



The Hermit of the Mountains

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Also in this issue: "Mr. Ray Pearman"

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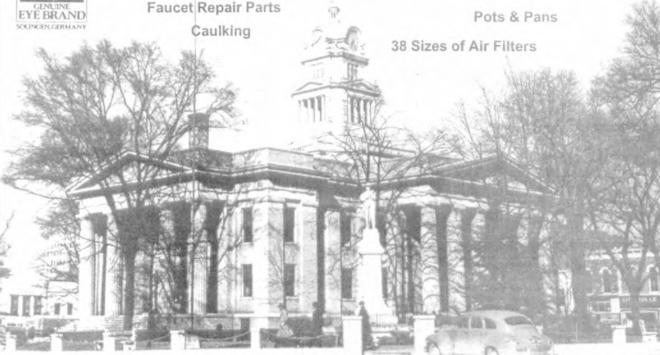
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The Hermit of the Mountains

For well over a hundred years there have been stories and rumors about a strange hermit who supposedly made his home in the mountains surrounding the Tennessee Valley. According to one story, he lived in the rugged mountains, alone as a hermit, after being rejected by a lady love.

Another story claims the hermit had been a soldier during the Civil War. After seeing thousands of young men maimed and killed on the battlefields, he supposedly fled to the quiet solitude of the mountains, away from a society that condoned the killing of its fellow man.

While many of the stories have been vastly exaggerated, the true story, about a man named Dr. Marx Edgeworth Lazarus, is one truly stranger than fiction.

Marx Lazarus was born in 1835 in Wilmington, North Carolina, the only son of one of the most distinguished Jewish families in the Ante Bellum South. His father was a prosperous merchant with ships plying the trade between England, Cuba and the United States.

As a young man Lazarus

showed little inclination to join the family business, so the family decided to send him to medical Paris. France where he received Edinburgh, Scotland to study under Dr. Bryan Slocum, one of the the period.

At first Lazarus seemed to thrive in his new environment. As the son of a family with immense wealth he was welcomed into a decadent society where the European aristocracy partied until the wee hours of the morning and Counts, Lords and Princes squandered immense sums on the turn of a card.

Always a fastidious dresser, Lazarus began to emulate his new friends by ordering immense wardrobes of the latest styles, many of which he would discard after wearing only one time. He had a body servant, a housekeeper and a coachman, as well as a large apartment on one of the city's most fashionable boulevards.

Despite the luxury and comforts he enjoyed, a darker side of his personality began to emerge. He began to grow irritable and would often disappear for long periods at a time. He would shun his friends, refusing to talk to them, and then suddenly act as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps the strangest quirk he developed was his method of

school. He studied medicine in his degree before transferring to most distinguished surgeons of



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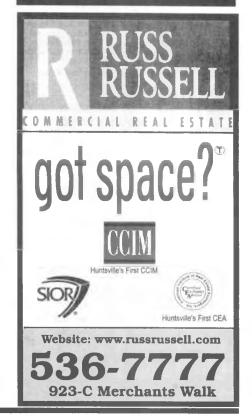
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communication. After deciding that most people talked too much, he would go for weeks at a time refusing to say anything except "Yes" or "No." Then, just as suddenly, he would begin talking nonstop, talking for hours at a time on whatever subject that captured his fancy.

After completing his studies he opened up a practice in New York where his skills as a doctor and surgeon quickly earned him wide acclaim among his peers. As the practice grew, his eccentric personality became even more pronounced. Stories of him becoming angry and throwing surgical instruments on the floor were common. The sign on his office saying "Closed" became a common sight as he disappeared for long periods of time.

Regardless of his bizarre behavior, Lazarus was in much demand as a physician. Other doctors, unable to diagnose a case or unwilling to attempt a risky operation ,would refer patients to Lazarus who would treat them with amazing results.

The beginning of the Civil War presented Lazarus with a moral dilemma. He strongly believed any type of war was wrong and was against secession. He was, however, also a Southerner who found it impossible to refuse his home state in a time of war. As the guns on distant battlefields began their deadly chorus,

Lazarus closed his practice in New York and moved back to the place of his birth, Wilmington, North Carolina. Although offered a commission in the Confederate Army Medical Corp., he chose instead to enlist as a private, possibly becoming the only surgeon during the civil war with such a lowly rank.

The bloody carnage of a war he did not believe in left him an emotional wreck. At one time, surrounded by limbs he had amputated and with soldiers crying out in pain, he was reported to have broke down crying, "Oh, the folly of healing one, only to send him to war again!"

At the end of the war Lazarus returned to his practice in New York. Although considered a genius by many, his bizarre behavior had began to make him an outcast. Strangely, although he had inherited an immense fortune, he developed a fascination with the fledgling Socialist party, among whose goals was the redistribution of wealth. In about 1897 he moved to a socialist commune in Ripon, Wisconsin.

Dr. Lazarus had become well known in the medical field as a result of the many research papers he had published and traveled to New York occasionally to consult on difficult medical cases. Most of his time, however, was spent writing articles about socialism for various newspapers. Dur-







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ing this time he met Elizabeth Forster who was writing similar articles for a Chicago paper and who also shared many of his beliefs. They began a correspondence which most people assumed would lead to marriage.

Lazarus soon became disillusioned by the commune as petty bickering began to split the movement. By this time he had almost completely withdrawn from society. All he wanted to do was find a place where he could be alone.

When a friend of his, Dr. John Wyeth, a native of Guntersville, suggested the Tennessee Valley, the idea appealed to Lazarus. With the aid of Dr. Wyeth, in 1871 he purchased a small farm about twenty miles from Huntsville, sight unseen, by mail.

The overgrown farm, with its dilapidated cabin perched precariously on the side of the mountains, proved to be idea for the eccentric doctor. Strangers rarely ventured down the dirt path leading to the farm and the nearest community. Guntersville, was about fifteen miles away - close enough for supplies but far enough away to discourage visitors.

When local citizens learned of his intentions to locate in the area it was greeted with much enthusiasm. It was expected the es-

"I love to give homemade gifts, so, which one of the kids would you like?"

Janice Morton

teemed Doctor would build a fine home befitting his position and establish a medical practice in the community. When Lazarus arrived at the steamboat landing in Guntersville, however, he went to a nearby store, purchased a few supplies, hired a wagon to carry him to his farm, and then disappeared.

Curious neighbors told of visiting the recluse who spent all his time poring over books and papers, oblivious to his surroundings. When someone tried to engage him in a conversation he would merely grunt or say "Yes" or "No." Others told of stopping by the hermit's cabin, which was devoid of furnishings except for a bed and stove, and seeing him sitting in the middle of the road staring at the sky, as if contemplating his very existence.

Some people later claimed the Doctor merely wanted to lead a simple life, free from worry or complications. If so, he probably succeeded.

Lazarus was a strong believer in the health benefits of drinking goat milk. Shortly after moving he purchased a herd and built a pen for them in his front yard. Later, when he realized they needed some sort of shelter, he simply moved the fence allowing them to enter the front door and roam the house at will.

He was fascinated by the nearby mountains, and would often spend days and weeks wandering the rugged wilderness, stopping to sleep wherever dark-

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ness found him. A handful of berries, a potato or an ear of corn from some field provided all the food he needed. There were reports of him being seen as far north as the Tennessee line and south as far as Gadsden. When his shoes wore out he simply began going barefooted, regardless of the weather. He stopped shaving and bathing and when his clothes wore out he never replaced them.

Strangely, despite his bizarre behavior, the community took it in stride. He would often travel to Guntersville for supplies, riding a bull with a homemade saddle and dressed in tattered red flannel underwear. He never had money; he would simply walk into a store, get what he wanted and walk out without saying a word. The merchants would send the bill to a local banker who would then send the bill to a firm in North Caro-

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lina that handled his family's business.

Even while living the life of a hermit Dr. Lazarus continued to be widely recognized in the medical field. He wrote extensively, submitting articles to medical publications that most people said were far advanced for the time he lived in. Although he had given up the practice of medicine, other doctors still sought him out for advice.

On at least one occasion he was called on to perform a lifesaving operation. A young man near Owens Cross Roads was working in a sawmill when a piece of wood got caught in the saw blade. When he tried to wrench it free, the piece of wood flew through the air, impaling him in the chest, with part of it protruding from his back.

A doctor was summoned who quickly examined the patient before announcing there was no hope. The surgical expertise required was far beyond any local doctor's expertise. Almost as an afterthought, he recalled reading a recent article in a medical publication by Dr. Lazarus who had described a similar operation.

"There might be chance," he told the family, "if you can get Lazarus." Fortunately one of the family members recalled seeing the doctor in the nearby mountains that morning. Lazarus, with his long scraggly beard, barefooted and dressed in red flannel



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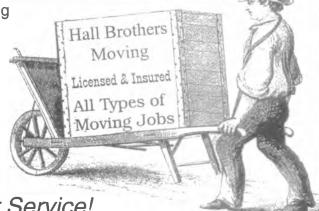
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underwear, was not exactly the type of doctor to instill confidence but there was no other choice.

After examining the wound Lazarus motioned for the other doctor to help him and, using the few instruments available along with kitchen utensils, cut into the chest, deftly removed the wood and sutured the cut arteries. When he finished the last stitch he dropped the instruments to the floor, turned and walked out without saying a word.

The man made a complete recovery and, poetically, named his first son John Lazarus Giles.

Even a hermit requires some type of human contact and in 1889 Lazarus renewed his correspondence with Elizabeth Forster. After almost a year of writing back and forth the doctor proposed marriage. Elizabeth, not having seen him in almost twenty years, quickly accepted.

With the preliminaries taken care of, Dr. Lazarus walked to Huntsville where he wired his family's attorneys for money. He then checked into a hotel, shaved, got a haircut and ordered a new suit of clothes before taking a train to Chattanooga where he met Elizabeth.

Apparently he cleaned up well as they were married in a few days. The same day they boarded a steamboat for the trip to Guntersville, accompanied by twelve large trunks filled with Elizabeth's clothes.

The doctor's new bride was undoubtedly anxious to see her new home. When they arrived at the Guntersville boat dock they left her luggage and walked the eight miles to the cabin.

Perhaps it was the furnishings or maybe it was the goats, but for whatever reason Mrs. Dr. Lazarus was back in Guntersville early the next morning making one way travel arrangements for New York.

