

# Thanksgiving on the Old Plantation

Daddy had always wanted to be a gentleman farmer. Mama said that even when she first met him he was always full of dreams about moving to some exotic place like Alabama.

Daddy would have the chance to live his dream when he was transferred to Huntsville but he and Mama soon found out there was more to country life than just living there.

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# Thanksgiving on the Old Plantation

by Warren Kincaid as told to Tom Carney

Daddy had always wanted to be a gentleman farmer. Mama said that even when she first met him he was always full of dreams about moving to some exotic place where he could be the master of his own land and sit on the porch with his morning cup of coffee, watching the crops grow. Unfortunately, being a gentleman farmer in Newark, New Jersey, with its miles of brick apartment buildings and factories, was a difficult dream to even contemplate. He had never been outside of Newark in his life and the closest he ever came to seeing a farm was in a travelogue magazine.

Daddy was the smartest man I ever knew, and possibly the most eccentric. He always wore old-fashioned white shirts, with starched collars, and carried a cane. The cane, Daddy would explain, was the mark of a gentleman. Dinner had to be served every evening at exactly 6:30, followed by exactly 30 minutes of family discussion of the day's events. At exactly 7:30 each evening the radio would be turned on for exactly thirty minutes. On the first Friday of each

month we would go to a restaurant for dinner, leaving at ten minutes after six, and arriving at exactly 6.30. Daddy had a copy of the restaurant menu and would spend hours figuring exactly how long it would take to prepare the food and serve us so we could arrive back home at exactly the right time.

The year 1952 was a memorable one for our family. I turned thirteen, and became a teenager, and Daddy got an offer to transfer to one of the exotic places he had always dreamed of - Huntsville, Alabama. Daddy was a chemist and worked for a University research lab that was under contract with the government to research various types of rocket fuel. When someone decided the research should be consolidated to Redstone Arsenal, Daddy was ecstatic.

The day Daddy received the word of the transfer, he came home loaded down with packages. After telling Mama and me to wait in the parlor, he went into the bedroom. A few minutes later he emerged, dressed in a white suit topped off with a white "planter's" hat that really looked more like a white cowboy hat. "This is the way gentlemen planters dress in Alabama," he explained.

When I kept casting dubious looks at the cowboy hat, he reassured us that he would purchase "a real one" once we got to



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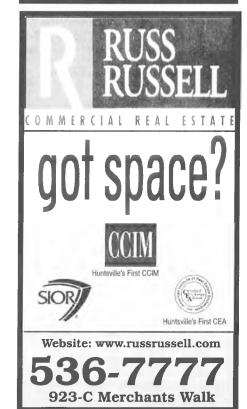
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Huntsville.

After much discussion it was decided that Mama and I would stay at her sister's home while Daddy went on ahead "to scout the territory out." He figured he would rent a "plantation" for the first year and later, after he "got the lay of the land," would purchase one.

The months after Daddy's departure was a whirlwind of activity, made even worse by Daddy's endless list of supplies he was sure we would need at our new home. Mama and I had to go to New York to find the rubber boots, sun helmets and mosquito netting.

The first thing Mama and I noticed after stepping off the train in Huntsville was the scorching heat. It was like something out of Dante's inferno, with the temperature easily topping the hundred-degree mark. Mama had spent hours on the train doing her hair and powdering her face but within minutes it was a shambles as rivulets of sweat began running down her carefully applied makeup.

Daddy was standing on the platform anxiously waiting for us. He had changed in the few months since we last saw him. He now looked like an earlier version of Colonel Sanders, complete with the white suit, white goatee and black string tie. Fortunately though, he had lost the

white planter's hat somewhere along the way.

Daddy was bursting with excitement as he loaded us into the car. He liked his new job, had met several nice people but most importantly he had found us a home on a place called Hobbs Island Road. Mama and I had spent hours poring over old travel books looking at old plantation homes and, in our minds, knew exactly what our new house would look like.

After driving for what seemed like an eternity we turned off onto a deeply rutted dirt path, hemmed in all sides by monstrous trees and vines. Finally Daddy stopped, and said proudly, "There she is!"

Mama and I looked at the house for a long moment, and finally she turned to me with a look that said "don't say a word!"

Daddy sensed our disappointment, but explained that "real plantation houses" were in short demand at that time.

The house was fairly large, with a front porch running all the way across the front. At one time it had been painted white but now it was more of a dingy brown except in places where old boards had fallen off and new ones had been nailed in their place.

Mama was never a woman of many words but as Daddy showed her around the new







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homestead she had even less to say. After Daddy showed her the well where she could draw water and the cook stove that was fed by wooden logs, she finally ungritted her teeth long enough to ask where the ladies' room was. Daddy was quiet for a long time before finally turning his gaze toward a small wooden building standing a the rear of the back yard.

Mama looked at it for a long time, trying to figure out if Daddy was playing a joke on her. When she realized he wasn't, she ordered me into the bedroom. She and Daddy were going to have a talk.

Somehow, Daddy managed to convince Mama that it wasn't as bad as it appeared. It would only be temporary, he promised, until they could find the perfect plantation. Despite Mama's misgivings she tried to make the best of it. She learned to build a fire in the cook stove, and after the billowing smoke had cleared from the house, would try her best to cook on it. After a while we got used to everything being either well done or rare, and the smoky smell wasn't that bad.

Our closest neighbors were the Jacksons who lived about a half mile from us. Mrs. Jackson was a godsend for Mama. She had lived on a farm all her life and could do everything from wringing a chicken's neck to washing clothes in a wash pot over a fire. Her specialty was sweet potato pies and she always had several waiting for anyone who happened to visit. She tried to teach Mama how to make them but finally gave up. "Some people just ain't born for the country," she would say as Mama struggled over the wood stove.

Daddy could never get used to local customs. In all the books he had read, farms and plantations had names, so Daddy decided that our place would be called the Kincaid Plantation. He wrote all of our friends back home and instructed them that the new address was: Kincaid Plantation, Hobbs Island Road.

Several months went by and no mail came. Finally Daddy stopped the mailman one day and asked if he had any mail for the Kincaid's. The mailman replied no.

"Do you have any for the Kincaid Plantation?" The mailman said yes.

Exasperated, Daddy asked, "Well, why don't you leave it in the box?"

"Can't," the mailman replied, "ain't no plantation around here."

I still don't know how Daddy resolved that.

That same summer Daddy decided we needed to stock our "plantation" with livestock. One look at the cows and horses at the stock barn convinced us they were too big to fit in the car, so in the end Daddy bought 50 baby chickens, a goat and a turkey. A man at the barn had a dog he was trying to get rid of, so we

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loaded it into the car as well.

After we got home the dog made a beeline underneath the house where he stayed the whole time we lived there. The only time he ever came out was late at night when he would invariably tangle with a skunk before retreating back under the house. After a while the whole house began to take on a peculiar odor. The man at the stock barn had said he was a good guard dog but we could never figure out what he was guarding.

The goat (Daddy gave it a name but I can't repeat it here) was the most destructive animal to ever set foot in Madison County. It would tear the clothes off the clothesline, chew up anything left on the porch and if it got really bored, would tear open the screen door and rampage through the house. Daddy finally tried to give it away but Mr. Jackson just laughed. "I wouldn't take that crazy goat for anything."

Mrs. Jackson was much more practical. "Goat stew," she would say under her breath.

Many scholars say that every man has a cross to bear in this world, and in Daddy's case, it

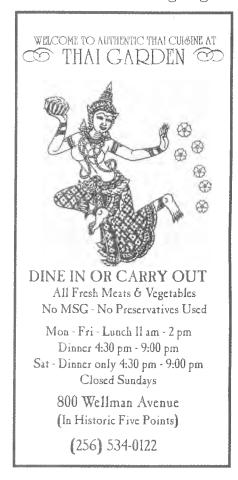
was an overgrown, mean and cantankerous turkey. Mama and I named it Ol' Tom for fear Daddy would name it something much more descriptive. As soon as we got home from the stock barn that day Ol' Tom stepped out of the car, took a few steps, looked around at his new home and then turned to Daddy as if saying, "All right - now come on out and fight!"

It was apparent from the very beginning that Ol' Tom had a grudge against Daddy. Every morning Daddy would go out on the front porch with a cup of coffee, and as soon as Ol' Tom heard the screen door slam, he would barrel around the house like a football linebacker intent on mayhem. The only thing Ol' Tom seemed to understand was a stick of firewood that Daddy got in the habit of carrying every time he stepped outdoors.

Unfortunately, Ol' Tom would hide and watch and, as soon as Daddy laid the stick of wood down, would attack. It was about this time that I noticed Daddy was starting to sound like Mrs. Jackson. He would stand in front of the window and watch Ol' Tom

pecking in the front yard while muttering "..... Thanksgiving dinner."

That fall we got a letter saying that Mama's sister and brother-in-law were going to



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visit. They would arrive at the train depot on Thanksgiving day. Mama was apprehensive - she still couldn't cook on the wood stove, the house was a wreck and it was almost dangerous for strangers to enter the front yard when the goat and Ol' Tom were around.

Daddy, however, was excited about showing his Northern kin the joys of Southern country living. He spent weeks planning every little detail and drawing up charts showing what time he would pick them up, what time they would get back from the depot and what time we would sit down for dinner.

In a perverse sort of way, Daddy had been looking forward to Thanksgiving all year long. It was also time to settle scores with Ol' Tom.

The day before Thanksgiving we woke to the sound of hammering and sawing. Daddy was on the front porch building a large wooden box. As we watched, he showed us how he would prop the box up on a stick which had a long string tied to it. When Ol' Tom went under the box to get the corn, Daddy explained, he would jerk the string. From there it would be just a short step to the dinner table.

Even the best laid plans can go awry, however. Daddy placed

the box in the yard, baited it with corn and climbed a nearby tree where he perched precariously on a limb while holding the string in his hand. Unfortunately he had chosen the same tree that Ol' Tom had decided to roost in. Ol' Tom, deciding that Daddy was trespassing, lit into him like a miniature hurricane. Daddy, with both arms flailing, tumbled from the tree, tearing his shirt in the process, and landed in the only large mud puddle for miles around.

No one could ever accuse Daddy of not being persistent. For the rest of the day he moved the box from one location to another, trying to outfox Ol' Tom. The turkey would walk up to the box, peck at the string a few times and then turn to Daddy with a disdainful look. After Daddy would move the box again, Ol' Tom would go back and eat the corn left behind.

As the morning wore on Daddy's patience began to wear thin. Finally, realizing the box trap was not going to work, he went to the Jackson's where he borrowed a shotgun. Daddy had never fired a gun before and was not what most people would call a marksman. For the rest of the afternoon he and Ol' Tom chased one another all over the property. Whenever Daddy would fire, the

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turkey would run, but when he stopped to reload Ol' Tom would launch another terrorist attack. Mama and I were watching out the window and every time Daddy would run by with the shotgun, we would duck to get out of the line of fire.

Finally Daddy had run out of shells and Ol' Tom was still pecking around in the front yard. But Daddy was still not ready to give up.

Late that afternoon he took a ball of twine out into the yard and after bending some bushes over, made some snares which he placed on the ground. The idea, Daddy explained, was that Ol' Tom would come along, peck at the corn and be caught by the snare. Daddy was extremely proud as he told us how Indians used to use the same method to catch their game. Thinking that if one snare would work, he figured a lot would work even better, so he placed them all around the house and drive.

Early the next morning we all rushed to the windows to see what had happened. The snares had worked beautifully. Daddy had caught three chickens and



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one rabbit but Ol' Tom was still pecking around the yard, pausing every so often to give a look of disgust at Daddy who was standing on the porch.

Daddy had to rush and get ready to go to town; he wasn't sure which train Aunt Mae and Uncle Mac were coming in on. In the meantime Mama was in the kitchen saying words I was not supposed to hear. The wood stove had chosen to act up again and was billowing clouds of smoke throughout the house.

When Mama asked Daddy what we were going to have for dinner he east a long glance out the window at the chickens dangling upside down. "We'll have fried chicken. It can't be that hard."

After Daddy left for town Mama got the ax and I got one of the chickens and stretched its



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neck across a piece of firewood. Mama raised the ax, then lowered it slowly before once again raising it up above her head where she held it for a long time. After what seemed like the longest time, Mama threw the ax down while talking to herself "..... no way!"

