff until other arrangements were made, both camps waited to see what word would come up from Montgomery. Little did they know that the events of the next few months would throw the sheriff's department into chaos, and would sup-

ply headlines to newspapers all across the state.

On January 10th, nine days before his term expired, Gov. Folsom named Knox McRae as Jimmie Collier's replacement for Sheriff of Morgan County.

On January 22nd, his second day in office, Gov. Patterson completely ignored the appointment and named Richard Hyche as Morgan County Sheriff.

The two local men would now face a legal battle to see which one would keep the post.

As reported by Hale Scarbrough in the Birmingham Post-Herald:

"The legal question is whether Folsom, who went out of office Jan. 19, could make an appointment for a job beginning, legally, at 12:01 a.m., Jan. 20. By that minute, Patterson officially was gover-

nor, with authority to make the appointment."

Serving as sheriff had long been Richard Hyche's ambition. During his seven years in the Army he had spent the last three as an M.P. during World War 11. He then spent seven years as a Decatur policeman and three more as a deputy. Although he would have given anything if the circumstances could have been different, he embraced the opportunity to fulfill his lifelong dream. When Grady Long called to tell him that Gov. Patterson had given him the nod, Hyche immediately resigned his position at Fruehauf and began the legal action necessary to unseat Knox McRae.

His first step, after receiving a copy of his commission in the mail, was to post bond and take the oath of office. Probate Judge

**Ready or not,
here I come.**

*Nana came to paint
the nursery.*

EVERYONE CAME TO
THE BABY SHOWER.

*Come next month,
everything will
be ready.*

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T.C. Almon administered the same oath to Richard Hyche that he had given to Knox McRae just sixteen days earlier. Morgan County then became the only county in Alabama to have two official sheriffs.

Next, as suggested by those with an interest in the outcome, Hyche was to physically go to the sheriff's department and formally ask Knox McRae to vacate the office. The event was recorded on camera and audio tape by several newspapers. When he was asked to step down, Knox McRae replied, "I have taken a liking to the office, and I think I'll keep it. I will continue to hold the job until the law puts me out."

"Richard," McRae continued, "you're a good man. You do everything you can to get the office, and I'll do everything I can to

keep it. When it's all over, we'll still be friends."

The subsequent maneuver for Hyche, as guided by his attorneys Joe Calvin and Noble Russell, was to file a writ of quo warranto, Meaning "by what authority?" Its purpose was to call upon McRae to explain to a judge "by what authority" he was holding the office of sheriff.

On the morning of February 16, 1959, the two men, accompanied by their attorneys, met in the filled courtroom of Circuit Judge Newton B. Powell. The two sheriffs shook hands and spoke amicably before the start of the session. McRae was represented by local attorney Norman Harris, and Mobile's Vincent Kilborn, who had been the attorney for the state docks while McRae was the director. His counselors based their arguments on the

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HYCHE for SHERIFF

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APPOINTED TO
THE OFFICE OF
SHERIFF BY
THE GOVERNOR
OF THE STATE
OF ALABAMA
JAN. 12, 1959



BY RULING
OF LOCAL
COURT I WAS
PERMITTED TO
BE SHERIFF OF
MORGAN
COUNTY
FEB. 17, 1959

By An Opinion of The State Court, I Was Forced To Vacate The Office of Sheriff June 1, 1959.

I Am Taking My Case Again To The Local Court — The People.

The Hearing Has Been Set For Tuesday, May 1, 1962.
I Shall Be Very Grateful If The Local Decision Will Again Be In My Favor.

YOUR VOTE WILL BE THE VERDICT!

THREE MONTHS WAS SUCH A SHORT TERM!!

(Pd. Pol. Adv. by Richard Hyche, Decatur Ala.)

1935 case of *Rice vs. Foster* in Tuscaloosa, in which a probate judgeship was disputed under similar circumstances. But Judge Powell disagreed, and ruled "Richard J. Hyche is hereby declared the lawful sheriff of Morgan County, and it is further ordered that Hyche immediately assume the duties of sheriff."

At midnight on February 17th, Knox McRae stepped down and Richard Hyche took over the duties of sheriff. There was quite a gathering in town the next morning as Hyche's many friends and supporters stopped by to shake his hand and offer congratulations. Though the political battle had been fierce, many of the people directly involved remained friendly toward one another. In fact, most of the deputies who had been employed under Sheriff McRae stayed on to work under Sheriff Hyche, including Henry Sivley, Lloyd Wallace, Milton Thomas and Wilbur Abercrombie; Sarah Rogers continued her job as clerk. The only resignation came from Pat Patterson. Who had served as McRae's chief deputy. Devoted to his boss, he left law enforcement to work as a salesman at McRae's Buick dealership.

Knox McRae, who had earlier promised he would "do everything he could" to keep the office, was true to his word as his attorneys immediately filed an appeal to the Alabama Supreme Court. Due to the importance of the case, Norman Harris asked the court to hear it as early as possible. A little over five weeks later, attorneys for both sides faced the judges and presented their arguments - McRae's side citing the *Rice vs. Foster* case; Hyche's team maintaining that

particular precedent did not apply. The full presentation of both arguments took just over a month, and then everyone sat back and held their breath, waiting for the verdict.

The wait was an agonizing one. Richard Hyche had been assured that he stood the best chance for keeping the job of sheriff; to most folks, the Patterson appointment seemed the most logical and fair. Yet he was a family man, and as much as he would have sacrificed personally for the job, the security of his wife and children still came

first. If for some reason the decision went against him, would he appeal it? It would be hard to sell his talents to another employer if there was the possibility he would quit when the courts said he could be sheriff again. He knew he had put his wife and children through quite a bit already, and sincerely hoped this would be the end of it.

There was nothing more to do now but wait.

When Sheriff Hyche strode into his office the on morning of May 28th, he couldn't help but notice the way his deputies ner-



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vously cleared their throats and shuffled their feet as he came through the door. With an air of nonchalance, Hyche leaned his elbow on the front desk as always to ask for his messages, and noticed with a twinge of foreboding the way Sarah Rogers ducked her head instead of chirping her usual cheery greeting.

"What's going on? Is there something I need to know?" He directed the question at his chief deputy.

"I heard through the grapevine this morning that the State Court's made its decision," said his right-hand man. "You can't tell for sure, though, with the way all them political dawgs fight down in Montgomery these days."

Hyche stepped into his private office and picked up the telephone. With fingers trembling slightly, he dialed the 6-digit number to Joe Calvin's office. A few minutes later, after he'd heard all he needed to, he replaced the receiver, took a deep breath, and walked calmly into the main office of the Morgan County Sheriffs Department.

"Well, boys," he said resignedly, "it seems that the Supreme Court has ruled against me. That's one of the things you have to risk. I can't say it hasn't been a surprise. I don't know

whether I'm going to try an appeal or not. But, in the meantime, we've still got a day's work to put in, and I for one sure don't intend to slack off."

Over the next few days, Sheriff Hyche fielded calls from newspapermen all over the country, asking whether he was prepared to fight the Supreme Court ruling. The hardest for Richard to answer to were his many friends and supporters in Morgan County who felt he'd gotten a raw deal, and strongly urged him to appeal the court's decision. To them it was a matter of principle and honor. Hyche hadn't realized before that he'd made history in the state of Alabama, forcing the State Court to consider an issue that hadn't existed before in the law books. He'd just wanted to be a good sheriff.

Richard Hyche ran for sheriff in 1962. He lost, again, to Knox McRae by the slimmest margin ever seen in the county.

He tried again in '66 before he realized that he was better suited to law enforcement than what he later described as "politickin'." Instead, he spent his life in a variety of endeavors. He sold cars for a few years, ran a boarding house, owned and operated a Shell station. He was a good husband and father, and he might have been a great sheriff - we'll never know. In the real

world, dreams don't always come true.

Thanks to the Hyche family (daughter Bonnie Holland and son Randy Hyche) for sharing their memories. Special thanks to Richard's widow, Wilda Hyche of Cullman, for letting us borrow the scrapbook. Also, thanks to Morgan County Sheriff Steve Crabbe, who is so knowledgeable regarding law-enforcement history of the county, and who is always helpful when we call with questions.

A border of basil planted near tomatoes keeps away worms and flies. Grasshoppers won't eat the tomatoes, because they like to munch on the basil.

