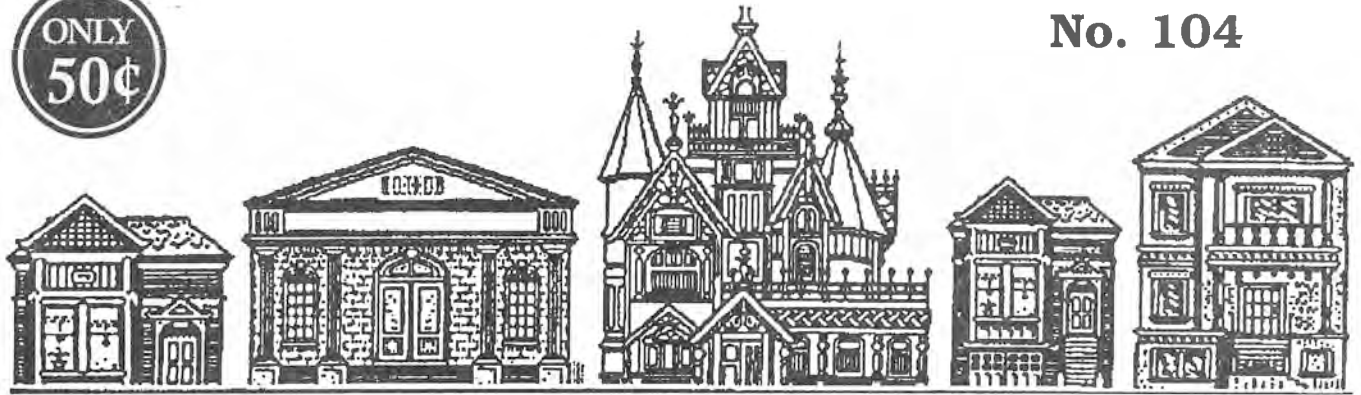


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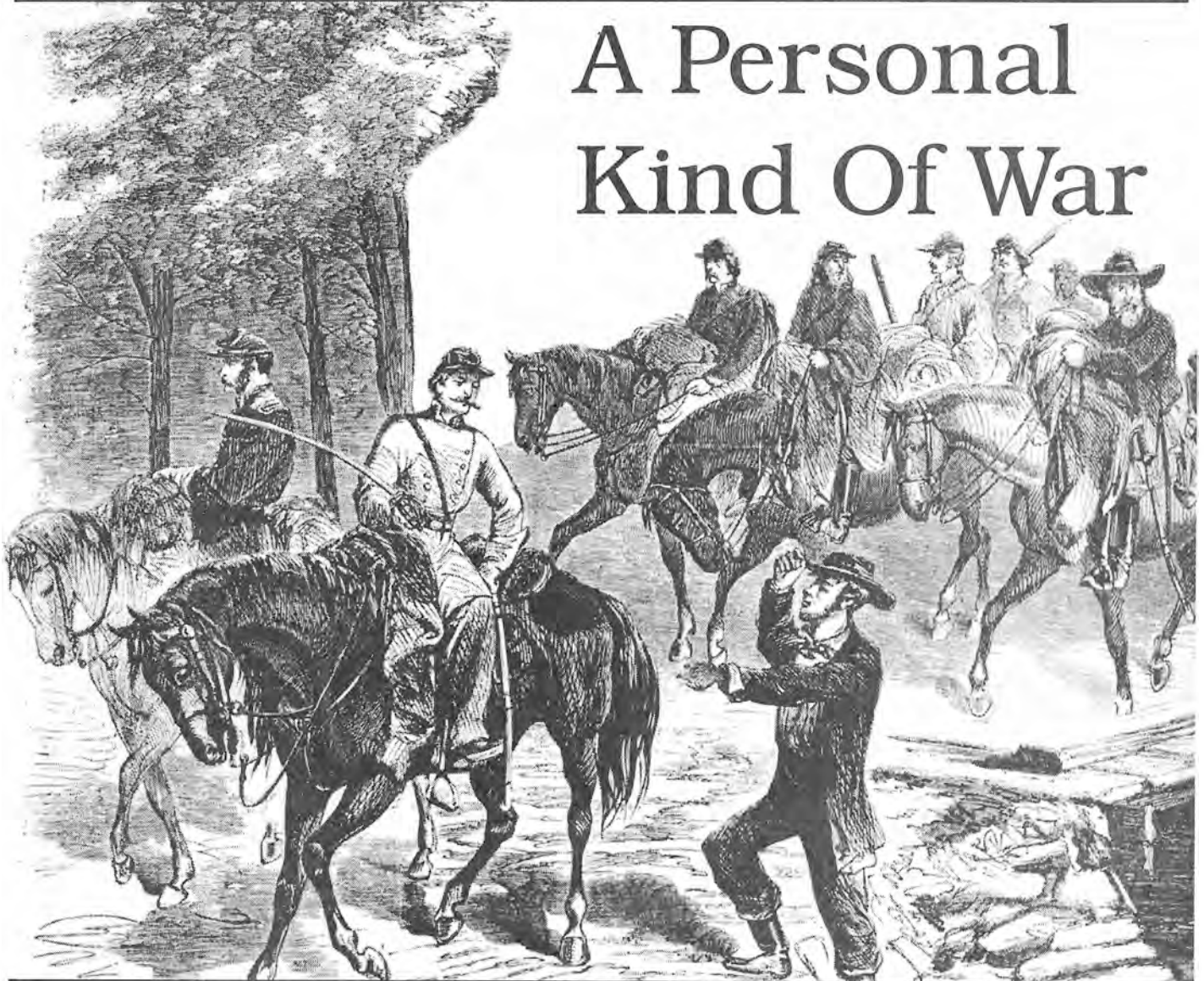
No. 104



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

A Personal Kind Of War



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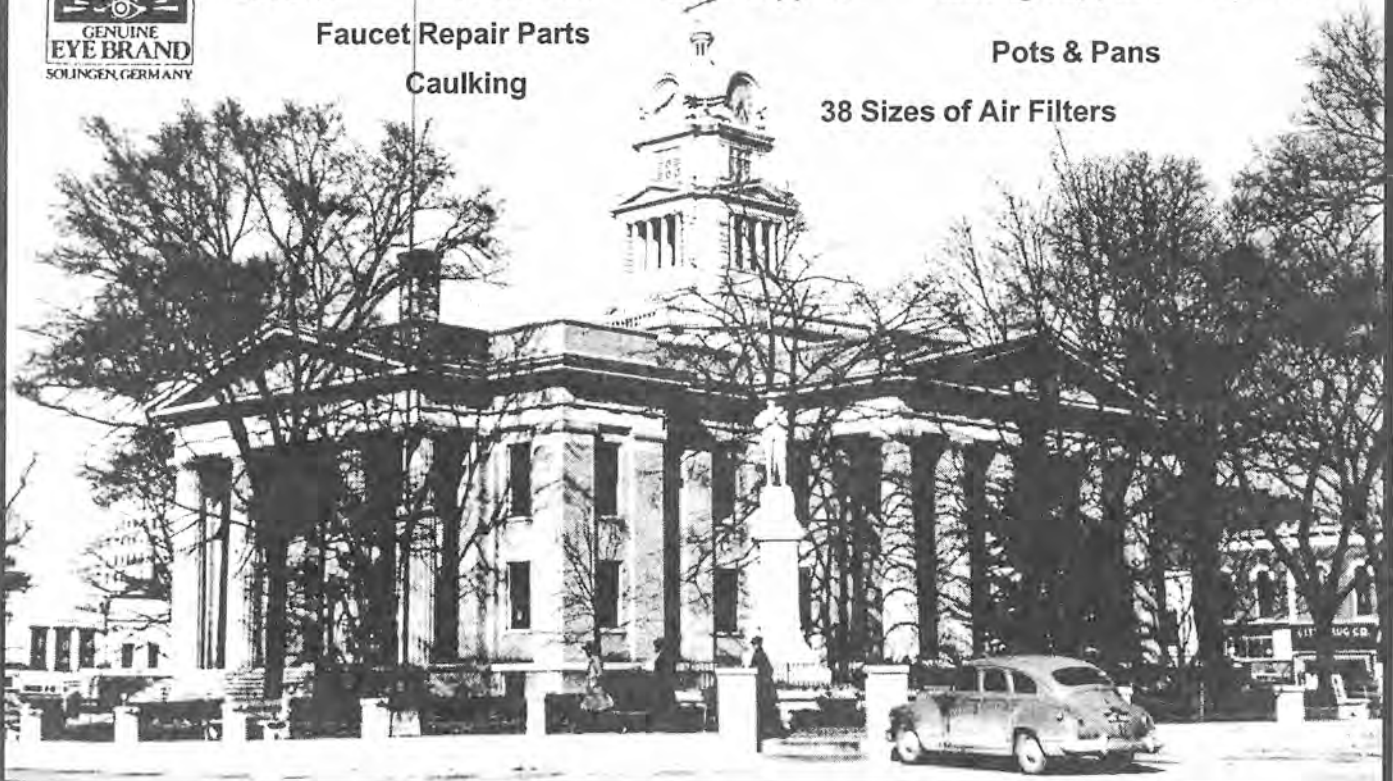
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A Personal Kind of War

David Howard was a peaceful man. In a time when the Tennessee Valley was torn apart with the ravages of the Civil War he stood apart as a man who did not believe in violence or the taking of lives, regardless of the reasons. This made him unpopular with many of his neighbors as the tides of war swept back and forth across his small homestead near the Marshall County line.

No one is sure exactly where Howard came from. Most accounts have him moving to Madison County in the late 1840s from South Carolina.

One account says his parents were devout Quakers, which would explain his life-long aversion to violence.

David Howard settled on a small homestead in the foothills near the Madison/Marshall county line where he quickly became a respected and compassionate member of the community. Rarely did a neighbor suffer a misfortune without Howard stopping by to offer his condolences and help. The area was secluded, well off the traveled path, with only an occasional preacher stopping by

to minister to the religious needs of the small community. Although nondenominational in his religious beliefs he soon became the community's spiritual leader, often presiding at funerals and weddings and offering words of comfort to the bereaved.

His wife, Elizabeth, was the epitome of gentleness. She was an extremely attractive woman with long dark hair and manners that hinted at a cultured background. Her single goal in life was the welfare of her family.

