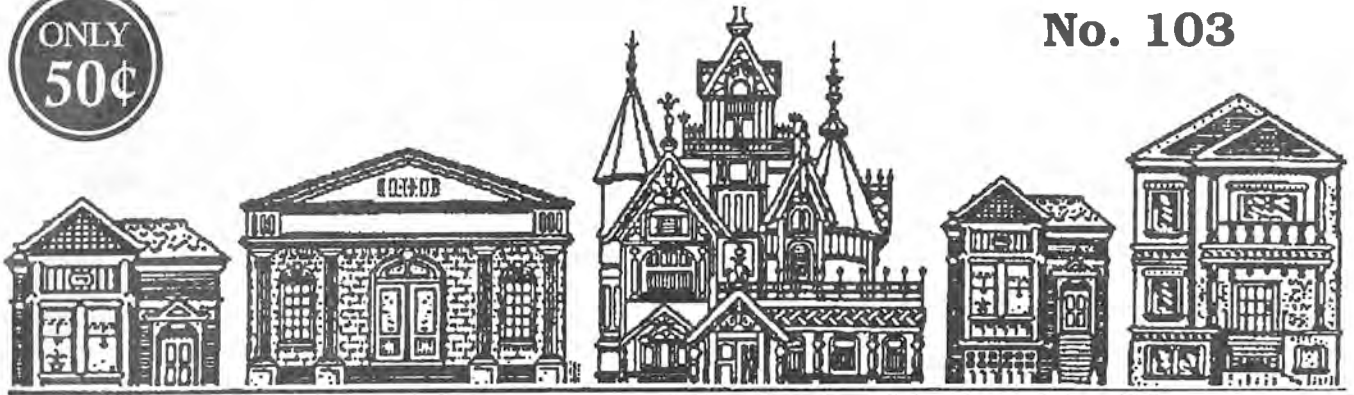


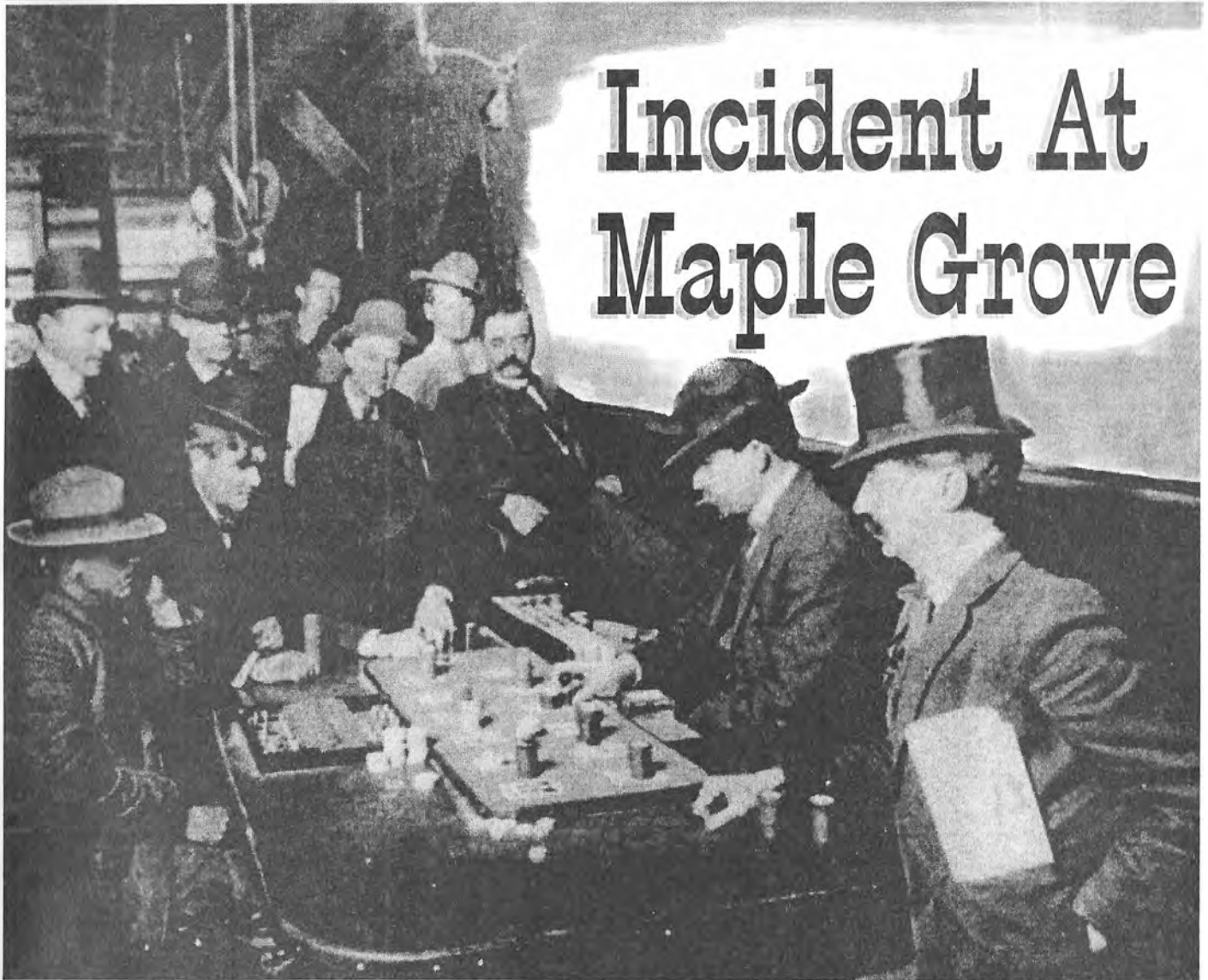
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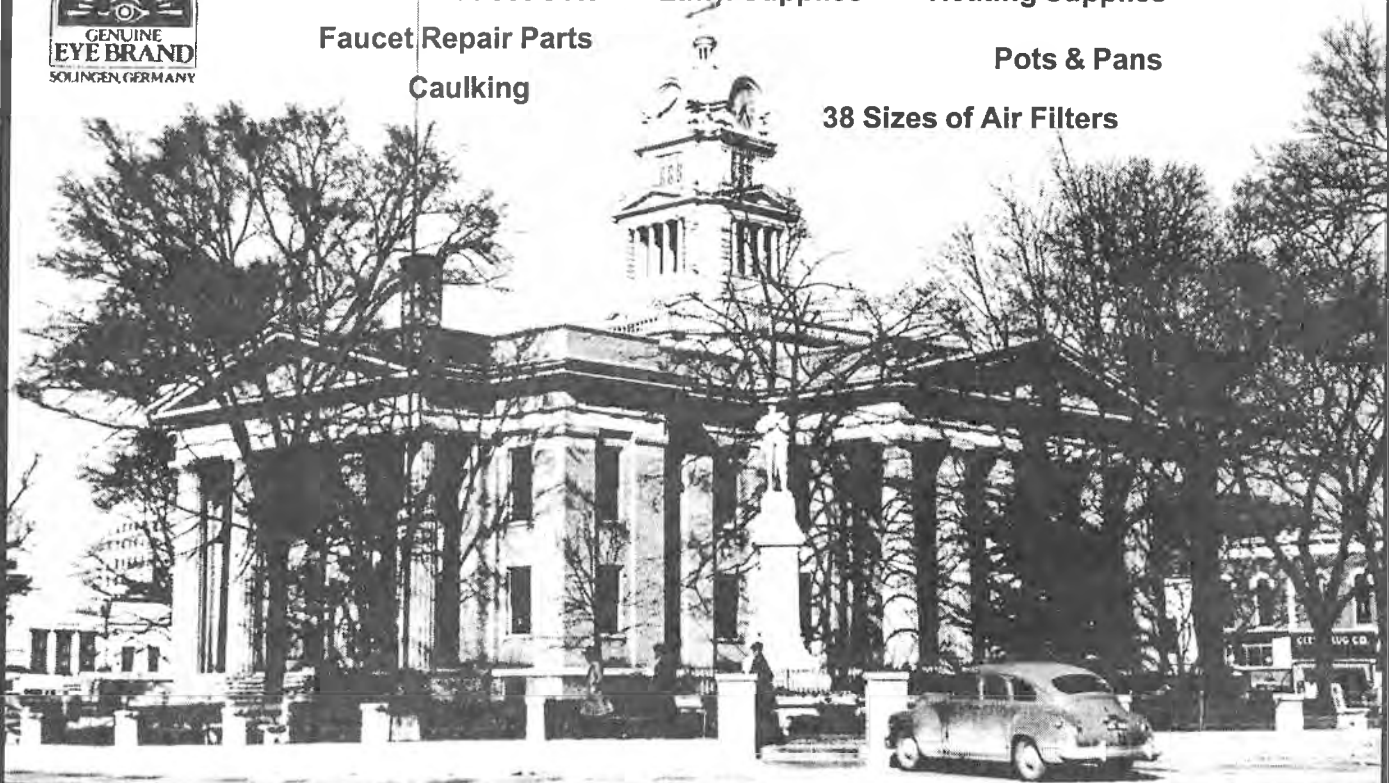
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Incident At Maple Grove

The Maple Grove Nightclub was a success almost from the day it opened its doors in 1937. Located about a mile outside of town on Meridian Street in the old Chase home, the club was the brainchild of Bushy Bolton and Brown Hambrick who saw the need for elegant entertaining in a town just beginning to recover from the Depression.

And elegant it was. A tuxedoed doorman met you at the door and led you inside to rooms decorated with heavy gilt mirrors on the walls and red velvet chairs and settees arranged for the guests' comfort. Waiters circulated through the rooms with trays of drinks while a band, usually imported from out of town, played the latest dance tunes in the main room.

Often times, during periods of good weather, the crowds would be so overflowing that the band would move outside where they played on a makeshift bandstand under trees decorated with festive lanterns.

The proprietors missed no details. There were even several one-room cottages on the premises where tipsy patrons could spend

the night and sleep it off.

It was the room in back of the nightclub, however, that attracted the most people, and brought in the most money. The room had, probably at one time, been two bedrooms, but with the center wall torn out it provided ample space for the dice and card tables that provided one of the club's biggest attractions.

Although Brown Hambrick ran the club itself, Bushy Bolton was the undisputed boss of the gaming room. Almost six foot tall and heavily muscled, Bolton had once worked as a prize fighter and had earned a reputation as a tough, but fair, opponent. He was a shrewd gambler who knew the odds and, more importantly, what it took to stay in business.

He had a sentry posted at the end of the driveway and if anyone suspicious appeared, the sentry would press a buzzer that would ring inside the club. In just minutes the money would disappear and the gambling tables would be taken apart and boxed up. It was against the law to run a gaming house but there was nothing illegal about owning equipment that was not being used.

