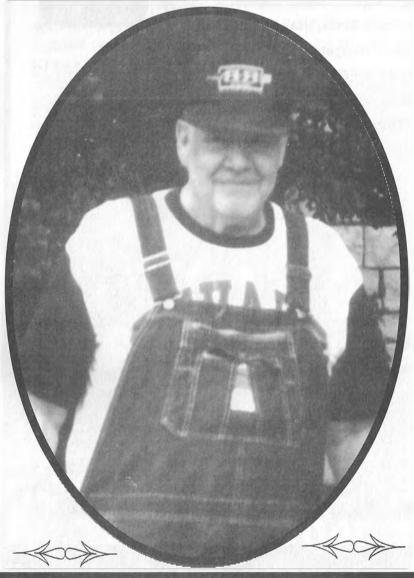


HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Legend of

Harris Lee Parcus

Some people have called him a gangster, while others called him the "Godfather of North Alabama." Despite the names, Harris Lee Parcus simply did what he knew best.

He provided moonshine, beer and gambling to the people of Huntsville and Madison County.

He was a natural-born businessman who built an empire.

Also in this issue: The Story of Sergeant Paul Bolden

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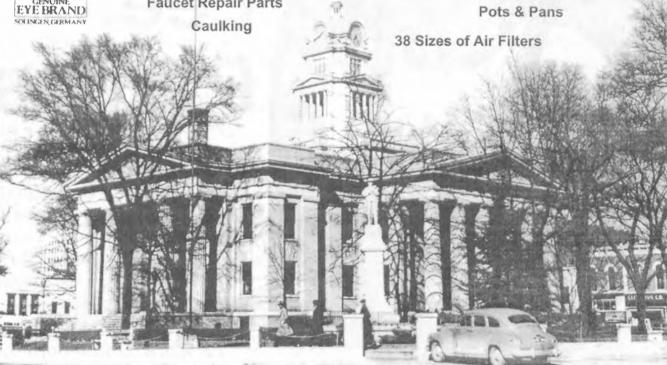
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The Legend of Harris Lee Parcus

ome people have called him a gangster, while others called him the "Godfather of North Alabama". Despite the names, Harris Lee Parcus simply did what he knew best. He provided moonshine, beer and gambling to the people of Huntsville and Madison County.

During his heyday he ran an empire that made and sold thousands of gallons of moonshine a week, bootlegged almost half a million cases of beer a year and ran gambling games where tens of thousands of dollars would be won or lost on the throw of the dice or the flip of a card.

Many people might say Harris Lee was born into the business. His father, Audy Parcus, began making moonshine in the hills of Marshall County as a young boy. After an unfortunate shoot-out with revenuers, he wisely decided to move down river to Annie's Ditch, a community near Triana, where he met his future wife, 15 year-old Evella Suggs.

Audy's family consisted of poor farmers who never seemed to be able to get ahead. Try as they might, there was never any money left. One day Audy's Aunt Bell Patterson called a family conference. "We have to figure out a way to make money," she said. Then, turning to her husband she said, "I've been talking to Audy and in the morning I want you to take some of the men and go with him. We're going to make whiskey."

When Harris Lee was born in 1926, the family was already established in Madison County's moonshine business. During the period of the Roaring Twenties, money was pouring in so fast that often it was carried to the bank in over-stuffed shoe boxes. Then the Great Depression came along and almost put an end to the family business. Although they made good whiskey, people simply no longer had the money to buy it. Audy once spent a whole day trying to peddle his moonshine, but, regardless of the price, people couldn't afford it. At the end of the day he traded a half pint for a can of sardines and some stale crackers.

"Our Daddy wouldn't let my brothers and I around the stills and gambling," remembered Harris Lee. "I learned to make whiskey from my number one whiskey men, Junior Caudle and Hard



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Rock Walker."

Harris Lee quickly earned a reputation as one of the best whiskey men around. Many people later said they could always tell Parcus whiskey just by tasting it.

"There are two kinds of whiskey," Harris Lee explained, "One is pure corn whiskey and the other is called wolf pot. This type consisted of wheat, bran, sugar, yeast and water. The recipe is 100 pounds of sugar, 100 gallons of water, 25 pounds of wheat bran to each 100 pounds of sugar and 1/4 pound of yeast. Moonshine stills were usually built in the woods close to the water. It was usually made at night because the fire was made really hot by burning old tires and this created a lot of smoke and the 'revenuers', as they were called back then, could follow the smoke and locate the whiskey stills which they would then destroy. After the fire got hot they would burn wood to cook off the whiskey. It took 72 hours to ferment. The first whiskey run would be sweet mash and the second run would be sour mash. If vou used rve instead of wheat it would ferment in 48 hours."

During WWII Harris Lee joined the Marine Corps where he and his good friend, Sisco Alan Purdy, spent 45 days straight on the front line on Okinawa in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Afterwards he was stationed in North China on garrison duty, where, like thousands of other young men, he had time to think about his future after he mustered out. Harris Lee never doubted that he would come back to Madison County and enter the family business. But he realized that in order to make serious money in the moonshine business, he was going to have to be much better organized.

Possibly one of his inspirations was his aunt, Laura Hardin, known to everyone as Aunt Laura.

Aunt Laura had been involved in the whiskey business most of her life before she opened up a honky tonk called the White Castle, at the intersection of Meridian and Winchester Road. She had a driver, E. Polo, who made weekly trips hauling beer and whiskey from Paducah, Kentucky, and the club featured live music two nights a week. The White Castle was a huge success, drawing many customers away from other bootleggers. Unfortunately for Laura, one of the bootleggers had paid off an official in return for exclusive rights to the area. After repeated warnings, the bootlegger hired a man to walk into the White Castle and shoot Laura in the leg. Hopper drove her to the hospital but was ambushed and killed on the way back to the White Castle.







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As soon as Aunt Laura could walk, she went back to the White Castle where some of her family was waiting.

"Audy, get your gun," she said.
"Where are we going?" Audy replied.

"You'll know when we get there!"

Laura went straight to the office of the high official. Sitting on the edge of his desk she confronted him, saying she knew he was trying to put her out of business and that he was involved in killing her employee. "After today," she said, "you take care of your part of the county and I'll take care of mine."

"I knew they would come after me," she later said, "so I put men on the rooftop and O. Walker at the door. Sure enough they came and it was like the shoot-out at O.K. Corral with everyone firing guns. The only person that got hurt was D. Taylor, a local attorney. After we ran them off they didn't bother me no more."

Aunt Laura provided a lesson that was instilled in Parcus from a young age. "You got to be organized."

After returning home, Harris Lee began working at a country store in Triana his father had purchased several years earlier. He intended to sell groceries and maybe a little moonshine on the side. The grocery business in Triana, however, was terrible. "Sometimes a whole week would go by," Parcus remembered, "and we wouldn't have a single cus-

tomer."

With little income from the store, Harris Lee found himself depending more and more on moonshine to make a living.

"I bought a 1941 Ford Coup from Tom Farley." Parcus said, "It had a fake trap door and I could haul 100 gallons at a time. I was paying \$5 a gallon for it and selling it for \$10 a gallon. This was back around 1947."

Running moonshine on the back roads of Madison County was not a job for the fainthearted. Often traveling at speeds up to a hundred miles an hour in the middle of the night, with the law in hot pursuit, drivers learned to live by their wits. As Parcus tells it, one of the best way to escape from the law was to "Turn your headlights off, shove the gas pedal to the floor and hope you could remember where that next curve in the road was."

Ironically, many of the oldtime whisky runners later went on to become professional race car drivers.

Demand for quality moonshine soared and Harris Lee's suppliers couldn't keep up with it, so he began running his own stills.

"Making moonshine isn't complicated but it requires a definite process. First, you have to pick out a location and then have the still built. It has to be close to a good water supply and you have to have a road or a trail to get to it. One of the most critical parts was the sugar. Large

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amounts of sugar were required and the revenuers kept an eye on anyone buying 100-pound bags. I used to buy it out of Atlanta by the ton and have it delivered. You had to have good still hands, people who knew what they were doing and would keep their mouths shut. You also had to have drivers to transport it and stash houses to store it in."

"At first I shipped the liquor in 5-gallon G.I. cans but later used gallon jugs I bought from Coca Cola companies. The syrup used to make Coca Cola came in the jugs and the business owners were happy to make an additional profit by selling the empty containers.'

But after making the whiskey he had to get rid of it. Harris Lee did this by using the same techniques as General Motors - liberal credit terms, incentives, and friendly persuasion. As more customers signed on, Parcus kept increasing his production. One still alone, located on Skyline Mountain, was turning out 2,200 gallons every five days, but it still wasn't enough. Often times he had to send his drivers into Tennessee or Mississippi to

buy an additional 500 gallons just to keep his customers supplied.

"Parcus was smart," said an old time deputy. "Whenever he had loads going into an area where he had not bought protection, he would hire some of the most beautiful women vou ever saw. He would send them to a beauty shop, have their hair and nails done and buy them nice clothes. Then he would buy them new Lincolns or Cadilacs, have heavy duty springs installed, and put them in business. The law never suspected an elegant woman, driving a new car, of hauling moonshine."

Before long he was supplying almost every bootlegger in North Alabama and many in Tennessee, Mississippi and Georgia.

It was about this time that Harris Lee acquired the name "Godfather." Almost everyone in Triana worked for him and, like the Godfather in the movies, he showed a paternal interest in his employees and the community. If someone was in trouble they went to see Parcus. If a family had nothing to eat Parcus would make arrangements to take care of them. When there was a fight or feud he would order the offending parties to appear before him where he would render judgement. He often bought hundreds of pounds of ribs or catfish to distribute to the community.

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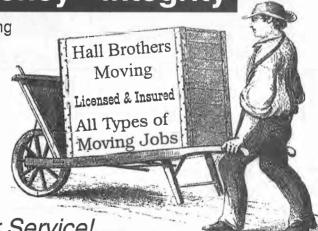
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movies, he demanded loyalty.

"Once I was driving through Jackson County with three of my men and I made arrangements with the local law to haul us in for questioning. I stayed downstairs in the sheriff's office, drinking Jack Daniels, while they carried my men upstairs. They worked on them for two or three hours, asking questions about my business and threatening them with jail time if they didn't talk. Finally one of the deputies came downstairs and said, "They're all right, Mr. Parcus. They ain't going to talk."

Parcus never explained what would have happened if they had failed the test.

With his whiskey operations prospering he began to invest in other businesses, some of which earned their own marks in Huntsville's folklore. Along with his father, he built the River Club with money he sent home while in service. The grocery store was converted and became the Chicken Shack, followed later by the Pine Villa. Many an old Huntsvillian can tell stories about going to the Chicken Shack or River Club on a Saturday night after all the other clubs had closed.

As people flocked to the after-hours nightclubs Harris Lee saw an opportunity for yet an-

"I had been driving for 40 years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident."

Seen on local accident report

other business. Many of these people wanted a place to gamble and he was happy to oblige them by setting up a house with poker and dice games. The joint quickly became a Mecca for professional gamblers across the Southeast.

Money rolled in faster than he could give it away, which is what he did in many cases. He was also attracting a lot of attention. "I never worried too much about the state or county law," Harris Lee remembered. "Most of them were paid off. It was the Feds you had to watch out for."

In 1958 the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (also known as the Feds or revenuers) began building a case against Parcus. Almost immediately their investigation ran into trouble. Harris Lee by this





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Whitesburg at Bob Wallace Huntsville, Ala. 35801 time had employed hundreds of people, but not one of them would talk. The ATF tried to make a deal with one bootlegger who was in prison, saying they would let him out if he would testify. The man refused. Next they tried to set Parcus up by sending undercover agents to make buys. That, too, failed.

With no one willing to talk the government had no way of determining exactly what Parcus's position in the organization was.

Unable to charge him as a major offender, the government indicted him several months later on "Conspiracy to distribute illicit liquors." At his trial he was found guilty and sentenced to 3 months in prison.