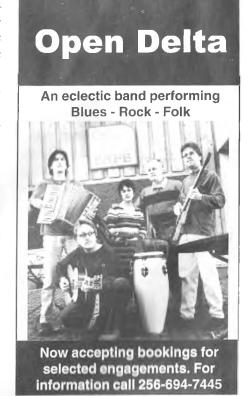
Motioning me to follow her, Mama went into the house where she set down at the table and wrote a long note. After sealing it in an envelope she told me to take it over to the Jacksons.

Mrs. Jackson read the note and burst out laughing. After showing the note to her husband, she told me to go on back home and tell Mama they would be there in a little while.

In about an hour the Jacksons showed up. Mrs. Jackson was like a whirlwind as she adjusted the damper on the stove and opened all the windows to let the smoke out. Sniffing at the strange odor we had become accustomed to, she said, "You got a skunk around here." Without further ado she rummaged through Mama's pantry until she found some apples and oranges, which she threw into a pot of

simmering water along with a few bits of nutmeg. Within minutes the house smelled like some expensive restaurant back home in Newark.

Mr. Jackson took the ax and went outside and a short while later there was fried chicken cooking on the stove. While Mrs. Jackson prepared the green beans, potatoes and stuffing, Mr. Jackson disappeared into the nearby woods. Minutes later he returned with holly and mistletoe which he arranged over the fireplace. With the pieces left over Mrs. Jackson made an arrangement for the dinner table. Next she found a box of candles, and after turning off all the lights except for a small lamp next to the front door, she placed them strategically around the room. With the flickering candles, fire in the







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fireplace and subdued lighting, the old house actually looked almost elegant if you squinted your eyes just right.

After running Mama out of the kitchen a half dozen times, Mrs. Jackson finally ordered her to go fix her hair and get ready for the company. Mama was always a beautiful woman but when she came out of the bedroom that day she would have turned the head of a blind man. She was dressed as if she was going to a Broadway play, complete with long gloves and a strand of pearls around her neck.

Mrs. Jackson gave her a glass of eggnog and ordered her into the living room. Then she looked at me and asked if I had a suit. When I replied yes, she ordered me to go put it on.

I've often wished I could have known exactly what Daddy first thought when he got home that afternoon with Aunt Mae and Uncle Mac. Dog was lying on the front porch chewing a bone and the goat was munching happily

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Old Huntsville - 716 East Clinton, Huntsville, Al. 35801 on some fresh hay. Even Ol' Tom seemed peaceful for a change. When Daddy got out of the car, holding a piece of firewood just in case, Ol' Tom just looked at him and continued about his business.

Mama and I were sitting on the sofa listening to the radio as if we didn't have a care in the world when they walked in. Aunt Mae's first words were, "It's like a picture out of a magazine!" Daddy just stood there with his mouth open. When Mrs. Jackson came in to serve eggnog, Daddy swallowed it so fast I thought he was going to choke.

Looking back on it, more than a half century later, it was one of the most hilarious evenings I have ever spent. At exactly 6:30 Mrs. Jackson told us that dinner was on the table. Aunt Mae had to taste everything and kept complementing Mama on the recipes. Uncle Mac could not stop talking about how lucky we were to live on a real plantation and wanted to know every little detail of our lives. Mama handled the questions easily, passing them off to Daddy by explaining that he was the one who did everything.

I have often thought that Mr. Jackson must have been standing at the kitchen door listening, for as soon as the questions started getting awkward, he appeared with another pitcher of eggnog. "My special recipe!" He said with a wink. In about an

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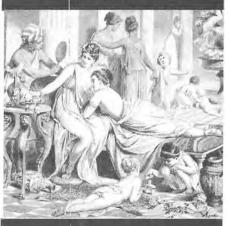


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hour everyone (except for me) was in a holiday mood.

When Aunt Mae asked about the plans for the following day, Mama informed everyone we were going to visit Rock City, and then spend a couple of days in Chattanooga. She explained that Aunt Mae and Uncle Mac could catch the train home from there. Daddy gave a funny look to Mama and asked what time we were going to leave in the morning.

"Early," Mama said, "Real early. Before daylight."

The Jackson's stayed long enough to do the dishes and when they started to leave Mama and I walked out to the yard with them. Mama thanked them over and over again. "Don't think nothing about it." Mr. Jackson grinned as he looked at the two fifty dollar bills in his hand. "It's a whole lot easier than picking cotton!"

As they started to walk away Mrs. Jackson turned to Mama. "Honey, I don't mean to hurt your feelings but you don't belong in the country!"

We left the next morning, before daylight, to see Rock City. It's surprising how good an old house can look in the dark. Daddy and Uncle Mac spent the next several days sight-seeing while Mama and Aunt Mae shopped and had their hair done. When Mama turned on the hot water in our hotel bathroom and stood there watching it, I knew our days on the farm were numbered.

We moved to town shortly afterwards, to a house with running water, a gas stove and indoor plumbing. Daddy gave the chickens and the goat to the Jackson's. I'm pretty sure Mrs. Jackson made goat stew. The dog never came out from under the porch again, and as far as I know, may still be there.

And Ol' Tom? No one could

ever catch him and the last I saw of him he was still scratching around in the yard. Even today, whenever I drive down Hobb's Island Road I sometimes catch a glimpse of something in the bushes and wonder....

Sometimes traditions can be born under the most unusual circumstances. In my family we have a holiday tradition that goes all the way back to 1952.

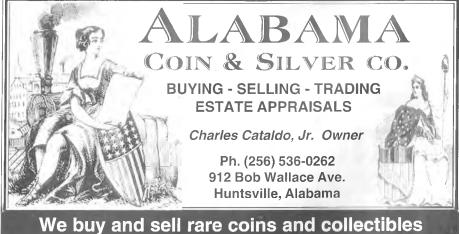
Every year, for Thanksgiving, we eat out.



"This morning when I went to put on my underwear, I could hear the Fruit of the Loom guys laughing at me."

Rodney Dangerfield







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# Massacre at Muscle Shoals

The war between the Cherokee Indians and the United States is now virtually forgotten, but it was bloody enough when it happened. The conflict came about in part because the Cherokees had supported the British during the American Revolution, but it actually was more the result of American settlers encroaching on Cherokee territory. Even after the war supposedly ended in 1785, some of the Cherokees continued to fight for another ten years. A little over two hundred years ago a group of travelers lost their lives to these holdouts in our own Tennessee Valley.

The *Knoxville Gazette* of Knoxville, Tennessee, reported the bloody encounter in its issue of July 17, 1794:

"On the 9th of June, a boat commonly called Scott's boat, left this place for Natchez on board which were William Scott, John Pettigrew, James Pettigrew, Mr. Tate, Mr. Young, John Harkins, three women, four children and 22 Negroes. "The boat was loaded with several tons of pots, kettles, east iron ware, and other valuable property. As this boat passed down the Tennessee River, it was fired upon by the lower Cherokees, at the Running Water town, and at the Long Island village, without receiving any injury; on the other hand, the fire was returned, and two Indians wounded.

"A large party of about 150 Indians then collected, headed by Unicata (the same who was wounded in the attack upon Buchanan's Station in September, 1792) and pursued the settlers to the Muscle Shoals; where they boarded the boat and killed all the white persons, made prisoners of the Negroes, and plun-

dered the boat of its loading; but not without resistance on the part of the people on board, who killed three Indians and wounded a fourth.

"It may not be improper to remind our readers, that the free and unmolested navigation of the river Tennessee, by the citizens of the United States, is secured to them by the Treaty of Holston."

Ironically, Muscle Shoals was then in the Chickasaw Nation traditional enemies of the Cherokees and Unicata's warriors had to head back up river or risk losing their own scalps.

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# Flood on Monte Sano

by Walt Terry

On a wild night in 1974 a series of tornadoes devastated North Alabama. One of them stayed on the ground for an incredibly long time, sweeping across Monte Sano mountain.

It missed our house by less than half a block.

The next morning I walked down Monte Sano Boulevard, surveying the damage. One of my neighbors sat on the front steps of his house, which had been shifted east about eight feet and leaned precariously. On the stoop beside him were 2 half-empty bottles of Old Taylor. It was very obvious that the other half of the contents resided in him.

"I always heard," he said, slurring his words, "that tornadoes don't hit the tops of mountains."

I nodded. "That's what they said."

"Walt," he said, "if I heard Monte Sano couldn't be flooded, I'd start building me a boat right now!"

Why do the Alphabet song and "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" have the same tune? (Stop singing!)

# Sorry She Missed

Mrs. Mary Robinson, an aged white woman, was tried here for assault with intent to kill Tom Kissinger. Mrs. Robinson fired five shots point blank at Kissinger's body, doing but little damage to him. Kissinger claimed that he had been looking for some goats of his and was leaning over Robinson's place to get a view of the premises to see if his goats were there, when Mrs. Robinson came out, spoke a few words at him and immediately opened fire with a revolver.

Mrs. Robinson claims Kissinger hurled vile epithets at her and is sorry she missed.

from 1898 newspaper

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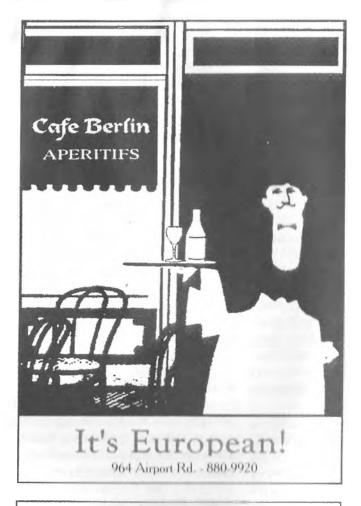
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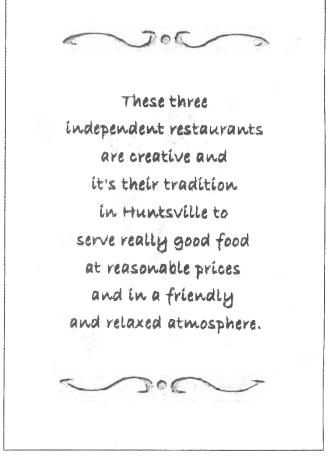
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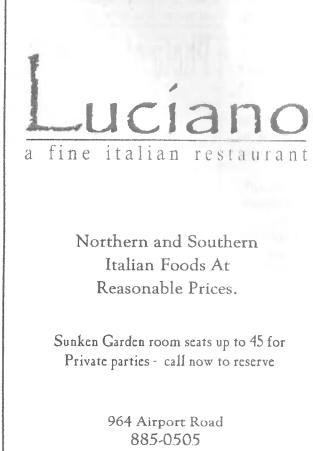
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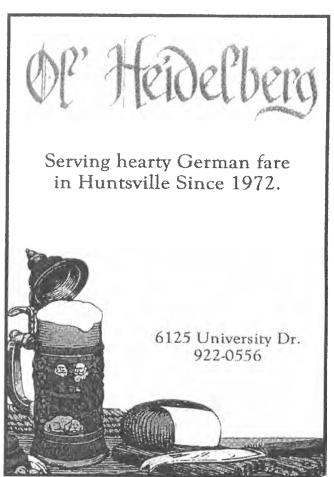
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2008 MEMORIAL PKWY SW









# **Heard On The Street**

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to **Hall Bryant** who called in with the first correct guess of the October Photo of the Month. The adorable baby was none other than **Tom Huskey**. Hall says he remembers him from way back - when he (Tommy) was a tap dancer!

We were so sorry to hear that **Lillian Gaddis**, the mother of **Carolyn Tidmore**, died in early October. She was 77 and will be missed so much by her family and friends. Carolyn works at Sanders Cleaners and is one of the sweetest ladies we've met.

**Mr. Miller**, of Miller Appliances, has been visiting his daughter in Atlanta recently. We know he's looking forward to being back home!

The Golden K Kiwanis held their annual picnic up on Green Mountain recently. The entertainment was provided by a very talented bluegrass group called "The Young and the Restless." It is made up of Charlie Scott, R. D. Walker, Jim Derington, Jimmy Pearson, and Melvin Layne. A good time was had by all and they had the guys & wives up clapping and dancing! These guys play for charities only.