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Letters

To the Editor:

I have enjoyed receiving your publication in my mailboxes, both by subscription and here on the web site. I wonder if the article on the Old Georgia Cemetery might be continued to include other forgotten cemeteries in the area such as the Old Dallas Cemetery close to the site of the old Dallas Mill. Is it possible that a list of those interned there might be found in the local courthouse or at one of the local funeral homes?

Another article to suggest for your publication that I think would be especially interesting is to find a list of those who died during the flu epidemic of 1917-1919. Many people find ancestors on the 1910 census and then have lost them by 1920. Are there mortality lists for those years?

Another article that might be of interest is to highlight the day of a child age 12 who would have lived in the Dallas Mill Village. What school would he have attended in 1900? Then maybe take a child who would have entered school in about 1916-17 at the age of six years in the same area, what would his day have been and the day of his family?

Thank you,
Martha Yount
Oak Harbor WA

To the Editor:

Thank you for this website. Being two misplaced Huntsvillians in Schaumburg, Illinois, it is delightful to be able to go to this site and feel we're "back home" for a little while. We pick up your magazine every time we're down there, and noticed we can subscribe, which is the next step. Keep up the good work. The yankees could learn a thing or two about taking care of your own.

Patricia and Alan Lee

Dear Editor,

I want to thank you for the recent story you did about Paul Bolden, who won the Medal of Honor. I am proud to read that the city of Huntsville is finally going to recognize him as a hero. Maybe it takes a publication like yours to make people aware.

Robert Gentry



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Jealous Husband Cured by Licorice Water

from an 1873 newspaper

There is a man in this city who is so affectionately fond of his wife that he is jealous if a man looks within 45 degrees of the direction in which she may happen to be.

The other day a gentleman spoke to her, and the husband immediately threatened suicide. His wife was dispatched for a bottle of poison which she had put up at the druggist's consisting of a little water, colored with licorice and bottled, with a glaring poison label on the side. When he threatened to take some of it, and actually poured it into a wine glass, she screamed for help and ran into another room, where she could watch him through the keyhole, and saw him coolly open the window and throw it out.

She then rushed back, apparently frantic with grief and im-



plored him not to do the rash deed. He merely pointed at the glass, and laying himself down on the floor began to kick out his legs like a jumping jack. She told him she was determined to share his fate, and swallowed the rest of the licorice water, whereupon he became really frightened, called the neighbors, confessed

that he only shammed, and said that if she only survived he never would trouble her again. Then she "recovered" and explained the ruse, and he was so mortified he tried to buy up the silence of his neighbors, but the story was too good to keep quiet.

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thief was actually trying to return the appliances in front of the woman he'd stolen them from. The police arrived in time to apprehend him.

In 1906 Germany, militarism was building up. In this "if it moves, salute it" atmosphere, a small, elderly, unshaven man appeared in the town of Copenick. He was wearing a baggy captain's uniform and his hat fell down around his ears. The uniform was enough, though, and he took charge of the local troops and led them to city hall where he placed the mayor under arrest, 'confiscated' the town's funds, and marched away. It took two weeks for police to find the man, a shoemaker in a neighboring town who'd rented his uniform from a costume shop. The resulting uproar made him a celebrity and after a brief term in prison, he finished out his days on the vaudeville and music hall stages as "The Little Captain."

It turns out that recently-deceased actor Iron Eyes Cody (from the anti-litter TV commercial) was actually an Italian from New York. This isn't the first time in history that someone has impersonated a Native American. In the 1930s, "Grey Owl," an Apache scout, toured Europe and America. He successfully raised money for environment causes, particularly towards sav-

ing the beaver from extinction. After his death in 1938, it was revealed that Grey Owl was actually Archie Belaney of Hastings, England.

In Las Vegas, a man was pulled over for speeding just before dawn. The clearly upset man told the officer that he was a vampire and had to get back to his coffin before daylight. The officer didn't argue but quickly wrote the ticket and sent the man on his way.

Absurd News

In a 1905 divorce case, Judge J. Slover refused to grant a divorce on the grounds that the wife routinely went through her husband's pockets and cleaned him out. The learned judge, long a married man himself, said "Far be it for me to condemn the ancient right of wives to go through their husbands' pockets. A wife has the right to do so."

In Florida, a woman had some appliances she'd just purchased stolen from her car. The police said there wasn't much they could do, but the next day she excitedly called them. The shopper had gone back to the store to re-purchase the lost items and while she was there, a man came in with the stolen things, trying to get a refund. The

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The Ghost of the Golden Ghetto

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Cedarhurst was built in 1825 by Stephen S. Ewing, who had become wealthy by speculating in land in the early days of Huntsville. The home became noted for its architectural beauty and the numerous social affairs held by Stephen and his wife, Mary.



In 1837, Sally Carter, the sister of Mary, visited Cedarhurst with the intention of spending the summer. Within days she became sick and a short while later died. She was buried in a cemetery located only a few steps from the home. According to legend, Mary was stricken with grief

over her sister's death and sent to Nashville for an appropriate marker to place at the head of the grave. The inscription on the tombstone read:

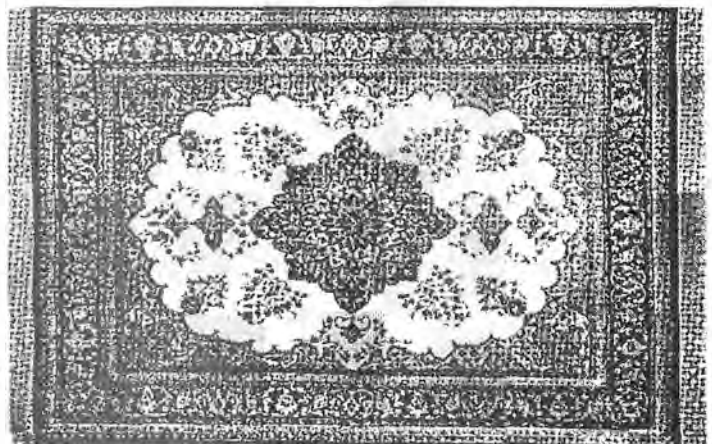
*"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful*

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sound

*Then burst the chains with
sweet surprise*

*And in my savior's image
rise."*

Two years later, in 1839, the household slaves told of hearing an eerie sound late in the night. "The sound was almost musical," they said, "almost like a trumpet." The slaves were frightened and locked themselves in their cabins, anxiously waiting for daylight to come.

The next morning, the slaves told Ewing of the strange, frightening sounds they had heard during the night. Ewing, being a practical man, quickly dismissed the slaves and sent them about their chores. Later that morning, as he was walking by Sally's grave, he stopped and idly picked a few stray weeds that were growing around the tombstone. As he bent over to grasp the weeds, he froze, his attention riveted to a set of small, ladylike footprints in the heavy morning dew. There were only two footprints, not going anywhere and not coming from anywhere. Just two footprints in the middle of the grave. ...

Ewing sold the house in 1865 and moved to Mississippi. By then, there were few people left who could remember Sally Carter, but almost everyone could tell stories of her ghost. Tales were told of people walking past her grave on a dark moonlit night and hearing the sounds of chains rattling and trumpets sounding. But, of course, any educated person in town could tell you that it was ... just tales.

In 1919, J. D. Thornton bought the house. That same year, in the fall, Mr. Thornton's nephew was visiting when a terrible storm took place one night.

The next morning, when the family came down to breakfast, they discovered the nephew sitting on the front porch, pale and trembling.

"Sally appeared to me last night," he said in a quivering voice. "She said her tombstone had fallen over and asked me to put it back up."

The other members of the family tried hard to control their laughter, and, in an effort to humor him, followed him to the graveyard.

Sally's tombstone had fallen over. The nephew, with a look of horror on his face, turned and ran back to the house. The same morning, he packed his clothes and made arrangements to return to Dothan, his home. He never visited Huntsville again.

The rest of the family, out of shock and fear, left the tombstone where it had fallen.

About this time other strange and unexplained things began to happen in the house. Ash trays would rise from a table and fly

across the room. Overnight guests would hear the sound of footsteps in their room but upon investigating, the room would be found empty.

In the late 1970s, Cedarhurst was sold to a company that had plans to develop it as an exclusive complex. Brick walls began going up and security guards manned the gates. Lavish new homes were built and the old home was converted to a club house for the residents.

It seemed as if, finally, Sally was at rest in a home as magnificent as the one she had once known.