"Prison wasn't really that bad, but I wouldn't recommend it either," said Harris Lee. "Making moonshine wasn't considered all that horrendous like murder or armed robbery. A lot of the people in prison already knew my reputation so they left me alone."

When Harris Lee got out of prison he hit the ground running. Within weeks he had his businesses going full blast again with

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more demand than he could supply. He also got involved in another business.

"At this time, there were dry counties all around us and Madison County was the only place in North Alabama where you could buy beer and a lot of my customers started asking if I could supply them. We had this store here in Triana where the beer would be delivered, then our drivers would take it on to the bootleggers. Even the smallest bootleggers ordered a hundred cases at a time." A relative of Parcus' remembers getting up in the middle of the night to help load the cars and trucks that were lined up waiting.

An F.B.I. report estimated that he sold 320,064 cases of beer in one nine-month period.

By this time Harris Lee's organization had grown so big that



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Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath. everyone in North Alabama, including the Feds, knew who he was. In 1963 he was once again indicted and sentenced to three years for conspiracy and racketeering charges relating to the sale and manufacture of moonshine.

When Harris Lee returned from prison he found the various family businesses in disarray. The gambling had been shut down and the stills had been busted. What little beer was being sold barely justified the cost. There was a Federal investigation involving corruption going on in Madison County at the time and most people wanted to avoid being caught up in it. Political figures, who had once eagerly taken his money, wouldn't even return his phone calls.

Harris Lee solved the problem in the time-honored way.

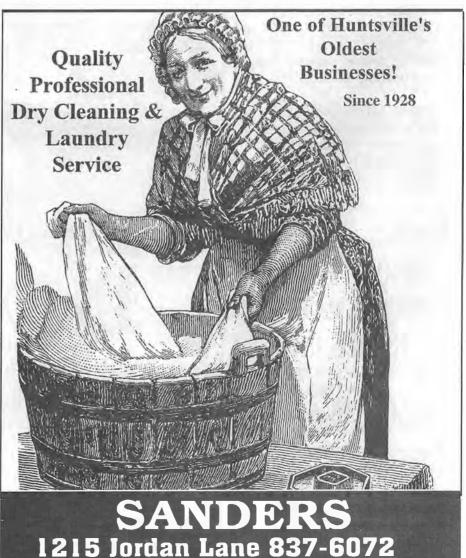
"I met one of our elected officials at a restaurant here in Huntsville and told him my businesses were hurting. If I couldn't get permission to operate I was going to have to shut everything down. He said he was really sorry but there was nothing he could do."

"I had this paper bag stuffed with hundred dollar bills and I laid it on the table. 'Just think about it,' I said. Then I got up and walked out, leaving him staring at all that cash money. I didn't have a whole lot of trouble after that."

"I think that second stretch in prison changed Parcus, " said a retired law enforcement official. "He had always kept a low profile before but now he didn't care. Everybody was accusing him of being the Godfather and I think he just decided he wasn't going to hide it anymore. He dressed in flashy clothes with diamond rings on his fingers







and carried a wad of money big enough to choke a horse. When he walked into a room there was no doubt he was someone important. He was the Godfather."

"He knew we were after him but he didn't care anymore. He would have cookouts at his place in Triana and invite the sheriff's department, the District Attorney and even the F.B.I. I told him one time he was going to get caught but he just grinned at me and said, 'Catch me if you can!"

In 1968 the Organized Crime Division opened an investigation into racketeering in North Alabama. They were determined to close the Godfather down. Based mostly on circumstantial evidence he was indicted, found guilty and was sentenced to five terms of five years each, to be served concurrently.

"I didn't have any hard feelings against the deputies," said Harris Lee. "They were doing their job the same way I was doing mine. I've always said if you do the crime you have be ready to do the time."

By the time he got out of prison, times had changed. People no longer minded driving a few miles to buy beer or liquor. The demand for moonshine was drying up and it had also become expensive to manufacture. High rollers could hop a plane to Las Vegas or play in some private club in Huntsville. For the first time in his life Harris Lee Parcus was getting completely out of the business.

Old habits die hard, however. Within a few months of being released from prison, old customers (in dry counties) began calling, asking if he could supply them with beer. Before long Harris Lee and his son were back in the beer-running business. This time it was not the law that closed him down.

"Parcus was always extremely close to his family, especially his son who helped in the business," remembered a friend. "When that boy got killed, Parcus just

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lost all interest in the business. It wasn't exciting anymore and the money didn't mean that much. He just let the business fold up."

Harris Lee Parcus has been retired from the business for more than twenty-five years. The days when he had fleets of cars and trucks hauling moonshine and beer all across North Alabama are far in the past. The River Club is closed and one might be hard pressed to find even a checker game to gamble on in Triana.

And it's been years since he has made any moonshine. Although occasionally, perhaps at Christmas, somebody might bring by a gallon jug.

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Memories

by Joe Reid

I first met Gene in 1953 when she was working in a shoe store called Southern Shoes in Cedartown, Ga. I was just back from the service in Korea and was working for the Oldsmobile dealer there. I was driving a new demo Olds 88 convertible, top down, with my hair greased back into a ducktail. I went into the shoe store and when I laid eyes on her, I was hooked. I guess she thought the same thing because she agreed to marry me. Before we got married, we pooled our money and bought 2 wide white gold bands for \$18 each. We got married in Cedartown, and I remember I gave the preacher the last \$10 I had. We moved to Huntsville in 1956 and have been here ever since.

We started out both working for the phone company, then I went to work on the Arsenal. Gene resigned from the phone company and went to work raising kids. I quit the Arsenal in 1962 and went to work for myself, opening a hardware store on North Parkway. Our first home was in Colonial Hills off Meridian Street. I remember Gene loved it because it was a good, comfortable neighborhood with great neighbors. Huntsville was really small back then. I remember it was impossible to get a good haircut - there were very few barbers and the ones that were here were busy from morning to night.

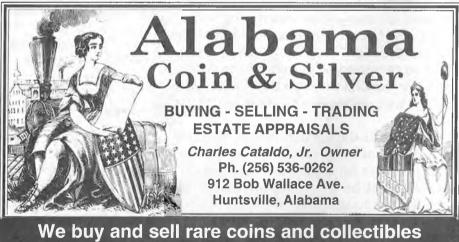
When we first started our business we opened at 6 am and closed at 8 pm, 6 days a week. Gene was my wife but she was also my partner. We worked in the store together every day for over forty years.

There was a man who had his office behind our hardware store, near where my office was. There



was a common door that connected both offices. Every afternoon at 4 pm the door would open, he would come on in and the party would start. This went on for 17 consecutive year, 5 days a week. Gene understood that this was a guy's event, and she didn't mind.







Gene loved our Sundays. We'd go to church with our kids Laurie and Russell, take a ride out to the country and go out to eat. We tried every restaurant in Huntsville our favorite was Boots on Parkway near Governors drive. Lots of folks remember that restaurant. I remember you had to get there really early to get in. Our favorite meal, when we were celebrating something really special, was steak and lobster tail.

One of Gene's favorite stories she loved to tell involved Boots restaurant. We were all eating with the wives, and I and my friend OJ suggested as a joke that we all go to Hawaii for Christmas. Next day the wives went out and bought the tickets for us all to go, kids and all. OJ and I had brought it up as a joke, but our wives took us very seriously! We went for 5 days!

One of our very favorite places to eat breakfast was at Eunice's Country Kitchen. We ate there for years. You can't find that good country eating in many places anymore. Eunice was one of our very best friends and if she didn't

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see us there every day she'd worry about us. I remember when Gene got sick, Eunice said she prayed for her every day. When Eunice died, it just wasn't the same anymore.

Gene was 70 when she died on June 4, 2004. She told me one day that her stomach hurt really bad, we went to the doctor and he found out she had cancer. She worked for a month after that. even though she was hurting. She said she didn't want to stay at home. Gene wasn't famous for anything, but the people she knew loved her. She was a great homemaker, cook and mother, wife and my best friend. She was just a good person who would never hurt anyone. I know that I'll see her again one day, but I miss her every single day.

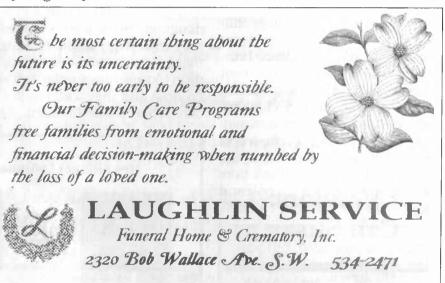
Milk Wagon Wreck on Holmes Ave.

from 1921 newspaper

While returning from a ride last night in a hired car, a young man whose name is withheld bumped into a milk wagon attached to a horse. Milk cans were scattered all over a portion of West Holmes street, the horse became frightened and ran away.

When in front of McLaughlin's Undertaking parlors, the horse was stopped as was the automobile. The driver of the car jumped out and made a rapid getaway towards down town.

Police located the garage from which the car was hired and got the name of the driver who, after a diligent search, was caught and lodged in the city jail.





Growing Up In The Country

by Helen Medlin

Growing up in a household of mostly young adults, I learned a thing or two about how to act around the older folks. When we went to Hurricane Creek Church. there was always someone who would invite us to lunch after the service. I looked forward to that because there were children my age I could play with. Nowadays children eat first and then scatter to their own games. TV shows or the computer. In the old days children were the last to eat, and you had to play while you were hungry. We would just sit on the front porch swing and look at the tables full of vegetables and chicken, waiting til it was time for us to eat. The women cooked on wood stoves that still had hot coals from breakfast so it didn't take long for the chickens to cook and they smelled wonderful! The kids

"Eagles may soar, but you never hear of weasels getting sucked up into jet engines."

John Troup, Huntsville

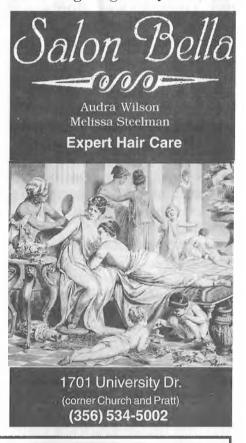
always got to have a chicken leg and if there was more than one family that came to lunch, there were 2 chickens prepared. To get a chicken leg meant you hoped there was only one more child besides you. This was an expensive lunch for the farm folks because the chickens were more than just for eating, they were for laying eggs as well.

My Granddad Charlie Tidwell would take a small box of ginger snaps with him to church for me, because I was the youngest, and he knew I loved them.

I had to learn how to act around grown ups. First thing I learned was to listen and only speak when someone asked me a question. There was one house I loved to visit, the St. Clair house. It was at Hurricane Creek Road, and the St. Clair's had a grand-daughter, Betty, whom I loved to play with. They also had a piano that I played there, even though I didn't know how to play too well I'd do it and they'd all laugh and clap when I was finished. They

were the nicest people and they surely knew how to make children feel important.

My granddad bought Mr. Yarbrough's grocery store on



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Washington Street right next to the railroad tracks. My dad worked there as well as myself and 4 sisters. I remember working there during World War II, as the trains came by the store you could feel the rumble of them passing on the tracks. When the train stopped my granddad would give the soldiers a bottled drink or ice cream sandwich. He had a son in France at the time and every time the trains came by he remembered and hoped someone would be good to his son.

The county jail was just two doors from the store and we could hear all the prisoners yelling and

singing.

The people that traded with granddad were the folks who lived around the store and workers from the railroad. They would come over on their lunch hour and spread out in the chairs for hours to talk to granddad, and rest for a while. Sometimes a neighbor from Tidwell Lane would come by.

A couple of funny things happened while we were living on the farm. One Sunday we had all started to church and my sister Ruby had a new dress on. We were all really little. My mother, Clara, said she was in the yard waiting to get in the car when all of a sudden she heard a loud yell and cry. Because of a bad rain storm the night before the billy goat they kept in a fenced yard had gotten out and had knocked Ruby into the mud, new dress and all.

