

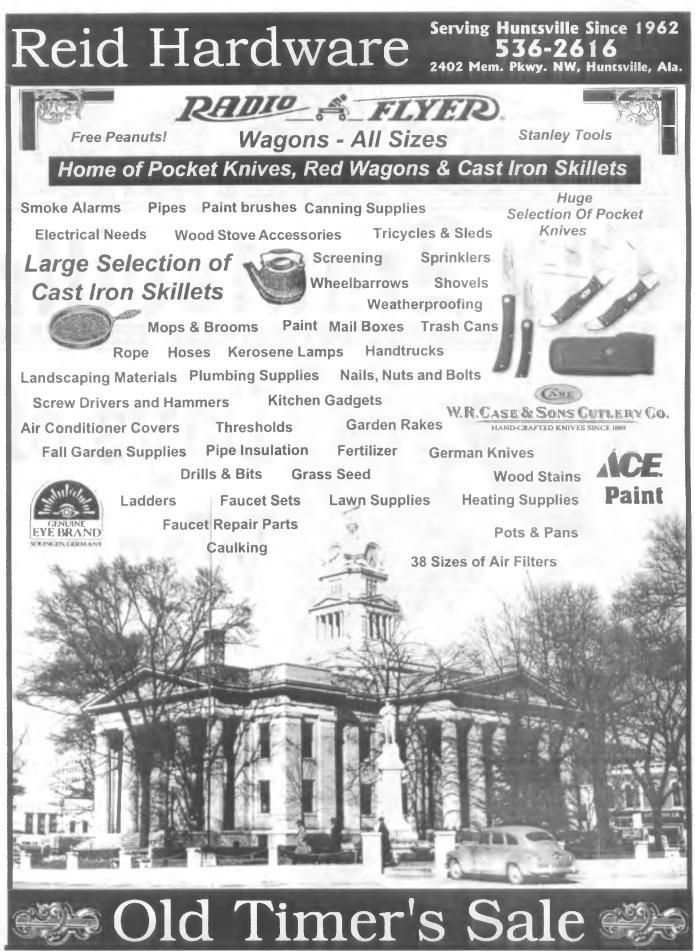


Days of War

"Truly our town is full of the enemy," wrote Mrs. Mary Jane Chadick in her diary on April 12, 1862. "Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it."

So began one of the most remarkable diaries to survive the Cilvil War in Huntsville.

Also: "Early Days of Redstone"



Days of

by Charles Rice

War

"Truly our town is full of the enemy," wrote Mrs. Mary Jane Chadick in her diary on April 12, 1862. "Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it."

Mary Jane Chadick was the wife of Rev. William Davidson Chadick of Huntsville's Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Living in the city throughout the four long years of war, she diligently kept a diary of all that transpired under the Union occupation. It remains as a priceless record of those troublesome times between 1861 and 1865.

Mrs. Chadick was born Mary Jane Cook in 1819 in Massachusetts. Her father, David Cook, a Rhode Island-born machinist, had brought his family to Steubenville, Ohio, in the early 1830s. Some ten years later, they moved south to Lebanon, Tennessee. It was there that Jane Cook met her husband, a 32year-old widower with four children. Jane was already 30 when she married on December 5, 1849. She would have five children of her own.

A few years after their marriage, Rev. Chadick was sent to Huntsville, becoming minister of the beautiful Greek Revival-style church built by architect George Steele on the corner of Lincoln and Randolph streets. (It was torn down at the turn of the century and replaced by Central Presbyterian.) The Chadick family would make their home in Huntsville for many years to come.

Mrs. Chadick began her informative diary the day the Union Army occupied Huntsville. She probably intended it to be read by her husband, who was then away in the Confederate Army.

Rev. Chadick had gone to war in April 1861, first as chaplain of the 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment. A veteran of the Creek Indian War of 1836, he had picked up a musket at Manassas and fought through the battle as a private. Chadick resigned his chaplaincy in the fall of 1861 and returned home to help raise an infantry battalion. Huntsville's Nicholas Davis became lieutenant colonel and W. D. Chadick the major. Davis soon resigned due to poor health and Chadick took over command.

Chadick led his regiment at Shiloh where at the first enemy fire, most of the officers fell





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wounded. Chadick's horse was hit, and he dismounted to fight on foot. A minnie ball tore through his clothing, but the fighting parson remained unhurt. Five days later, Ormsby Mitchel's army marched into undefended Huntsville.

"They entered at daybreak," said Jane Chadick, "first taking possession of the railroad and some 15 engines. The southern train was just coming in, having on board 159 Confederate soldiers, some wounded, going to their homes, and others, who had been on furlough, returning to their regiments.

"The train endeavored to make its escape, but was fired into by two cannons. One of the fireman was seriously wounded. All aboard were taken prisoners. The well soldiers were confined in the c epot house, and the wounded remained in the cars.

"The telegraph office and post office were next seized. Many wounded soldiers quartered in town and many prominent citizens and refugees made their escape during the day. Among them was the secretary of war, Pope Walker, the Hon. John Bell and others. There was a great deal of excitement and consternation among the citizens, as it had not been generally believed that the enemy would come here." Huntsville's worst nightmare had come true.

Chadick Jane would chronicle Huntsville's trials and tribulations over the next four months of occupation. It was Mrs, Chadick and her friends who tended to the sick and wounded Confederates, most of whom had not eaten for some time. "We found them still on the cars," she wrote, "in a very uncomfortable position, and many of them suffering dreadfully, having no nourishment in two days!" The Huntsville women returned with enough food for all.

"Some of the Federal officers informed us that their wagon trains would not be in for two days (so forced had been their march), and that they would have to tax the citizens for food for their own men." Thus the Huntsville citizens were forced to stretch their limited resources to support the soldiers of both the rival armies.

Mrs. Chadick faithfully recorded life under Ormsby Mitchel's heavy handed rule. She described the daily humiliations, the suffering, and occasional loss of life. She also told of General Mitchel's rage against Captain Frank Gurley and his daring band of Confederate horsemen.

"General Mitchel has been in a rage all the week," she wrote on April 28, 1862, "on account of the cutting of the telegraph poles and lines, the tearing up of the railroad tracks, firing into



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the trains, and holds the citizens responsible for the same, having had 12 of the most prominent arrested. It is probable that the work of our cavalry has annoyed him excessively, as they are constantly picking off his men."

The hostages were incarcerated in the court house until they agreed to sign a statement condemning guerrilla warfare in principle. Once they had finally done that, General Mitchel seemed to be satisfied.

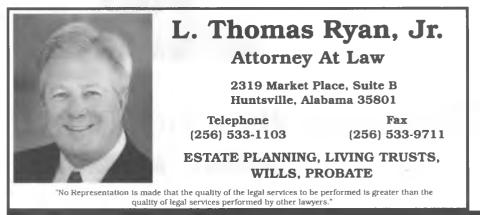
Ormsby Mitchel was indeed an odd individual. He was obviously incensed because the people of the South did not welcome him as a conquering hero. "General Mitchel complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the `cold shoulder' by not having received them into their social circle!" noted Mrs. Chadick on May 12. "Some of the Unionists gave a picnic and invited two of his officers, who accepted and went. The next day he had them arrested. Some folks were malicious enough to attribute it to jealousy, because he was not invited himself."

On June 12, Mitchel's family arrived, and the Union commander's social pretensions became even worse. "Furniture, bed, table linens and piano were taken from the hotel to furnish the Lawson Clay house for their reception," said Mrs. Chadick. "The statuary and pictures were also taken for that purpose from the [Meredith] Calhoun place." General Mitchel clearly believed the old adage about the spoils belonging to the victor.

Ormsby Mitchel ruled Huntsville as an absolute dictator. To the people's relief, however, he was recalled to Washington on July 1, 1862. Mitchel had to answer to charges that he had taken advantage of his position to speculate in cotton. His superior, General Don Carlos Buell, also accused him of losing control of his men, permitting them to commit atrocities against civilians with impunity. Huntsville breathed easier once the arrogant Ohio astronomer was gone.

General Mitchel's family remained behind for a time, hoping he would be returned to command. "The Mitchels are left here in the care of Mrs. Judge Lane," wrote Jane Chadick. "They seem to be enjoying themselves in the enemy's country. Yesterday, they took a trip to the mountain. Dashed by here in two carriages, with Kate Lane and Mrs. Clemens, right in front of the funeral procession of a poor soldier who was shot on picket duty." It seems the whole Mitchel family had a knack for earning people's dislike. Fortunately for Huntsville, however, General Mitchel never returned.

It is the little details Jane Chadick preserved that make the war come alive to us. On August 6, 1862, for example, she described an incident involving Matthew Steele, a son of the Huntsville architect. "Matt Steele was arrested yesterday on the



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charge of pulling Wilson, the tailor's, whiskers, for being civil to a Federal officer. Gen. Rousseau treated it as a very grave offense and an insult to the U. S. government, and asked him `if he did not think it was a very cowardly act.' Mr. Steele replied that he thought it was, as Mr. Wilson did not resent it."

Unlike Ormsby Mitchel, his successor, Major General Lovell H. Rousseau at least possessed a sense of humor. Mrs. Chadick noted, "The trains were again fired into last night, between Elkton and Pulaski. Gen. Rousseau declared that he intends to make Drs. Ross and Bannister [of First Presbyterian and the Church of the Nativity] run the trains, as they are prepared to die, and his men are not."

And then on August 31, 1862, the Union troops suddenly withdrew from Alabama.

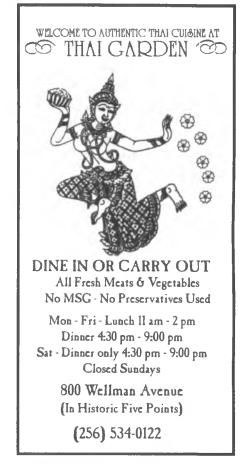
"Awoke a little after midnight by the sound of heavy tramping of feet, the sound of voices, uttering the most dreadful curses, the rattling of wagons in the street," wrote Jane Chadick. "Sprang out of bed and looked through the shutters to see what it meant, when, lo and behold, it was the Lincoln army making their anxiously-wished-for exit from Huntsville. Could hardly believe it, so joyful the thought.

"All the children were up and in a state of great excitement. Joined them on the back porch to look at lurid glares of fires burning in different directions, fearing they had set fire to some parts of the town. Learned since that it was corn, meat and other articles being destroyed to prevent them from falling into our hands.

"This is like the Sabbath morning we once enjoyed, except that there is a perfect rush by the Negroes to the different camps to bring away their plunder, and the people cannot suppress their joy."

Later that day, Frank Gurley and his men entered the city. "A perfect crowd of ladies and gentlemen rushed to the square to greet them, and Capt. Gurley was literally crowned with wreaths of ivy and flowers." The day of deliverance had arrived.

Regrettably, Mrs. Chadick ceased her diary with the Union retreat. Thus the events that occurred over the next ten months went unreported. Rev. Chadick had resigned his army commission because of crippling rheumatism and returned home, and his wife obviously felt no need





to keep her diary. However, Chadick would soon accept a position as a colonel on Governor John G. Shorter's staff.

Huntsville's halcyon days of freedom came to an abrupt end in the summer of 1863. Union cavalry began a series of raids through North Alabama, frequently entering the still undefended city. Jane Chadick took up her diary once more.

General David Stanley's cavalry came first. Stanley's main purpose seems to have been to round up all the black men they could find for forced labor.

"Such a scene!" Jane Chadick wrote one Sunday morning in July. "While the Negroes were all assembled at church, the Yankees surrounded the building and, as the men came out, seized them. Such a scare as it gives them. Some got away and succeeded in hiding from their pursuers. Others were run down by those on horseback. The black women were running in every direction, hunting their husbands and children. It is really heart-rending to a looker-on. These are their friends - the Abolitionists!"

