



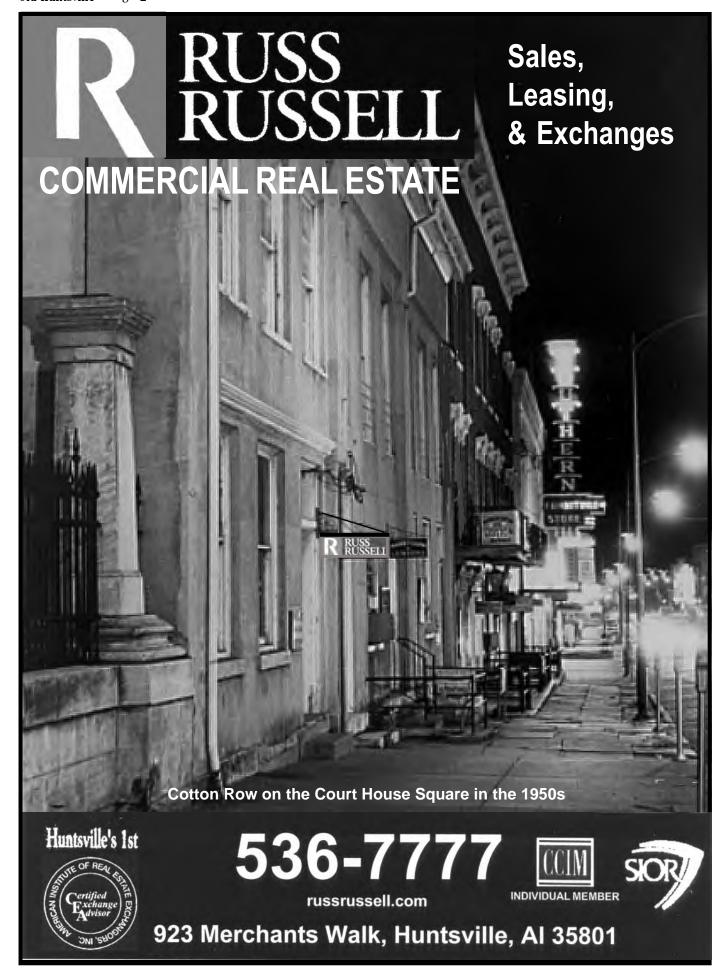
# The Belle of the South

She was raised in the lap of luxury and walked the corridors of power both in Washington D.C. and Richmond, Virginia.

As a middle-aged lady, she was linked romantically with one of the most revered men in the South.

In her later years, Virginia Turnstall Clay became the symbol of the Old South; a way of life that had disappeared forever.

Also in this issue: The Ghost of Sally Carter



# An Affair of the Heart

She captivated the hearts of Huntsville for three quarters of a century. As a young woman she walked the corridors of power both in Washington, D.C., and Richmond, Virginia. As a middle-aged lady she was linked romantically with one of the most revered men in the South and most importantly, in her later years, she knew how to keep her secrets.

Virginia Tunstall, better known as Virginia Clay, was born in Nash County, North Carolina on January 17, 1825. Three years later her mother died and her father moved to Alabama, where Virginia was placed in the care of an aunt. The aunt assumed the task of raising Virginia to be a proper Southern lady, a task no doubt made harder by the young girl's vivacious and often inquisitive mind. At the tender age of fourteen Virginia was sent to a Nashville female academy to "complete" her education.

Virginia instantly became the toast of Nashville's society, with many eligible bachelors competing for her favors. At one point she became engaged to Alexander McClung, a native of Huntsville, but broke it off when she became infatuated with Clement Claiborne Clay, also of Huntsville.

Clement Clay was the epitome of Southern gentry. His father had been Governor of Alabama, a member of Congress and was also a wealthy planter owning numerous plantations and slaves. Clement, besides working as a private secretary to his father, had opened a law practice in Huntsville. For a young girl like Virginia, who never had a real family, it must have been a dream come true. She would often refer to her marriage in 1843 at the age of 17 as "crossing the Rubicon of life."

The next few years were probably the happiest the couple spent together. Virginia fit easily into Huntsville's sophisticated social scene where her youth and vivacity endeared her to the patriarchs of the plantation society. Clement's family, too, was won over by the young girl and she soon found herself helping manage the Clays' vast plantation holdings.

If there was a dark side to this period, it was possibly the fact that Virginia began to understand her



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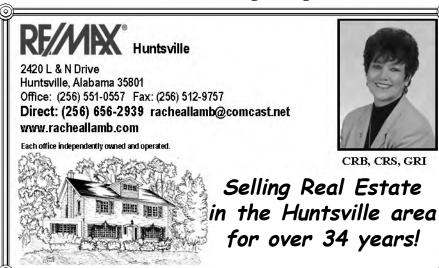
Features - Stefanie Troup

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husband. Clement was typical of much of the aristocratic South in that he depended solely on his family name to advance himself in life. A hopeless hypochondriac and weak by nature, Clay soon began to look upon Virginia more as a mother figure rather than the wife she longed to be.

Clement Comer Clay, Clement's father, possibly saw something in Virginia that he knew was lacking in his son. Within a short while Virginia had become a trusted confident and valued advisor to the senior Clay.

Two years after their marriage, Virginia and Clement began a life-style of sporadic separations that would continue for the next thirty-nine years. As a cure for his "continued illnesses," Clement, in the company of male companions, would often leave home for months at a time touring the countryside by horseback. Virginia also began a lifelong habit of spending much of her time away from home, visiting relatives in Tuscaloosa, or friends in other cities.

During these separations,

"Real frustration is trying to find your glasses, without your glasses."

John Rader

Clay often expressed fear of losing Virginia. In one of his letters he wrote, "...I fear some fellow will forget you are married and make love to you." One has to wonder if he was more worried about his marriage or his social prestige.

Although odd by today's standards, such marriages in the pre-Civil War period were common in the South. Divorce was unheard of and many people actually had no basis to judge a marriage on except for their parents who were often times also involved in hapless marriages.

In 1853, Clement Clay was elected to the United States Senate. Washington, D.C., at that time, was a place where a man was judged as much by a wife's social graces as he was by political acumen. It was into this arena that Virginia would appear and reign over for the next decade.

The Southern culture and graces that had been instilled in Virginia since birth quickly made her one of the most popular hostesses in the nation's capital. President Pierce and his wife became admirers of her as did most of Washington's elite. Her life became a constant stream of parties, concerts and teas. Conscious of her role as part of the Southern Aristocracy, she made regular trips to New York where she would shop for









the fine clothes she thought befitted her position. At one point she "complained" to a friend of having purchased over two hundred pairs of shoes.

Of all the people that Virginia met in Washington, it was a young senator from Mississippi who was to have the biggest effect on her life.

His name was Jefferson Davis.

Virginia Clay and Jefferson Davis had much in common. They were both ardent believers in Southern rights and both enjoyed the whirlwind of the capital's social life.

By all historical accounts, Davis' marriage had also begun to unravel.

Varina Davis, Jefferson's wife, detested the Washington social scene. Often pleading headaches and illness, she rarely attended any but the most important events. She realized, however, how vital it was for her husband to be seen at these affairs and when Virginia would agree to accompany him, Varina was happy to give her blessing. Although there are few accounts of what Clay did during these times, one has to surmise that he stayed home, possibly working on the many Congressional bills he was involved with.

The two couples became good friends. They spent much time together at one another's homes discussing politics and Washington gossip. Though Clay and Davis were both senators

and worked together every day, it was Virginia and Davis who developed the closest relationship. When Davis took sick while his wife was out of town, it was Virginia who spent days at his bedside, wiping his brow and reading to him the poetry he so much admired.

There is not much doubt that Virginia was enamored of Davis at this time. He was a handsome, wealthy and extremely powerful political figure and Virginia was well known for her flirtatious and captivating manner.

In addition, Virginia surely was frustrated by her husband who seemed to be preoccupied with his health most of the time. Though still professing his love for her, he was rarely seen at her side. In one of his letters he actually seemed to be encouraging Virginia by writing, "...you have more fun without me."

Jefferson Davis often invited Virginia to accompany him on trips to inspect nearby military installations. One of these trips was to Fort Monroe, an installation just outside Washington that would become very familiar to both of them in the coming years.

If there was to be anything else besides an innocent flirtation, it was soon ended by events culminating in the Civil War. In 1861 both Davis and Clay resigned their senate seats to return South. A short time after Clay reached Huntsville, he

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was elected as senator of the newly formed Confederate States of America Congress. Jefferson Davis, rather than remaining at his Mississippi plantation as he wished, was elected President of the Confederate States.

Virginia and Clement traveled to Montgomery to watch the new president be sworn in. Though Davis' schedule was crowded with people wishing to see him, as soon as he saw Virginia he ushered her into his office. He motioned for her to sit next to him, and thus she remained throughout the evening as he continued to receive visitors. Perhaps in such a trying time President Davis found it comforting to have a dear friend near him.

Shortly afterwards, Davis offered Clay the position of Secretary of War. Clay was experiencing another bout of his sickness and declined, recommending LeRoy Pope Walker of Huntsville in his place.

When the new Confederate government convened in Richmond, it was almost a repeat of the old Washington days. Many of the same people Virginia had known before were now holding office in Richmond. The parties and social gatherings that had once been a hallmark of the old capital were now transferred to the new one, with Virginia Clay once again taking the lead.

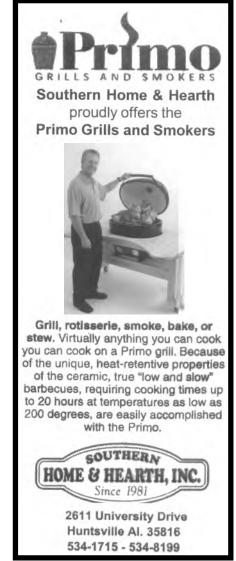
Despite the unnerving news coming over the telegraph wires daily, or perhaps because of it, Davis once again began to seek Virginia's company. The relationship caused a whispering campaign that has endured to this day.

The condition of Virginia's marriage was no secret to the residents of Richmond. Adding fuel to the rumors was the fact that many of the Richmond ladies openly despised Varina Davis.

Clement Clay's relationship with Davis had also become strained, partially because of the ineptitude of LeRoy Pope Walker, whom he had recommended. In a letter to Virginia,

"The older you get, the harder your parents try to keep you little."

Johnny Fry, age 9



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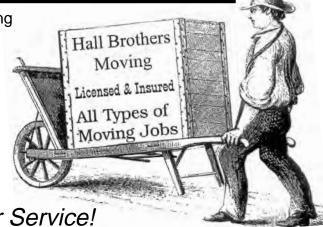
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Clay actually pleaded with her to intercede on his behalf with the president.

In the spring of 1864, Clay was asked to go to Canada on a secret peace mission. The war had been dragging on for nearly three years and many people believed the best way to end it was by negotiation. After settling into a Canadian hotel, Clay began a voluminous correspondence. Much of it dealt with secondhand gossip which he passed on to Richmond as intelligence. The most interesting letters were addressed to a Virginia Tribble, a native of New York who also spent much time in Canada. The letters leave no doubt that Clay had forsaken his marriage vows.

Meanwhile, events in the Confederacy had deteriorated to the point where Virginia Clay was forced to leave Richmond and seek refuge at a friend's home in Georgia.

On April 3, 1865 General Robert E. Lee was forced to retreat, beginning a march that would end at Appomattox and leaving the way open for the Federal army to march into Richmond. Hastily, the Confederate government made preparations to evacuate. Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet fled the already burning city in a railway car with no destination in mind except for "South."

Clement Clay returned from Canada and joined his wife in May of 1865 in Georgia, amidst the crumbling remnants of a nation they had once held so dear. Defeated troops were clogging every roadway and the Confederate dollar was worthless, leaving most people penniless. Worse though, were the rumors that all members of the Confederate government were to be taken prisoner and hung for their supposed role in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Some reports state that Clay briefly considered fleeing to Texas, while others claim he was in a listless mood, unable to decide what to do.

The decision was made for the couple when several days later they learned of Davis' capture by Federal troops in Georgia.

Again accounts of the actual events vary, with some saying



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Whitesburg at Bob Wallace Huntsville, Ala. 35801 that Clay proposed surrendering himself to the authorities, while another quotes Virginia as saying, "We must join the President."