As the club's reputation grew it began to attract professional gamblers, and cheats, from across the region. Bolton would usually sit on a tall stool in the corner watching the games



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through half-closed eyelids. A slight move of his head might give the dealer permission to take a personal check from a customer. Another move would signal the dealer to call for a new deck.

Nothing escaped Bolton's attention. Sometimes it might be a card that was bent just a little too much or a customer who spent a lot of time with his hands in his pockets. When this happened he would move his stool a little closer, and if his suspicions were confirmed, motion for the player to follow him outside. Cheats rarely visited the Maple Grove more than once.

One day in late May of 1938 Bushy was standing on the front porch smoking a cigarette and thinking about that night's game when a strange car pulled into the drive. It was an older car with luggage and household furnishings tied to its top and clothes piled in the back seat. Bolton had seen thousands of cars like this in the past several years - couples fleeing poverty and traveling in search of a dream and a job.

He watched as the couple got out of the car and walked over to where he stood. Their looks confirmed his first suspicions. The man's hair was just a bit too long, as if he had skipped the last couple of haircuts, and the suit he wore was maybe a size too small and shiny at the knees and elbows. The woman, attractive in a

plain way, was dressed in a thin cotton dress with a man's sweater thrown about her shoulders.

They were having car trouble and wanted to know if they could use the phone to call a wrecker. Bushy pointed to the phone, and while the man was making the call, struck up a conversation with the young woman who had introduced herself as Katie Roberts.

They were on their way to Florida, the woman explained, so her husband, Bob, could get a job at the shipyards. They had lived in Gary, Indiana but there were no jobs there so they decided to leave. Her cousin was already in Florida and had promised to get her husband a job. In a way Bolton felt sorry for the young woman because she was so naive and trusting.

"Bad news," Roberts said as he returned from the phone call. "They're going to send a wrecker out for the car but he said it's going to be two or three days before they can fix it. They have to send off for a part. Maybe we can hitch a ride with the wrecker driver to where we can rent a room."

Katie turned to Bolton who was listening to the conversation. "Maybe you could rent us one of those cabins. We'll only be here for a few days and we have the money to pay."

Bolton thought about it for a moment. He wasn't in the room-renting business but he wasn't

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going to need the room until that weekend and the couple did need help. "All right," he said "but you have to be gone by Saturday morning. And pay in advance." He felt sorry for them, especially the woman, but it wasn't his problem.

About a mile away at the County jail, on Washington Street, Sheriff Blakemore was having his own problems. Ever since the Russel Erskine Hotel had opened downtown the previous year, Mayor McAllister had been on his back about closing up the Maple Grove. Business leaders were complaining that the nightclub was drawing money away from the businesses downtown. The hotel had recently opened the Blue Room in a bid for the night-life business but customers were

ignoring it in favor of the popular Maple Grove Nightclub.

He had already raided the place several times with no success. The club had lookouts posted and as soon as a lawman would appear the gambling paraphernalia would vanish.

Reluctantly, Blakemore summoned one of his deputies. "Get a couple of the men together. We're going to raid the Maple Grove on Friday night." He knew that Friday night was one of the club's biggest nights and the place would be loaded with high-rolling gamblers.

The sheriff liked Bushy Bolton, personally, although many of Huntsville's business leaders considered Bolton a bad influence in the community. The sheriff had followed the young man's career as a professional boxer and had never heard of any trouble at the nightclub. As far as he knew, the games were honest and if a man wanted to gamble it was his own business.

But the law was the law. ...
Back at the Maple Grove that

evening, business was slow, a typical Wednesday night. There were perhaps a dozen regulars and occasionally someone else would wander in, have a couple drinks and maybe shoot dice for a few minutes before leaving. Several times Bolton thought of the young couple whom he had rented the room to. He had seen them walk to a nearby store earlier in the day and return with a bag of groceries. The woman would be pretty, he thought, if she would fix herself up a little. But her husband was a different story. Bolton had seen thousands like him. Earlier that day he had smelled alcohol on the man's breath and knew it would just be a matter of time before he showed up looking for another drink. He could tell it in the eyes.

Minutes later, almost as if fulfilling a prophesy, Roberts entered the club and after finding a seat in the corner of the room, ordered a drink. He appeared to be already drunk, but he was well behaved and not causing any trouble so Bolton motioned for the waiter to serve him.

After having several drinks, the man wandered into the back room where a dice game was in progress. The bets were small, a dollar or two at the most, so no one objected when he joined the game. Within minutes it was apparent to everyone in the room that the stranger knew nothing about shooting dice. He made every wrong bet possible and kept throwing dollar bills on the table trying to win back what he had lost. After about an hour he ran out of money and went back to his room to sleep it off.

Bolton was sympathetic, Roberts had lost fifty or sixty bucks that he could probably not afford, but business was business. He thought this was probably the last

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thing in the world this young couple needed.

The next day was almost a repetition of the first. The couple walked down to the store and returned with a small bag of groceries and late that afternoon Roberts once again appeared at the club, obviously drunk. After having a couple drinks he began shooting dice with the same luck he had the day before. By nine o'clock he had lost almost two hundred dollars and was getting even drunker.

Bolton had just about decided to get someone to carry Roberts back to his cabin to sleep it off when Katie, his wife, entered the club. Without saying a word she went to the table where her husband had passed out, and talking to him softly while gently stroking his cheek, got him to leave with her.

There was silence for a few moments after the couple left. Finally one of the patrons broke the spell by saying, "That's a real good woman."

Everyone agreed with the sentiment, wondering silently if their own wives would be so accommodating.

The following day, Friday, Bolton saw Katie outside her cabin and stopped to talk with her. She told him the car would be ready that afternoon and that they planned to leave early the next morning.

Finally Bolton brought up the subject he had stopped to talk to her about. For some strange reason he felt protective of her. "Katie, your husband doesn't have any business gambling. He doesn't know what he's doing and you would be better off saving the money. If you want me to, if he comes in the club tonight I'll tell him he can't play."

"No! Don't do that!" She re-

plied anxiously. "He's good at gambling and he's told me all about how to win and everything. And besides, since he got laid off there aren't too many things that he really enjoys. He loves to gamble."

Bolton shook his head and walked off. It was her life.

That evening the club was packed with Huntsville's finest when Roberts arrived once again. In a repeat performance, after having a few drinks, he started shooting dice, and again, he was a consistent loser. Everybody in the place had noticed how inept he was and several patrons had even tried to advise him on how to bet, but he totally ignored them. By about ten o'clock he had lost almost four hundred dollars and could barely stand on his feet when his wife once again showed up to take him home.

When he tried to protest, she talked to him in a soothing voice, saying how much she loved him while coaxing him to the front door.

It's difficult to explain now, but the whole room was captivated by her gentleness and the obvious love she had for her husband. One patron summed it up in a nutshell when he exclaimed, "Damn, what a good woman to be married to such a louse!"

Twenty minutes later the club had returned to normal and most of the customers had forgotten all

about the incident when suddenly, Katie returned. This time there was something a little different about her, her face was flushed and there was a look in her eyes that had not been there before.

Approaching Bolton where he was sitting on his stool, Katie loudly exclaimed that she wanted to gamble. "You have taken all of our money except for forty-seven dollars and I'm going to gamble the rest of it. You have to give me a chance to get even!"

Bolton tried to coax her into leaving, telling her to save the money, but Katie was determined

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and refused to listen to reason. Several of the customers spoke up, telling Bolton it was only fair to give her a chance.

Irritated, Bolton finally agreed, more because of the customers than for her. "Put your money on the table," he said in a commanding voice.

"Don't know nothing about dice," she retorted.

"OK, how about a hand of poker."

"Don't know nothing about poker neither."

Bolton was about to lose his patience. "How are you going to play if you don't know how?"

Suddenly Katie seemed to brighten up. "I know how to draw high card. My husband showed me how."

By this time the customers had stopped what they were doing and were watching the mini-drama unfold. Bolton impatiently waved to his dealer to bring a deck of cards.

"I'm not playing with your cards! My husband told me how people can cheat with them." Katie looked at the gathered crowd to see if they agreed with her.

Bolton was in a jam. He didn't want people to think he was running crooked games but if the woman didn't want to play with

his cards he didn't know what else to do.

By this time the crowd was thoroughly enjoying the confrontation. A customer broke the deadlock when he threw a couple dollars down and told Bolton to send someone to the store for some new decks.

A few minutes later the employee returned with two decks of cards. Bolton tossed them on the table and told her to choose one. After she chose, he told her to go ahead and shuffle. He was beginning to get a little impatient.

"Don't know how to shuffle." Seeing Bolton getting angrier by the moment she told Bolton to shuffle the cards. "But do it real slow because I'm going to watch you," she said while laying her forty-seven dollars in the middle of the table.

All Bolton wanted to do at this point was to get rid of the woman. After giving the cards a few shuffles, he spread them on the table and reached down and flipped one over. A Queen of Spades.

All eyes were watching Katie as she leaned over the table, selected a card and slowly turned it over. A King of Clubs. Now she had ninety four dollars.

"All right, lady," Bolton said,

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"No, I want to keep on. You didn't tell my husband to leave when he was losing. I'm going to bet it all."

Bolton, realizing the crowd's sentiment was with the woman, shrugged his shoulders and drew another card. It was a Nine of Diamonds.

Katie drew. Jack of Diamonds. Now there was one hundred and eighty-eight dollars on the table.

"Again," Katie demanded.

Bolton flipped a card. A six.

Katie drew a nine, and won again. Three hundred and seventy-six dollars was laying in front of her.

Bolton didn't wait to be asked to draw again, and picked a ten.

Once again Katie won, drawing a king and winning seven hundred and fifty-two dollars.

By this time the room is quiet. Although many of the patrons wanted to see Katie win they realized she had to lose at some points if she kept betting it all.

"How long do you want to keep doing this?" Bolton asked.

"Until I have all of your money or you have mine." There was a hardness in her voice that had not been there before.

Bolton reshuffled, spread the cards and drew another. A three.

Katie drew a six, giving her over fifteen hundred dollars in winnings.

This was serious money. Bolton was no longer interested in placating the woman, he just wanted his money back.

Another card. Another loss and over three thousand dollars on the table.

Bolton drew another. A King of Clubs. A sigh went through the room as people realized it would be almost impossible for her to

draw a higher card.

Katie reached over and flipped a card over. Ace of Hearts. She won over six thousand dollars.

Bolton looked at the cards as if not believing what happened. This had never happened before. Reluctantly he announced the game was over, the house was broke.

Katie left the money laying on the table and looked at the crowd. "Anyone else?"

There was a frantic scurrying about as the people began to pool their money. This was a sucker bet. They knew that it was impossible for someone to win every time cutting high card.