The hermit doctor was alone once again. He rarely ventured away from his cabin and broke off almost all contact with the outside world. The few supplies he needed were delivered by a merchant and dropped off in a clearing near the cabin. There the merchant would find a note listing the supplies needed for the following month.

In May of 1896 a hunter found the doctor dead in his cabin. The Marshall County News ran a short piece about his death. "The Sand Mountain Hermit died yesterday in his cabin. He was a man of mystery."

"I was so ugly, my mother used to feed me with a slingshot."

Rodney Dangerfield



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Mr. Ray Pearman

by Johnny Johnston

I was standing near the front door to the showroom of the Ray Pearman Lincoln Mercury Dealership on Bob Wallace Ave. in Huntsville, Al. I opened the door to a nice looking gentleman aged mid 40's who was interested in a car. In mid sentence he said, "Is that Mr. Pearman standing over there?"

"Yes" I said and added "My oldest friend."

He excused himself and walked over to Mr. Pearman, I followed. He said "Mr. Pearman, you don't remember me but about 30 years ago when I was 17, I ran into and damaged your wife's car. I didn't have any insurance or any money and had no idea how I was going to fix her car. I came to see you and you asked if I had bought any insurance yet. I said no but it wouldn't cover the accident now, would it? You said go get your insurance and bring me proof of purchase. I did that, and Mr.

Pearman, you said because I was honest, I could forget about your wife's car, that you would take care of it."

The gentleman shook hands with Ray Pearman with a tear in his eye.

That is the man I knew. Ray Pearman helped hundreds of people he barely knew, just because they were honest. I knew people he kept on the job simply because he knew they couldn't make a living at most places.

Arthur Ray Pearman was born to Billy Sam and Jewell Pearman who were cotton mill workers at Lincoln Mill. They lived on Barrell St. in Lincoln Village. Ray started his automobile career selling parts from the back of a pick up



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truck for Ray Auto Company. The truck belonged to his Uncle Herbert Ray, owner of Ray Auto Co., and who was also the Ford dealer. That truck job meant the beginning of one of the city's most successful careers in the automobile business. Ray progressed through the ranks of Parts salesman, Parts Manager, Salesman, Sales Manager and eventually owner of Ray Pearman Lincoln Mercury. I always thought it ironic that he was born in Lincoln, his first job at Ray Auto just across the city limit line from Lincoln. His first dealership was located in Lincoln and the product was Lincoln.

Mr. Pearman became the sole owner of Ray Pearman Lincoln Mercury in 1986, after progressing through Ray-Bradford Lincoln-Mercury, with Cousin Douglas Ray.

I first met Ray Pearman when I was about five years old. He became my Sunday school teacher about a year later and I still remember most of the things he taught me. He would say "God built this building", and it was so real I remember looking at the nails in the hardwood floor and thinking, "God drove those nails".

Ray was the Boy Scout leader, the Royal Ambassador, and Sunday school teacher at Lincoln





Baptist Church when he was not much more than a teenager himself. As he became a little older he was elected Deacon then Chairman of the Deacons. He was a hands on leader and teacher.

Ray was always involved in Civic and Church Leadership. He was active in the Madison Baptist Association and Chairman of Deacons for two different churches. He was also a lifetime member of the Samford University Board of Trustees. He served as President of the Huntsville Madison County Chamber of Commerce. His passion for charities kept him involved in the Salvation Army and Volunteers of America. He was a member of the Huntsville Rotary Club.

Ray's leadership and teaching did not stop at church. This attitude and concern for others con-





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tinued until he was on his death bed at Huntsville Hospital. I have personally talked to him about things that bothered me and always received comforting and re-assuring answers. Years ago I became upset that my Pastor in another city had cheated on his wife and church. I told Ray how it affected me. He stated it very plainly, "It's your fault for putting too much faith in a man, next time keep your faith where it belongs."

Many people received the same call I did in early December 2004. "Mr. Pearman is in the hospital again and this time won't make it out. He is saying goodbye if you can make it down." Barbara and I made that trip down within an hour of that call. Ray was sleeping under sedation but roused when Gary told him he had company. He smiled at me like always and asked about Barbara and then said "Son, I'm fixing to go to heaven in about 25 minutes." Other things were said but I will never forget those words, which were so sincere, and that

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familiar smile. I felt like a younger brother to Ray. Those of us who were close to him all felt a kin-

Paige Pearman Sandlin, Ray's granddaughter, who is also the Business Manager at Ray Pearman, has some great things to say about his comforting wisdom. He seemed to always have the right answer. He told Paige often how easy she had it. He "walked to school uphill both ways in the snow and cold with holes in both shoes." I can still see that smile on his face after making a statement like that. He also told Paige he "worked all summer for 3 square meals a day and a new pair of shoes at the end of summer." No matter your mood, he could make you smile with his

He used that wit on that day in the hospital, not uncommon for Ray. Sharon, who worked for Ray said "Mr. P., I want to do something special - can I sing for you?" Ray said, "Please don't make me go out with that!"

He had explicit instructions for his family and friends. He advised Gary on several matters involving care for Mrs. Pearman and said. "Don't do anything to slow down this process." He was ready to go.

Long time employee and friend Joe Gray was told "Joe, I gotta go. Tell the other employees to do their best every day." To one former employee who has some problems Ray gave him explicit

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Many of his employees still talk of Ray's antics during the daily sales meetings. He was always kidding his son Gary about buying too many cars to resell. While in sales meetings if Gary said "I bought 10 cars vesterday" Ray would always put his right hand on his heart, his left hand in the air and say "Here I come Elizabeth" after the Fred Sanford show. I have seen him watching a car pull into the lot and, thinking a salesman wasn't there quick enough would say "There is someone in the lot but if you ignore him maybe he'll go away."

Ray's version of a salesman debriefing usually went "Did you ask him to buy a car?" I think my favorite was a response he had when someone said "Mr. P., you have a friend out here to say hello." He usually said "I've got enough friends - what I really need is a customer!"

There are a few people around who try to take advantage of people in Mr. Pearman's position. Once a man came into the dealership who was a self proclaimed Prophet. He said "Mr. Pearman, I know you are a God Fearing man and I gotta tell you. Last night I talked to God and he said that if I asked, you would give me a new Lincoln Town Car to use in proclaiming the Gospel."

Ray said "That's funny, I talked to him this morning and he didn't say anything about it."

He told Steve Owens that the worst model change in automobiles was when they got rid of the fins. Steve asked why and Ray said "You could be visiting with someone on the floor, get an itch, and scratch it without the customer knowing what you were doing."

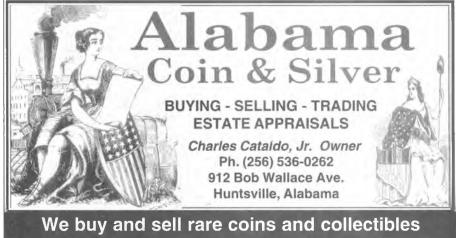
I loved to hear a new salesman tell Ray that he had a deal. Ray always said, "You don't have a deal until I see the taillights go over the curb." When people would ask about a raise, he al-

ways replied "You make your own raise by selling more cars."

Professional salesmen seemed to stay at Pearman longer that most anywhere else. Sockeye Castle stayed about 30 years; Joe Gray, Richard Kennedy, Skip and so many others have been there forever. Many of us felt so strongly about Ray that if someone was heard getting loud with Ray he would turn to find several big strong men standing there with him. No one was going to hurt or upset Ray Pearman, not when his employees were around. Ray was a compassionate dealer. He helped many employees who needed a car but could not finance one. He felt that anyone who worked for him should have one. He did tell me many times however. "Cars are made to be sold. not driven."

After retiring from Eastern







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Airlines and the Downtown Authority, I sold cars for Ray. It was always like working for an older brother. Truthfully I thought of Ray Pearman as an older brother because of the way he treated me, our longevity as friends and the memories we shared. In October of 1997. I got the opportunity to do a fun thing, selling Harley Davidson Motorcycles. For some reason I didn't think my leaving mattered to Mr. Pearman: he had a lot of salesmen, about all of them better than me I thought. When Mr. Pearman found out I had been offered another job he came into my office and asked me not to leave. He had a tear in his eye. I had underestimated the love Ray Pearman had for his employees. He treated them as family.

I think the happiest he ever was with me was when I sold a new car to Mr. Pat Richardson. He said, "Pat is one of our leading citizens and no one here has ever been able to sell him a car." Ray always complemented me on selling that car to that customer. Ironically, Pat also died recently.

Several years ago my older brother, Hestle, who attended Lincoln School with Ray in the early 40's, came by and parked his motor home across the street. Ray went over and visited with him for a couple of hours talking about their youth at Lincoln. That was the last time they talked. My brother says he knew then it would be their last visit. Ray never forgot a friend; he loved to visit and did so until just a few days before his death.

Just a few weeks before he passed away he was siting in his "electric chair" which was in the showroom. I went out and spent some time just reminiscing about the old days and people we both knew. He had not lost his humor. We exchanged a few old jokes before I left him still sitting there.

Joe Gray told me that Ray was very ill in the hospital when

he went in to see him. He said "Mr. P., I've got a deal I need help in closing." He said Ray tried to get out of bed in order to help.

And then there was AUBURN. If not the number ONE fan he was certainly in the top ten. His granddaughter Paige remembers the trips to the game,

how they stayed at the closest hotel, how early they got to the stadium. "First ones there" she said, and got the best parking place. Ray's office looked like that of an Auburn coach decorated everywhere with Tigers. He had this little stuffed Tiger "Aubie". When he pressed the button on Aubie's foot it played the Auburn fight song. During games a television was always playing in the show room. When Auburn scored you could hear the Fight Song after Ray had pushed the button.

One day after

entering the hospital, he and his wife Louise celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary. They met while she was a telephone operator for Bell Telephone Co. Gary claims that his dad won her hand because he had a newer white convertible while his competition had





Old Huntsville Page 14 an older white convertible.

Then on December 6, I received the call while driving on Jordan Lane that Ray had passed on. Within 10 minutes of that call a widespread power outage caused the lights in Huntsville to go out. Some of us think that was Ray Pearman's last practical joke on his friends.

I certainly hope that future generations find a friend like Ray Pearman. He was close, he was sincere, and he was full of humor and wit. He was my oldest friend and I do miss him.