Several more raids followed, and in late August Mrs. Chadick herself became a target. Federal troops appeared at her door and demanded to search her house. For what purpose?' I asked. For soldiers, madam.' The Yankees had come seeking Colonel Chadick. "I told him that I did not know upon whose information they were making the search, whether white or black, but was happy to inform them that my husband was safe over the river some 10 days since." The men in blue then left, taking Mrs. Chadick's horse with them.

Jane Chadick then went to seek the return of her horse. When she failed to obtain satis-Captain from faction а McCormick, she approached the Federal commander, Colonel Edwin McCook. "The colonel received me politely, and said, 'Mrs. Chadick, I have this moment received a note from Captain McCormick, asking me to come and look after your horse, and if it is in my power, I will restore him to you."

In the course of their conversation, McCook mentioned that he was from Steubenville, Ohio. Mrs. Chadick told him she had lived there herself. "What was your name before you were married?' he asked. `Miss Cook,' I told him. `Not Miss McCook?' he asked, and said that he expected I dropped the Mc when I came South. I laughingly repelled the charge, and he resumed the questions.



Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Paul "Bear" Bryant; What Made Him a Winner. Signed copies by Delbert Reed \$29.95

2. Rammer Jammer Yellow Hammer: Alabama football mania by Warren St. John \$24

3. Civil War Tales of the Tennessee Valley, by William Lindsey McDonald \$17.95

4. While our Hearts were Young: Memories of Huntsville by Tommy Towery 7.95

5. Alabama Simply Beautiful, 123 stunning color photos by Charles Seifried \$29.95

6. Scenic North Alabama - A travel guide to canyons, caverns, bridges (natural & covered) and waterfalls - by Robert Schuffert \$27.95

7. Why is it Named That? Stories behind 250 place names in Huntsville & Madison County by Dex Nilsson \$13.95

8. Murder in the Heart of Dixie, Capital murder cases in Madison Cty. by Fred Simpson & Jacque Gray \$29.95

9. Huntsville Then And Now. Over 700 old & new photos by Fred B. Simpson, \$19.95. CD Photo Album \$19.95

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"`Did you have three brothers, Dave, George and Pard?' I nodded. `Did you not have a sister, Jane?' I replied that was my name. `I thought your countenance was strangely familiar to me. When a boy, you kept me from being put in jail, and I have never forgotten you.'"

"I remembered him well," continued Mrs. Chadick, "but had forgotten the circumstances. He soon recalled it to my recollection. A funeral procession was passing, when several little boys, himself and one of my brothers among them, got into a fuss and made a great noise in the street. It was near the jail. The constable came out and was going to shut them all up in it, to frighten and punish them. I was looking out of the window, saw it all and went to the rescue. The boys were crving and thought they were all disgraced forever, and, with difficulty. I begged them off."

"McCook also said that I had whipped him once when in a fight with my brother, and that I was the only Rebel that ever had whipped him. Too, that I should have my horse, and expressed much regret that my house had

SPRY FUNERAL AND CREMATORY HOMES INC. Family owned and operated since 1919 (256) 536-6654 We now have the first phase of Valley View Cemetery open with 100 acres reserved for future development. (256) 534-8361 been searched, and said that he supposed it was some staff officer who had taken it upon himself." Friends could indeed turn up in the strangest places.

After McCook's cavalry left, Mrs. Chadick and her family decided to leave Huntsville to escape further Union raids. Fortunately for history, however, she was unable to locate transportation for her household goods. Thus the return of the Union Army in October 1863 found her still in Huntsville dutifully keeping her diary.

Alexander McCook, now promoted to general, appeared at her home to search for her husband. "I came in person that you might not be rudely treated in any way," he explained. That night Union troops surrounded the house to watch for Colonel Chadick, who by good fortune





had already escaped. However, young Susan Chadick took fright and went to her room to load her pistol. Somehow, she managed to shoot herself through the hand, adding to the confusion of the day. Furthermore, the Union troops, it turned out, had now come back to stay.

"The conduct of these Yankees is shameful," she wrote. "They are constantly firing in the streets, endangering the lives of passersby. One of them shot a citizen (Reuben Street) so that his arm had to be amputated. In some instances, they have entered private houses, taking clothing, blankets, food, et cetera." One suspects the Union troops sent to garrison Huntsville were not exactly the best the Union Army had to offer.

The Union soldiers also resumed their practice of impressing black Southerners. On November 16, 1863, noted Mrs. Chadick, "the Yankees came into town in considerable force, took up all the able-bodied black men to fight for them, telling them they wanted them to go and hold Nashville, while they went out to fight our army." In reality, even the more populous North was tiring of the war and finding it difficult to recruit enough soldiers. The North decided to solve the problem by forcing Southern black men to join their army. Many of the exslaves thus merely exchanged one master for another - and the new one did not particularly seem to care if they got killed.

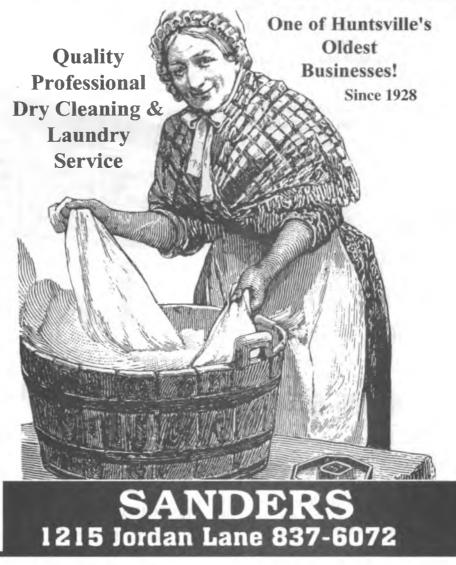
Huntsville would remain in Union hands almost continually through the end of the war. Jane Chadick faithfully continued to write everything of note in her diary. She described the smallpox epidemic in 1864, and often expressed her sadness at being separated from her husband. "He came to the river at Whitesburg and sent word across under flag of truce that he was well," she noted on March



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27, 1864. "Only 10 miles rule between us, and yet I could not see him!"

Her writings provide us with a moving account of a Southern woman's life during this trying period in our nation's existence. It is a side of the war seldom mentioned in the history books.

In early 1864, the dreaded General Sherman arrived and began stockpiling military stores for his Atlanta campaign. A fortress was built on Patton Hill (now called Echols Hill) to command the city and the surrounding countryside. Once again, the Union soldiers began rounding up black men to do the work for them. By now, it is surprising they found any left in Huntsville. The city was slowly being turned into a Union Army stronghold.

Nevertheless, the Confederates still managed to keep the Union occupiers from becoming too complacent. "Our troops are fighting the Yankees at Indian Creek, have torn up the railroad below and are thought to be advancing on Huntsville," wrote



Mrs. Chadick on May 17, 1864. Then in September, Bedford Forrest raided west of Huntsville, capturing Athens and the forts guarding the railroad as far north as Pulaski, Tennessee.

"A Fed said yesterday that Forrest was a dashing-looking officer and the most taking one in his ways he had ever seen," wrote Mrs. Chadick. "It is plain the enemy fears him."

Forrest did send some of his men under General Abraham Buford to threaten the Huntsville garrison. On the night of September 30, 1864, Mrs. Chadick and all of Huntsville had a considerable fright. "It was Willie Harris come to tell us that Gen. Buford had demanded an unconditional surrender, and that Gen. Granger had replied that he would 'burn the town first, and that he would fight him there, or in the [sic] fon.' Granger sent word to Mrs. Toney that he would give all the citizens two hours to get out of the town. Horrible! Now, what is to be done."

The next morning, the panic continued. "Cannons are booming from the fort. Some of them are making the children cry, and all begging to go. So we packed them into the wagon with a lunch and a few things, and sent them out to old Mrs. [George] Steele's under Jennie's care." Jane Chadick decided to stay and tough it out. Firing continued





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around the city until about 9 a.m. And then the Confederates disappeared.

"It is now generally understood that the whole thing was a feint on the part of Gen. Forrest to enable him to get 200 wagons, which he captured from the enemy, across the river," she wrote. Huntsville had survived its closest call of the war.

Then in November, it was the Yankees turn to panic. General John Bell Hood and the entire **Confederate Army of Tennessee** was marching west just across the Tennessee River. The Union garrison quickly began preparing to flee.

"They say that Hood's whole army is at Decatur, and Forrest in front of them," wrote Mrs. Chadick. "They were burning the papers belonging to the provost marshal's office in the courthouse yard, and there was a great stir among the enemy generally. It is said that Rebel cavalry are hovering in the neighborhood, and that seven Negro soldiers were killed today near the house of Charley Strong."

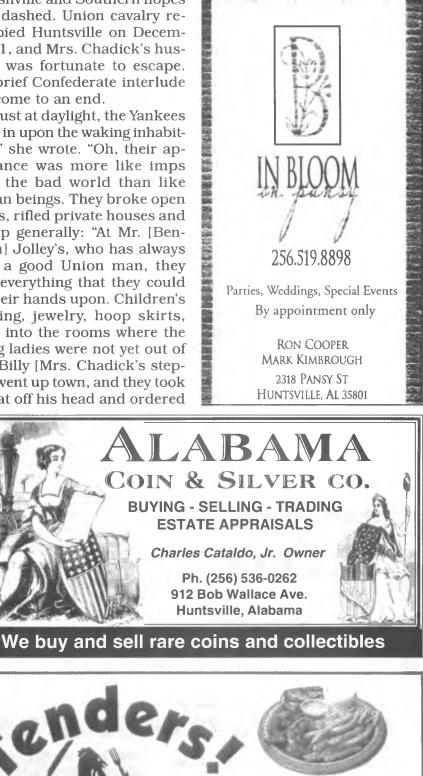
By Sunday evening, November 27, 1864, Huntsville was once again free. Colonel A. A. Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry entered the city the following morning, joined by part of Mead's Battalion under "Bushwhacker" Johnston.

Two weeks later, a friend came to visit Jane Chadick. He said, "Mrs. Chadick, here is something at the gate that you love very much." It was W. D., home at last. "After an exile of 14 months, he is once more permitted a short repose in the bosom of his family," she wrote. "Our joy is too great, too great for expression. We can only thank God for bringing about this happy reunion and enjoy it deep down in our heart of hearts."

Alas, Hood's army met defeat

at Nashville and Southern hopes were dashed. Union cavalry reoccupied Huntsville on December 21, and Mrs. Chadick's husband was fortunate to escape. The brief Confederate interlude had come to an end.

"Just at daylight, the Yankees burst in upon the waking inhabitants," she wrote. "Oh, their appearance was more like imps from the bad world than like human beings. They broke open stores, rifled private houses and cut up generally: "At Mr. [Benjamin] Jolley's, who has always been a good Union man, they took everything that they could lay their hands upon. Children's clothing, jewelry, hoop skirts, going into the rooms where the young ladies were not yet out of bed. Billy [Mrs. Chadick's stepson] went up town, and they took his hat off his head and ordered



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Mr. Donegan to take off his boots, which he positively refused to do, and they had to pass on."

Soldiers also came to search Mrs. Chadick's home, supposedly looking for firearms. Instead, they stole all the food they could find. Adding to Mrs. Chadick's worries was the fact that her 16-year-old stepson, Edward, had run away to join the Confederate Army.