Once the money was on the table Katie told the designated player to shuffle and draw. The



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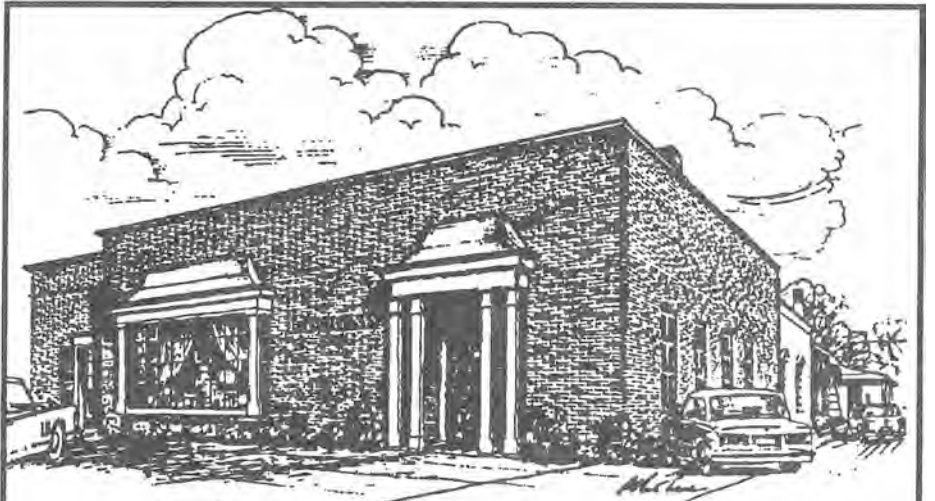
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man asked for another deck. Katie shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "Whatever."

With everyone watching, he turned a four.

Katie drew a seven.

With almost thirteen thousand dollars on the table, it was the biggest pot most of these people had ever seen. "Again?" Katie asked.

There was silence until one person spoke up. "Miss, you have all the money. There ain't no way we can match that pot."

"How much do you have?"

After a period of brief whispering among the onlookers, they placed another six hundred on the table. Katie carefully picked up her winnings, leaving just enough to cover the new bet.

The man drew a ten. Katie drew a Jack. The game was over with the house and all of its customers dead broke. Asking for a paper bag to carry her winnings in, Katie announced to the awe-struck crowd, "You boys can go on home now because I'm going to Florida."

Within a few minutes the Maple Grove Nightclub was completely empty. No one had any desire, or money, to drink or gamble

anymore that night. They had watched the impossible become reality.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Blakemore was preparing to raid the place. Earlier that day he had one of his deputies slip onto the grounds and cut the wire that led to the alarm. At about ten o'clock, when he knew the place would be going full blast, he barged through the front door while loudly announcing that this was a raid in progress.

Unfortunately, the place was empty except for Bushy Bolton who was sitting quietly in a chair drinking a Double Cola. After making sure the place was really empty Blakemore returned to where Bolton was sitting.

"Bushy," he said, "You have to be one of the luckiest people alive."

"If you only knew," Bolton replied while shaking his head. "If you only knew."

Appropriately, the story would end here if it were not for certain aftermaths that make the story even more intriguing.

Several days later Bolton was having breakfast at a local restaurant with a number of his friends. Everyone had heard about the high-card game and they were commiserating with Bolton about his bad luck. At one point someone asked the mechanic, who had fixed the couple's car, what was wrong with it.

"Strangest thing," the mechanic replied. "There wasn't nothing the matter with it. He just told me to do a tune up and change the tires. I don't think he

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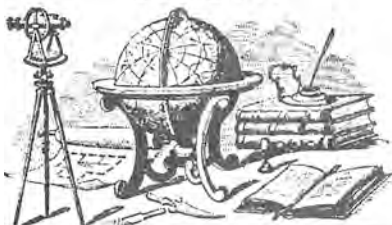


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was very bright but he's probably in Florida working at a shipyard now so it doesn't matter."

"Well, I hope he's better at a shipyard than he was as a salesman," said another man. He owned the store down the road from the Maple Grove.

"What do you mean?" Asked Bolton, only half curious.

"This guy came in the store last week, said he was a salesman for a playing card company. Said if I would stock his cards he would sell them to me for half of what I was paying before. And then, just to show you how dumb he was, he took every deck of cards I had and replaced them with his own. Gave me two for one."

Bolton was almost hesitant to ask the next question. "Do you still have any of those cards left?"

The man left to go to his car and returned in a few minutes with several new, unopened decks.

It took only a few minutes for Bolton to confirm what he suspected. The cards were marked and the whole charade had been an elaborate scam.

Although the game quickly became a part of Huntsville's folklore, Bolton never acted upset about being conned. "The lesson

was worth the money," he later told a friend.

The Maple Grove Nightclub closed the following year, mainly because of pressure from Huntsville's business leaders. In 1939, the property was sold to W.O. Fox who turned it into the Maple Grove Motel.

Sheriff Blakemore earned a reputation for his persistence in closing gambling rooms around Madison County. He became the first sheriff in Huntsville's history to serve two consecutive terms.

Bushy Bolton, whom Huntsville's finest claimed was a bad community influence, worked at several other nightclubs in the area before being drafted during WW II. In 1944, during a battle at the Mark River, in Holland, Bolton charged a machine gun nest that had his company pinned down. Although he was severely wounded, he then attacked a second machine gun, followed by a single-handed assault on a 88-mm artillery emplacement.

For his bravery he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

He died in 1965 and is buried at the Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery at San Antonio, Texas.

Ed. Note: Although conversa-

tions have been recreated, the above story remains factual.

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by Cecil Ashburn

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One day Bob asked me to loan him a hundred dollars, which I did. Remember, that unlike the dump truck, a hundred dollars was bigger in those days. He had a little farm down on Weatherly

Road and I probably assumed the loan had something to do with it.

It wasn't long until Bob paid me back the hundred dollars.

As the years passed and business began to get better, I would buy a new car every year or so. I noticed that whenever I bought one, so would Bob - maybe not a new one but still a nice car.

I purchased a Pontiac, Bob got one. I got a Buick and Bob got one. Finally I purchased a Cadillac, and yes, Bob got one too.

Bob was still a laborer and once while talking with him, I asked, "Bob, I know how much you make. How is it that you can afford those big cars?"

Bob kind of grinned when he answered.

"Captain, you remember that hundred dollars you loaned me?"

"Yes," I replied, "and you paid me back."

"Well," Bob said, "I took that hundred dollars and bought a hundred dollars worth of pints and half pints of liquor and sold them out of my smokehouse. I about doubled my money every night."

Bob died a few years ago and made his final journey to the cemetery in a gleaming black Cadillac. His family also rode in a nice one.

Rest in peace, Bob.

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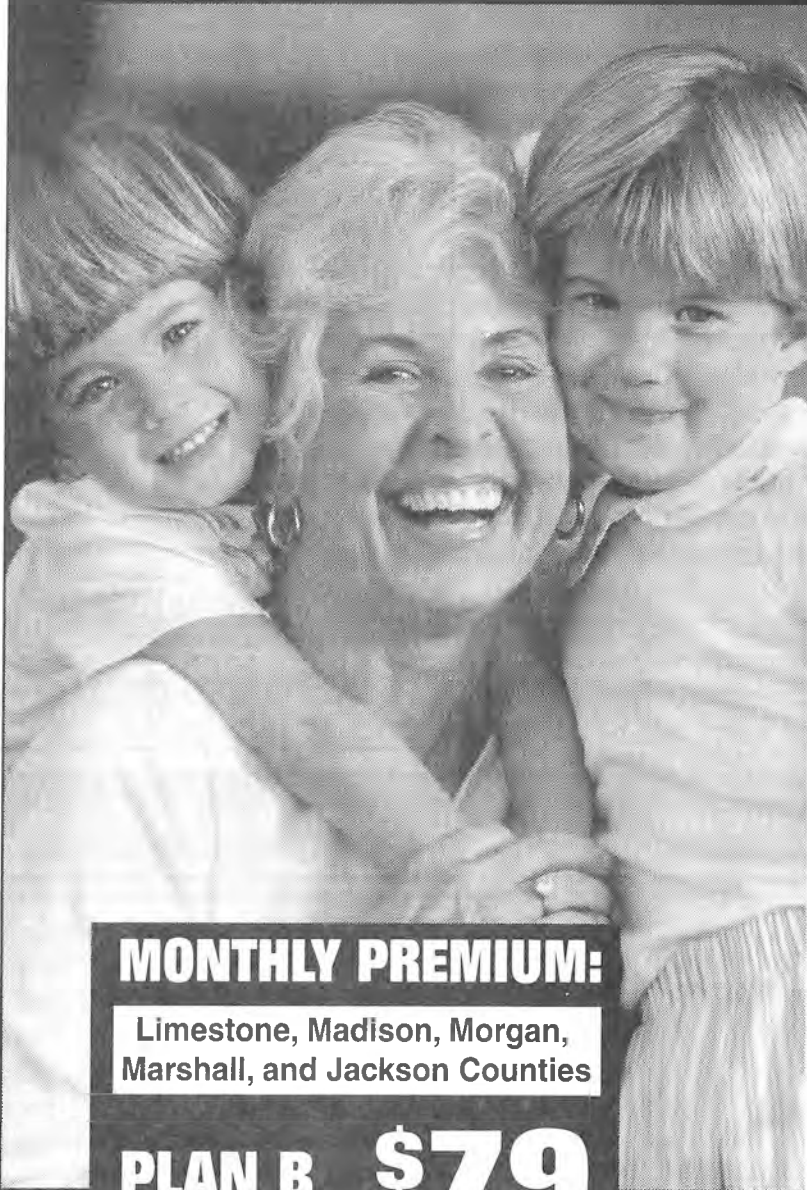
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from 1879 newspaper

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Husband Back From The Dead

from 1893 newspaper

A citizen of this county, who is buying cotton in the city, related to a reporter yesterday an interesting story of the Enoch Ardin variety.

When the flowers were blooming in the spring of 1861, a young farmer named John Holland, who resided near the Mississippi line, married Miss Lucy Brock, the daughter of a well-to-do planter in that neighborhood.

The young lady's parents bitterly opposed the match and the young people were compelled to leave home to marry. Their honeymoon was spent visiting Holland's relatives and waiting for the father of the bride to forget his anger.

In the early autumn a regiment was raised in that neighborhood and Holland was one of the first men to enlist. When it was known that her husband was among the battlefields of Virginia, Mrs. Holland's father relented and invited her to come home. She decided to accept the invitation and remain at her father's house until her husband should return from the war.

For several months the young bride heard from her husband at regular intervals, but when the spring had come again, his letters ceased and by and by news came that he was dead, killed in the battles around Richmond.

Soon after the news of Holland's death, Mr. Brock and his family moved west. They settled first on the Mississippi River, a short distance below

Memphis, but a year later they moved to western Arkansas. They left few relatives or intimate friends in Alabama and in a few years their old neighbors had forgotten them, and no one knew their address.