Regardless of how and why, a few days later the Clays joined Jefferson and Varina as prisoners of the Federal Government.

In Macon, Georgia they were placed aboard a train where they found Davis in a somber mood. Seeing Virginia enter the car, the ex-president immediately rose to embrace her while saying, "This is a sad day, Jinnie."

Virginia sat next to Davis while Clement took a seat next to Varina. Throughout the night they rode in silence, their thoughts interrupted only when the train stopped at a station and Union soldiers gathered to taunt and jeer the captives. At Augusta, Georgia they were removed from the train and transported to a waiting boat. Throughout the journey, Virginia remained at Davis' side, often bathing his temples with eau de cologne when he would complain of headaches and engaging him in small talk in an

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effort to take his mind off the ordeal ahead.

Clement Clay remained morose and refused to take part in any conversation. Varina Davis virtually ignored the other prisoners.

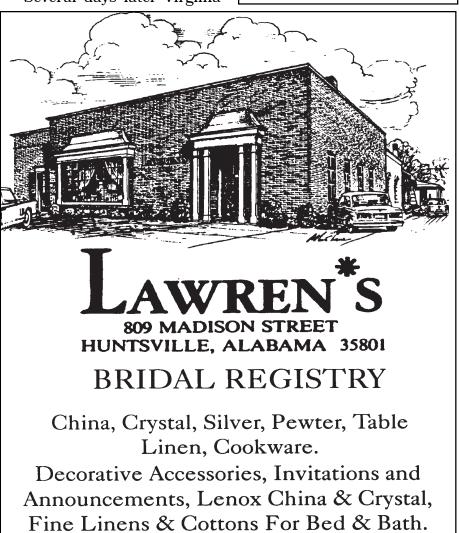
On May 22, the journey came to an end. The final destination of Jefferson Davis and Clement Clay was to be Fort Monroe, the dark, dank prison that Davis and Virginia had visited years earlier under much happier circumstances.

When Davis and Clay were transferred from the ship to the fort, Varina broke down and began sobbing uncontrollably. Virginia, watching the men being escorted from the ship, clenched her teeth and proclaimed, "I should die before they should see me shed tears."

Several days later Virginia



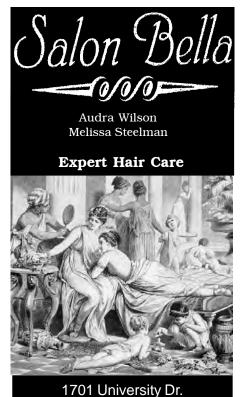
Huntsville, Alabama



was released from custody and returned home to Huntsville. The scene she returned to was far different from the Huntsville she had left years earlier. The plantations were almost bankrupt and the former slaves had fled, leaving no one to tend the fields. Even their property on the courthouse square, which had brought in a small rent every month, had been confiscated and was being used as an office by the Freedman's Bureau.

While most of her fellow Southerners had given up all hope, Virginia refused to accept defeat. Immediately, she began a letter writing campaign on behalf of her husband and Jefferson Davis. Borrowing money from a local merchant she purchased material for a new dress and made preparations to go to Washington.

It was later reported that Virginia lobbied everyone of any importance on the prisoners' behalf. Often sitting in waiting rooms for days at a time, she would refuse to leave until she



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gained an audience with the person she sought. General Grant, after listening to Virginia's appeals, recommended Clement Clay be released.

Carrying the note from Grant and accompanied by the widow of Stephen Douglas, Virginia went to see President Johnson at the White House. When Virginia began an emotional appeal, Mrs. Douglas dropped to her knees begging the President to release the men. Virginia remained aloof, refusing to kneel before a man she considered a traitor.

Finally after repeated appeals, Virginia was able to get Johnson's word that the pris-



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SANDERS 1215 Jordan Lane 837-6072 oners would be released from military custody.

Clement returned to Huntsville as a hero to the throngs who gathered to welcome him home. The exultation over his freedom was short-lived however as he and Virginia surveyed the financial wreckage left by the war. The Clays reluctantly realized the life they had once known was gone forever.

Many times adversity helps to bring a couple together, but in the Clay's case, it only served to widen the gulf. Clement moved to a cottage on the family farm in Gurley where he unsuccessfully experimented with being a farmer. Virginia refused to live with Clement and took an apartment in town where she spent most of her time.

Clement withdrew from the public eye; often seeking solace in alcohol. The fact that he was heavily in debt and virtually living on loans added to the already heavy weight on his shoulders.

In 1867 Jefferson Davis was released from prison after almost eighteen months imprisonment. On Davis' first trip to Alabama, he stopped in Huntsville to visit Virginia. If their friendship in the past had been merely an innocent flirtation, it was soon to take another course. Probably driven by memories of a happier time, Virginia seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the expresident.

Virginia began spending much

of her time traveling, meeting Davis in Niagara Falls, Memphis, Sewanee and Charleston. Even when they were apart, they carried on a lively cor respondence.

Varina Davis almost certainly knew of the relationship between Virginia and her husband. Though she had never been particularly fond of Virginia, she now refused to allow Virginia's name spoken in her presence. As if following Clement Clay's example, Varina also withdrew into seclusion, spending much of her time in Europe, leaving Davis to live by himself in Memphis. In one nineteen month period they spent a total of sixteen days in one another's company.

The fact that the ex-president of the Confederacy was possibly having an affair of the heart was impossible to keep secret. Tantalizing innuendoes began appearing in the gossip columns. A Memphis newspaper chastised them for staying in the same hotel and a Cincinnati newspaper "wondered about the ex-Senator from





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Alabama whose wife no longer felt bound by vows of fidelity."

Possibly the rumors would have died down if it had not been for an unfortunate incident on a Pullman car. Late one evening, after the passengers had retired to their individual sleeping berths, the conductor saw a shadowy form emerge from one berth and enter another. Alarmed, possibly thinking it was a sneak thief, the conductor hurried to investigate. According to an article on the front page of the Louisville Commercial, July 15, 1871, the conductor discovered the ex-president of the Confederacy "occupying the berth with the married lady under his chivalrous protection."

When Davis refused to leave the berth, the conductor called his superior who "sternly ordered Davis to take another berth at once." Then, according to the Louisville Commercial, Davis "retired with deep disgust, and elevated his venerable form (in shirt and drawers) to the upper bunk."

The story created a sensation throughout the country. In Memphis, thousands of extra copies had to be printed at the request of news dealers. Davis never made any attempt to deny the stories.

Possibly because of the publicity, or maybe because of Varina's return from Europe, their relationship seemed to end shortly afterwards. No longer were there endearing letters waiting in the mailbox and Virginia's trips to Memphis stopped altogether.

1882 her husband Clement died. She waited





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five years before remarrying. Her new husband was Judge David Clopton, an old friend and member of the Alabama Supreme Court. After Clopton died in 1892 Virginia moved to Gurley, to the farm cottage she had once refused to live in.

Virginia Clay Clopton, as she was now known, became a leader in the cause of woman's suffrage, traveling the country making speeches. She also was active in helping organize the Confederate Veterans organizations. Her greatest tribute came when she was named honorary life president of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

In 1886, Jefferson Davis was invited to Montgomery, Alabama to lay the cornerstone of a monument to the Confederate dead. He stayed in the same rooms he had used twenty-five years earlier when he was sworn in as President. Throngs of people once again flocked to the hotel to greet him and express their admiration for their wartime chief.

Sitting on a sofa, receiving guests, Davis looked up to see Virginia standing in the doorway. In a scene oddly reminiscent of another age, he once again motioned her to take a seat next to him as he continued to greet well wishers. These were to be the last moments Jefferson Davis and Virginia Clay ever spent together. Two years later Davis died.

Whatever feelings they both once shared were now consigned to history.



In 1904, Virginia published a book of her recollections under the title "A Belle Of The Fifties." She was aided in this endeavor by diaries and scrapbooks she had been collecting for over a half century. She made no mention of her alleged romance with Jefferson Davis.

In 1915, Virginia Clay Clopton died at the age of 90.



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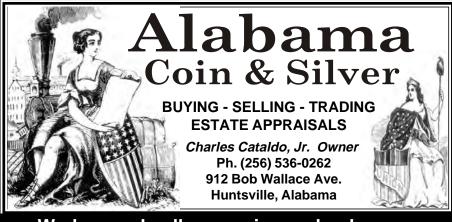
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# Watercress Capital of the World

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Watercress cultivation began in New Market in 1907 when Foster DeWitt visited the area and became intrigued by the "wild" watercress growing along the banks of streams. This was one of the few places in the country where an abundance of fresh spring-water and limestone, combined with moderate winter temperatures, caused watercress to grow wild. DeWitt had spent much of his early life in Great Britain and while there was exposed to the plant.

Greenstuff in Great Britain was hard to come by in the winter months and watercress was one of the few plants available year-round. According to legend, an English officer started the custom of having watercress served in salads and within a few years it became a staple in every household. New York and Baltimore restaurants began serving watercress in salads in the early 1800s, but the cost of importing it from Great Britain was too prohibitive for it to become a widely used commodity in this country.

Foster hired local labor to dam a small stream on the land he had rented, creating a series of shallow ponds, much like rice paddies. By experimenting with water levels he found that a level of six inches was the most favorable for cultivation. In cold weather the water would be raised, with the constant temperature of the water protecting

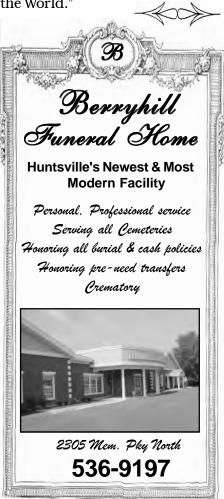
the plants from damage.

Where at first the local populace had been skeptical about the whole idea, they soon became enthusiastic supporters as orders for the watercress began pouring in from Northern restaurants. Within a few short years Madison County became the major supplier to the world's markets.

An interesting sidelight to watercress cultivation is that as the plants flourished, so did the snakes. Some of the ponds became so infested with water moccasins that laborers refused to work around them. John Derrick earned the dubious distinction of being the only "bounty hunter" of snakes in Alabama's history when he was hired by the landowners.

Colder winters and the expense of shipping were cited as the two primary reasons the business declined here in Huntsville. With the advent of air freight the railroads discontinued most of their express freight trains. Watercress became too expensive to ship by air and too perishable to ship by regular freight train.

As late as 1960, one could still see a sign at the edge of the city limits proclaiming: "Welcome to Huntsville, Watercress Capital of the World."



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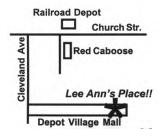
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# Egg Nog Party in Paint Rock

An early landmark in upper Paint Rock Valley was Cox's Still House, on Clear Creek. Oddly enough, some innocent fun turned sour for a group of Union soldiers at the Still House one day in 1864. About 40 of the boys in blue had retired to the secluded spot, meaning to take time out from the war. They quickly confiscated all the whisky they could find, intending to make some eggnog with the milk and eggs they had stolen from local farmers.

Unfortunately, they made so much racket that some near by Confederates heard them. The Johnny Rebs sent several of their men to slip around behind the yankees. Meanwhile, the rest of the Confederates set an ambush along the road. Without warning, the Confeds in advance

opened fire into the carousing yankees. Panic stricken, the blue coats dropped their booze and fled straight into the ambush.

When the yankees sobered up, they were faced with the double humiliation of having a hangover and being taken prisoners.

# An Interesting Wedding

An interesting wedding took place last week in Jackson County when John Giles married Racine White. Mr. Giles is reported to be 87 years of age while Miss White is 17. The bride's mother was a step granddaughter of Mr. Giles by his third wife. She is now currently married to his oldest son, who is Miss Racine's stepfather. We will leave this to the public to figure out.

from 1889 newspaper

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# The Zebra Hunt

by Cecil Ashburn

My friend Red Sharp from Scottsboro had a gift for training animals. His matched team of mules took first prize at mule day in Columbia, Tennessee. These mules could understand the spoken word from Red and they seemed to delight in performing for him.

Somewhere Red had acquired a zebra. They told Red that a zebra couldn't be tamed much less broken to ride or to harness. Well I think Red had a little talk with his zebra, and pretty soon he had a saddle on him. Then he paired him up with one of his best behaved mules and had them hooked to a wagon or a plow. That's not to say that the zebra liked it much, because if you got too close to the sucker he would bite you.