As the winds of war swept across North Alabama, the small community was torn asunder with almost everyone taking sides. Brothers fought brothers and sons turned against fathers. In the midst of this turmoil Howard continued working on his farm, hoping against hope that the war would pass him by.

For the first couple of years the only contact the family had with the war was an occasional stray Confederate soldier who would appear at the door asking for something to eat, or maybe a place to spend the night. Howard remained adamant in his refusal to take sides but never-the-less offered help to everyone who stopped at his farm. A crippled leg kept Howard out of the war but he was undoubtedly worried that if the conflict continued it would some day involve his sons, who



Old Huntsville

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were 10 and 13 years old.

As the war dragged on, and Federal troops occupied the Tennessee Valley, the conflict spread to every remote homestead. The Union troops disrupted the Rebel supply lines and the Confederates were forced to confiscate provisions from local farmers.

The Union troops in turn began a policy of burning any farm suspected of aiding the Confederates. Adding to the hardship was the fact that many soldiers, blue and gray, used the conflict to plunder the helpless families.

Soldiers from both sides visited the Howard farm searching for deserters, enemy patrols and plunder. The chickens were the first to disappear, followed by the meat hanging in the smokehouse. The horse and wagon went next, along with the shotgun and family silverware. Within a few months the family had lost almost all of their possessions.

Howard had managed to keep a mule and several cows by hiding them in the foothills. With soldiers constantly going back and forth across the farm, Howard was often forced to tend the stock and plow his fields at night time in order for the mule not be seen, and stolen.

In the spring of 1864 a small detachment of Confederate soldiers stopped at the farm. After the customary search, the soldiers had begun to prepare their

lunch when a sentry gave the alarm - Union soldiers approaching! Quickly the Confederates mounted their horses and fled to the nearby foothills.

The Federal forces chased the Confederates a short distance, firing their guns at the fleeing enemy, before finally giving up and returning to the Howard homestead. After lining the Howard family up in front of their home, the officer in charge ordered the grounds searched. When the search revealed no hidden guns or hiding Confederate soldiers, the officer began to question Howard.

Howard, in his quiet manner, tried to explain that he was neutral, taking no side in the conflict. All he wanted, he explained, was to be let alone to tend his farm and raise his family.

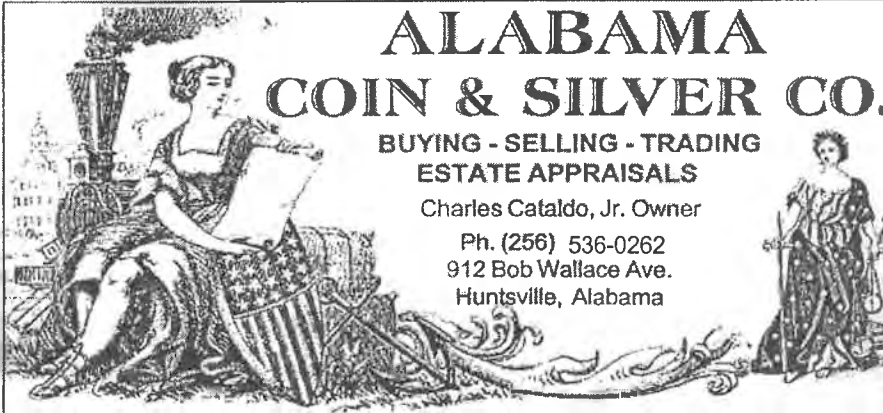
Suddenly the officer's attention was diverted when a sentry raised an alarm. On a nearby hill, out of gun shot range, was a small group of Confederates, sitting on their horses, watching the proceedings at the farm.

The Union officer, apparently frustrated at his inability to capture the Confederates, began to question Howard again. This time the questioning took a harsher tone, accusing him of being a Rebel sympathizer for allowing the soldiers to camp in his yard. When Howard tried to explain that he had no choice, the armies did what they wanted, the officer an-

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grily walked away. Motioning to the squad of soldiers standing nearby, he gave the orders, "Burn it!"

Within minutes the home was a blazing inferno. Years of hard work was being wiped out in a few short minutes. Howard and his wife rushed to try to stop the soldiers, begging them to spare what little was left. When Howard grabbed a soldier's arm he was brutally beaten with the butt of a gun, leaving a long bloody gash on the side of his head.

Moments later the soldiers mounted their horses and rode away, leaving a lifetime of hopes and dreams lying in the smoldering ruins.

With no other choice available, the Howard family began to re-

build their lives. Pots and pans were salvaged from the smoldering ashes and several old horse blankets provided bedding. Fortunately the barn had been spared and it became the family's new home. As cruel as fate had been, the family still held hope that the war would pass them by.

Weeks later a small detachment of Confederates arrived at the farm. After watering their horses and resting, the soldiers inquired about a trail they had heard about. The trail was little more than a path cutting across the mountain toward New Hope but it would save hours of riding. Howard tried to give the men directions, even drawing them a map, but the directions were still vague and confusing.

Finally one of the soldiers suggested that Howard let one of his sons accompany them to show the way. Howard protested vehemently, saying he did not want his family involved in the war. An argument ensued with the soldiers accusing the family of being Northern sympathizers. The more

Howard tried to protest, the angrier the soldiers became.

The confrontation ended abruptly when several soldiers grabbed a torch and began setting fire to what was left of the homestead. At the same time they accosted the oldest son, demanding to know how old he was. Howard pleaded with the soldiers, explaining that his son was only 13 years old and too young to know anything about the war.

Finally, the soldiers left, with the admonition that the Howards had better choose sides. "If you aren't with us," they warned, "then you are against us!"

Once again the family set about trying to rebuild. The fires had only partially burned the smokehouse and it became their new home. Fortunately, Howard had taken the precaution of hiding some of their belongings in the woods during the daylight hours and now they were the only possessions the family owned.

Like so many other families caught up in the war, the Howards realized they could no longer ignore the conflict. If they remained on their farm, the best they could expect was more visits by marauding soldiers. The worst, however, was the knowledge that if the war lasted much longer one, or possibly both, sons would be forced to serve in the military. In the end, Howard realized the family had no choice but to flee, hopefully to a place where the war would pass them by.

After much discussion within the family it was decided that Texas was their best hope. Elizabeth, however, had seen too many families dispossessed by the war and wandering aimlessly with their few possessions in the back of a wagon. She insisted this was not going to be her family's fate; if they had to leave, she wanted a

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home to go to. Reluctantly Howard agreed to make the journey by himself, find a homestead and then return for the family. So, in the late fall of 1864, David Howard mounted his mule and began the long trek to Texas. He estimated the trip there and back would take three, maybe four, months.

Howard had left the family as well provided for as possible under the circumstances. There was no reason for anyone to venture off the homestead and if an emergency arose there were neighbors only four or five miles distant. There was an abundance of vegetables in the root cellar and several bags of flour and corn meal carefully hidden in the woods. The oldest son was a fairly good shot and could provide occasional squirrels and rabbits for the table, although Howard cautioned his sons to keep the guns well hidden.

The next few months passed uneventfully. Several times soldiers stopped to water their horses and rest but always left without unduly disturbing the family. It was almost as if a peaceful calm had settled on the little cove. Elizabeth even began having doubts as to whether moving to Texas was the right decision.

Late one afternoon the calm was shattered when a small group of neighbors rode into the yard. The remains of a body had been found near the river. The body was unrecognizable, it had been lying there for months and wild animals had scattered the bones.

"Is this your husband's?" they asked while handing her an old weather-beaten felt hat. They already knew the answer. David Howard had worn the hat for years, in fact he had worn it for so long that no one could remember him without it.

As reality began to sink in, Elizabeth seemed to age before their eyes. Her shoulders sagged, wrinkles showed around her eyes and her gleaming black hair now hung dry and listless. One of the men spoke up to say he would build the coffin. Another asked if there was anything else they could do.

Elizabeth hesitantly called for a pencil and paper and after writing her husband's name, year of birth and year of death, asked if one of the men would see about getting a marker. She didn't want to bury her husband, she explained, until he could have a proper burial with a headstone.

A few days later Elizabeth, her sons, and a few neighbors gathered to bury David Howard. There was no preacher so the few words said were kept short. The grave was filled and a sprig of flowers rested next to the headstone, the only marker to a man who just wanted to be left in peace.

Several neighbors were worried about Elizabeth's state of mind and offered to share their homes with the family but she refused the offers. She had her two sons, she said, and they would be all right.

Supper that evening, in the partially burned smokehouse, was a dismal affair. Elizabeth sat in a dark corner of the room rejecting all attempts by her sons to

get her to eat. Regardless of how hard the young lads begged, their mother seemed to be sinking deeper into her own terrifying subconscious world of despair.

That evening, shortly before dark, the boys left to tend the stock. Almost at the same time a straggler, no one is sure from which army, appeared at the burned out homestead. After the customary drink of water the soldier asked where Elizabeth's "men folks" were. Receiving no reply, the stranger became bolder, demanding to know if any money was hidden on the farm. Still,

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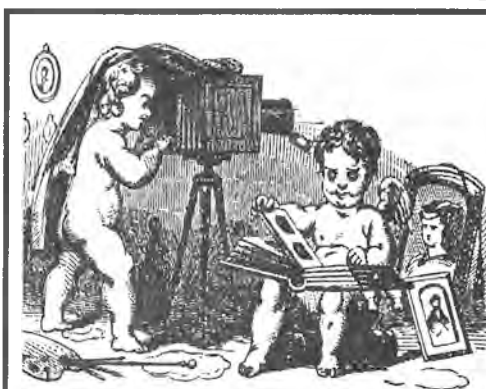


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Elizabeth remained mute, staring at the stranger with empty eyes.

Elizabeth's silence infuriated the straggler. Grabbing her arm, he tried to push her toward the door. When she didn't respond, he began slapping her about the face until finally she fell to the ground in a crumpled heap. Disgusted, the stranger began prowling through the family's few possessions, searching for money or possibly something to drink.

Perhaps the sight of the stranger ransacking her home triggered something in Elizabeth's mind. Perhaps she was past caring. For whatever reason, Elizabeth seemed to draw on an inner strength, fueled by a raging fury, as she grabbed a piece of fire wood and began beating the stranger. Her hopes, her desires, the loss of her home and her husband was driven home every time she raised the piece of wood to hit him again. Consumed by an indescribable rage, she kept hitting, hitting, hitting....