Eddie had enlisted in the "Jordan Life Guards, made up of most of the nicest boys in Huntsville." Thomas Jordan was the captain. The company was with Roddey's cavalry when they were attacked at Indian Creek on December 23. Captain Jordan was captured along with 48 other Confederates, but Eddie got away safely. "The wounded men were badly cut up with saber cuts. as it was a hand-to-hand fight, and the enemy says that the young Rebels fought bravely."

"What a contrast between this and a New Year's morning five years ago, before the advent of this miserable war!" she wrote on January 1, 1865. "Then the house echoed with many voices crying to each other, `I wish you a Happy New Year!' But, this morning each child seems to know and feel by common consent that there is no happy new year in store for us, and all such expressions are hushed. "When each day brings with it such terrible and startling events, what may be the record of the coming year? I dread to think of it. It is a sad day for me from many causes. Separated from my husband under the most trying circumstances, for I know not how long a period, with the cares of a large family upon my hands with prospects most gloomy. I am just recovering from another one of my nervous attacks, which are becoming more frequent of late."

The war was becoming increasingly vicious around Huntsville. One night four Union soldiers forced their way into Mrs. Chadick's servant's quarters, put a pistol to the servant's head and threatened to kill the woman if she made any noise. The thieves "took all my milk, three hams and dried beef and bottles of

wine, my silver castor and everything eatable they could find." They also robbed the black servant of what little she possessed.

"We citizens are beginning to find it difficult to procure provisions for our table. Everything in the country has been taken, and the country people have not enough for themselves." And still the Yankees continued to steal from them. However, there was one Yankee she came to be very grateful for.

Samuel W. Fordyce was a 25 year-old Ohioan. Stationed in Huntsville the

previous year, he had evidently taken a liking to 24-yearold Susan Chadick. Fordyce had resigned his captain's commission and returned to Alabama. "He is singularly handsome and gentlemanly, has bearing, and is highly popular with both friend and



foe," wrote Jane Chadick. "He is ever ready to do citizens and all a favor."

Fordyce furthered endeared himself to the Chadicks by going to see young Eddie at Camp Chase. He gave Eddie "an entire outfit consisting of a suit of gray, a pair of boots, two shirts, two drawers, two silk handkerchiefs and four pairs of socks and \$50 in money!" This is a specimen of noble generosity in an enemy, if such he could be called," she wrote. Another ex-Union soldier who had been well treated when a prisoner by a Chadick cousin accompanied Fordyce. He provided an additional \$120 for Eddie's use at the prison. Mrs. Chadick was delighted to find that there still were decent people left in the North.

Then in April 1865, the end came quickly. Richmond fell to Grant and Lee's army was cornered and forced to surrender. Lincoln was murdered by Booth, and Joseph Johnston surrendered the Army of Tennessee to Sherman in North Carolina. The war was finally over.

At last, on May 26, 1865, Jane Chadick's ordeal ended. "Sue came in and said, `Ma, Eddie has come and is on his way here in the omnibus!' It was no surprise, as we were looking for him; but we were not looking for W. D., who got out of the omnibus at the same time, to our very great surprise. The meeting was one of great joy, mixed with sadness. When we thought of the painful weeks and months of separation, borne of patience and fortitude for the sake of the cause, and then the unfortunate result! He was surrendered by Gen. Dick Taylor and was paroled in Memphis, returning home by way of Nashville. He there met Eddie and thus they came together."

Mrs. Chadick concluded her diary with that happy reunion. "The war being over and the dear ones returned, there will be little more of interest for these pages. Therefore, you and I, dear journal, close friends as we have been, united by every bond of sympathy, must part. We have shared each other's gladness and wept each other's tears. Whenever my eyes rest upon you, it will be with feelings of gratitude and affection for the consolation you have afforded me in these days of trial. Farewell!"









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Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

There are so many people in this area who owned homes or knew people who owned condo's and homes down in the Florida Panhandle - we send prayers and good thoughts to all of you as you go through the long rebuilding process.

Edna and Dub Pierce says to tell everyone they that their home survived the storm but still has no power. Bubba Lanier's home had a lot of damage but he says it could have been worse.

Congratulations to **Ella Neal** who called with the correct guess of our "Photo of the Month". It was none other than **Micky Lanier**, part owner of **Furniture Factory**. We had so many calls, and most everyone guessed correctly, but Ella was the first.

We were so sorry to hear about the death of **Bill Sefton**, **III**. We didn't know that he was a Retired Brig. General in the Alabama National Guard. We send deepest sympathy to his wife **Mary Claire** and family.

Aunt Eunice's birthday was September 15, and to commemorate the event, a "Birthday and Reunion" was held at her Country Kitchen Museum. Aunt Eunice would have been very



proud. **Bubba's Catering** brought the delicious breakfast, and we saw hundreds of people.

We had so many birthdays in September. At the main branch of Colonial Bank, **Laurel Alexander** and **Bill Miffin** both had birthdays - his Aug. 29 and hers Sep. 16.

On Sep. 11 **Annelie Owens** celebrated her birthday with hubby **Chuck Owens** and family at the **Cafe Berlin**, her favorite eatery. While there they met "**Siggi**", who did a great job as waiter. **Dale Cassidy, Ken Gentle** and **Connie Swords** all celebrated birthdays this past month. Also, **Crystal Holley** turned 19 on Sep. 5.

Sherri Williams, of Pleasures, was honored with a birthday bash at the beautiful home of Craig and Angie Story. Kinley Eittreim's lovely wife Ann had a birthday as well. Happy Birthday to all of you as well as the Huntsville folks we didn't mention!

It was great to see **Britt Crossley**, who works at **Sazio's**. We talked to **Scott Reisenweber** who was bartending - he sure has



a lot of friends who like to come in to see him! While there we also saw **Jim** and **Carolyn Rountree** - she is an Auburn fan and Jim loves Alabama - I'll bet they're fun to bring to an Auburn-Alabama party!

Also at Sazio's we talked with **Lezlie Lanza** who has a major part in "Sordid Lives" Oct. 22-30 at Renaissance Theatre. Her husband **Vince** is a sweetie.

We just received an email from our good friend **Glenn Watson**. He's in Thailand and says he is having a great time!

It was great to see **Sue Kircher**, a talented hair stylist working at **Attitudes** with **Jeanne Shrader**. They were both looking great.

How many of you knew that the sweet lady who works at **Railroad Antiques**, **Liz Jones**, used to be a New York model? She is still gorgeous and we love talking to her there!

We heard that our friend Jerry Barksdale from Athens has a new book out - I'll bet it's an interesting read! I also heard



The first person to correctly identify the youngster shown below wins a year's subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine.

Call (256) 534-3355.

Hint: This man stays busy playing with his model train set, his real estate and being a daddy.



from **Tommy Towery** - who has written so many short stories about Huntsville - and he has just put his stories together in a book called "While our Hearts were Young, collection of Huntsville Memories." Lots of folks remember Tommy, and Shaver's Bookstore is carrying the book.

We want to wish **Donny** & **Ann Hawkins** from Owens Cross Rds. a very happy 35th anniversary on Oct. 24. **Tom Gurley** is Ann's brother and a sweet guy!

A special Happy Birthday to our dear friend **Barb Eyestone**, who had a birthday in September. Her dad, **Joe Hursh**, has not been feeling well lately and we send our love to him.

Our friend, and author, **Tim Jackson** recently visited us from London. He was over here researching his next book which will be based in Huntsville.

We were very sorry to learn that **Cecil Ashburn** lost his aunt **Myrtle Smith** recently. She had lived in Gurley for many years, and was the sister of Cecil's mom, **Ola**. They were part of a family of 8 children. Also, **Mr. Shannon Warren** died Sep. 10, survived by **Linda**, his wife. His two beautiful daughters are **Lynn** and **Debbie**. Mr. Warren worked for **Ashburn & Gray** for most of his life.

A special hello to our friend **Don Kurtzahn** who lives in Atlanta. He was Comptroller for Hewlett-Packard Co. many years ago and is a really great guy!

We recently met up with **Joe Mastromonico** and his friend **Kathleen Leonard**, an associate professor at UAH. She was a really sweet lady and we enjoyed talking with both of them.

I met a great guy the other day - **Carlton McClain**. His message to everyone - "**Be happy, stay happy and be good to your neighbors!**"

Ethel Starnes Apostolos, 89, died on Sep. 19. She and her late husband **Jim** used to own

the **James Steak House** on the square in downtown Huntsville years ago. She lived in the same apartment in Waterford Square for over 34 years and was a member of the **Episcopal Church of Nativity.** We send our sympathy to all of her friends and family.

Some of the people we saw at Aunt Eunice's birthday party were **John Malone**, **Joe Reid** of Reid's Hardware, **Rob Broussard** at the DA's office, **Missy Ming Smith** who helped organize the event, **Floyd Hardin** of Jackson Way Styling Salon and **Bob Burton**, of Madison Academy.

It was a beautiful day, and **Tony Mason** provided the great background music. It made us miss the good old days at Bubba's, when Tony used to entertain the crowds there at night.

We also talked with **Tommy Ragland**, **Joanne Randolph**, **Sandra Moon** and of course, **Mayor Loretta.**

Aunt Eunice would have loved it but she would have had Tim Morgan pouring coffee if she had been there.

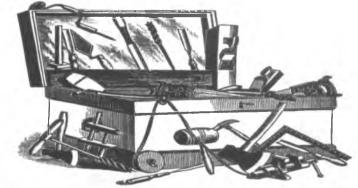


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Baked Catfish

1-2 lbs. catfish fillets

1 t. lemon juice

1 t. Worcestershire sauce

Seasoned breading for fish Score fillets and rub with juice, sauce, salt and pepper. Coat with the breading and place in shallow greased pan. Bake 15

in shallow greased pan. Bake 15 minutes at 450 degrees, then reduce heat to 350 and bake for 30-40 additional minutes.

Baked Pork Chops

4-6 pork chops, center cut 1 large onion, thinly sliced 1 large orange, thinly sliced Salt and pepper to taste

In a shallow baking dish, place a layer of onion and orange; salt and pepper pork chops on both sides and place in dish. Top with layer of onions and oranges. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Brown under broiler if necessary.

Country Ham and Red-eye gravy

Slice ham about 1/4 inch thick. Heat cast iron skillet, add about a tablespoon of grease and fry ham on both sides til browned and cooked through. Remove ham to warm platter. Add about 1/2 cup of strong coffee to pan drippings and stir til gravy sizzles. Pour over ham and serve with hot biscuits.

Real Southern Fried Chicken

10 pieces fresh chicken 2 c. buttermilk Lard or oil 1 T. bacon grease 1 1/2 c. flour 2 t. salt

1 t. pepper

Wash chicken well, dry, place in bowl with the buttermilk. Cover and refrigerate 2 hours.

Put 2 inches of oil in your frying pan. Heat oil to 360 degrees. Add your bacon grease at this time. Remove chicken from the buttermilk and dredge in mixture of flour, salt and pepper. Place in hot oil, covered. Chicken should be turned just once while cooking. Fry ten minutes.

Easy Fried Okra

1 pkg. frozen chopped okra

- 1 c. yellow cornmeal mix
- 2 t. salt
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1 t. black pepper
- Oil for frying

Partially thaw the okra while in the package. Mix the remaining ingredients, add okra

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and mix well. Pour about 1/2" oil in your frying pan, heat. Pour in the okra/cornmeal mixture. cook on medium/med-high heat, turn with metal spatula occasionally to brown all pieces.

Cracklin' Bread

1/2 cup pork cracklin's

- 2 c. buttermilk
- 3 c. cornmeal
- 1 1/4 t. soda
- 1 t. salt
- 1/3 to 1/2 c. water

Preaheat oven to 400 degrees. Combine ingredients thoroughly and turn into a greased baking pan. Bake for 20-30 minutes.