So one day Red called me and

said that he wanted me to go to Africa with him, because he wanted another Zebra.

We found out that Delta had a flight from New York to Nairobi, Kenya, with stops in Liberia and Nigeria. So we took off.

Monrovia, the Capital of Liberia, was our first stop. The first thing I noticed that all of the cars were Toyotas so I asked a native about that. "Oh," he said, "That's simple. The President is the Toyota dealer here. All the cars are Toyotas except the President's, he drives a Cadillac."

We found a lot of zebras but nobody would sell us one. So we flew on to Nigeria and they stopped the plane. And immediately a squad of Castro types came on board with machine guns, bayonets, and pistols. So I said to Red, "Let's don't stop here."

So we stayed on the plane and flew on to Kenya. If you think it is a long flight to California, it's nothing compared to flying across the fat part of Africa. It is over twice the distance from Huntsville to Los Angeles.

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We finally reached Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, where we contacted some officials and they almost laughed us out of the country. "You can't tame a zebra," they told us.

Red showed them some pictures and they laughed even harder. "You have painted stripes on one of your mules," they said. As you might guess from his nickname, redheaded Red had a short temper. He was about ready to declare war or at least a fist fight with the prime minister or whoever or whatever he was.

So we decided to take some tours, and we had the satisfaction of seeing large herds of zebras running wild, along with elephants, tigers, lions, giraffes, hippos and you name it. So we decided to shoot some of them and we unholstered our 35 mm camera and fired away. There on the Savannah at the foot of the beautiful Kilimanjaro we agreed that the zebra would rather run free here than to go to work in Jackson county, Alabama. I think we were getting fed up with Africa, so we headed for the airport.

Now the Nairobi airport terminal is a very beautiful building, but I noticed something strange. Almost every flight was either arriving or departing for Moscow. So I asked about this. The answer was it was cheaper to fly from here to any where in the world as long as you booked it through Moscow.

I got acquainted with a young lady on the return flight to New York. There were only a few paying passengers on board. She said "I have a deal with Delta to fly roses from Kenya to New York not by weight but by available space."

Can you imagine a 747 full of roses? It sure smelled good. I expect the money she was making smelled good too.

We finally got back to New York and it felt like we were back home. Knowing such a good man and having such a good friend as Red Sharp was indeed a privilege for me..

Red died a few years later and his body was hauled in a wagon through the town of Scottsboro, pulled by a beautiful team of matched mules.

But no zebras.

"The best place to be when you are sad is in your Mama's lap."

Hannah Troup, age 6

### **Bad Neighbors**

Mr. Lem Morgan, of this city, is presently a guest of the city jail accused of placing three sticks of dynamite under a neighbor's house. The residents were not injured but are looking for a new homeplace. Morgan claims the neighbors fired a shotgun at him first. from 1911 newspaper



#### Tall Stories Told about Huntsville Alabama

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way.

# Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to **Dena Turner**, who was the first correct caller for the Photo of the Month last month. **Tommy Hooper**, who's running for Sheriff, was that adorable little boy, and we had SO many calls for him. Dena is one of the great cashiers at Garden Cove on Pratt Avenue.

We love seeing our favorite bulk mail postal workers at the Governor's Drive Post office. That good-lookin' **Greg Williamson** loves Huntsville's history, and **Tom McKee** is just a sweetheart whom we look forward to seeing each month.

Happy 42nd Anniversary to **Louie & Jane Tippett!** And they still get along after all those years!

While at Huntsville Hospital recently we met a lovely lady, **Carol Campbell,** who is a nurse there. In her spare time she raises English Bulldogs and just enjoys life.

It was good to run across Deputy Sheriff **Brent Patterson** at a football game in Hazel Green. He is the son of the ex sheriff, **Joe Patterson**", and just a nice guy!

It was great visiting with **Al Wiggins** recently. Al is running for the office of District 21 State



Representative and is very involved with the Alzheimer's Asso.

Marie's Imports, 42 years in Five Points, is now under new ownership. **Theresa Carlisle** is the lady who has it now, and the name will change to Marie's Hallmark. Theresa's husband, **Kirk Carlisle**, owns Carlisle Gallery on Holmes Avenue in Five Points.

Does anyone remember the **Epoch Club** for teenagers? We heard that name the other day and wonder if any of our readers remember it; used to be just south of Star Market at 5 Points.

"Katybelle" is one of the sweetest baby girl nicknames I've heard in a while. She is the grandchild of proud grandma Ruth Ann Dean, and grandpa Pluitt Dean, and her real name is Katelyn Isabelle Dean, born in July to parents Pluitt Dean, Jr. and Bambi Dean. She joins big brother Carson, who is 4.

That romantic Don Wynn

married pretty **Dixie Vaughn** in a ceremony on the dunes at Cocoa Beach, Fl. recently. Congratulations to both of you!

It was great to catch up with **Kay Cornelius** recently, having dinner at Redstone Village. She and her sweet husband **Don**, are residents there.

**Dick** and **Karen Maroon** are the best back alley neighbors you can ask for, and they're both great cooks!

I'll bet life is exciting around **Jim & Carolyn Rountree's** home these days - She is an Auburn fan and Jim loves Alabama!

Happy birthday to pretty **Amanda Stolz** of Hazel Green, who just turned 18.

We're very proud of **Rosemary Leatherwood**, who has coordinated activity for the Annual Muscular Distrophy Telethon in Hazel Green for 5 years now. She and her husband **Bill Leatherwood** own the Ole Dad's BBQ restaurant in Hazel Green. Rosemary wants to thank all of

# Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the youngster below wins a 1-year complimentary subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine.

Call (256) 534-0502 Hint: This little girl has a big heart and everyone watches her.





their loyal MDA supporters.

Trade Day around the Square was lots of fun again this year. Weather was perfect, which led to larger than normal crowds. The Golden K Kiwanis were in their normal spot, as were the Lion's Club and many other vendors. Speaking of the Golden K's, club founder Archie Murchie recently celebrated his 88th birthday. Archie started the Golden K's in 1986 and is still an active member.

Our good friend **Bud Cramer** stopped by the office recently. It's always fascinating to hear what is happening in D.C. He's doing a great job for us!

While at Trade Day we talked with **Kenny Mango**, who owns the coffee shop on North Side Square.

It's always fun to talk with that handsome bartender **Brian Ham**. Brian can be found at Humphrey's, downtown. We love talking with our friend **Andy Howry**, also at Humphrey's. And of course we can't forget our friend **Scott Reisenweber**, super bartender at Sazio's.

Johnny Johnston rocked the house again recently at Redstone Village, where he gave a talk about the old airport, when it really was located at Airport Road. If you haven't heard him speak yet, he is totally entertaining, and has old pictures!

Happy 50th wedding anniversary to our friend **Jessie Bledsoe** and her tall hubby **Edwin**. Jessie worked for years for dentist **James Jones** whom many Huntsvillians still remember. Dr. Jones retired some years ago.

On 9/11 we joined the huge crowd to take in the last **Concerts** in the Park, and were so impressed with the beautiful fireworks at the end. We wondered, however, why there was no patriotic music playing while they went off? That would have had the entire crowd in tears.

While there we met **Chris Ashwell,** who's a director at Re-

naissance Theatre, along with **Billy Joe Cooley** and many other folks enjoying the cool night.

Donna Hays, owner of Furniture Factory, recently had a great birthday week in Aspen, Co. where her daughter, Rena Hays Lanter and husband Chris Lanter own a restaurant there called "Cache Cache". Their children Will, 4, and Hays, 3, loved visiting with their grandma.

**Gail Nichols** is sure proud of her brother **Tommy Dunn**. His name was added to the Hall of Heroes as a recipient of several medals he won while serving in the Marines in Vietnam. The placque is located in the Madison County Courthouse, first floor.

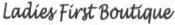
**Sherri Williams**, owner of Pleasures, recently celebrated her birthday in Monte Carlo, France with her fiance **Dave Smith**. Happy Birthday Sherri!

We've all been at the courthouse gettings tags renewed, etc. but it sure goes easier when you deal with great people. **Anna Arnold** was a very professional young lady we dealt with recently while transacting some business there. Her "**Aunt Dot**," **Dorothy Lawler**, loves Huntsville's fascinating history!

There are more and more restaurants opening up downtown some are in really old, interesting buildings. Come on down and

walk around a bit during this wonderful cool weather.

And don't forget to vote, **November 7!** 





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### Timeless Old Southern Favorites

#### Best Fried Chicken

4 chicken breasts, skin on, washed very well

Salt & pepper

Garlic powder

Onion powder

1 c. plain flour

2 T. paprika

1 brown paper bag

2 c. oil or lard

Season your chicken with the salt, pepper, garlic and onion powders. Mix paprika and flour in a brown paper bag, add your chicken and shake well to coat. Put chicken aside for an hour, shake & coat again.

Begin heating about 2 inches of oil in a large skillet. When very hot but not yet smoking, begin to add chicken, skin side up. Don't crowd them, continually move them around. Don't leave a breast in one place more than 5 minutes. Turn oc-

casionally. When each piece is golden brown, after about 25 minutes, remove them to paper towels and make your gravy.

#### Spicy Chicken Gravy

Pour off most grease from your fried chicken pan. Brown a little flour in the bottom of your skillet, add salt & pepper to taste. Pour in milk or water, or a mixture of the 2. Stir well. Add a few dashes of cayenne pepper and garlic powder. Spoon this on your fresh biscuits. Delicious!

# Fried Peanut Butter & Banana Sandwiches

4 slices white bread

1 banana

1 c. crunchy peanut butter

3 T. honey

1/2 t. ground cinnamon Soft butter

Sugar & cinnamon mix

In a small bowl mix the peanut butter, honey & cinnamon. Slather all 4 bread slices with the peanut butter mixture.

Slice your bananas & top 2 of the bread slices with the banana - cover with other 2 bread slices.

Spread soft butter on outside of sandwiches, place each sandwich in hot frying pan with buttered side down.

Add more butter to top of sandwiches & flip to brown on both sides.

On a flat plate mix 1/2 cup sugar with 1 teaspoon cinnamon and add warm sandwiches to plate, flip each side to coat with the sugar mixture. Cut each sandwich diagonally and serve warm.

Thanks to Paula Deen for this recipe, which was a favorite of Elvis Presley!

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YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

#### Deep-Fried Tuna Balls

1 small can tuna

1 egg

1/2 c. chopped onion

1 t. salt

1 t. pepper

3/4 c. plain flour

Mix all ingredients and form balls. Drop into hot grease and fry til golden brown.

#### Potato Dumplings

2 medium potatoes

1 egg

1 t. salt

1/2 t. pepper

2 c. flour

Grate the potatoes, add salt, pepper, egg & flour. Mix well - if the dough is too stiff add a bit of water. Cook by dropping lima bean size portions of the dough into boiling water and cook for 7-10 minutes. Drain and rinse with cold water. Great with the following cabbage recipe.

# Cabbage & Potato Dumplings

1 small onion 1 T. butter Medium head cabbage, finely chopped Salt & Pepper Paprika

Chop onion and brown in lightly browned butter. Add the cabbage with spices. Fry slowly til done - about 20 minutes. Add the potato dumplings from above - mix well - you'll love this dish on these cooler days!

#### Syrup Pudding

2 c. syrup

1 c. hot water

3/4 c. Crisco

4 1/2 c. plain flour

2 t. baking soda

1 t. nutmeg

3 t. baking powder

1/2 t. salt

In a small bowl mix first 3 ingredients. In a larger bowl mix remaining dry ingredients. Pour the syrup mixture into the dry mix and combine well, until smooth. Pour into a greased pan and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees) for 35-40 minutes. Serve with any kind of sauce or additional syrup.

#### Coconut Pie

1/2 c. self-rising flour 1 1/2 c. sugar 4 eggs, beaten 1 t. vanilla extract

# **Taylor Produce**

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#### Don't miss the Fall Carnival October 21!

Bring the kids for games, prizes drinks, popcorn tons of prizes will be given away! Live witch will be here starting Oct. 15!

Mums & Pansies, apples, greens - come early before they're Gone!