Minutes later her sons returned to a scene of horror. The walls and floor were splattered with blood and gore and their mother was crouched in the floor next to the lifeless body of a stranger whom she kept hitting, and hitting with a stick of wood.

The next morning several neighbors appeared at the home to check on Elizabeth. The door was standing open, revealing the bloody terror of the night before. Immediately a search was begun and a few minutes later the terrified family was found hiding in some nearby bushes. The sight of the trembling woman was enough to make the strongest man recoil.

Elizabeth's gleaming black hair had turned white overnight! Her face was wrinkled and appeared to be that of an old woman. She had aged 30 or 40 years in the span of a few hours.

Without a word being spoken, the neighbors gathered the family together and placed them in the wagon. Until something else could be decided, the neighbors reasoned, Elizabeth and her sons would stay with them.

Elizabeth didn't protest. She didn't say anything. Her mind, as well as her spirit, was completely broken leaving her in a dark world of horror from which she would never recover.

Talk of the brutal attack circulated throughout the community. Before long, everyone knew of the terrible tragedies that had struck the Howard family. No one was prepared for what happened next.

Shaver's top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Old Huntsville Photo album on CD Rom. Vol. II of a priceless collection of Old Huntsville photographs, \$15.95.

2. Historical Markers of Madison County, Ala., with photographs & maps, by The Huntsville/Madison County Historical Society, \$18.95.

3. Old Huntsville Photo Album on CD Rom. Vol. I of a priceless collection of Old Huntsville photographs, \$15.95.

4. Cemeteries of Madison County by Dorothy Scott Johnson. Vol. I, \$25.00 - Vol. II, \$27.00.

5. Old Huntsville Book of Remedies & Recipes, Vol. II, by Cathey Carney. Over 300 pages of mouth watering recipes and timeless tips, \$15.95.

6. A Locust Leaves Its Shell. Collected columns by Bill Easterling. Hardback, \$25.00, paperback, \$12.95.

7. Huntsville-Madison County Deed books, 1810-1819 by Dorothy Scott Johnson, \$20.00.

8. Color Huntsville - A coloring book of Historic Huntsville by Nancy Van Valkenburgh and Freeda Darnell, \$4.25.

9. Huntsville In Vintage Postcards - Over 200 postcards depicting scenes of Huntsville's past, \$18.99.

10. The Architecture of Monte Sano, Huntsville, Alabama by Jane Barr, \$12.95.

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Several weeks later a farmer and his wife, who lived near the Howard farm, were interrupted at their evening meal by a loud pounding on the door. Cautiously the farmer opened the door and stared at their visitor as if seeing a ghost. Finally the wife asked her husband who it was.

"It's David Howard," replied the shaken farmer.

In a jumble of words, with everyone talking at the same time, the story came out.

After Howard had left home early that morning to go to Texas, his mule had been spooked. In the ensuing confusion he had lost his hat, and although he searched, he never found it. He had no idea who was buried in the cemetery under his headstone.

David Howard reclaimed his family and moved to a small farm near Abilene, Texas. Both of his sons grew up to become outstanding citizens of the community. Elizabeth lived until 1891, her mind trapped in the nightmares of a night long ago. David Howard's grave is marked with a headstone he had brought from a grave in Alabama, with the date of death crudely chiseled out.

Another senseless tragedy of a cruel war.

A special thanks to Thelma Contraris, of Paris, Texas, for sharing her family history with us.



Politics

Spiro Agnew's election as Vice-President in 1968 came exactly ten years after his first political victory - his election as Vice-President of the local Kiwanis club.

Setting The Record Straight

In April 1861 the first Negroes were appointed commissioned officers by the Confederacy, in Louisiana. By war's end 93,000 blacks served the Confederate Army. About 100,000 blacks fought in the Union Army and more than 65,000 were killed.

The only statue at Arlington Cemetery commemorating the Confederates who died in battle features a black soldier in a Confederate uniform.



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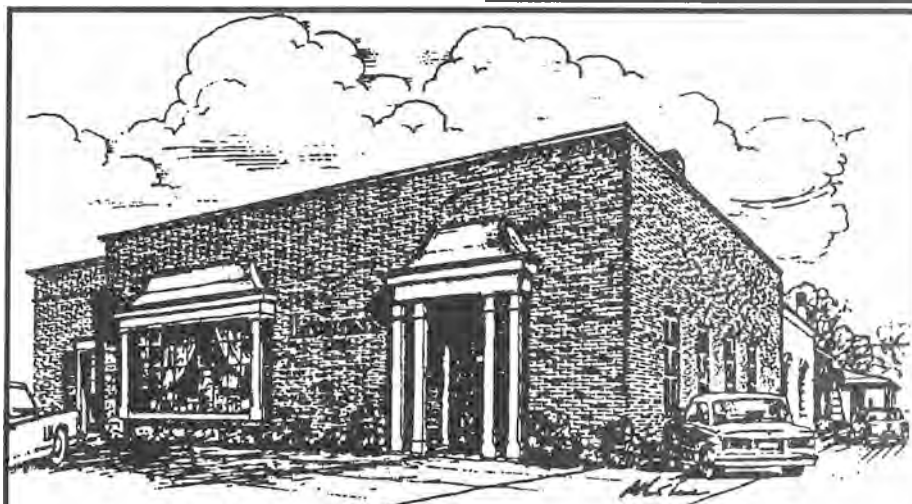
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Dear Editor

Dear Old Huntsville,

On behalf of all the descendants of President James Madison I want to thank you for the feature you did about "The President's Sister." It was a superbly written story and answered many questions about a forgotten period in the family's history.

Your research notes have provided a valuable addition to our genealogical collection. We hope that if you are ever in Chicago we might meet with you and thank you in person.

Huntsville, Alabama is to be commended for supporting a publication that devotes so much time and energy into uncovering the forgotten past.

E. Peters, Chicago

Dear Old Huntsville,

I am 92 years old and have never written a letter to a paper before. When I read your story

about Cecil Bolton and the Maple Grove nightclub it brought back lots of memories. I was working as a part time bartender there during most of the time it was open.

I remember when the sheriff and all the politicians used to run bar tabs there. One time Huntsville was trying to pass some kind of an ordinance and when one politician would not go along with it, they talked him into cutting high card.

Huntsville got the ordinance and everyone was happy.

T. Marshall, Huntsville

Old Huntsville,

I am working on my family's history and was wondering if you can help. I am trying to find my

great-great grandfather who I think lived in Huntsville at one time. I do not know his name or anything about him.

Please send two copies of the information by next week.

G.B., Houston, Texas

Dear Old Huntsville,

We were recently in Huntsville visiting friends and picked up a copy of "The Fabulous Monte Sano Hotel." It was a treasure!

My great-grandparents were married at the hotel and my great-grandmother told me many stories about the event. She said it was the grandest hotel in Alabama.

She said the guests had to change clothes three times a day for the different meals and a band

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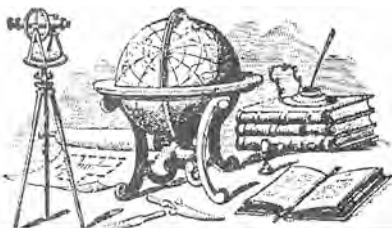
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played at every meal.

My parents carried her back to Huntsville for her fiftieth wedding anniversary and they parked on an overlook on Monte Sano Mountain and had a glass of champagne.

I wish she could have lived long enough to read the story.

M. Younger, Dayton, Tn..

Dear Old Huntsville,

Last year one of my cousins, who lives in Huntsville, sent me a copy of your article about John Hunt. I was quite skeptical, to say the least, having always accepted the prevailing theory that he left Huntsville within a few years of its founding. Never the less, I was intrigued.

I am a professional genealogist, specializing primarily in the mid-western region, including Missouri. I recently had the opportunity to spend several days in the State Archives researching the Herring family. A member of this family had married a Hunt so I also did research on that line. Among the papers I ran across was a collection (copies) of letters from John Hunt, Jr., the son of Huntsville's John Hunt. Remembering your article, I was fascinated when I came across a

letter where John Hunt, Jr. stated that his father died in Huntsville in 1822.

I am sending copies for your information. Congratulations, and keep up the good work!

Lois Younger, St. Louis, Mo.

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Wanted

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News From 1900

- Dropped Dead - James Sanford, a brakeman on the Memphis and Charlestown railroad, dropped dead near the depot of this city Monday.

- Noted: I desire to find my mother and sister who used to belong to Mr. Angelo Steele. My mother's name was Sara. My sister is Harriet. I was sold by Steele to a farm near Canton, Mississippi during the war, and have never seen nor heard from them since my return to Huntsville, August 20, in search of them, where I teamed that my mother was sold to a man in Bridgeport, Alabama, by the name of Jolly who has since died. Write me at 1297 Ferrett Street, New Orleans, Louisiana where I now live, or leave notice with the editors of this paper. Alvin Steele

- Wanted: an elderly woman with no children and good disposition to take charge of house about 4 miles north of town. Con-

tact the editors for more information.

- New Restaurant: Charles Brickie has opened a restaurant and lunch counter on Washington Street where he will be pleased to serve his friends and the public. He states that no food more than three days old will be served.

Danger To Huntsville

from 1915 Huntsville paper

That the authorities should take some steps to stop the reckless driving of automobiles from running by streetcars when standing at crossings is the talk of the town, especially so at Jefferson and Clinton street intersection where so many men and women transfer. No regard is paid to the crowd crossing the streets by the reckless drivers of the smoke belching machines.

At dusk this practice is indeed a most dangerous degree when numbers of jitneys and others who know better, run their cars without lights. The police, no doubt will cause somebody a great deal of trouble when some hapless soul is run down.

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Volume Two

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The Battle Of The Flag

It is the soldier, not the reporter,
Who has given us freedom of the press.
It is the soldier, not the poet,
Who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,
Who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.
It is the soldier, not the lawyer,
Who has given us the right to a fair trial.

It is the soldier,
Who salutes the flag,
Who serves under the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag,
Who allows the protester to burn the flag.

A protest raged on a courthouse lawn,
Round a makeshift stage they charged on,
Fifteen hundred or more they say,
Had come to burn a Flag that day.

A boy held up the folded Flag,
Cursed it, and called it a dirty rag.
An old man pushed through the angry crowd,
With a rusty shotgun shouldered proud.

His uniform jacket was old and tight,
He had polished each button, shiny and bright.
He crossed that stage with a soldier's grace,
Until he and the boy stood face to face.