Rev. Charles and Sandra McCay recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Their sons Van, Terry and Tim organized the event at Limrock, Al., along with the Limrock United Methodist Church, where Rev. McCay is the pastor. The Rev. McCay and his wife are good friends of Tom and Donna Gurley.

Our buddy, Huntsville author **Homer Hickam**, has been working on a new book that will be ready this spring. **Walt Terry** read the manuscript and says it's a great read!

Our buddy, and city councilman, **Glenn Watson** recently returned from a vacation in Thailand. He says it is like no other place he has ever been - he loves it!

Best wishes go out to **Frankie Coltrane** who is recouping at home after a recent operation. We're thinking about you!

A special hello to our buddy **Joe Reid**, of Reid's Hardware. We're thinking about you!

We had several birthdays in October - one of the most notable

DEVELOPMENT

was **Diane Owens**, who looks younger now than ever. **Ken Owens**, of Deltacom, is her proud husband and he took care of the cake! Also a Happy Birthday to **Bell Buchanan** who turned 37 in October.

Congratulations to **Brian** Carmichael, son of **Debra** and **Darrell Carmichael**, who was recently promoted to Army Staff Sergeant. Brian spent a tour in Iraq and sure was glad to come back home to his wife, **Nicole**.

Walker, who are good friends of Charlie and Anita Scott. Ray is the son of the mandolin player R. D. Walker, mentioned earlier.

School board member, **Topper Bierney**, stopped by the office recently to swap tales. He is really a nice guy!

It was so good to see **Robert Martin** with his friends again the other day at their weekly lunch. **Howard Camp** and his wife **Jan** were there - Howard just returned from his reunion of the 405th Fighter Squadron in San Antonio. While he was away, Jan

# Photo of The Month

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 well-known little boy looks just like his daddy but doesn't ride a motorcycle!





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took a 3-week cruise to Hawaii! She is one of the most delightful ladies we've met in a long time. Also at this lunch were **Solon P. Vaughn**, who's been a friend for quite some time.

**Dale Mullins** broke her hip recently, but is back on the mend. She's getting extra-good care from her husband, **Jim**.

Special greetings to that sweet seamstress at Madison Manor, **Dot Jennette**. When she's not sewing, she spends time surfing the internet.

A big hello to our dear friends **Ollie Rice** and her husband **Milton.** We sure hope everything is going well for them

Our special friends Suzie Nolen and John Bennett were married in a beautiful ceremony at the Weeden House Museum, Linda Wood Turner provided the vocals, and the string musicians were Jim Wood, Inge Wood and Joe Manning. Best wishes to you two for a wonderful life together!

Barbara Lauster is the director of the Weeden House and does a great job helping plan parties and weddings at the old home.

It looks like everywhere we go we see our mayor, **Mrs. Loretta**. there. She is one of the hardest working people we know!

It was good to see our favorite bartender, **Meekel Richardson**, at Sazio's the other night. He's always got a smile for everyone.

Congratulations to our good



friend **Steve Cappaert** on his recent wedding to his sweetheart **Kim Ferguson** - we're not sure who's the luckier one!

We were really sorry to hear about the death of **Mary Sharp**, who was a good friend of this publication. Our sympathy to her family and many friends.

Congratulations to **Don Royston**, of the Golden K Kiwanis, who recently won the **Archie Murchie Award** from the Huntsville Community Watch.

We hear there will be another book about Huntsville out in the spring. Our friend, **Tim Jackson**, of London, England is putting the finishing touches on a thriller based here in the 1960s.

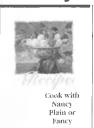
**Danny Dyer**, of Huntsville, is not doing well at all and we are all hoping he starts feeling better soon.

A special Happy Birthday to a sweet girl, **Krisa Gurley**, who will be 12 in November.

Our sympathy to the friends and family of **Del Spears** who died recently at the age of 90.

That's all for this month. Remember to pray for our troops overseas.

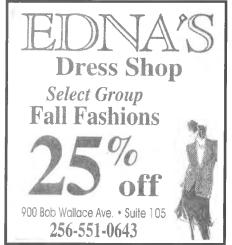
# Cooking with Nancy Holliman



Almost 300 pages of unique and easy-to-make recipes. This book is a must for any gourmet cook's library.

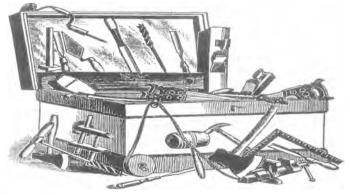
The perfect gift for ones you love or your own bookshelf!

To order, send \$18 + \$3 S&H to:
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Huntsville, AI 35801



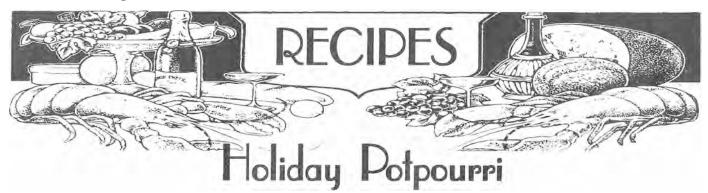
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## Barb's Best Oven-Fried Chicken

1 c. Corn Flake crumbs 1 env. Ranch dressing mix, dry

6 chicken breasts, skinless

1 T. dried onion flakes

1 t. garlic powder

1/2 t. Cayenne pepper

2 eggs, beaten slightly

In large bowl mix the crumbs, dressing mix, onion flakes, garlic powder and cayenne with salt and pepper. Dip cleaned breasts in beaten eggs, then in crumb mixture.

Arrange breasts side up on greased baking pan, drizzle with some melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees for an hour.

### Olive-Bacon Bites

Stuffed olives Canned biscuits Bacon

Cut biscuits in fourths,

wrap around the olives. Wrap 1/2 strip of bacon around the biscuit and olive. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

#### Hot Green Cheese Ball

2-8 oz. pkgs. cream cheese

3 green ontons, chopped greens and all

2 t. minced garlie

16 green olives with pimento, chopped

1/2 t. ground black pepper

1/2 t. cayenne pepper

3/4 c. pecans, chopped fine

Soften cream cheese, place in large bowl. Take off your rings. Add green onions, garlic, green olives & spices. Mix with your hands til blended. Mix pecans with a bit more cayenne, put on a paper plate. Shape your cheese into a ball and roll in the pecans. Refrigerate for an hour or overnight. This tastes best served with crispy Sociable crackers.

## Best Dark Fudge

3 c. chocolate chips, semisweet

1 dash salt

1 1/2 t. vanilla extract

1 can Eagle Brand condensed milk

1 c. walnuts or pecans, chopped

In a heavy saucepan over low heat, melt the chips with the Eagle Brand and salt. Remove from heat, stir in nuts and vanilla. Spread evenly over waxpaper-lined 9x13" pan. Do it quickly as it hardens fast.

Cover with plastic wrap and chill in fridge overnight. Next day turn fudge onto cutting board and remove all waxed paper. Cut into very small squares.

This fudge may be frozen in Ziploc bags.

#### Divinity

3 c. sugar 2/3 c. white corn syrup

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pinch salt

Whites of 3 eggs, beaten

In bowl, mix the above ingredients, except the egg whites. Pour into saucepan and bring to boil, let it boil til it forms hard ball in water or threads from a spoon. Pour slowly into thoroughly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Add one or 2 cups of chopped nuts and beat til all thickens.

## Granny's Squares

1 can Eagle Brand Condensed milk

1 c. chopped nuts

1 c. chopped dates

1 c. coconut

Mix all ingredients together in a bowl. Pour into a 9x9" pan, bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees or until edges along side of pan are golden brown. Cut into small squares to serve.

# Fiddler's Apple Treat

1 Granny Smith apple, cored & sliced

1 t. lemon juice

1/4 c. caramel topping

1 T. roasted peanuts

We have more food in the U.S. per person than any other country - and more diets to keep us from eating it.

Leonard Adcock

unda's

SERVICES

1 T. honey-roasted peanuts Cool Whip

In a small bowl toss your apple slices with the lemon juice til coated. Layer into a dessert bowl the apples, then the caramel, the peanuts, then top with a dollop of Cool Whip. You won't believe how good this tastes!

## Stef's Savory Sausage Pockets

I can flaky refrigerated biscuits (large)

1/2 lb. sausage

1/2 c. minced onion

1/2 c. minced mushrooms

Lc. Cheddar cheese, shredded

1 T. dijon mustard

1/4 c. milk

1/2 t. garlic powder

1 egg

Brown sausage and drain. Add back to skillet with onion and mushrooms, saute for 5 minutes. In a medium bowl combine sausage mixture and remaining ingredients except egg. Separate each biscuit into two halves and form into oval shapes.

On a lightly greased cookie sheet top one half of a biscuit with 2 tablespoons of the sausage mixture. Top with other half of biscuit, pinching edges of top and bottom biscuit together for make a good seam. Repeat with the remaining biscuits and sausage mix.

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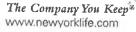
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Whip egg and coat tops of pockets with egg wash. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes and pockets are golden brown.

These are good for breakfast, a light lunch or snack. They can be frozen and reheated in a microwave oven.





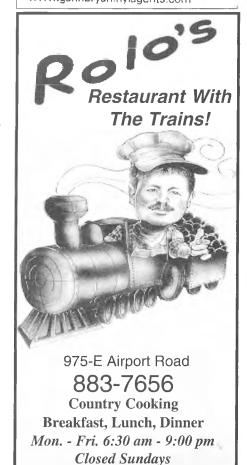
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# Local News From 1911

- For Sale - One Everett piano, bed stands, chairs, gas stove, air tight heater, one double set of harness, one saddle, one refrigerator, kitchensafe and few other household articles; also one lot cedar posts and kindling. Can be seen at my home on west Clinton street for the next few days. - Mrs. C. F. Suggs

- Walker & Sitz, Washington Street - For soft drinks and lunches; also the place "across the corner." Both for Gentlemen only.

- Found - Buggy lap robe on Franklin street. Owner return to this office and recover by describing and paying for this advertisement.

- New four-room Cottage corner 6<sup>th</sup> street and Pratt avenue for rent cheap. Apply to J. E. Pierce

- Take your clothes to the Electric Pressing Parlor - old ones made good as new. Jefferson street - telephone 66

- Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Newman left yesterday on a business and pleasure trip to their silver mines in Canada.

- Miss Willie Harris is reported to be quite ill at her home on Adams avenue.

- New Oil Men Enter Local Fields for Work, E. R. B. Martin and J. K. Mahan, millionaire natural oil operators of Pittsburgh, PA and who have options on more than 20,000 acres of oil lands in Madison County, left this afternoon for their home after spending a few days here in the interest of their probable local operations. The tip was secured by a prominent business man and friend of the gentlemen present, that within a very short time they expect to simultaneously start the drilling of 5 to 10 wells near Huntsville. The gentlemen made a visit to the Hazel Green and West Huntsville wells of the New York-Alabama Oil Co., and were pleased with the prospects.

- Serious Street Car Accident today - About 9 this morning Street Car No. 5, east bound with Dick Hatcher, motorman, collided with a two-horse wagon belonging to Hon. D. I. White and injured the two negro men drivers, Jack Parham, slightly and Jim Fields, seriously. The accident occurred at the corner of Holmes and Green streets. The wagon and team were going south at a rapid rate and the car was advancing east in back-up fashion, the two colliding before the men in charge of either could see the approach of the other in time to avoid the accident. Both wheels on one side of the wagon

were broken off. The Parham negro escaped with a bruised head and shoulder. Fields was more seriously hurt, his right hip being dislocated and fractured.

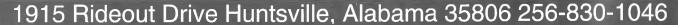
- Tomorrow the people who are making the local directory will have completed their work. Including the corporate limits and adjacent suburbs, a carefully tabulated count of the enumerators show the city and suburbs to have something a bit more than 20,000 people. The corporate limits will be extended sometime in the near future.



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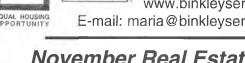


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# A History of Huntsville's Waterworks

The organization known today as Huntsville Utilities had its beginning with a single spring of water! The spring didn't really have a name when John Hunt, the pioneer-Revolutionary War veteran found it and subsequently built a cabin beside it in 1805. But by marking it with his own home John Hunt made his spring the center of a pioneer community which came to be called "Hunt's Spring."