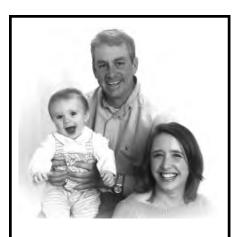
(256) 539-9257 1022 Cook Ave. Huntsville Hours 8-6 Mon-Sat Sun 8-5

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Best Local Honey from Bobby Fanning

1/2 stick butter, melted 7 oz. flake coconut 2 c. milk

Blend the sugar & flour, stir in eggs and remaining ingredients. Pour into 2 greased 9-inch pie plates. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.



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# The Legend of Sally Carter

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

Cedarhurst was built in 1825 by Stephen S. Ewing, who had become wealthy by speculating in land in the early days of Huntsville. The home became noted for its architectural beauty and the numerous social affairs held by Stephen and his wife, Mary.

In 1837, Sally Carter, Mary's sister, visited Cedarhurst with the intention of spending the summer. Within days she became sick and a short while later died.

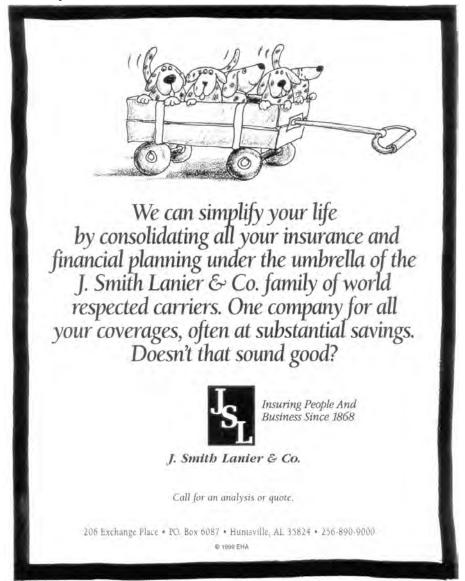
"The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment, and gracious hostility."

Seen on local church bulletin

She was buried in a cemetery located only a few steps from the home. According to legend, Mary was stricken with grief over her sister's death and sent to Nashville for an appropriate marker to place at the head of the grave.

Two years later, in 1839, the

household slaves told of hearing an eerie sound late in the night. "The sound was almost musical," they said, "almost like a trumpet." The slaves were frightened and locked themselves in their cabins, anxiously waiting for daylight to come.





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# "Time For A Change"

paid for by friends to elect Tommy Hooper - Sheriff

The next morning, the slaves told Ewing of the strange, frightening sounds they had heard during the night. Ewing, being a practical man, quickly dismissed the slaves and sent them about their chores. Later that morning, as he was walking by Sally's grave, he stopped and idly picked a few stray weeds that were growing around the tombstone. As he bent over to grasp the weeds, he froze, his attention riveted to a set of small, ladylike footprints in the heavy morning dew. There were only two footprints, not going anywhere and not coming from anywhere. Just two footprints in the middle of the grave.

Ewing sold the house in 1865 and moved to Mississippi. By then, there were few people left who could remember Sally Carter, but almost everyone could tell stories of her ghost. Tales were told of people walking past her grave on a dark moonlit night and hearing the sounds of chains rattling and trumpets sounding. But, of course, any educated person in town could tell you that it was ... just tales.

In 1919, J. D. Thornton bought the house. That same year, in the fall, Mr. Thornton's nephew was visiting when a terrible storm took place one night. The next morning, when the family came down to breakfast, they discovered the nephew sitting on the front porch, pale and trembling.

"Sally appeared to me last night," he said in a quivering voice. "She said her tombstone had fallen over and asked me to put it back up."

The other members of the family tried hard to control their laughter, and, in an effort to humor him, followed him

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Crawford—Cain House ca 1870

The Crawford-Cain House was built circa 1870. The Crawfords then sold this home to Dr. Cain who had come to Mooresville from Mississippi. Dr. Cain's first office was over the tavern. Later he built an office next to his house that included an apothecary. This is reportedly the building that is now used as the guest house.

This 3 bedroom, 2 3/4 bath house and wonderful

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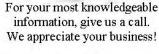
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to the graveyard.

Sally's tombstone had fallen down. The nephew, with a look of horror on his face, turned and ran back to the house. The same morning, he packed his clothes and made arrangements to return to Dothan, his home. He never visited Huntsville again.

The rest of the family, out of shock and fear, left the tombstone where it had fallen.

About this time other strange and unexplained things began to happen in the house. Ash trays would rise from a table and fly across the room. Overnight guests would hear the sound of footsteps in their room but upon investigating, the room would be found empty.

In the late 1970s, Cedarhurst was sold to a company that had plans to develop it as an exclusive complex. Brick walls began going up and security guards manned the gates. Lavish new homes were built and the old home was converted to a club house for the residents.

It seemed as if, finally, Sally was at rest in a home as magnificent as the one she had once known.

There was just one small

"If you run, you'll only go to jail tired."

Madison policeman to drunk driver

problem. No development company wants to buy a piece of valuable property with a grave right in the middle of it. The grave had to go.

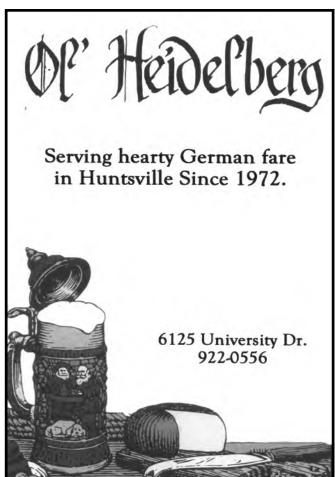
A plot in another cemetery was bought, disinterment permits were acquired, and men and machinery were hired. The first grave, that of Sally's sister, Mary, was uncovered and her remains moved with no trouble. What they discovered when Sally's grave was opened would leave everyone speechless, with no explanation.

The grave was opened and the vault was found to be intact, with no sign of damage. But when the vault was opened, Sally's body was not there. It had disappeared.

Workmen later said they dug an area of thirty to forty feet around the grave and it would have been impossible not to have found any signs of the body if it was there.

In 1985, the home was selected to be used as a Decorators Show House. Every year in Huntsville, decorators would select a home to showcase their talents, and Cedarhurst, with its prime location and rich history, seemed a logical choice.

A local interior decorating firm was selected to decorate Sally's bedroom. A color scheme of teal blue and peach was used with bright fabrics for wall coverings. Crocheted bed coverings and period antiques helped to give the room a personal touch. It was a room that anyone



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would have been happy with. Well, almost anyone.

Several weeks after the Decorator's Show opened, strange mysterious things began to happen. A vase of flowers would be overturned, a picture on the wall would be crooked. Small things, just enough to make the ladies laugh and tease one another about the ghost.

What happened next can best be described by an article that appeared in the *Huntsville Times* newspaper on May 19, 1985. "One night, the house was inspected before closing and all was found to be in order and ready for the next morning's visitors. The door was locked, and a security guard went on duty. No one entered Cedarhurst that night.

"The next morning, when the house was opened, Sally Carter's bedroom looked like it had been the scene of a teenager's tantrum. The antique diary was found pitched on the floor and artificial flowers strewn about. Most apparent of the disturbances, however, was the disarray of the bed coverings."

No explanation has ever been found.

Talk of Sally's ghost has died down in the past few years. What was once her grave is now hidden from public view, and strangers are discouraged from entering the gated complex.

And so now, over a century and half after her death, Sally Carter remains one of the strangest legends in Huntsville's folklore.



# A Traveling Man

A Limestone County man, who rounded out seventy five years of his life without ever going more than twenty miles from his birthplace, was one day answering the questions of a distinguished Northern visitor who had come to the county to learn of the childhood of his father and mother, who were both born in Limestone. The old native gave the man just the details the latter was seeking.

"And I suppose you have always lived around here," said the man from the Northern states.

"Oh, no," replied the native. "I was born two miles from here!"

from 1895 newspaper

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(Original ad from Jan.30, 1940)

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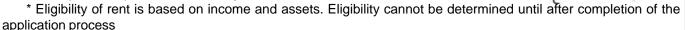
"Some people can tell what time it is by looking at the sun. But I have never been able to make out the numbers."

Jeremy Fry, age 8

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#### **Rocket Science**

#### by Glen Brodie

Have you ever met a complete stranger who you decided was a regular person and then later find out that the person was a distinguished V.I.P.? Well, it happened to me one day in my teen years and I still smile when I think of the circumstances of that particular meeting. I was working as a gas pump jockey at a full-service gas station in Huntland, TN - they were all full service in that era.

Huntland is now a bedroom community about 35 miles northeast of Huntsville up Winchester Road. Most everyone there commutes to Huntsville to work. In the early 60's it was a sleepy little town that we (teens) often joked was a suburb of Huntsville since we wore the roads out going there. During the summer we kept the gas station open on sunny Sunday afternoons to catch some of the people who took advantage of the weekends to head to the lake or to take a drive into the countryside.

One Sunday afternoon I was filling up a nice convertible occupied by three men who were obviously having a great time. Their conversation was primarily spoken in German, which I recognized but could not speak. My grandfather, an immigrant, used the German language for his expletives - which I have not included in this story.

As they conversed with each other one of the men looked up the road and noticed a white building that sported the large letters "HUNTLAND". Under the name of the city were the words "Gin Company."

Even though the man spoke with a heavy German accent, he asked me in English as to what type of "gin" was produced there? I immediately realized that he was thinking the building was a distillery instead of a cotton gin. I explained to him that he couldn't drink the product produced there as I pointed out the large bales of cotton in the yard area. With a hearty laugh the man then repeated my comments to his friends in German. With a friendly smile he paid me for the gas and

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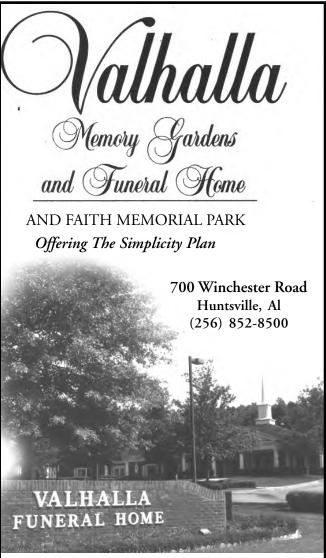
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gave me an extremely good tip for checking under the hood and cleaning the bugs off the windshield. I could hear the three men laughing about the "gin" as they waved and drove away.

Several years later, I was watching TV when America had its first moon landing. As the reporters discussed what was taking place the





scene switched to NASA in Huntsville. A smiling rocket scientist was shown as the reporters stated that the landing would not have been possible without this particular scientists' efforts and dreams. As I looked at the picture of the scientist my thoughts were that I had met this famous man somewhere before? At that moment I realized that the smiling scientist was the same friendly German that I had educated about the "cotton gin" several years before. His name was Dr. Wernher von Braun!

### Local News From 1911

- For Sale One Everett piano, bed stands, chairs, gas stove, air tight heater, one double set of harnesses, one saddle, one refrigerator, kitchensafe and few other household articles; also one lot cedar posts and kindling. Can be seen at my home on west Clinton street for the next few days. - Mrs. C. F. Suggs
- Found Buggy lap robe on Franklin street. Owner return to this office and recover by describing and paying for this advertisement.
- New four-room Cottage corner Pratt avenue for rent cheap.

Apply to J. E. Pierce

- Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Newman left yesterday on a business and pleasure trip to their silver mines in Canada.
- Miss Willie Harris is reported to be quite ill at her home on Adams avenue.
- E. R. B. Martin and J. K. Mahan, millionaire natural oil operators of Pittsburgh, PA and who have options on more than 20,000 acres of oil lands in Madison County, left this afternoon for their home after spending a few days here in the interest of their probable local operations. The tip was secured by a prominent business man and friend of the gentlemen present, that within a very short time they expect to simultaneously start the drilling of 5 to 10 wells near Huntsville. The gentlemen made a visit to the Hazel Green and West Huntsville wells of the New York-Alabama Oil Co., and were pleased with the prospects.
- Serious Street Car Accident today About 9 this morning Street Car No. 5, east bound with Dick Hatcher, motorman, collided with a two-horse wagon belonging to Hon. D. I. White and injured the two negro men drivers, Jack Parham, slightly and Jim Fields, seriously.