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2 t. sugar

1/2 c. white vinegar salt and pepper to taste

In a large pot, bring the water to a boil. Add the red pepper and meat, and cook for an hour. Prepare your greens: discard damaged or yellow parts of leaves. Cut away stems, and wash thoroughly until rinse water is clear of dirt. Fold over large leaves and cut in pieces with scissors. Add remaining ingredients to meat in the boiling water, then the greens. Cover and cook rapidly for about 1/2 hour. Serve with diced raw onions and vinegar or pepper sauce.

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Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to **Allen Mills** of Huntsville, who called with the very first correct call for the Photo of the Month. We had so many correct callers this month - but only the first one wins! The young man was **Wernher Von Braun**, who did so much to shape Huntsville's history.

It was so good to hear that **Glenn Watson** was safe during those terrible tsunami's in Thailand. He was vacationing there at the time. As most of you know, Glenn even rescued a 7 year boy from drowning by holding on to him and a stairwell. Welcome back, Glenn.

Our good friend **Johnny Johnston** is making quite a name for himself speaking before groups about Old Huntsville. If you need a speaker for your club, give him a call at 656-9575!

Last month we left off a mention of **Mike Moran's** beautiful adopted daughter, **Kerry Moran**, who recently celebrated her 20th. year in the U.S. Mike adopted her when she was only 4, and she now lives in Alexandria, VA. working for Lockheed Martin.

Inez March, a young lady of 79 who lives in Owens Cross Roads, was recently honored for

r birthday at the Mountain View

her birthday at the Mountain View Restaurant in Hampton Cove. WE hear she had a great time!

We were so sorry to hear that **Katherine Harris**, wife of **Steve Harris**, died suddenly at the end of the year. We send our sympathy to her husband, a Golden K Kiwanian, and his family.

Margaret and J.B. Tucker sure are proud! Their grandson has been appointed a professor at UAB in Birmingham. J.B. is the Mayor of Hurricane Creek.

Bill and Linda Drake were certainly busy over the holidays, with visits from children and grandchildren. Randy, Debbie, Will, Daniel and Janie, as well as Terri Rex, Amy, Josh and Brooke Gillis. Bill has recently taken up guitar-playing and we hear he's pretty good!

We saw **Don Siegleman**, the ex-governor, recently and he's looking good. There's a lot of talk about him running again!

We were so sorry to hear of the death of **Adrian Gibson's** wife **Faye**, at the end of December. Adrian had just retired and had travels planned with Faye. Our sin-

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cere sympathy to the Adrian and his family.

Gale Nichols has been under the weather lately - we sure wish her a speedy get well!

Congratulations to **Gann** and **Katie Bryan** on the birth of a beautiful baby boy on Jan. 19. **Jack Davis Bryan** is their first child. He looks just like Gann, so he'll sure be a good-looking kid when he gets older!

Many Hewlett-Packard people locally and around the country remember **Calvin Edwards**, who lived in the Atlanta area with his wife **Vivian**. He died recently of cancer. We send our deepest sympathy to his many friends and family, he will be missed.

It was really good to see **Cindy Gowan** recently at Dee's Restaurant on Parkway and Oakwood, where we had a great country breakfast. The owner is **Delores Cook**, and Dee's has been in its present location now for 6 years. **Earline Sharp**, Delores' mother, recently died at 70 years old. She was a Parker originally, and her mother was the great- great- great

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 little girl wasn't born in Huntsville but she became the nation's darling.





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granddaughter of **John Hunt**, founder of Huntsville.

A big hello to **Louie Tippett** and his lovely wife **Jane**. We haven't seen them for a while and sure miss them!

Our buddy, **Bill Kling**, must be working to hard! Last time we saw him he had a few more grey hairs! Is age catching up with him?

Tom Gurley's son, J. T. Gurley, was recently in a bad motorcycle accident where he suffered some serious injuries. We understand he is doing better now but was in a lot of pain. We wish him a fast recovery.

We saw **Cecil Ashburn** recently at 801 Franklin. It was good to see him out and about again. Also there that night was an old friend, **Bill McClung** whom we haven't seen in years. He was looking good with his wife **Mary** and son **Jason**.

That same night we talked with that dynamo **Joanne Randolph** who was eating and partying with friends and her handsome husband **Norm**. At their table we talked with **Carol Madry, Dr. Kathleen Felker**, and **Debbie Collins**, as well as **Graham Chambers** who works at the sleep lab at Huntsville Hospital.

Our Mayor, **Lorretta**, never slows down! Every time we see her she's going as hard as she can!

It was great to see **Perky Taylor** recently with her handsome son-in-law **Andy Watson**. She hasn't changed in 30 years still looking great.

We recently saw **Jane Mastromonico** who was out partying with **Freddie DePlacido**.
For some reason, Jane looked 10 years younger than the last time we saw her!

At the Furniture Factory a few weeks ago we had a great time talking with **Danny Banks** (exjudge), **John Walters, Donna Hays** and **Mickey Lanier**. The place was packed! Also there was

Jeff Johnson with Vulcan Materials who was entertaining friends.

Congratulations to **Chuck** and **Annelie Owens** who just moved into Redstone Village. They say they are going to lock the doors and just rest for a while now that the moving is finished!

John Shaver, of Shaver's Bookstore, sure is going to stay busy this year. We hear there are a lot of new books coming out about Huntsville this year and his store is the only one that specializes in local books,

Charles Cataldo has a new book out about early paper money and tokens of Huntsville and Madison County. Definitely a good addition to any bookshelf!

We recently saw **Mark Russel** and his wife walking in Old Town. It makes you feel good to see a couple holding hands while they walk.

Congratulations to **Andy Coffman** and **Chelsea Darnell** on their marriage. We know they will have a wonderful life together.

Well, that's about all for this month. Remember to say a prayer for our soldiers overseas. They sure deserve our thoughts and support.



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Winter Comfort Foods

Hot Cheese Waters

4 oz. sharp Cheddar cheese 1 stick butter

1 c. flour

1 t. cayenne pepper

1/2 t. garlic powder

1 c. Rice Krispies

1 t. paprika

Cream the cheese and butter with your mixer, add flour and mix. Add rest of ingredients, mix. Make 1" size balls, place on cookie sheet and press with wet fork. Bake 9-10 minute at 400 degrees.

Olive-Nut Spread

18-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1/2 c. mayonnaise

1/2 c. chopped pecans

1 c. chopped salad olives

2 T. olive juice

Dash hot pepper

Combine ingredients and mix well. Put in a container, cover

and refrigerate. Allow 24 hours before you use this. It will last for weeks in the fridge, if you can keep it that long!

Bacon-Wrapped Crackers

Waverly Wafers

Thin-sliced bacon

Wrap a Waverly cracker with a thin slice of bacon. Bake in oven at 250 degrees for 50 minutes. Serve immediately.

New Potato Casserole

10 new potatoes, medium 1/2 c. grated Cheddar cheese

1 c. mayonnaise

1 c. chopped onion

1 lb. bacon, cooked & crumbled

Boil unpeeled potatoes, cool & slice. Combine cheese, mayo and onion; stir into the potatoes. Place in greased casserole, top with bacon. Bake at 350 degrees

for 20-30 minutes.

Fresh Black-eyed Peas

2 ham hocks

1 qrt. water

1 qrt. shelled fresh black-eyed

1 onion, minced

Salt & pepper to taste

Place ham hocks in 4-quart Dutch oven with water, bring to boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add peas, onion and seasoning, cook 35 minutes and peas are tender. Add more water if needed. Cut up meat from hocks and add to peas.

Chicken Tarragon

1 frying chicken, split in half

3 T. butter

1 t. flour

1 c. white wine

1 t. tarragon

Salt and pepper to taste

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In a heavy skillet, brown chicken in butter. Remove to a casserole while adding flour, wine and tarragon to the pan juices. Blend all together to deglaze. Pour over the chicken, cover and bake at 325 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

Filet of Beef

2 cloves minced garlic

1 stick butter, melted

2 T. medium-grind pepper

1/2 c. red wine

1 filet of beef

Saute garlic in butter, add pepper and wine. Pour mixture over beef, let stand til meat is room temperature. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes until rare or medium rare. Remember that it continues to cook after it is removed from the oven.

Good Fried Okra

1 pkg. frozen, chopped okra 1/2 c. plain flour

1/2 c. yellow cornmeal mix

1 t. garlic powder

1/2 t. cayenne pepper (optional)

1 t. ea. salt and pepper

4 T. olive oil

Remove okra from freezer and thaw. In a bowl mix the flour, cornmeal and spices, add okra to dry mix. Mix well with large spoon. Add olive oil to frying pan, heat. Add okra mix and fry on mediumhigh heat for about 15 minutes, and okra is crisp.

Lunda's

SERVICES

Egg White Cookies

1 egg white

1 c. brown sugar

1 T. flour

1/8 t. salt

1 t. vanilla extract

1 c. pecans, chopped

Beat egg white til very stiff, add brown sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold in flour, salt and vanilla. Drop by teaspoonsful onto cookie sheet, bake at 325 degrees til cookies begin to brown, about 10 minutes. Makes a dozen.

Sugared Walnuts

2 1/2 c. walnuts

1 c. sugar

1/2 c. water

1 t. salt

1 t. ground cinnamon

1/2 t. nutmeg

1 1/2 t. vanilla extract

Bake nuts on cookie sheet for 15 minutes at 325 degrees. Cook sugar, water, salt and spices to softball stage. Remove from heat, add vanilla and stir til creamy. Ad nuts, stir. Pour onto a buttered platter. Separate with fork while cooling. Store in tin boxes.

Almond Macaroons

1 8-oz. can almond paste

1 c. sugar

3 egg whites

1/2 t. almond extract

Cut paste into small pieces,

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add sugar and egg whites. Beat til smooth, add extract. Drop by teaspoonful onto cookie sheet lined with parchment paper, bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool cookies completely before removing paper, these freeze well.



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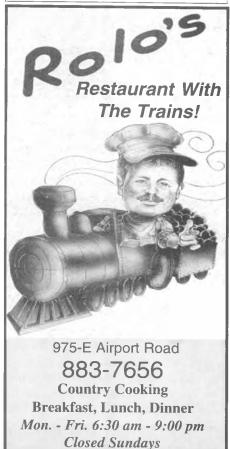


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Fuller's Folly

Just a few miles up Pulaski Pike, well within the city limits, is a cave that was once heralded as the most popular nightclub in this area.

The early history of Shelta Cave is lost in the shroud of history, but some of the earliest stories tell of Confederate soldiers hiding in the cave to escape searching Union soldiers. One rumor that persists to this day concerns a bloody hand-to-hand battle supposedly fought in the depths of the cavern on the shores of a vast underground lake.