There was just one small problem. No development company wants to buy a piece of valuable property with a grave right in the middle of it. The grave had to go.

A plot in another cemetery was bought, disinterment permits were acquired, and men and machinery were hired. The first grave, that of Sally's sister, Mary, was uncovered and her



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remains moved with no trouble. What they discovered when Sally's grave was opened would leave everyone speechless, with no explanation.

The grave was opened and the vault was found to be intact, with no sign of damage. But when the vault was opened, Sally's body was not there. It had disappeared.

Workmen later said they dug an area of thirty to forty feet around the grave and it would have been impossible not to have found any signs of the body if it was there.

In 1985, the home was selected to be used as a Decorators Show House. Every year in Huntsville, decorators would select a home to showcase their talents, and Cedarhurst, with its prime location and rich history, seemed a logical choice.

A local interior decorating firm was selected to decorate Sally's bedroom. A color scheme of teal blue and peach was used with bright fabrics for wall coverings. Crocheted bed coverings

and period antiques helped to give the room a personal touch.

It was a room that anyone would have been happy with.

Well, almost anyone.

Several weeks after the Decorators Show opened, strange mysterious things began to happen. A vase of flowers would be overturned, a picture on the wall would be crooked. Small things, just enough to make the ladies laugh and tease one another about the ghost.

What happened next can best be described by an article that appeared in the *Huntsville Times* newspaper on May 19, 1985. "One night, the house was inspected before closing and all was found to be in order and ready for the next morning's visitors. The door was locked, and a security guard went on duty. No one entered Cedarhurst that night.

"The next morning, when the house was opened, Sally Carter's bedroom looked like it had been the scene of a teenagers tantrum. The antique diary was found

pitched on the floor and artificial flowers strewn about. Most apparent of the disturbances was the disarray of the bed coverings."

No explanation has ever been found.

Talk of Sally's ghost has died down in the past few years. What was once her grave is now hidden from public view, and strangers are discouraged from entering the complex.

And so now, a hundred and fifty-seven years after her death, Sally Carter, her ghost hemmed in by tall brick walls, has entered Huntsville's folklore as, "*The Ghost of the Golden Ghetto.*"



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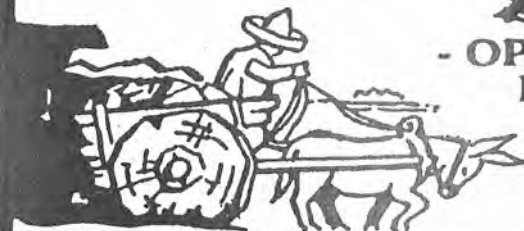
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Shyster Lawyers Prey On The Innocent

from 1888 newspaper

The *raison d'être* of the shyster lawyer is hard to explain, and, indeed, it is a pity that under those laws, which they affect to know so much about, these harpies of the justice's court cannot be sentenced to limbo for keeps. The outrageous way in which they prey upon ignorant people and especially upon ignorant unfortunates, is enough to make any man righteously indignant. The shyster is a dangerous beast of prey; the justice's courts are his lair, and the quarry he delights to stalk and pounce upon and gorge himself with, is the unfortunate with a fat pocketbook.

If a person happens to accumulate any money, he is reasonably sure to be hauled up before a justice's court on one pretext or another and frightened by the majesty of the law. When his knees are knocking together at thoughts of the stockade, whither so many people are daily herded, the shyster lawyer steps in after the fashion of some good fairy, gets what money he has and tries to have the case dismissed. If he does not succeed, why, what's the difference? The silver is already jingling in his pocket.

I do not mean to be unjust even to the shyster. Even they, I suppose, are entitled to some sort of fee. And, by the by, I know of one legal firm whose retaining fees have been known to run as low as fifteen cents. But my gorge will rise at the swindling, bulldozing and extortion constantly being practiced upon innocent gudgeons by these shystering nobodies,

I know what Victoria's Secret is. The Secret is, that no one over the age of 40 can fit into their stuff.



One of life's mysteries is how a 2 pound box of candy can cause a woman to gain 5 pounds.

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

With pearls of wisdom contributed by the Liar's Table



Well, the last six weeks have been great. The Senior Expo was something this community will never forget. Thanks to you all who came by the information booth at the expo to speak with me. I loved seeing you all. More about that in a minute.

Winner of the last Country Ham Breakfast (for guessing who the picture was in my column) was **Burlon Moore & the 5 Points Beauty Salon**. The picture was **Tim Hall** of recent Channel 48 fame, and who has now gone to work for the Space Center.

My dear friend **Rick Ottman** and his sweet wife had breakfast last Sunday. So good to see them again.

The Gazebo concerts in Big Spring park (every Monday evening) have been attracting record crowds this year. The good weather on Monday nights

has helped - and it's great fun to take your picnic dinner and just sit back and enjoy good music, friends and a beautiful sunset. If you haven't tried it yet, it's wonderful, and free.

Well, my good friends **Jim and Susan Kirkland** just got back from their 2-week vacation in Australia and New Zealand. Said they had the time of their lives! Welcome home you two!

Boy, what a treat for all of the seniors across the Tennessee Valley - I'm talking about the Wal-Mart Senior Expo that was held May 26 and 27. **Mr. Boots Randolph** (my new boyfriend) performed both days and came out and had breakfast with me. John Malone and I helped to "emcee" the expo and it was the best thing this city has ever done for its seniors. Huntsville Hospital, Ray Pearman Mercury, First Community Health Plan,

Pepsi, Channel 19 and the Huntsville Times all helped to put it on with Wal-Mart and the Senior Center. Isn't it great when all the planning comes together? Over **\$41,000** was raised for the Senior Center.

Henry Flack, Jim Kirkland and **Lewis Ellenburg** had birthdays last month. Happy Birthday, guys!

It's good to see that **Chuck and Annelie Owens** are out and about these days. Annelie recently had hip replacement, so Chuck's been playing "nurse, housekeeper and resident chef." Take care of that man, Annelie - good cooks are hard to find!

We're glad to see **Steve Bzdell** back in Huntsville after some 25 years. Steve grew up here, and left in the mid-70's. He says the town has really changed

Photo of The Month

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

Hint: "The boss lady"



Last month's photo was Tim Hall

A Helping Hand

- * Grocery shopping
- * Last minute shopping
- * Laundry & dry cleaning pickup or drop off
- * Post office visit
- * Parcel pick-ups
- * Carry pets to veterinarian
- * Flower or gift delivery
- * Standing in line
- * Waiting for delivery or repair person
- * Help with parties



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in those years, for the better. We think he really came back to get control over his wild twin boys - John (who runs the Rack Cafe) and Joe (who runs our original IHOP). Rumor has it that John recently finished the San Diego marathon. Chip off the old block! Welcome back, Steve. I expect to see you at breakfast.

All of you have been asking me about **Liz Hurley**, so I called her to get some firsthand news. She is doing therapy 3 times a week, working at the news station 5 days a week, and on top of that does all her "mama" stuff - so she thinks she is doing very well!

Twickenham Church of Christ has a new youth director who is also a very nice guy. **Lincoln Smith** has stepped up to the Adult Ministry.

Congratulations to **John Glenn** upon his retirement from Safety City and to my cousin **Arnold Hornbuckle**, who retired after 40 years with WAHR radio. Two great guys! Now you two will have time to come eat breakfast with me!

John Malone is leaving his beloved Huntsville for the job he has always dreamed about. He is becoming Program Director for the legendary WSM-650 station in Nashville - home of the **Grand Ole Opry**. John has very mixed feelings about the move and will miss all of his friends and loyal listeners here in this area. He will be missed - best of everything to you, John.

I sure had a nice visit last month by **General Link** & his lovely wife. They dropped in for breakfast with our **Mayor**, and **Janice Fowler**. I can't wait til they move on back here. By the way, have you folks noticed how beautiful the hanging plants are downtown? That's something that **Loretta Spencer**, our Mayor, has done ever since she was elected.

They really add alot to our downtown.

Congratulations to **Travis** and **Sarah McMinn** who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary this month. Mr. and Mrs. **Joe Reid** also celebrated their 45th anniversary. **Byron & Tillie Laird** will celebrate their 50th anniversary in August this year. I love you guys!

Last week I got a call from my dear cousin **Minnie Steel** - I had not heard from her in so long. She said the way she keeps up with me is by getting "Old Huntsville" and checking out my column to see what I've been doing! It was sure great to hear from her.