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# God's Cotton Patch

#### by James T. Syler

During the late 20's and 30's things were tough. I guess one could call it "hard times." I cannot remember being hungry, though.

We would can vegetables in jars, take the apples and peaches and dry them for winter use. The dry peas and beans were gathered and saved for use later.

Men would come by our home asking if they could clean a fence row of bushes and briars. All they wanted was to shell a bushel of corn to make meal. Even bread kept them from being hungry. My grandfather never turned anyone away. They were willing to do any work he had for them.

Some of the men had small children at home. The men might go hungry but they would do what ever they had to so their children could eat.

I remember several occasions when my uncle would take his wagon, go through the church community, stopping at every house asking the people to give some food; whatever they could spare.

The people would give meal, flour, canned vegetables, dried fruit or perhaps a nice chunk of country cured pork.

My uncle would then give it to the minister to distribute among the less fortunate. I don't remember anyone ever refusing to help.

As a youngster I remember

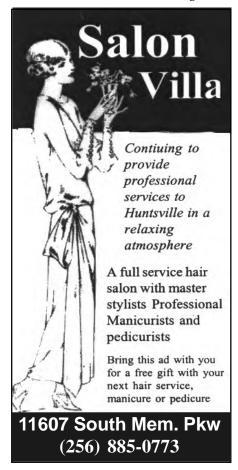
what we called "God's Cotton Patch." One farmer would furnish an area of land, the next year another farmer would provide an acre or so, thus 6 to 8 farmers were donating land.

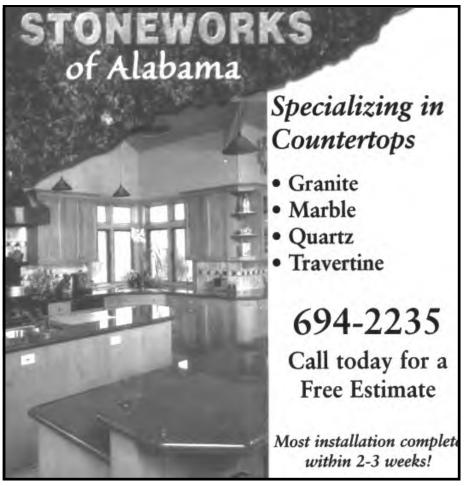
The "Acre" would be planted in cotton, cultivated by each farmer. Word would get around that there would be a "cotton picking" on a given day, and all the neighbors would pitch in and harvest the cotton.

When it was sold the farmers would donate the money to the pastor, whoever it was that year.

I recall one occasion when the pastor went to one home, to take the family groceries. The lady had three small children; one little boy was helpless and couldn't walk. It so happened a member of the church came by and saw the pastor bringing food to the family.

At the next church meeting,





this man stood up and said, "If the pastor was going to give food away, the church should not help him out with the "God's Cotton Patch."

I remember it became very quiet in the church. After a moment, the pastor, who was as surprised as the members at this, replied, "Sir, have you ever tried to witness for the Lord to a hungry person?"

Over the years as people died or moved away the membership became so small that the church was closed. It was torn down years later.

When I have been in that area on recent occasions, I have driven down that same road, stopped and said a prayer to God for the good memories of my younger years at Oak Grove Church.

I never failed to thank God for "God's Cotton Patch."



Deja Moo: The feeling that you've heard this bull before.

### News From 1871

- A Randolph Street man advertised for a "Self-supporting Wife."
- A Decatur thief, after great risks, managed to steal \$400 in Confederate money.
- Two rifled United States mail bags were discovered Monday under the platform of a cotton press. One was unlocked, but both were cut open as if with a dull knife, and both were empty. Their appearance indicated that they had been very recently put there. No letter or sign of the contents was found, but there is reason to think they were rifled Saturday night after being snatched from the incoming train from Nashville.
- A local woman who, unfortunately, has been addicted to the morphine habit for a number of years, sought refuge in the police station Sunday and died there.

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### Save the Date October 21, 2006



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Ribbon Run, Saturday, October 21, 2006. The race starts
at the corner of Lowe Avenue and Adams Street and takes
runners through historic downtown Huntsville and
ending at Huntsville Middle School. The Event will
include Women's 5K, Men's 5K and Survivors Walk.
Race Day will be filled with food and activities for
the entire family! Proceeds from the Ribbon
Run will benefit the Liz Hurley Breast Cancer
Fund at the Huntsville Hospital Foundation. For
more information, contact the Huntsville Hospital
Foundation at 256.265.8077, or visit us on the
web at www.huntsvillehospital.org/foundation/.



Remembering
the Date Could
Save Your
Life

### Perfect Agreement

from 1889 newspaper

Mr. Bacon, of Huntsville, was courting a lady in Hartselle. She had refused him frequently and he often repeated his suit. At one interview she became exceedingly annoyed at his importunity, and told him that she could not marry him; that their tastes, opinions, likes and dislikes were totally different.

"In fact," she said, "Mr. Bacon, I don't think there is one subject on earth upon which we would agree." "I assure you, madam," he said, "that you are mistaken and I can prove it." "If you can mention one thing about which we agree I will marry you," she returned.

"Well," said he. "I will do it. Suppose, now, you and I were traveling together. We arrive at a hotel, and there only two beds for us. In one there is a man and the other a woman; which bed would you select to sleep in?"

She arose indignantly and replied, "With the woman, of course, sir!"

"Well, there you are," grinning from ear to ear he replied, "So would I!"

#### Apple Dumplings

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



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## Victory Farm Volunteers from Lincoln

#### by Doyle Ramey

Sometime during WWII someone in Huntsville got the idea for recruiting teenage boys to do farm work.

My best guess as to who this individual was would be Mr. Edward Anderson, the superintendent of education for Madison County Schools and a former principal of the Lincoln school.

Our first trip was to Foley, Alabama in Baldwin county where we were to harvest potatoes. Fortunately for me I did not have to pick potatoes, for that was a back breaking job. My job was to load potatoes in the box cars after they had been washed and bagged.

We lived in a kind of pavilion and slept on cots. The fellas who worked in the field allowed their jeans to get so dirty they could stand alone at the foot of the cot. We ate in what makes me think of today as a high school cafeteria.

A short time after we returned home Mr. Ratliff, our extension agent, came out to my house to talk to my mother about me going to New Hampshire. He told her that I was a good worker, and that he hoped she would let me make this trip and of course she did.

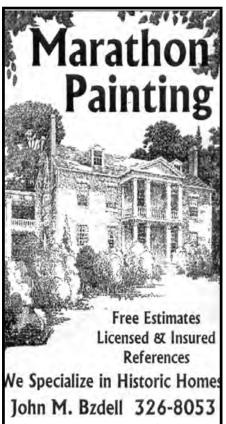
Those of us that were picked to go were James Anderson, myself, Bud Ross, Pete Davis, and Cornelius Boggs.

We left Huntsville by train for Claremont junction Vermont and the next stop Durham, N.H., the home of the University of New Hampshire.

We were met at the train by officials of the state government who would be responsible for us during our stay.

I were assigned to the University poultry department. The other boys were sent to work on a farm. They didn't like getting up early to do farm chores.

We lived in a apartment over a greenhouse. The apartment was over the front end of the greenhouse. The state was supposed to pay us a small per diem





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for food. Some how the paper work must have gotten messed up because we didn't get paid for a long time. We were eating in the University cafeteria and running up a tab.

One day we found a pair of trousers in the closet and they appeared to be my size. I tried them on and while examining the pockets I found a 20 dollar bill in the watch pocket. We headed immediately to one of the campus soda shops and enjoyed a banana split.

The gentleman who was in charge of the greenhouse was a Texan. He told us that if we met any girls on the campus and wanted to give them an orchid we could help ourselves to any in the greenhouse.

Somehow I met a girl named Kay who turned out to be the daughter of the cafeteria manager. One day I asked Kay to drop by the greenhouse and I gave

"Alcoholism is the only disease that you can get yelled at for having."

Jimmy Winters

her an orchid. The next day her father was perplexed that I could give his daughter an orchid, but I couldn't pay my food bill.

He made a guess as to what the orchid cost and somehow I could not bring myself to tell him that they were free to me. I let him believe that I was a typical southerner who appreciated women and was happy to give her an orchid.

Eventually we got paid and we cleared our tab, and become on good terms with the manager.

We were assigned initially to a gentleman who must have expected some characters not unlike the Foxworthy's rednecks. His first comments to us were that we were more intelligent then he expected from boys coming out of the south.

In fact he stunned James and me when he asked if we had tall buildings in the south.

He came to appreciate us in time and realized that we were good workers, and fairly smart. Our first assignment was to work in a strawberry patch chopping weeds. Since we had never seen a strawberry plant, we wound up chopping the whole

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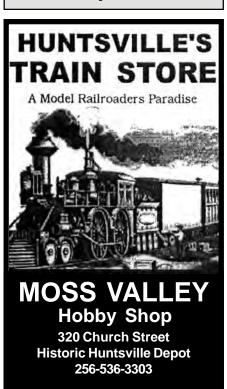
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plant.

I was then assigned to Mr. Wilcox who kept me busy cleaning chicken houses, and feeding chickens and turkeys.

The poultry department had a range on the outskirts of town where they had hundreds of chickens living off the land. Mr. Wilcox asked me if I would spend the night up there in a small hut they had constructed. My job was to keep the wolves away from the chickens.

I had a 22 riffle and a cot to sleep on - that was it. On the way up there in the afternoon I would stop by the ice cream parlor located just outside the dairy plant. Each afternoon I would get an ice cream cone. The young girl was fascinated with my—accent and the more I talked, the more ice cream she gave me.

Eventually she invited me to her home on Sunday so her whole family could be amused by my southern drawl. With a nice home cooked meal I was happy to oblige and to provide their amusement.

One evening some of us discovered a tractor belonging to the Agronomy department that still had the key in it. The three of us would borrow the tractor and joy ride around the campus.

One night sirens began going off all over the place. We were fearful they had discovered the theft of the tractor, so we headed back to the shed to park it before they caught us.

On the way we passed a group of students who told us the war was over. The Japanese had surrendered.

While we had adjusted to life in New England we realized that we would certainly be going home soon. One weekend we decided to hitch-hike to Boston. We had a wonderful time walking around the city.

Later in my career I lived in

Sudbury, Mass. and decided to take my family and drive up to Durham to show them where I had spent part of my youth as a victory farmer volunteer.

I asked around town and discovered Mr. Wilcox had established a museum in town.

Naturally we looked him up. He was thrilled to see me and did in fact remember me being there in the 40's, and happy to see that I was now college educated with a family of five kids.

Things sure do change over the years.

"My wife and I had words, but I never got to use mine."

Stephan James



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# Sewing for the War Effort

by Billy Joe Cooley

During the second world war there spread a great spirit of patriotism across America. Some ladies in Paint Rock Valley decided it would be nice, since we had an abundance of cotton in the South, to cut bed sheets into four-inch squares and convert the squares into bandages for use in "poor houses" up north.

A Mrs. Kirkpatrick knew elderly people who lived in such a commune in Dayton, Ohio, so it was agreed that the bandages would be sent there for use in the facility's clinic. The ladies theorized that cotton bandages were difficult to obtain in northern communities.

Each week, the Valley ladies would buy two or three new bed sheets, cut them into the little squares, sew hems on the borders and ship them up to Ohio in cardboard boxes.

Since money was scarce during the war, the ladies would sell produce from their tiny "victory" gardens to finance the buying of the bed sheets. Some even sold home-baked bread, cakes and pies to workers in home-front factories and mills in nearby Huntsville and Scottsboro. The ladies worked their fingers to the bones, so to speak, to provide this very necessary service

"Duct tape is like the Force.
It has a light side & a dark
side, and it holds the
universe together."

Jim Smith, Athens

to the ailing elderly of the Ohio Home for the Destitute.

Three days a week the Paint Rock Valley women would meet in various homes, pray for the war effort and pour over their bed sheet tasks. It also gave the women a chance to talk about various events in the community and stay abreast of war news as it affected the community: which local servicemen had been killed or wounded overseas and which ones were missing in action.

But mainly it was the bed sheet project which concerned the ladies. The knowledge that their bandages were being sent to help poor people in another part of the nation accounted for a great deal of morale-boosting. It would lessen the demand for "civilian" bandages on the medical industry, thus freeing more commercial bandages for use by our servicemen overseas.