Holland owned a small farm near the river and when the news of his death was received his relatives took charge of the place.

About two months after the close of the war John Holland came back to his old home, to the great surprise and joy of his relatives and friends who believed him dead. He had only been severely wounded and taken prisoner, when it was reported that he was killed, and was a prisoner on Johnson's Island when the war ended.

Holland was unable to learn the whereabouts of his wife's family, and it was not long before a vague and uncertain rumor informed him that his wife was dead. He made every effort to find her or learn her fate, on receiving no news he at last believed her to be dead.

He took charge of the little farm and in a few years was making a comfortable living. Two years after his return he married



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the daughter of one of his neighbors and the two lived happily together for twelve years when his wife died, leaving him four children.

When the Brock family went west they left some property in Alabama and about a year ago the surviving members of the family came back to the old homestead. Among those who returned was Mrs. Holland, now Mrs. Lucy Morris, a widow of five years with three small children. She had married in Arkansas, fifteen years ago and had been a widow five years. When she heard that her first husband was living she refused to believe it until Holland himself stood before her. When the two again stood face to face, time had wrought many changes in their appearances, but the old love light beamed in the eyes of each. They are united now after all these years of separation and their children play together as happy as larks.

Yankees Killed While Courting

from 1864 newspaper

On March 2, three young men named Benj Arthur, Leonidas Bouris, and John K, Morris, of Company A, 5th Ohio cavalry, went outside of the Federal pickets near Huntsville, Alabama, to visit several lady acquaintances. During the evening they were pounced upon by a detachment of the enemy, who summarily threw them all into a well, and covered them with about twelve feet of earth.

After two days absence, a force went out in search of them, and found the well partially filled with dirt.

After digging down, they found the bodies of the three young men, and from a neighbor they learned the facts connected with the deaths as above stated,

One hundred and thirty-five dollars was taken from one of the young men.

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New Drug Store Opens



From 1907 newspaper

The Graham Pharmacy, the pretty new drug store at the corner of Jefferson and Clinton streets, is the center of attraction for the ladies of the city today. The store is fitted out in elegant style in tasty antique oak fixtures and the decorations are beautiful. The feature was attended to by Oscar Brock, a Huntsville boy who has made a reputation for artistic work of this nature in Memphis. There were hundreds of buyers during the day and every lady who went there was given an elegant souvenir of the occasion.

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

*With pearls of wisdom
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Hello to all my friends. Time comes so fast to write to you again, but I love every minute of it. Lots has happened since last month. Don't ever say your friends don't know you when you need them. You all know that I went down to **Montgomery**, March 12th and hundreds of people were pulling for me from all over Alabama. Thanks to everyone. You are so great! I just can't say thank you enough!

A fine young man named **Randy Baker** won the **Country Ham Breakfast**. He guessed the Picture of the Month. It was my good friend, **Cecil Ashburn**. Hope you're feeling good, Mr. Cecil.

I was so happy to hear the good news after **Mr. John Pruitt's** surgery. He and **Mrs. Pruitt** were here this week and he's looking good! Love you guys. Great Big Congratulations to **Steve Johnson** and **Kim Richerson** on the great **United Cerebral Palsy Telethon**. They did a super job.

So glad to see young folks like **Lynda Hall** and **Lynn Stone** get involved in the **Walk for M. S.**, at Big Spring Park. They came to see me after the walk.

My buddy's **Jim** and **Susan Kirkland** have a new **grandbaby** in Michigan. Of course, they've been up there for a week. The little girl's name is **Olivia Suzanne**.

Remember **Mr. Jimmie Taylor** and **Mrs. Lucy**? So good to see them again. They brought Mrs. Lucy's **grandson, Sterling** and **great grandson, Joe Jr.**, from Atlanta to breakfast and then to see the Space Center.

Good to see **Mr. Frank (Bubba) Riddick** and his lovely wife at the breakfast table this week. Looking good, folks!

Have you been to **Winn Dixie** on Oakwood Avenue, lately? Gee, it's looking good with the remodeling. I love going up there to get groceries. The management and employees are all so nice; it's like going home. They're so helpful

and always greet me with a great big welcome! Love you!

My friend, **Rick Hudson** from **Texas** has just visited me with his **Mom, Peggy**, and **Bab**. Sure missed **Bruce** not getting to come along.

I want to say a great big hello to our friend **Philip Mullins** who had a heart attack while visiting in Florida. He's home now. Hope he's feeling good. Love you and **Edna**. **John Malone** and **Julie** say they send greetings to their Huntsville friends. They are enjoying Tennessee. Those **children** are really growing up!

Congratulations to **WAAY TV**. I heard they won a national award for the series they did about the Confederate exiles in Brazil. **Pierre Kimsey** always does a wonderful job.

Madison County Democrat Women had **Norman Thomas Marshall** in town to present **Trumpet of Freedom - The**

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the picture of this young man wins a free breakfast at Eunice's Country Kitchen. So stop on by and tell Aunt Eunice who you think it is!

Hint: He was once a popular Grocer in Huntsville.



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Saga of John Brown. And if he performs likes he eats, it had to be good for he really done away with that Country Ham.

My sympathy goes to the family of **Mrs. Joyce Jones.** She was a great lady!

Old Huntsville has a new photo album CD coming out the first of May. If you like Huntsville the way it used to be, you will love this album.

Last week I talked with **Byron Laird.** He was looking for an almanac. He has a booth at the **Houston St. Fair in Athens** on April 21st (for a book signing), and he's trying to find out if he's going to need a tent to keep his books dry. I told him that maybe he needs to talk to **John Paul, Adrian, or Brad.** With all the fine weathermen we have in Huntsville someone should know.

This beautiful young lady was waiting for someone to eat with her and I talked to her. She said her name was **Hutchens Hollis Volk** from **Phoenix** and when her date arrived it was her father, **Dr. Edd Laughlin.** Didn't know he had such a beautiful daughter!

Mother's Day is coming up soon. Don't forget to do something special for her.

What about our School Board taking lessons on how to get along? What can I say.

Our sympathy goes to **Mrs. Delma Hill** and family in the death of her **Mother.** And also to the **Bragg** family in the death of **Mr. Bragg.**

Happy birthday to **Ramona** (my waitress)!

Richard Caster and his lovely **wife** (retired lawyer) have moved back to Huntsville from Florida. Good to see them.

Jeff Enfinger is so busy this time of year, but he came by to see me. He has six more weeks of work in Montgomery.

Thanks to **Lee Marshall** for bringing her news out here and to **Mike Gillespie** for all the County info he told us about.

Loyd and Marci Tomlinson from the **Outback Restaurant** have been to **California** on vacation. Said they had a great time! Love you guys.

My friend **Bill King** from years past came to see me. His visit really brought back memories. He brought me one of his books that he's recently written, **Just Get On With It.** Good to see you, Bill.

Barb and Ron Eyestone recently returned from Florida where Ron and his father partied at **Bike Week** in Daytona Beach. His father is 91 years old!

Well, people are already beginning to talk about the next mayor's election but **Loretta** is so popular no one wants to run against her!

I could just keep talking but my space must be full. Come see me. Love you all.

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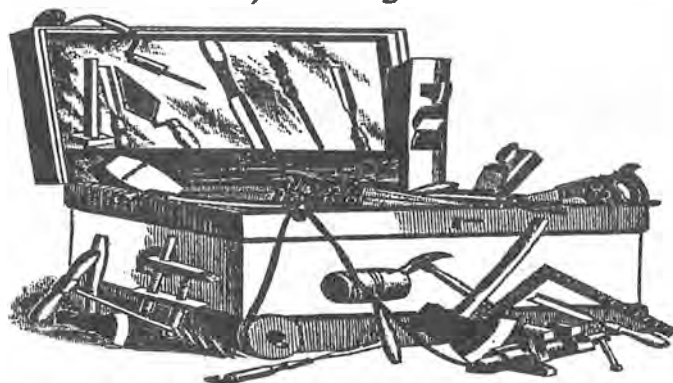
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Pennsylvania Sweets

Valentine Dessert

- 3 eggs
- 2 8-oz. pkg. Cream cheese
- ½ c. sugar
- 1 t. vanilla
- vanilla wafers
- cherry pie filling
- ½ t. almond extract

Mix the first four ingredients in the order listed. Place one vanilla wafer in a mini-muffin paper cup. Fill 2/3 full with the cream cheese mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 17 minutes in the middle of your oven. Cool and top with the cherry pie filling you have mixed with the almond extract - place one cherry per cup.

Wonderful Fudge

- 2 lbs. Powdered sugar
 - 3 1/3 sticks butter, melted
 - ½ c. cocoa
 - 12 oz. jar peanut butter
 - 2 t. vanilla
- Mix all ingredients well, place in 2 x 8 x 8 inch pans, greased.

Place in fridge for 1 hour and cut into pieces while still cold.

Easy Apple Coffee Cake

- 1 21-oz can apple pie filling
- 3 eggs
- 1 18-oz. pkg. Yellow cake mix
- 1 c. walnuts, finely chopped
- 1/3 c. brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 T. all-purpose flour
- 1 t. cinnamon

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees and butter the bottom of a 10 x 13 inch pan. Beat the pie filling with eggs in a large bowl. Stir in the cake mix and beat well. Spread evenly in the pan. Top with nuts. Combine the flour, sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over the nuts. Bake about 35 minutes. This can be frozen.

Pashka for Easter

- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- ½ c. butter
- 1 ½ c. powdered sugar

- 2 egg yolks
- 2 t. vanilla
- ½ c. chopped citron
- ½ c. slivered almonds
- Strawberries for garnish

Blend all the above ingredients. Line a new 5-inch clay flower pot with cheese cloth. Pack the Pashka mix into the pot. Chill overnight, then invert and mark with a cross of raisins on the top. Garnish with strawberries and serve with toast.

Sweet Noodle Pudding

- ½ lb. egg noodles
- 3 eggs
- 1 ½ c. milk
- 1 c. sour cream
- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- ½ c. sugar
- ½ c. raisins
- cinnamon and sugar

Cook the noodles for 8 minutes in boiling water. Add the next 6 ingredients. Pour into a greased casserole and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

George Washington's Sundae

- 2 T. butter
- 1/4 c. brown sugar
- 1 c. Rice Krispies, crushed
- ½ c. walnuts
- 1/3 c. angel flake coconut
- 1 qt. vanilla ice cream

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Line a pan with foil. Mix the first 5 ingredients, reserving 1 cup for topping. Spread the mixture on the bottom of the pan, spread the softened ice cream on top. Sprinkle with the reserved crumbs and freeze. Cut into squares and top with a cherry when ready to serve.