My uncle Joe Tidwell aggravated us no end. We girls would work really hard on cutting out "paper dolls" from Sear's catalogs, and position them around a small play house. He would sneak

"I always turn to the sports page first. That page records man's accomplishments - the front page has nothing but man's failure."

Chief Justice Earl Warren



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115 Manning Drive Suite 202-B Huntsville, Al 35801 (256) 533-0001 E-mail: ccox@hiwaay.net up from behind and blow as hard as he could, just when we had

them just right.

When we lived in the Grizzard house, there was a tenant house behind us that the folks in it helped out on the farm. There was one lady named "Aunt Lou". We were all out in the field chopping cotton one day and Aunt Lou had been talking with the Lord. All of a sudden she started to shout and threw her hoe straight up in the to the air. When it came down it barely missed hitting us little girls. We never did hear what the Lord told her.

The reason I have written about my family is to encourage others to write down all you can about your growing up days and to the young folks I say, time has a way of passing by very quickly.

Worry is interest paid in advance for a debt you probably will never owe.

Jimmy Hampton, Athens

News From 1922

Wanted - good cook, phone 639 or see Mrs. June Martin, Lowe Avenue. Can have Sunday mornings off until 4.

For rent - furnished room in private home - \$5 a week - apply at 302 West Holmes street.

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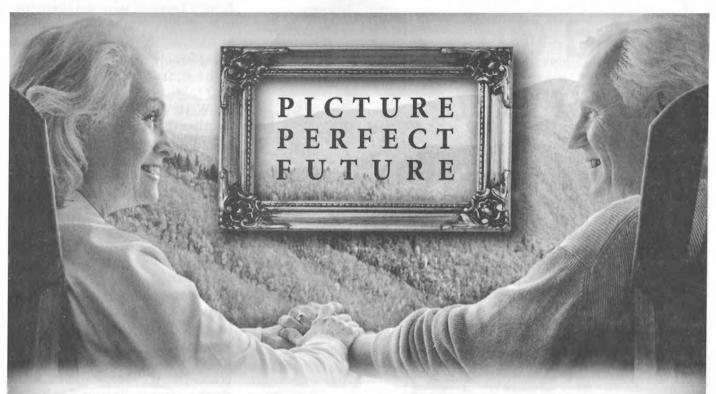
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Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

The little girl in last month's Photo was none other than **Jill Wood**, publisher of "Valley Planet" here in Huntsville. The winning guess was called in by **Janet Miller**, a hard-working RN at Huntsville Hospital.

It was sure good to see **Brad Grasham** recently. He is a manager at New Horizons here in Huntsville, and his wife **Tamara** is a 4th grade teacher at Challenger Middle School. Their daughter **Katarina** is thrilled to be starting first grade this year at Challenger.

We wanted to send out a big HELLO to **Carol Grasham**, Brad's mom, who lives in Tuscumbia, Al. She absolutely loves Huntsville!

Craig Brubeck, formerly a manager at New Horizons, decided to relocate to Austin, Texas. Good luck to you, Craig!

We were terribly saddened by the sudden death of **Ray Brand**, a legendary guitar musician who left a mark in music with his own distinct style. He left so many friends and family who will miss him. We want to send our special prayers to **Audrey**, his beloved wife.



We were so sorry to learn of the death of **Mike Meyer.** He was very active with the Golden K Kiwanis, the Boy Scouts, and the Redstone Federal Credit union in numerous volunteer projects. His wife **Margie** is such a sweet lady, our sympathy goes to her and her family.

We were happy to hear that Realtor of the Year 2005 is none other than **Richard Van Valkenburgh**. This is a well-deserved recognition. Congratulations, Richard!

Vivian Kruse and her sweet hubby **Bill** recently took a cruise to Alaska for their 39th wedding anniversary - she said the views were unbelievable.

Congratulations to **John Ashburn** and **Rebecca Waller**,
who recently married!

We talked to Jeremy League recently - he is a partner in H.O.P. Modeling & Talent. Terry League is Jeremy's proud dad - he works for Rocket City Pest Control along with Melvin Johnson. Terry's father is

Bobby League, who is a preacher in Nashville. At the same time we spoke with pretty **Cynthia Langdon**, who is a bartender and night manager at the Esquire 2000 club.

With this wet and windy weather there are lots of trees falling downtown. When we had a large tree fall recently, Chuck Weber's crew was out in minutes to begin clearing it out. Terry Harbin, Ritchey Tillett, Tim "Sponge Bob" Rugart and Ronnie were some of the guys who do such a great job in Huntsville.

We were so sorry to hear that **Steve Thomas**, of The A/C Doctor, had died recently, at the young age of 47. We know he will be missed by his family and many friends. He leaves his wife **Kathy**, and their son **Zach**.

Cordy and Mark Fortson are so proud of their daughter, Danielle Fortson, who married Aubrey Kerr Walker II at their home. Congratulations!

Friends and relatives came from as far away as Germany to

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the youngster below wins a full one-year subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine.

Call (256) 534-3355.

Hint: This young lady has one of the most popular downtown businesses.





celebrate Gertrude Nein's birthday at the Monte Sano Lodge. Some of the attendees enjoying the good food and music were Chuck and Annelie Owens, Dieter and Sonja Schrader, Hans Nein and family from Atlanta, Eric and Heidi Engler, Micky Murphy, Bob Burns, Lisa Harsky and others. Dieter Schrader's mother, Charlotte, who is 93, was on hand also.

We were happy to hear that Cooper and Ron Mark Kimbrough have opened their second "In Bloom" shop in 5 Points. At their opening celebration we met Nikki Chenault who does B&W photography & tinting. She is also the cousin of the legendary General Chenault of Flying Tiger fame. Sandra Moon was there, along with Linda Drake and Louise Avery & many others!

Congratulations to our good friends **Tom Keith**, of Legal Aid Services, and **Ann Fulmer** of Sirsi. They were married in April and are the sweetest honeymooners!

We stopped in to see our buddies at BlackWater Hatties and it was really hopping. That sweet **Cynthia White** was there, along with her gorgeous daughter **Holly Mitchell**. Holly will soon be traveling to New York to attend Pratt College in New York. We also talked with **BJ**, the best bartender in South Huntsville!

While eating at the Coffee Tree with the **Beta Sigma Phi** sorority recently, we were thrilled to see **Fletcher Davis**, of Lockheed, whom we haven't seen in years. He's still buff and hasn't changed a bit. His handsome son **Adam Davis** works at the Coffee Tree.

A big hello to **Shirley Bush**, **Ann Smith** and **Andrea Phillips**, of Colonial Bank. It's always good to see people who really look like they enjoy their jobs!

Congratulations to **Katy Bryan**, of New York Life Ins. Co.,

who was recently recognized in Dallas as one of the company's most successful new agents. She and her sweet husband **Gann**, who also works for NYL, reside here in Huntsville.

Playing some pool at The Station recently were **Sgt. 1st. Class Moses Brown** and **Greg Garner**. Greg works in Huntsville but lives in Town Creek, and Moses recently came back from Iraq with the Guard. We're proud of you!

Don't forget to go to **Trade Day on the Square** - Sept. 10 Saturday starting at 8am! You'll be so glad you didn't miss it!

Betty Jo Cunningham told us that her very best friend died recently. Peggy Lowery was a person whose friendship she will always treasure. Betty Jo's handsome husband is Leroy Cunningham,

the owner of Cunningham's Furniture.

Well, that's all for this month but just remember how lucky we are to live in Huntsville, Alabama!



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Foods can definitely affect your moods. Skip the refined sugar, and try some of these healthy menu suggestions.

Strawberry Eggnog

1 c. orange juice

1 c. halved strawberries

1 T. lemon juice

1 egg

1 t. honey

4 ice cubes

Place all ingredients in a blender, process on medium, then high speed til smooth and frothy. Serve in tall glasses and garnish with whole strawberries.

Cottage Cheese Fruit Salad

3 tart, red apples 1 small pear 1 c. cottage cheese 2 T. chopped dates 2 T. chopped walnuts lemon juice

Core & chop one of the of the apples and the pear, combine them with the cottage cheese, dates and nuts. Cut remaining apples into eight wedges each, sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange four apple wedges in a circle on each serving plate, and place a portion of the cottage cheese mixture in the center. Garnish with mint sprigs.

Greek Vegetable Salad

1 c. sliced green beans

4 c. shredded cabbage 1/3 c. crumbled feta cheese

3 T. olive oil

1 T. vinegar

1/2 t. dried thyme

Steam the green beans til crisp-tender, shock in ice water and drain. Combine the cabbage and feta in a serving bowl. For the dressing, mix the oil, vinegar and thyme in a small bowl. Add green beans to the cabbage mixture, toss with the dressing and serve.

Garlic Bean Salad

2 c. cooked navy, garbanzo, kidney or pinto beans

1 stalk celery, finely chopped

3 scallions, finely chopped

2 garlic cloves

3 T. minced fresh parsley

2 T. lemon juice

1 t. dijon-style mustard

Combine beans, celery and scallion in a serving bowl. Put the garlic through a garlic press (or use the prepared minced garlic, 1 teaspoon) and add it to the serving bowl along with the parsley.

In a small jar combine oil, lemon juice and mustard. Shake and pour over the salad. Toss to combine and chill before serving.

For extra spicy, sprinkle a bit of ground cayenne pepper.

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Avocados Eldorado

2 large avocados

1 lime, squeezed

1/2 cantaloupe or melon of your choice

3/4 c. seedless green grapes Honev

Cut the avocados in half lengthwise and remove pit. Sprinkle cut halves with some lime juice to prevent discoloring. Using a melon baller, cut out a dozen small balls from the melon half. Place a mixture of melon balls and grapes in the avocado halves. Sprinkle with lime juice and drizzle with a little honey.

Chili Bean Dip

1 large ripe tomato, chopped

1 medium onion, chopped 1 fresh hot pepper, halved

2 garlic cloves

2 T. tamari

4 t. chili powder

2 t. ground cumin

2 c. cooked kidney beans

Place all ingredients, except for the beans, in a blender and process on medium til smooth. Add 1 cup of the beans and process til blended. Add remaining beans and repeat. Serve dip with natural corn chips or corn tacos.

Pineapple Ambrosia

1/2 ripe pineapple

1/4 c. chopped walnuts

1/4 c. sour cream

Peel, core and cube the pineapple half, drain. In a serving dish, toss with the chopped walnuts and sour cream. Add a dash of cardamom, if desired, and serve immediately.

Whipped Dessert Topping

1 c. ricotta cheese

1 T. honey

1/2 t. vanilla extract

Place ricotta in a blender with the honey and vanilla, process on low speed til the mixture is smooth and has the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Chill. If too thick, add a few teaspoons of milk.

Peanut Butter Lover's Nightcap

1 T. peanut butter, smooth

1 1/2 t. honey

1 c. milk

1/2 t. vanilla extract

Place peanut butter and honey in small saucepan with a few spoonfuls of the milk. Stir over low heat til smooth. Add remaining milk and vanilla, stir over low to medium heat til just hot. Pour through a sieve into a cup and serve immediately. Different and surprisingly comforting before bedtime!



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Memories of Brahan Spring

by Phillip Johnson

"The Spring" was what we Village boys called it when we referred to Brahan Spring. I recall that the mill company owned and maintained the spring. A single cinder-covered lane at the end of Ivy Avenue led up to the spring. Automobile traffic was discouraged by a cattle guard and locked field gate. A wayside entrance was constructed for the convenience of the villagers who wanted to pasture their cows, and a barbed wire fence enclosed the pasture that surrounded the spring.

Some weeks during the summer months the mill would open the gates for fishing and picnicking. We would simply slide under an eroded washout as various locations around the fence. We caught brim, bluegill and shellcracker if we were lucky - we all loved to fish back then.

There was lots of algae covering the top of the water, which posed an obstacle for us boys. Wayne Quick concocted a technique by using a long cane pole,

twine and a hook. We would tie the twine to the pole, then a hook to the other end of the twine, then finally apply a fat red worm to the hook. We would loft the pole into the air, slinging the line out and over the algae. We caught so many dark, fat brim this way, I lost count. We also had some good times frog gigging around the edges of the spring.