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

This went on for years, until the war finally ended and medical supplies, including bandages, became more plentiful across the nation.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick dispatched a letter to the Ohio poorhouse and mentioned that she hoped the bandages had served a needed purpose, since each tiny square had been cut and sewn by hand and "each stitch was made with a loving prayer by the Christian ladies of Paint Rock Valley, Alabama."

Soon a reply to her letter was received from the medical director of the Ohio institution. It read in part:

"Dear ladies, Thanks for the many bandages you have sent us in recent years. However, since we didn't need many bandages, our womenfolk painstakingly sewed the bandages together and made very nice bed sheets.'

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- For sale Or will trade for Ford Touring Car, Rebuilt car with racing body, two seats, 40 gallon gas tank, new tires all around, four extra tires. Engine in A No. I condition. Address Exchange, care of the Mercury.
- For Rent two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Mrs. S. R Metcalfe, Phone 131
- Left by mistake at Mrs. T. W. Pratt's residence - one serge skirt. Owner can have skirt by describing same.
- Bargain 4 room house in good condition; \$500 or will trade for livestock. 80 acres of land \$800. Contact A.J. Hewell at the Market.

## **Two Wives Too Many**

from 1879 newspaper

Mr. John Beatty was arrested yesterday on the charges of bigamy. Apparently the matter came to the attention of the authorities when he checked into the Huntsville Hotel with two women whom he claimed as his wives. Both wives are comely, with a fair amount of intelligence, and seem to be in full control of their facilities. According to one source there is also a third wife who at this time is visiting family in Illinois.

Mr. Beatty remains in jail while his wives are attempting to raise bail.

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# Civil War News from Huntsville

from 1863 newspaper

The suburbs of Huntsville and the land for some distance around the town are being fast denuded of timber. The beautiful groves are fast disappearing under the ruthless axe of the invader. There is scarcely a fence around any of the grounds in the vicinity. In all parts of the town there is similar evidences of destruction.

The soldiers are, for the most part, Regulars, and under better discipline than formerly, and being prohibited from entering private houses or lots, without special leave.

Negro men, women and children are quartered in Greene Academy. When Governor Chapman was ordered out of his home for refusing to take the oath, and was on the eve of starting, he received notice that the family must vacate the house in a specified time and it was said that he was ordered not to remove any of the furniture, and that Negroes were to be quartered there.

Thurstan Lumpkin, a citizen of Huntsville, who was sent to the Nashville Penitentiary, several months ago, for telling the Yankees that he believed that they were stealing Negro men to carry them North and improve the Yankee breed, is reported to have died there, a short time since.



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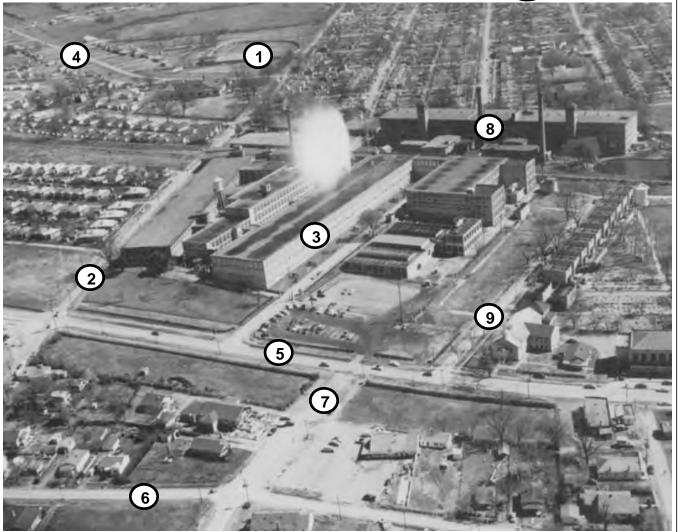
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- 3. Lincoln Mill

- 4. Andrew Jackson
- 5. Meridian St.
- 6. Kildare St.

- 7. Parkway Dr.
- 8. Dallas Mill
- 9. Rison St.

Last month we ran this photo and incorrectly called it Merrimac. A special thanks to Buford Higgins for identifying the photo and naming the streets.



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# The Red Caboose

by Judy C. Smith

My oldest of eight children, Dee, was ready to start first grade so I sent him to Miss Alice Freeman's First Grade on Lincoln Street. The class was held in the back two rooms of her family's home, which is now owned by the Central Presbyterian Church. She could really teach the children how to read and they loved it. Dee had to read the same story three times from the Dick and Jane series every night. I still have all of his books, well worn and read, but still readable, most every page is tattered and dog-eared.

The first time through was painstaking. The second time through was much better, by the third time through, Dee would have it down pat.

Sara Beth Batson Fair was one of his classmates. M.D. would take them to school at 8:30 am and either Sarah, Sarah Beth's mother, or I would pick them up at 12:30 pm. If they had been good and had not misbehaved, I would take them to the Zesto on Pratt Avenue for a dip dog, with mustard, French fries and a milk shake.

Some days after lunch, we would go to the train depot and

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watch the engineer switching the trains. Finally after seeing my old Plymouth station wagon day after day, he asked Dee if he wanted to ride with him in the engine. Of course Dee was delighted. He looked forward to this everyday now after school. Even when he was sick and had to miss school, we always made the train schedule on time.

To this day I still wave to the engineer and think of the one that brought such joy to a six year old in the fall of 1968. Now if only the railway would bring back the red caboose, this old lady would be a really happy kid again.

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## News From The Year 1867

#### **News From Huntsville and Around The World**

# Alaska Purchased For \$7.2 Million

Washington, D.C., Apr. 9

The former Russian colony of Alaska is now a territory of the United States, but it became so with but a single congressional vote to spare.

After an impassioned, three-hour speech by Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, the vote to transfer Alaska from Russian hands to the United States was approved by a vote of 27 to 12 with six legislators absent.

The total in favor of buying was one vote more than the twothirds that is required for ratification.

The administration's campaign to win support for the purchase of Alaska has been one of the more bitter of the postwar era.

For years, the Secretary of the Interior, William Seward, has been urging Congress to approve the acquisition of this vast acreage in the Far North. But the response has been strongly negative with both members of Congress and the nation's journalists laughingly referring to the country's new territory as "Walrussia," "Seward's Icebox," "Polaria," "Seward's Folly" and "Icebergia."

Even with approval of the purchase of the territory for \$7.2 million, which comes to two cents an acre, there is still criticism.

Many citizens express the feeling that the purchase by the United States of an "utterly useless" land of "perpetual snow" was an investment that only the insane would make. But its supporters are confident that this territory is some day going to be one of the nation's greatest resources.

## Nebraska Becomes 37th State

Nebraska, the land that one explorer called "the Great American Desert," has become the 37th state in the union. In 1820 the United States Army led an expedition to this region and declared it "wholly unfit for farming."

Settlers from the East Coast and Europe caused the population to surge from 28,000 in 1860 to more than 100,000 today. Nebraskans voted for statehood last year, but their effort was blocked by President Andrew Johnson's veto. Johnson is in danger of impeachment and he feared that Republican representatives from Nebraska would tip the scales against him. Today, Congress overrode his veto.



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### Pullman Palace Car Corporation Formed

Andrew Carnegie and George M. Pullman have merged their railroad sleeping-car companies to form the Pullman Palace Car Corporation, which will have a near monopoly in the field. Pullman will serve as president of the company.

Although Carnegie is best known as a rising figure in the steel industry, he has been involved in sleeping car production for many years.

# Knights of the White Camelia Organized

Franklin, Louisiana

A secret society aimed at preserving white supremacy and opposing "carpetbag rule" was formed at Franklin last night. It is called the Knights of the White Camelia. Alcibiade DeBlanc is the Grand Commander. DeBlanc said the white camelia was chosen as the symbol of the organization because of the "purity of its beautiful whiteness,"

## Man walks 1,326 miles for \$10,000

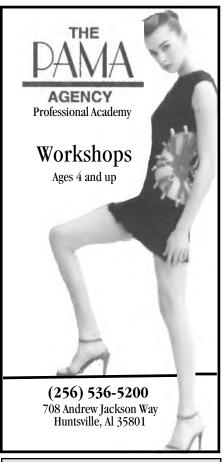
Edward P. Weston is \$10,000 richer and holds a new world's record, but it may be a few days before he goes out on the town to celebrate. The 28 year-old Weston is weary, having just finished a 26-day walk that brought him 1,326 miles from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, on a bet. Previously, he held a job as a circus drummer, but he decided that it was not his calling when he was struck by lightning.

## Jefferson Davis Out of Jail

Former Confederate President Jefferson Davis walked out of a federal courtroom a free man today after two years in prison.

He still faces charges of treason and involvement in the assassination of President Lincoln. The haggard but dignified leader, in a black suit and green gloves, appeared in the Customs House courtroom that had been his office in the war. His wife, Varina, worked for Davis's release by writing pleas to notable Northerners.





"It's funny how God uses simple people to do great things."

**Bob Carpenter** 





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# Moments to Remember

by Durwood White

I was transplanted in Huntsville, not a native, but a Tar Heel son; raised on a share-cropping farm in the coastal region of North Carolina where basketball was king in the Tar Heel state, and still is. We were a farming family of two girls and two boys; I was the youngest, the only one to graduate from a four-year college. Although one of my sisters did take her degree after her seven children had married, I received the benefit of a veteran's scholarship granted by my father's service in World War I, a real doughboy.

A chain of events led me to Huntsville in the Kennedy decade of going to the moon. It all started in my dormitory room at East Carolina University (Greenville). There in my closet, I stored the chemicals for making a solid propellant rocket. And... no? It started eight years earlier:

The neighbor across the street from my house had an only son about my age, Herman Daniels. He was nine and I about ten. We sat in swings on our front porches, those slatted oak, two-seated contraptions attached to the ceiling

by chains. I remember that our porch ceiling was painted sky-blue to keep birds from soiling the padded seats on the swing. We sung songs at the top of our voices, swapping profanity words, swinging as high as we could go; the winner touched his





toe on the blue ceiling.

One windy day Herman revealed a crafty project: a beautiful bow and arrow. Neither of us was allowed ownership of Red Ryder B-B guns. Those devices, we were told, would `put out your eye.' The arrow was a masterpiece, fashioned from a reed. The "arrowhead" was taken from his schoolbag, the metal point from a compass, which Herman had told his mother that he'd lost. The opposite end was cross-sliced and fitted with chicken feathers that guided the arrow in flight.

Herman, a chubby kid, stretched the bow as far as he could: the arrow laid against the bow held between his bandaged fingers, the bowstring nestled in a notch in the arrow end. I sat on my Murray tricycle at the edge of the road mesmerized by Herman's ingenuity. He raised the bow skyward and let fly the arrow. Up, up it soared like a missile. The lofty wind gripped the arrow and it plummeted downward. The metal point suddenly jabbed into my knee. The area around the point turned white, then blue. I jerked the arrow from my knee and madly threw it into the street. Herman dashed around the house. I ran to my mother cry-

Two weeks later, Herman and I were on speaking terms again. Heck, the neighborhood was lonely enough without being angry for too long.

Herman ventured across the street, and I thought came to apologize for the injury beneath the plastic bandaid on my knee. But he didn't mention it, although I hadn't forgotten. Herman came over to collect a jar of figs my mother had promised his mother, not to apologize. It was the season that June bugs swarmed around the fig trees. We kept the critters off the

figs by dropping them in a can of kerosene. Herman busily grazed on figs while I filled a quart Mason jar.

And then it hit me like a lightening bolt: payback! Would I dare do this? Yes! I secretly took one of the June bugs from the can of kerosene. I pushed the smelly carcass into the end of a fat fig. I gave it to Herman. He ate it! It was a moment to remember.

Herman's beautiful arrow and the dynamics of the wind caused me to dabble with making a rocket in my dormitory, Room 217 located on the second floor. My roommate and me transported the rocket into the country. We found an open field

of standing corn stalks, dry and depleted by drought. We set up the launching ramp, three steel rods fixed in a circle of plywood. The igniter was a dynamite fuse stuck in a wad of gunpowder crunched in the thrust chamber. We stood nervously watching the

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fuse lazily burn toward the base of the rocket like a crawling firefly. We didn't know what to expect, lift-off, an explosion or just a fizzle of smoke.