News of Hunt's spring and its plentiful supply of pure, fresh water spread rapidly. As more and more people arrived and began to build their homes farther and farther from the spring, the task of carrying the water for family and livestock needs became increasingly difficult.

The early growth of the small town was rapid and dramatic. For example in 1819 the first governor of the state was inaugurated and the first session of the state legislature was held in Huntsville.

By 1823, with a population of just over 1,300, construction got underway on a waterworks system. This "first giant step" toward bringing about a municipal utility system was nothing

more than a series of cedar logs and a single 7,500 gallon wooden reservoir. The reservoir was attached to the end of the courthouse, located on the square above the spring. The cedar logs, each about eight feet long, were made into pipes by having holes bored through their centers and their ends tapered so that one log would fit smoothly into the hollowed-out end of the next. The system functioned as the water flow from Big Spring turned a wooden turbine which subsequently operated the pump and forced the water up into the reservoir.

The Huntsville Waterworks, duly named and franchised for construction and operation to a citizen named Hunter Peel, was the first municipal waterworks in the state of Alabama and one

of the earliest in the nation. However ingenious the system and noble the effort, the waterworks was not without its problems. People complained that there was not enough water for their needs. Water hydrants had been placed in the yards of those people who had agreed to purchase water, but frequently the neighbors, who

had not signed up to pay for the service, also drew water from the hydrants. It soon became obvious to everyone, including the



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Commissioners, that there was more of a demand for the water-works service than Hunter Peel had anticipated. Eventually Peel lost the franchise and the operation of the waterworks went to Joshua Cox who, shortly thereafter, sold the franchise to Thomas Ronalds.

Ronalds operated the system from 1828 to 1836, installing additional cedar log pipes to expand service and later built a two-story reservior with a meeting room for the Commissioners on the second floor.

In 1836 the waterworks was purchased by Dr. Thomas Fearn and his brother George. By this time an even larger reservoir was needed and the Fearns built it on Echols Hill, where Echols and McClung Streets now converge. Ninety six feet above the level of Big Spring, the new reservior was a great source of community pride. An iron pump was installed at the spring and tron pipes were laid to the four corners of the Square - progress!

William, the son of LeRoy Pope, inherited the Big Spring and in 1843 sold the deed to the spring to the city of Huntsville for one dollar with the deed requiring the city to carry out planned improvements of "beautifying the spring branch and benefitting the health of the citizens." Additionally, the deed required that the city must "furnish free access at all times through the lands herein conveyed to said spring, and hold the same for the promenades and pleasure grounds of all such peacable persons as may choose to visit same."

The first fire plugs in Huntsville were ordered by the City Council in 1856 and installed on the Square to provide a source of water in the event that any of the now numerous business establishments caught fire.

After buying the waterworks, the city set water rates for the very first time, in 1859.

As Huntsville grew and prospered it was necessary to continually upgrade and improve the vital water system. In 1887, the same year that a new 136-room hotel was built on Monte Sano Mountain, the City Council was

granted permission from the State Legislature to sell \$15,000 in bonds to obtain the necessary financing for improving the system. The money was spent to build a new and even larger reservoir - 600,000 gallons - evidence of a growing community!

By 1894 ten miles of cast iron



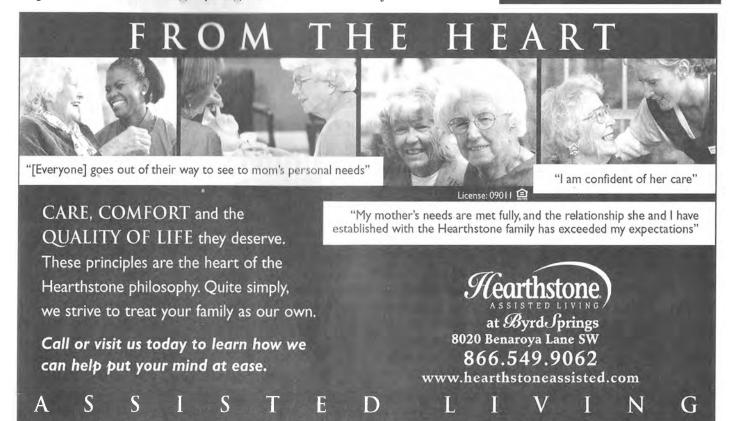
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water mains were in use and the waterworks was an established beginning for what would later become a total utility service.

Huntsville's Village Improvement Society joined the efforts of the local Medical Society in the late 1800's to try to force horse owners to stop hitching their animals to the fence around the Courthouse. They feared, and rightly so, that contamination to the waters of Big Spring would result. An outbreak of typhoid fever in 1898 led to the paving of the Square. It was in that same year that the old pump house was torn down and the new pump house, with its steam driven pump capable of drawing 3,000,000 gallons daily, was installed.

In 1914, with the scientific realization that liquid chlorine was beneficial for killing harmful bacteria in water, a device for adding the chlorine to the water was installed in the Huntsville system. However, just three years later, as reported in the newly established Huntsville Times Newspaper, another typhoid epidemic broke out and Dr. Carl Grote, county health officer and Claude Phillips, superintendent

Just accept the fact that some days you're the statue, and some days you're the pigeon. of the waterworks, explored the caverns under the Square. They found that open toilets allowed seepage to pollute the water supply. Almost immediately a sewer line was installed and a new drip-type chlorinator was added. The number of pollution-related diseases dropped immediately.

By the time two World Wars had come and gone Huntsville was a rapidly developing metropolitan area. By 1950 the City Council began to fear that the Big Spring's water would soon be unequal to the needs of the population, especially in view of the addition of approximately 30,000 feet of new water mains that year.

Realizing that the waterworks system and service needed specialized attention, the City Council created a board specifically for the operation and continued maintenance and development of the system. When

the control of the system passed to the initial water board it was then almost 100 years old in municipal service and was destined for additional growth and service as Huntsville faced its "boom town" era.

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# **Billiard Street Cafe**

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A first step of the new water board was the purchase of two large wells, known as the Dallas Well and the Lincoln Well in 1955. Although these wells had the same aquiferous source as Big Spring, they were upstream from any pollution. Therefore Big Spring, as a public water source, could be discontinued without any adverse affect on the supply.

Nevertheless, it was apparent to all that though the wells had been a very intelligent approach to providing more public water, finding additional sources was an absolute necessity. Moving quickly, after a period of some very careful planning, the water board approved the construction of a water purification plant. The plant, built in 1964 and located on the north side of the Tennessee River, near Whitesburg Bridge, drew water directly from the Tennessee. After an expansion project in 1978 the plant now has the capacity to purify

and pump 24,000,000 gallons of water a day into the city's system. Large mains carry the water to 23 reservoirs and from there more than 700 miles of pipe delivers the water to residences and businesses within the city limits.

From 1805 with the small group of cabins around "Hunt's Spring," to 1823 with a water system consisting of cedar logs and a wooden reservoir, the state's first municipal waterworks system has now grown to hundreds of miles of mains and millions of gallons of storage capacity. Now, as then, it serves the citizens and industry of Huntsville, and now, as then, it is acknowledged as one of the finest in the nation.

Consciousness: That annoying time between naps.

Paul Firenzi

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# Merrimack Village being Painted

from 1921 newspaper

Painting an average of 10 dwelling houses a day, workmen engaged in renovating Merrimack Village today had applied the first coats of paint to 100 houses in the community.

Nearly all the houses in the village had been recovered with new roofs, preparatory to the state of the painting. Repairs also have been made to gutters, sills and flooring where it was necessary.

The painting operations started on the extreme west end of the village and are moving eastward towards Pike street, which is the east boundary for the greater portion of the residential section of the community.

There are 216 buildings, including 4 churches to be repainted if the project is carried to completion. Company officials said at the start of the work that every building would be repainted and otherwise repaired if business conditions permitted.

As soon as all houses have

Always remember you're unique - just like everyone else.

Terry Yaeger

been painted with the first coat, the painters will move back to the west end and begin applying the second coat.

The general brightening-up of the village is plainly evident and the contrast decided when one drives down a street where houses have only been painted on one side, with the other side bare.

Different color schemes are being used to add to the appearance of each house, and also makes it blend with the surrounding area. Pittsburgh Paints were chosen by Merrimack for the renovation.

Sixteen painters are employed on the project, which is being done by a Gadsden contractor and paid for by the Merrimack Manufacturing Co.

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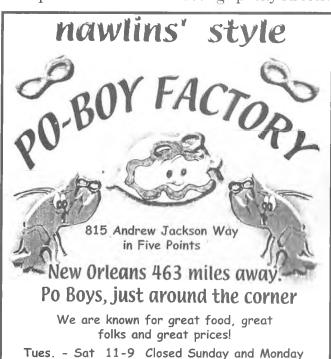


# It Was only Yesterday

Living In Huntsville in the 1800's

#### by Stella Musick

- In 1860, riding faster than 8 m.p.h. in Huntsville was considered an "immoderate gait" and the rider could be fined from \$5 to \$50.
- In Huntsville in the early 1860's a slave could not own a dog. If caught, his master was fined.
- On January 6, 1864, the Methodist church here - then housing Yankee troops - burned. The church was repaid for its loss - 51 years later.
- Early settlers here considered lamps medical necessities to be used only in case of sickness.
- Early in 1861, the Owens Cross Roads community got its first post office. On May 27, 1861, the U.S. suspended all mail service to the South.
- The city water rate in the 1860s was \$6 a year for 3 persons and \$13 for a family of eight.
- Vienna, Ala. incorporated on December 20, 1836 and became New Hope in 1837. For 70 years it was alternately known by both names.
- In 1860 the city constable was keeper of the jail in Huntsville. He kept a register listing each person committed. "Guests" could be put in irons at his discretion.
- The matter of hogs running loose here got so bad in 1855 that legal action had to be taken to stop the animals from "rooting up" city streets.



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from 1921 newspaper





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# A Good Life

#### by Brenda Franklin

I was the eighth child of eleven children (6 boys and 5 girls) to Lloyd Elton Eubanks and Inez Bradley Eubanks. My father worked on Redstone Arsenal in civil service as a painter, we lived at the Four Mile Post. My dad held prayer meetings in our home. People would come to listen to him from everywhere he was never ordained as a Baptist minister but 6 of his brothers were.

Dad was very tall - 6'8" - always had a smile on his face and always had something interesting to say. Raising all those children on \$107 a week must have been difficult but we always had food for everyone! Dad built my mother her first home on Little Mountain Road in Hobbs Island. It had 4 bedrooms, running water and a bathroom. We had the prettiest pigs and chickens, and some cows. Our garden was always full of vegetables and fruit, and there was plenty to share with others.

When my dad got sick with tuberculosis in 1960, Dr. Huber said he would have to be committed to the hospital. I remember all the children had to take shots so as not to catch TB. We only got to see our dad a couple of times a month, and we missed him. All the children were still at home, and we thought the world had come to an end. Due to the lack of money, we lost our home one year after Dad had built it. We were in debt to the

You know it's going to be a bad day when you call your answering service and they tell you it's none of your business.

hilt with no money coming from anywhere, and all the electricity and utilities were cut off.

Aunt Clara Pullen & Uncle Elbert helped us when they could, other people started calling welfare agencies for us like Christmas Charities. We were getting some help in 1967 and moved in to Pete Webster's house that was located in front

of the Huntsville Speedway, at \$20 a month. We had a garden and raised animals people gave us. We were getting one pair of shoes apiece, one toy and one dress - Dad said that's all we could take because other people needed things too.

When Dad finally came home from the hospital - with no TB we were so happy. He had mus-

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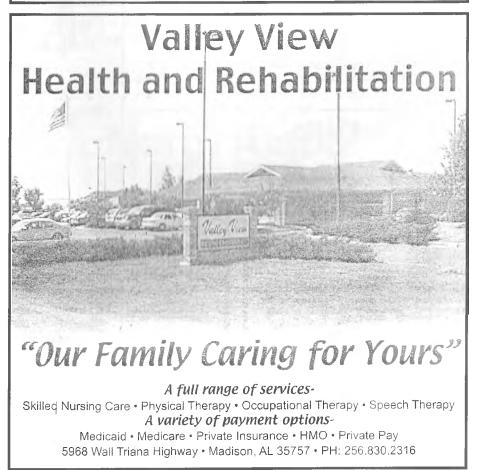
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tard gas in his lungs from the work he had done on Redstone Arsenal and only had one lung left. He was in and out of the hospital several times a month and in 1974 started drawing \$108 a month as his retirement check from Civil Service. He was in bad shape and could only get out of bed a little at a time.