"Freedom of speech," the old man said,
"Is worth dying for, good men are dead,
So you can stand on this courthouse lawn,

And talk us down from dusk to dawn,
But before any Flag gets burned today,
This old man is going to have his say!

My father died on a foreign shore,
In a war they said would end all war.
But Tommy and I wasn't even full grown,
Before we fought in a war of our own.
And Tommy died on Iwo Jima's beach,
In the shadow of a hill he couldn't quite reach

Where five good men raised this Flag so high,
That the whole damn world could see it fly.

I got this bum leg that I still drag,
Fighting for this same old Flag.
Now there's but one shot in this old gun,
So now it's time to decide which one,
Which one of you will follow our lead,
To stand and die for what you believe?
For as sure as there is a rising sun,
You'll burn in Hell 'fore this Flag burns, son.

Now this riot never came to pass
The crowd got quiet and that can of gas,
Got set aside as they walked away
To talk about what they had heard this day.
And the boy who had called it a "dirty rag,"
Handed the old soldier the folded Flag.

So the battle of the Flag this day was won
By a tired old soldier with a rusty gun,
Who for one last time, had to show to some,
This flag may fade yet these colors don't run.

*A heart felt thanks to all the veterans who helped
give us the liberty we enjoy today.*

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Lemon hair spray

You will need one lemon and 2 cups of water. Take your lemon and chop it up well in a wooden bowl. Add the lemon to the top of a double boiler in which you have put the 2 cups of water. Simmer til the mixture is reduced by about half. Strain this through cheesecloth or a fine silk cloth and pour the liquid into a pump type sprayer. This is gentle, with no alcohol or chemical additions, and can be used for children as well as adults.

Facial mask

1 tablespoon yogurt

1 tablespoon honey

Mix the two together and apply to your clean, moist face. Pat this mask onto the skin for a moisturizing and penetrating application that will hydrate and soothe the face, and help to clear up skin problems.

Perfect skin oil

1 ounce each of soy oil, safflower oil, wheat germ oil, orange oil, peanut oil, corn oil, and vitamin E oil. Mix in 3 drops each of lemon oil and orange oil. Mix all in 8 ounce bottle and store. This is excellent for use on body and

face, as a moisturizer and skin food.

Underarm Deodorant

5 drops of lavender or lemon oil 1/2 cup water

Mix the above in a pump bottle, shake up each time before use. Spray directly to the underarm area.

Huntsville Trivia

1945 - Waterman Airlines begins regular flights to and from Huntsville.

1946 - City council takes a chance on modernization and sells the city's last mules and wagons to C.A. Floyd for \$200.

1958 - Secretary of defense Charles Wilson is hanged in effigy by Huntsvillians who blamed him for Russia being first to launch a spacecraft.

What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers and laser printers all have in common?
Women invented them all.

The Good Old Days in The 1870s

- Ninety-five percent of all Americans lived on farms or in towns less than 2,500 people - and all within 90 miles of the Atlantic Ocean, with the exception of the American Indians.

- About a third of women were pregnant on their wedding day. They could expect to become pregnant every 2 or 3 years afterwards, having 5 to 10 pregnancies. Because the rate of death was so high among children due to illness, she could expect to have 3 to 5 living children.

- There were no right and left shoes. All were straight. Each person alternated his or her shoes from right foot to left foot daily so that they wore evenly.

- Only the ruffles on a man's shirt showed because the rest of the shirt was considered an undergarment. Indeed, the long shirt tads, which were wrapped between the legs, took the place of today's undershorts.

- Half the women could write their own names and about two-thirds of the men were literate.

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

*With pearls of wisdom
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Gallimore and were joined by **Christine Poe** and **Pam Owens**. They really had a great time. Their son was **Tyler** and last year their team was #3 across the nation!

Several of you had asked me about my long-time friend **Ozell Brown** who retired from the U.S. Marshals. **Ozell** and his wife **Becky** live in Scottsboro and are doing well. Their daughter **Missy** is married and lives in Georgia and have made Ozell and Becky proud grandparents.

A big welcome to **Kathleen Robertson** and **Cheryl Tribble** whom recently visited us. Both of them thought Huntsville was absolutely beautiful! We know that Huntsville is a well-kept secret, don't we!

Mr. W. L. Halsey and his lovely wife **Miriam** came to breakfast one Sunday - first time since last June. He had been quite sick but is doing much better and was

Hello! Here it is summer time again. Time just goes by so fast. I've seen lots of you since last month.

The Picture of the Month was guessed by **Kathy Baker**. Kathy works at Johnson Beauty School on Meridian Street. The picture was of **Moody Knight**.

Good to see **Mildred Stephenson** and **Mary Thompson**. It had been so long - thanks for coming by, you two. It was so good to see **Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hunt**. Mrs. Hunt hasn't been well for a while. **Mr. Herman** was my postman for a long time, sure was good to see them, they are mighty fine folks.

Birthday time again for my pal **Doris Lumpkin**. **Kathy Isbell** and **Martha Delaney** brought her to breakfast recently. We have been praying for Kathy, she is not well at all. Cheer up, lady - you look much better and we love you very much.

My little great grandchild **BreAnna** is growing so much and

so beautiful - she is **Duane** and **Beth's** baby.

The 5th Annual **Long Family Reunion** will be held July 21 at the Big Cove Church of Christ. **Peggy Long** is the reunion chairperson. Family members from South Carolina, Ohio, California, Texas, Oregon, Virginia and Georgia are making their plans to attend, along with the many local and area family members. So good to see **Peggy** and her mother **Nell**. If James was smart enough he'd get up on time to eat with us!

We are so sorry to hear about the recent deaths of 2 of the Golden K Kiwanis, **Ed Bradshaw**, and **Bill Certain** died here in Huntsville. These were dedicated men who spent a good part of their later years in working for the Golden K and children's charities. They will be missed so much by family and friends.

These dear people from Birmingham were in town for their son's basketball tournament. They were **Tom** and **Krista**

Photo of The Month

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

Hint: A beautiful lady often seen around the courthouse.



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Sandra Steele, President

looking good.

You know I was brought up in a family of 12. There are only 5 of us living now. We all got together recently and it was wonderful. My sister **Naomi** lives in Bradenton, Florida. My brother **John** lives at Horton, Alabama, my oldest sister **Ruth** lives with her daughter Betty. My sister **Elizabeth** joined us as well. We had the best time.

I've made some new friends with **Bill Fowler, Nancy Siniard** and **Molly Bailey** from Totalcom Marketing and Summit Media. I also met **Saddler Evans, Andy Wilkins, Paul McDade** and **Randy Reed**. So good to see fine young people like these!

I was so happy to see my old friend **Steve Bzdell** at breakfast the other day. He told me that his son **John Bzdell** (owner of the Rack Cafe) is training to compete in a 100 mile bicycle race for the Leukemia Society. It's wonderful thing to see people get so involved in helping others.

Congratulations to **Sheriff Whisante** on the great job you're doing - we appreciate you more than words can say. Our Mayor **Loretta Spencer** is working so hard and I don't know how she keeps up the energy. Although it's a long time til the next election, I hear she'll be running again. Among everything else, she has done such a beautiful job with the flowers and plants around the downtown area.

Speaking of flowers, those of you who haven't been to Bennett's on North Parkway are in for a treat - **George Bennett** has flower beds already made up - just to walk through the greenhouses and listen to the music (live) is so relaxing. Congratulations to George and his team!

Lana Fisher grew up here near the restaurant and she ate with me lots as a teenager. She

married a **Davis** but all along the way she would drop by and eat with me. She had 2 fine children, but now Lana is a widow. She came to see me this week and brought her 91-year old mother, **Mrs. Jesse Fisher**, to see me. Love you Lana!

So glad to see "Po Boy" restaurant here on Andrew Jackson being so successful - they stay packed! **Donna** and **Marie** - I'm so proud of you! So sorry our friend **Larry Mullins** isn't feeling good these days - get better, Larry - we've been here a long time!

Congratulations to **Dr. Craig Thorstad** and his staff (at the Center for Sight) on their new building. It is really beautiful. Saw **Loyd** at Outback Steakhouse the other day. He works really hard and asked me to say hello to all of you for him.

I thought I didn't have anything to write about but now I can't stop! I'd better go - remember that I love you all and come see me!

Donna Siniard

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- 2 1/2 c. powdered sugar
- 4 egg whites
- 1 t. cream of tartar
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Beat all but the nuts for 15 minutes, add the nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 225 degrees for an hour, then turn your oven off and leave til cool.

Sugary Spiced Nuts

- 2 c. toasted pecan halves
- 1 egg white
- 1/4 c. sugar
- 1 t. cinnamon
- dash salt

In a large bowl, pour your pecans, add the unbeaten egg white and mix well til all halves are coated. Mix sugar, cinnamon and salt, sprinkle over the nuts. Mix all well, pour onto greased cookie sheet, bake at 300 degrees for 30 minutes.

Rich Fudge Sauce

- 1 c. Hershey's instant cocoa mix, sweetened
- 1/3 c. boiling water
- 1/2 t. almond extract
- 2 T. butter

Blend cocoa mix, water and butter in pan over low heat. Add almond extract, pour over everything.

Honeyballs

- 1 c. honey
- 1 c. peanut butter
- 2 c. dry powdered milk
- 1 c. corn flakes, crushed

Cream the honey and peanut butter, mix with powdered milk, shape into balls. Roll in cereal and eat (or serve).

Peach Surprise

- 1 c. Eagle Brand Sweetened condensed milk
- 2 lemons (juice only)
- 1/2 pt. whipping cream

- 1 can sliced peaches

Graham cracker pie crust

Mix the lemon juice with the milk, stir in the peaches. Pour into the crust, beat whipping cream and add to top, garnish with peach slices, refrigerate til serving time.

Peanut Butter Balls

- 1 c. peanut butter
- 1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 c. coconut, shredded
- 2 1/2 q. popped corn, unsalted
- 1 6-oz. pkg. Semi-sweet chocolate pieces

Combine the peanut butter, milk and coconut. Add the popcorn and toss til covered. Shape into balls 1 1/2 inch wide, place on waxed paper in a large flat container. Refrigerate. In the meantime, melt the chocolate chips over hot water in double boiler, spread over tops of balls in a lacy pattern, back in fridge to harden.