Everyone needs to remember to ask me or **Pat Colson** about the **Crime Prevention Academy** coming up this fall. It's free and we can only take the first 50 folks that sign up.

Well, ya'll come see me & remember, I love all of you.

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Recipes From New Hope

The following recipes come from the New Hope Library Heritage Cookbook, printed to raise money for the Elizabeth Carpenter Public Library. The book is a hot seller and here are a few of the great recipes you'll find:

Chocolate Gravy

(Great for Breakfast, over your biscuits)

- 1 c. sugar
- 3 T. cocoa
- 1 c. milk
- ½ to 1 stick butter

Mix the sugar and cocoa together. Then add milk; mix well. Put in a deep pan and bring to a

boil. Add butter; boil until it gets as thick as you want.

Linda Martin

Hush Puppy Fried Chicken

- 3 lb. Fryer, cut into pieces

- ½ c. flour
- ½ c. meal
- ½ t. salt
- ¼ t. pepper
- 1 c. buttermilk

1 c. hush puppy mix (onion flavor)

vegetable oil for deep frying
Mix flour and meal together in paper sack. Place chicken in sack and shake thoroughly. Mix salt, pepper and buttermilk together in pan and dip each piece of chicken in seasoned butter-

milk and then into hush puppy mix which has been put into separate bag. Shake to coat thoroughly. Drop into hot vegetable oil. Fry until a rich golden brown. Place into a flat baking dish and place in a 325 degree oven for an additional 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Mayme Claire Maples

Louisiana Pineapple Rice

- 1 c. uncooked rice
- 1 can crushed pineapple
- 1 ½ c. sugar
- ¾ stick butter

Cook rice and drain. Make syrup as follows: Pour pineapple, sugar and butter into a saucepan and stir well. Place over heat and bring to a boil. Boil for 10 minutes. Mix with cooked rice and place in a buttered casserole dish. Bake 45 minutes to an hour at 400 degrees. Good served hot or cold. Excellent with ham.

Mar Hodges

Corn on the coals

- 6 ears corn (unhusked)
- salt to taste
- butter

Turn husks back from corn. Remove silks. Trim tops from ears of corn; turn husks back



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over corn. Soak corn in enough water to cover for 2 hours. Remove corn from water, place over hot charcoal. Roast until husks are well browned. Remove husks from corn; salt and butter to taste.

Gina Sneed French

Peanut Butter Pie

1 3-oz. Cream cheese
 ½ c. peanut butter
 1 c. powdered sugar
 8 oz. Cool whip
 1 t. vanilla
 1 9-inch graham cracker crust

Put all ingredients into a bowl. Mix well. Pour into crust and chill.

Mary Williams

Impossible Pie

4 eggs
 6 T. butter
 ½ t. salt
 1 t. vanilla
 ½ c. flour
 1 c. sugar
 1 c. coconut
 2 c. milk

Blend all ingredients in blender, turning off and on 3-4 times, about 10 seconds each. Bake 40 to 50 minutes until brown on top and knife comes out clean in a 10-inch pan at 350 degrees.

Priscilla Scott

Cherry Cheese Crunch

2 c. flour
 1 c. pecans
 1 stick butter, softened
 6 oz. Cream cheese
 1 box confectioners sugar
 1 large can cherries
 1 container cool whip

Mix first 3 ingredients and press in baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees until brown. Let cool. Combine cream cheese and confectioners sugar. Cream together. Fold in Cool Whip. Pour cherries on top. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.

Sherry Moon

Microwave Peanut Brittle

1 c. sugar
 ½ c. Karo syrup
 1 c. raw peanuts
 1 t. butter flavoring
 1 t. vanilla
 1 t. baking soda

Cook the first 3 ingredients in bowl for 7 minutes and 30 seconds. Add butter and vanilla flavoring. Cook 1 minute and 30 seconds. Take out and add baking soda. Stir quickly and pour onto buttered cookie sheet. Do this quickly. Do not spread, it will spread itself.

Mar Hodges

To all Cooks & Genealogists!

Old Huntsville has a brand new website that includes 42,000 people who are buried at Maple Hill Cemetery. Also included are listings of many local cemeteries. But that's just for starters! You'll get delicious recipes, Baby Boomer tips, Old Superstitions, Household Remedies, and much more. You'll also find Classic *Old Huntsville* stories to read and enjoy-- all at no cost! The feedback we've gotten has been tremendous, so check us out at:

"www.oldhuntsville.com"

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Growing Up Southern

by Fred Ashcraft

Growing up dirt-poor in the armpit of the South in the 1930s could be considered an ennobling experience if you didn't mind Mexican Heat Powder, lots of beans and sowbelly, sharing a sweat-sodden mattress with bedbugs and getting up at daylight to go pick cotton.

Rural life in those times was not what you'd call Living Downtown.

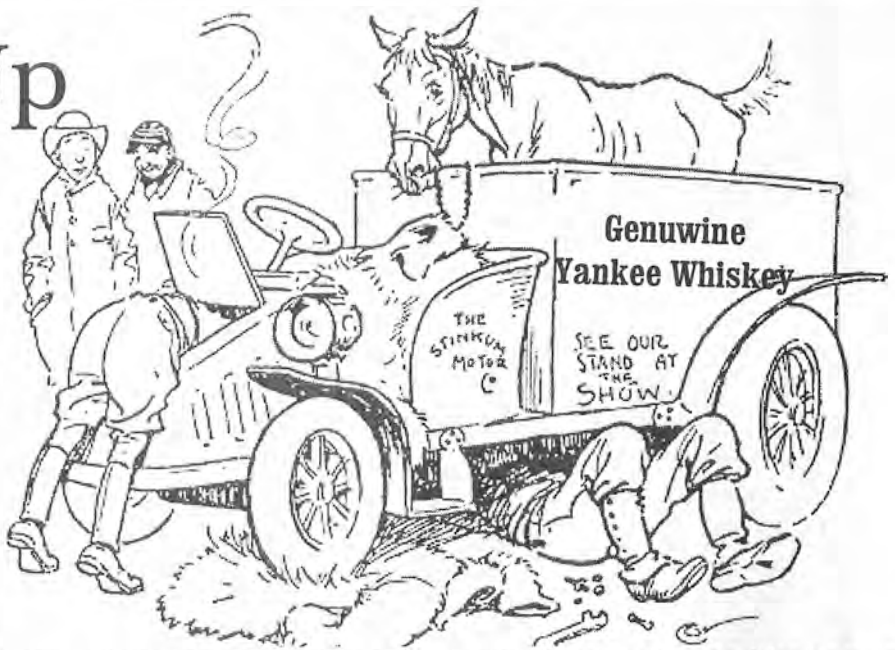
But my father was a bonafide optimist, drunk or sober.

"Look on the bright side," he'd admonish me, taking time away from stirring his Mash, which was simmering in a coffee pot on the cook stove.

"What bright side?" My inquiring mind wanted to know.

"Why, boy," he'd whoop, slapping his thigh, "You could be from MISSISSIPPI!"

It was Daddy's favorite gem of wit. Mama was a Mississip-



pian and whenever they'd get to swapping brickbats over their perspective home states, she'd sweetly remind him that Mississippi sent folks like her here to be school teachers. Irony is, that's what she was and why she came.

As a family, we got along pretty well until around 1933 when Daddy got wild, leaping drunk once too often and totally tearing up our brand new Buick with the black cloth top. I remember that top because when Daddy wrecked the car he went

right through it, zing, like he was fired out of a slingshot and lay there writhing and groaning and cussing a blue streak with his head about half bashed in

He lived through it but seeing the way his future turned out, it might have been better if he hadn't. He got fired at the mill, which caused us to lose our house because the house was owned by the mill.

Everything went to Hell in a hand car from then on. Daddy picked the beginning of the Great Depression to hit the skids and



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we never owned another car or had a decent house. Daddy did pretty well for a while by smuggling bootleg whiskey from up North but just when things commenced looking up again they went and repealed Prohibition and that finished everything, including Daddy, who said to Hell with it and died.

"Smartest move he ever made," said Mama.

Life went on, Nothing bad is permanent when you're young. Summers remained endlessly golden and there were water tanks to climb and long, long trestles to walk, braving the menace of oncoming trains. Later there was school and football to play and girls to kiss and, finally, going off to war, which beat picking cotton.