Soon a man came to our home; this man was an attorney. He told my father that he could take his case to court on my Dad's behalf and get his home back, and get him money to live on for the rest of his life. I was 17 years old at the time, and was working. I fully understood what this attorney was telling my Dad, and he understood it too, but he was a very proud man. He looked up at the attorney and with tears in his eyes said, "Listen to what I say. Daughter, do you have a good life?"

I told him yes. He turned back to the attorney and said, "I did a really good job of raising these eleven children. I will not sue someone for money that I didn't earn myself. If it's my time to go to my Savior, so be it. He put me here and He'll take me away. I live with no regrets in my life and I'm very proud of my family. No one here is hungry or doing without clothes. So, no thanks."

The attorney left shortly after that. I was still living at home when my Dad died June 25, 1974 at the Medical Center Hospital, at 67 years old. He was buried in Bush Cemetery in Cloud's Cove, Madison and the Reverend Shelby Gurley and Laughlin Funeral home conducted the services. The Funeral home couldn't hold all the people that came to pay their respects. The procession to the cemetery was 2 miles long and Brother Gurley had to wait 30 minutes for people to get to the grave site.

My mother lived on less than \$200 a month after that until she died in July of 1987.

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# News From The Year 1951

**News From Huntsville and Around The World** 

# **MacArthur Fired**

President Truman has stripped General Douglas MacArthur of all his commands in the Far East, saying that he was acting with "deep regret" but had finally concluded that the general "is unable to give his wholehearted support" to the policies of the U.S. government and the United Nations.

The president immediately named Lt. General Matthew B. Ridgway to head the Far East commands, effective immediately. General Ridgway has been commander of the Eighth Army in Korea and will be replaced in that post by Lt. General James Van Fleet.

The dramatic military reshuffling, while a surprise, had been building up to a climax for some time. Just last Thursday a message was made public in which General MacArthur publicly challenged the president's foreign policy. The general urged that the United States concentrate on Asia instead of Europe and use Generalissimo Chiang

Kai-shek's Formosa-based troops to open a second front on the mainland of China.

General MacArthur has been a man of many titles during the war in Korea. With his recall, he loses them all: Supreme Commander, U.N. Forces in Korea; Supreme Commander for Allied Powers, Japan; Commander-in-Chief, Far East; and Commanding General, U.S. Army, Far East.

In relieving the general of his commands, the president said "It is fundamental that military commanders must be governed by policies and directives issued to them in the manner provided by our laws."

MacArthur has made no public comment so far but his supporters are pressing for congressional hearings.

You know you're getting older when your favorite channel is the Weather Channel.

Ron Eyestone



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# Eisenhower May Be Democrat

Harry Truman, President of the United States and head of the Democratic Party, has offered to sponsor the man who led Allied forces in Europe during the war as president of the United States. General Eisenhower, to whom the offer was made, was flattered but has not made any public comment about Truman's offer, which is a virtual guarantee of nomination by the Democrats. The Republicans are also expected to make an offer to the General.



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# American Income up to \$1,436

Americans averaged an income of \$1,436 for each man, woman and child in 1950, the Commerce Department reports. Total individual income payments were divided by the total population, which means that averages were pulled up by the large incomes of the very rich. The figure represents a gain of \$116, or nine percent, over 1949 and represents the highest dollar total in history, though a rise in the tax burden cut down the net gain.

Federal, state and local taxes averaged \$360 during the year ending June 30, 1950. Average incomes ranged from \$698 in Mississippi to \$1,986 in the District of Columbia.

If the present trend continues America will become the weathiest nation in history of this world.

# No Bikinis at Wimbledon

A year ago, tennis player Gussie Moran shocked Wimbledon officials by sporting lace underwear beneath her sporting outfit. The ensemble, designed by Britain's Teddy Tingling, was in evidence each time she swung her racket. Today, Wimbledon Chairman Sir Louis Greig said he wants to see no more "bikini bathing dresses."

A proposal has been offered to allow officials to inspect underwear before each match but so far nothing has been decided.

# Sugar Ray Brings Title Home

Sugar Ray Robinson knocked out Randy Turpin of England in the tenth round today and brought the world middleweight title back to the United States.





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# Mayor takes Offense at Reference to Ancestry

From 1912 newspaper

Huntsville Mayor, R.E. Smith, and J. Emory Pierce, editor of the local newspaper, were involved in an altercation yesterday after meeting on the streets and exchanging insults.

The Mayor had taken exception to certain articles recently printed in the newspaper, and after meeting Emory on the sidewalks in front of the courthouse.

# Soldier To Have Three Legs

Private John Kellogg, of Madison County, received a telegram last week informing him that he had been wounded, degree undetermined, while serving with the Army in France last month.

When he contacted the authorities to tell them he was home on leave and was perfectly well, he was ordered to report to the military hospital in Augusta, Georgia to be fitted for an artificial leg.

The military authorities then threatened him with being absent without leave if he failed to show up.

If the authorities have their way, Mr. Kellogg will be the only man in Alabama with three legs.

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took the opportunity to voice his displeasure.

One witness claimed the mayor made certain remarks about Emory's ancestry, whereas the editor promptly began thrashing him with a walking cane. The pugilists were separated by onlookers before either could inflict serious injury.

The mayor fined himself ten dollars in city court the next morning for losing his temper and Emory has publicly announced he will support another candidate in the next election.



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Edward Hardin - Chair Clyde Barclay - Co-Chair Hugh Cort

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#### **LAYOUT & PUBLICATIONS**

Artist - Vic Grimes

#### **AUDIT**

Roscoe Roberts - Chair Harley Hope - Co-Chair Sam Zeman

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Tom Neely - Chair Bill Ivy - Co-Chair Chuck Owens

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Bill Brown - Chair Bill Grunwald - Co-Chair Wilburn Patterson

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#### **GOVERNOR'S Visit**

Chester Huskins - Chair Archie Murchie - Co-Chair Martin Burke

#### **COMMUNITY WATCH BANQUET**

Archie Murchie - Chair W. DeShields - Co-Chair Reggie Skinner

#### **PICNIC**

Joe Sloan - Chair Sam Zeman - Co-Chair Wendal Payne

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#### TRADE DAY

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# The first bill he introduced. It was an amendment to the law exempting certain household goods from being sold for debt. The law al-

by Charles Rice

His name was Cobb and he hailed from Jackson County, Alabama. One hundred and fifty years ago, he was a nationally known political figure. Surprisingly, almost no one has heard of him today. To his own generation, however, W. R. W. Cobb was famous as the Alabama "giant killer."

Simple and unpretentious. Williamson Cobb was the champion of the little man against the rich and powerful. That was the secret of his remarkable success, for even at the height of his career Cobb never forgot the voters who had put him in office. By today's standards, he would probably be considered a demagogue, an early practitioner of the populist politics later used by 'Big Jim' Folsom, George Wallace, and other Alabama politicians. One thing is certain. The voters loved Cobb and elected him time after time, even in the face of formidable opposition.

Williamson Robert Winfield Cobb was born June 8, 1807, in Rhea County, Tennessee. When he was a boy, his family moved to northeastern Alabama, settling in mountainous Jackson County. Cobb had only a limited education, and supported himself in his early years by peddling clocks around the countryside. He finally settled down in the town of Bellefonte, becoming a merchant. However, Cobb soon was bitten by the political bug and ran for the State Legislature in 1844. To the surprise of many, he won the election. It was the start of an impressive string of victories at the polls.

The rustic representative from "High Jackson" immedi-

ately attracted attention with the first bill he introduced. It was an amendment to the law exempting certain household goods from being sold for debt. The law allowed an impoverished family to keep only their kitchen table and chairs. Cobb proposed adding half a dozen plates, half a dozen cups and saucers, a coffee pot, and a few other small items. Since no one objected to this token gesture, Cobb's "homestead bill" passed without opposition. This single amendment became

the cornerstone on which Cobb built his amazing political career.

"It was evident to all that he was courting public favor by this crockery adventure," said William Garrett in his 1872 Reminiscences of Public Men in Alabama, "but no one supposed he would be hardy enough to make it the stepping stone to Congress - a man then ridiculous enough in his manner and ideas to provoke merriment among his fellow members."

Ridiculous or not, Cobb's po-





litical star was on the rise. Reelected in 1845, Cobb continued to speak out as the champion of the common man. Even so, he surprised almost everyone two years later by announcing his candidacy for the U.S. House of Representatives. Congressman Reuben Chapman of Huntsville had resigned to run for Governor, and William Acklin - John Hunt's grandson - was expected to succeed Chapman. Acklin was respected and well educated, but W. R. W. Cobb delighted in upsetting upper class apple carts. Sure enough, when the votes were counted, the homespun hero from "High Jackson" had defeated the gentleman from Huntsville.

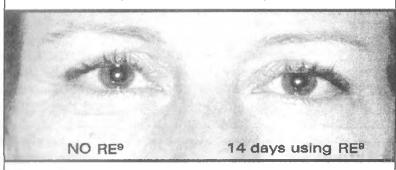
In 1849, Cobb retained his Congressional seat by defeating Huntsville's Jeremiah Clemens, a noted orator and cousin of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). Four years later, another prominent Huntsvillian succumbed to the charismatic Cobb. This time the victim was Clement C. Clay Jr., son of Governor Clement C. Clay Sr. "After this," recalled William Garrett, "Mr. Cobb had an easy time of it, as it was generally agreed that there was

no vacancy' in his Congressional district, if victory at the ballot box was a criterion." Cobb liked to call himself the "maker of Senators," since both Clemens and Clay were subsequently elected to the U.S. Senate. Of course, that was when these political "giants" were not running against W. R. W. Cobb!

The secret of Cobb's invincibility lay in his appeal to the poor and humble, the ordinary voters so many politicians ignored. "Mr. Cobb was a tall, long-armed man," said Garrett, "of some intelligence and more shrewdness, and well-versed in the school of the demagogue. This was his principal stock in trade, and it paid him well. He never let an opportunity pass to secure a vote, and the mail bags and post office were his channels of communication, aided by the franking privilege, addressed frequently to the mothers of some four or six voting sons."

Cobb definitely knew how to

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keep the voters happy. "Every section in his District that wanted a mail route, and every neighborhood that needed a post office, was sure to be served by the influence of Mr. Cobb," continued Garrett. "In his speeches before the people; he was apt to play upon their prejudices of poverty, and always presented himself as the special friend of the poor man, and for this reason, he alleged, he was opposed by the rich, etc., etc."

Dr. John Allen Wyeth, the distinguished surgeon from Guntersville, recalled hearing a man named Ben Weeks describe Cobb's technique. At election time, said Weeks, Cobb would visit every town in his district to shake hands, "and I tell you he was so pertickler not to slight anybody that he'd wake the babes in their cradles to get a chance to tell their mammies how purty they was."

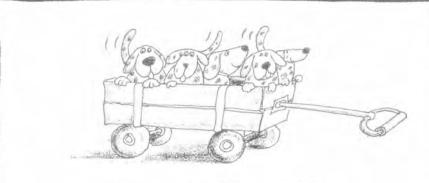
Virginia Clay, whose husband Clement Clay lost to him, said Cobb "resorted to all sorts of tricks to catch popular votes, such as the rattling of tinware and crockery," pointedly reminding listeners of his famous amendment. "He delighted in the singing of homely songs composed for stump purposes. One of these which he was wont to introduce at the end of a speech, and which always seemed to be especially his own, was called 'The Homestead Bill.' Of this remarkable composition there were a score of verses, at least, that covered every possible possession which the heart of the poor man might crave, ranging from land and mules to household furniture. The song began, 'Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm' and Mr. Cobb would sing it in stentorian tones, winking as he did so, to first one and then another of his admiring listeners, and punctuating his phrases by chewing, with great gusto, a piece of onion and

the coarsest of corn pone."

While Cobb's medicine show style delighted rural voters, it appalled the aristocratic Mrs. Clay. "It aroused in me, a young wife, great indignation, that, in the exigencies of a public career my husband should be compelled to enter a contest with such a man. To me it was the meeting of a Damascus blade and a meat axe, and in my soul I resented it."