Lemonade Pie

- 1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened condensed milk
- 1 small can frozen lemonade
- 1 large carton Cool Whip
- juice of 1 lemon
- 2 graham cracker pie crusts

Mix the first 4 ingredients, pour into pie shells. Refrigerate til served - 1 to 2 hours.

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Chocolate Covered Peanuts

2 c. salted Spanish peanuts
1 6-oz pkg. Semi sweet chocolate pieces

1 6-oz pkg. Butterscotch morsels

2 T. peanut butter

Melt the peanut butter, chocolate and butterscotch in a large pan, add the peanuts and stir well. Drop onto waxed paper and back into fridge.

Bride's Salad

1 pkg. Lime gelatin
1 c. crushed pineapple
1 c. Cheddar cheese
1 c. nuts
3/4 c. mayonnaise

Prepare the gelatin, and when partially congealed add the pineapple, cheese, nuts, and mayonnaise. Mix well, pour into molds. Chill to firm and top with whipped cream.

Congo Squares

2 sticks butter, melted
2 3/4 c. self-rising flour
3 eggs
1 box brown sugar
1 c. pecans. Chopped
1 12-oz. bag semi-sweet chocolate chips

Mix butter and brown sugar, add flour, then eggs. Stir in nuts

and chips, pour into 9x13 inch greased baking pan, bake at 300 degrees for 40 minutes.

Cobbler's Pie

1 stick butter
1 c. milk
1 c. sugar
1 c. self-rising flour
2 t. baking powder
2 c. fruit

Mix all ingredients, bake at 300 degrees for 45 minutes and top is browned.

Date and Nut Candy

2 c. sugar
1 c. dates, chopped
2 T. butter
1 c. evaporated milk
1 c. nuts, chopped

Boil the sugar with milk til soft ball stage (dropped in cold water a drop forms a soft ball.) Add the dates and nuts with the butter. Boil til candy cooks away from sides of pan, beat til stiff enough to roll. Put on a cold, damp cloth, form into roll and refrigerate. Slice into 1/2 inch slices, cut each slice in quarters, serve.

My husband Fang said
that the only domestic
thing about me is that I
was born in this country.
Phyllis Diller

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A Letter Home

Huntsville, Alabama, 6 Aug 1864

Dear Brother-in-law & Sister'

May these bare lines meet with you in good health. I am so far right hale and hearty. I want to let you know in short how it is here and what happens. We have so far been fortunate, having still lost no man through the enemy, although the bushwhackers are fairly thick in the vicinity.

Our regiment is near the city on a hill where (there) is a fortress with 8 cannons which can be used over the city and all around the

whole region. The city is very beautiful but has gained much damage through the war already. We have no danger, only if we should be attacked at night, and if that happens the whole city will explode into the air and burn up, what the citizens know well enough and therefore are always afraid, it should happen.

One sees few whites almost not as many as blacks which are very friendly giving up the hat to the soldiers. We perpetually have 50 to 80 blacks that must hew timber for new fortresses, or do other work. These were slaves in the country about (here) and must work whether they want or not, there is always a guard by them. I have good hours since I am the company's bugler, (I) need to do no watch, and no rifle to carry. Only to practice an hour each morning. However, the boys have it fairly hard, every other day on picket, and each day a unit goes out to scout after bushwhackers, but to now have found no opposition. Last night the report came that a 400 man enemy cavalry was approaching, whereupon the pickets were immediately doubled, but did not let themselves be seen just yet, should they attempt it, so we are ready for them, in order to welcome (them) warmly.

The land here is excellent and very much cotton was planted, but the fences are all gone, therefore (they) must widen deep ditches around the fields as fences. For 2 weeks it has rained almost every night here, huge bad storms move through the valley. The old man who lives in the flat, his son who is in our company, you know him also, he is a handsome big boy, will probably die, since he has an extreme fever. Yesterday he was admitted into the hospital, and last night he jumped from the window 3 sto-

ries high since he is sometimes out of his head. I visited him this morning, he said he had not hurt himself, that can't be. We all regret his loss since he was an excellent corporal.

There is talk in circulation that we are coming to Indiana for the election, which I much doubt since we are necessary here, still it could be possible. We are 310 miles from Indianapolis, it is very hot here, but yet we have good water, there is a spring here as large and even stronger as the long branch. I wanted to receive a few lines from you, how you are and what gives otherwise. I wait already next to 2 weeks for a letter from Susanna, and still have none, what is the reason, I do not know. Many greetings to Fredrich, Kaspar, Calander, Graf, Stollens, Brebner, and all acquaintance. The next time I will write more, since I am in a hurry. If we should come to Indianapolis, then I will also come home, the company can go as it wants. In anticipation of your answer, I remain Your dear brother-in-law and brother

My address is John Drexel, Company CO 13th Ind. Cav.vol 5 Huntsville, Alabama



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Power Of The Pen

Randy Myer, city public information director in Lexington, Kentucky, paid \$400 in 1961 for a set of steel-belted tires that were "bulletproof, spikeproof and bombproof," A month later he had a flat running over a ball-point pen. "It still wrote," he proclaimed.

Rocket Science

by Jerry M. Wilbanks

Baby boomers all, the kids in my neighborhood of Huntsville Park (or Merrimack Village as it had been known to the previous generation) grew up as the space program developed at the Marshall Spaceflight Center. Also going on at that time was the building and testing of new weapons systems at Redstone Arsenal. As a result of these highly publicized programs, we were kids absolutely obsessed with rocketry! After all, one of the gates to Redstone Arsenal Military Reservation was, literally, just up the street. That street would have been Park Boulevard or Triana. I lived on this street, almost directly across from Huntsville Manufacturing Company.

In fifth grade, I organized a group of fellow ten-year old enthusiasts from Joe Bradley School and formed a science club. We were all from the mill village and our club met in one or another of our homes each week.

We tried to schedule a field trip or activity after each meeting. Usually it was the launching of our latest home-made rocket in the open space behind the ball park next to the school. Sometimes,

however, we would visit someone in the neighborhood who had a special interest or knowledge in science. One club member's neighbor was a ham radio operator and he gave us a very good talk about short wave communications and ended the evening by letting each of us don the headphones and listen in, to our amazement, on the radio signal being emitted by the newly launched Russian satellite Sputnik. This first satellite to be lifted into orbit, as many will remember, was programmed by the Russians to send out a signal of greeting which could be picked up by anyone with the simplest of short-wave receivers!

We had several good trips like this, with the focus on radio communications, astronomy and other science related topics. We even had adult supervision throughout most of this period in the form of our school teacher who gave us great support and encouragement. She stood by us loyally until the birth of her first child took all of her attention away from extracurricular activities. Left to our own devices, we were mainly

The biggest challenge
is to make your life
into something that will
outlast it.

interested in the big bang of rocket science..... and this is what ultimately led to our "time of troubles."

We cobbled together every kind and style of rocket or missile and the high point of our get-togethers, as I have stated before, was the launching of these questionable devices. Our usual scheme was to take a cardboard

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tube, seal one end with a cap or warhead, cover the whole deal with aluminum foil to give it that shiny rocket look and fill it with large, tightly packed kitchen match heads. The match heads were the only practical, easily obtainable propulsion system we could manage.

Alternative systems, such as CO2 cartridges and one or two other bright ideas, had been tried and rejected.

The match head experiments usually ended in disappointment as there was not sufficient thrust developed to propel the missile straight up into the air which was the whole point of the blooming exercise! We tried to correct this problem with traditional engineering approaches. We tried different kinds of match heads and ultimately discovered the most fiery and combustible. We built a ramp for launches, reasoning that our propulsion would be more efficiently focused in a

semi-horizontal blast-off attempt. These measures met with only modest success.

A real advance was realized in improving the performance of the solid propellant when we began to add paraffin to the mix. Match heads suspended in paraffin, we found, produced a great deal of thrust, plus fiery, dripping, spectacular combustion as well. This was altogether gratifying to our lust for showy, alarming pyrotechnics.

However, the real coup de grace came with the culmination of all our engineering efforts: we somehow got our hands on a small supply of gunpowder. We immediately set about building the super rocket. We found a piece of copper tubing which we rigged out on one end with a bullet shaped nosecone. We had difficulty attaching this item. Using every tool and trick at our disposal ... tamping hammers, glue, hose clamp, etc...we at last declared it to be

securely attached. Next, we filled the metal tube with the explosive black powder (kids, don't try this at home!) sealed the end with tissue and inserted a three inch green fuse pulled from a cherry bomb. We leaned our rocket against the ramp which sat on a log in my back yard, and without the slightest inkling of good judgement or common sense (that highly regarded southern virtue,) we put a lit match to that fuse and proceeded to duck and cover. There followed a mighty booming and earth-shaking shock wave, something on the order of heavy artillery going off outside your bedroom window.

The copper tube lay just where we had leaned it on the launching ramp but the nosecone was nowhere to be found! We had launched that nosecone like a bullet into parts unknown. It is my opinion that the nosecone/projectile has by this time entered Jupiter space and is being inexorably

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drawn into the gravity field of that massive gas giant. Based on the sound of the explosive blast and the mind-numbing concussion, for it to have travelled such a distance in no way stretches the imagination or challenges the credibility of those on hand to witness it!

When we had recovered sufficiently to know our own names and to know that our leaving the vicinity would probably be best all around, it became a general skedaddle on the part of the Huntsville Park Rocket Science Club. It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost! We ran, all of us...Andy, Buster, Tony, the brothers Joe and Dan, myself ... like boys who were truly late for an appointment, And we had no intention of ever coming back!

During our absence, someone in my neighborhood (I never knew exactly who) phoned the police department and reported a breach of the peace. When I came sneaking back home around dusk, I learned that my father had been interviewed by a policeman and was made aware of the back yard experiment which had generated so much consternation in the neighborhood. The less said about the subsequent confrontation between my father and myself, the better. Suffice it to say that I was properly rebuked and chastised.

I don't know what would cause my neighbors to turn on me

like that!

My story now moves ahead ten years. In 1967 I joined the Army and, after basic training, I was sent to the Air Defense School at Fort Bliss, Texas to become a radar operator with the Nike Hercules Missile system, I completed the training cycle and became a for real, genuine, U.S. Army Missileman, school trained and fully qualified to acquire and track targets and to guide missiles on an intercept course with these dastardly intruders! The final phase of our training involved firing a Nike Hercules missile at a drone target. To say that my crew were very excited would be an understatement. When the big day came we travelled by bus to the test site just across the border in New Mexico. Other crews were firing ahead of us so we had to wait our turn.