We found so many Indian artifacts in that area near the mud flat - I figured there must have been some Indian homes there at one time.

Some of the older guys who were residents of the village fished at the spring quite often. Abe Daniel and Pete Hammond were two that come to mind. Abe was a member of a very large family, whose father died when he was just a teenager. He had to quit school and go to work to help support his family. He was a loom fixer in the mill, and told me how he would get up every morning for work and take cold biscuits and streak of lean for lunch. A shelf was designated as the location for storing lunches. Abe made use of the same sack for several days, causing the sack to become quite greasy. One day while on his lunch break he noticed a clean brown sack. He thought he would take this one and leave his greasy one but when he looked inside the sack all he found was a hammer and two hickory nuts.

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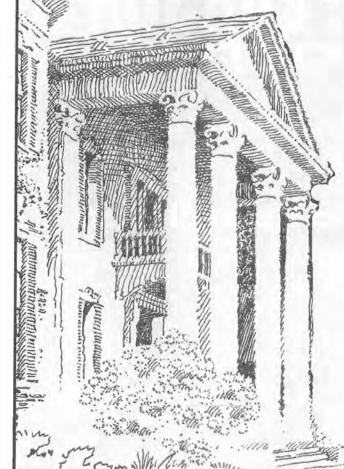
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Huntsville's Ladies of the Night

by Judy Wills

The theme of the wicked lady with the heart of gold runs through our literature from the Biblical Rahab, the Harlot, an ancestor of Jesus, to that friend of Rhett Butler's, Belle Watley, in Gone With The Wind.

Huntsville has its own version, but it was fact, not fiction.

Huntsville Hospital owes its existence to the generosity of the town's most colorful madam, Mollie Teal. She bequeathed her house, the most popular bordello in town, first to a friend, and then upon the friend's death to the City of Huntsville. It became the City Infirmary and operated until 1926 as a hospital. It was one of the most modern hospitals in North Alabama, even having its own School of Nursing.

It remained in operation until Huntsville Hospital opened.

Mollie became quite well off

"There are two means of refuge from the miseries of life: Music and Cats."

Albert Schweitzer

financially as a result of her "business." She bought the house at the corner of St. Clair and Gallatin for a mere \$300 and a few years later was able to mortgage it for \$1,900 - a debt she soon repaid. It was an extravagant, well-run house where a shot of whiskey could be had for 25 cents and the favors of an attentive lass would cost you \$5 for the night.

Legend has it that the whiskey she served was made in her own

still located in a building behind the house.

Part of the public's confidence in Mollie probably was the fact that her girls had regular health inspections.

Miss Bessie Russell, for whom the branch library is named, was the widow of the physician who was charged with health inspections at Mollie's place.

Mrs. Russell remembered her mother talking about Mollie, say-







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ing "she was the most attractive person you ever saw." She always carried a parasol and when she took her afternoon ride in her long black carriage with the two black horses, she was considered, by most people, to be an extremely glamourous lady.

Mollie was an acute business woman who knew the value of publicity. One year, during the 4th of July parade, she dressed her ladies in their finest garb and joined the parade, to the delight of many onlookers. She was not on the official parade schedule, but as an observer later commented. "She did add interest."

Mollie's ghost was said by many to have haunted the hospital for years after her death. There was a screen door that had a habit of slamming and hooking itself shut. The long time employees joked that it was Mollie checking on the customers.

Another legend concerns her grave in Maple Hill Cemetery. Ever since her death almost a century ago, fresh flowers have been periodically placed on her grave. No one knows who is doing it.

While Mollie Teal is the most colorful and the best known of Huntsville's "Fancy Ladies," she was certainly not the only one. Minnie Maples' establishment, though smaller than Mollie's, was equally well known around the turn of the century. She and her employees advertised their wares by dressing up and promenading on the city's sidewalks. Heavily made up, wearing big flowery hats and exquisite clothing, they attracted much attention on their daily excursions.

May Wells, June Martin, Jewel Earl, and "Gashouse Carrie" were other prominent Huntsville madams, but in the 1920s and 30s the best known was Hazel Battle. Her

house was located near the present day site of Meadow Gold Dairy, and though illegal, had the reputation of being a well regulated house. The only disturbances were an occasional police raid when some of the girls would be jailed long enough to get their health checkups.

Many of Huntsville's outstanding citizens were regular patrons of the houses, as evidenced by an incident that happened in the late 1800s. One of the bordellos caught fire and the fire department quickly showed up and extinguished the blaze, which

"You know you're getting older when you keep more food than beer in you fridge."

Mike Crisco



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proved to be minor. Needless to say, the girls were so impressed by the brave, courageous firemen that they invited them to stay for a while and "relax."

And needless to say, when word spread among the volunteer fire department of the madam's offer, other firemen, even from out in the county, began showing up, "just to make sure the fire is out."

Unfortunately, the Huntsville Police Department chose this exact time to stage one of their raids. The firemen were promptly arrested and thrown in the calaboose. Furious, the volunteer firemen resigned, leaving Huntsville without fire protection until the matter was straightened out.

Some of the prostitutes married well. Miss Bessie Russell remembered that her husband was astonished at the number of young men who married women right out of the houses. Though "polite society" never mentions the fact, there are still several elderly matriarchs in Huntsville today who got their start in a much more colorful place than the Huntsville Country Club.

"Just remember, if the world did not suck, we would all fall off."

Eddie Schmidt, Athens

Huntsville News From 1923

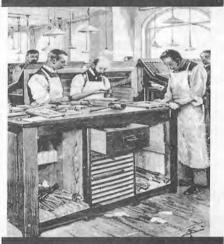
- Two boys, Lonnie Jones, 16, and Warren Sanders, 14, will be held in Huntsville for the arrival of their parents this week. They said they lived near Scottsboro and were taken in charge by Chief Hackworth. Their parents had telephoned the chief to notify him that the boys had traveled to Huntsville, after telling them that they "wanted to see the world." They were without money and seemed quite ready to return home after seeing enough of the world and its hardness.
- While riding his bicycle on Walker Street Sunday, Howard Larkin, a small boy, was run into and knocked from his wheel by an automobile driven by Henry Thomas. Young Larkin was jolted but not seriously injured.
- Messrs. James McGill and Lee Guy have perfected a new automobile light with which they intend to apply for a patent. The light will contain a revolving fan on one end and colored lights on the other, the lights being generated from a dry battery and being operated by the car. The gentle-

men have tried out their light with complete success. They expect to build a plant here to manufacture their invention.

- Mrs. William Halsey entertained the members of the Friday Morning Card Club at her summer home on Monte Sano. A most enjoyable way to spend the day was had. Miss Beirne Spragins won the first prize, the consolation being cut by Mrs. M. H. May.



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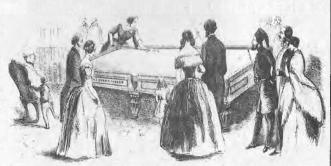
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A Strange Reunion

from 1893 newspaper

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

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

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

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

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

Soon after the news of Holland's death, Mr. Brock and his family moved west. They settled first on the Mississippi River, a short distance below Memphis, but a year later they moved to western Arkansas. They left few relatives or intimate friends in Alabama and in a few years their old neighbors had forgotten them, and no one knew their address.

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

About two months after the close of the war John Holland came back to his old home, to the

great surprise and joy of his relatives and friends who believed him dead. He had only been severely wounded and taken prisoner, when it was reported that he was killed, and was a prisoner on Johnson's Island when the war ended.

Holland was unable to learn the whereabouts of his wife's fam-

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

He took charge of the little farm and in a few years was making a comfortable living. Two years after his return he married the daughter of one of his neighbors and the two lived happily together for twelve years when his wife died, leaving him four children.

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

Life in the 1800's

- 95 percent of all Americans lived on farms or in towns of less than 2,500 people.
- Half of the women could write their names, while 2/3 of the men were literate.
- Most women married at 23 or 24 and most men at 26.
- About a third of the women who married were pregnant on their wedding day. They could expect to become pregnant every two or three years thereafter, having 5 to 10 pregnancies in a lifetime. So many young children died of disease or infection that a mother could expect to have three to eight surviving children.

Original Orange Pie

Line a 9" pie plate with pastry; flute edges. Partially bake pie shell in 400 F. oven 5 minutes.

BEAT: 3 egg yolks ADD: 1/4 cup cream BLEND: 1 cup sugar, 2 tsp flour, I tbl butter

ADD: the egg yolk mixture, beat well MIX IN: I tbl grated orange rind

1/3 cup fresh orange juice

Pour into partially baked pie shell. Bake in 325 F. oven 40 minutes; or until custard doesn't wiggle in the middle. Cool. Cover pie with meringue made with whites of the three eggs. Bake in 300 F. oven 15 to 20 minutes or until brown. Cool and serve.

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On October 6, 2005, the club will hold its annual Installation Luncheon and the following members will be duly installed as Club Officers and Directors for the coming year:

President - Hank Miller

President-Elect - Hartwell Lutz

2nd Vice President - Ray Weinberg

Secretary - Ben Vizzier

Treasurer - Kinley Eittreim

Past President - William Russell

Director - Victor Grimes

Director - Dr. Tom Neely

Director - William Sevey

Director - Martin Burke

Director - Gordon Dison

Director - Emmett Boylan

Director - Steve Harris

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Hugh Cort - Winston DeShields - Kinley Eittreim - Ernest Francis - Neil Cocker - Vic Grimes
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Andy Karabinos - Hartwell Lutz - John Martin - Hank Miller - Archie Murchie
Tom Neely - Chuck Owens - Wilbur Patterson - Wendal Payne - Roscoe Roberts - Shelsie Ross
Donald Royston - Bill Russell - Bill Sevey - Reggie Skinner - Joe Sloan - Walt Terry
John Vaughn - Ben Vizzier - Ray Weinberg - James Winning - Sam Zeman

Young Girl Scalped At Cotton Mill

from 1917 newspaper

While Emelia Grinnell, a young girl, was working last week in a local cotton mill, under a shaft which was going at the rate of 200 revolutions per minute, her hair, which was very long, got caught in the knuckle joint, and in an instant was torn completely from her head. It took with it all the flesh and muscles, as well.

"From a line," says a local paper, "drawn around from each eyebrow, her skull was left white and bare, without a trace of blood or flesh." The strangest part of the accident is that she felt little or no pain, declaring that while it was being torn off all she experienced was a tickling sensation of her head.

She coolly walked out of the room and waited patiently for a buggy to take her home. Her only regret was the fright it would cause her mother.

The scalp, with its beautiful long locks of brown hair, was curled and entwined around the shaft at the joint, and when the mill was stopped it was taken down, but no one had the presence of mind to place it back on her head. It was nearly perfect, and the doctors have determined to tan it with the hair still on, so

that when the girl recovers, it may be used as a wig. The case is one of the most shocking on record.

"I just got lost in thought. It wasn't familiar territory."

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A Sack of Flour

by Tillman Williams

Roland Dublin told me a story about his father. One day, in around 1943, his father told Roland's oldest brother to pick up a 48-pound of flour from the local grocery store in Madison. On the way to the store, his brother heard the whistle of the train coming down the tracks and decided on the spot to use the money his dad had given him, and take the train as far west as he could get towards California.

Roland can't remember where exactly his brother got to, but he was gone for 2 years. When he decided to come back home to Madison, he remembered that he was supposed to have picked up

a 48-pound sack of flour for his dad. He did that and when he got home he saw his father sitting by the fire, same as ever, whittling. The brother walked in and dropped the sack of flour on the kitchen table.

His father barely looked up when he asked, "Son, where in the world did you have to go to get that sack of flour??"

Grandma's Banana Bread

3/4 c. shortening

l c. granulated sugar

2 eggs. beaten

3 crushed bananas

2 c. flour

1 t. baking soda

1/2 c. chopped pecans

In a large bowl, mix in order given and pour into greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 60 minutes. Serve warm with tea or coffee - Wonderful!