I wouldn't want to go through it all again. But I wouldn't change it, either. The best part of life lies in memories.

COW FOR SALE

from 1899 Decatur paper

"Owing to my ill health I will sell at my residence in township 19, range 10, according to government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged 8 years.

She is of undaunted courage and gives milk freely. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home by means of a stray chain. She is one-fourth short horn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double barrel shot gun which goes with her. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a nonresident."

B. Nye.

Huntsville News from 1907

For Rent - five room cottage on East Clinton Street, nicely furnished, garden in rear. Apply to Mrs. E. C. Yarbrough

Delsie Long, a young man from Marshall County, was arrested in the Whitesburg precinct yesterday and brought here to jail on a warrant charging bastardy.

A warrant for the young man's arrest was sworn out in Justice Grimmett's court by Miss Daisy Bowers, a young girl of the Whitesburg community, who claims that the man promised to marry her sometime ago. Long is not 21, she claims, and his parents have refused to give their consent for him to marry her.

Lost - on the street between Walker Street and Huntsville Bank & Trust, Co., a star and crescent gold scarf pin with pearls. Gift from husband, now dead. Reward if returned to the Bank & Trust.

I propose to open a private school for boys at my residence on East Holmes Street on Tuesday, the first day of October, 1907. I will teach whatever is necessary for entrance into the Sophomore class in any college in the state of Alabama. Baseball and football will be in my curriculum, my fee is \$5 per month per student, paid in advance. Charles O. Shepherd

Sheriff William Mitchell is in correspondence with various parties for the purpose of buying a pair of pet deer for the county court yards. They will make the yard look more attractive. The unsightly pathways will soon be obliterated as the sheriff has placed a number of signs up bordering the pavement forbidding anyone from walking on the grass. Whomever violates this rule in the future will be promptly arrested and fined.

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The old Bon Air Restaurant was noted for its down-home atmosphere and its delicious home-cooked meals. It became a favorite place to eat for all kinds of people.

One day, Dr. Wernher von Braun and two other German scientists who worked for NASA were having lunch there when a couple sat down at the next table. They were obviously Yankee tourists, with their Bermuda shorts, cameras slung around their necks, and two handfuls of guide-books.

The Yankee lady, upon hearing von Braun speak, leaned over as far as she could. After intently eavesdropping for a few minutes, she turned to her husband and said, "I just love these Southern accents."



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Know Your Rights

New Videotape Provides Community Legal Education

A new tool for community education developed in part by Legal Services of North-Central Alabama targets the most common problem lawyers handle for their low-income clients. By putting some of the most commonly asked questions about divorce and domestic violence on a video tape, LSNCA hopes to provide victims with answers to help them learn about their rights.

The video tape is part of a community effort. WAAY-TV and LSNCA, Kathryn Cataldo of StrataCom, and several local attorneys helped produce, direct, act and edit the 20 minute informational video entitled, "Escape from Danger". Channel 31 anchor and attorney Cliff IFEII narrates the video that follows two women's different stories seeking divorce advice. "We at Channel

31 are honored to be a part of this project, and want victims to know that there is help and hope when you are trying to get out of an abusive situation," said Hill. The Madison County Bar Association also provided a donation to help cover the cost of copies for distribution. While not intended to take the place of an attorney's counsel, "Escape from Dangee" provides information about the state's abuse shelter hotline; protection from abuse orders, joint custody, property issues, child support and visitation while divorce is pending.

The video will be aired on Channel 31, and copies will be made widely available in the community.

Legal Services hopes to produce and distribute video tapes on other topics in future months, as a service to the community.

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:

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COMING NEXT ISSUE!

How did a sheriff in Madison County affect the Cuban invasion and ultimately help elect J.F. Kennedy as President? Now, with the recent release of classified files, you can read the true story that has never been printed before!

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Dump Cake

1/2 stick butter
1 box yellow cake mix
1 can cherrypie filling
1 cup pecans, chopped
1 large can pineapple chunks

Preheat oven to 350, melt butter in bottom of 9x13" pan. When melted, layer pineapple, then cake mix, then cherry filling, then pecans. Bake for about 45 minutes and serve hot wth whipped cream.

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Nostradamus and WW II

Is it possible to predict the future? Decide for yourself as you read this article originally published in 1942 as the world was immersed in WW II.

Many persons believe that it is possible for certain persons to foretell outstanding events of the future. Some of these prophets have put their prophecies in writing in order that when read at a future date, a comparison could be made with the actual happenings.

Our present World War has brought to public attention 2 such prophets who are said to have prophesied it. The first of these is Nostradamus who wrote in the year 1564, the following: "1939, War. A great war shall burst forth from fishes of steel and machines of flying fire. The Germans and neighboring countries shall be at war, coming through the clouds."

Of the next year and the fate of France, Nostradamus said, "The year following will come pestilence so very terrible that young, old and no beast will live; Blood and fire is the sign of France."

This prophecy may be found in the Newberry Library of Chicago, Illinois. Certainly it predicts airplanes and submarines, selects the exact year for the war to start and for the fall of France. It also predicts Italy's attack upon France. Nostradamus does, however, predict an Allied Victory in his mention of Briton.

"The effort of the German Eagle shall be great. The doors

to the oceans shall be opened. The British brotherhood, exposed save for ships, shall tremble for seizing the oars too late. The isles of the commonwealth shall recover vigor against their enemies."

Historians are inclined to put considerable weight upon Nostradamus' prophecy because he foretold some very important events during his own lifetime.

During the seventh century St. Odile in a letter to her brother prophesied the present world conflict as follows:

"The time has come when Germany will be called the most belligerent nation of the world. The period has arrived when out of her bosom will come the terrible warrior who will undertake to spread war in the world. The men in arms will call him the



Antichrist."

The conqueror will come from the banks of the Danube. He will be a remarkable chief among men. The war that he will make will be the most terrifying that men have ever undertaken - the nations will be astonished and will say: "Whence comes this force? How is he able to undertake such a war!"

"And the war will be long. The conqueror will have attained the apogee of his triumphs towards the middle of the sixth month of the second year of hostilities. This will be the end of the first period of bloody victories. He will say; "Accept the yoke of my domination", while continuing his victories. But his enemies will not submit and the war will continue and he will cry out "Misfortune will make them fall because I am the conqueror."

The second part of the war will be equal in length to half of the first part. One will see also prodigies in the Orient. The third period will be the shortest of all and the conqueror will have lost confidence in his warriors. This period will be called the period of invasion because by just retribution the land of the conqueror, by reason of his injustice and his atheism will be invaded in all parts and pillaged."

This prophecy foretells the falls of Germany and the partition of the county for all time. Certainly the parts relating to HITLER's false peace offers have already come true..

Whether one believes in these prophecies or not, you must recognize that they have a startling similarity to present day facts.

It has been said that many prophecies are written after a complete study of the stars had been made. Many of the world's great warriors were strong be-

lievers in this effect of the stars upon the course of human events. Historians tell us that Alexander the Great was a follower and firm believer in astrology.

Astrologers who have forecast events for 1942 show many hopeful signs for America and her Allies. It is said by leading Astrologers that by the end of the year America will have gained complete control of the Atlantic. We will be supreme on the ocean, on the west coast of Africa and in the western Mediterranean.

It is predicted that Japan will lose entirely unless she soon forsakes the Axis. China, it is said, will become more powerful by the hour.

Astrologers maintain that England will not be successfully invaded. It is doubted by many whether Germany will even attempt an invasion. England's invasion of Europe however, with the help of the low countries, is quite generally forecast.

Astrologers claim that the end of Hitler is very plain to them. He is said to be born under influences which make him want more and more power. They feel that before the summer of 1942 he will see himself losing and will become even more dangerous. His horoscope is said to reveal a violent death with imprisonment, insanity, or both. His horoscope shows that the next twelve months are his most dangerous and astrologers claim that he is certain to lose. In March or before the middle of May he runs a very strong chance of losing his mind completely or of being overpowered personally.



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A Musical Sensation

Probably no man in Huntsville's recent history was admired and liked by more people than Grady Reeves, a noted radio and television personality.

Grady was a storyteller. He could keep an audience enthralled for hours, spinning yarns about people he had met and things that had happened to him. And like all good storytellers, he was not above poking a little fun at himself

In the mid-50s Grady was booking entertainment at the old Coliseum on University Drive. He was always being besieged by entertainers, all wanting a chance to perform. One young man kept calling constantly, until finally Grady agreed to give him a chance.