Strawberry Triumph Pie

1 qt. strawberries, hulled
3 T. cornstarch
2 T. lemon juice
1 c. sugar
1 baked 9-inch pie shell (or crumb shell)
whipped cream

With a fork or pastry blender, crush half of the strawberries. Stir in the cornstarch, sugar and lemon juice. Cook over moderate heat, stirring til clear and thick. Cool. Cut the remainder of the berries in halves and fold these into the cooled mixture. Turn all into the crust. Refrigerate til well chilled, garnish with whipped cream just before serving.

Glazed Apples

4 c. tart apples, pared, cored and sliced
3 T. butter, melted
1 c. white or brown sugar
3 T. dark rum
Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Place the apples in a 6 x 9

inch pan. Pour the butter over the apples and bake til tender - about 20 minutes. Remove from oven and dust with the sugar, drizzle with rum. Place pan under the broiler, leaving door open til apples are glazed. Watch carefully - serve at once.

Sugar-Free Jell-O Yogurt Dessert

3/4 c. boiling water
1 4-oz. pkg. Jell-o, sugar free (with 1 c. ice cubes to cool)
1 c. yogurt (plain non-fat)
Dissolve the Jell-o in the boiling water. Cool with the ice cubes. Add the yogurt and chill.

Chocolate Butter Cream

3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
2 T. butter, melted
1 t. vanilla
1 1/2 c. powdered sugar
1 T. milk
Melt chocolate and butter together, whisk in vanilla, sugar and milk til creamy. Make a creamy, spreadable consistency.



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Growing Up In Huntsville 1917 - 1930



by Thomas B. Oglesby

I was born one hundred feet from the outhouse! No big deal, so was every other child born in my neighborhood in Huntsville, Alabama. We all lived in the Lowe Mill village which consisted of frame houses, 4-5 rooms built on stone or brick pylons with space under the houses being open for storage, an excellent place for the children to play during foul weather and in the summer.

We had all of the conveniences we have today, just in a different format. The cotton mill was two blocks from home, the company store was one block away, the school two blocks, the drug store three blocks and the trolley street car track was 4 blocks, if you needed to go to town. In fact, we didn't have a car nor did many of the neighbors. So we had no worries about if the car would start, car insurance or gas bills. Gasoline, however, was advertised as five gallons for a dollar.

Male adult family members worked and the main function of mothers was to raise the children,

usually helped by grandmothers, most who lived within the household too. Good close family fellowship, especially on cold nights with the fireplace cracking with wood or coal and us kids jockeying for space in front of the fire. Grandma's walking cane would keep us in good order. My grandmother was a very enterprising soul. She sold Dr. T. A. Dutton's Marvelous Discovery, a mail order medicine, for one dollar a bottle. Uncle Charlie, the mailman delivered a carton of twelve bottles on Thursday. Saturday was the big day with customers calling and getting the weekend cure. I assume the medicine was a fore runner of Hadical.

She did have some competition for a short while. A new preacher moved in on the street

He was noted for men gathering in his back yard on Sunday afternoon. Later we learned that he was serving up some home-made spirits (Homebrew) to the group.

I believe the sheriff visited one Sunday afternoon and he was gone Monday morning.

School was a great opportunity to get out of the house for children. I attended the 2-story brick elementary school as noted two blocks away. And when we talk about school discipline today, we,

or I should say they, had no problem. The teacher was in full charge. Any bad conduct on our part, resulted in a minor hand slap with a ruler in front of the class, the medium infraction was a trip to the clothing room where the class could hear you yelling between the switch blows, and the granddaddy of all, was a trip to the principal's office. There you

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cooled your heels in the outer office for a while before facing the principal. That punishment echoed throughout the neighborhood also by word of mouth and students would eat standing up for a while. Then the principal would walk you home with full details for your parents of whatever you may have done in school. As mentioned earlier, discipline was no great problem. And speaking of the principal, he won a new black Ford 4 - door touring car at the Madison County Fair in 1926. He parked it at the front entrance of the school and we kids had to jump a ditch to get in the building.

We led an interesting young life. In the spring the roving gypsy bands would show up at the end of the street. Two ladies dressed in flowing colorful clothing would work each side of street knocking on doors. Most had very little luck selling the trinkets, jewelry, etc. A standard myth was not to let the gypsies in the house, they might put a spell on you. Stories always floated around about how the gypsies would steal your children, put them in the wagons and cart them away. I also understand we had some children that the parents would have given to the gypsies, but they would not take them. I hope I was not in that bunch.

The neighborhood was about six blocks long with three streets. Running behind the houses and outhouses was an alleyway used by many people and services, including the "honey-wagon" which made weekly trips to empty the containers in the outhouse.

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More wreckers, more people, until finally 6 wreckers, 2-horse teams, and one block and tackle rig, the wagon was towed off. After that, the schedule was changed to twice a week.

We lived in what was called "Tornado Alley" a section of Alabama that seemed to invite tornadoes most anytime of year. I recall children would be playing in the yard & the sky would be darkening and the wind blowing. We would then move to the back yards until we heard someone call out "Here it Comes," we headed for the storm cellar near the back door.

The cellar, a big hole in the ground, contained two beds, water, a little food and maybe a candle. Until some brave soul cracked the door, we stayed put, sometimes all night.

As I reached the age of 9 or 10, I was permitted to roam a little more. I fished in Pinhook Creek. It was called that because you used a pole, a string and a bent pin baited with a piece of chicken skin out of the kitchen. I remember some big ones, maybe, 4-5 inches that was proudly carried home. I

think the cat was happy anyway. Pinhook Creek was fed from the Big Spring downtown. This was a large underground spring that gushed out from under the main street downtown. A beautiful park - like setting with walks and benches. That channeled to a nice clear creek about 20 feet wide with walks for several blocks. Many groups used the creek for

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religious activities on Sunday afternoon.

Some young fellows (no names please) would spend the week catching snakes, put them in a bag and on Sunday afternoon walk downtown to the spring. While most activities were going on downstream, they would release the snakes into the spring. We would make a fast track down to the activities (baptizing) and watch the gathering leave the water in many fashions, paddling, swimming, yelling, and some even walking on the water.

Lots of group lunches were left for the brave and hungry.

Halloween was a special time. No fancy costumes like we see today. You might con your sister out of a dress, flour sacks with eye holes were popular, and some blackfaces. A major activity was to swap porch furniture between the families. Maybe turn the pigs loose that were in the back yard pigpen, and since the trolley

track ran in the woods in the next block, the brave ones would hitch a ride on the rear of the trolley and pull the trolley pole from the overhead power line. The trolley had to stop, no power, then the conductor would have to dismount and replace the power pole. Some of his language was not covered in the English class at school. A milder form was to soap the tracks with a bar of octagon soap and the trolley could not get up the hill until the conductor got out and wiped the track down. Learned a few more words from that also.

Most all communities had a company store, (remember the song, he owed his soul to the company store). You made purchases during the week and charged them. They used a big ledger with numbers for each account and our bill was deducted from the earnings at the mill. The drug store located in West Huntsville ran a charge operation also. My mother would collect for the drug store on

Saturday, visiting each family that owed.

Maybe, the highlight of her working there was on Saturday night when she brought home a big round container filled with hand dipped ice cream.

Our mail was delivered each day by "Uncle Charlie" who drove a one horse carriage through the neighborhood. His horse was noted for curing the whooping cough, a medical problem for children growing up. Parents would watch for Uncle Charlie's carriage, and then hold the child's head up to the horse's mouth and let him blow his breath on the child. Next day, the whooping cough was gone. That remedy, along with the cold remedy of placing a mustard plaster on the child's chest and letting them wear it in school all day was well remembered too. Maybe, the odor of the strong mustard cured other children as well since you could smell it 20 feet away. You had to

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wear it for 2-3 days, but the cold was gone.

Then at the age of twelve, I was awarded a paper route including a new bicycle. I had to ride downtown to the Huntsville Times, pick up my papers and ride back to deliver. How do you tell a twelve year old bicycle rider that you don't ride on the trolley tracks downtown? Then imagine 90 newspapers spread out about 50 feet in the middle of the tracks, in the middle of town on a windy day, and a street car approaching. Let's stop here. That was 72 years ago and I still remember.

Then the year of 1929 arrived. Something about a depression, whatever that was. The mill was sold, leaving no jobs, of course. Our parents sheltered us from the real facts. Next thing I knew, my mother, my two sisters and me boarded a bus headed to Greensboro, NC, where ever that was. All of the furniture was loaded along with the mill machinery on box-cars and headed to Greensboro also and we said good-bye to Lowe Mill and Huntsville.

Thomas Oglesby later moved to Raleigh, North Carolina where he played sports with another textile mill and entered military service in 1940 when the National Guard was mobilized. Now widowed, he stays busy visiting the kids and serving as Secretary-Treasurer of the Tar Heel Chapter of the 30th Infantry Division.

The Monte Sano Hotel's Tally Ho!

Where Is it Now?

by Ann Wiggins

The Fabulous Monte Sano Hotel, in Old Huntsville, No. 101, profiled the fascinating history of the now gone Monte Sano Hotel. The author describes a carriage, drawn by six horses, that conveyed guests to the hotel on top of the mountain.

Just perhaps this carriage, known as the *Tally Ho!*, is still in existence. Only three people alive know what happened to the vehicle. I am one of those three.

My great grandmother, Ola Landman of Huntsville, met one of Monte Sano's guests at a ball, where they danced to "It's One O'clock in the Morning". She soon married the Kentuckian guest, David Hart Taylor Jr. They remained in Huntsville where they had two daughters

The hotel fell on hard times,

and the *Tally Ho!* went up for sale. Sue Taylor Coons, the daughter of Ola and David Taylor, had sentimental reasons for wanting a souvenir of the site where her parents met and fell in love. Her father had died shortly before she was born, and her mother died when she was still a child. Her husband, Harry Coons, gladly purchased the vehicle and it immediately became a beloved plaything for their three children, Vi, Sue Chase, and Harry, Jr. My mother Vi described many happy hours spent "riding" on the *Tally Ho!*.

But what happened to it? As the children grew older, the *Tally Ho!* got less and less time from them. The carriage caught the eye of a purchaser for a museum "out west." As my grandparents wanted to see the *Tally Ho!* preserved they agreed to sell it to him, probably in the late thirties or early forties. So, just perhaps, the *Tally Ho!* still exists and may make its way back home some day.



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The Trolley Cars



by Gwen Ray Walker

In the late 1890s Dallas Mill was already underway and big plans were in the works for Merrimack Mills. The need for a transportation system to link those two areas and their villages with Huntsville proper was seen. This would make it easier for the employees of the mills and others who lived beyond walking distance to be able to do their shopping and attend to business in town.