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A Five Cent Hamburger

"It may be a good idea," said the loan officer, "but we don't loan money for good ideas."

Disappointed, Sam Sherril returned to work where he donned his apron and began flipping hamburgers the same way he had been doing everyday for years.

His restaurant, the Nu Way Restaurant, was highly popular and was renowned for the small, square, five-cent hamburgers. It had become a virtual fixture on the North Side Square in Huntsville, with people waiting in line everyday.

Though Sam put aside any ideas of expanding his restaurant, his son Glenn did not give up as easily. In 1932 Glenn moved to Chattanooga and opened a small restaurant with a partner, serving the same hamburgers his father had served.

Within a few years the restaurant had become so successful

that the partners began opening up others across the country.

Neither man had any idea at the time that they were founding a business that would eventually become one of the largest fast food businesses in the South the Krystal Restaurants.

Brown Almond Rice

1 can Beef Consumme 1 can French onion soup 1/2 stick butter 1/2 t. each salt & pepper

1 sm. pkg slivered almonds, toasted

1 c. white rice

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Put all ingredients in 1 1/2 qrt. casserole dish. Bake for one hour. Stir once in about 30 minutes.

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- Gourmet kitchen with top of the line appliances, 2 islands with black granite countertops, opens to large breakfast/family room and library



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Lovely historic home in **Old Town** features open spacious rooms, 2850 sq ft., 4 bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths with new central heat & air, new wiring, and 2 year old roof.

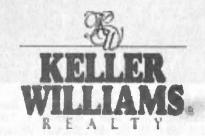
This home includes a Jenn-Air gas cooktop, wet bar in family room, gas log fireplace, screen/sun porch, patio, deck, wrap-around porch, two car garage, sprinkler system, landscaping, and alley access from the rear.

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News From The Year 1903

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Immigrant Tax Passed

"undesirables" from the United Ireland alone sent more than a States was passed today by the million persons to the United Congress. This latest move to curb growing immigration to million aliens had arrived in the what was once called the "Promised Land" will place a \$2/head tax on all arriving aliens. The tax must be paid at the port of entry by the master or owner of the vessel on which the immigrant arrives.

The money would be placed in what is called the "Immigrant Fund" to defray the expenses of administering the new law. The tax would not be levied on those in transit through the United States nor on those who have sold its first automobile in Depreviously paid it. The new law would also exclude from admission to the country certain persons, such as idiots, convicted felons, polygamists, anarchists, Henry Ford. A native of the insane, epileptics and women Dearborn, Michigan, Ford has of bad repute.

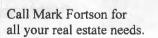
Only in recent years has the United States sought to stem the flow of immigration. During the early to middle years of the last century, the country welcomed all

A bill seeking to bar certain newcomers. During that period, States. By 1900, an estimated 35 United States from throughout much of the civilized world, principally from Europe.

Ford Sells **First Auto**

The Ford Motor Company troit today. Its internal combustion engine, which is powered by two cylinders, was designed by the Vice President of the firm, been experimenting with powerdriven vehicles for more than 20 years. Ford hopes to mass-produce the new Model A's and keep their cost as low as possible so many people can afford them.

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Ex-Slaves Demand Pensions

Negro clergymen threatened today to lead a revolt against the Republican Party unless pensions are given to former slaves. Just last fall, the leaders of the revolt had promised to call off their movement after receiving promises from the Roosevelt administration that it would fight the "Lily Whites" in the South.

A bill to grant pensions to former Negro slaves has been before Congress for a number of years, but it has never been passed into law. There is much opposition to the bill.



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Agreement Reached on Panama Canal

The United States and Columbia have reached an agreement that will allow construction of the Panama canal. Secretary of State John Hay and Columbian Charge d'Affairs Tomas Herran signed the treaty today in Washington. It now must be ratified by the Senate.

Until the last minute, many interested observers feared that the Columbian government would never agree to all of the requests of the United States, requiring the President to begin talks with Nicaragua about the alternate canal route. At this time, details of the treaty are not known, especially the price and the annual rental the United States must pay.

An earlier dispute over the length of the lease was settled when Columbia ceded the land in perpetuity.

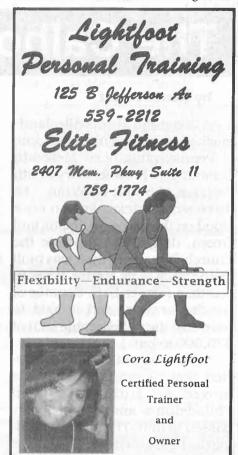
Cuba Leases Naval Base to United States

Cuba's constitutional convention has ended with agreement to accept the Platt amendment urged on it by the United States. Had it not done so, the United States government would not have recognized any eventual Cuban constitution.

Under the amendment, Cuba accedes to American intervention if Cuban independence is threatened, or the Cuban government violates personal rights to life and property. In addition, Cuba consents to lease to the United States the naval bases of Guantanamo and Bahia Honda.

Cuba also agrees to incur no debts larger than it can repay, and to perpetuate sanitary improvements made during American military rule, which most notably stamped out yellow fever. The status of the Isle of Pines is to be determined later.

Most observors do not expect the United States to keep the base for more than a few years.



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The Calhoun House

by Ranee Pruitt

A longtime Huntsville landmark was the magnificent home of Pennsylvania-born Meredith Calhoun and his wife, Mary Smith Calhoun of South Carolina. The three-story brick mansion once stood on the corner of Eustis and Green, diagonally opposite the Church of the Nativity. It was built in the 1830s by Judge William Smith, a former U. S. Senator of South Carolina, and is said to have cost the unbelievable sum of \$75,000 to build.

When Meredith Calhoun married Smith's granddaughter, he moved to Huntsville from Philadelphia and the property passed to him. The lot surrounding the house then consisted of the entire block, all fenced in and beautifully landscaped with trees. flowers, and gardens. Sculptures brought from Calhoun's trips to Europe decorated the home, while paintings by noted 17th and 18th century artists enhanced the beauty of the walls. Elegant is the only word to describe the Calhoun house, which once played host to stately soirees for Huntsville's antebellum elite.

Meredith Calhoun's interests also extended to Louisiana, however, and during the 1850s he spent much of his time in that State. His absence is understandable, since he owned a plantation there valued at over one million dollars. Calhoun also purchased a Louisiana newspaper, which he renamed the National Democrat. Calhoun maintained

"I drive way too fast to worry about cholesterol."

Barb Eyestone, Madison

his Huntsville home and spent at least part of each year in our city. But the brutal War Between the States would soon destroy the world as he knew it.

A Douglas Democrat in the 1860 presidential campaign, Meredith Calhoun was opposed to secession from the Union. Perhaps to avoid the coming unpleasantness, he had gone to France for a lengthy holiday. When the war commenced, he managed to return to Huntsville by way of Canada. Calhoun crossed the bor-

der at Detroit and travelled south, pretending to be a Frenchman who spoke no English. Thus he was able to pass through the Union lines and return. He left the city when the Union Army threatened to invade, and spent the rest of the war in Europe.

When the Union army captured Huntsville on April 11, 1862, the impressive Calhoun house was certain to attract attention. Gen. Ormsby Mitchel made his home in the McDowell house on Adams Street. But the art treasures of the Calhoun house had not escaped his attention. Mitchel had many of them, plus some of the furniture, moved to decorate





his headquarters.

Because of its size, Mitchel also turned the Calhoun house into a military hospital. When the Union forces withdrew from Huntsville on Aug. 31, 1862, the returning Confederates found the Calhoun house filled with sick and wounded Yankees.

The ailing bluecoats were held there until they could be exchanged a few weeks later, the home thus becoming a military prison. Huntsville would change hands several more times during the war, and both sides continued to use the Calhoun house as a hospital. By the war's end in 1865, it had been greatly defaced and largely looted.

Meredith Calhoun died not long after the war, and his widow followed him in 1871. Their home was used as headquarters for the occupying Federal troops during Reconstruction, and the Calhoun heirs agreed to sell the house to the U. S. Government. After Reconstruction ended, it became a Federal court house.

The house attracted national attention in 1884, when Missouri outlaw Frank James was tried in it for allegedly robbing a Federal paymaster at Muscle Shoals. Frank's brother, Jesse James, had recently been murdered in a controversial assassination arranged by the Governor of Missouri. Thus there was considerable sympathy in Huntsville for the famous outlaw.

Since the evidence seemed contradictory, Huntsville's LeRoy Pope Walker was able to win an acquittal for Frank James, making headlines all across the nation. Unfortunately for James, he was immediately rearrested and taken to Missouri for another trial. There he was convicted and sentenced to life in prison.

In 1888 the once lovely mansion became the Huntsville Academy. The halls where formal parties had been held, Civil War soldiers had died, and the gavel had rapped in famous trials, now echoed to the laughter of the young women of prominent North Alabama families. Alas, financial panic in the.. 1890s would close the school, and the Calhoun house stood empty and forlorn.

Not long before the First World War, the building was razed to the ground. A grocery store stood on the site for many years, but was torn down in the early 1970s to make way for a parking lot. Only a brief and not very informative historical marker remains to suggest what once happened on this now asphalt-covered spot.

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Dr. Frank Jordan

by Austin Miller

Dr. Frank Jordan, pronounced Jerdan, was born and raised at Ryland. He went to the Ryland School that was located next to the brick graveyard at the corner of what is now Ryland Pike and Dug Hill Road.

In those days life was hard for most Ryland people. They were mostly sharecroppers who scratched out an existence on somebody else's land. The Jordan family was atypical in that they were landowners with connections that went back to the founding fathers. If there had been an aristocracy in Ryland, they would have been in that class. His family lived in Ryland at least

as far back as the early 1800's. Dr. Jordan's father was also a Doctor and the future Dr. Jordan didn't have to live as hard as his classmates and friends. At a time when it was a rarity for Ryland children to go to school at all, he earned an undergraduate degree from Vanderbilt University and his MD from Jefferson Memorial College in Philadelphia. After becoming a Doctor, he did special studies at Johns Hopkins and then worked in California. He soon came home and practiced medicine in Huntsville and Madison County for more than fifty years.

People stood in awe of Dr. Jordan. It was common for people to name their children after him. One was my uncle Frank Miller, whose full name was Frank Jordan Miller. He was a physician in the mold of the fictitious Dr. Gaylon Adams on Gunsmoke. His office

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was in Huntsville, but he made house calls and saw Ryland patients at his house. If they didn't have money, which was usually the case, he treated them anyway. When you went to see him, he took care of the problem himself. He didn't refer you to a specialist or run tests. He made a diagnosis based on his examination and what you told him. Whatever your ailment, he treated it and you usually had a diagnosis as soon as the examination was over. A surgeon, he treated everything from heart trouble to cancer. There is no doubt that he misdiagnosed some ailments but there is also no doubt that he saved countless lives. A misdiagnosis must have been rare because people trusted him to the point that it gave them an added edge in the healing process. I have heard many people say, including my father, that no matter how sick you were, you started feeling better as soon as Dr. Jordan walked

into the room.

On the surface he appeared to be the typical stereotype of a southern country Doctor. In reality he was one of the most prominent Doctors in Huntsville and one of the best if not the best surgeon in the south. He was a recognized expert on emphysema and was known both nationally and internationally. In the 1930's he wrote a paper for the Russian government on the disease, that they used for years as a reference.

He was the Miller family Doctor for all the fifty or so years that he practiced. In the early 1920's when the family lived on the Spragins place in Huntsville, he operated on Uncle Robert for an abscessed lung. He cut an incision in to the lung, lanced the abscess and placed a tube through the incision to drain the abscess. This took most of the night and Doctor Jordan stayed the whole time. The astonishing thing was that he did the surgery

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in my grandparent's kitchen, on the kitchen table under the dim light of kerosene lamps. He put Uncle Robert to sleep with ether through a rag and his only attendant was my grandmother. To say the least, sanitary conditions were not good and there were no antibiotics to fight infection. Despite less than ideal conditions, the surgery was successful, Uncle Robert, then a boy, recovered and lived to be 93 years old. The table now serves as the kitchen table in the home of my brother Berns Miller whom Dr. Jordan delivered at our house in 1946.