On the night of the performance, the young man showed up with his band. The car had guitars tied on top, drums sticking out of the truck and most of their dirty laundry in the back seat. Grady wasn't too impressed with the boy. The young man had long, greasy, black hair, a pale complexion and wore clothes that even a blind man wouldn't buy.

But Grady, being the nice guy that he was, told the boy to go ahead and get on stage. There were less than a 100 people in the audience that night and Grady carefully watched their reactions to this young unknown.

The audience was restless, not at all impressed by the new

singing sensation.

Meeting the young man backstage, Grady, who was always known for his honesty, had a talk with the young performer. "Son," he said, "I been watching those people out there, and your stuff ain't gonna work. You might ought to get that truck-driving job back."

The young man didn't take Grady's advice, though, and a few months later recorded his first hit — and Elvis Presley never drove another truck again.



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The Last Gathering

The Grants first moved to Jackson County, Alabama, around 1834, settling on 200 acres of land granted to Thomas Grant for his service in the War of 1812.

By the time the Civil War began, Thomas Grant had nine grandsons. Five of them enlisted in the Confederate army, while the other four became Union soldiers. All of them served in North Alabama, within a few miles of where they grew up. In 1864, while cutting wood, Thomas Grant suffered a fatal heart attack.

Word was sent to all the children and grandchildren of the upcoming burial. The next day saw the whole family gathered at the cemetery to pay their last respects. Five young men dressed in Confederate gray stood on one side of the casket and the four



Union men stood on the other side. When the time came to lower the casket, all nine young men helped, and when it was done, they looked at one another across the grave. Slowly and almost awkwardly, they reached across the still open grave and shook hands with one another.

Almost seventy-five years later, Mrs. E. Grant still remembered the tears on her uncles' faces that day. She said it was almost as if they were saying their last good-byes before they got back on their horses to return to the war.

Out of the nine grandsons, four were killed in battle, one

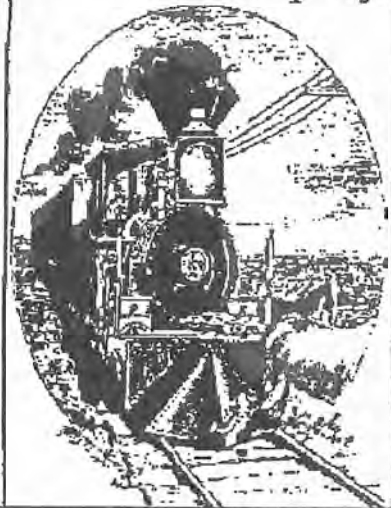
was captured and died in a Federal prison, and two others were wounded.

The family never got together again.



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Products like coffee, chocolate and cigarettes contribute to depression and highs-and-lows of energy. Eat a sensible diet of whole grains, steamed green vegetables, lean meat and fish, and raw garlic in huge salads with sprouts, onions and lots of seeds and nuts.

For a fun toy for your kitty, crumple up a piece of aluminum and throw it. Cats love the shine and the scratchy sound.

Those who are able to drink

a glass of raw sauerkraut juice every day seem to be able to avoid the flu.

Certain kinds of cancer can be avoided by eating just 3 almonds a day, according to psychic healer Edgar Cayce.

If you've run out of ideas to decorate your children's cakes, try this. Take a few animal crackers and dip them in frosting, either several different colors or all the same color. Stick them around the edge of the cake.

Paper cuts can be painful. If you have one, spread some lemon juice over the cut, then dip in ground cloves. The pain should be gone in just a matter of minutes.

Anytime your washer overflows from too many suds, simply sprinkle salt over them.

Whenever you get a knot in your fine necklace, put a drop or two of salad oil on a piece of waxed paper. Lay the knot in it and by using two straight pins, undo the knot easily.

Tired of that dry itchy skin? Use your old leftover suntan oil or baby oil in the shower. Just wash as usual, but right before

your shower is pour some oil into your washrag and rub it over your dry spots. Rinse as usual.

For a bad hangover, rub a quarter lemon under each armpit, or take 1 tablespoonful of honey every minutes for 5 minutes, or take 1/8 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a glass of water, or try a cup of ginger tea.

Stale tobacco is the worst smell to have in your home. To help get rid of it, take a few teaspoons of ammonia and place them in a larger bowl of water. Place bowl wherever the smell is the worst. The smells should begin to disappear next day.

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An Angry Man With A Past

by Jacquelyn Procter Gray

James Ditto's name may have been lost in obscurity had it not been for the ferryboat landing in Alabama's early history that still bears his name. The exact reason for Ditto's coming to this area is not known, but it could have been his inability to get along with people, as evidenced in court records, or the secret he carried with him from his role in the Revolutionary War.

Records and family legends trace the Ditto family back to France prior to the Huguenot uprising. While the original spelling of the family name of Ditteau, Ditteaux, and de Toe cannot be agreed upon, most descendants are in agreement that the family fled to Scotland and changed their name to the present Ditto to avoid being identified and executed.

James Ditto, also referred to as John Ditto, was born either in Maryland or Pennsylvania in about 1743. His mother died in 1747 while he was a small child, leaving her husband William with four young children. It is believed that William left his three older children to be cared for by his younger brother, Abraham. William took young James with him

to Granville County, North Carolina in about 1750, when the state legislature established five colonies for the express purpose of attracting Irish Protestants and Germans who left Pennsylvania and Maryland in large numbers.

The next record of James Ditto appears to be 1772 when his name appears on the roster of the Chatham County Militia under the command of Col. David Fanning. It would be another ten years before his name

is recorded again, this time providing more information about his role in the Revolutionary War.

According to the 1782 Chatham County, North Carolina Court Minutes, Ditto appeared before the court to answer charges brought against him for his role in the Revolutionary War. It seems that at the conclusion of America's fight for independence, James Ditto had chosen the wrong side. His simple plea that day in 1782 was recorded as follows: "James Ditto who

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have rendered up himself to this court, be recommended by a petition from this court to the governor for a pardon, for his lenient and benevolent treatment to prisoners when in his power, as appeared by sufficient testimony."

Although many soldiers in the war volunteered to fight for American independence, there were many more who fought simply because they awoke one day to discover that the war had come to them. Whatever Ditto's reasons were for siding with the British, his assignment was to guard prisoners who were likely to have been his own neighbors as well as the soldiers who traveled a great distance to fight in North Carolina. Ditto may have had his reasons for not getting along with his neighbors.

That James Ditto had an obstinate temperament can be reasonably assumed by the many times his name appeared in court records. By about 1790, Ditto was living in the Pendleton District of South Carolina. Between 1790 and 1793, he was listed eight times as defendant for such offenses as slander, and assault and battery. John Tippens of Pendleton County must have especially disliked Ditto, since he brought three of

the lawsuits himself

Ditto may have had several reasons for leaving the comfort and protection of relative civilization, but the exact reason remains unrecorded.

Although some will dispute the theory, it may appear that Ditto was the first white settler to have come to present-day Madison County, Alabama. It is believed that his wife had already died before he came to this area, and his children either came with him or followed later. In 1802 at the age of 59, he built a lean-to against a bluff near the present-day Big Spring. According to people who recall John Hunt telling the story, this lean-to was discovered by Hunt when he arrived here in 1804, two years after Ditto's arrival! Ditto abandoned the lean-to in the same year, in order to move his family to the Tennessee River. For the next three years, he lived in apparent harmony with the Indians as he supported himself as an Indian trader. In 1807 at the age of 64, he established the ferryboat landing that would bear his name.

Nearly all supplies arriving in Huntsville came through Ditto's Landing. Goods were transported to Huntsville via present-day South Memorial Parkway to

Whitesburg Drive and Madison Street to the square. When Ditto was not operating the ferry, he was building flat keel boats and canoes at the nearby boatyard.

Ditto's Landing provided an important service to many pioneers coming to the "Old Southwest," as well as soldiers needing a quick way across the Tennessee River. Davy Crockett mentioned crossing Ditto's Landing with Andrew Jackson and his men as they passed through this area in 1813 during the Creek Wars.