Like any other large cave, it has legends woven around it concerning buried treasure, ghosts, and eerie noises. These remained just legends with no basis in fact until 1888 when a Mr. Bolen James sold the land to a Mr. Henry Fuller.

Not much is known about the early life of Mr. Fuller but judging from his actions, he must have been a born entrepreneur.

Immediately after taking possession of the cave he hired a team of carpenters to install steps down

into the main chamber. Next he assembled a crew of craftsmen to install a dance floor in one of the great rooms with large stand-up bars at each end. He made no secret of the fact that he intended to open the grandest, fanciest, and most unusual dance hall in Alabama.

Huntsville had seen its share of weird, wacky ideas, but a dance hall in a cave? Even by Huntsville's standards that was too much. Townspeople began to call the yet uncompleted dance hall "Fuller's Folly."

As is true in many a new business, Fuller soon found himself facing a slight problem—too many ideas and not enough money. Reluctantly he let himself be talked into forming a corporation called, appropriately enough, Shelta Cave Corp. With this new influx of money from investors came new opportunities and it wasn't long before Fuller heard of a new attraction in Nashville that he thought would be perfect for the business.

There had been much talk in Huntsville about a new invention called "electric lights." But while

Just going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.

Barbara Fortner, Ca.

most people dismissed it as just another crazy idea, Fuller was determined to light his dance floor with the "marvel of modem technology." Within days of Fuller's visit to Nashville, workmen arrived to begin stringing wire throughout the cave.

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Although few people realize it today, when Fuller pulled the switch on his new lighting system, he earned himself (and the dance hall) a place in Huntsville's history as having the first electric light bulbs in Madison County.

Even this was not enough for Fuller, for as he cast his eyes upon the vast underground lake he began to see another possibility for potential profits. Within the week neighbors watched in amazement as workmen unloaded three large boats from a wagon and awkwardly maneuvered them down the steps.

The citizens of Huntsville must have had a good chuckle when he announced his intentions of providing "Underground Boat Rides." And, as if that was not enough, he purchased hundreds of Japanese lanterns to hang overhead!

Finally the day of the "Grand Opening" arrived, and true to Fuller's predictions, crowds thronged the cave to see the marvel of electric lighting, ride the boats and dance to the sound of a newly hired band. With the admission price of one dollar, Fuller should have been able to make a profit, but unfortunately, he was too deep in debt. Also, the towns-

Your secrets are certainly safe with me and all of my friends - none of us can remember!

Lottie Owens, Athens

people, after making one or two visits to the entertainment mecca, quickly lost interest.

Desperate for money, Fuller began to travel throughout the South promoting Huntsville and Shelta Cave as a convention center. Evidently he had some success, as the *Huntsville Mercury* in 1889 ran an article about a gathering of the press association:

"The entertainment of the Press Association by the citizens of Huntsville closed today with a grand barbecue in Shelta Caverns and nearly one hundred delegates and their ladies were in attendance. The affair was gotten up in a delightful manner and the beauties of the place were fully investigated by the astonished guests."

According to rumor, Fuller, or one of his cohorts, in another ef-

fort to stimulate business, (and keep down overhead) actually operated a moonshine still in one of the dark comers of the cave. Years later when it was discovered that Shelta Cave was the home of a rare species of blind shrimp, one local wag laughed and said, "Hell, that lickker made a lot of people almost blind, I reckon some of it could

have spilled into the lake!"

Another story of the day concerns a duel fought over a lady's honor at the edge of the dance floor. The gentlemen, each slightly intoxicated, were pursuing the same girl at the same time when they happened to accidently meet at the dance. Harsh words were exchanged and to everyone's horror, they pulled pistols from underneath their coats. Both fired, and both missed. Fortunately they let themselves be led away before real harm could be done.

The only casualty of the duel was a member of the band who was slightly injured by a falling stalactite.

As almost any nightclub owner can tell you, crowds are fickle, and within a few years the dance hall was again facing financial ruin. This time, even Fuller's







salesmanship could not save it. On June 28, 1897, the cave was sold at a sheriff's sale on the steps of the courthouse to settle a judgement.

Although there is no documentation to support it, natives of Huntsville who remember the 1920s and 1930s swear that there was once a speakeasy located in the cave. Other sources claim that moonshine was produced in the cave at intervals all the way up to World War II. Another persistent rumor claims the cave was used as a liquor and beer warehouse during prohibition.

In 1968, after being neglected for years, the cave was purchased by the National Speleological Society. An iron gate has been placed over the entrance to prevent accidents.

"Congratulations on your wedding day! Too bad no one likes your husband."

What you WON'T see on a Hallmark card

Heard on the Street in 1922

Friends of Mrs. Merritt Wikle will be interested to know that she is doing nicely at the City Hospital, where she has been ill since last week.

Joe Esslinger, son of Mr. And Mrs. J. C. Esslinger near Gurley, sustained perhaps a fatal accident this morning when a falling tree struck him, crushing his skull.

Lost - small black Jersey milk cow with left horn broken off, finder please call at Fannings Livery Stable near Big Spring and receive reward.

Mrs. M. A. Radford is the guest of Mrs. T. O'Reilly, whose little daughter Elizabeth is very ill at her home on Triana Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Richardson and little son, Schuyler, Jr., have returned from a visit to relatives in Texas.

Lost - Black velvet pocketbook

containing Eastern Star Pin, Bank book and other papers and some money. Finder return to Mrs. H. Walker at I. Wind and receive reward.

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A S S I S T E D L I V I N G

A Refugee in Huntsville

The following letters were discovered in the Nashville, Tn. archives. R.D. Jamison was serving in the Confederate Army when his wife was forced to flee their large plantation in Giles County, Tn. in front of the advancing Union Army. Camilla Jamison spent the rest of the war living in Huntsville and returned to Tennessee when the surrender was signed.

The letters are fascinating for several reasons; among them her concern over losing money by her slaves being set free and her description of everyday life. Also intriguing to the historian is her reference to "working on Government work, making eight dollars a week."

My Dear Husband,

If I thought there had been any chance of you coming to Giles (County, Tn.) to see me, I would not have left on any condition whatsoever. But when I left you last, I left with the expectation of not seeing you again in a long, long time, and never once thought that you could come to see me.

What sort of Negroes of ours are gone? Send me Lon's and her Ma's letters, if you will part with them. I will return them if you desire. I think I have written you several letters you did not receive. Did you get one mailed at Pulaski? My dear, excuse this short letter. I am now very busy making soldier's clothes and I believe 'tis the first time in my life that I ever was doing good for anybody save

> Affectionately your wife, Camilla.

Huntsville, April 20th, 1863

My dear darling husband.

Good morning, Sir. How do ye do this morning? Glad to see you. All's well, I thank you.

Yours of 16th was read last Life Insurance-Annuities

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night past at nine o'clock, giving the usual degree of pleasure and satisfaction Although I hasten to write immediately, I will promise you nothing interesting for I am unusually dull this morning. Besides, the meanest pen in 40 states has fallen into my hand and if I could say ever so many good things, this pen would not write them down.

Ella got here Saturday nightsafe and sound. No, she didn't for all the children have the whooping cough. I will move down to her house today, and we will have a rich old time. But I believe I will be afraid of buggers. Bass is not like himself at all; he is as ugly as he can be, and doesn't like me any better than he did last winter. But I'll make him like me yet if he doesn't watch. Nellie is the same old Nell. She makes me think more of home than anything I've seen since I left home, and I am getting anxious to get home. I had Jinnie (her mule) brought around to see how she was looking, having been told by everyone who knew anything about the boy that she would be well attended to, but instead, she is the poorest object

I ever saw. Henry will get me some corn and I will try and fatten her myself, and then if I think best I'll sell her. I would have made more by letting her stay at the stall at \$9.00 per month than letting her be worked to death for nothing.

It grieved me very much at first, but now I have gotten over it, for those who have, must lose, and our lot has been to lose all the time, but I hope there is a bet-

ter day coming.

How is Mrs. Smith? If Sam Crocker was very energetic and had good will enough, he might succeed in getting Jack out for Mr. Leatherman. I heard there were three hundred negroes burned to death in Murfreesboro-short time since. Such freedom they would have received in a few days or years at most, if they had stayed at home, and perhaps in a more





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honorable way than by burning. If that is the treatment they received, they will not go off with them when they leave

March 4th, 1863

I have been busy all day making ink and will try to write a little plainer. We are all improving in health today. Fannie has been very sick for several days but I think she will be well in a few days. If you write home again tell them to write everything that has transpired since I left. What everyone is doing, where my trunk is and etc. I never saw such short letters. At first I was glad to get them but they ought to have told me all the particulars of home. Kit has no idea of going home. She builds many air castles.

Your devoted wife, Camilla Jamison

March 24, 1863

I was anxious to send a letter from Mr. L. but Mr. T. insisted it would go sooner from Huntsville. When we arrived here the door was closed and could not mail. He then said he would mail at Stevenson and you would receive sooner than any other way. I guess with the whirl of excitement it went on to Mobile. We all wrote from here. We left Mr. L. Friday and got here Monday, and the others started Monday on the five o'clock train. Fannie was quite sick when they started and the rest were all well. I guess you were quite puzzled by not getting my first letter. The reason I came

here, the people in Giles were all blue as indigo about the time I left. Thought the Yankees would be there in three days. We all concluded if I wanted to go on farther, that was as good an opportunity as I would have.

They all came in private conveyances to Huntsville. I thought when I got here I could get Willie C. to go on with me, but my buggy broke down at Elkton. Mr. T. then bought a buggy and left mine to be mended, sold his when he got here. But when I got

here Willie had gone to Tennessee, which I regard as all for the best, as I found Henry here, expecting his family to move here. I never have seen anyone who takes the war as hard as Henry and Allen Crockett. It makes me laugh to hear them lamenting. By the time they have tried it twelve months they will be better reconciled.

My dear, I will be so glad if we all get back to Murfreesboro again. I want to see you so much, have so many things to talk about. I hope there never will another

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Yank come here. Oh shux! I wish and hope so many things I can't tell what I do want. My dear, I never have such a thought as your being led astray by the temptations with which you are hourly surrounded, though I know 'tis not impossible, I have such perfect confidence in your faith. You will never leap the bounds of discretion. I feel so thankful, too, when I think of your many virtues and have so little to fear as regards your being led astray. I think I have been specially favored in the choice of a husband.