Virginia Clay did unwittingly manage to win one county away from Cobb for her husband. "It happened during the campaign. Mr. Clay and I stopped at a little hostelry, that lay in the very centre of one of Mr. Cobb's strongest counties. It was little more than a flower-embowered cot-





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tage, kept by Aunt Hannah, a kindly soul, whose greatest treasure was a fresh faced pretty daughter, then entering her teens. I returned to our room after a short absence, just in time to see this village beauty before my mirror, arrayed in all the glory of a beautiful and picturesque hat which I had left on my bed during my absence. It was a lovely thing of the period, which I had but recently brought back from the North." Ginnie Clay promptly presented the hat to the girl, in exchange for her own simple sun bonnet. "I little dreamed that this exchange of millinery so unpremeditated, and certainly uncalculating, was a political master stroke, but so it proved... for at the election that followed, the vote in that county was practically solid for Mr. Clay, where formerly Mr. Cobb had swept it clean."

Not long afterwards, the Clays travelled to Washington on the same train as Cobb. "I've got a crow to pick with you, Mrs. Clay," began Cobb, "for that pink bonnet trick at old Aunt Hannah's."

"And I have a buzzard to pick with you," she responded, "for defeating my husband!"

"You ought to feel obliged to me," Cobb replied, "for I made your husband a Senator."

"Well," Mrs. Clay conceded, "I'll promise not to repeat the bonnet business, if you'll give me your word not to sing against my husband. That's unfair, for you know he can't sing!" Amid much laughter from the other passengers, Cobb good naturedly agreed.

Despite Cobb's calculated buffoonery, he was nonetheless an effective Congressman. Wrote William Garrett, "he was vigilant and true in guarding and promoting the interests of his District and section, and in the general his votes in Congress accorded with those of other members from the State. He practiced one courtesy that made him many friends in the State, and contrasted him very favorably with some of his colleagues. He would look after the interest of gentlemen visiting Washington on business from Alabama, call upon them, show them round, accompany them to departments, and introduce them. This was a marked service, and justly made Mr. Cobb many warm friends outside his District."

Ironically, W. R. W. Cobb's greatest national fame came during the last weeks of his service in Washington. For 12 long years he had been a member of Congress. But now, civil war was on the horizon, and Cobb spoke out against it. "I am not a secessionist," he announced on December 11, 1860. "I desire peace ... that my State may be awarded her rights under the Constitution, If that can be done, may God help us to remain in the



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Union so long as the sun shines." However, such was not to be, and the following month Alabama seceded from the Federal Union.

On January 30, 1861, W. R. W. Cobb made his farewell address to the U. S. Congress.

By then he was the only representative from a seceded State still present. Cobb told his colleagues he had stayed in Washington because that was where he needed to be. Since Alabama's secession, however, "I have absented myself from the deliberations and business of this body; and from that time I have not drawn one cent of pay." Yet Cobb continued to hope for a peaceful settlement and he urged the Northern representatives "not to let me go without hope." He pleaded for some sort of action to show "there shall be peace, harmony, and prosperity once more restored in this now divided and distracted country" and the Northern Congressmen responded with applause.

Cobb then invoked the memory of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun, wishing those departed statesmen could somehow "raise their voices from the grave and speak to those they left behind, and tell them what their duty is."

Cobb urged the North to send messengers of peace, not war, to the South, but he ended his speech with a warning. "If the North attempts to coerce or subjugate us," he said, "we must defend our rights, and protect our lives and little ones." Cobb then announced his resignation from the U.S. Congress, "to return to my dear Alabama, where the bones of my father and mother rest: to share the fate of those to who I am closely bound. be it for real or for woe." His lengthy Washington career was over.

W. R. W. Cobb's appeal for peace was not answered by the North, and the tragic War Between the States soon began. While his parting speech won praise in the North, it had made Cobb somewhat suspect in the South.

The "giant killer" learned this later that year when he suffered his first and only defeat. Running for the Confederate Congress, Cobb was beaten by a virtual unknown, Dr. John Perkins Ralls, a secessionist hot-head from Cherokee County. By 1863, however, the Union Army had already invaded North Alabama, bringing death and destruction in its wake.

The voters returned to their traditional champion and gave Cobb a resounding victory over the warmongering Ralls.

For reasons known only to himself, Cobb did not journey to Richmond when the Confederate Congress convened in February 1864. Cobb's failure to take his seat caused considerable criticism, and the Confederate House of Representatives appointed a



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committee to look into his absence. Their report stated that Cobb's home was now behind the Union lines and that Cobb had been seen talking to the enemy. This was hardly evidence of disloyalty, but the Confederate Congress unanimously declared Cobb's seat to be vacant.

Meanwhile, Williamson Cobb remained quietly at his home in Bellefonte, trying to safeguard his property from destruction by the Yankees. On November 1, 1864, the Jackson County "giant killer" was found lying dead of a gunshot wound. Cobb had been repairing a fence on his farm and supposedly had been careless enough to use a loaded revolver as a hammer, holding it by the barrel. The pistol had fired, killing Cobb. While Cobb's death was most likely an unfortunate accident, more than a few people

wondered if he hadn't been murdered by a secessionist, angered by Cobb's less than enthusiastic support of the Confederacy.

Sadly, the popular politician was laid to rest in the Cobb family cemetery on his brother's plantation near Flint River, in neighboring Madison County, Alabama. With Cobb's death, a unique and colorful character passed from the Alabama scene. No more would the familiar figure be seen at election time rattling the crockery, munching on corn bread, and singing his song, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

Even William Garrett, often a critic, had to admit it. "Take him altogether," he said, "Mr. Cobb was a remarkable and successful man." That is an epitaph all of us can envy.

#### TIMOTHY JAY FOOTE



Attorney at Law

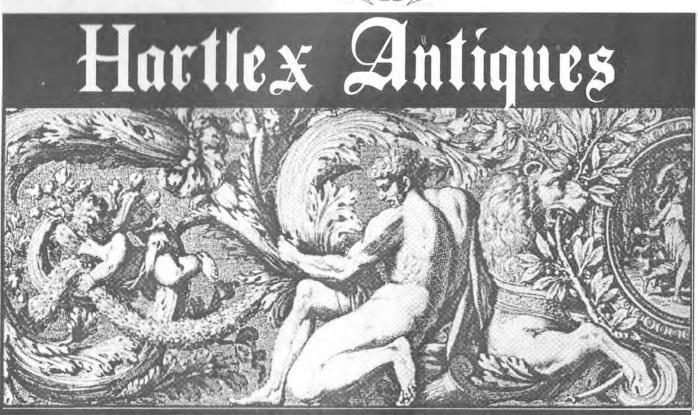
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## Working For A Living

by Collins (C.E.) Wynn

I think most of our "Old Huntsville" readers can relate to these stories because as youngsters in the early 1960's Huntsville we were each pretty much the same, bouncing around trying to pick up a little loose change for pocket money.

Like most of my male school friends I started my working career pushing a lawnmower either at home or around in the neighborhood usually picking up \$.50 or \$1, and slowly graduated to fixed pay jobs. Because my Dad was a Huntsville Police Officer he moved around all over Huntsville and knew a lot of people. Consequently, he was always coming home with a new job for me. He got me started on my first 3 jobs and I found the ones at Gibson's Bar-B-Q and Terry's Pizza on my own. The worst jobs I ever had were my first two and I learned from them right away that I wanted nothing to do with the restaurant/kitchen business no matter how much money was involved.

My very first job was in a restaurant kitchen at the corner of Governor's Drive and the Parkway and was a Huntsville staple

although, for the life of me, I canyears ago. I don't recall the salary but you can bet it wasn't cause I lasted one day. Washing dishes for 9 hours straight in the hot, steamy, and grimy rear room of a restaurant kitchen was no fun whatever. I did not return after that first day and moved on to my next workplace adventure. I was about 14 at the time - I seem to remember that a kid had to be 14 to hold a real job.

Not yet completely disenchanted with the restaurant/

ment taurant vard and 9th Avenue. Most of

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Were Young





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not recall the name even through I can still see the sign in my mind's eye today. It was on the order of an old style Shoney's and lasted, I think, until the Parkway was widened some much - didn't matter anyway be-

kitchen business I moved on to general flunky employ-George's Reson Wellman Avenue between Russell Street and Jackson Way in Five Points and the Rebel Inn in West Huntsville at the corner of Triana Boule-

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the time I was at George's in Five Points but from time to time I was "loaned labor" to the Rebel Inn. My salary was \$.33 hour and I was assigned various duties including washing dishes but at least I didn't wash dishes all the time.

Which leads me to the story of how some unknown soul unwittingly ate my finger in the summer of 1961. It had been a long day and my last chore was to peel a bag of potatoes for the evening shift after which I was free to go. I was sitting on a crate in the back of the kitchen with the bag of potatoes on the floor by my left leg with a big steel bowl between my knees where the cleaned potatoes were placed. I'm sure ya'll have all seen the double-edged potato peeler gadget that has a single handle on it. To use it I held the potato in my left hand and swept the peeler swiftly back and forth slowly rotating the potato as the

peel was sliced off. Well, in my haste to be gone, I managed to slice off a sizable portion of my left index finger and watched as it fell smack into the almost full bowl of freshly peeled potatoes. Now, my dilemma became what to do - if I told the owner he would throw it all out and l would have to start over and be another hour or more getting out of there. Or, I could say nothing, bandage up my finger, and high tail it home leaving a piece of me to be served up for dinner that night. Of course I chose to say nothing and have chuckled about it for 45 years. I can't forget the incident because I have a prominent scar I see every time I look at my left hand.

From that I tried to find something a little less structured and got myself a paper route. Although I always had just enough money to pay for my papers I never did have much of a profit but I always had fun. Over-

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all it truly was a good business experience. My route was all of Halsey Avenue in Dallas and it ran west on Halsey from Windham Street to Dallas Street then south for two blocks to Stephens Avenue. During the year or so I kept the route I met some interesting people. On the southeast comer of Halsey and England Street lived two elderly spinsters who, I think, were retired sister schoolteachers. Their wooden house was covered with fake brick asphalt shingles and tarpaper. They were both very kind to me and I was always careful to make sure their paper was up on the porch where it would stay dry. When I would go by to collect on Saturday morning they would often make me come in and sit with them before I could get paid. Their house was clean but musty and always seemed to have a fire blazing in the pot bellied coal stove in the living room regardless of the time of the year. They each wore massive type ladies shoes with their hose rolled down to below their knees.

Across the street lived the "Tattooed Man" - I don't mean one or two like some of us have now - since he often wore no shirt you could see he was covered with them from the neck down. Years later Rod Steiger's character in the Ray Bradbury movie "Something Wicked This Way Comes" reminded me of him. And, to top it all, I was in love with a red headed girl that lived at the start of my route on Windham Street. Although I never met her nor knew her name I convinced myself my love for her was true - of course, by the end of the next week I had changed my mind and moved on to my next love. So goes the days of our lives, huh?

After my entrepreneurial career as a newspaperman floundered 1 went back to the security of a fixed income as a bag

boy at a grocery in Parkway City (similar to my later-in-life experience in the construction business) and lasted there for a few weeks. Actually the job was good - bagging groceries and carrying

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them out to cars for the customers. It suited my personality because I was able to move around and meet people. This is one of the places and circumstances where I learned to enjoy being helpful and useful. I didn't stay there too long because the store was just too far from home and getting rides proved difficult (predriving days). I believe the store was a Kroger's but I'm not absolutely certain.

Shortly thereafter I worked at Albert Hall's 66 Service Station on the corner of Oakwood and Jackson Way off and on for a while to pick up a few bucks. The job was pumping gas with a few general clean up chores. Although I didn't work there long or much, I learned one of life's really hard lessons standing there next to a gas pump late one afternoon. I had just filled up a car with gas and told the lady driving "that'll be \$3.48" or some such (these were days of only "full service", you know). She smiled sweetly at me and said "put it on Buck's ticket", then cranked the car and drove off. I went enthusiastically bouncing into the office and announced to all present "somebody needs to put \$3.48 on Bucks ticket" to which Albert loudly replied "Hell, boy, I don't hold tickets. You've just been had and you owe me \$3.48". In that instant I learned to regard smiling faces with considerable suspicion. By the way, the urinal in Albert's restroom had a hand printed sign over it which read "Please don't throw your butts in the urinal, it makes them soggy and hard to light!".