The missiles were equipped with conventional high explosive warheads. If you were viewing the "event" outside you might see a small puff of smoke off in the distance when a target was de-

stroyed. Those participating in a mission, however, were located in a radar van deep inside a fallout shelter. After engaging a target, our computerized equipment would indicate a hit or a miss.

My opportunity to fire a real missile had finally arrived. I was a pro now no more backyard fiascoes for me! When our time came we located our target and set our equipment to track it automatically while we put a missile up to pursue it. Our attack had developed flawlessly, The target was locked in our range gate, the missile left its launcher with the four rocket motor boosters producing 186,000 pounds of thrust and the missile's speed topping out at 2500 miles per hour. The computer indicated a hit and a cheer went up inside the van!

There was only one little hitch.

The HE warhead had failed to detonate. This meant that the missile had sailed past the target harmlessly and continued its flight, losing more and more momentum, until it smashed itself into a nearby range of mountains.



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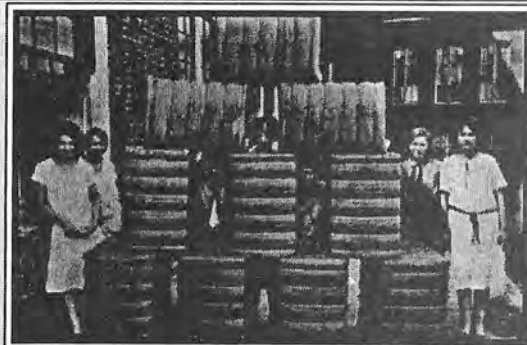
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Still, the warhead did not explode. A disarm team was ordered to ascend the mountainous terrain, locate the missile and destroy the explosive warhead or otherwise render it harmless. They located the wreckage of the missile around 9:00PM that night and dealt with it appropriately.

I've tried to come up with a moral for this story, but nothing occurs to me, offhand. I was mighty disappointed to find that another big launch in my life had turned out to be a bust. I'm sure that other missilemen would sympathize with me completely. After all, what's the big deal? Its only rocket science!

Bits Of Huntsville History



1908 - Madison County becomes the first county in the state to use gas-powered buggies and motorcycles to deliver mail.

1910 - The spring, located downtown, finally gets a name. Mrs. Grace Walker appeared before the city governing body with a request that the spring be named the Big Spring Park. The motion barely passed.

1921 - Huntsville's first supermarket, Piggly Wiggly, opens with J.S. Comer as the manager.

1930 - A mad dog runs amuck in Bryant's Alley, biting fifteen people, all of whom had to take the dreaded rabies treatment.

1933 - The first state unemployment office opens in the Madison County Courthouse. Unemployed people were lined up for three blocks on the day of the opening.

Words Of Wisdom

- The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was told that he had used poor grammar in his sermon that morning. "Did I?" he said. "Well, all I have to say is - God help the grammar if it gets in my way when I'm preaching."

- Robert E. Lee was beloved by his army as few generals have ever been, and his personal influence in critical moments was immense. On one occasion Lee was riding through the ranks of his men just before a conflict. He uttered no word. He simply removed his hat and passed bareheaded along the line. "It was," said one who witnessed the act, "the most eloquent address ever delivered." And a few minutes later, as the men advanced to the charge, this witness heard a youth, as he ran forward, crying

and reloading his musket, shout through his tears that "any man who would not fight after what General Lee had said was a coward."

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Courting In The Olden Days



three times he could find her, she was his. If not, he could try again two weeks later. If he failed again, he had to give up.

Other countries had some pretty strange customs, as well:

In an Australian tribe the man shot the woman with barbless arrows and then was kind enough to offer to take her home and take the arrows out.

If a young man in Ireland was having trouble convincing his chosen one of his charms, he would steal a hair from her head, thread it through a needle, find a corpse and thread the hair through the arm or leg of the dead person. This procedure was supposed to make him irresistible to the girl.

The wedding ceremony of a certain group of Eskimos involved a curious ordeal. The groom had to drag his betrothed to his hut.

She would be kicking and

screaming, fighting him vehemently, until safely in the hut. Once inside she cheerfully assumed her new station in life.

I can't remember if
I'm the good twin or
the evil one.



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The Stone Warrior

by Ken Owens

Most of us are familiar with the statue of the Confederate soldier on the courthouse lawn, but some don't realize there's some interesting history behind him, too.

The idea of a memorial originated with the United Daughters of the Confederacy shortly after the turn of the century. They felt that the spirit of Southern fighting men during the Civil War should be preserved for the future, and what better way than a statue?

They sponsored many socials, rummage sales, teas and parties

in the Huntsville area to raise money for the project. Finally, they accumulated \$2500 and began to put the plan together.

Today, \$2500 doesn't sound like a lot, but in 1905, it was enough to buy an exquisite piece of Vermont granite and hire a sculptor to perform the work.

Huntsville had a pretty decent sculpting artist in 1905 by the name of Oscar Hummel, to whom the UDC wanted to give the job. However, since he was a local artist, some felt he wouldn't be able to do as good a job as other sculptors somewhere else. As a sort of test, he was assigned to sculpt an Indian head. If the Indian head was satisfactory, he would get the job. It was, and he did.

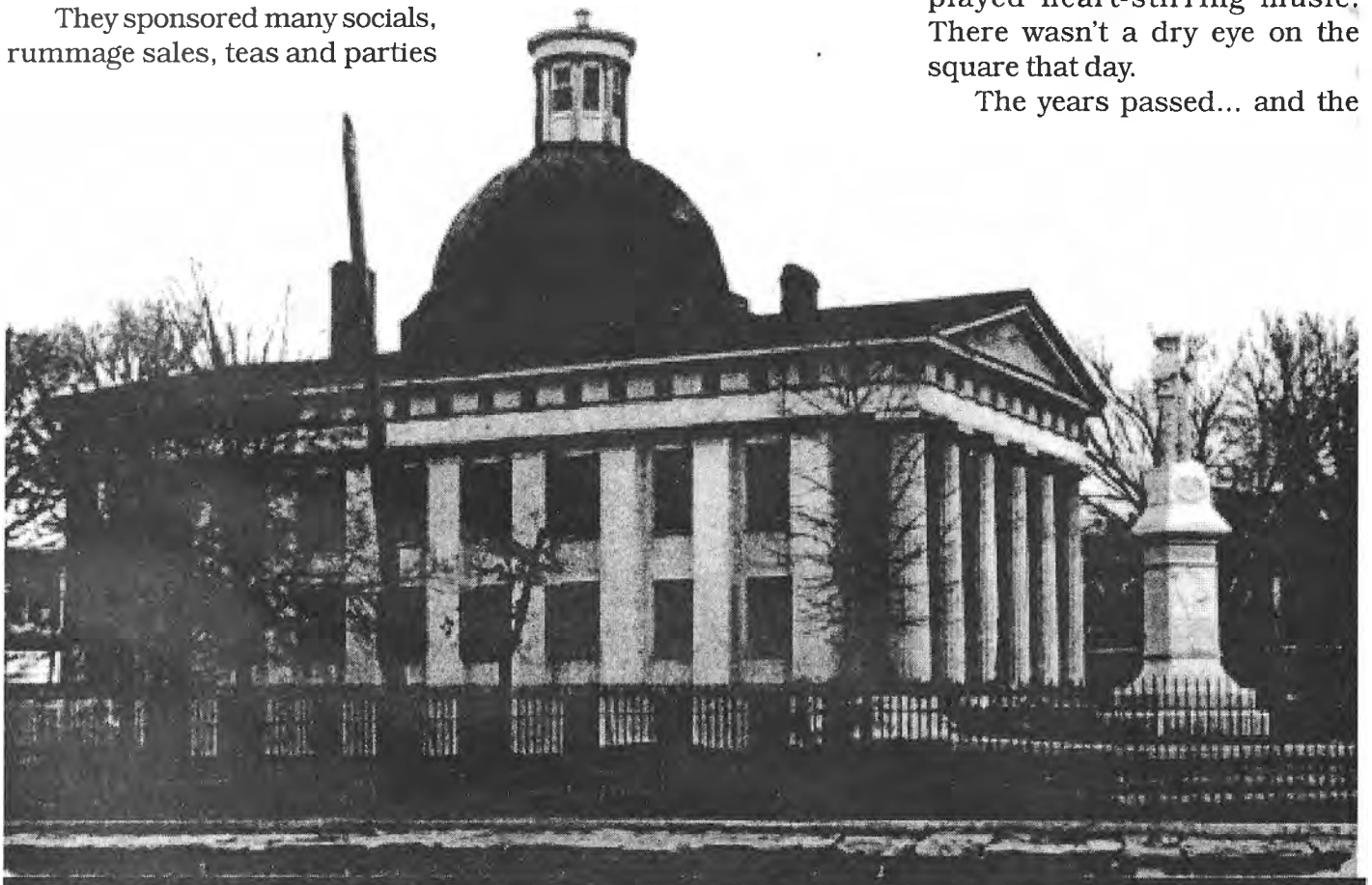
Hummel set up shop on the site that is today a parking lot next to the Church of the Visitation in downtown Huntsville. As soon as the granite arrived, Hummel began his work. His model was Jim Mott Robinson, of Hazel Green.

In those days, a blacksmith shop was at the corner of Washington Street close to Hummel's shop. People would watch the progress of the statue while they waited their turn to have their buggies and surreys repaired by the blacksmith. Most were amazed and pleased with the progress as Hummel tirelessly continued.

At last, the statue was complete, and dedication plans were being finalized.

November 21, 1905, was a wonderfully festive day. Wagons, carts, horses and people jammed the courthouse square for the dedication. Dignitaries were on hand with windy speeches and well-wishes, including the Mayor of Huntsville, the county commissioner, and the Governor of Alabama. Thirteen pretty young ladies (one for each state of the former Confederacy) laid a large wreath at the pedestal base of the statue while Monroe's band played heart-stirring music. There wasn't a dry eye on the square that day.

The years passed... and the



old soldier silently stood his ceaseless vigil as sentry, facing south in honor of those who fought for the Confederacy.