Apple Dumplings

1 recipe rich baking powder biscuits

Apples, cored and pared Cinnamon or nutmeg Butter Sugar

Roll baking powder biscuit dough 1/4" thick and cut into 4" squares. Place apples in center of square. Add sugar, butter, cinnamon or nutmeg. Draw four corners of dough together, press edges closed. Prick with fork. Bake to medium brown in a 350 degree oven for 35 minutes and serve hot with whipped cream or pudding sauce.



Banana Fritters

6 large ripe bananas 1 egg, well beaten flour

bread crumbs

Peel bananas and cut into pieces, roll in well-beaten egg and flour, then in the bread crumbs. Fry in hot shortening til golden brown.

Chewy Pecan Squares

- 1 1/2 sticks butter, softened
- l c. sugar
- 1 c. flour
- 1 t. cinnamon
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 t. vanilla extract

1 c. pecans, finely chopped With your electric mixer, cream butter til light. Add dry

ingredients sifted together. Add egg yolk and vanilla, mix well. Spread in a 18"x13" dish. Brush top with egg whites, sprinkle liberally with pecans. Bake in 350 degree oven for 20-25 minutes and light brown. Cool, then cut into small squares.

Squash Pie

10 oz. blanched squash 1 c. heavy cream 1 c. sugar 1/4 c. cognac 1/4 t. salt 1 t. ea. nutmeg & ginger

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3308 Seventh Avenue - Huntsville, Al. Toll Free: 877-534-4452 www.lindasprinting.com - linprint@mindspring.com 1 t. cinnamon

9" pie shell, baked 5 min.

Mix ingredients in blender and pour into pie shell, bake one hour at 300 degrees. Knife inserted in pie should come out cleanly. Serve with chopped pecans and brandied whipped cream.



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News from New Hope in 1892

- New Hope is still in existence, even though you have not heard from us in a while. Our little town is unusually quiet, with little to talk about except the railroad. The surveyors on the Gurley & Paint Rock Valley Railroad are now surveying their road near here. They will reach Cottonville next week. They are following close to the Tennessee & Coosa survey. We are now beginning to hope that it will be built.

- Something like the scarlet fever is raging in our midst. A great many children are down with it.

- Mr. W. P. Brazelton has again broken his leg, this being the third time. It will surely have to be taken off this time. Drs. Hinds and Johnson are with him.

- Miss Hattie Peevey, of Huntsville, a very charming young lady, is teaching a class in music here at Dr. Hinds' residence.

- The beautiful and bewitching Miss Frank James is spending a week or two here. We think there will be some very long faces when she leaves.

- Misses Anna Owen and Lillie Ellett are visiting in the Burkly neighborhood. Our bachelor friends have about abandoned the idea of marrying, but they are not to blame for it.

- Dr. J. R. Simpson was over today, having his buggy repaired preparatory to starting his journey to the World's Fair.

A Terrible Event in Triana

from 1892 newspaper

J. H. Gale writes the paper of a terrible bit of news from Triana. Johnny Danner, aged six, met a strange fate a week ago. While playing "funeral", he and his eight-year old sister had dug a hole and Johnny sat in it. When she had covered him up with earth up to the neck an old sow drove her off and then attacked the little boy. Several times the animal sunk her teeth in the lad's head, and when friends came to his rescue, they found him dead.

Only a true Southerner knows the difference between a hissie fit and a conniption and that you don't HAVE them, you THROW them.

Strayed

On May 9th a black pony with white spot on each shoulder, with white blaze in face and one hind foot and leg white, about 9 or 10 years old. Last seen hitched at the courthouse. A. C. McMinn, Huntsville.

from 1895 newspaper



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Madison: 109 Pebble Court, \$227,000; Brick, 2800 sf, 5 br / 3 ba, Formals, Deck, on cul-de-sac.

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Lincoln School

by Johnny Johnston

Lincoln School was a High School from 1929 through 1953. Lincoln was a community of its own whose residents had strong personal feelings of pride as to their status in Huntsville. Make light of a Lincoln resident and you might get a "whupping". Looking at the old sports team pictures and talking to the participants I remember the quality of players. Bill Gant was said to be the best shortstop from this state. There were many others. If the scouts had been looking here in the 40's they would have recruited a lot of mill kids playing in the major leagues. Donnie Mincher was from the Butler class of '56 and went on to be a Major League Baseball player for many years.

Donnie grew up in Lincoln; had some Madison County high Schools not been consolidated at Butler, he probably would have graduated at Lincoln. Most students enrolled at Lincoln School were members of Lincoln Mill

Considering all the lint you get in your dryer, if you kept drying your clothes would they eventually just disappear?

Cheryl Tribble

employed families.

I remember reading stories about Japan after the war, how they constructed living quarters near the plants, how they built schools, stores, and other public structures for the plant workers and how efficient that method of controlled life was. Then I thought about Lincoln Village, Huntsville Mfg., Co. Dallas mills and others. In its hevday Huntsville had more than a dozen cotton mills operating at one time. Employees lived in Mill owned homes, needed no cars, bought groceries in the Union Store, had their hair cut in the same building, attended country music shows in School, watched

stunt shows or wrestling at the Mill Ball field. Most things were provided for employee families. I wonder where the Leaders of Japan got the idea?

Children of Lincoln mill workers attended Lincoln School; many of them went to Lincoln Baptist Church, whose building was constructed by the Mill Company. They did most everything in walking distance because few had automobiles. And yes, we were all used to walking farther when we were



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young.

I learned early from my very conservative mother not to pay much attention to what we now call fads. Currently the fad for teen-age school children is to own a late model Honda Civic or to carry the biggest boom box. Some even think they should wear \$100 tennis shoes. "Like every body else." At Lincoln just after World War II, I remember the biggest fad I saw was a 75cent yo-yo going up and down a string. On a few occasions I remember the better off children wearing a particular color flannel shirt. Our regular pencils cost around 3 for 5 cents; there was a special multi colored pencil, which cost a nickel. I don't remember anyone in our family spending that much money for a pencil during those days. I can remember passing out flyers for a shoe shop, or something, for half a day once for thirty cents. I took that money and bought a twenty cent mechanical pencil. Mom got upset that I would spend so much money on a pencil when a wooden one worked

just as well. I agreed with her after I made a mistake and lost that pencil a few days later.

When a tornado comes through Huntsville the safest place I think about is Lincoln School. It was built in 1929 and still might be the best constructed building in Huntsville. It is like a concrete mound with thick walls, and heavy windows. I understand it now has a cafeteria, and even air conditioning. In our day there was nothing but classrooms, toilets, the principles' office and the auditorium where some of the best entertainment in town was seen. During WW II we had drills pretending there was an enemy plane about to drop bombs on us. We felt that if we stayed away from the windows, then the building would stand the abuse.

Then there was Miss Georgette Graham - such a sweet lady and a very patient teacher. When I returned to Huntsville in 1984, my good friend Ray Pearman (a Lincoln graduate) and I were sitting in Rotary listening to Miss Graham play the piano when I informed Ray that she was my music teacher in the 4th grade. He said "I'm older than you are and she was my music teacher in the 4th grade"

We had voice lessons, group singing, and quartet singing two or three hours a week. With some it stuck. Some of us never



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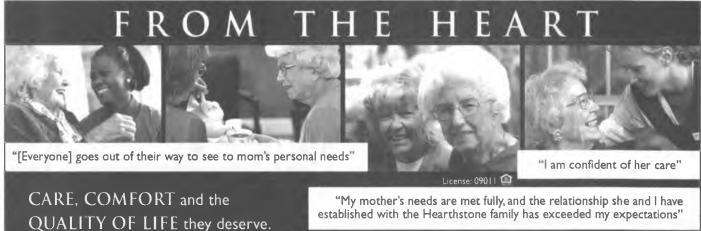
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learned.

When my siblings and I went to school at Lincoln, it had many more windows than it does now. They pivoted in the middle and pushed outside on the bottom. I know that well, and so do many others who happened to be running and banged their head on the basement windows protruding out some two feet into the line of sight.

The fence, that was the thing! Around 8 feet high with heavy gates on the Meridian side and on the north side near new village, which faced the lot we called a playground. The gates were locked at 8:05 am, and staved locked until 11:55 am, when they were opened for lunch. We were allowed to walk home for lunch but had to be back inside the fence before the gates were locked. Many times I saw mothers tossing lunches over the fence to students when they had left them at home by mistake. Telephones being as scarce as they were, if there was a family problem or a parent just needed to get into the office they

> "If your sister hits you, don't ever hit her back. They always catch the second person."

8-year old Madison school boy

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stood at the gate and yelled or waited until someone saw them and came out with a key. To this day I don't understand why the gates were locked. No other school I ever knew had a fence let alone a locked gate! Come to think of it, I have driven by the maximum-security facility in Marion, Illinois several times. The fence around that facility looks very much like the one Lincoln School had.

We had an unconventional group of students enrolled at Lincoln to say the least. Controversy, arguments and fistfights between students, or between students and teachers and once and a while involvement by a parent. When I say fist fights, there were no guns, few knives. As a matter of fact few weapons were ever involved. Occasionally a book or brick might be thrown; my brother was once stabbed with a pencil. My fourth-grade teacher

was assaulted by student of a about 16. She threw a book at teacher. our which missed her head by just a few inches and dented the locker in back of the classroom. She was expelled and we never



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saw her again. Rarely were the police called. A trip to Mr. Brown's office was in order and may have been worse than time in jail.

Nothing I remember was sadder than when a family member or policeman came to the school to pick up a student who would be advised that his father had been killed in the war.

I remember once when I was about 9 years old. A "friend" told me Mr. Brown was looking for me, that I should immediately go to his office. Being a naive nut, I went to his office and asked if he was looking for me. He never said a word, just picked up his favorite whipping stick and used it on my rear! When he was through, I, with a quivering chin and tears in my eyes, said what was that for? He said that was because you were playing in that old and empty house next door during recess. I said I was never in that house, I was on the other

end of the school! He said "then what are you doing here, go back to class!" He at no time apologized for the mistake: that was the way things were done in those days. No courts, no police, no warrants for child molestation - it was just over.

My older brother said that the Principal of Lincoln before Mr. Brown would whip you with his paddle, then give you a piece of candy for your trouble.

That was a trait at Lincoln. Students were given a nickname if their personality stood out in a crowd. There was Ears, Cutdeep, Rooster, Wormy, and Babe's, Moose, Deputy Dog and some people were identified by their size. Skinny, Fatso, Two Ton

When the only tool you own is a hammer, every problem begins to look like a nail.

Brandon Owens





etc. One of the strangest was the case of the Church Twins. Brooks and Marshall were so close in resemblance that no one could tell them apart. They were both called Bubba.

Mr. Brown was the Principal of Lincoln for a number of years. He had (some say) nine children. who all came to Lincoln with him in his 1946 model Ford. They all rode from his home on Monte Sano Mountain and as they disembarked from the Ford, usually had an audience to see so many people in one car. Hardly anyone else came to school in a car!

Lincoln, although a Madison County school at the time, is located only a mile from downtown Huntsville. Walking was easy as a child and usually a lot of fun if your buddies were along. When you got to town you could visit the public swimming pool, walk through the county court house. go to the Sterchi's furniture store to see the figures in the window, or just hang out at James Steak House, a ten cents store or maybe just on the corner. You could even slip in the back of **Dunavant's Department Store** and pick up a free copy of the Buster Brown Comic Book. Also a fun thing to do was go in the back of Belk Hudson's Store and

Stats on sanity say 1 out of everv 4 Americans suffers from mental illness. Think of your 3 best friends; if they're OK, then it's you.