Henry comes to see me every day; he is in the cavalry and stationed here. I would like to see his wife and Ross but if the Yankees leave I can't wait long to see them. When I start back I will call by to see you. I will have to take Jennie back to make a crop with. I am so afraid the Yanks are not really leaving, but just fixing a trap for Bragg. Tis rumor here that Mr. Bragg's wife is dead. If you all would apply for furlough now you might perhaps obtain it.

I wish you could see Ella Bell. She is the sweetest thing in the state. I very often whistle, and Ella says, Aunt Puss ain't no boy to whistle. She says I must kiss my sweetheart for her. I am very fortunate to find pretty children to love and love me. Poor little Fannie! I fear she will not long survive her trip to Mobile. Mr. Fletcher thinks it terrible we have no children, took privilege to say more to me on that subject than anybody else ever did.

Henry is in Roddy's cavalry. His company is here catching conscript's. He thinks he will get the Chaplaincy of the regiment. He went up to Tullahoma last week with prisoners and would

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have gone to see you but didn't have time. They have sent from 8 to 10 hundred conscripts and deserters to Bragg.

I am very sorry indeed that Alex fell into Yankee hands at last, he did dread it so much and then it was for me that he risked so much. I suppose all the Negroes are leaving in Rutherford. I wish we had sent ours South and sold them where









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I never could hear of them again, for if they go off altogether we will lose them at best, won't we?

I have taken a walk two hours and 1/2 long, went through the principal part of town, saw some beautiful yards and houses, and went to the Graveyard (Maple Hill). There we saw many friends of the departed bringing fresh flowers to put upon the graves of loved ones—seemingly to drive away the dark gloom that hovers on the graves of dear loved ones. Saw the grave of Col. Mitchell. No loved hand was near to supply his with fresh flowers of loveliness, and thus 'tis with hundreds who have died away from home and friends and no one to drop a pitying tear. Our enemies, too, lie there side by side in large numbers, they too have friends at home. Would to God the remainder would return home and let us alone.

Lesa did not go home with Alex. I would like very much to get a good long letter from home and hear all the particulars. I will remain here a week or two longer and then, if we think best, I will go back to Giles. I can't move tho' until I get the buggy and that is standing in the street where I left it, never been touched. The workman says he is in government service and will fix it as soon as he can. Tell Jim Alexander I think there are plenty of Gals here who would like to marry "Nobody but a soldier." Just come and make selection. I am going to work in the morning on government work if I can get it, and make eight dollars per week. My dear, can't you

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come down here to see me? 'Tis not much farther than where I was before, and I assure you I would appreciate such a visit

very much. Mr. Leatherman sent me word to send my horse and buggy back to his house. But the horse is doing very well now.

God bless you, my dear darling, and keep you from all harm is the c o n s t a n t prayer of a devoted wife

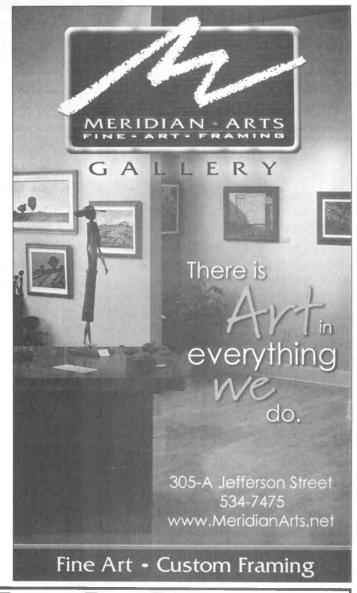
Camilla P. Jamison

Huntsville, April 5th, 1863

My dear darling husband,

'Tis Sabbath evening, and feeling so lonely, I thought I would write to my dear love. I do realize so fully this evening how much I love you. 'Tis so hard to live apart from all I hold dear on this earth.

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evening for peace. All the churches will be opened and a general prayer meeting. Were I at home among friends I would delight to be one of the number, but among strangers I prefer to enter my closet alone, where I go every evening (not only Sunday) and make known the desires of my heart.

My dear, I would prize so highly this evening a real old fashion talk with you, such as we often had during our short stay together. I get very impatient when old memories crowd the mind. I wonder if we ever will be as happy again. It seems to me I would give the whole world, except enough for us to live in, were it mine to give. If we could only live together again as happily as we use to live.

April 6th:

There is a perfect Negro mama here that everybody is trying to buy at the most outrageous prices. They pass all reason. Mr. Crockett has sold all but two. When you get into old Kentucky capture a few and send them South. Henry has not got back yet but look for him in a few days. When I first commenced sewing, I thought making two shirts was a good day's work, but now I can make five and make them well. Mrs. C. is telling me heaps of bad things to tell you, but I am afraid it would make you blush. I will be sure to tell you when I see you again. My dear, I had rather not see you in six months than that you should offend in the smallest point. I get so anxious to see you sometime. I can't resist inviting you to come. I was only jesting when I said I would look for you every evening. I know full well you can't come. I hope, tho, it won't be long 'till we are granted the privilege that High Heaven allows us. I hope men will take a more correct view of things in general, and learn the foolishness of war. This war has continued about long enough. Your Wife. Camilla

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News From The Year 1945

News From Huntsville and Around The World

The End of War! Japan Surrenders

Sept 2. The war in the Pacific officially ended this morning in a brief ceremony on the American battleship Missouri. Japan surrendered unconditionally.

It was a brief ceremony, lasting only 20 minutes. Clouds covered Tokyo Bay as Japan and the Allies signed the documents. The sun burst through the clouds as the ceremony ended.

General Douglas MacArthur, who accepted the Japanese surrender, spoke optimistically of the future. "It is my earnest hope and indeed the hope of all mankind," MacArthur said, "that from this solemn occasion a better world shall emerge out of the blood and carnage of the past."

A statement from Emperor Hirohito recognized MacArthur as Supreme Commander of the Allied forces that will occupy Japan. The American general spoke of the "grim days of Bataan and Corregidor, when an entire world lived in fear," but he also urged both sides to put the war behind them.

"It is for us, both victors and vanquished," MacArthur said, "to rise to that higher dignity which alone benefits the sacred purposes we are about to serve."

MacArthur will assume control of a country that views defeat as the highest form of dishonor. Many of Japan's leaders opposed surrender, despite the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Parade Honors Heros

Citizens of Huntsville turned out for what many called the biggest parade in decades to honer Cecil Bolton and Paul Bolden. The two men had been awarded the Medal of Honor. for heroism during the European campaign.

Korea To Be Partitioned

Sept 8. American troops have just arrived in South Korea. They mean to sit on one end of a giant, precarious seesaw; Soviet troops in North Korea are perched on the other end. The fulcrum is the 38th parallel.

The Soviets came to North Korea in August, establishing an Executive Committee of the Korean People and a revolutionary congress. The Americans will lend a balance of power. Both Americans and Russians express their intention eventually to return power to the Koreans



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Arrested

Sept 8. For homesick G.I.'s in the South Pacific, cut off from everything but jungle and malaria, Tokyo Rose on the radio was an institution. They tuned in to her soft and sexy patter about home, but her appeals that they desert had little effect on morale. Now, the Los Angeles-born "Rose," alias Iva Togori, 29, has been arrested in Yokohama and will be brought here to stand trial for treason. She visited Japan in 1941 "to see a sick aunt," was caught there by Pearl Harbor and recruited by Tokyo radio for propaganda purposes.

Confederate Veteran Celebrates Birthday

General John Steger, the last surviving Confederate veteran in Madison county, recently celebrated his 100th birthday with a small gathering of family and friends.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army as a boy and during the war took part in many campaigns.

Tokyo Rose Henry Ford Jr. | Takes Over

50,000 laid off jobs

Sept 21. The Ford Motor Company has announced that founder Henry Ford has relinquished the presidency of the company to his grandson, Henry Ford Jr., who assumes command at a crucial time. Just a week ago, Ford halted virtually all production across the country and laid off 50,000 workers, claiming "crippling and unauthorized strikes" against auto supply companies.

Nine plants supplying the auto industry have been shut down because of wage disputes centering on a demand by the United Auto Workers for a 30 percent nationwide pay raise for those suppliers. Walter Reuther, Chairman of Detroit's U.A.W., warns that if the demands are not met by winter. the strikes will spread to include the parent company itself.

The unemployment scene in Detroit is serious. Besides a total of 77,000 out of work because of strikes, an estimated 210,000 are jobless due to the cancellation of war contracts following V-J Day.

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A Letter From Iraq

Dear Ms. Koenders:

Some time ago while manning a machine gun bunker overlooking the southern end of the city of Fallujah, a Ziplock bag was handed to me that contained snacks, sweets, coffee and other essentials.

The cold night stung and parched my lips, and every now and then a breeze would sneak through my warming layer and touch my flesh, sending a shock wave of a shiver from head to toe. I looked in the bag and found some peanut butter cookies and some bags of cocoa.

"It would be nice to get some hot water going so we could have some of this hot cocoa," whispered my good buddy Lt. Cpl. Brooks. He knew as well as I did that the light of a fire would draw the attention of snipers and anyone looking for an easy target. I looked at my watch, a quarter after 1 in the morning and we still had another hour and a half to go.

I made up my mind, I was going to crawl down the side of the two-story building into the first floor in a room I noticed earlier that week that had no windows and start a fire. For some reason, when you are trying to be sneaky, your stealth seems to amplify every breath, every darn move. I can remember trying to sneak back into my parents home and the door would squeal trying to holler, "Hev! He is trying to sneak in!"

I managed to make my way down into that corner of cold cement, pulled out my canteen cup and make a small fire out of broom handles and desks.

That night was OK. That night we forgot we were in Iraq. Ms. K., I want to say thank you. The bag lasted about four days. A lot of the candy, I gave to the Iraqi children.

Brooks ate every thing with peanut butter and I kept the Ziplock bag for letter paper.

Sincerely, (name illegible)

Karen Koenders is the founder of Moms On-A Mission, who sends supplies to our troops in Iraq. She says it is amazing how many soldiers never receive anything from home. Items that we take for granted, such as cocoa, sheets, writing paper, cookies and lotion are treasures to the soldiers on the front lines.

Her youngest son, Jeremiah, leaves for Iraq soon.