In 1966, plans were underway to tear down the old courthouse and replace it with a modern new one. Obviously, the statue had to be moved out of the way before the work started. A crane was called in to perform the task, which went well and without incident. The crane merely lifted the statue from the courthouse lawn, swung it across the street, and carefully set it down on the front lawn of the First National Bank.

This was to be the soldier's temporary home until the new courthouse was completed.

Before the completion of the courthouse, demolition of Cotton Row began in order to make way for the construction of the new State National Bank Building.

The fateful day was June 29, 1966. During the destruction of Cotton Row, one of the walls fell right on the warrior and knocked him down, breaking off his head, both hands, and his feet.,

Since the UDC actually owned the statue, the Huntsville chapter president, Mrs. R.G. Moore, was notified. She came to the scene via a police car that picked her up at home and was both horrified and sickened by the sight of the old soldier, in pieces, before her. She absently tried to pick up the head for safekeeping before she realized it was too heavy.

Then began the long process of replacement, including insurance claims and legal actions.

At first, it appeared that molds could be made of the damaged parts for replacement, since the body of the statue was undamaged. However, that wasn't possible, and it was determined that a new sculpture had to be made... so the insurance appraisal was

done that way.

The legal process took an unbelievable two-year period, but eventually, the courts found in favor of the UDC in March, 1968. The resculpting process could at last begin.

The work was awarded to the Georgia Marble Works, one of only five granite sculptors in the U.S. The granite used was Georgia granite... good, but not as visually appealing as Vermont granite.

The original undamaged pedestal was used, but the difference in the granites necessitated some resanding for a color match.

The new warrior's hands and face are exactly as the old one's were; the body is pretty close to the original except for some minor differences in the folds and creases of the uniform.

The original statue was surrounded by an iron picket fence, which has been officially (are you ready for this?) "misplaced."

In case you're wondering what happened to the original statue, last word was that it is in the good care of Mrs. George C. Crome in Memphis, Tennessee.

The next time you have business at the courthouse, you might pause a moment to reflect on the stone warrior who, like countless thousands on both sides during the Civil War, moved up to replace a fallen comrade.

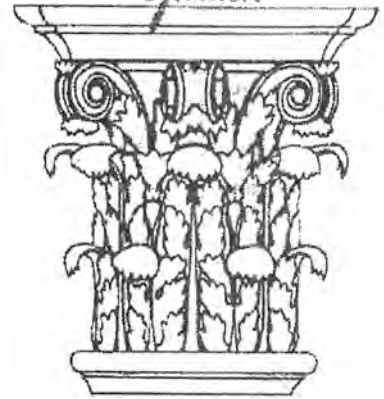


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Religious Storm

From 1907 newspaper

Rev. J. H. Newberry, who is conducting revival meetings in the big tent at the Calhoun lot, says that Huntsville has many influences for evil. He has directed his batteries at the popular amusements of the city and says that the picture shows, the skating rinks and the natatorium should not be tolerated by the Christian parents of this city.

He said that the mothers who allow their daughters to go to the rinks and roll on the skates there are allowing them to run the risk of rolling on into hell. He said that the bathing pool and the picture shows have influences against social purity. He promises to continue in his denunciations until he receives a sign telling him to stop.

Two weeks later the following article appeared

Storm Destroys Revival Tent

The gospel tent that has been put up in the Calhoun lot for the evangelistic services that were to have begun Sunday afternoon,

was blown down in the storm of Sunday afternoon, an hour or two before the services were scheduled to begin. It was impossible to open services then. Preacher Newberry is spending the time working on new sermons.

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Man Has Grasshopper In Ear For Three Years

A grasshopper, after being lodged in the ear of Tom Wall of Monrovia for 3 years, was extracted last Saturday by Dr. M. R. Moorman of this city.

Mr. Wall says that about three years ago he had a feeling of some bug or insect entering his ear. He called his wife's attention to it and she treated his ear with hot water. After some inconvenience he thought no more about the matter, as his hearing was not interfered with in the least.

A short while ago, his other ear began giving him trouble, and he went to Dr. Moorman for relief, casually telling him of the insect's getting in his ear long before. Dr. Moorman made an examination and found something imbedded in the ear against the drum, as far down as it could be. He drew it out and much to his surprise and that of Mr. Wall, it was a grasshopper of medium size. It was in a perfect state of preservation. The shell, of course, was all that remained, the other parts having decomposed.

Dr. Moorman says that while the case is unusual, such things

are not unknown in medical history.

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper

Highway Man Becomes Mistress At School

A sensation in Birmingham was caused by the death of whom was thought to be a headmistress of a girls' school, who was found to be of the sterner sex at his death.

The "mistress" has led a very quiet life, but was much esteemed by parents and pupils alike for "her" excellent teaching. Years ago, the man had been sentenced to a Texas penitentiary as a highway man but escaped on the way there.

He obtained woman's clothing to make good his escape and apparently found the apparel so pleasing, decided to adapt for good, the female attire and habits. For sixteen years his secret

was safe until the Grand Reaper placed his body on the coroners table.

from 1911 newspaper

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Ed Bradshaw And The American Rocket Program

In 1944 the world was at war. Although most people believed the war was entering its final phrase, experts at the Pentagon had reasons to fear. The Nazis had developed new weapons of mass destruction; rockets designed to spread terror hundreds of miles from their launch sites.

The Allies had been caught unprepared. Most of the rocket research in America had been conducted before the war by Dr. Goddard, using a liquid propellant, but when war was declared the project was given a low priority.

In an effort to catch up, the Pentagon assigned Col. Leslie Skinner to form a group of rocket specialists. Skinner was the logical choice as he had earlier developed the bazooka, a hand-held rocket launcher used with much effectiveness against the dreaded German *Panzer* tank corps.

Army intelligence had captured several German *Niebelwerfer* rockets, truck mounted missiles, and with this information the Pentagon decided to start its own rocket program. There were only a handful of people with any experience in missiles to choose from. One of these was Ed Bradshaw, a young Lieutenant stationed at Cal-Tech who had already been working with rockets for several years.

Bradshaw grew up in El Dorado, Oklahoma, the son of an oil field roustabout. The depression had hit Oklahoma hard, with thousands of people out of work and soup lines in every town. Regardless, Bradshaw's parents were determined their children would have a better life and knew it could only come about with education. Although his parents only had an income of \$75 a month, they still contributed \$20 a month toward Bradshaw's expenses when he entered college. Bradshaw paid the rest of his tuition by making beds, cleaning bathrooms, and even cleaning house for one of the professors' wives.

In spite of financial difficulties, the young engineering student thrived in the new environment. Bradshaw had always been a consummate tinkerer with a passionate desire to know what made things work. Now he was learn-

ing how to apply his own theories to designs and planning.

As a member of the ROTC, Bradshaw worked with a WWI vintage French 75mm artillery piece. The gun was huge, requiring 3 teams of horses to pull it, and had

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a limited range and mobility. Bradshaw had been reading technical journals and was aware of research being done in Germany. He found it hard to believe that we were depending on horses while other countries were developing rockets.

Bradshaw soon discovered that having an education did not automatically open up new doors. In his graduating class, only 40% got jobs - he was among the 60%. With no other options available, he joined the Army.

The beginning of WW11 found Bradshaw stationed at Watervliet, New York, a huge arsenal that manufactured heavy artillery guns and gun carriages. The Army was already becoming concerned about missile development in Germany and chose Bradshaw and two others, out of 1200 officers, to take a course on rockets.

The course was mostly theoretical as the United States did not possess any true rockets, but it was enough to excite the young engineer.

Soon afterwards he was assigned to the Pentagon with the task of working on a small 4 1/2" rocket for the Army. Part of the project carried him to Cal Tech where he met Col. Skinner.

When Col. Skinner received orders to create a rocket program he recruited Bradshaw as his as-

sistant. This assignment made him the number two man for the American guided missile program. This was a dream job for Bradshaw. Col. Skinner took care of the red tape and the bureaucracy while Bradshaw was able to concentrate his energies on what he had always wanted to do - build rockets.

Life for Bradshaw became a whirlwind of activity. He was involved in projects ranging from designing rockets to assist jets in take off, to participating in top secret planning for placing a satellite in orbit. And this was before the war was even over with!

They had been using Leach Lake, in California, to launch their rockets but Skinner knew that with bigger rockets on the drawing board a much bigger site was needed. After traveling all over California in search of a site they came to one conclusion - lots of people lived in the desert!

Finally, Bradshaw and two others selected a site near Almgordo, New Mexico. This would become known as White Sands Proving Grounds. The first missiles tested at White Sands were the Tiny Tim and the WAC Corporal. A year later he was in charge of launch operations for the Nike, the world's first truly guided missile.

The projects were not without mishaps, however. Some of the

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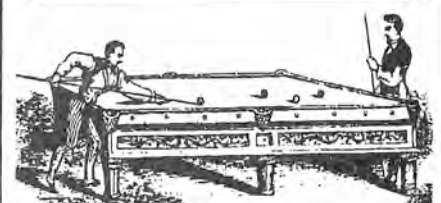
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rockets had an irritating way of falling back to where they were launched, making the flight director's job interesting to say the least. Once Bradshaw was sitting on the trailer carrying a Nike rocket when an explosive charge in the tail fin went off. After the smoke cleared Bradshaw was still sitting there. When asked why he didn't run, he replied "I didn't have time!"

When Von Braun and his team arrived they shared launch facilities with the Americans. Once, after a launch, Bradshaw looked up to see a rocket gone astray, headed for El Paso. He later remembered thinking "I hope it's not one of ours!" It was a German V2 rocket and it landed a few miles across the Mexican border, leaving a huge crater and a terrified population. It took high level diplomacy to smooth the incident over with Mexico.

In 1946 Bradshaw decided to leave the Army but first had to take care of some earlier business. While stationed in New York he had fallen in love with a young



Secretary of the Army Hoffman presents a Presidential Award to Ed Bradshaw

lady by the name of Sted. Calling long distance from California to New York, Bradshaw asked her to marry him. When she accepted, he immediately jumped into his Packard and drove cross country. Sted's father was Austrian and her mother Ukrainian - Bradshaw later joked that the only English words spoken during the whole ceremony was when he said "I do."

Bradshaw worked for private industry where he continued doing rocket design and development until the Korean war began

and the reserves were called to active duty. In 1952 he was assigned to Redstone Arsenal, with the rank of Major, as head of the anti-aircraft rocket development section. After six months he was notified that if he wanted to stay in the Army he would have to take a demotion from Major to Captain, as his Major's rank was a reserve commission.