Lift-off was instantaneous!

The aluminum "arrow" leaped from its stand with the swooshing sound of a mighty wind. It disappeared through the cloud cover. At about six thousand feet a tiny orange-colored parachute silhouetted against the gray of an overcast sky. A pill bottle containing a mammoth cockroach dangled from the six cords of the parachute.

It was no Sputnik, but it had survived the G's of blast-off. A morning breeze drifted the parachute into the next county. We chased after the payload like storm chasers following a tornado. It finally settled in the back pasture of Johnson's Cattle Farm on County Road 5, a rocky dirt road driven by farmers.

We found the parachute waving back-and-forth snagged precariously on a pile of dried dung as if the "pilot" had steered its freefall to that exact spot. Nervously I lifted the chute and anxiously examined the "astronaut." It clung to the walls of the pill bottle, twin feelers wiggling.

The County Newspaper ran a story about a young von Braun at the local university. The reporter said more about the cornfield we set ablaze than the safe return of the cockroach. But my destiny was sealed. That summer my chemistry professor, Dr. Joseph LeConte, made a telephone call to Dr. Mebane, manager of Thiokol, Huntsville.

I was a co-op for the two summers of my sophomore and junior years, and hired on after graduation in 1960.

I first arrived in Huntsville in the summer of 1956 by Trailways bus (Trailway, singular tense, became the new name much later). I took a room in the old Yarbrough Hotel on Holmes Avenue across from the original post office.

A Volkswagen shuttle drove me to work each morning. Later that week I took a room in a Victorian house on Clinton Street. That house was demolished, and I'm not sure what replaced it. There were only two

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or three one-way streets at that time. Clinton Street was a thoroughfare. The population was about 40,000; the city had annexed surrounding communities. My favorite hangout was Bill's Drive-in on Andrew Jackson Way.

I met my wife, Ann Harris Uptain, riding to work in that shaky Volkswagen. She also worked at Thiokol as a typist. We married in June of 1959, and Ann returned to Greenville during my senior year. The place she worked was one of those metal openended Army huts. She often told me harrowing stories of how skunks wandered through the hut, with typists steeled in their seats. A stinky chemical called benzyl mercaptan, the smell of skunks, had attracted the polecats. That chemical was used in rocket propellant as a burning rate catalyst.

I worked in the propellant and process development group on the pilot lines. Thiokol manufactured propulsion systems for military rockets under liaison with the Army Ballistic Missile Command.

I remember Walt S. Terry who spoke with a halcyon voice and possessed the calmness of a sloth, the easy smile, the firm handshake, most of all, the gaze: steady, level, concerned. And I remember John Grider, a big, muscular redhead, who always had a comical comment. He sported a firm gut and his smile accented the few freckles on his face. John was project engineer for the Nike





Zeus. And then there was J. H. Bullington, a propellant formulae expert who issued batch cards for each assigned propellant loading. Joe Holley, a thin, lanky engineer, quiet, yet amiable was project engineer of the TX-33s. Charlie Turner, a short, wiry fellow with deep piercing dark eyes managed a crew of technicians on the pilot lines. Ed Schreck, an older, but stalwart leader in special projects, studying ways of improvement in the process. There were so many guys whose faces I still remember, but not the names: and then, some names I remember and not the faces: Like Chuck Owens, and Marty Olliff, and James Sapp.

Aging is a cruel taskmaster.

And, yet, I do remember when my writing career budded. A project came my way when I was assigned to a team who wrote the first Flight Manual for the Apollo crew. The draft was finally finished and went to the NASA flight crew for review.

When the draft returned, astronaut John Young (1962) had circled a booster fin on the Saturn IB frontispiece of the draft copy.

There had always been rumors of scrabbles between the NASA engineers and the flight crews over the four one thousand pound fins on the booster stage. Engineers argued they were needed for hold down during launch, admitting they had no

aerodynamic purpose. The flight crew rebutted suggesting that the four thousand pounds should be put into safety redundancy.

Young's comment was scribbled on the frontispiece at the end of an arrow drawn from the fins: "unNASAsary."

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## **A** Letter

May, 1929 Dear Pa.

I am in Memphis. Linda and I got married yesterday. We did not want to do it this way but her father would not approve.

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Your Son, Robert Howard





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## Old Huntsville Trivia

1804 - Isaac and Joseph Criner settle near what today is known as New Market. They are the first settlers in Madison County.

1807 - Religion comes to Madison County when Methodist Robert Bell holds the first camp meeting in Alabama at Indian Springs.

1809 - John Carter, newly appointed justice of the peace, has his hands full trying to find people to serve in public office. No one is interested.

1809 - In preparation for land sales, Thomas Freeman is hired to survey land in Madison County. When Freeman finished he had become one of the largest landowners in the county.

1811- Huntsville citizens are in an uproar about the dead animals being discarded into Indian Creek. They manage to get an ordinance passed, making it the first water pollution bill in Alabama.

1812 - Records show 916 families living in Madison County, along with 1,744 slaves.









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**Bud** Cramer

## The Natural Well

#### by Wayne Conner

I was born on May 10, 1939 on Stevens Avenue. When I was two years old my parents and I moved to southern California where I stayed until I was drafted into the Army in 1962.

My mother never liked California so we moved back once I got out of service. I went to work for Meadow Gold Dairy and met my future wife, Barbara, who lived on McKinley Avenue.

I had a cousin who lived in Huntsville and he knew all about the caves in this area. He once told me that Huntsville was called "Cave City" and that there was a huge hole on Monte Sano.

There was a man from our church who lived on the mountain and he told us how we could get to the "Natural Well".

We started hiking and it turned out to be about two city blocks from his house. When we got to the "Well" we were totally amazed at the size of it. It was 180 feet in diameter. It went down 180 feet til it angled to a depth of 240 feet and that is

where the cave started. The top of it was solid stone, with no guard rail, and we couldn't get within fifty feet of the opening for fear of slipping down and falling into the well. There was nothing to hold on to so if you lost your footing vou fell into the well.

I heard later that there were no accidents while the well was unfenced, but later in the early 70's the city put a fence up. In 1984 a 25-year old girl climbed over the fence and fell to her death in the well.

When we left my cousin Sonny told me that as far as he knew no one had been down inside the well. He said there were a few people getting ready to go



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down into it when WWII started and they never got to do it. That was my belief all those 40 years since I first saw the well.

When I went back to Huntsville in May of 2006, my brother-in-law and I went up the mountain again. We were told by the forest ranger in the park that we could take a trail across the street from the Burritt Museum. We went to the museum and the lady there confirmed the way the ranger told us to get there was the best, but that the trail was washed out.

She also acted a little like she was afraid of going to the well.

We got on the trail and found that we could not get across the washed out trail so we went back up to the old friend who lives on the mountain.

He remembered me from forty years ago but said that he had just killed a rattle snake in his back yard and that the trail was all grown over now and that we shouldn't try it.

So after a week in Huntsville we headed back to California. I thought that was the end of my search for information about the "Natural Well," but I just couldn't get it out of my mind.

Was I ever surprised when I got home and began to read the "Old Huntsville" magazine. In there was an advertisement for a Shaver's Bookstore. I called the store and the man, John Shaver, told me that there was a book called "Tales of Huntsville Caves" and that there were six pages about the Natural Well in it!

I had lived in Huntsville half my life but had to wait until I was in California to learn about the Natural Well.

Sometimes life works in mysterious ways!



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# The Legend of Monte Say No

In the early 1800s, according to legend, a beautiful Cherokee maiden named Monte lived in the mountains overlooking Huntsville. Two men, one an Indian and the other a white settler, were both pursuing Monte for her affections.

Things came to a head one day when the settler was visiting the Indian encampment and discovered that his rival had proposed marriage.

Distraught at losing the object of his affections, the settler shouted in a loud anguished voice, "Monte, say no!"

The words echoed throughout the mountains and the valleys below and from that day on the mountain was called Monte Sano.

Although the story makes for a colorful legend, it never happened. The story was a product of romantic and wishful fiction.

Huntsville, in its early days, was a community surrounded by marshes, pools of stagnant water and open cesspools. Every sum-

## News From New Hope

from 1901 newspaper

- \* Kenneth Davis was badly burned when his home caught fire.
- \*John Younger broke his foot while plowing.
- \* A body was discovered near the river by children attending a picnic.

Otherwise we are all doing pretty well.

mer it became a breeding ground for malaria. In an effort to escape the pestilence, many settlers fled the "demon valley" to the mountains during the hot summer months.

The settlers did not really understand why but the moun-

tains seemed to provide a refuge against the disease.

A local doctor by the name of Thomas Fearn noticed the medical phenomenon and named the mountain "Monte Sano."

The words are Italian for "mountain of health".



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## **Finis Parton**

by Austin Miller

Finis Parton was born in Jackson County in 1910; he was not one of Ryland's many colorful characters. He was, however, a solid citizen, a pillar of the community and according to Daddy the wealthiest person in Ryland next to Carl Morring. There was no evidence of affluence in his life style. He lived in the same house for 60 years, a four room shot gun concrete blockhouse of about 1300 square feet. The only improvement he ever made was a sandstone facade laid on the exterior about 40 years ago. As modest as the house is, it feels comfortable and spacious. There is no doubt that the personalities of Finis and his wife Myrtle made the house seem big, comfortable and warm. When you visited, you felt like you were in a special place.

He was a farmer, cattle trader and merchant but made most of his money buying and selling livestock. He dealt mostly in cattle but in earlier years traded mules as well. He could guess the weight of a cow or calf and how much they would bring at the sale almost to the pound and dollar. They used to say around Ryland that if he was passed out on the ground and you wanted to know if he was dead or not all you needed to do was run a calf by and if he didn't get up and chase after it, you would know he was dead. He was honest and on the rare occasion a cow or calf brought more than he said, he would bring you the extra money after the sale.

About 70 years ago, he bought approximately 80 acres bordering Flint River at the end of what is now Wess Taylor Road





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for about \$3,500. It is not very good farmland but he made a living on it farming before he got in the livestock business. More importantly, it made a home for his family. It did not take long when you visited to see that he and Myrtle had a strong faith in God and were at peace in their lives. This did not mean they didn't have troubles: they had their share or even more. They lost a baby son in 1941 and their oldest son Marion died a few years ago while they were both still alive. Finis told me that when the baby died, he and his brother France took him from the house, wrapped him in a quilt, carried him out to Ryland cemetery by foot, dug the grave and buried him. This is one indication of how much things have changed in Ryland since 1941. In the thirties, Finis

had blood poisoning and was at the point of death. Doctor Frank Jordan had tried everything he knew. But he heard that the Army Doctors at Huntsville Arsenal, now Redstone, had an experimental wonder drug. Dr. Jordan went to the Arsenal and asked for some of the new drug.

At first they refused but he got them to reconsider by telling them that his patient might die from the drug but was for sure going to die without it. He got the medicine and Finis immediately got better and soon fully recovered. The name of the new drug was penicillin.

Finis was a leader in the community and at Shiloh Church. Nothing important happened at the Church without his approval. He was a trustee for many years at Central school, a powerful position in the com-

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munity that went to the most prominent citizens. He had a witty sense of humor and was a good conversationalist and storyteller. He could keep you entertained talking about the past and his life experiences.

Finis and Myrtle ran the store from the early fifties until the early seventies. Finis had the reputation as being very generous but Daddy always teased Myrtle about being a stingy old grouch. When I was in college, I would sometimes borrow money from Finis to pay my tuition. I would tell him how much I needed and he would open the cash register and hand it to me without comment, with no note and no mention of interest. I didn't realize then what a significant favor and act of trust this was.

A few years ago my daughter Anna and I went to visit one Saturday afternoon. They were sitting in a swing in the front yard. There were chickens running around all over the yard and two or three dogs were lying in the shade under the shrubbery next to the house. A big tom turkey was strutting with his tail feathers open in the pasture behind the house. Down below the barn you could hear several guineas making the distinctive noise identifiable only to guineas. Tall hollyhocks were blooming along the garden fence. We talked for a long time and when we left, Anna said, "Daddy, that is a neat man." I guess that summed up Finas Parton as well as anything could.