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Trouble in the Corn

By Walt Terry

In the summer of 1838, I had just gotten permission to drive the family Plymouth. Lawrence Cooper, a friend, "Cricket" McDonald, a friend who was a girl, and I had one night decided to find out where Donnegan's Lane went. I was a dirt road that is now Drake Avenue.

We crossed the railroad tracks (same ones are there now) and wound up at the end of the road in a cornfield. We turned around, very carefully to avoid running over the corn. I remember a small farmhouse was nearby. On the way back towards Whitesburg Pike, we re-crossed the railroad tracks. The railroad bed was raised and, coming down the other side, I had forgotten that the road turned sharply to the left.

We quickly found ourselves down a steep, slippery grass-covered embankment. I gunned the engine until it was apparent that we were not going to get back up on the road, at least, not until we had unloaded the back of the car. (My dad traveled for Marshall-Field in those days, and the back seat and trunk were filled with his loaded sample cases.)

While we were doing this, a man in overalls and straw at appeared out of the darkness. "You kids ain't been joy-riding through my cornfield, have you?" His voice sounded like the voice of doom to me.

"No, Sir!" I replied. "We were just trying to get over to Merrimack Mill." "Well, I seen that you took care when you turned around. Ya'II look like you could sure use some help."

"Yes, sir," I said in tremendous relief. At that, other folks began to emerge from the darkness, there seemed to be no end to them. There was a bonneted woman and stair-cased kids from teen-agers to babes in diapers.

I got back in the car and gunned the engine again, this time with all those folks as well as Lawrence and Cricket pushing hard. We shot up that embankment as if rocket-propelled. The tribe then helped us reload all the sample cases. By this time I felt that they were my best friends. "Thanks a lot, folks," I said to the group, and told them that I hoped no one would ever knock over their corn again.

I'm pretty sure that the farm was in the same place where the IHOP on Drake and Parkway is now.



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A Slave's Story

The following was published in an Anti-slavery publication in 1848.

by James Fisher

I was born in Nashville, Tenn. October, 1817. My mother's name was Maly Davis. Though an unmixed Cherokee Indian, she was kept in slavery all her life. My father's name was Thomas Fisher. He fled from bondage when I was a small child. They pursued, but never caught him. My mother was a very industrious woman. By washing and ironing, she earned money enough to buy herself for \$800.

After my mother had bought herself and sister Ellen, there was a suit brought in favor of some of the others, who had been taken with her; and they were proved to be Indians, and set at liberty. My mother consulted a lawyer, named Grundy, to know if her children could not likewise be proved free. He told her it would cost more money to carry on the suit, than it would to buy the whole of them. This discouraged her, and she gave it up. When I was in my fifteenth year, the widow Stump sold me to a man who kept a boardinghouse in New Orleans, by the name of Shawl. He paid \$500 for me, and I lived with him as a house-servant for four years. He was a drinking man, and when he was in liquor, abused me.

Parts of the manuscript describing his first escape attempt are missing. The story takes up again after he has been captured and is waiting his fate in Nashville.

In the midst of this, my old master Mr. Shawl came to Nash-

ville, with an execution to be served on me, as Mr. Gamble's property, to satisfy some old judgement or claim. But he lost his suit, because Judge Lane, of Huntsville, had a mortgage on me, and came to Nashville to secure me. Here were three gentlemen who left their business and their homes to hasten to Nashville, merely because I had taken a fancy to visit the place. There was quite a squabble among them, who should have me; and all this time, mother was trying with all her might to buy me. At last, I was very unwillingly obliged to go to Huntsville with Judge Lane, as houseservant, coachman, etc. The judge promised to use me well, and let me visit my mother once a year. She advised me to try and





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content myself, assuring me that she would spare no pains to get me honorably free.

However, I had serious doubts whether my poor old mother would ever be able to comply with the rigid terms Judge Lane exacted. I therefore thought it wise to learn to write, in case opportunity should offer to write myself a pass. I copied every scrap of writing I could find, and thus learned to write a tolerable hand before I knew what the words were that I was copying. At last, I met with an old man, who, for the sake of money to buy whisky, agreed to teach me the writing alphabet, and set me copying. I spent a good deal of time trying to improve myself, secretly, of course. One day, my mistress happened to come into my room, when my materials were about; and she told her father (old Capt. Davis) that I was learning to write. He replied, that if I belonged to him, he would cut my right hand off. After that, he sometimes talked to me an hour at a time, to convince me that I was better off than I should be if I was free. He said slaves were better off than their masters, much better off than the free colored people, and vastly better off than they would have been if still in the wilds of Africa; because there they fought, killed, and ate each other.

But here, said he, masters are bound by law to provide well for you, will be punished if they do not do it. He told me that the reason why they murdered and devoured one another in Africa, was because there were no white people there to make them behave themselves.

Judge Lane was circuit judge of several of the counties where he lived and was what would be called a kind master.

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but he did not let me know that my mother had written several letters to him, trying to buy me. I will give an extract from the last letter my dear mother ever wrote to me.

Though forbidden by law from learning how to read and write, letters from and to slaves were common. Normally a slave would pay a white person to write the letter and the person receiving it would pay to have it read.

The reader can imagine that some pangs shot through my heart, on hearing it. "Dear Son, I am very sorry to learn from Judge Lane's letter, which I received yesterday that it is impossible for me to free you, under any circumstances whatever; unless I can comply with paying the full amount of money that he must have for you, and that all down. He also informs me that he could not do without you, and would not hire you out under any circumstances."

When I spoke to Judge Lane about it, he asked me if I was dissatisfied with living with him. I told him I would as soon live with him in the condition of a slave, as with anybody.

"If you had your freedom, you would not be so well off as you think," said he. "I have all the trouble of thinking for myself and all the rest of you."

I told him I greatly wished to relieve him from the task of thinking for me. I should much prefer to think for myself. He smiled, and said I was a fool. Twelve days after this, my master had occasion to go to Mobile. When he started, he charged me to mind whatever

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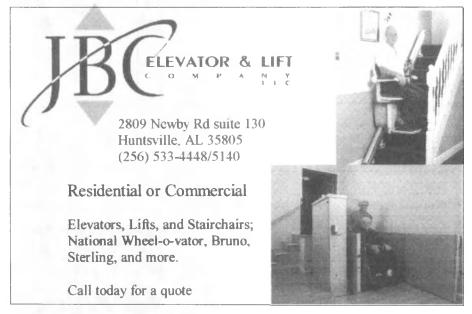
Sam Rayburn

Mrs. Lane told me.

My mistress was naturally irritable and crabby and before master had been gone three days, she ordered her brother, Nicholas Davis, to give me a flogging. He came into the kitchen, and struck me on the arm with the edge of a heavy board. In a sudden flash of anger I snatched it out of his hand, pushed him against the wall and choked him a little. He ran and told his sister I had nearly killed him.

She sent a servant to tell old

Captain Davis, her father, that he must come the next morning to give me a flogging. The old Captain had often expressed a wish for a chance to give me a good thrashing. He was noted by his severity to servants. It was said that he had killed a man named Reuben, and a girl named Rachel by excessive beating. He had lately struck, with a heavy club, a poor old man, who used to tend him when he was a baby. He had a big whip and made a point to





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conquer or kill everyone he undertook to flog. I was not willing to fall into the hands of this old tyrant. He was sent for on Sunday morning and as soon as I got my kitchen work done that day, I set myself to writing passes, till I got one that suited me. It was a permission to go to Nashville and stay two weeks, signed with my mistress' name. In the evening I went to the stage-office, and asked the landlord if I could take passage to Nashville the next morning. He demanded my pass. I showed it, telling him that mistress was not much used to writing for the servants, and she wished him to look at it, and see if it was correct; if not, he would please to send it back again, and she would alter it as he said; but that mistress wanted him to write her a few lines about it.

He wrote accordingly and I

went back to my room, read the note, and burned it. I then went back to the tavern, and paid my passage to Nashville the next morning, I rose before anybody was astir, carried my trunk to the stage-office, and hurried back to prepare breakfast for the family. I had just sent it in, when I heard the stagehorn. I ran up to the tavern, and toward the stage just starting to come to the house for me. I jumped in, and in four days was safely landed in Nashville.

Judge Lane still holds an Indian woman, with her six children, as slaves. She is of the Creek nation, and her name is Susan. He bought her from Mr. Tanner of Athens. When I first went to live with the judge, Mrs. Lane used to be often teasing him to buy Susan for her; but he replied that Mr. Tanner had not a good bill of sale; she was a fullblooded Creek In-

TIMOTHY JAY FOOTE



Attorney at Law

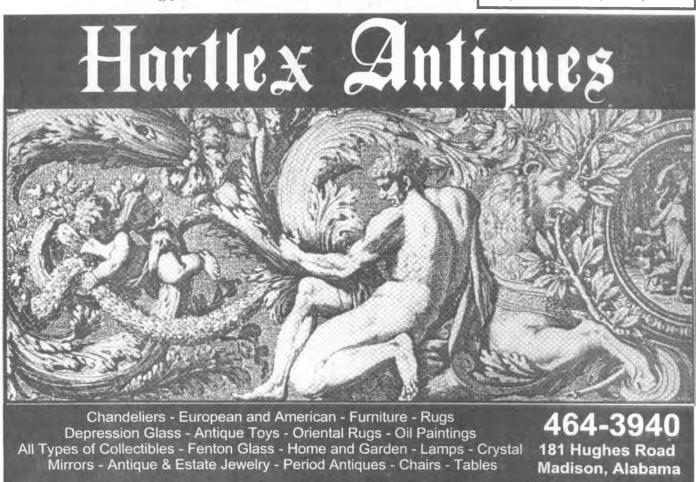
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dian, and that if a suit at law should ever be brought, she would be set free. However, Mrs. Lane at last persuaded him to buy Susan, on condition that Mr. Tanner should refund the money, if she was ever declared free. He paid \$2,500 for her and her six children. When the Creek Indians were removed to Arkansas, by order of the government, they went past the house where we lived. Susan went out, with some of the other servants, to look at them. The moment they looked at her, they knew she belonged to their tribe. They stopped, and gathered round her, and made signals for her to go with them. She could not understand their language; but they pointed to her and her children, and then at their women and children, and then along the road they were traveling. They took one of her children and carried it some distance, and we had trouble to get it away from them. Susan would have gone with her tribe, but Judge Lane stood by all the time.