Bobby Murray

702 Pratt Ave.

look at your feet in the x-ray machine. We didn't know about Radiation at the time. A quarter dollar would get you in to the Elks Theatre to see a movie and buy you a coke and hamburger from Keels cafe on the railroad. The problem was finding a loose quarter that wasn't busy at the time.

My close friend, Norman Stevens, his brother and sometimes myself, would walk from Lincoln to radio station WFUN on Saturday where Norman had

a regular live singing program. They performed the Stevens Brothers Show and when finished sometimes attended the famous "Man on The Street Program" with Grady Reeves. Grady was quite a personality in Huntsville. He held a live show and I can't remember if it was on WHBS or WBHP. He worked at both! Those three were the only radio stations in Huntsville at the time. Grady promoted Double Cola by giving away their products to participants who would



talk on the radio. I think I still have a bottle top he handed out.

Radio was still a curiosity back then. The Dinner Bell Cafe was located on the corner of Washington and Holmes Streets and had this huge bell on the sidewalk. At about 6:00 PM, the bell would be rung with hopes of attracting diners to the Cafe. The radio show was broadcast from the sidewalk area and with the ringing of the bell you heard car horns. Drivers would tune in the program then blow their horn to see if they could hear it on their car radio

Yep! I talked Dad into blowing the horn a time or two.

Growing up in Huntsville was great; maybe that's why I enjoy Norman Rockwell so very much!

A Premature Death

Mrs. Sally Rhineheart, an aged woman of the village, has been ill for some time, and on Friday apparently died. Her friends sent for neighbors to come and prepare the body for internment and a telegraphic message was sent to her son in this city informing him of the death of his mother.

After a time, however, the old lady revived, and finding her daughter weeping at her bedside reproved her for it. The astonishment of the family at this sudden recovery was really great.

Mrs. Rhineheart is still living.

from 1871 newspaper





A five dollar reward is offered for the return of my dentures - no questions asked. Apply at this office.

from 1921 newspaper



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The

Annex

by Collins (CE) Wynn

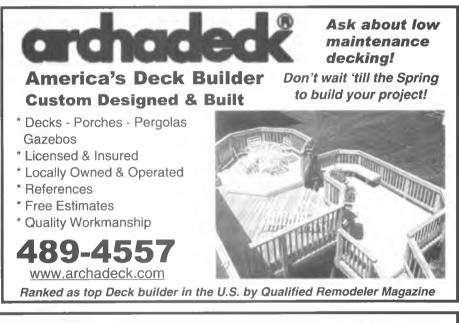
I recently saw a photograph of the old VFW building in Dallas, or the 'Annex' as I knew it, and it was wonderful. Like many I have fond memories of the place.

The old two-lane bowling alley was really something. Unlike the glittering bowling palaces of today, the Annex lanes were purely for bowling and had no amenities. I don't know when the building was originally constructed but by the late '50s it had been there long enough for foot traffic to have worn grooves in the wooden floors. The manually operated pin setting machine was a marvelous clanking and clinking contraption. It was pure pleasure for a kid to be chosen to operate the thing. One had to get down into it not unlike hopping into a pit, and pick up all

the pins that had just been knocked over. Then the pins were placed in a rack and lowered into position on the lane floor by the kid putting full body weight on a cross bar forcing the pin setter down to floor level. Once there, the contraption released the pins then reset itself upward as the kid's body weight was removed. It reset to a height that was just out of the way enough to allow the ball and pins to move without obstruction. Once the pins had been set and the ball placed in the return

chute, the kid operator had to quickly jump up onto the side wall and lift up both feet. Otherwise he ran the risk of getting smartly whacked by either the incoming ball or the bounding pins, or both.

Like the bowling alley, the basketball court was a marvel. It was a full size court laid out in a fairly small space. I think both end and side court walls were no more than 3 feet from the court boundary, if that. Of course that led to players banging themselves against the walls on a



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regular basis, especially under the baskets. To me, the gem of the basketball court was the spectators' balcony. I remember it encircling the entire court with about 3 stair-stepped seating rows but I never saw it in use. In my mind's eye, I can imagine teams from Dallas Mill across the way playing games in front of capacity crowds. My own memories are just of a bunch of 12-13 year old knuckle-headed boys playing pick-up games courtesy of the Baptist Church.

I know the exact dates of some of my fondest memories of the "Annex". They all involved boxing and one of them was September 25th 1962, the day of the first Patterson-Liston heavyweight championship fight. All the boys I knew had no money to speak of so we often had to devise ways of entertaining ourselves. One of those ways was following professional boxing. Anyway, on the early fall evening of the fight, 6 or 8 of us gathered on the "Annex" porch near the twilight starting time with a small transistor radio. We were having trouble trying to figure out a way we could all hear the little radio when someone had a good idea. We moved out into the yard in the grass, put the radio on its back and all laid face down in a circle with our heads toward the radio which was in the middle. It worked like a charm. I'm unsure of exactly who was there but I'll list some probabilities - Walt Thomas, Mike Smith, Mike Chisum, Sonny Turner, Terry Preston, Jimmy and Bobby Durham and possibly others. We lay there laughing and joking surrounded by the warmth of friendship and listened as Floyd Patterson was knocked out by Sonny Liston and lost his heavyweight title (he made history regaining the title in a fight against Liston a little bv less than a year later). I found this quote about Floyd Patterson in a boxing website - "To this day, he is admired for his idyllic sportsmanship, and is considered an exemplary role model".

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The Fighting Preacher

The name "Bushwhacker" Johnston carried terror to the enemy during the Civil War in north Alabama, but after the war, he was a fearless preacher for thirty-one years. Reverend Milus E. "Bushwhacker" Johnston was born in Wilson County near Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 26th of July, 1823. When he was seventeen years old, he was "born again" and was licensed in 1845, at the age of 22, by the Methodist Church to preach. He was first assigned to the Smith's Fort circuit, where the wife of his youth died and was buried near the village of Alexandria.

While assigned to the Larkinsville circuit, Milus Johnston married Mrs. Mary E. (Hammer) Findley, of Madison County, Alabama.

Milus did not leave Tennessee until it became unsafe for people to assemble and worship in their churches. When Federal soldiers invaded Tennessee, Reverend Johnston was assigned to the Fayetteville circuit and was attending to his own business, that being the business of preaching the gospel. Without any cause on his part, he was arrested by Union troops and told to quit preaching. He was later set free and started preaching again, slipping through the hills to his appointments. Again, he was arrested and his horse

The Good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose. But mosquitoes come close.

Paula Feinhold

confiscated. Reverend Johnston then walked the hills and valleys to preach to his congregations. Unable to preach in peace, Reverend Johnston took his wife and moved southward to Madison County, Alabama, to the home of his wife's father.

On arriving home and finding there was no chance to preach the gospel and having no desire to enlist in the army, Reverend Johnston went to work farming. His only goal was to take care of his family to the best of his ability.

On came the Federal army, laying waste to everything in their path. They burned out the Reverend's family three times, taking everything they had including the boots off his feet. He then crossed the Tennessee River at the mouth of the Paint Rock River with the assistance of some of Col. Roddy's (4th Alabama Cavalry) men. Upon reaching the south bank of the Tennessee River, he looked northward and said, "Boys, I have come to the





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conclusion that God never yet made a man to be slobbered on always by dogs: hence. I'm going to give those fellows the best turn I can get into the hopper." He immediately went, to the Confederate authorities and was given a commission and sent back inside the Federal lines to raise troops. Reverend Johnston helped organize a company of partisan rangers that was mustered into the Confederate Army and operated primarily in Jackson, Madison and Marshall Counties of north Alabama.

He acquired the name "Bushwhacker" Johnston after being appointed a captain of Company

"I've done benefits for ALL religions. I'd hate to blow the hereafter on a technicality."

Bob Hope

E of Mead's Confederate Cavalry. These units were also known as Mead's Regiment of Partisan Rangers. He was promoted to Lt. Colonel on March 27, 1865, and given command of the 25th Alabama Cavalry, which he commanded until its surrender to Union forces on May 11, 1865, at Trough Spring on Monte Sano Mountain and was paroled at Huntsville, Alabama.

Many amusing anecdotes have been told of Bushwhacker's sayings and doings during the two years of his raids and more than 200 skirmishes.

Some of them were exaggerated and some were true. His mode of warfare was just as legal and effective as those D. Morgan and Mosby.

Dr. L. Hensley Grubbs of the Decatur News in 1899 had the following to say about the old Ranger chief: "Milus Johnston

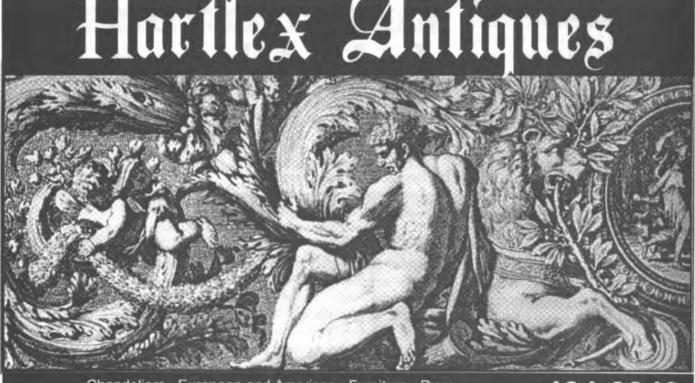
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was a brave man, a splendid Commander, a victorious fighter and only took up the sword after he was driven out of the pulpit. He knew nothing of the science of war and could not give a single command according to the books, but when he said `Catch `em boys,' his Rangers would do it or die in the attempt."

After the war Reverend (Bushwhacker) Johnston lived at New Hope, Alabama, until his second wife's death. His second wife bore him five children while they lived at New Hope. After her death, he moved to Union Grove, Marshall County, Alabama, to live with his daughter, Mrs. Fannie Cadenhead, wife of the inventor of the Cadenhead plow.

In the 1890's Reverend Johnston was assigned to the Warrenton, Alabama, Mission circuit. Reverend Johnston helped establish and was pastor of the First Methodist Church of Arab. He also established Methodist churches at Oleander, Ruth and Union Grove while assigned to the Warrenton circuit. Milus E. Johnston retired in November, 1896, at the age of 73.

On January 4, 1899, Reverend Johnston married Mrs. Jane Jullian, the widow of John

Mid-life is when you look at your know-it-all, beeper-wearing teenager and think: "For this I have stretch marks?"

Jennie Marsden, Madison



Jullian. They were married at the bride's home in Cataco Valley near Oleander, Alabama. He was 76 and she was 69 at the time of their marriage. Milus. Reverend Johnston lived on his wife's farm, where he wrote his memoirs, until her death.

After his wife's death, Milus Johnston moved to Watertown, Tennessee, in Wilson County to live with one of his sons. He died in 1915 at the age of 92 and is buried in Hearn Hill Cemetery near Watertown.



Local News From 1895

- William Wilson, alias William Stevenson, has been arrested in Huntsville, charged with having robbed the mail in Texas and Arkansas. There is some doubt as to his being the right one, but if he is, those who made the arrest will receive a \$700 reward. He is also wanted in this state for murder in Marshall County.

- Mrs. Lottie Foster of this county has filed a petition for divorce from her husband of 56 years. In her filing Mrs. Foster claims her husband has failled to provide for his family. Their children are aged 56 and 54.

- Judge W.B. McClure was badly hurt Saturday night by being thrown from his buggy while returning home. His son James was thrown out, and the judge became entangled in trying to jump and was caught in the running gear. He was badly bruised and hurt and has been confined to his home ever since. We trust the judge will soon be out again.