In July of 1899 the Huntsville Railway, Light & Power Company was organized with a capital stock of \$100,000 of which Tracy Pratt invested \$99,700. Pratt was awarded the first franchise. The effect of the system was far-reaching as it made it easier to travel around the area and it opened up vast tracts of land for residential and commercial development.

The first spike was driven in 1899 and in February, 1900 the first trolley made its first run with James T. Baker at the helm and carrying Superintendent Cauffield of the newly formed Huntsville Electric Light Company which obtained the franchise from Tracy Pratt.

In time, the streetcar system had ten cars, five open cars for summer weather and five enclosed cars for wintertime. When there was a ball game or other large event, all the cars would be put into service to accommodate the crowds. Old timers remember packing picnic baskets and catching the trolley out to Brahan Springs to spend the day and play.

The route ran from Merrimack Mill up to Seventh Av-

enue, did a little dog leg turn up Fourth Street to West Clinton Avenue. It proceeded up W. Clinton to Jefferson Street, turned right and went around the Courthouse and then down Washington Street to East Holmes where it made another right and followed East Holmes out to Five Points. At Five Points it turned onto Pratt Avenue, made a left on Russell Street and made its way to Stevens Avenue. There it made another left and stopped on Stevens for Dallas Mill and later for Lincoln Mill. It then made its way back. Old photos of street scenes in the downtown area clearly show the tracks in the streets. A car could carry 28 people and cost a nickel, one-way. If you rode to either end of the route, it would cost you another nickel to ride back. The streetcars ran from 6:00 a.m. to midnight, passing their stops every 15 minutes. A life long resident of Madison County and Huntsville, the late Leonard Bragg, Sr. re-

membered riding the streetcars and even remembered that sometimes they would be involved in traffic accidents with careless automobile drivers as the autos began to come into use. He recalled one that caused two fatalities. It is certain that they scared many a poor horse or mule out of its mind.

In 1914 the franchise was

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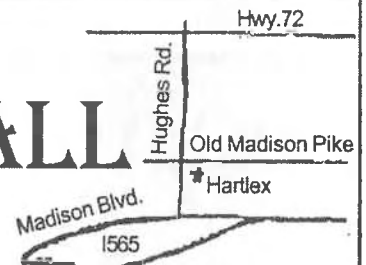
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transferred to Alabama Power Company which operated the system until 1931 when the cars, old and worn out, were taken out of service and the system replaced with more efficient gasoline powered buses. On Monday, February 23, 1931, the last streetcar made its run.

Ann Ray Walker remembers her father, Herbert Ray, taking her on this ride as a small child. Little did she know that she was seeing a chapter in Huntsville's history close.

When one thing comes to an end, something else has a bright new beginning. At 2:00 p.m. on that same day, four new, red, Reo buses were put into service. The Huntsville Daily Times announced that "These commodious vehicles will carry a maximum of 24 passengers. They are 27 feet long, 9 feet high and 8 feet wide. Each is equipped with full upholstered

leather seats and modern equipment. It has also an automatic ventilating system and an electric heating system which makes them comfortable."

A ceremonial ride was taken by 100 guests, city officials, and business leaders, to inaugurate the newest rapid transit system that Huntsville had to offer. The franchise for the buses was purchased by Preston Adams of Anniston who owned Huntsville Transit Co. and as late as 1963 was still operating a bus service.

A footnote in the Huntsville Daily Times on that February 23, 1931 stated; "The friends of the motormen who have so faithfully driven the streetcars will be glad to learn that they will be the drivers for the buses. Each has been thoroughly trained and has proven his ability to handle the machines. Each has been supplied with a new uniform purchased from

Fowler Brothers."

A sad note for us today is that not one streetcar was preserved. They were stripped for scrap metal and then taken out into a field, doused with gasoline and burned. Only faded pictures and memories remain.



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Man Killed In New Hope While Pulling Woman Through Window

Accused Walks To Town And Surrenders

from 1907 newspaper

Houston Clark, a prominent young man of New Hope, is on trial in the law and equity court for the killing of Charles Drake, a young man of the same neighborhood. The charge against him is murder in the first degree.

The hearing of evidence for the prosecution was begun shortly after noon. The state claims that Charles Drake was beaten to death by Houston Clark, at the home of P. Overton, a short distance from New Hope and has introduced evidence to show that the instrument of death was a

plank of wood which is presented as evidence. There are three dents and blood stains on the plank and these are said to correspond with the wounds on Drake's head.

Dr. H.R. Johnson testified that he was called to examine the dead man and found that his skull had been fractured in three places and his neck disjointed, any one of the wounds being serious enough to cause death.

The defense will introduce evidence to show that the defendant found Drake in the act of pulling a young woman through the win-

dow of the Overton home. The plea of the defense is that the act was justified by the circumstances. Miss Overton will be an important witness in the case.

Both families involved in the tragedy have large connections and immediately after the killing Clark, accompanied by his uncle, walked to town and surrendered to Sheriff Mitchell. Clark states that he walked in order to avoid trouble, as threats had been made against his life.

The trial promises to develop some sensational features and because few of the facts in the case have been allowed to reach the public, there is considerable general interest in the case. The state is represented by Solicitor James H. Pride assisted by Miton Lanier Taylor, and for Drake, R. Smith appears for the defense.

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Patent Medicine Entertainment



by Dale Cassidy

Early entertainment in Huntsville, as in most towns of the 1800s, was very limited. An occasional dance, a town picnic, or a church social seemed to be the recreation highlight of most citizens' lives.

A peculiar amusement of the 1890s, however, was listening to the medicine men, who plied their trade with abundant vigor and enthusiasm. They ranged from small-time fakers, who peddled their wares from the back of a wagon, to more pretentious phony "doctors" who enlivened their programs with elaborate stage setups and a considerable troupe of entertainers and workers.

One of the most colorful of this type to come through Huntsville in those days was the self-styled "Yellowstone Kit." Kit carried a tent and actually charged for the choicest seats during his program which consisted of dance, banjo picking and general gaudy entertainment. As soon as the crowd was warmed up and lively, "Yellowstone Kit," in his magnificent ten-gallon hat, makeup and fringed clothing which he thought made him look like Buffalo Bill, would jump up on the stage and exalt his cure-all elixir, which he generously offered for only one dollar a bottle.

The band played loudly and diligently as Kit continued to entice the enthralled patrons with the results which his amazing tonic promised to provide. He would prance along a platform built out into the audience, and exchange bottles of his "priceless" elixirs for one dollar

each, held up by willing, and hypnotized hands. There were very few times that Kit failed to "pack them in" for one of his shows.

"Yellowstone Kit" continued to brandish his wares throughout the South for many years during the late 1800s and early 1900s, stopping and staying often in Huntsville. When he reached the end of his days, in spite of his own "marvelous" medicine, a New Orleans reporter quoted him as saying, "At least I had one satisfaction in my long career—I never actually harmed anyone." The mixture he had sold far and wide as a miracle potion had been simply canned milk!

Old Huntsville Trivia

1834 - First stage line is established between Huntsville and Decatur.

1838 - In the first census of its kind, it is reported that there are 55 muskets and seven bayonets and scabbards within the city limits.

1846 - A military company by the name of the "Huntsville Volunteers" is formed to help Texas fight for its independence.

1853 - Maysville passes laws forbidding alcohol being sold within city limits.

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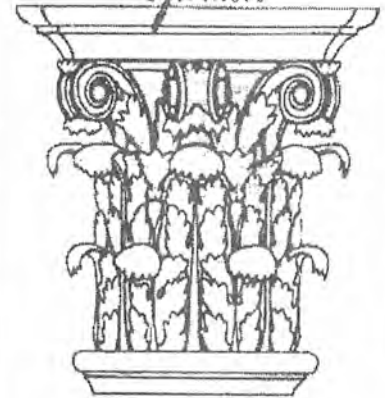
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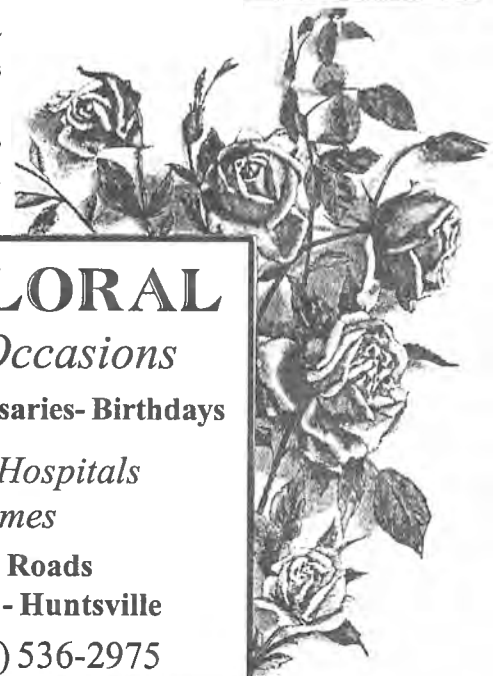


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There must be quite a few things a hot bath won't cure, but I don't know many of them.



The Ice Man

by Walt Terry



The wagon was bright yellow, drawn by a powerful gray, and white spotted, dray horse. The driver: a grizzled dark magician called Hog Jaw,

The magic was in his exquisite command of the wagon, his horse, his ice, his pure crystalline world.

In the long-ago days of my growing awareness I came under the spell of Hog Jaw's magic, at first under the heavy tarpaulin that covered the wagon's bed, eating ice chips in air-conditioned splendor.

Hog Jaw was a kindly man to those who did not dispute his total command of the wagon. I certainly didn't. He called me Lil Walter Tyro, and in those days I didn't know the name had an aptness probably beyond his own undisclosed reason for dubbing me with it.

I didn't care what he called me, since I felt an honor beyond containment when he beckoned me to sit beside him on the broad wooden seat. Up there on that throne, above the horse's ponderous slow-moving flanks, Hog Jaw and I (as his eager assistant) took care of Huntsville, Alabama's ice needs - ice to inhabit the ice boxes of the town, the boxes that made the difference between ordinary meals and feasts.

I would help him read the amounts on the signs in the windows: adjustable cardboard signs that had a rotating front and a window in which appeared "25," "50," "75," or "100" - the pounds of ice wanted by the ice-hungry summer customers,

A rope-operated clanging bell beside the seat announced the approaching mobile ice emporium for those tardy with their signs. Often when I was aboard he'd let me, in glorious cacophony, do the clanging. The people would come

out and holler their orders if they'd neglected to fix their signs.

Then, most magical of all, the artist at work in the bed of the wagon. He'd fold the tarp out of his way and with deft flicks and jabs of his pick, reduce large

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smoking blocks into sizes the signs had asked them to be,

Then, the tongs - those hooked vicious-looking ice grabbers he used to transport effortlessly it seemed, chipped-out blocks to the waiting ice boxes, No one disputed that the weight he brought was any less than ordered. Hog Jaw inspired trust.