Dr. Jordan lived on a big farm. It bordered Flint River and had at least one spring and a clear spring-fed branch that ran across the land into the river. The streams were ideal for fishing. swimming or just enjoying the beauty of nature. In winter, it was a good place to hunt. Most of the land was ideal for cattle, hay, cotton and corn. Two generations of the Gossett family lived and worked as sharecroppers on the farm. It's where Mr. James Gossett. raised a family of five boys and one girl. After Mr. Gossett died, most of his children struck out on their own. His oldest son Clyde stayed with his wife and young son, Clyde Junior (Bill). Clyde, nicknamed Ox, was Daddy's best friend and I

"Patient has 2 teenage children, but no other abnormalities."

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remember going there in the forties with Mama and Daddy to visit. This past spring, Bill and I went back to the old Gossett home site. There is nothing there now but the spring where they got water but I still felt a strong sense of familiarity with the place.

Dr. Jordan's house still stands. It is located, appropriately, on Jordan Rd., about a mile from Ryland Pike. Now owned by the Howie family, it is in good repair and looks like it did as far back as I can remember. The house was a landmark for the community. For example, it was located to the northeast of the Ryland Store. If you gave somebody directions to a place northeast of the store, you didn't say to the northeast, you said back toward Dr. Jordan's and everybody knew the direction you meant.

By all accounts he was generous and honest in dealing with his tenants. One great benefit of living on his place was you could

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from Dr. Jordan's house. He told Daddy that you could always tell when one of his patients was in serious condition: The light in his bedroom would be on into the wee hours and you could see him through the window pacing back and forth. It appears that Dr. Jordan was one surgeon who never became callous about his patients.

I remember him as a tall, slender, frail man with gray hair. When I was sick as a baby, Mama and Daddy took me up the river afoot to see him. I don't recall those trips but I do remember one visit when I was in the first grade. For whatever reason, sitting in school one day, I stuck two pieces of crayon in my ear. They became lodged in the ear canal and after a few days started causing me to have the earache. By then we had moved from the river to our current home place in Ryland. On Sunday morning, Daddy took me to Dr. Jordan's house. It was less than a mile across the fields and we walked. It was a warm fall day and Dr. Jordan was piddling around in a small building adjacent to his house. He looked in my ear and saw the problem right away. He took a fine piece of wire and bent the end into the shape of a small fishhook. When the make shift instrument was finished, he snaked the colors out in about two seconds. After a stern lecture to me about putting things in my ears, he and Daddy talked a long time. As busy as he was, he seemed to have all the time in the world and wanted to talk. Very few people if any came to visit for the sake of visiting. If you went to see Dr. Jordan, you had a problem and needed his help. He was naturally separated from his neighbors by his profession and station in life. The rumor was that his wife Ethyl. who was a clerk at Kresses when he met her, was very difficult to get along with. As a result, outside his work, he must have led a very lonely life.

In his retirement years, one of his favorite places to come to was the Ryland Store. He usually got a soft drink and snack. It always interested me that such a prominent man would enjoy a common treat and shooting the breeze with the loafers at the store. Another place that I saw him often was at the Jordan portion of Ryland cemetery. It is the part east of Shiloh Church surrounded by the rock wall. Before he died he gave Finis Parton a sum of money to set up a trust fund to take care of his family's burial place. This was necessary because Dr. Jordan had no children and there were no heirs left to look after the cemetery. When Finis got too old, he turned the trust over to my brother Gregory. Recently Gregory turned it over to Richard Parton, Finis' son. I know Richard will be a wise steward of the fund as were



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his predecessors. To do otherwise would be an unforgivable break in trust with one of Ryland's oldest and most prominent families.

Dr. Jordan died in 1963 at the age of 79. His is buried in the family plot next to the rock wall close to Dug Hill Road. His marker is small and simple as are all the stones in that section. When compared to his statue as a man and all the lives he saved, it seems tiny.

Deputy Shoots His Own Car

from 1923 newspaper

Mistaking a car driven usually by himself, a deputy sheriff, in a chase with a suspected dry law violator, poured a volley of shot into his own car Wednesday night in which he had an idea a bootlegger was riding.

The chase for suspected bootleggers was not in vain, as a man driving an identical Ford car suspected of containing liquor, was caught but with no liquor being found in the car. After an extensive search, the car was found empty and the man was permitted to go on his way.

The chase was a long one and rather devious, through several streets in what is known as Patton addition.

The sheriff is having the car, which is quite full of holes, repaired soon.

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Is It Time To Review Your Beneficiaries?

Retirement plans such as 401(k)s and IRAs are considered part of a taxable estate - but they are not covered by a will. Over time, retirement accounts may become one of an investor's largest assets. But when it comes to estate plan-

ning, retirement plans are often neglected. For example, if you established a revocable living trust, did you name your trust

as a beneficiary?

Are the beneficiaries who were originally designated the same ones you would choose to-day? Do you even remember exactly how you filled out that form so long ago? It's possible that your family situation has changed, which makes it a good time for a thoughtful review.

When an investor first opens a new 401(k) or IRA, a small account balance may cause the participant to overlook the importance of beneficiary designations. Some investors may leave the form blank initially and forget to add the correct designation at a later date. Often an account owner will name a spouse as the beneficiary, but list no secondary beneficiary. This could be a problem if the spouse passes away before the account owner.

If no living beneficiary is named, the company could decide to cash out the accounts and add them to the owner's es-



tate. This action may result in a costly combination of estate and income taxes for the inheriting party, and could leave a balance equal to a fraction of its original value. If minor children are named as beneficiaries and the owner

dies, the state could keep control of the money until they

reach legal age.

Remember that events such as marriage, divorce, having children or grandchildren, and even the death of a family member could prompt the need to make beneficiary changes. If so, request the necessary form from your financial institution and keep a copy for your own records with your other estate planning documents.

Your family could pay an extremely high price if you ignore the role of your retirement plans in your estate planning. Periodically, you should check the beneficiary designations of all accounts to make sure that they are still the best choice for your personal situation.

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Carved in Stone

No one remembers what the fight was about. Some say it was about a woman while others say it was a bad debt.

What is known however, is that Curry Turner and A.J. Warren met on the front porch of a small country store on June 5, 1901. Harsh words were exchanged and Warren left to go to his buggy. Perhaps fearing that Warren was going to get a gun, Turner pulled his own gun and shot him dead.

Turner was arrested but was found innocent after pleading self defense. Many people later claimed that Turner, a wealthy man who owned a gin and grist mill, was found innocent because of his wealth and standing in the community.

If Turner hoped the controversy would be quickly forgotten, he was soon to learn different.

Warren's family, after packing all their worldly belongings in a wagon, traveled to the nearby graveyard at the Madison Cross Roads Presbyterian Church where they placed a tombstone on their slain kin's grave.

Afterwards they got back in their wagon and continued their journey. Although they would never return to Madison County they left behind a grim reminder of their departed kin.

Carved in stone and weathered by age, the words remind everyone of a bloody encounter on a store's front porch over a hundred years ago.

A. J. Warren Born April 19, 1847 Murdered by Curry Turner June 5, 1901

The Failure

In the spring of 1872, a young soldier visited Huntsville with an interesting proposition for our city's leaders.

He wanted to supply Huntsville's police force with uniforms. Although many Northern policemen already wore uniforms, the idea had not yet caught on very well in the South, partially because of the cost.

For the small towns still recovering economically from the Civil War, even a small item like uniforms was considered exorbitant.

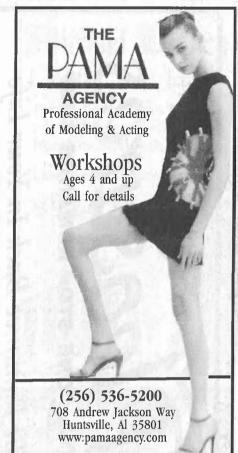
The young soldier however, had an idea. At the end of the war he had seen hundreds of thousands of Federal uniforms lying useless in warehouses. After purchasing a quantity of them for a pittance, he had a tailor in Cincinnati alter them.

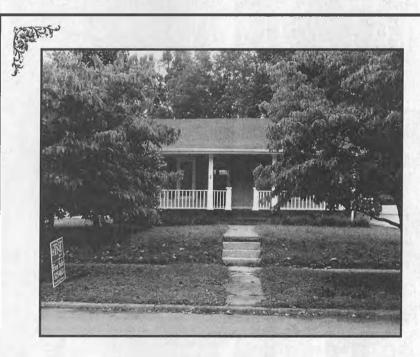
Now he was traveling the South, offering the modified uniforms at a price much lower than the competition.

Whether or not he was the salesman who actually persuaded the city to clothe its policemen in blue has been lost in history. We do know for a fact however, that two months after his visit, our policemen had uniforms.

Despite his skills at salesmanship, the young soldier's business never really got off the ground. Faced with the prospect of failure, the young warrior once again returned fulltime to his military career.

Unfortunately, that too ended in failure. A few years later the young soldier, George Armstrong Custer, was killed at the battle of Little Big Horn.







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Sergeant Paul Bolden

the young soldier that could have been considered extraordinary. On the contrary, he was quiet, almost bashful and his slow, Southern drawl belied the shyness of a country boy who felt ill at ease wearing the stripes of a staff sergeant.

Even as a young boy, Paul Bolden never doubted that one day he would be called on to serve his country. The child of share-cropper parents, he had been raised as a son of the South, where duty and honor was a birthright, and heritage, no matter how rich or how poor, was something you fought for.

When Bolden was called up in the draft at the beginning of World War II he never questioned his obligation. With his occupation as a farmer he could have easily received a deferment. Many other young men in Madison County, fearful of receiving draft notices, had already decided that following the wrong end of a mule was preferable to carrying a rifle and slogging through mud in some far away country.

Instead, on the designated day, Bolden rose before daylight and after kissing his mother good-bye and carrying the lunch she had packed for him in a tin pail, began the long walk to town.

Paul Bolden was later described by his superiors as a "natural soldier." Coming from a large family, he easily fit into the Army's regimentation and his quiet and unquestioning manner

"Of the four wars in my lifetime, none came about because the U.S. was too strong."

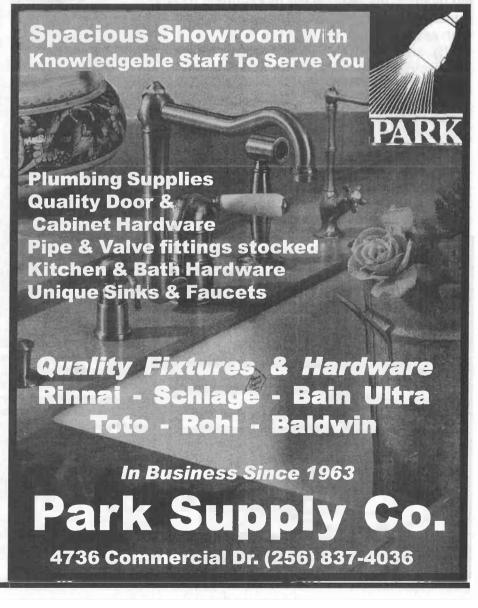
Ronald Reagan

made him popular with his fellow soldiers. Years of hunting squirrels and rabbits around Hobbs Island had made him as comfortable with weapons as were the clothes on his back.

When the Allies launched the invasion of Europe in 1944, there was instant jubilation in the free world. People everywhere predicted the war would be over by Christmas. The Huntsville newspaper confidently predicted, "The struggle is won; all that is left is the mopping up!"

For the soldiers landing on the beaches of France however, the





war had just begun. The next six months would be an unending horror of close-up combat, the kind that only riflemen can ever experience. Mud, fatigue and death became daily companions while the shadow of fear hung over every battlefield like a dark shadowy fog.