- Mr. T. A. Nixon, at Albertville, was suffering very much one day last week and in order to secure relief he injected strychnine in his arm, thinking he was using morphine. He died in three hours. His wife is in the habit of using morphine sometimes, and she took a dose of the strychnine too, but it happened to be a small one, and she was not considered to be in immediate danger.

- A negro by the name of Columbus Hicks robbed the commissary and Officer Sharpe went to arrest him. The negro resisted, and Sharpe shot him, inflicting, it is said, a mortal wound.

- The bucket factory at Gurley operated by the Nininger-Craver Co., is now running up to its full capacity. The present output is seventy dozen cedar water buckets, thirty-five dozen well buckets, thirty-five dozen lynn and candy buckets and eighteen dozen churns. The proprietors have in contemplation the manufacture of other grades of woodenware, and they may also add washboards to the list.

"Old" is when "getting a little action" means you didn't have to take your fiber today.



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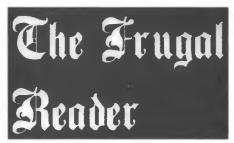
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* Want to find the freshest and cheapest produce? Visit a local farmer's market. The produce tends to be fresher, treated with fewer chemicals, and cheaper than the grocery store.

* To stretch your liquid hand soap and dish soap, when the container is half full, fill the rest with water. Shake gently to mix. Works just as well, and your soap will last twice as long!

* Don't spend your money on expensive deodorant cat litter. Instead, when you change the litter box, spray it with a disinfecting spray (like Lysol) and cover the bottom with baking soda. When the cat scratches, it will mix the baking soda in and neutralize the odor. Sprinkle more on top as needed.

* Instead of using expensive paper towels to clean up messes in your kitchen, buy a bunch of cheap washcloths and keep those in a drawer in your kitchen. You can throw them in the wash and use them over and over. Buy them in a color that matches your kitchen so they don't get mixed in with your bath cloths.

* For economic and stylish gift-wrapping, use raffia instead of ribbons or bows. It's much cheaper and it looks great, too!

* You can completely do away with the need for paper napkins, aluminum foil, plastic bags, plastic food wrap, etc. by using cloth napkins for all meals and Tupperware for all food storage instead. You'll see a great savings over the years!

* Crock-pots can be a pain to clean. To avoid that, place a Reynolds cooking bag into the pot, fill it with your recipe, cover and cook as usual. To store leftovers, just pull the bag out of the pot, close it and toss into the fridge. By not having to scrub the pot, you will save time, water and soap!

* Have lots of flat sheets, but need fitted ones? Convert a flat sheet to a fitted one by tying a knot in each corner and when making the bed, just tuck each knot under the corners of the mattress.

* When cleaning the garden

in fall, don't throw away unripened tomatoes. Just pull the tomato plant out, roots and all, shake off the dirt and hang the plants upside down, in either the basement or the garage. The tomatoes will ripen "on the vine" and you have fresh tomatoes!

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Huntsville News From 1892

- An item appeared in the Democrat recently which should have read as follows: "Mrs. Haskins has the largest and nicest plants in town." In making up the form the "L" dropped out of the word plants, and the mistake was not noticed until the paper was printed. The whole town was in an uproar and when the lady's husband read the item he armed himself with a shotgun and started for the printing office. The editor saw him coming and escaped through a back window.

- Mrs. Hugh Carlisle, of Guntersville, had the most handsome bay carriage horses and they gained the admiration of all who saw them. Her friends will regret to learn of the death of the best of the two, the especial favorite of Mrs. C., which occurred Sunday night. The pair cost her \$550 in Cincinnati.

- A novel clock is now being exhibited

by the Watchmaker's Union. It is of wood, beautifully carved and stands six feet in height. The case is a perfect fort in miniature, and instead of a bell and striking hammer the hours are announced by a bugler, who emerges from a door at one side of the fort and blows the call to assemble and march.

Almost instantly doors open on all sides. A regiment of automatic soldiers, six abreast, march out, wheel to the left, stop a few seconds to "mark time," and then march through another part of the fortress to the barracks.

These marches and countermarches occur each hour. If they come out to announce the hour of 1 o'clock, one soldier fires his tiny gun. At 2 o'clock two soldiers fire their pieces, increasing with the hour until the twelve leaders fire their guns, the rear ranks bowing their heads and pointing with their bayonets toward the dial of the clock.



A Peculiar Hill

by John Crow

The year was 1959. Fidel Castro became the Prime Minister of Cuba, "Tom Dooley" was a popular song, and I had come to Huntsville. My father and I were staying in a boarding house on Adams Street until he could close on a home and bring my mother and sisters down from Ohio. I had come down that summer with Dad to get squared away at Huntsville High for my pending junior year and to try out for the football team.

That summer I learned that Southern boys take their football seriously, that I resented being called a "Yankee" (I had lived most of my young life out West or in Tennessee), and through the auspices of my soon-to-be best friend, discovered what surely must be one of the all time great mysteries of the universe.

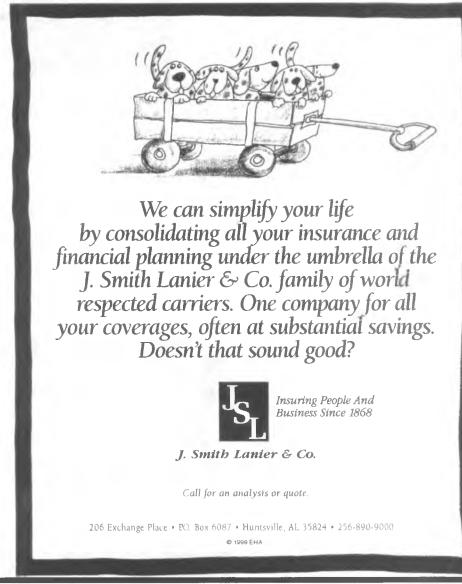
"Minus" Mullins was the football team manager. We called him "Minus" because at that time he was so small. His real name was Bob and he had sort of an impish, con-man quality about him. He was always cooking up some scheme or another designed to make a quick buck.

Well one day after practice we were sitting around at Gibson's Barbeque drinking iced tea. I forget how the conversation got started but I was telling Bob about some of the wonders I had seen in my travels out West. Bob got this sort of far away look in his eye, hunkered over closer to me, and in a low, serious voice said, "John, I bet you a dollar that I can show you a wonder right here in Huntsville, Alabama that you'll have to agree is the greatest wonder you've ever seen." I'll have to admit I was pretty leery of what was taking shape but I could tell Bob was serious and that look in his eye was downright scary. I figured I couldn't lose and besides I was awfully curious.

"OK, show me," I said, a little smugly.

We got in his '58 Chevy and headed up Big Cove just a little way, it seems, when Bob started to slow down. He began looking from side to side then stopped, backed up a little, then stopped again. He put the car in neutral and with his foot still on the brake said, "We're on a hill going up, right?" Well we were definitely on a hill, granted the spot where we were at was not a particu-





larly steep grade, but it was definitely a hill. "Bob, you know darn well we're on a hill."

"OK," he said, "When I let my foot off the brake we'll start to roll back down the hill, right?" "Right," I said, not hiding my disgust. Bob let his foot off the brake, and I swear, instead of rolling backwards down the hill, the car rolled up the hill for a short distance, coming to a stop."

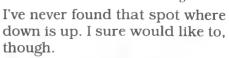
Bob put the Chevy in gear and backed up (down) the hill a short distance, then repeated the performance. "Bob, that's the strangest thing I've ever experienced." "Yeah, it's weird alright. Let me show you something." He reached over and opened the glove compartment and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "Read that," he said. I unfolded what appeared to be a piece of an old comic strip section from a Sunday newspaper. Someone had written a date on it that now was very faded, nineteen fifty something. When I read it I could feel the hair on the back of my neck start to rise. It was an old "Ripley's Believe it or Not" strip. You remember when it was in color in the Sunday comics. Well it showed this car on a hill and a man scratching his head and little question marks coming from his head and said something about the upside-down hill in Huntsville, Alabama.

"Bob," I said, "This is really something. Imagine, we're on a spot in 'Ripley's." "Yeah," Bob answered, "Don't it beat all you've ever seen?" "It sure does," I replied. Then I saw his eyes light up and he said, "John, you owe me a buck."

Well, I begrudgingly paid Bob and, armed with a marble and a carpenter's level, all that summer I'd go back and try to unravel the mystery of the upside down hill. 1 never could figure it out. I do know that the level would show "down" but the marble would roll "up".

I had forgotten about this incident until a couple of weeks ago when I was thinking about my old friend. Bob's been dead over twenty years now. Little did we know that summer would be one of the few left when we still had our adolescent innocence. The sixties, The Nam, the seventies, careers, family, all the changes and stresses of adulthood, almost caused me to forget that first summer in Huntsville. I guess in memory of old Bob "Minus" Mullins I tried to find that spot on Big Cove the other day. I can tell you this, if you try to stop your car on Big Cove Road today the odds are you'll get run over, and to walk around there with a marble in your hand is just plain suicide.

You know it's going to be a bad day when you see a "60 Minutes" news crew waiting for you in your office.





News From The Year 1934

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Senator Heflin Announces Candidacy for Congress

Senator Heflin has announced that he will be a candidate for Congress in the next His election. record of accomplishment in the Senate body to date would fill 35 pages. His full platform is to be published in a pamphlet late this week, but he gave our reporter a list of several planks that it would include. Heflin says that he is in favor of federal aid for state-run schools. He also advocates old-age pensions for our elderly citizens in need.

The Senator would urge opening the Coosa River to navigation from Rome, Ga., to Mobile. He will see to it that commercial fertilizer can be made soon at Muscle Shoals for half the price that farmers are paying today. Senator Heflin favors a strong navy, opposes plans to increase foreign immigration, and says he will fight to correct every injustice done to ex-service men. Regarding the economy of the country, Heflin states that millions of dollars in federal money could be raised by taxing marginal transactions on the stock exchange, and has a plan to prevent panics. He would limit big fortunes by a tax to be agreed upon by President Roosevelt. Favors increasing salaries of postal employees to where they can obtain the necessities of life.

The Senator further stated that he is in favor of a survey of soil in every county in the 5th District to find out whether there are oil, metals, and other minerals in the area. He has a plan to destroy the million and a half bales of unspinnable cotton kept and counted in the cotton supply every year.

"24 hours in a day, 24 beers in a case. Coincidence? I think not."

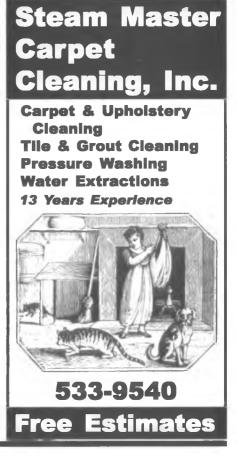
Stephen Johnson



Will Rogers Reported Dead

Early wire reports state that Will Rodgers was killed this morning in an airplane crash. Though the news has not been confirmed yet, President Roosevelt has issued a statement calling Rodgers one of this century's great Americans.

Rodgers was revered as one of this countries greatest humorists. His plain spoken truths enabled him to identify with the common man and his struggles during the depression.



Dillinger Shot Dead in Chicago

Chicago: A nationwide manhunt for one of the most infamous criminals of our era ended today with a shoot-out on the sidewalks of Chicago.

John Dillinger, who has made a career out of robbing and terrorizing peaceful citizens was gunned down by G Men as he exited the Biograph Theater. When ordered to surrender Dillinger reached in his pocket as if for a gun and made an effort to bolt the scene. FBI agents immediately opened fire.