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Huntsville, Alabama, 35801

\$20.00 per year

He was in the cattle business for more than sixty years and kept some livestock until he was about ninety. He raised a big garden, went to church every Sunday and drove a full size pickup truck until a couple of weeks before he died at age ninety-four. The best way to describe his appearance was that he looked like the Hollywood version of an old cowhand in a

western movie.

He lived a good long life but did not dwell on the past. He knew what is important in life and how one important thing relates to another. When he was 90, they gave him a birthday party and over one hundred people came. Quite a feat for a man who at that time had only one contemporary left in Ryland (Uncle Robert Miller). His only

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comment was; "If they had invited my black friends, there would have been twice as many."

The last time I saw him up and around was at the store in Ryland in the fall of 2003. I saw his truck parked out front and stopped to see him. I was afraid he wouldn't remember me since it had been some time since I last saw him. I was elated when Jeanette Harbin asked him if he knew who I was and he said. "Why yes, I remember when he was born."

He then proceeded to goodnaturedly chastise me about not coming around more and related other things about me that he remembered from years ago. It was a pleasant visit that I will always remember.

My epitaph for Finis Parton would be that he was a man from whom we could all learn many good things about how to live our lives.

## No Cure, **No Pay**

As settlers poured into Madison County the need for adequate medical care became a major concern. Most of the early pioneers depended on home remedies, superstitions and a bit of good luck to see them through their ills. Unfortunately, many of the doctors of the day were not able to do any better than this.

The first doctor to ever advertise his services in Huntsville was Dr. William Turner who moved here from Knoxville, Tenn.

In 1825 his rates, as advertised were: Riding, per mile - 25 cents each way plus one dollar per visit; Bloodletting - 50 cents; Pull tooth - 50 cents: Midwife service -\$10.

Dr. Turner also offered to cure the following diseases; Cancer - \$10 to \$20; Consumption - \$100; Syphilis - \$20 and Rheumatism - \$50.

He also advertised: "No Cure, No Pay."

"Will you please send someone to mend our broken path. Yesterday my wife tripped on it and is now pregnant."

Seen on local tenant complaint letter



## Halsey Grocery Company 300 N. Jefferson St. Downtown Huntsville, Al. (256) 539-0749

Some of the items you will find:

- Fresh Meat
- Paper Products
- Fresh Produce
- Maintenance Supplies
- Frozen Foods & Desserts Restaurant Supplies
- Canned Foods
- And Much More!

## "Open To The Public" No Membership Required

Open Monday - Friday 7:30 AM - 5:00 PM Saturday 8 AM - 12 Noon



## A Five-Cent Hamburger

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

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

His business, the Nu Way Restaurant, was renowned for the small, square, five-cent hamburgers it served. 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.

## The Grand-Shine **Dry Cleaners**

One of Huntsville's unique attractions in the late 1940s was, believe it or not, a dry cleaning establishment. Owned by a Mr. Johnson, the Grand-Shine Dry Cleaners offered on the spot dry cleaning and pressing for the individual with a busy schedule.

Unfortunately, many of his clients were farmers who only owned one suit and it was the one they wore to town to do their shopping. Many of these farmers wanted to have their suit cleaned while in town, but not having another change of clothes, were forced to hide in the restroom while the employees hastily dry cleaned the suit.

In an effort to rectify the problem, Mr. Johnson acquired a large barrel which he placed in the front lobby of his establishment. The front of the barrel was fitted with a hinged door allowing customers to enter, where they could remove their clothes and wait for them to be cleaned.

The price was 50 cents a suit, or 65 cents if you used the barrel.

#### Affordable Monthly Rates include:

- · Private apartments
- · Three meals per day
- · Weekly housekeeping
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- · Scheduled transportation
- · Individual care plans



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At Weatherly Springs in Huntsville, we provide the care and support you're looking for in a community designed just for senior living. Weatherly Springs offers affordable monthly rents with no lease or buy-in fees. Stop by and visit Weatherly Springs Assisted Living Community today. For more information, please call 256-880-1515.





10310 Bailey Cove Road • Huntsville, AL 35803

www.WeatherlySpringsALF.com AL 09528

## our shoes are nex

#### It was a dark and stormy night...

The Robinson family returned home from an evening out. Pieces of their prized rose bush lined the lawn. Walking in, they noticed trash scattered around the kitchen and scratches in the leather furniture...

And the litter box was suspiciously empty.



## Shields Indoor Unit

Call today for a free, no obligation consultation!

\$150 value

Keep your dog safe at home"

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- 9 out of 10 vets recommend us
- · Protecting all breeds for 30 years
- · One-year, money-back guarantee

Invisible Fence of Huntsville

# A Letter Home

Huntsville, Alabama 6 Aug. 1864 Dear Sister,

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

Our regiment HQs is near the city on a hill where there is a fortress with 8 cannons which can be used over the city and all around the whole region. The city is very beautiful but has gained much damage through the war already. We have no danger, only if we should be attacked at night, and if that happens the whole city will explode into the air and burn up, what the citizens know well enough and therefore are always afraid, it should happen.

One sees few whites almost not as many as blacks which are very friendly giving up the hat to the soldiers. We perpetually have 50 to 80 blacks that must hew timber for new fortresses, or do other work. These were slaves in the country about here and must work whether they

want or not, there is always a guard by them. I have good hours since I am the company's bugler, I need to do no watch, and no rifle to carry. Only to practice an hour each morning. However, the boys have it fairly hard, every

other day on picket, and each day a unit goes out to scout after bushwhackers, but up to now have found no opposition.

That is all for now.

I remain your dear brother. My address is John Drexel, Company CO 13th Ind. Cav vol 5 Huntsville, Alabama

"Making a marriage work is like operating a farm. You have to start all over again each morning."

Phillip Sheridan, husband



## Experience the

# Historic Lowery House

One of the most beatifully restored Historic Homes in Huntsville. Listed on the National Registry of Historic Places.

Available for weddings, receptions, political events or private parties.

For more information - www.TheLoweryHouse.com

## Times Were Different

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

Six prisoners, some of which were listed as being "dangerous to the peace of the community," had escaped from the jail the night before.

Within days, after a hearty pursuit by John P. Neal, Sheriff of Madison County, the prisoners were captured and lodged once again in the jail.

Huntsville's citizens, outraged at the escape, demanded

the District Attorney James G. Birney appoint a committee to investigate the circumstances surrounding the escape.

After months of hearings and investigations the committee finally issued its report. Among the main items they recommended were that "doors be placed on the jail, the upper floor be enclosed and some type of covering be placed over the windows."

Apparently no one had thought of these "recommendations" before.



## Tallulah's Salon

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#### Winchester Antique Mall

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#### BLUE FRONT DRUG STORE

1st Avenue NW Fri, Sat & Sun

#### OLDHAM Theater

1st Avenue Fri, Sat & Sun

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#### SCALLYWAGS UPTOWN GRILL

On The Square Fri & Sat

#### WENGERS

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#### **HAMMERS**

NY Items - Small Town Prices On The Square Fri & Sat

#### Whiffenpoofs

Vintage & Jewelry Costume Rentals 103 S.College Street Fri & Sat

### Country Store

Country Crafts & Candels On The Square

Fri & Sat

#### HALL FURNITURE

912. S.College Street

Fri & Sat

#### Love That Stuff

Costume Jewelry & More Dinah Shore Blvd.

Fri & Sat

#### Bennetts Pharmacy Lunch Counter

Vera Bradley Purses
1201 Dinah Shore Blvd.

Fri & Sat

#### Merle Norman Cosmetics Anrae's & CO.

1229 Dinah Shore Blvd. Sat & Sun

## Franklin Co. ART GUILD Artisan Depot - Cowan 207 Cumberland St.

Fri & Sat

#### OLIVIA'S Hope Chest

Consignment Shop 660 College St Fri & Sat

# VOTE

# AL WIGGINS

## **State Representative - District 21**



I believe we need accountable leadership in Alabama. We need leaders who are willing to make tough, principle-driven decisions; leaders who value integrity and hard work.

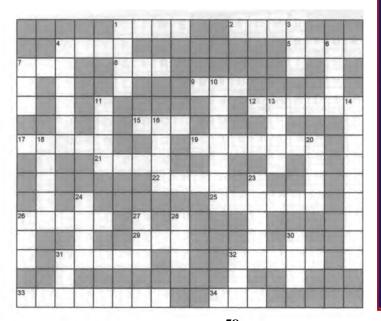
The people of Alabama and the residents of District 21 deserve nothing less".

Al Wiggins

- Married 36 years to Kathy, a retired Contracts Manager with SAIC They have two sons, Brian a business owner in Madison and Craig a business owner in Huntsville and two grandsons, Tyler 4 years old and Jake born on April 2, 2006.
- · Retired business owner
- Graduate of Troy University with BS degree in Business Management
- United States Air Force Vietnam Veteran
- Past State President Alabama Association of Insurance and Financial Advisors
- Regional Board Member Mid-South Chapter Alzheimer's Association
- Member Metro Kiwanis Club
- Board Member Huntsville Chapter United Cerebral Palsy
- Member Carpenters for Christ (an organization with a mission to build churches in US and South America)
- Former Boy Scout Leader
- Former Little League baseball and football coach
- Past Board Member Southeast YMCA

## Old Huntsville Crossword

created by Bob Spencer



#### answers on page 58

#### Across

1.	The 1955 Capsule was unearthed at the courthouse, 2005									
2.	Frank, President Huntsville City Council, 1930-1948									
4.	Gillespy elected Chairman of the Madison County Commission, 1981									
5.	Rice of Huntsville was crowned Miss Alabama, 1973									
7.	Grand opening ofWhite Hamburgers, 1954									
8.	The Bon Motel and Restaurant opened, 1951									
9.	Brothers Supermarket opened, 1952									
12.	Mrs. W. F. Garth founded the first Club,1924									
15.	A new camp was assigned to build a park on Monte Sano, 1935									
17.	G.W, Consulting Engineers, Est. 1886									
19.	The Huntsville Club was established 1921									
21.	Von Braun's transfered from U.S. Army to NASA, 1960									
22.	The first Heart surgery performed in Huntsville,1981									
25.	TVA was created by the " Bill",1933									
26.	Mary Todd Lincoln's half brother, Todd is buried in Maple Hill Cemetary									
29.	Town, One of Huntsville's Historic Districts									
31.	"'s Canal", Name of barge waterway from Big Spring to Triana									
32.	Hettinger, Huntsville Mayor,1989									
33.	Row, South Side Square extended									
34.	Building, Early Office building for Space Contractors									

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#### Down

1.	A house, gift from Mollie, was forerunner of Huntsville Hospital, 1904	
3.	Huntsville voted in 1911	
4.	The picture " SPACE CAMP" was filmed in Huntsville, 1986	
6.	The Hays family donated land for a Nature Preserve in Hampton, 1999	
7.	Huntsville's slogan is "The Is Not The Limit"	
10.	Cherokee on the "Trail of Tears" were marched through the streets of Huntsville, 1836	
11.	New Office building on Holmes & Jefferson, 1936	
13.	Panoply Of The, opened 1982	
14.	Billy, inducted into Alabama Sports Hall of Fame,1983	
16.	Lake in cavern under downtown Huntsville, 1890	
18.	Carrie Nation lectured on temperance at the HuntsvilleHouse, 1902	
20.	The Huntsville Published it's last issue in 1996	
23.	Councill Housing Project opened, 1951	
24.	The Huntsville Department has 17 Stations, 2006	
26.	Mincher, local ball player, started with Washington Senators, 1960	
27.	The Braun Civic Center opened in 1975	
28.	Initials of ladies' organization which formed chapter in Huntsville in 1895	
30.	Gov't Agency bringing sweeping changes to HSV	
31.	The Spanish outbreak killed 393 people in Huntsville, 1918	
32.	Quest, an interactive museum in Huntsville	

# Lewter's Hardware Store



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

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.

Domie Leuter Mac Leuter

A Hardware Store....
The Way You Remember Them

222 Washington St - 539-5777

## Alhen life was simple...



Parades in the 1920s provided entertainment for the whole family. Another popular attraction in 1922 was Huntsville's first auto show. Among the cars on display were Studebaker, Winston, Oakland, Haynes, Mitchell, Cadillac, Fremocar, and Lincoln. The Cole Aero Eight was voted the most popular auto and won the blue ribbon.

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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