I have often heard her tell how she came to be a slave. A blacksmith by the name of Taylor, went among the Creek Nation, to work at his trade. Susan's mother, a poor woman, gave her to the blacksmith's wife to raise, when she was a little girl: and she became much attached to the family, that when they left the tribe, she went with them. She says that Mrs. Taylor always told her she would be free when she was a woman but before that time arrived, she died and her son sold Susan and she has been a slave ever since.

Court News from 1906

Dave Pointer was fined \$5 for using profane language in the presence of females.

Lacy Clemens was fined \$5 for leaving a team unhitched.

R. Dervis, drunk and disorderly, fined \$20.

F. L. Oates, drunk, fined \$10

John Sutherfield for drunk and disorderly and for carrying a pistol was given a term of 60 days.

L. Larkin, fined \$10 for drunkeness.

F. Fraser, indecent behavior, fined \$25





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Police Court News From 1907

The raid made by the police last night on the disorderly house of Ret Wales produced four hundred dollar fines or 296 day terms at hard labor. Mary White, Ret Wales and Jenny Humphrey were fined \$100 each with the option of working out the fines at the rate of .50 cents the day. Charlie Mason, a young man who was caught in the house was fined \$100. Mary Davison. an inmate of the house, was given 24 hours in which to get out of the city and unless she is gone by that time she must pay a fine of \$100 or begin a term of 209 days labor. Four young men who were caught in the same raid were discharged.



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When Times Were Hard

by Don Wynn

When I was growing up, my Dad was constantly telling me and my brothers stories about how hard it was when he was a kid. They plowed their fields with mules, carried water from the well and had a coal stove to cook with and to heat the house. It was cold in the winter time and hot in the summer. Air conditioning meant opening the windows and doors. It must have been hard but I grew tired of hearing about it.

Now, I am telling my kids stories about my childhood. Momma didn't drive us everywhere we wanted to go. We walked a lot and rode bicycles if we had them. We only had one TV and it was a

small black & white. For the first few years we could only get one station which meant that we never argued about what to watch. We were outside all day, every day. We did get to go to a movie every week or so to see Roy Rodgers or Gene Autry. They even showed cartoons before the movies in those days.

At the end of my speech about "hard times," I always tell my kids that we had to walk about 2 miles back and forth to school and it was always up a snowy, steep hill both to and from school.



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Huntsville Saves Army Airplanes

Heavy storms on the night of March 15, 1938, forced 18 army planes to land at the small Huntsville airport.

Automobiles were diverted from Whitesburg Drive, which ran alongside the airport, and their headlights were pressed into service illuminating the runway during the emergency. The airport in those days was not lighted for nighttime landing.

Such an impressive array of giant aircraft landing in our small town caused a large flurry of sightseeing activity. The planes were parked here overnight. They finally left at noon the next day, stopping at Montgomery's Maxwell Field at 2:10 p.m., en route to Tampa, Fla., for aerial maneuvers.

The aviators, from the 17th Pursuit Squadron of Selfridge Field, Mich., were impressed with our town's quick response to the emergency.

Commanded by Capt. D. M. Allison, the army fliers spent the night at the Russel Erskine hotel, having experienced what could have been a tragic landing, but for Huntsville's speedy answer to a distress situation.

The spectacular landing of the

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planes provided Huntsville with perhaps its biggest thrill since the Civil War, when General Nathan Bedford Forrest and his Confederate cavalry routed a Union general and his staff.

Hundreds of automobiles, loaded with passengers, dashed to the field as soon as a broadcast had appealed for lights to help break the darkness, and to aid the fliers in their precarious attempts to land.

Forced to turn back after bucking storms in North Central Alabama, and miles off their course, the planes circled Huntsville drawn by a huge electric arrow atop the Russel Erskine hotel, and the lights of the city.

The roar of their planes brought alarm from the citizenry.

At least one family thought a cyclone was coming, and took refuge in the basement of the home, staying there until a radio announcer's voice informed them

Quick thinking by the two state highway patrolmen stationed h e r e played a major part

otherwise.







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in the safe landings.

Patrolmen C. T. Barrett and Franklin Moore heard the roar of motors, and, looking aloft, saw the cloud-laden sky filled with the circling planes.

Hastening to the local radio station, they broadcast an appeal for citizens to drive swiftly to the unlighted landing field and turn their automobile lights on the broad open expanse, which was little more than a pasture.

The Army birdmen, one by one, commenced to land while breathless citizens looked on. The first plane taxied back up the field at 5:25 o'clock.

It was 7 o'clock before the 18th plane came in, and it was this pilot's escape that provided the biggest suspense of the entire event. Just before touching earth, a strong gust of wind caught the ship. It whirled completely about, but the pilot kept his mind alert and settled to safety. He dropped a flare before circling to come in.

"The boys did something proud," Capt. Allison said, "but it certainly was a great relief to see the first ship land and start back up the field — right side up."

Immediately after the last plane had landed, Capt. Allison

"So you hate your job, and need a support group? It's called EVERYBODY, and they meet at the bar!"

Drew Carey

was surrounded by Huntsvillians offering assistance.

Throughout the dark hours, multitudes of spectators visited the field. Still more suspense came during a heavy rain storm, accompanied by thunder, lightning and cyclonic wind around 1:30 a.m.

Capt. Allison was liberal in his praise of the cooperation given the birdmen by Huntsvillians.

"In behalf of myself and my men, I want to express our heartfelt appreciation for the quick response and the splendid cooperation we have received all the way through."

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The Salesman

by Dale Cassidy

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

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

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

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

spectators. There were very few times that Kit failed to "pack 'em in" for one of his shows.

"Yellowstone Kit" continued to brandish his wares throughout the South for many years during the late 1800's and early 1900's, stopping and staying often in Huntsville. When he reached the end of his days, in spite of his own "marvelous" medicine, a New Orleans reporter quoted him as saying, "At least I had one satisfaction in my long career - I never actually harmed anyone."

The mixture he had sold far and wide as a miracle potion had been simply canned milk!



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Holy Trees Found Growing On Monte Sano

from 1912 newspaper

Local lumbermen have samples of the famous Chittim timber which has been discovered by government experts in Madison County, in the vicinity of Huntsville, and much discussion about the same is being indulged by the lumber people. The timber found is not very extensive, the forest of the same being but sparcely built up. The timber is supposed to be growing only at Jerusalem.

It will be remembered that interior work of the great temple at Jerusalem, told of in the Bible, was built of Chittim wood. It was not believed that there was any of this timber anywhere. Government experts in looking over the Alabama forests investigated trees which natives were calling Chittim wood and they have pronounced it the real article. The timber, of course, will be preserved, and an effort made to bring about a growth. The samples of the wood on hand here are prized highly.

Here Chittim wood has been known to exist on Monte Sano since Huntsville was laid out in town lots nearly a century ago. Chittim wood was first hauled to town and sold as fire wood. For the past twenty-five years local mechanics have been working it into walking canes, gavels, police clubs, and many different kinds of furniture.

The Smithsonian Institute sent representatives here during the early nineties to investigate the wood and extent of growth, and now have a block on exibition in the Institution at Washington.





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

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Early Days of Ditto's Landing

by George Swartz (written in 1931)

As the river bridge (bridge on South Parkway) is nearing completion and will soon be dedicated, I believe it is fitting that the present day generation should know something of this site's early period of importance to the Tennessee Valley, especially Huntsville. John Ditto, in the fall of 1802, came down the Watauga trail from some point in Virginia, stopped where the present site of Huntsville is today, and built a lean-to pole shack against the bluff where the present spring park is now. His stay here was not long, for he got his bearings, found he was near a suitable place on the Hogohegee River (now called Tennessee) for a trading post with the Indians and early keelboat men, enroute to Orleans from the Watauga settlement on the upper reaches of the river. At this period this section was called Chickasaw old fields and Hobbs Island was called Chickasaw Island.

Ditto established a trading post below the lower point of the island. In 1810, Ditto built a ferry boat at the keelboat yard which he had established, and built many for the river trade as liters over the shoals. This ferry boat was of the flat bottom gunwale type, propelled by sweep oars pulled by manpower.

When Gen. Andrew Jackson went to the Creek Indian War on the Coosa River in 1813, he crossed at Ditto's ferry. Ditto had many flat boats built at his boat yard near the ferry. These were

used to ferry his small army of men across the river.

This alone is sufficient that John Ditto be given credit at the day of dedication of the bridge, even though the bridge was not named for him. This, I think, would have been a fitting tribute to this hardy pioneer.

James White established a salt house at a point where the present bridge heels on the north bank of the river today. This was about 1828. He was called Salt White, because of his salt trade, by the early steamboat men.

Another early river pioneer was Capt. Mathew Mohan who married Betty Cooper in 1830. She was a daughter of the proprietor of Cooper's tavern, then located at the point today where the Huntsville city hall stands. This property was the first sold by the commissioners of Huntsville and bought by John Reed, who paid \$715 for it. Later a tavern was built and run by the Coopers.





Capt. Mohan had learned the shoals trade as a flat boat pilot beginning in 1812. As these shoals pilots would come up the Watauga trail from the point where it branched off the Natchez trail at Colbert's ferry, they would stop at the tavern. After Capt. Mohan married he took his bride to Ditto's Landing, and was warehouseman for James White for several years. After steamboats were built he ran on the river above the shoals. He went on them and was the first flat boat shoals pilot to qualify as a licensed pilot by the steamboat inspection service from Ditto's Landing to Eastport Landing, Miss., at the foot of the shoals. This was in 1852 after Congress passed a bill Aug. 30, 1852 compelling all officers of steam vessels serve three years and qualify to get licensed.

I have known two early keel and steamboat men who knew John Ditto personally, Capt. Tom Miller, and Jesse Allison. These men told me much about Ditto's Landing in 1807 and 1809, and the first steamboat over the shoals in 1828. She sank on Bird Iron shoals two miles below Ditto's Landing in the early 1830s, was raised and rebuilt into the steamboat Enterprise at John Ditto's boat yard on the river bank below the present ferry boat landing today.

Ditto's Landing road was an important thoroughfare and much traffic was engaged over it, taking all products from Huntsville to the river to be shipped south. Flour was a big item shipped in via Ditto's Landing road. There was an inspector kept at Ditto's who in those days was called a flour inspector, really was a surveyor of customs in a simple way. Hunter Peel's map of 1825 shows the Ditto's Landing road, which is now called the Whitesburg Pike, since the landing took that name about 1833.

Little is left to remind one of the early days.