FBI director Edgar Hoover stated minutes later that the end to the crazed criminal's career came about as a result of intense investigation work, using the most modern crime detection methods. Dillinger was fingered by an ex girlfriend who was paid \$200. The woman was at the theater along with Dillinger and was seen wearing a red dress as she entered an FBI car minutes after the shooting.

Huntsville buys Utility Company

Despite protests from the public the city of Huntsville has purchased the Alabama Power Company. The move is expected to stabilize the cost for the 5,810 customers now using electricity as well as providing much needed capital to insure future growth. The average electric bill is expected to stay the same at about \$2.64 per month.

Chicken Lays Huge Egg

A lunch stand in Albertville has on prominent display a hen's egg there that defies explanation. It measures six inches in circumference the small way and eight inches around the long way. Mr. Driver avers that it was laid by his Plymouth Rock hen. It weighs slightly under one fourth of a pound.





The Ghosts of Redstone Arsenal

by Kim Henry - (reprinted with permission of the Redstone Rocket)

A shroud of mystery surrounds vacant building 112 on Redstone Arsenal. People who've worked there over the decades have similar accounts of the activity they've witnessed.

The building has quite a history of tenants. It still bears traces of its original purpose which include two vaults and an old morgue.

The building was built as a hospital in the early 1940s, during World War II. It serviced Huntsville Arsenal and Redstone Arsenal as well as German prisoners of war placed here. (At the time the installation was divided into two arsenals. Huntsville Arsenal was everything west of Patton Road and was used as a chemical manufacturing and storage facility. Redstone was essentially the area where the new FBI building, Rocket Auditorium and the old Thiokol facilities are located; it was used as an ordnance shell loading/assembly plant.)

In 1950, Huntsville Arsenal was inactivated and was consolidated with Redstone Arsenal. Since there wasn't as much of a need for the large facility, the hospital was moved to an infirmary at building 7110 on the southeast end of post.

According to a *Rocket* article from 1978, after the hospital was

"I'm not really conceited, but I'm absolutely sure that if I had never been born, people would want to know why." *Ken Owens* relocated, "Building112 was then converted for use as laboratory space for the Ordnance Guided Missile Group which moved to Redstone from Fort Bliss (Texas) in 1950." Dr. Wernher von Braun's office was in building 111, which sits in front of 112.

In the same article from 1978, William Pittman, who worked for the space program in 112, said "Some of our earliest Army missile design and development work was done in building 112, and you might say the space age was born there too."

By the early 1960s, there was a lack of space in 7110, so building 112 was refurbished and rededicated as a hospital in August 1961. It served as a hospital until 1978 when Fox Army Hospi-

tal was built. Since then it has housed several agencies but most recently it was recognized as Redstone Arsenal Support Activity headquarters.

B i l l Schroder. of the Engineering, Environment and Logistics Oversight Office, remembers building 112 from when he first started at Redstone in 1959. At the he time worked for Chrysler in the Astrionics Lab.

He said that while he was working in the building, there were reports of



strange activities late at night.

"There was a room downstairs that was used for drafting blueprints. Those who worked there would often work late at night," Schroder said. "The drafters started telling people that they could swear they heard people walking up and down the halls and the elevator going up and down and when the doors would open and close nobody would be there."

Bothered by the unexplained disturbances, the drafters quit working nights. "During the day, when people were there the elevator didn't hardly operate," Schroder said. "So for it to operate on its own was strange."

People who worked for RASA recall similar incidents like the drafters.

"I worked from 6:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., but came in early to walk my two miles each morning before starting work," Susan Gustafson said. "As I recall, being in that building really early in the morning, the first floor elevator would open and close and would go up and down to the second and third floors but no one was there. No one came out and no one went into it."

Gustafson remembers one morning when she didn't feel alone. "I was at the copy machine and lo and behold the doors opened up, waited and then closed. It went to the second floor and then came back down," she said. "I was shaking. The door opened up when it reached the first floor again, but no one came out. It waited and then the door closed again."

She said the elevator movement happened so much that the longer she worked there the more she got used to it. "I even called him Casper, I thought that was a catchy name," Gustafson said.

Another former RASA employee described similar inci-



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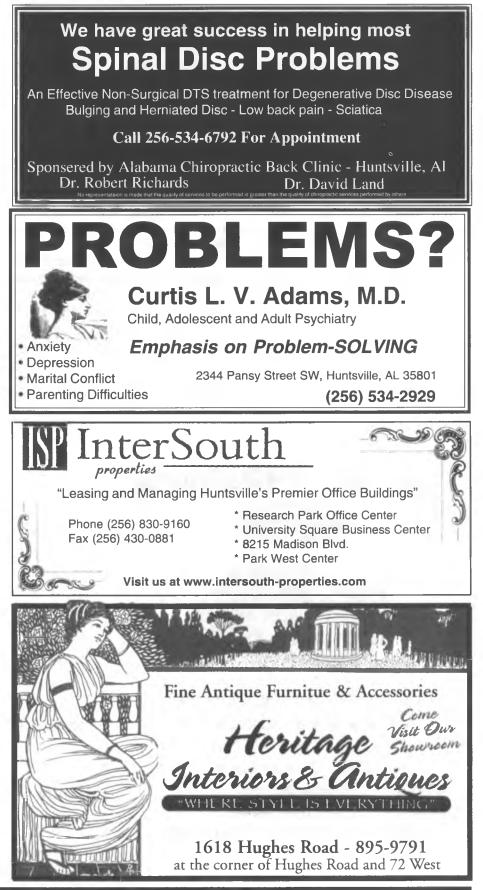
dents. "I worked in building 112 for many years and had always heard the ghost stories," Karen Bender, support agreement manager, said. She explained that she first worked on the second floor, but it wasn't until her office was moved to the third floor that she wondered if some of the "tall tales" had some truth.

"My last office on the third fioor was very near the elevator. Sometimes I would work on weekends and would hear the elevator moving up and down the floors, opening and closing, but no one would be there," Bender said. "This was kind of eerie when you are working alone. It got to the point where I would lock myself in my office because I was not sure I was up to a meeting with 'George,' our pet name for the ghost."

Officers and military police who delivered the blotter to the RASA commander late at night agree about the building's strange activities. Several confirmed they would get off on the third floor to put the blotter on the commander's desk and when they returned, the elevator wouldn't be there waiting. It would be on another floor. Others heard voices down the hall. but never saw anything. "After a while people just refused to go there after dark," a Department of Army police officer said.

Another officer recalled an incident when he was a patrol supervisor and delivered the blotter. The officer said the elevator wasn't working so he took the steps. Thinking that the stairwell ended at the third floor, he kept climbing until he reached a small door that went to the attic.

"I realized I must've missed my floor," he said. "At that point I heard laughing and it sounded like ladies. I thought it was late for people to be there." The officer said when he went down to the third floor he saw a light down the hall and still heard the laughing. "I walked down to the room. No one was there and the laughing stopped," he said. The officer



said he thought the room was a break room and described it as open space with nowhere for anyone to go but out the door. The officer walked back down the hall to drop the blotter off in the commander's office.

As he returned to the stairwell, he saw something unusual coming from the same room. "I was looking down the hall and saw a shadow come across the door." He said he thought this time for sure someone was down there, but when he got to the room no one was there. He turned off the light.

No one knows why the elevator traveled up and down the floors or the origin of the voices down the hall. The vacant building's future is uncertain.

Editor's note: While reporting this story, Kim Henry said she went inside building 112 and found it to be extremely warm. But upon going down to the first floor, which housed the morgue. it was noticeably cooler. The first floor is not underground.

Times Were Different

The city of Huntsville was shocked to wake up one fall morning in 1826 with the news there had been a mass escape from the jail.

Six prisoners, some of whom were listed as being "dangerous to the peace of the community," had broken out of the jail the night before.

Huntsville's citizens, outraged at the escape, demanded the District Attorney, James G. Birney, appoint a committee to investigate the circumstances surrounding the escape.

After months of hearings and investigations, the committee finally made its recommendations.

Among other things, they recommended that "doors be placed on the jail, the upper floor be enclosed and some type of covering be placed over the windows."

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Chess Pie

2 eggs

- 1 c. sugar
- 1 T. corn meal
- 1 T. flour
- 1/4 c. milk
- 1 c. margarine, melted
- 1 t. vinegar
- 1 t. vanilla

Beat the eggs, add the sugar, stir in the corn meal and flour. Add the milk and butter, beat in the vinegar and vanilla. Pour into a 9-inch unbaked pastry shell and bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

Old Auntsville

Subscribe To

Old Huntsville Page 44 The Big Spring

It was the crystal-clear spring that attracted John Hunt to the area and became the nucleus of what would later become known as the city of Huntsville.

Probably no part of Huntsville is as readily identified with the city, or its rich history, as the spring.

The city's first beautification project took place in 1838, when the city fathers hired a contractor to build cedar steps leading from the Square down to the spring. It probably had more to do with the citizens though, who had to climb the bluff daily to fetch water their water, than with making the spring attractive.

As Huntsville grew, so did the spring's importance. It provided

Golf was invented so that even the man who isn't in politics would have something to lie about.

Don Kurtzahn, Atlanta



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Open Monday - Sunday Bar: 4pm - 11pm Kitchen: 5pm - 10pm the city with its water supply and was a place for farmers coming to town to sell their crops.

Soldiers in many of this country's wars camped near the spring and those who were sent to distant camps often said their good-byes to their wives and sweethearts along its banks.

Although Huntsvillians had always thought of the spring and the surrounding land as public property, it was not until 1887, when M.J. O'Shaughessy gave \$1500.00 to the city to purchase the land, that it became a park.

Known simply as Hunt's Spring, or Huntsville Spring, the park never had a name until 1910 when Miss Grace Walker petitioned the city authorities to name it the Big Spring Park.

The Big Spring Park quickly became a focal point for Huntsville events. In 1922 the Evangelist Bob Jones held a series of revivals in the park attracting, by some estimates, as many as 8,000 people. Six years later, in 1929, more than 10,000 people



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gathered to watch a boxing match, sponsored by the American Legion, between Sammy Baker and Tommy Jordan.

Huntsville watched as the park became a "hobo" camp site during the Great Depression and undoubtedly, there were a few laughs, when in 1941, the city fathers ordered the spring fenced in to "prevent the Japanese from poisoning our water supply."

For the people who grew up in Huntsville the Big Spring was part of their lives. Whether it was swimming in Burnham's swimming pool, riding the miniature train that ran along the canal banks, or simply picnicking under one of the great old trees that once grew in the park, everyone has fond memories of what it used to be.

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Old Huntsville Trivia

1829 - New City Hall is built. On January 2, the Mayor had been authorized to secure one stove, a dozen chairs, and one desk to furnish the new building. Total cost of furnishings - \$67.85.

1834 - First stage line is established between Huntsville and Decatur. The trip took over three hours and travelers had to provide their own cushion.

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

1846 - A military company by the name of the "Huntsville Volunteers" is formed to help Texas fight for its independence from Mexico. According to reports of the day, it took three months of marching before the volunteers reached Texas.

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

1879 - Maynard J. Pullet remarries for the sixth time. Mr. Pullet is 101 years of age at the time.

1831 - Huntsville citizens are irate over the new tax increases. The tax rate was 27 cents on each \$100 and a poll tax on white males of 25 cents each.

1832 - Francis Scott Key, the author of the National Anthem, visits Huntsville. He had been sent as a representative by President Andrew Jackson to investigate Indian problems.

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Dear Dad,

July 24, 1944

Well I'm here in Huntsville, Alabama. I was supposed to go to Shelbyville, Tenn. but when I got there they told me I was being sent here. They say we are going to guard German POW's but I haven't seen any yet

We are living in a tent until they finish building the barracks. All the officers are living a fine life - no tents and no mud. I will try to tell you what it is like here but you probably won't believe it. The girls are the prettiest I have ever seen but they are all taken up by the officers. Even so, they flirt with us all the time.