"I was afraid the first day in combat," Bolden later recalled, "and I was afraid up to the last minute of the last day."

The 30th Infantry Division, of which Bolden was a member, fought its way across France, from hedgerow to hedgerow and from village to village, meeting a strong and determined German resistance at every point. Often times progress would be measured in feet, rather than miles, and marked by bodies rather than milestones.

Though Bolden had taken much teasing about his rural background (his nickname was Alabama), the other soldiers soon learned to depend on the cool judgement of the "country boy." While many other sergeants led by ordering, Bolden led by example; frequently exposing himself to danger rather than asking his men to take the risk.

By anyone's standards, Staff Sergeant Paul Bolden was the embodiment of a fighting man.

In a small village in France he won the Bronze Star for Valor. A short time later, in another nameless village, he was awarded another Bronze Star. Another village and another battle won him the Silver Star, followed soon afterwards by two more Bronze Stars for Valor.

As the German Armies retreated from



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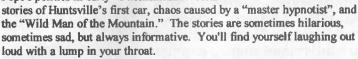
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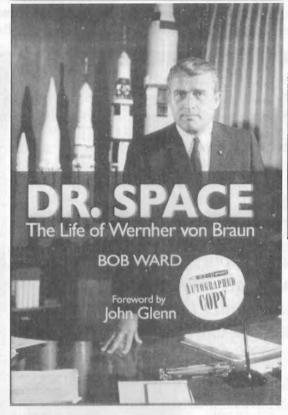
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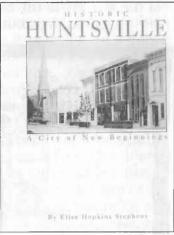
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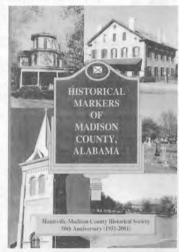
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France there was a sense everywhere that the war was winding down. Thoughts of the next day's combat were replaced with visions of going home. Even the Huntsville newspaper, while still carrying the war news, was devoting more space to the events that would follow the surrender.

In December of 1944. Bolden and his squad were encamped in Pitit Coo, Belgium, a seemingly safe place where they could realistically expect to gain a much needed rest before embarking on the final push into Germany. Unbeknownst to them however, the German High Command had other plans for the small hamlet.

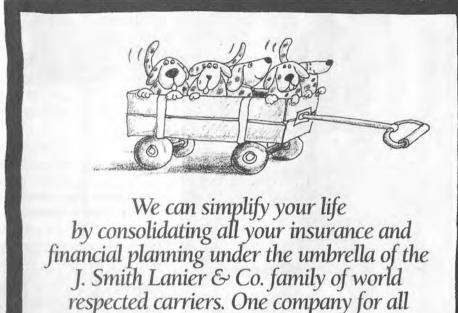
With much of Europe already in the hands of the Allies, and Germany's future hanging by a thread, Hitler decided on a bold gamble to regain the lost territory and stop the Allies' advance. The offensive would become known as the Battle of the Bulge and Petit Coo was destined to become ground zero.

The German army cut a swath of destruction through the allied forces that was unparalleled in modern military history. Within hours, soldiers who thought they were far behind enemy lines, found themselves captives of the fast moving SS and Panzer troops. Whole companies and divisions were completely surrounded and cut off. Adding to the disarray was the freezing weather and blizzard conditions described by many as one of the worst winters in his-

tory.

Napoleon once said that heroic conditions make heroic men. If that statement is true, then there were many such heroes during those first days when the outcome of the war lay in the hands of a few unshaven, frostbitten infantrymen. Thoughts of Christmas, and of going home, were pushed aside as war weary men once again rose to their duty.

One of those men was Staff Sergeant Paul Bolden, who on December 23 was pinned down in a muddy ditch by withering fire





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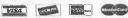
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from a nearby farm house. His company had already taken many casualties from the house, and was being pounded by heavy mortar and tank fire. To remain in the ditch meant certain death, but to move was just as deadly.

Perhaps the best way to describe what happened next is to quote directly from Bolden's service record the action for which he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"He voluntarily attacked a formidable enemy strong point in Petit Coo, Belgium, on 23 December, 1944, when his company was pinned down by extremely heavy automatic and small arms fire coming from a house two-hundred yards to the front. Mortar and tank artillery shells pounded the unit, when S/ Sgt. Bolden and a comrade, on their own initiative, moved forward into a hail of bullets to eliminate the ever increasing fire from the German position. Crawling ahead to

close with what they knew was a powerfully armed, vastly superior force, the pair reached the house and took up assault positions; S/ Sgt. Bolden under a window, his comrade across the street where he could deliver covering fire. In rapid succession, S/Sgt. Bolden hurled a fragmentation grenade and a white phosphorous grenade into the building. Then, fully realizing that he faced tremendous odds, rushed to the door, threw it open and fired into 35 SS troopers who were trying to reorganize themselves after the havoc wrought by the grenades. Twenty Germans died under fire of his sub-machine gun before he was struck in the shoulder, chest, and stomach by part of a burst which killed his comrade across the street. He withdrew from the house, waiting for the surviving Germans to come out and surrender. When none appeared in the doorway, he summoned his ebbing strength, overcame the ex-



"Don't corner something meaner than you."

Jeff Adams, 9 years old



treme pain he suffered and boldly walked back into the house, firing as he went. He had killed the remaining fifteen enemy soldiers when his ammunition ran out. S/Sgt. Bolden's heroic advance against great odds, his fearless assault, and his magnificent display of courage in reentering the building where he had been severely wounded cleared the path for his company and insured the success of its mission."

When the rest of the platoon advanced on the position, they discovered Bolden lying in a bloody and crumpled heap, a machine gun still clutched tightly in his hands. Inside the wrecked house were the bodies of 35 dead SS men.

A medic was quickly summoned and Bolden was transported to a field hospital. The harried doctors, after examining his wounds and failing to get a pulse, shook their heads and motioned for the orderlies to move the body into the next room where a makeshift morgue had been set up.

Several hours later while orderlies were placing another body in the room, one of them thought he saw a movement from Bolden. After carefully watching the body for a few moments, he hurriedly summoned the doctors who confirmed that Bolden was

still alive.

Years later Bolden would confide to a friend that he still suffered from nightmares about being left for dead.

Staff Sergeant Paul Bolden

returned to a Huntsville that was already trying to put the war behind it and move ahead to the future. Times were changing rapidly and there wasn't much need for heroes any more.



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"Yeah, they had a parade," one old-timer remembered, "and all the politicians made speeches and shook his hand and had their picture taken with him. But when the music died down most people just forgot about him.

"Later on, Paul must have traveled every road in this county trying to get a job, but he just wasn't qualified for anything. Oh, people were glad to pat him on the back and offer to buy him a drink, but there just weren't that many jobs for a person whose only skill was in killing people."

Bolden and his wife, Violet, were invited to a special White House ceremony where President Truman personally awarded him the Medal of Honor. After placing the ribbon around Paul's neck, the President stared at it for a long moment before finally saying, "I would rather have that than be President of the United States."

Bolden had always been extremely shy and now the events of the war, and winning the Medal of Honor, seemed to make him draw further into himself. Unable to find a job, he returned to share-cropping in an attempt to earn a living. He refused to talk about the war, or the medal.

This was to create even more problems for Bolden, as only a person raised in the strict social structure of a small Southern town could realize. People he had known for years, other share-croppers, now shunned him saying that being famous made him "uppity." On the other hand, many people went out of their way to criticize Bolden, saying "you would expect a Medal of Honor winner to make something out of his life besides being a sharecropper."

There was no longer a place for a hero in his own home town.

Frustrated, Bolden followed the path of thousands of other people from North Alabama who went to Chicago to work in the factories. Even there, he could not find the anonymity he craved. Invariably, a co-worker, or a neighbor would ask, "Aren't you the same Bolden who..."

The next question would always be, "What are you doing working here?"

The truth is that Bolden probably could have capitalized on his medal if he had so desired.

"There were always people with some kind of a scheme, wanting him to do this or that," a friend remembered, "but they didn't really want Paul. They just wanted to use his medal to make money and Paul didn't feel right about it."

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As war clouds gathered in Korea, Bolden, despite being forty percent disabled, talked the War Department into letting him reenlist. Possibly, he felt he was returning to the one job he was good at. Years later, when asked about his decision to return to the military, he simply said, "There was a war going on."

If he had hopes of returning to the military as a warrior, his hopes were soon dashed when the War Department decided to use him for publicity purposes. At one point he was called on to give a speech. Reluctantly, he rose from his chair and after going to the podium, stood for a long time looking at the assembled crowd. "They told me I can talk about anything I want to," he said, "but after listening to all these other people, I don't have much to say so if you don't mind, I'll just sit back down."

Though the military authorities were mortified, the crowd loved the bashful young country boy who didn't mind telling the truth. It was, however, the end

of his speaking career.

After spending another six years in the military, Bolden returned to Huntsville. Again he was cursed in his efforts to locate a job. Though Redstone Arsenal was beginning to build up and there was a shortage of workers, no one had an interest in hiring a warrior with no peacetime skills.

"Paul applied at every office on the Arsenal," recalled a friend, "but people would look at his education and his background and that would be it. I tried to get Paul to tell them who he was, and about the medal, but he wouldn't do it. Said it wouldn't be right."

Fortunately, there were still a few people who believed in heroes. When a Colonel, a grizzled old World War II veteran, heard about Bolden being turned down for a job, he immediately demanded to know why.

"He wasn't qualified," replied the personnel clerk, "and besides all these other applications are in front of his."

"Not any more!" yelled the Colonel in a voice loud enough to be heard across a sizable part of the Arsenal. Grabbing the other applications from the clerk's hands, he angrily threw them into a nearby trash can. "You don't ask a man like Paul Bolden

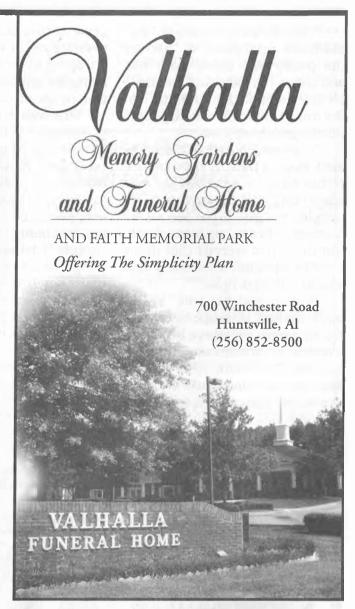


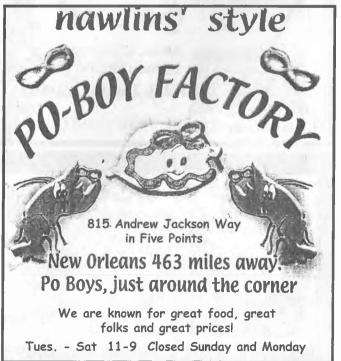
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what his qualifications are. He's already proved them and people like you better be damn grateful!"

Paul Bolden spent his final years working as a microphotographer at Redstone Arsenal. Glenn Brooks, a co-worker, described Bolden as a quiet, unassuming man who refused to be drawn into any conversation about his past. "It always amazed me," recalled Brooks, "how people worked next to him every day without having the slightest idea he had been awarded the nation's highest honor."

Occasionally there would be a brief item about him in the papers, such as when President Kennedy honored him at the White House. For the most part however, Bolden tried to remain in the background, refusing to even give interviews.

One of the few people he felt comfortable with was Audie Murphy, a movie star and also a winner of the Medal of Honor. They would often visit one another, spending hours talking about almost everything... except the war. Perhaps there were some things heroes did not need to talk about.

Many people who knew him said that the older he got, the more the war preyed on his mind. His wounds began bothering him again and every pain brought back memories of a cold wintry day in Petit-Coo, Belgium.

Sometimes, seeking relief from the memories that were haunting him, he would take refuge in the dark corner of a bar where he would sit silently for hours, not talking to anyone, waiting for the alcohol to numb the memories.