Money could be exchanged, or the cost of the ice could be added to the ice/coal bill. In those days ice and coal usually came from the same company.

Hog Jaw: magician, king of his realm, gentleman and gentle man, a true friend not to be forgotten.

It was, I think, my first experience in race relations, and I didn't even know I was having one.

Thus was a future molded.

Message From A Tombstone

James K.P. Martin
Born November 5, 1844
Died January 4, 1863

In a negro cabin at Parkers Crossroads from a wound received at that place December 31, 1862. He was most brutally treated by Yankees and Shamefully neglected by his own Southern doctors.

Before he had reached his 18th birthday he sealed with his own blood the devotion to a lost cause. To the youthful brave, a soldier's grave, a soldier's honored grave.

The stone is now on the "Rudder Lot," Cedar Hill Cemetery, Scottsboro, Alabama.

COWARDS

Confederate Gen. D. H. Hill often had more personal reasons for approving a soldier's furlough.

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

from 1865 newspaper

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Squadron 17 The Rest Of The Story

by Louis K. Sisco



Walt Terry's article in last month's Old Huntsville on the emergency landing of Squadron 17 really brought back memories of that exciting event in this quite little town. But, what happened to the 17th?

But first let me add to Walt's narrative of events. Darkness having set in before all the planes landed, the last two or three had to drop flares to illuminate the field. All had made it OK but the last plane's flare hit the ground and "went out" before the pilot could touch down. He was forced to circle again and drop another flare from a higher altitude before landing safely.

Organized as the 17th Aero Squadron at Camp Kelly, Texas on June 16, 1917, they were attached to the RAF in France in 1918 and 1919. They received numerous credits for their service during WW I. On Jan. 25, 1923,

they were redesignated the 17th Pursuit Squadron and still later, in 1941, were renamed as the 24th Pursuit Squadron. The group's aircraft from 1938 through 1942 was the Seversky P35.

In WW II the group saw combat in the Philippine Islands. They were located at Batann, Luzon from Dec. 1941 to April 1942.

However, the P35's inferiority compared to its more modern and stronger adversaries was evident, and after the first two days of Japanese attacks in the Philippines, only eight P35's out of a total of 48 were still operational.

From Jan. 18, 1942 to April 8, 1942 the group's ground echelon fought as an infantry in Bataan. No doubt some of the personnel were in the Bataan Death March.

Although the group was listed as an active unit, it was not operational from the fall of the Philippines until April 2, 1946 - after the war's end.

The squadron's emblem was the great Snow Owl, white on black background, which was approved in March of 1924 and

inspired by the WW I emblem of the 17th Aero Squadron.

The only existing Seversky P35 today is a rebuilt plane in the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson Air Fore Base.

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A Short History Of The Whitesburg Pike

by Jack Harwell

Roads between cities have traditionally been named for the places they lead to. Meridian Street was once called Meridianville Pike, because that was where it went; the same idea held true with Athens Pike, which today is part of Holmes Avenue. In the same way, Whitesburg Drive, the old Whitesburg Pike, once lead to the town of Whitesburg, on the banks of the Tennessee. The town of Whitesburg no longer exists, but the road that leads there has been around, in the same location, for nearly two centuries.

Like many cities in the early 19th century, Huntsville was dependent on water transportation, for both passenger and freight traffic. Railroads were not yet common, and overland transport was limited to what a good team of horses could carry. Only boats could carry goods in the amounts needed to support a growing community. So providing an efficient and reliable route between Huntsville and the Tennessee River was a priority for the

city's founders.

One attempt at a city-to-river route was the Indian Creek Canal. This project was part of the "canal craze" that swept the country in the 1820s. The idea was to take boats from the head of the canal, at Big Spring, to the river port of Triana, where cargo would be transferred to riverboats for the trip to New Orleans and other markets. A few small boats did make the trip, but the canal soon proved impracticable. In time, it would be abandoned completely in favor of the overland route to the river at Whitesburg.

The road from Huntsville to Whitesburg was already well travelled by the time the Indian Creek Canal was opened. Even before the area was known as Whitesburg, a trader named John Ditto was operating a trading post on the Tennessee River at the mouth of Aldridge Creek. The road to Ditto's Landing, as it was known, became well travelled after public land sales began in 1809, for it was the only route by which land purchasers could reach their claims in the southern

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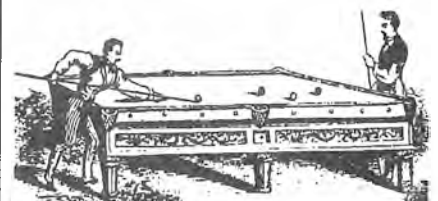


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part of the county. One of those who bought land along the road was Joseph Acklen, son-in-law of John Hunt.

The opening of public lands in North Alabama attracted many adventurous souls from the eastern states. Many came to farm; the area's suitability for farming was already well known. Others, though, saw profits to be made in the new western lands. One of the latter was a wealthy Virginian named James White. White came to town not long after the land sales began, and went into business with one Alexander Gilbreath. They set up shop in a building at what is now the corner of Gates Avenue and Fountain Row. This is believed to have been the first business in Huntsville.

White and Gilbreath did so well with their business, they decided to expand. In 1820, they began distributing their goods through John Hardie's store at Ditto's Landing. By that time, White owned considerable amounts of land on both sides of the river. Eventually, the commu-

nity at the landing became known as Whitesburg in his honor. The town of Whitesburg was incorporated by the state legislature on December 23, 1824. It included the area where Ditto Landing marina and park are located today. A post office was opened there in 1827.

Whitesburg was a busy place in the 1820s. In addition to his business with Alexander Gilbreath, James White also owned an ironworks and a salt firm in east Tennessee. He shipped his products to Hardie's store by way of the river. But cotton was the main business in Whitesburg. Cotton from all over the county was brought there and loaded on flatboats for the trip to market. Sometimes shoal pilots would board the boats also, to guide them past the treacherous Muscle Shoals. In a letter written in 1820, Hardie noted that each riverboat carried 250 to 350 bales, each weighing about 300 pounds.

Before long, the Whitesburg road itself attracted the attention of private enterprise. Back then, highways were not the exclusive domain of the government which they have become today. Private firms would construct and operate roads, or pikes, and collect tolls for their upkeep. One such

firm created the Whitesburg Turnpike in 1834. (The Meridianville Turnpike was opened that same year.) The term "turnpike" probably came from the turnstiles used at the toll gates to control traffic onto the pike. The toll gate on the Whitesburg Turnpike, according to an 1850 map, was located just north of what is today the Airport Road intersection. The road to Whitesburg remained a toll road until 1895, when all turnpikes were sold to the county.

During the Civil War, a local Episcopalian minister, John Murray Robertson, was locked overnight in a chicken house at Whitesburg by Union troops. His crime was leading his congregation in a prayer for Jefferson Davis. It was midwinter and bitterly cold, but Robertson surprised and annoyed his captors by surviving the night. The frustrated Federals then took him across the river and released him.

Whitesburg Pike continued to be well-travelled even after the railroads took the freight business away from the riverboats. The northern end of the road connected to the southern end of Madison Street, as it does today. In the last century; though, that was the point where the traveller crossed over the city limits. Once you crossed Fagan Creek and started south on Whitesburg, you were out of town. The Fagan Creek bridge on Madison was one of the first bridges in Madison County.

In the 20th century, Whitesburg Pike changed along with the city. In 1919, two plaques were placed at the end of the street near Huntsville Hospital. These plaques contained the names of the 48 Madison Countians who had died in the recent Great War. Forty-eight sugar maples were planted along



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the side of the street as part of the memorial. The maples were soon destroyed by traffic, and were replaced by American elms. The elms met the same fate as the maples, and were finally replaced by Chinese elms. These not only survived, but were supplemented by other trees planted along the street by local landowners. The line of trees eventually stretched for more than five miles. Another sign of change came in 1924, when the first rural electric line in Alabama was strung along Whitesburg Pike from Huntsville to Lily Flagg.

Whitesburg Pike was unpaved as late as 1934. By then it was known as state highway 38, and crossed the river on the new Clement C. Clay Bridge. The bridge was named to honor the former state governor and chief justice, but due to its location came to be known as the Whitesburg Bridge. Whitesburg Pike was now part of the main highway to Birmingham, and would remain so until the completion of Interstate 65 in the 1960s. Eventually the road was widened to handle the increasing traffic, and then in the mid-50s, it was bypassed by Memorial Parkway.

Today, the road that once carried cotton to the river is no longer a major intercity route, except for that portion south of Weatherly Road that was incorporated into the Parkway. The original concrete pavement, laid before World War II, still carries northbound traffic into the city from Morgan County. At present, the city is considering plans to finally replace the old pavement with asphalt, which is easier to maintain. It will be just one more change for the old Whitesburg Road, which has seen plenty of change since the days of James White.



I Remember Downtown

I remember going Christmas shopping downtown and the sidewalks would be so crowded.

Lula Anderson, Housewife

... the sidewalk preachers that used to preach at the courthouse every Saturday.

Anthony Walker, retired

... all the farmers coming to town on Saturday to do their shopping. The men would sit on the benches in front of the old courthouse and whittle and swap tales.

John Foster, Civil Service

... getting married at the courthouse and then walking back home to get ready to go to work at the cotton mill.

Jennette Wilkins, retired

... the soldiers coming home

from World War II and having a parade downtown. They had a special place for Widowers to sit and they cried the whole time.

Claude Whipple, retired

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Quilt Of Homes

The Historic Home Tour

by Michele Lucas

In 1929, Blanche waited patiently for her streetcar. It would be eighteen years before Tennessee Williams toyed with the idea of his Blanche, but in the meantime, Huntsville's own Blanche Livingston enjoyed this convenient means of transportation near her new home in Five Points. She and husband Winford chose to build in the area's first suburb, known as the "Gateway to Monte Sano." They settled into a Craftsman California bungalow on Ward Avenue where they could enjoy the breeze coming off the mountain and admire their new, modern neighborhood.

Meanwhile, in the Twickenham District, A. M. Booth's daughter, Marjorie, stood on the porch of her family's colonial revival home and waved her husband, Phillip W. Peeler, off to work. Mr. Peeler was superintendent of the Lincoln Mills. Once there, his life would intersect with Blanche's, as she was his private



secretary.

This spring, the Huntsville Pilgrimage Society meets in the middle with a showcase of homes from all three of its historic districts. The lives that played out in these homes are as interesting as the homes themselves.

Witness for yourself the Livingston's former home, built on a site which William J. Mayo once considered a possible location for his Mayo Clinic; or the Booth-Wright home which stands on the site of the Huntsville Female Seminary built in 1830 and later taken over by Federal Troops as a small-pox hospital during the Civil War.

A historical home is like a quilt. Each person, who takes it

in their hands, works with it, pouring their individuality into its seams. There are those who will explore their home's design and make additions.