They have an ammunition plant here but it is off limits for us. We are not allowed to talk to anyone who works there. I went to the dentist this morning and the -----almost killed me. The other guys told me they won't go to him - they go to one in town and pay for it themselves.

A couple of us went to town but there wasn't much to see. We were going to go to the service club but it was so crowded we couldn't get in so we just walked around. You would not believe how slow the people here move.

I think it is supposed to be illegal here to sell liquor but everyone does it. There are always a couple cars parked outside the gate and you can buy any kind you want. Some of the guys bought some moonshine and I tried it but it made me sick. It reminded me of the stuff you used to

strip the varnish off of the table. If I get a chance I will send some home for you. You should have great fun giving it for Mr. Perkins. I also got some cotton to send you. It grows everywhere down here and is just like you get in the store only it's got seeds in it.

This place is not New York but it's a lot better than going overseas. If I'm lucky I can stay here until this war is over. Tell everyone I said hello and I hope to get a leave before long.

Harold Koski





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Household Advice, Beauty Tips and Common Sense

This month I thought it might be interesting to tell you about some unusual superstitions.

* Catching falling leaves in the autumn will guarantee your freedom from colds all winter.

* If you laugh before breakfast, you'll cry before bedtime.

* If you spill make-up or face powder, a quarrel with a friend will ensue.

* On Halloween night, if you travel to a crossroads and listen to the winds, they will tell you all the important things that will befall you during the next year.

* If you have a sty, you can get rid of it by ringing a friend's doorbell, then running away.

* If the bubbles formed on the surface of a cup of coffee float in your direction, money is on the way.

* If you have a bad cough and want to quit, take a large dose of laxatives - you'll be afraid to cough.

If you have a houseguest and sweep the room within an hour of his departure, very bad luck will come to a good friend.

* Straws tied in a cross and placed at the four corners of the bed will ward off nightmares.

* Should a bee fly into your home, expect a visitor soon.

* Bees remaining idle for a long period of time are said to indicate that war is coming.

* People in Mississippi believe that if you dream of a swarm of bees alighting a building, misfortune is certain for you.

* In Ireland, spitting upon a new baby is supposed to bring it luck.

* To find a future husband, a young girl should twist the

stem of an apple for each letter of the alphabet. When the stem finally breaks, the last letter spoken is the first initial of her true love's name.

* A bride will have bad luck if she looks at herself in a fulllength mirror after getting fully dressed for her wedding.

* If a maiden holds an apple sliced into 9 pieces and stuck on the point of a sharp knive, over her left shoulder on Halloween. she will see the image of her future husband in the mirror.

* If a person's death is reported in error, he or she will gain an additional ten years.



mom, please put the cocktail down and come out with

"must you always be the center of attention? happy birthday."



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Early Days at Redstone

by John L. McDaniel

I paused on the top of Monte Sano Mountain on the afternoon of February 24, 1942 to look down on the beehive of activity that I was about to enter. There appeared to be a great deal of activity to which there was very little order. I stopped at the Yarbrough Hotel to inquire about a room and found that there were no vacancies. The same situation was found at the Twickenham Hotel and the Russel Erskine Hotel, I was told that the workers could find a bed on Clinton Street. I found a bed for one dollar a night at a large building that was full of triple decker bunks. I was counseled to watch my wallet when I went to sleep since there were a lot a strangers in town. This was particularly important to me since 1 had \$21 in my wallet. Having selected my bunk, I drove down Clinton Street, past the creamery, to the filling station and barber shop. Here Mr. Malone, the barber, gave me a quick update on Huntsville.

The Central Cafe was a good place to eat, if you could afford the price, and the bootlegger was located at a motel on the Athens Highway. Having this essential information, I inquired as to how I could get to the Arsenal.

At the mention of the Arsenal, Mr. Malone refused to talk since, according to him, it was a

> A hospital room is a place where friends of the patient meet to tell him what their latest symptoms are.

great secret as to the location of the Arsenal. I decided that 1 would follow the traffic; if the place was secret, someone would stop me - and this happened.

On February 26, 1942 I became the 344th person hired at Huntsville Arsenal. My job was to work in a plant that manufactured mustard gas.

To do this work, it would be necessary for me to wear clothes impregnated with a substance to prevent the mustard gas fumes from coming in contact with the skin. The long-johns underwear were thick with the substance, as were the socks, coveralls, shoes, and hat. I have scars today on my wrists where I was careless in joining the underwear sleeves and the gloves. A gas mask completed the uniform. Sensitive skin was not a particular advantage, since the showers used kerosene to remove any mustard gas or vapor contamination from the body.

Six mustard manufacturing plants were constructed at Huntsville Arsenal.

Two chlorine plants, each generating 45 tons of liquid chlorine every 24 hours for use in making mustard gas, were located nearby. Each mustard manufacturing plant consisted of





a sulfur monochloride building, a building which generated ethylene from pure grain alcohol, and a mustard reactor building.

I received my training in the manufacture and loading of mustard gas at Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland. This training consisted of working with individuals who had kept the plant in standby for many years. I was assigned to the midnight shift and received at least one shift training on each of the major operations. All work was done with a gas mask on; this caused a severe problem around daylight each morning, as the whiskers grew out along the edge of the mask. It became very easy to identify a mustard worker when seen on the street, from the distinct imprint of the gas mask on his face. I kept telling myself there were worse places to be than on a mustard reactor at Edgewood Arsenal - Hell came to mind.

The per diem during my stay at Edgewood Arsenal was \$6 a day. After paying for room and board, there was very little money left to spend for personal items or at the bootleggers. It is an old story that one way of keeping people out of trouble is to deny them the means for getting into it. During this period, personnel who could not afford to buy a Free-

dom Bond could buy Freedom Stamps until the value of the stamps was sufficient to trade for a bond. I was fortunate to have accumulated nine dollars worth of Freedom Stamps prior to my trip. I traded in these stamps for money to use for food and other essentials

So, after three months of training, I was qualified to manufacture mustard gas and to supervise others in the operation. Evidence of my qualifications was obvious; eye irritations that reduced my vision to a fraction of normal, throat irritations that produced dry cough that kept me awake at night, and large blisters or second degree burns on each wrist. 1 am at this point doing very little broken field running, since my goal is to get through the line in one piece. I had started my new career very cheerful and confident, but now in only a few months I had become very sober and quiet. Things were not turning



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out as I had expected.

Upon returning to Huntsville Arsenal, I was made the foreman of an operation using the filling line, that had previously been used for filling 105-MM shells, to fill M47A2 bombs. This setup was very poor. With fatigue and forgetfulness often present, it was not long until some operators tried to drop two charges into one bomb. This dumped several gallons of mustard gas on the floor and thoroughly contaminated the conveyer rolls and adjacent equipment. Since the equipment and concrete floors were very difficult to decontaminate, the situation went from bad to worse despite all the safety devices we installed on the equipment.

Consequently, the entire operation became contaminated to the point that it was always "hot." Many employees suffered from severe cases of eve and throat irritations. Due to the three-shift, seven-days-a-week operation, many of the number had to be hospitalized for general debility and eye and respiratory irritation. This operation resulted in the beginning of my contacts with Brigadier General Rollo C. Ditto, the commander of Huntsville Arsenal. I recall him as being easygoing and gregarious with an uncomplicated, pragmatic management style. He asked me if there was anything right about what I was doing. Before I could answer him, he told me to eliminate all the things that were right about the operation and work on what I had left. He asked me if I had any education and I told him I had a college degree. He peered at me closely through the fogged glasses of his gas mask, turned, and walked briskly away. I decided that his actions gave me the authority to close my line for cleanup -

this I did.

Following the experiences in the mustard loading and filling plants, it was discovered that the bottom parts of both my lungs were badly scarred.

I was given a job in charge of the refrigeration for all the chemical operations on the Arsenal. The new job would keep me out in the open more; however, at the same time, it would subject me to different types of chemical poisons.

One of the most interesting operations was the production of colored smoke grenades. The dye used in the grenades colored the workers' clothing and stained the skin. It was not uncommon to see people of rainbow hues walking around Huntsville. Due to the health hazard associated with working in colored smoke, the workers were paid one grade higher. Fires were numerous, as many as 11 in two hours being recorded when yellow grenades were being made.

During these early days, I had learned some very valuable lessons in broken field running from a culture made up of hard-working, hard-drinking, and hard-living people. The Huntsville Arsenal reached its peak of 3,707 employees in May 1944, with 90% civilians and 10% military.

Of the work force, 9% were unskilled, 48% semi-





skilled, 18% skilled, and 25% administrative or graded employees. A representative sample recorded in September 1944 showed 26% white female, 11% colored female, 52% white male, and 11% colored male. For a long time, the Arsenal maintained a working ratio of white and colored employees almost equal to the population ratio.

My first experience in recruiting was in hiring a secretary for my operation. Every healthylooking lady from Union Grove showed up about 9:00 a.m. for the interview. I asked one lady why she was late and she told me that when she went out to milk the cows one of them was delivering a calf and she had to help the cow along. Her previous experience consisted of picking cotton, working at a saw mill, and doing general housework for her parents. I inquired about her qualifications to be a secretary, and she told me that she learned how to type in high school and had kept books for a used car dealer in Arab. Arab is a small town around thirty miles south of Huntsville. These qualifications seemed more than adequate for my requirements, so I hired her. The first person I ever hired turned out to be one of the best people I ever hired, and she remained with me until I left for the Navy.

Her creative writing ability was called to task one night when an operator from the mustard plant showed up in the office. He was obviously in some slight pain and periodically pulled at his sex organs. He told me that he failed



to secure his pant legs properly around his ankles, and the mustard fumes had caused his sex organs to turn red. This was complicated by the fact that he had been married only one week. I asked my secretary to write a letter for me to sign to his new bride explaining the situation: "Dear Mrs. Jones:

Do not expect sexual intercourse for a few days. Your husband got mustard gas on the private parts of his body."

A wide variety of techniques was tried in an effort to improve the morale of the mismanaged



personnel. An innovation of the post exchange was the cultivation of a truck garden - the products from which were used in the cafeteria. Another venture was a pig raising project. The post exchange owned ninety hogs, fed mostly by swill from kitchens. The pigs were to provide pork for the cafeterias. A farmer was employed to care for the hogs and tend to the "victory garden."

Operative during 1943 and the spring of 1944, the farm was discontinued in May 1944 as being too costly. The loss on it amounted to \$576.13.

Upon my return from the Navy to Huntsville Arsenal, I sought out the personnel office and found that it was located in the basement of Building 111, the headquarters. I was told that the Arsenal was being closed down, and that I was no longer needed.

However, after some discussion, I was given a job as a supervisor in a demilitarization operation. The job here was to remove the poison gases and the high explosives from the shells and bombs, and recover whatever materials, such as magnesium, that was available. This operation lasted until March 17, 1949, when the Arsenal was put up for sale.

During 1948, the Office Chief of Ordnance decided to designate an arsenal to research and develop the field of rocketry. On June 1, 1949, the Ordnance Department reactivated Redstone Arsenal to carry out this mission. This Department



reactivated Redstone Arsenal to carry out this mission. The Redstone Arsenal also took over the real estate of the deactivated Huntsville Arsenal, giving the new arsenal a total combined area of 40,000 acres. With the arrival of a complement of officers and 120 former German Scientists from Fort Bliss, Texas, in April 1940, to join the approximately 1,200 personnel already on board, Redstone Arsenal entered the missile era.





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