He chose to take a release and went back to work the next morning doing the same job, only in civilian clothes. Until his retirement he continued working on missile development. Some of the projects he worked on were the Loki, Hawk, Nike, Zeus, Hercules and the Patriot rockets.

In all, he spent over thirty years in the rocket programs. His work helped the United States to become the most powerful nation in the world. In 1976 he, and his wife Sted, were summoned to Washington, D.C., where in a special ceremony he was awarded the Presidential Award by the Secretary of the Army.

Bradshaw and his wife loved



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Huntsville and became an invaluable part of the community. After so many years traveling with the military and the rocket programs, they felt like they had finally found their home. As an inveterate tinkerer, he was a popular figure in his neighborhood where every Saturday morning neighbors would get his help with lawn mowers and appliances f to repair.

Bradshaw was an active member of the Golden K Kiwanis Club, a group dedicated to helping children, whose main funding comes from the distribution of *Old Huntsville Magazine*. Ironically, Bradshaw gave *Old Huntsville* the distinction of probably being the only magazine in the world to have a rocket engineer as a paper boy!

Although Werhner von Braun and his team of German scientists have received massive amounts of publicity, and rightfully so, history seems to have forgotten about the Americans who labored on the rocket programs.

If you are ever in White Sands Proving Grounds, visit the museum. There's a picture of a young rocket man, Ed Bradshaw, hanging on the walls. It was taken before the von Braun team came to America.

Several days after the completion of this story Edward Bradshaw died. He was a husband, a father, a grandfather, and a friend to many. He will be missed.

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Huntsville Woman Swallows Snake

Miss Mamie Nolan, of Holmes Ave., has been in the habit of drinking water directly from the aqueduct by putting her mouth to the tap.

She will not do it anymore, however, for she had an experience today that showed her the folly of such a course. While she was drinking, a water snake about ten inches long passed through the faucet, and went half-way down her throat.

She could not yell, but she managed to attract attention by throwing herself down on the floor and kicking. The snake was pulled from her throat, and she fully recovered from her fright in an hour, but her throat is still sore.

from 1913 Huntsville newspaper



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Three may keep a secret,
if two of them are dead.
Benjamin Franklin

Sally Carter, "Ghost Of The Golden Ghetto"

Drive down Whitesburg until you come to Drake Avenue. Look over at the corner of the intersection and you will see a high brick wall surrounding a group of homes. This development, with its stately antebellum home as a centerpiece, would be just another group of homes to the average passerby if it were not for the ghostly legend lurking within its walls.

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 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 moon-lit 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 a tale.

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.

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

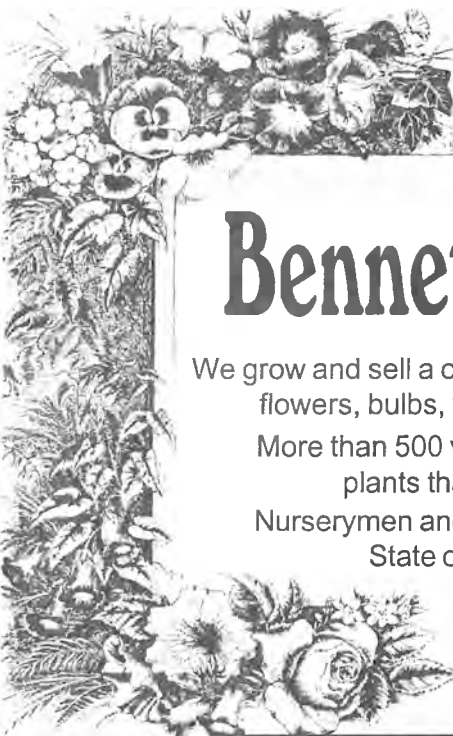
The grave was opened and the vault was found to be intact, with no sign of damage. But when the vault was opened, Sally's body

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 Decorator's 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 ap-

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peared 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 teenager's 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 sixty 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."

Self-respect - the secure feeling that no one, as yet, is suspicious.
H. L. Mencken

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Beat 1 1/4 cup margarine, 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup sugar til fluffy.

Add one egg and 1 teaspoon vanilla and mix. Add 1 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt and blend well. Stir in 3 cups regular rolled oats.

Add 6 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips, 6 oz. peanut butter chips, and 1/2 cup nuts.

Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet, bake at 375 for 9-11 minutes.

103 Year Old Man Sweeps Young Lady Off Her Feet

The grandfather of Mr. Walls, now living near Athens, Alabama, never married until his 103rd year.

His wife was just 20 years of age, and they lived happily together despite the difference in age. "It was no unusual sight," says the Athens newspaper, "to see the old man, at the age of 130, plowing in the field. But he was taken sick when in his 138th year and died before they could start a family."

from 1902 Birmingham newspaper

Railroad Man Is Walking Disaster

Thos. Whitely, the Louisville & Nashville brakeman who was hurt last Sunday by falling from a moving freight train near Decatur, was out again yesterday. His experience lately has been quite varied.

He is a youth about 20 years old, and has been employed for some time by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. About six weeks ago, as the train on which he was crossing the river, he was knocked from the side of the caboose as he was climbing up the ladder. He fell into the water and swam to shore, where he fell insensible. The train stopped and took him to Huntsville, where he remained lingering between life and death for three weeks.

He was then taken to the Nashville infirmary and had just recovered and gone to work where he fell from the car at Cunningham, bruised and cut his head and sprained his knee. He is now walking with a hickory and will be ready for another accident in a few days.

from 1879 Huntsville newspaper

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According to owner Bill King, the last phase involves the construction of balconies/decks on all of the rooms that overlook the lake as well as new carpet in all guest rooms, the lobby area and the Twilight Zone Lounge. In addition, a new boardwalk will be built and attached to the existing pier with a gazebo separating the two. The boardwalk will be built around the bank of the lake from the pier to the public boat dock area.

A children's playground will be added with swings, slides and various children's activity structures.

The new decks will be added to all three floors of the hotel on the lake side and will be equipped with tables and chairs for private and leisurely relaxation.

An arbor will extend outward from the existing roof to provide additional privacy and shading for the private patios.

"This is just another addition to meet the continuous demand for a more beach-like atmosphere in the mountain/lake resort area."

Roads And Mud Holes In the 1900s

by Evelyn Hayden Hodge

Back in the early teens and twenties the rural roads of this country were indescribably bad. Madison County and surrounding areas were no exception.

The county roads were made of dirt and large rocks and had two deep ruts down each one. These ruts were bad enough in dry weather but, during the rainy season they were almost impassable: everybody carried mud-fighting equipment, including chains, rope, and a shovel in their cars.

All males aged twenty one and over were required to work on the roads three days each year or pay \$3.00 for another to work in his place. Once or twice a year they worked on the roads but it didn't help much.

First, three men loaded each

wagon with large pieces of limestone rock. One man drove the wagon and the other two rode in the back, one on each side. As the wagons moved slowly along in the ruts, the two men in the back pushed the large pieces of rock into their respective ruts.

This may have helped to prevent cars from getting stuck for awhile, but it just made it rougher as the car wheels bounced from one big rock to another.

The road from above Nashville to Huntsville, through New Hope, Gunter'sville, and on south to Florida, as bad as it was, was called the Florida Short Route. Many tourists drove this route to Florida in the fall and back to their homes in the north in the spring.

Across the Paint Rock River into Marshall County, there were some really bad places and cars had to be pulled out of them. Some farmers in the area would hitch a pair of mules in the morning, go to the worst mud holes, and stay there all day pulling out the cars as they got stuck. They charged from .50 cents to \$5.00 for their service.

There was one mud hole that looked worse than the rest, but it only appeared worse. People, familiar with the road, would drive through it without any problem. There was a short stretch of half-way good road on either side of this mud hole and it gave motorists a chance to pick up a little speed.

A farmer in the neighborhood had a cow that died. He and a neighbor decided to have some fun. So they cut off the cow's head and tail and carried them to the bad looking mud hole. They waded in and set the head in the mud. Then back about the right distance they stuck the tail. Now it looked as if the cow had mired in the mud and couldn't get out.

Then the men hid in a little woodland beside the road to await the first car. They didn't have to wait long before a car of tourists came along.

They had gotten up a little speed but when they saw the cow in the mud hole they stopped for a better look. They pitied the poor cow and, seeing nobody making an effort to get her out of such a

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predicament, asked, "why doesn't somebody do something?"

About this time the men would come out of hiding and tell them it was just a joke. After a good laugh, the motorists pulled around the cow and were on their way again.

My father had a rather unusual experience one time when he got stuck. There was nobody around to pull him out and, to make matters worse, the motor of his car died. To keep from getting out in the mud, he crawled up onto the hood, where he reached over the front end and cranked until the motor started again. He finally made it out of the mud hole and on home.

He had a gold pocketwatch which he wound every night before going to bed. On this particular night, when he reached into his pocket for his watch, it wasn't there. The only place he could think it may be was that it had fallen into the mud hole when he leaned over to crank his car.

Early the next morning he put on old clothes and drove back to where he had gotten stuck. He waded in with rolled up sleeves. He reached in the cold mud and began to feel around on the bottom for his watch. Surprisingly, he found it the first try and it was still running. (Even in those days, he had a watch that would take a licking and keep on ticking.)

The condition of the roads in this country has improved immeasurably since those old times. Even so, we still enjoy thinking and reminiscing about old stories and happenings of the past.

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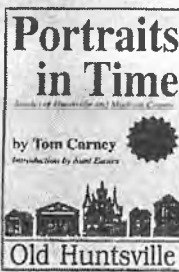
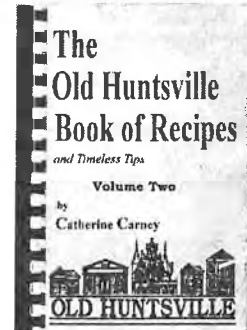
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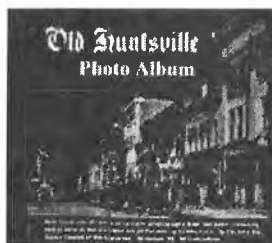
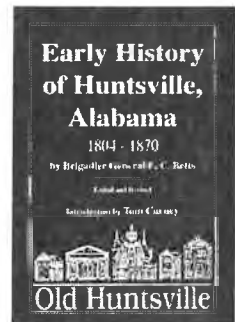


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