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At the time Ditto established his ferry service, the land was owned by the Federal Government. In 1812, the wealthy LeRoy Pope obtained the land. Pope later assigned it to John Brahan, who made the final payment and received the title to it in 1817. He then sold it to Col. James White, a wealthy salt merchant from Virginia who founded the community known as Whitesburg in 1824. Ditto Landing Road was changed to Whitesburg Pike in about 1833, to become the everlasting tribute to the man known as "Salt" White.

Ditto must have felt uneasy about the new settlers encroaching on the frontier. So many of these newcomers were former

Revolutionary War soldiers who had sold or traded their bounty warrants to come to this territory. These bounty warrants were tracts of land awarded to them for service in the Revolutionary War. Depending on what state they enlisted from and their rank at the end of the war, some came to acquire huge parcels of land.

James Ditto apparently had still not learned to get along with his neighbors after his migration to Alabama. Between 1812 and 1819, records show Ditto brought thirteen lawsuits against local individuals. Two of the lawsuits brought against him were from his former son-in-law for assault and battery.

According to affidavits from

the time, Ditto's daughter left her husband and went back home to live with her father. Several people wrote testimonies of her husband's good character and attributes as a husband, and of their belief that his wife had no reason to leave him. Furthermore, she refused to give any reason at all. Her husband, as well as well-intentioned neighbors all tried to get her to return home, but in the end, her husband was granted the divorce. No doubt, he and his father-in-law James Ditto disagreed in at least two physical confrontations.

It would only be fair however, to speculate that James Ditto's troubles may have resulted in his choosing to assign his loyalties to the wrong country. As many

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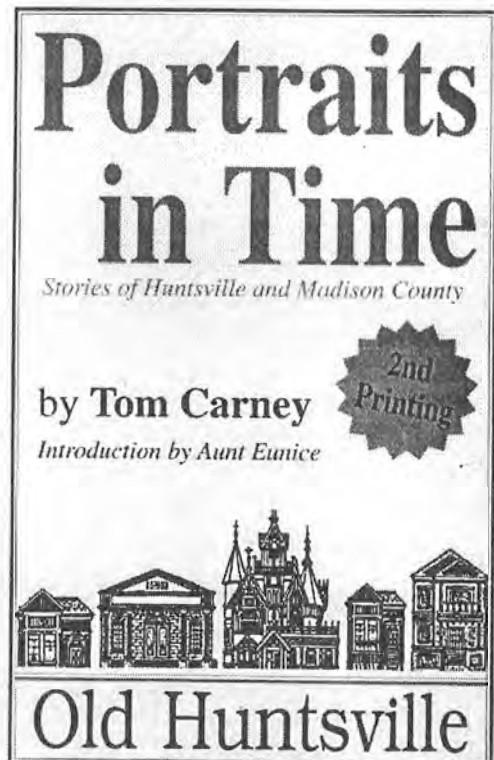
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Southerners know 140 years after the Civil War, hostile feelings toward the enemy don't simply disappear overnight. As the only white man living with an Indian tribe, he apparently managed to coexist peacefully, otherwise he probably would not have survived.

Although Ditto never held title to Ditto's Landing, he lived on 160 acres that he regularly made payments on. At some point he transferred the title to his son Michael. When James Ditto died in October 1828 at the age of 85, his total possessions were valued at \$5.75. His descendants believe that he is buried somewhere on the 160 acres in the area known as Campbell's

Cove, just off of Hobbs Island Road.

Unfortunately, the only remaining evidence of Ditto's time in Alabama is a historical marker erected in 1985. He left many descendants in Huntsville and the surrounding area. Ditto's Landing is now known for the boating marina and recreational park, and no longer for the pioneers and soldiers who once passed through the wilderness on their way to war and uncertainty.

Its ironic to think that the man we honor for being a founding father of Madison County may well have been a British loyalist who followed a king rather than his country.

Mad As A Wet Lawyer

A high-flyer on the fifth floor of a local hotel celebrated his birthday (or some other funny event) last evening, by emptying sundry pitchers of water on the heads of passersby. The pitcher went once too often to the window. He moistened a lawyer, who will swear out a warrant against the offender on Monday morning. Other individuals similarly baptized are requested to complain at police headquarters.

from 1902 newspaper



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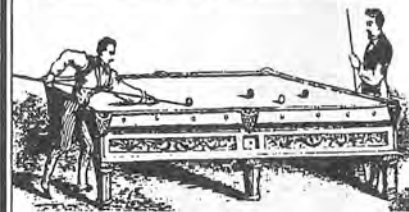
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Memories of Slave Days

The following interview was given by Cato Carter in 1938 as part of the Federal Writers Project. Carter was a slave on a plantation in North Alabama and his interview provides a rare glimpse into the everyday life of a slave.

I am a hundred and one years old, 'cause I was twenty-eight, going on twenty-nine, a man growed, when the breaking-up came. I'm pretty old, but my folks live that way. My old black mammy, Zenie Carter, lived to be a hundred and twenty-five years old. And ol' Carter, my white marster, who was the brother of my daddy, lived to be a hundred and four. He ain't been so long died. Al Carter, my daddy, lived to be very ageable, but I don't know when he died.

Back in Alabama, Mis' Adeline Carter took me, when I was past my creepin' days, to live in the big house with the white folks. I had a room built on the house where I stayed, and they were always good to me, 'cause I was one of their blood. They never hit me a lick nor slapped me once, and they told me that they would never sell me away from them. They were the best quality white folks, and they lived in a big two-story house with a big hall that ran all the way through it.

My mammy lived in a hewn-oak log cabin, in the quarters. There was a long row of cabins, some bigger than others on account of family size, 'cause my marster had over eighty head of slaves. Those little old cabins was cozy, 'cause we chinked

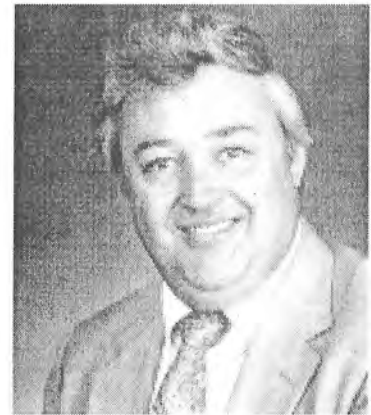
them with mud, and they had stick chimneys daubed with mud mixed with hog hair. The beds were draw beds-wooden bedst'ds held together with ropes drawn tight to hold them and to put the mattresses on. We scalded moss and buried it for a while and stuffed it into ticking to make mattresses. Them beds slept good-better than the ones nowadays.

There was a good fireplace for cooking, and on Sundays the mistress would give the niggers a pint of flour and a chicken, for to cook a mess of v'ttles for themselves. Then, there was plenty of game for them to find for themselves. Many is the time when I killed seventy-five or eighty squir-



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rels out of one big beech. There was a lot of deer and bears and quails and every other kind of game, but when they run the Indians out of the country, the game just followed the Indians. Wherever the Indians left, the game all left with them, for some reason I dunno.

Our place was fifteen hundred acres in one block, and besides the crops of cotton, and corn we raised in the bottoms, we raised vegetables and sheep and beef. I couldn't hardly eat fresh beef, but mostly we dried beef on scaffolds we built. I used to tend the beef as we were drying it out. But best of anything to eat I liked a big fat coon, and I always liked honey. Some of the slaves had little garden patches they tended for their own use.

My grandmammy was a "juksie," because her mammy was black and her daddy was a Indian. That's what makes me so mixed up with Indian, African, and white blood. Sometimes it feels like I don't know what I am.

My marster used to give me a little money to buy me what I

wanted. I always bought fine clothes. In the summer, when I was a little one, I wore lowerings, like the rest of the slaves. That was the things made from cotton sacking. Most of the boys wore shirttails until they were big yearling boys. When they bought me red russets shoes from the town, I cried and cried. I didn't want to wear no rawhide shoes. So they would take them back. They had a weakness for my crying. I did have plenty of fine clothes - good woolen suits they would spin on the place, and doeskins and fine linens. I drove in the carriage with the white folks, and I was about the most dudish slave in those parts.