The Dickson-Nelson Federalist home built in 1833 on Lincoln Street, now sits on Echols Hill, and the lovely Italianate features of the Mastin-Thornton Home, built in 1824, were added in the prosperous 1850s. Others will seek to uncover its original pattern, meticulously mending until its worthy beginnings are once again sound. Again, the Dickson-Nelson Federalist home welcomed additions, giving it a Greek Revival facade, only to return to its original state 125 years later when those rooms were reduced and its Federalist appearance returned. Either way, the home comes to you touched and interpreted by the past.

A historical district is also like a quilt; it is a combination of squares with distinct era-like personalities and beauty. When you embark upon a pilgrimage tour, you are throwing the quilt of history around you, warmed by memories of those who once lived there.

When the bell rang, the stableman knew what to do. He would



quickly harness the good doctor's horse and bring the buggy around to the front of the iron columned home on Williams Avenue. The doctor, readied with his bag and considered a "leading physician" in the community, would go to those in need, any time of the day or night. He didn't discriminate, offering sound medical advice to the upper crust, as well as the more notorious patients, such as Miss Mollie Teal and her girls of the night. A graduate of UVA and Bellevue Medical College in New York City, Dr. Samuel Hickman Lowry and wife, Lucy James Pulley, or "Miss Jimmie" acquired the home in 1891. They raised three children there and poured thirty years of memories into the walls of the house on Williams.

Join the Huntsville Pilgrimage Society during its annual tour and consider the age-old question: If these walls could talk. Regaled by period dressed greeters, there is a possibility that the walls will talk as they remember those who breathed, laughed and loved within them.

The Huntsville Pilgrimage Association will host its annual tour May 5 & 6 this year. With three districts, Twickenham, Old Town and most recently, Five Points, to pull from, the quilt of this year's pilgrimage will include, Italianate, Federalist, Neoclassical, Victorian, Colonial Revival, and Craftsman California personalities. Proceeds go to help restore Maple Hill Cemetery

The Historic Homes Tour takes place on Saturday, followed on Sunday by the Historic Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll. For information contact the Huntsville Convention and Visitors Bureau at 1-800-772-2348 or email: info@huntsville.org. There is an admission charge for the home tour, but the Cemetery Stroll is free to the public.

Recipe For Lemon Drops

Squeeze and strain the juice of six large lemons, mix with powdered sugar til it's so thick it is stirred with difficulty. Put in a preserving pan and with a wooden spoon stir it constantly and let it boil til very clear, about 10 minutes, then drop it in small lumps upon a glass or marble slab. When cold they should come off readily.



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Shadows On The Walls

by Barbara Lauster

Early Spring 2000, I had just been employed as Director of Weeden Museum. I had lost my husband of 32 years and my senses had been numbed but I was determined to go on with life. Prior to being employed at the museum, I had visited several times and had been taken by its beauty. I had read articles and books on its history but they had not left a mark on my emotions until this Spring afternoon.

I was closing for the day and about to go out when a storm blew in with flashing lightning and tornadic winds. Realizing that I would get drenched when I went outside, I chose to remain indoors and wait out the storm. The Weeden House was dark, which magnified the flashing bolts of lightning.

I had pulled a chair over to the window to sit and watch the spring storm when I was startled by a sound from across the room. The furor of the storm was casting shadows on the wall which appeared to be animated figures moving on the wall, different shapes and sizes, seemingly dancing to the sounds of the storm outside. Wind blowing through cracks in the doors seem to sing to the rhythm of these shadow figures on the wall.

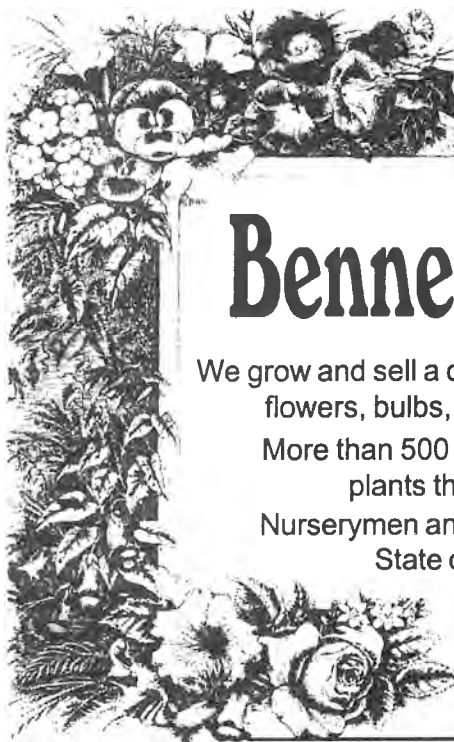
I sat and watched, and wondered, about those who had lived here and brought the house to life with the reality of its history. I pictured the many children that had lived here and the happier times of the home. Watching these small shadows, I envisioned what Henry Bradford must have felt in 1819

when entering the home he had built. I could also sense Dr. William Weeden selecting a home for his family that would shelter and be near quality education in Huntsville.

I watched the shadows change size. The walls in the house became dark, the shadows disappeared completely. A father had died and life seems to have been suspended in the home, until a small flicker from a bolt of lightning brings a new shadow to the wall. A child is born and given the name Maria Howard Weeden.

The shadow grows but is not as pronounced as the images from before. Sounds of thunder in the distant depicts the horrors of war. The Civil War is now here. There is no longer any lightning again, just the sound of the clouds battling. It seems the thunder lasted forever and it must have felt that way for those that endured the war.

A stillness came over the house indicating the storm had passed. Still captivated by what I had just experienced, all the historical information that I had studied, but had not absorbed, now came to life. From what I had read, my memory tells me the mother and daughters had returned home to find that what they



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had left was either lost or practically destroyed. Determined to bring life and love back to the dwelling, they labored with devotion to recreate the splendor it had once provided.

I lit a candle to illuminate the darkness to see what if any damage has been done by the storm. As I passed through the west parlor, the light reflects on the faces brought to life by Maria through her paintings. Looking around, I realized what history had transpired here in the parlor. My eye is drawn to the picture of a dancing child and I immediately recalled the dancing shadows from the storm. Children and happiness are part of this home again and Maria has immortalized them with her art.

I extinguished the candle and opened the door to leave. Standing on the threshold for one final moment, I looked at the massive trees outside whose shadows had created the imagery I had just experienced

Like life itself, until we look with different eyes on what we take for granted, do we truly behold what has been given to us.

News From The Huntsville Confederate Newspaper

Oct. 13, 1863

- We have intelligence from Huntsville, Oct. 2nd that the enemy was expected there from New Market on the 1st, but the report of their coming was untrue. There were none nearer than Winchester, Tenn., and had not been for about three weeks. Many families are beginning to flee Huntsville for destinations south.

- The family of Geo. W. Lane, Lincoln's U.S. District Judge for the State of Alabama, had arrived some two or three weeks before, and were making preparations for a permanent residence, his wife having returned to Nashville or Louisville for groceries. It is said that they had an escort of 60 Federal cavalry on their trip to Huntsville. It was reported that Judge Lane got to Stevenson, en route for Huntsville, but was too drunk to proceed further.

- Wood and coal were scarce in Huntsville - wood bringing \$10 to \$18 per load (little, if any, over half a cord) in Confederate notes and \$8 in Federal greenbacks. The planters around are so nearly stripped of horses, mules, oxen and wagons, that few of them can haul wood. Some offer to give it

to citizens, if they will haul it, Others seem disposed to grasp all they can get of their fellow sufferers. The coal mines, in the vicinity of Huntsville, were worked by a Northerner and an Irishman, when we left there.

Antique Sale

May 12, 2001

An antique liquidation sale will be held Sat., May 12, 2001 at Christ Episcopal Church between 10:00 am and 4 p.m. This is a unique opportunity to purchase estate antiques and collectibles which were donated to the church. The church is located behind Maple Hill Cemetery on Girald and the corner of Kingsbury Ave., off Wells Ave.

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City Council News From 1906



- The city council held an interesting meeting last night and passed several ordinances that are of interest to the general public.

- Mayor Smith stated that on the advice of John Wesley, a paving expert, the entire cost of the paving will be passed on to the property owners, The paving ordinance was changed effective immediately.

- An ordinance was also passed providing for the grading of the extension of Locust Street, laying the street with concrete gutters, stone curbs and granitoid sidewalks.

- Permission was granted the owners of the little frame building on Washington Street occupied by the Davis tin shop for roofing the building with tin.


- The members of the Fire Department will be allowed vacation for the summer.

- The Hospital Association stated that an annex is being erected to the city hospital and permission, was asked for the right to remove this new structure when the lease of the association runs out. This was granted.

- By a vote of the council, water meters will be placed on the pipe furnishing water to the livery stables.

- The street committee, to which was referred the matter of

extending Green and widening Cruse Alley was reported favorable on both propositions. The recommendation of the engineer was that the new streets be made 46 feet wide but the committee reported in favor of 60 foot streets.. The report was favorably acted on and City Attorney Murphy was directed to proceed with the condemnation of abutting property as provided by Section 21 of the city code.

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News Of The Absurd

Postal employee Earl Miller spent his life working hard for the Postal Service. When he died at 94, he was cremated and the remains were mailed to his niece in Pennsylvania. Somehow, however, Earl got lost in the mail. A postal worker in Lancaster, Pa., who was working on a nationwide search for Uncle Earl's urn, failed to alleviate everyone's worries when he commented, "If it was mailed, it's got to be somewhere!"

The first West German to receive an artificial heart was not told the news. It was reasoned by his doctors that if he heard his own heart had been removed and replaced with an artificial device, he might become very agitated and have a heart attack.

An Oklahoma man who was irate because his wife had hired a collection agency to go after her \$17,500 divorce settlement, hired a security company to pick up the money at his bank - all in quarters, dimes and nickels. He arranged to have the money - all in 30 bags of coins and weighing over a ton - delivered to the lawyer's office on a Friday afternoon, after the banks had closed.

Keep your words soft
and tender, because
tomorrow you just might
have to eat them.

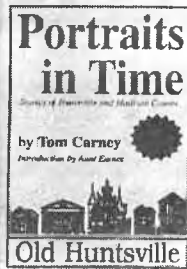
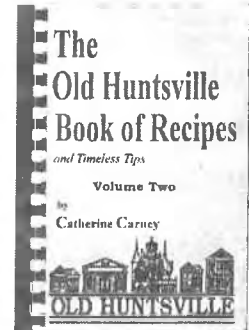
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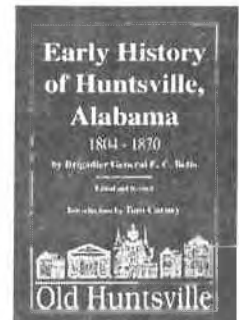


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