After getting my driver's license I expanded my horizons by going to work as a Carhop at Gibson's Bar-B-Q, on the west side of North Parkway between University Drive and Oakwood Avenue. This was another one of those good experiences mostly because everyone there treated me as a part of the team rather

than just some kid working part time. I really liked it. My first paycheck was \$21.00 (a \$.50 hour job): it was the most money I had ever had at one time. I asked the cashier to pay me in \$1 bills so it would seem like more. The job consisted of taking orders from people sitting in cars, then putting the orders together and bringing it back to them. Gibson's used a system where the Carhops (all male, by the way) carried the outgoing orders by the cashier where they paid for the orders then delivered the food to the cars and collected their money back plus whatever tip they could wheedle out of the customer. procedure meant that if a customer drove off without paying, the loss



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FAST - CONFIDENTIAL - CASH EXCLUSIVE LAND DEALER went to the Carhop not to the restaurant. Consequently all of us paid close attention to our business and "drive-off's" were rare.

Also, this is the first time I ever saw a microwave oven: Gibson's had one and they used it to heat up slices of pie. The food was great and their menu was Bar-B-Q fare - beef and pork sandwiches and plates, etc. However, they had a specialty byproduct called "Skins". "Skins" were big brown greasy paper bags filled to overflowing with the fat and skin left when chopping up the meat. "Skins" were sold only out the back door and never in the dining room or the curb service area. Customers drove up to the back door and called out how many bags they wanted. Gibson's wasted nothing.

If there were no customers the Carhops were pretty much on our own and spent considerable time sitting around on crates out on the curb telling old lies and inventing new ones. One cold, cold winter night in late 1962 around 8 or 9 PM (an hour or so before closing) my friend Goose (Jim) Shelton pulled up to the

curb in the Blue Goose with an unidentified assistant riding shotgun (the unidentified assistant is currently a figure of some prominence in northeast Huntsville so I'll refrain from using his name - Goose and I have already ruined our reputations so our names don't really matter). They had come by to rag me about having to work while they were out riding around and goofing off. Also, they needed a spoon. Why a spoon, you ask? It seems the unidentified assistant had obtained a six-pack of beer and stashed it outdoors in some bushes near his house where it had frozen solid. After I got them a couple of spoons they sat quietly there in the car and ate a sixpack of frozen beer. Simple times, weren't they?

My premier high school job was at Terry's Pizza in North Huntsville. Terry's was located in a strip shopping center on east side of North Parkway across from Spry Funeral Home. Although now a thriving multi-lo-

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cation full service restaurant that has been a Huntsville fixture for over 40 years, the Terry's where I worked was the original little "Mom and Pop" business and the only pizza place (I think) in Huntsville. The place we had was about 20' wide and 60' long - just enough for a small kitchen, one large pizza oven, a counter, a few small tables, restrooms and a little

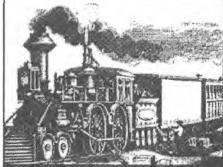
storage space.

I got the Delivery Boy job just by walking in and asking for it. The owners were a guy who worked for IBM and his wife who started the business as a family venture. They were super people and very good to me during the year or so I worked for them. I understand that sometime later he left IBM and devoted his full time efforts to developing the



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business. When I was with them in 1963 and 64 we had a total of five employees (two cooks, two waitresses, and me). Since we were such a small business everybody did everything - cooks delivered and the delivery boy cooked; we all took orders and shared in the clean-up chores.

Unlike current pizza delivery businesses, at that time the business owned the delivery vehicles - we had an English Ford Anglia and a VW Bus - I enjoyed being paid to run around all over north Huntsville in someone else's vehicles using their gasoline. During the time I was with them Lou expanded the business to include the "bar' that is probably still there today just a few doors down from the start-up location - I remember giving the ceiling it's original black paint job and helping to build the bar. At the time we had to go outside to move from the original restaurant to the bar area because

there was a small business between the two sections that would not sell out. It was a good job and environment for a teenage boy because I got to see many of my classmates who came by to pick up carry-out pizzas. In fact, I first met my future wife in early 1963 over the counter there at Terry's. It was a pretty cool job and I doubled my salary from Gibson's Bar-B-Q where I previously worked (from \$.50 to \$1.00 an hour) plus we had a lot of fun. For instance, there was no one named "Terry" - it was completely fictitious. From time to time we would get calls asking to speak to "Terry"; rather than give the long winded explanation about how there was no such person, we all just took turns being "Terry" - life was a lot simpler that way. There was a good strong sense of teamwork I came to appreciate very much and which served me well in later pursuits.

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- \* To clean glass, use old newspapers instead of paper towels. This works better and costs alot less.
- \* Do you have a hard time staying within your budget for everyday items? Why not buy gift cards monthly for stores where you visit regularly and tend to overspend. When the gift card is used up, you have to stop spending. This works great for stores like Walmart, Starbucks, grocery stores and department stores.

\* Don't throw your old broom away. You can get more life from it by cutting the dirty, worn tips off with scissors.

- \* Take advantage of your public library for free books, books-on-tape, DVD's and videos instead of paying to buy or rent them at a book or video store. If you're a steady reader, you can save literally hundreds of dollars a year.
- \* Spray matte (not shiny) urethane on all of your metal or wooden outdoor items that may rust or rot, such as wind chimes, small lawn ornaments, birdhouses, benches, etc. This will really increase the life of these kind of items.
- \* Ladies, instead of throwing away lipstick when it is almost gone, scrape out what is left with a plastic knife and put it into a mint tin. Soon you'll have a pallet of all your favorite shades that you can apply with a lip brush. You can even mix the colors to create new shades!
- \* Check with your local phone company to see if they offer limited calling plans. For example, they may allow you to make up to 30 calls a month for

a low fee and there are no restrictions on incoming calls or minutes used. This is often a big money saver, even if you go over your monthly allotted calls, because most often your charges will not equal the unlimited calling plan charge.

\* Make your windshield wipers last for one more season by sanding the edges of the brittle rubber with sandpaper and they'll be like new again!

\* Create your own gourmet mustard by mixing ground mustard powder with water or wine, then adding any of the following: horseradish, pepper, herbs, spices or ground mustard seeds to taste.



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# Tips From Liz

Household Advice, Beauty Tips and Common Sense

Because many of you have not been able to get the flu shot, and just because we need to do all we can to stay warm, happy and healthy during the cold winter months, here are a few common sense tips that will help.

\* If you can't avoid crowds, keep a good supply of Cold-Eeze fruit drops - take one as soon as you feel a cold coming on - they have been proven to cut the cold duration in half.

\* Anytime you go out shopping or to visit people, always wash your hands when you come home. You can pick up all kinds of germs just by opening doors, touching groceries, etc.

\* Develop new interests and hobbies. Get into something that you really feel passionate about.

\* Products like coffee, cigarettes and chocolate may contribute to depression and highs and lows of energy.

\* Buy some of that anti-bacterial lotion that dries on contact with your hands - to keep in the car or your purse.

\* Stress can make you sick and damage your immune system. Get rid of all the stressors in your life - and that may include people.

\* Pamper yourself. Get your hair done if it makes you happy. Treat yourself like you would your best friend.

\* Be in control - of your finances, your family, your decisions - being out of control will contribute to depression.

\* Eat and drink sparingly, but with gusto.

\* Keep working at either paid or volunteer work. Once you sit down for good, you're a goner.

\* This is for ladies only - for

bad cramps, take one teaspoonful of vinegar each night, and place an old pair of shoes upside-down under your bed before you go to sleep.

\* For men only - if you are getting backaches, try moving your wallet to a different pocket. Many men get backaches from sitting on wallets all day. Also, loosen up your collar - a tight one can reduce your circulation and restrict breathing.

\* Peppermint tea is wonderful for relaxing you and relieving moodiness - drink it warm and strong.

\* Make a good cough syrup by mixing 1/3 cup honey, 1/3 cup whiskey and 1/3 cup lemon juice. Take a spoonful at a time. (Don't use a shot glass)

\* If you are stopped up at night, try propping up your pillows a few inches more than usual. Also, put your pillows outside on a sunny day - they will smell so fresh at night!

\* If you're feeling blue, clean your house - it will make you feel better almost immediately.

\* If you cut your finger, cover the wound with black pepper. It will not burn, instead will stop the bleeding, take out the soreness and promote faster healing.

## Sold Wife

John Kendall of Madison County was arrested yesterday on the charges of selling his wife to Lem Nobles for the sum of 25 dollars.

Apparently all concerned parties were happy with the transaction until Nobles was informed that he was also the owner of six children, whereas he promptly complained of fraud to the Sheriff.

Both men are currently residents of the jail and are expected to stand trial soon. Mrs. Kendall, and her six children, are residing at the home of Lem Nobles.



# The Ghosts of Helion Lodge

by Rick Storey

Lights that turn themselves on and off in the middle of the night, doors that open and close for no apparent reason, mysterious stairways that lead to nowhere. A ghost would certainly feel at home here. The oldest Masonic ediface in the state of Alabama has welcomed thousands of gentlemen during the last two centuries. It stands to reason some of them may have decided to return there in spirit form.

Guided tours through the Twickenham Historic district stop in front of 409 Lincoln Street and are quick to point out this is the oldest Masonic Lodge in the state, "they say it's haunted" and proceed to describe some of the mysterious phenomena occurring within; strange presences felt, hanging pictures that jump off the wall, that sort of thing.

Secretary Garry Smith was working in the lodge kitchen late one evening and heard a door slam shut. "I was the only one in the building at the time." Others offer similar accounts of doors opening and closing mysteriously by themselves, including the present Master of the Lodge. Another member once recalled an instance when not just a door slammed while the building was secured but the sound of something being dragged across the floor upstairs was heard. Old buildings are creaky though and what one person hears as footsteps may only be that of the dwelling settling. Or is it?

A recent past master talking to another past master, while discussing Henry Pollard, a past master from the early 1900s in front of his portrait, saw his nameplate for no apparent reason leap off the wall. On an earlier occasion the entire framed portrait of H.C. Pollard jumped completely off the wall. Is this mere coincidence?

There have also been accounts of lights coming on in the attic long after the building had been emptied and later turning themselves off. There is no high tech explanation of this occurrance. One brother noticing the attic light from the street, unlocked the door, ran upstairs to flip the switch but was surprised to find it had switched off when he arrived. A recent former steward also accounted how creepy the secret staircase to the basement is, "something has always told me to stay out of there". That basement legend says it connects to the catacombs that run under the old city. We have bats and a dungeon, what other secrets does Helion Lodge #1 hold?

One brother joked, "if we do have ghosts here I'd like to think they're friendly since they're

probably a brother". Could it be, ghosts are alive and well in Helion Lodge #1 and signed in perhaps on one of the old dusty register books stacked in its dark corners?





# Plenty to eat at the Fair in 1891

from 1891 newspaper

Those attending our Madison County Fair will be bounteously fed. The following is the bill of fare for the dining hall at the fairgrounds:

Barbecued Pig
Pighead Hash, Barbecued Lamb
Roasted Turkey, Dressed Ham
Chicken and Turkeys, roasted on spits
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Pone and wheat breads
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# Lynching in Huntsville

from 1878 newspaper

The lynching of the white man, Mike White, and two negroes, Ben. Evans and Eph. Hall, at Huntsville, Alabama, Wednesday for the murder of Schoenberger, the butcher, was witnessed by 3,000 people.

The mob was composed, as reports say, of good citizens without mask or disguise. White protested his innocence to the last; both the negroes acknowledged and said White instigated it. The Chattanooga Times special says: White's life was insured for ten thousand dollars.

His attorneys suggested that a confession would violate the policy; hence the declaration of innocence. The insurance company is not expected to pay.



# Growing up in the Country

by Helen Medlin

"From my mother's memories"

"During the time that we lived in Tidwell Lane in the big house (which was later the Grizzard home known as Grizzard Road today), we would go to town every Saturday, which was the highlight of our week. Each of us had a dime to buy whatever we wanted.