A Yankee Rabbit Farm

from 1891 Huntsville newspaper

The bushes that have been allowed to grow to the height of four to six feet in our courthouse yard should be grubbed up. The yard presents a very unsightly appearance and needs attention. The probate judge or the sheriff should see that it is kept clear of sprouts or some enterprising Yankee will be wanting to rent it for a rabbit farm.

The courthouse yard is a disgrace to our fair city.

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The Frugal Reader

*Hit the after-holidays wrapping paper/ribbon sales and look for paper that is not specifically holiday-designed so you can use it for wrapping gifts throughout the year at a fraction of the cost.

*Washing & reusing your resealable bags is a great way to save money. To clean them, wash the bags in the dishwasher. Turn the bags inside out, upside down, and use plastic clothespins to clip them to the top rack.

*To make bathroom fixtures sparkle and look like new, use rubbing alcohol on them.

*To store leftover paint, put the lid on and turn the can upside down, making sure the lid is on tight. This will prevent the "skin" from forming on top and will be easier to stir when needed.

*Cleaning behind your refrigerator will keep it running longer and more efficiently. **Another fridge cleaning tip**: Make sure the unit is level. An un-level refrigerator works harder than it needs to and wastes energy.

*If your polished furniture has small scratches, try rubbing them with a shelled walnut. You'll see the scratches just disappear!

*Keeping silver jewelry in a zip lock or airtight container will keep it from oxidizing.

*You do not need to wash with hot water unless you are trying to sterilize your laundry. Use the cold setting to wash & rinse to save money. Washing this way can save the typical family \$120 a year!

*For fresher air in the house without having to pay for those expensive sprays, squeeze a few drops of a fresh lemon into the dust bag of your vacuum cleaner.

*If you have a paper shredder, put junk mail through it and use it as packing material when shipping packages.

*For the truly frugal-when you can no longer squeeze any more tooth-paste out of the tube, cut the tube open, and squeeze the remainder in a bowl. Add baking soda & water, you can double the amount of the tooth-paste!

*If you spray your Tupperware products with nonstick cooking spray before pouring in tomato-based sauces - you'll avoid the stains.

*Cut dryer sheets in half before using. They still work just as well. Keep an empty tissue box on the dryer for the used ones and use them to dust furniture.

*Try a sprinkle of cinnamon in your morning coffee - delicious!

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Drive-In Adventures

by Collins Wynn

I recall at least three drive-in theaters in 1950s/early 1960s Huntsville: Woody's (out on Meridian Street), the Parkway Drive-in which was a bit remote (sometimes a desirable attribute when serious personal matters required attention), and the Cadillac of Huntsville Drive-In's - the Whitesburg.

Of the three, Woody's was first in the hearts of the Dallas/Lincoln neighborhood kids for two important reasons. 1) It was closest to the neighborhoods - about a five minute walk from Rison School up the railroad tracks; and, 2) There was easy foot access over the wire fence on the right side of the theater. Before having the authority (but not the ability) to drive we often made the short trek up the tracks to Woody's to climb the fence and lay in the grass catching a good flick. Occasionally someone would chase us off but more often than not we stayed for the entire evening. We each had our favorites but all could agree on the top two or three movies of all times (from a 13-year-old boy's perspective). Russ Meyer was our favorite producer - he specialized in movies comprised almost entirely of nearly naked full bosomed young ladies. His greatest production was "Vixen" which ranks up there near the top of the first of the greatest movies ever made.

Another movie, whose producer has long since been forgotten but whose marketing and advertising guy has been memorialized for all time, was "The Birth of Twins". Can you imagine some guy getting possession of a delivery room film and making mega

bucks from it simply through advertising and marketing? I can still hear the pitch - "One show and one show only - educational and inspirational - see the miracle of birth." And, just to make sure that every male kid 12 and over came to see it, they added an age restriction of "no one under 16 admitted". No one at the ticket booth ever checked an ID that I saw. Some may doubt; just take a look at the advertising archives of the Huntsville Times.

After we started driving, a favorite past time became sneaking in some un-paying attendees. The ruse was that two guys would drive up to the ticket booth, pay for their admissions and drive on in, all the while having 2, 3, or 4 of their closest personal friends stuffed in the trunk. Having served in both capacities (driver and stuffee) I can assure you it was great fun - it was all we could do keep from giggling out loud and blowing our cover. There was additional fun to be had by the driver if he simply refused to open the trunk and free the stuffee's - he could just sit there and listen to the mumbling, grumbling, moaning, pleading and cursing of the one's most dear to him. It was absolute power in the purest sense.

We were never discovered by the management but we did have an unfortunate circumstance develop once. Our usual band of hooligans was out riding around one night late in the Blue Goose trying to figure out how to get into Woody's when we didn't have enough money between us for even one ticket - which effectively eliminated the "stuffee" guise. A plan was hatched in which we would kill the car lights and drive slowly and quietly in the out door (in other words, drive in the exit gate). Woody's and the Parkway were particularly suited for this maneuver since the exits were well

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removed from either the concession stand or the ticket booth - the Whitesburg's exit was too well lit besides they didn't show the really "good" movies. As we started up the driveway everyone was tense and anxious. On top of that it was difficult to see the road because there was a bright light pointing outward hanging directly over the exit (or, so we thought). Just as we neared the gateway, someone spooked the Goose and we took off like a shot headed directly under the light and into the paradise that was Woody's. All of a sudden the Blue Goose slammed to an immediate full stop from about 30 mph throwing everyone to the front of the car (these were the days before seat belts and supplemental restraint systems). It seems the light was not hanging over the roadway but was firmly affixed to a 4" steel pole set in concrete off to the right side.

Because of all the resulting noise, smoke, and confusion we had to drop our movie plans for the evening and retreat quickly. We had smashed up the front bumper without even gaining entrance. Oh well, whatever! There was always tomorrow night.

Some People Never Learn

from 1922 Huntsville newspaper

There was only one case in City Court this morning, that of Floyd Wallace who was up on the charge of disorderly conduct. He pled guilty to hitting his wife in the head with a hatchet and was fined \$10.00. Several weeks ago he appeared in the same court and was found guilty of assaulting his wife with an automobile.

His wife paid both fines.

News From 1923

With his neck broken by a fall from a power line pole, George Corgin, 25, lineman, has refused the edict of physicians that he must die and is waging a game fight for his life here.

"Don't tell me that," he grimaced gamely when told that by all medical rules he must die. "For I'm not going to die. I'll fight it out and show you that a broken neck can't stop me!"

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A Letter

December 2, 1861

Dear Son and Daughter,

I have with pleasure read your letter to Southall. I was glad to hear that you were all well and hope that you will henceforth enjoy good health but 1 fear that if you get on the river you will have more sickness. My family have had good health this year. I am quite feeble but my health is as good as I have reason to expect. Lee and John Southall are in the army. Lee is in Kentucky. John in east Tennessee. The Linconites have burned four railroad bridges up there and the Confederate troops have taken some hundred of the union men there and have them in prison. I believe there have been no executions yet. Lee is at Hopkinsville, Kentucky. I expect he will be at Columbus at the great anticipated battle. He has just got out of the measles. He belongs to a Calvary company. He will write to you as soon as he gets your address which I shall send him by the first mail. I got your letter perhaps the first you wrote after you got home. I answered it immediately. I then wrote you that Ms. Taylor had taken your buggy at \$50 payable the first of January. Next I also sold James Wily for \$75 payable with Jack Wood Security. Wily has gone to the war. I do not know when I will get the money as I expect there will be a stay or stop law past soon. I shall collect it as quick as I can.

Your Brother ands Sister was well a few days back. Eleanor, your mother is dead. She died at Wesley's . She came there on a visit, was taken sick and died. I think some time in October. I know nothing of the rest of your folks. Corn crops here is fine . It is worth \$2 per barrel. The wheat crop not as good Wheat \$1 per bushel. Our cotton is a fair average but no price on it as yet.

Mary and her little ones are

well and getting on pretty well in John's absence. Eliza has another daughter. She has been away for some time. She is up now the rest of the family are well. Write again soon. My respects to all the children.

Your affectionate Father, George Terry

Note: George Terry was a native of New Market



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Caregivers are bonded and insured.



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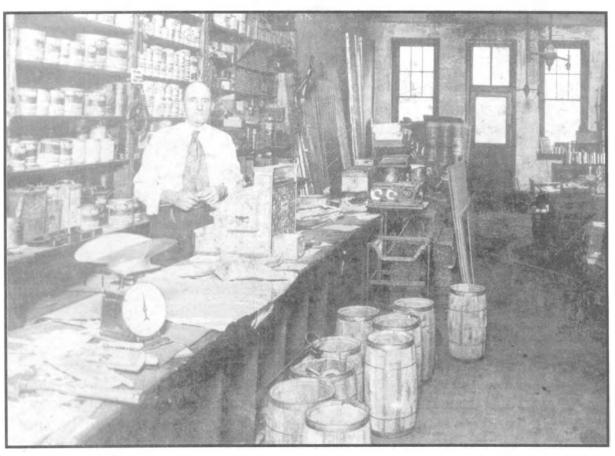
- * Adult Piano Class
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1025 Claude Circle - Huntsville, Al (near hobby Lobby)

Call (256) 534-3131 for private lessons or class instruction



Lewter's Hardware Store



In 1928 our great-grandfather, D.A. Lewter, and our grandfather, J.M. Lewter, started the family business in a small store on Washington Street. They believed in offering fair prices, treating each customer with special respect and giving great service.

A hand saw cost \$2.50, a padlock 8 cents and a hammer could be purchased for 85 cents. A lawn mower sold for \$6.50 and a 100 lb. barrel of nails was \$2.25.

While our prices have gone up slightly we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family, doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with A Hardware Store....
The Way You Remember Them

Mac Leutur

Mac Leutur

222 Washington St - 539-5777

Alhen life was simple...



Everybody loves a parade! This photo is believed to have been taken downtown on Washington Street in 1917 during the annual 4th of July parade. Horse and buggies still outnumbered automobiles and the traffic light had not been invented yet. President Wilson had declared war on Germany and patriotic fever was running high in Huntsville. Over 4000 local men had registered for the draft and the Navy opened up a permanent recruiting station in the Allen building on Jefferson Street with V. L. Posey in charge.

Also making news was the Fire Department which purchased its first gasoline engine at a cost of \$9,000.

Those days are long gone, but the folks at Propst Drug store still believe in offering the same dedicated, personal service that makes our city a special place to live.

"Old Tyme Friendly Service"



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