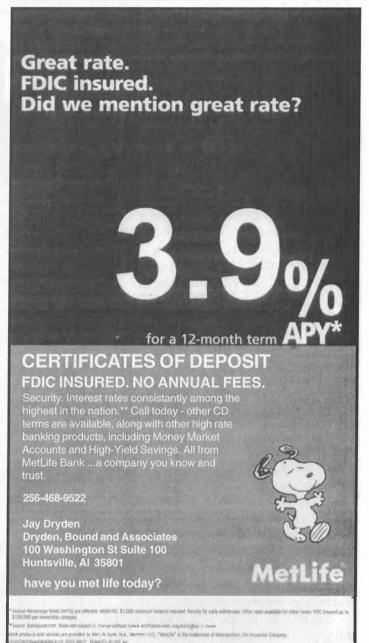
Ed Norton, an old time Huntsville policeman, remembered talking to Bolden one night in a bar. "He wasn't the kind of man to talk much, but I kept at him to tell me what happened. Finally, after several drinks, he looked at me; I still remember the pain on his face that night."

"I didn't deserve the Medal of Honor," Bolden said in a low whisper. "Those boys that died, they were the heroes."

Paul Bolden died in May of 1979. Shortly before his death, in a reflective mood, he told his wife that he, and people like him, would soon be forgotten. "People will go on to other things," he said, "and there will be no place for old soldiers."

He was right. Two Purple Hearts, four Bronze Stars for Valor, a Silver Star and the Congressional Medal of Honor and few people even remember.

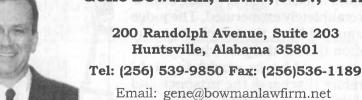




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A Man of Honor

The Huntsville Cotton Mill was created by the efforts of D. L. Love, a businessman from Mississippi. Traveling throughout the Southeast, Love aroused interest in Huntsville, found subscribers for common stock and persuaded the City to pass a 10 year exemption on taxes.

As the cotton mill began to prosper, such was not the case for its organizing genius. Love had become infatuated with the young and beautiful Ada Johnson of Huntsville. But following the demands of a busy travel schedule, Love did not press his suit in time. The newspaper on September 21, 1881 announced the marriage of Ada Johnson to "Mr. John F Lanier of Madison County." The paper further commented, "The Huntsville public was greatly surprised that Miss Ada, whose hand had been sought by so many suitors, had at last succumbed to Mr. Lanier's offer of marriage."

None was more surprised than Mr. Love who, when learning he had been jilted, lost his temper and sought to avenge his loss by besmirching her character.

So foul were his accusations that the young husband did what honorable young men of breeding were expected to do in such cases. He went to Greenville, Mississippi and killed Mr. Love.

Defended by Huntsville Attorney Captain Milton Humes, young Lanier was completely exonerated. The judge announced from the bench, "It is my opinion that he did just what I or any other man of honor would do, and I therefore discharge the prisoner and bid him go hence without delay."

"My wife and I were happy for 20 years. Then we met!"

Rodney Dangerfield





Times Have Changed



Huntsville in 1950

- 1 Courthouse
- 2 Big Spring
- 3 Farmers Market
- 4 Times Building
- 5 Post Office
- 6 Schiffman Building
- 7 Terry Hutcheons Bldg
- 8 First Alabama Bank
- 9 Five Points

Photo courtesy of Cecil Ashburn



Helping to build Huntsville for 45 Years

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Searching For My Family

from 1873 newspaper

I wish to learn the whereabouts of my folks. Before the war they lived in Madison County, Alabama and was owned by O.T. Hendricks. When the soldiers occupied Huntsville my family was taken to Montgomery, Alabama where they were sold. My father and two brothers were sold to a planter in Mississipi. My father's name was Thomas and my brothers were Job and Matthew. My mother, Polly, and sister, Little Polly, were sold to a family named Sutherland and went north after the war with a soldier. I can be contacted at this paper.

Looking For My Brother

from 1867 newspaper

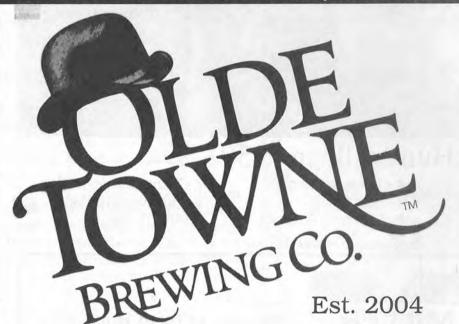
I am searching for my brother, Thomas Deaver, who ran off from his home in Morgan County and joined the Southern army in the spring of 1862. It is believed he was assigned to Forrest's calvary and captured near Shelbyville, Tennessee. He is 18 years old now, tall, almost six feet, with curly red hair.

His parents are feeble and wish to be reunited with him again before their deaths. Contact me at this paper. Expenses will be paid.



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Wild Russian In Jail

from 1923 newspaper

Many people living near the county jail and those passing were at a loss Tuesday night to understand the loud noises and bloodcurdling yells coming from the second floor windows. Investigation by a News reporter revealed that William Curtis, apparently of foreign birth and believed to be a Russian, was "whooping it up" in his cell.

Curtis was arrested some time ago, charged with breaking into some stores at New Market and confined in the County jail here. It is not known how he came to these parts, Early Tuesday night he broke off a couple of pieces of steam pipe and proceeded to flatten out all that portion of the jail within his reach. Deputies went into the cell and relieved him of the pipe. After this he began stamping his feet against the steel floor with mighty noise and he was relieved of his shoes. He kept the neighborhood awake with yells and succeeded until, having tired, he stopped.

The prisoner has also gone on a hunger strike. He has refused to cat since nine-o'clock

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Tuesday morning and as his meals are carried to him he either refuses it or knocks it from the hands of the jail deputies.

When asked about his mental condition deputies at the jail replied that "He's just mean. That's all."

He is to be tried next week and it is expected the judge will give him something else to be upset about.



Wedding Brawl

from 1897 newspaper

When young Edsel Jones got married last week he got more than he bargained for. The bride's family appeared at the ceremony in a high degree of intoxication. When asked to leave a brawl ensued, with the bride's mother leading the charge. Two law enforcement officials stopped the fight and carried the offenders to the lock-up. The couple fled to a nearby hotel where they were finally married.

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Huntsville News - 1904

- Farmers from Bell Factory district report a very heavy hail and rain storm day before yesterday. Hail fell in small chunks and cut the corn and other vegetation badly. Crops in some sections were badly washed out of the ground. For several moments it looked like a cyclone, with the people being badly frightened and a few injuries resulting.

- Deputy Collector Root made a raid near Arab in Cullman county and captured a sixty gallon copper still, 1,000 gallons of beer and four or five gallons of whiskey. H. J. Hill was arrested while at work in the establishment and was taken to Gadsden where he was tried before Commissioner Pickard and placed in jail in default of \$500 bond.

- Hearing of the case of Jas. B. Mitchell, who is alleged to be insane, was resumed before Judge S. Morgan Stewart yesterday. Hon. Erle Pettus, solicitor, filed a motion protesting against the hearing on a writ of lunacy because the crime charged against Mitchell is a felony. The

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motion was overruled and the hearing proceeded. Several witnesses were examined and the case went over until today. It is apparent that Mitchell does not wish to be adjudged insane.

An excursion train of six coaches filled with negroes and two of white people came up from Memphis yesterday afternoon and will return this evening at 6 o'clock. A large number of Huntsville people who are now living in Memphis came up to visit friends. At a very late hour last night crowds of the 500 negro excursionists were still walking the streets, weary and foot sore and unable to find a place to sleep the night.

"Love is when your puppy licks your face even after you left him alone all day."

Hannah, Age 5

Grateful Life Community Church

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Sept. 9
Rick Jobe & Keith McCleod
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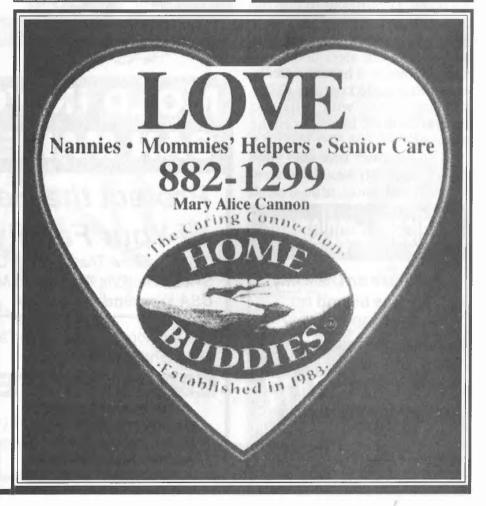
Weekly Events: Sundays: Bible Study: 9:15 am Food & Fellowship:

Blended Worship:

10:30am 11am

Wednesdays: Taize Contemplative Worship 5pm

Pastor Rick Jobe 479-2263 or 512-5662 812 Wellman in 5 Points (4 doors from Thai Garden)



A Bitter Legacy

No one in Huntsville, in 1902, was surprised when they learned the Rodgers and Ricketts families had been involved in a gun fight. The families had been feuding for years so long that most people had forgotten what the feud was originally about.

The latest incident began when the elder Rodgers was accosted by members of the Ricketts family while on his way to town. Harsh words were exchanged and both parties returned home to "gather their kin-folk."

Late that evening Jim Ricketts and Halbert Rodgers met on the banks of the Flint River. Both were armed with shotguns.

Hatred between the two families was so great that both parties immediately began firing.

The first blast caught Ricketts full in the chest and neck. A second later Rodgers fell to the ground grievously wounded in both legs.

Although Rodgers and Ricketts would live many years after the gun-fight, they would both remain crippled for the rest of their lives.

Jim Ricketts and Halbert Rodgers were both only thirteen years old.

"I support bacteria. They're the only culture some people have."

J.R. Brubaker, Decatur

Gents Clothing For Sale

Three pairs of gents clothing in excellent repair for cash money. Also one valise, assorted neckties and shoes. Owner is in jail and will not need them for ten years.

Three pairs of gents Items may be seen at thing in excellent repair for Murphy's Boarding House.

Colliers Livery also has his horse for sale at a reasonable price

from 1885 newspaper





A Different Name

by Charles Rice

Names are simply convenient labels we use for people and things. Nevertheless, one must take care to avoid confusion. And such was the case with our century-old Huntsville Hospital.

During the War Between the States, our city was occupied at different times by Union and Confederate troops. It was the common practice of both sides, while in our city, to designate whatever city building they used to house their sick and wounded as the Huntsville hospital.

In late 1863, the Union Army built a frame building in Fagan's Hollow. This one was officially known as, you guessed it, Huntsville Hospital.

The old hospital on Fagan's Hollow burned just a few years after the Civil War. Nevertheless, to a generation of our city's residents, Huntsville Hospital meant that old structure built by the hated invaders. "What? Put me in that Yankee place? No way!" Said the old-timers.

When the ladies of Huntsville finally succeeded in creating their public hospital in 1895, they wisely chose to call it the Huntsville Infirmary.

For its first 31 years, the city's medical facility carried this old-fashioned name. Finally, in 1926, the directors decided the old Union hospital was far enough into the past to have been forgotten. That year the name was officially changed from the Huntsville Infirmary to Huntsville Hospital.

The name change does cause confusion once in a while to family genealogists. When they discover that great-grandpa had been treated at "Huntsville Hospital" way back in the 1860s, they scratch their head and gaze in wonder at the large modern building now bearing that name.

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We are the fourth generation, proudly carrying on the same tradition.

While our prices have gone up slightly and we have a few more employees, 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 us.

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When Star Market opened on Meridian Street, in 1942, it was the first grocery in Huntsville to have a frozen food counter. People were also amazed to learn that there were 2,782 motor vehicles registered in Madison County and that Sgt. Kent West, once an employee at the Arsenal, had shot down the first Nazi fighter plane.

Huntsville Times carriers also had reason to be proud when it was announced they had led the nation in the sale of defense stamps and war bonds.

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.

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