This was before Dad lost the farm and before the Depression. We started back home after being in town. Dad always went by the Ice Plant down by the Big Spring to buy ice to take home. With all of us in one car, that was a load and some of the boys would ride on the running boards. In those days cars had running boards that ran under the doors, and the cars set up higher in those days than they do now.

This particular Saturday Joe was standing on the running board of the car and when we stopped for ice, he jumped off and ran to get a drink of water, no one thought anything about it and some time later, in fact we had gotten to Pulaski Pike when Mama (grandma Tidwell) looked around and asked where Joe was. Opie, one of the children, said, "Well, he got off at the Ice Plant to get a drink of water." No one seemed to be worried about him, I guess there was so many of us we just did not get upset about one being missing. We turned around and went back to

"I was such an ugly baby, my mother never breast-fed me. She told me that she only liked me as a friend."

Rodney Dangerfield

the Big Spring and when we got there, Joe wasn't worried at all, he was just walking around the fountain, like he didn't have a worry in the world." Of course we all teased him a lot about that and he never got off again."

Things like this happened some time in a large family.

With a family so large, it took quite a bit of planning to fix enough to eat and my granddad Tidwell was a person who appreciated how hard grandma worked to have meals on the table three times a day. On Saturdays, after he sold vegetables from the garden, he would go by a store and buy 3 large cans of salmon and a five pound box of wieners. That was a special treat for supper on Saturday nights. The salmon and wieners cooked along with a big pan of biscuits, gravy and iced tea was great.

The first Saturday of each month they would go to the Hurricane Creek Primitive Baptist

Church for preaching, then on S und a y they would go back for most of the day preaching and din-

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ner on the ground. For most of you, who don't know about these meetings, you haven't lived until you have been to one. I grew up mostly with my grandparents and the uncles and aunts since I was the oldest grandchild and there were a lot of these gatherings. Today I think back often about the times of fellowship with many, many friends and family members who have now gone on to their heavenly home and some who are still there in the church. We did not have to look for entertainment back then. We knew that Sundays were spent for preaching and visiting with people we cared about.

My grandparents joined the Hurricane Creek Primitive Baptist Church in May 1929 and for the rest of their lives the church, and its members played an important part in their lives. The pastor at that time was Brother Morgan Walker who, along with his wife and children, would visit my granddad's home on occasion and, spend the night. Neighbors, friends, and anyone who wanted to visit, would gather at the house to listen to Brother Walker preach, then we would all sing the old time songs. I still remember two of them, "On The Wings Of a Snow White Dove" and "Amazing Grace". These were my mother's favorites.

There are so many stories I remember about the people in the Hurricane Creek Primitive Baptist Church; all good things, but it would take another story to tell.

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## **Another Case of Shooting**

Another case of shooting occurred near Maysville last Friday. As usual, whisky was at the bottom of this unfortunate affair. Jim Headrick and Jeff Dunlap, were drinking and carousing together in town, and were on their way home, when the liquor began to do its work, a quarrel ensued, and Jim Headrick shot Jeff Dunlap in the face just below the eye, but being a small weapon the wound has not proved very serious.

from 1901 newspaper



# Making Soap

by Juanita Reid

I remember my mother and grandmother making soap when I was a young girl, and times were so different

They made their lye by leaching water through hardwood ashes. They used the stump from an old tree that had broken off in a wind storm. The tree was hollow and had a hole near the bottom — evidently had been an animal den at one time or perhaps where a limb had rotted off. The hole was about four inches round. They took a hollowed out limb, cut it in half, inserted it into the hole and use that as a drain spout for the leaching of the lye water.

Back in those days, we had wooden buckets and if memory serves me right, that was what they used to collect the leached lye water from ashes. I do not recall if they put straw in the hollowed out tree to keep the ashes from washing through but they must have. They poured the water through the ashes and would put more ashes into the tree stump and pour the lye water back through until it would float an egg—strong enough for soap making.

The soap was made in the iron wash pot used for boiling the clothes. A fire was built under the wash pot, the rendered

fat saved from cooking meats was added to the pot and the lye water from the wood ashes added and boiled until it became soap (traced). The soap was poured into a wooden box lined with an old pillowcase that had been dipped in grease. The soap was left to go solid and then cut into bars. The soap was certainly not pretty — I remember it was grey and contained some grit from the ashes. The fat must have been rancid because my memory can still smell that "grandma's lye soap." It got clothes clean but required a lot of rinsing to get rid of the ash or the clothes would be dingy. It certainly stopped children from repeating curse words after once having their mouth washed out with that soap.

This soap was used for everything. It would be what we today call hot processed because it was boiled for hours if necessary to reach trace. It was a softer soap than we are used to but it was definitely a bar soap because it rested on the lip of the rub-board and was kept in a soap dish for washing dishes.

Other uses for that same lye water was to wash wooden floors in the house. All animals and children were forbidden access to the house until the floor dried completely. Lye water was placed in the iron pot along with some of the cut up soap before adding the clothes that were boiled. Homemade Lye water was used to soak field corn to make hominy and after much rinsing, the hominy was either used as a vegetable or could be dried and ground into grits. The excess lye water was stored for later use.

Buckle up. It makes it harder for the aliens to snatch you from your car.





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# Heard on the Street in 1891

- The Directors of the Hunts-ville Agricultural & Mechanical Fair Asso. intend to spread themselves this year in making the fair a success. They are offering \$5,000 in cash premiums, four races a day have been booked, balloon ascensions, specialty rates on the railroads, and everything else necessary to make it a success. Mr. W. R. VanValkenburgh, the energetic secretary, is sending out catalogues and giving all the information desired to those who apply.

- Yesterday, through Capt. J. H. Bone, Mr. W. R. Van Valkenburgh sold to Mrs. E. M. Musick, one of his cottages on Maiden Lane, for \$2,000. Mrs. Musick released her option on the Washington street property and bought the above.

- Released - Henry Hone, white, who resides in the northern part of the city, has been laying in jail for sometime on a charge of being unlawfully married- he having a living wife. He was turned loose yesterday on bond for his appearance at next term of Circuit Court.

- For Sale - a three room cottage on Walker street. The lot is 60 feet front, 200 feet deep. Terms cash. Apply to E. R. Latta

- Dr. J. B. Macon of Bell Factory was circulating among Huntsvillians recently.

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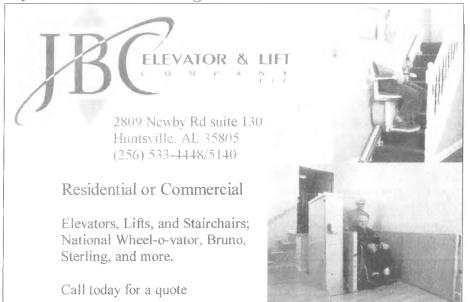
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tainments at the Opera house this season. Although he is handicapped in the way of making needed improvements in the Opera House interior, he adds a new feature in the employment of an orchestra, something that has been needed for years.

- Dr. J. P. Hampton of Meridianville was in town yesterday. The Doctor will have a good and creditable display of farm products at the Fair next week.

"Brother Speeder, let's rehearse: All together, Good Morning, Nurse!"

Old Burma Shave ad seen along highways



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## Another Thanksgiving, Years Ago

By Dr. Sherman Seltzer submitted by Placide Nicaise

Here it is, almost Thanksgiving again. I just came back inside from checking the cattle and horses. It is kinda cold outside, but the cold just sharpens my deeper memory ... of another cold November 25th many years ago. This date never seems to slip by me graciously, and I reckon it never will. I'll share it with you, if you have a minute to share an olde sojer's war memories.

Let's step back to another time and place. It is November 25th. 1950 and we are in Korea. about 15 miles south of the Yalu River, the boundary that separates us from Manchuria. The wind is piercing, and the Artillery folks tell us the thermometers read 35 degrees below zero. We have not been issued our winter clothing, but MacArthur says we'll be home for Christmas. We are poised to attack tomorrow and hope to get the war over with.

Since today is Thanksgiving, our commanding General (2d Infantry Division) decrees that all troops will get real turkey. He was good for his word. While loading our tanks with ammunition, and gasoline, we have a real Thanksgiving feast. It is a meal to remember.

As we eat, we are startled to hear some incoming rounds. Sounds like big mortars. Before we can dive under or into our tanks, my buddy Clark Munroe (another 2d Lt. platoon leader in my company) is lightly

wounded and his tank crewman killed. Why would a beaten, retreating North Korean Army be doing this, we ponder. Our company commander sends Ed Quinn (platoon leader) across the nearby Chongchon River with





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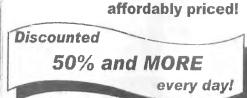
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orders to "emplace yourself on commanding ground and hold at all costs." Ed grimaces as he leaves...

Two prisoners are hurried past. We hear that they report large masses of troops and tanks. Our S-2 dismisses its validity. Surely, Chinese troops would not be entering the war!

The full moon rises and illuminates the landscape. It brings back memories of how, not very many full moons ago, it glowed on Lou's long blond hair, as we sat "necking" in a convertible. That romantic night in an artichoke field near her Dad's ranch now seems so far away.

Suddenly the night is alive with glowing fire, bugles blasting, and literally hordes of Chinese riflemen pouring upon us. More men in one place than I have ever seen in my life. We are ready to attack, for goodness' sakes, not defend! Quickly we begin withdrawal tactics.

Clark's platoon forms a thin line of defense, firing hard and fast. I form a similar line, about 1,000 yards behind him. He slowly pulls back, trading ground for time. At the last moment, he gathers up the accompanying infantry and rushes back through my thin line. I open fire at maximum range, covering Clark's and his accompanying infantrymen's withdrawal. Then I do my best to slow down the onslaught, while Clark moves his platoon and infantry behind me to form a line. ... and so on, for several days and nights. Bitter cold, terrible casualties, all buying time so the rest of the U.S. 8th Army can pull back across the Han River (just south of the

"In the early days, I
wouldn't have had anything
to eat, if it hadn't been for the
stuff the audience threw
at me."

**Bob Hope** 

38th parallel). I can remember once falling asleep while standing in my tank turret. Our 2nd Infantry Division had 5,000 casualties over the next several days - one third of our Division!

This was my indoctrination to bitter warfare ... all beginning one Thanksgiving night on the 25th of November.

I still pause and pray on this date for the souls of my brave fallen comrades, and even for my brave fallen enemy - young men fighting for what they believed was right.



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## The Bridgeport Beacon

By H. B. Hughes

In 1922, the year that I was born, neither Bridgeport nor Stevenson had a High School.. In 1923, the State of Alabama had more funds for education and both cities had opened their respective schools of higher education.

My father, L. H. "Buddy" Hughes was elected President of the Board of the Bridgeport City Schools.

In 1923, my sister, Elizabeth Maurine Hughes was a Senior in the first graduating class of 1924. Until a new building could be built next to the Elementary School, the high school occupied the third floor of the Whitcher Building in the Whitcher Block in downtown Bridgeport on Alabama Avenue.

The Principal was C. O. Chisam who also taught some classes as well as coached the basketball team.

Miss Jewel Carmack, (future Mrs. John Tanner), was hired at the beginning of the 1924 school year. The Elementary School had a Principal and six Teachers with Mrs. Harry Kelly teaching music. Leslie Quarles was a classmate of Maurine and they were selected to put together the first High School annual.

They decided to call it BRIDGEPORT BEACON. The first order of business was to find funds to finance this publication, so, they sold business ads.

They had twenty-seven including one from Huntsville, Alabama-A. Hipp had an office in Bridgeport where came once a week to test the eyes of the citi-

After totaling up the money. they asked the Bridgeport News newspaper and printers how many pages could be done for that amount. Then they set out to design their school annual.

They featured a picture of the R.R. bridge on the first page and poems; stories, and club were all featured.

Then the Big Day came with Maurine Hughes Valedictorian'and Leslie Quarles, Salutorian. But wait a minute, Leslie was in the bottom fifty percent of the class.

Was it because he helped put the Bridgeport Beacon together? Was It because he and Maurine were friends and her daddy was president of the City Schools? NO!!! It was all legal!! Can you figure it out?





'mom, please put the cocktail down and come out with your hands up!"

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



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Tip Of The Month: Eat dark chocolate every day!

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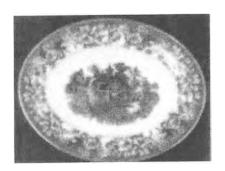
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