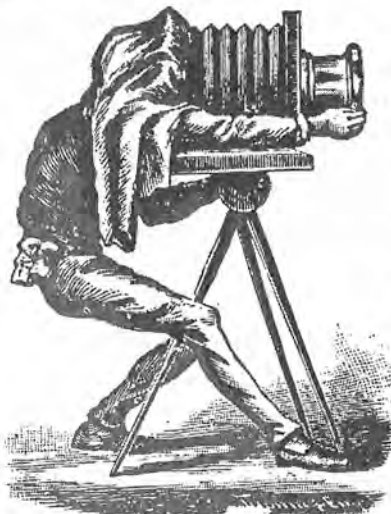
I used to tend to the nursling thread. When the slave women were confined with the babies having to suck and they were too little to take to the fields, the mammies had to spin. I would take them thread and bring it back to the house when it was spun. If they didn't spin seven or eight cuts a day, they would get a whuppin'. It was considerable hard on a woman, when she had

a fretting baby, but every morning, those babies had to be taken to the big house so that the white folks could see if they were dressed right. They was considerable money tied up in those little nigger young-uns.

They whupped the womens, and they whupped the mens. I used to work some in the tannery on the place, and we made their whips. They used to tie them down, or to a stob, and give them the whuppin's. Some of them it would take four men to whup them, but they got it.

Most of the ones I know had their marriage put in the Book after the breaking-up. Plenty I know had it put in the Book after they had grown chillun. When they got married on the places, mostly they just jumped over a broom, and that made them married. Sometimes, one of the white folks would read a little out of the Scriptures to them, and they felt more married.

When my marster and the other mens on the place went off to the War, he called me and said, "Cato, you is always been a



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'sponsible man, and I leave you to look after the womens and the place. If I don't come back, I want you to always stay by Miss Adeline." I said, "Befo' God, I will, Mr. Ol." He said, "Then I can go away peaceable."

We thought, for a long time, the so'ers had the Federals whupped to pieces, but they was plenty bad times to go through.

The young mens in the grey uniforms used to pass so gay and singing in the big road. Their clothes was good, and they looked so fine, and we used to feed them the best we had on the place. Mis' Adeline would say, "Cato, they is our boys, and give them the best this place 'fords." We took out the hams and the wine, and we killed chickens for them. That was at first.

Then, the boys and mens in blue got to coming that way, and they was fine-looking mens, too, and Mis' Adeline would cry, and she would say, "Cato, they is just mens and boys, and we got to feed them." We had a pavilion built in the yard, like they had at picnics, and we fed the Federals on that. Three times, the Federals said to me, "We is going to take you with us." Mis' Adeline let into crying and say to the Yankee gentlemen, "Don't take Cato. Most of my niggers has run away to the North, and Cato is the only man I got by me now. If you take Cato, I just don't know what I will do."

I tell them that so long as I live I got to stay by Mis' Adeline, and that unless somebody forces me away, I ain't gwine to leave. I say, "I got no complaints to make. I want to stay by Old Mis' till one of us die. The Yankee mens say to Mis' Adeline, "Don't 'sturb yourself, Miss. We ain't gwine to take him nor harm nothing of yours."

There was springs round and about, not too far from our place,

and the sojers used to camp there at one of the springs and build a fire to cook a mule, 'cause they got down to starvation. And when some of the other gorillas [guerrillas) would see the fire, they would aim to the fire, and many is the time they spilled the dinner for the sojers. The Yankees did it, and our boys did it, too. There was killing going on so terrible, like people was dogs, and some of the old ones said it was near to the end of time, 'cause of folks being so wicked.

Mr. Ol came back, and all the others did, too, but he came back first. He was all wore out and ragged. He stood on the front porch and called all of us to the front yard. He said, "Mens and womens, you are today as free as I am. You is free to do as you like, 'cause the damned Yankees

done 'creed that you are. Go if you wants or stay if you wants."

Some of them stayed and some went. And some that had run away to the North came back. They always called real humble-like at the back gate to Mis' Adeline, and she always fixed it up with Mr. Ol that they

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Near to the close of the War, I seen some of the folks leaving for Texas. They said if the Federals win the War, you have to live in Texas to keep the slaves. So plenty of them started driftin' their slaves to the West. They would pass with the womens riding in the wagons and the mens on foot. When some of them came back, they said that it took three weeks to walk the way. Some of them took slaves to Texas, even after the Federals done 'creed a breaking-up.

Long as I lived, I minded what my white folks told me, but once. They was a man working in the fields, and he kept jerking the mules, and Mr. Ol got mad, and he gimme a gun, and he told me to go out there and kill that nigger. I said, "Mr. ol', please don't tell me to do that. I ain't never killed anybody, and I don't want to." He said, "Cato, you do what I tell you." And he meant it. I went out to him and I said, "You has got to leave this minute, and I is, too, I cause I is s'pose to kill you, only I ain't, and Mr. ol' will kill me." He dropped the lines, and we ran and crawled through the fence, and ran away.

I hated to go, 'cause things was so bad. Flour sold for twenty-five dollars a barrel, and pickled pork for fifteen dollars a barrel. You couldn't buy nothing 'lessn you had gold. I had plenty of Confederate money, only it don't buy nothing. But today, I am a old man, and my hands ain't stained with no blood, and I is always been glad that I didn't kill that man.



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For ten years she had been addicted to the chewing gum habit, and her jaws have worked incessantly, finally becoming cramped and then they clamped shut to open no more.

Her parents remonstrated with her but their scoldings were fruitless. In the corners of the house, under the tables and chairs, behind the bedposts they found bars where the girl had pasted them to use them later when she had no more money with which to buy fresh gum.

When the young woman became engaged several months ago her fiance asked her to give up the habit. He told her in no uncertain terms that it made him very nervous to watch her gums constantly moving and Miss Goodwin did make a determined effort to give up the habit. She was unable to do so, however, and several days ago was taken to the hospital suffering from lockjaw. Food and medicine were given her by means of a hypodermic syringe but she grew steadily worse. Her parents could not bear to see their daughter in agony but her fiance remained at her bedside to the last.

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by B. Bryce and Dolly Davis

Just how do you go about rearing an astronaut? This question is often asked of us by parents who are still in the process of rearing their own children. Our response is usually, "We didn't know we were." In her earlier days there were no astronauts; for sure, no female astronauts. Child rearing goals were not so specific. Our motivation was to rear decent, productive, and contributing human beings and encourage them to select their own fruitful career paths.

All parents believe their little-darlings are something special. That is how it should be. We were not an exception to this type thinking, but were aware of its possible fallacy. When Jan, at age three removed, repaired, and replaced a broken-door lock, our future expectancy for her increased. Then her questions began; "What makes ice cold"; "How much is eight?"; "How did the egg get inside the mother bird?" The often simple and unthinking answers given children by parents were not sufficient for her. We as parents, even to this day, have not acquired enough technical information to explain the frigid status quo of ice. We wonder if she now knows?

Jan was an excellent problem solver even in her early school years. While in third grade in Florida there was no formal girl's



organization such as Girl Scouts. Thus, she organized her own which consisted of eight, eight-year old girls. She named it "The Jolly Eight Club," charged a penny dues, and elected herself president. The club meetings were held at her home, refreshments served, and many field trips executed.

Jan was a good student without much prompting. She loved ice skating and was allowed to skate provided she first completed her school work. From an early age she wished to be an engineer and took a special interest in science and math courses. Later she completed three engineering degrees at

Georgia Tech, Auburn, and University of Alabama in Huntsville. Her desire to become an astronaut crystallized after completing her Master's degree. She applied twice for the training, was examined by NASA, but others were found to be more qualified. She again applied after completing her Ph.D. in engineering and was accepted. Before accepting the appointment she called home and asked, "Now what do you think about my being an astronaut?" Her mother answered, "Put God first, then your country, and go for it!"

Jan's first of three space flights, STS-47, was September 12-20, 1992. Often we are ques-

tioned as to our parental emotions during lift off. Truthfully, the apprehension begins long before the explosive launch. Anxiety presents itself during the harsh training, and strikingly so on the eve of launch. The final hug and goodbye before a flight is a heart-wrenching happening. Even after the flight's completion, tension is present when observing the heavens and realizing the problems that could have occurred.

We were greatly comforted

during the lift off of the first flight by Jan's brother, Ron, who had just returned from Ukraine where he was serving as a missionary. He led the three of us in prayer for the mission, the crew, and especially Jan. On our previous wedding anniversary, Bryce stated, "I know now why we got married. God needed another astronaut and missionary." God, the astronaut, the missionary, and parents have attended the first two of Jan's

space missions. The missionary was absent for her third flight as he was on his own mission

However, God looked on as the astronaut and missionary waved at one another as Space Craft Discovery orbited over Ukraine.



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