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HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Bootlegger's Daughter

Teresa had tried several times to quiz her mother about him before she died, but had gotten nowhere. All her mother would say was that he was shiftless and sold whiskey. About the only other thing Teresa knew about him was that his name was Luke.

The truth was, Teresa didn't know himat all. Part of her wanted nothing to do with the man who claimed to be her father but had never so much as written her. On the other hand, she had a curious longing to know something, anything, about him.

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The Bootlegger's Daughter

The year was 1959 and it was a cold, wintry day in Nashville when Teresa Hanev received word that her father had died. Her first thought was "good riddance." Her mother and father had separated before she was born and for the past forty-two years she had heard nothing from him. Teresa had tried several times to quiz her mother about him before she died but had gotten nowhere. All her mother would say was that he was shiftless and sold whiskey. About the only other thing Teresa knew about him was that his name was Luke.

The only contact she had with her father's family was Uncle Bob, a cousin of her father. Actually, it wasn't much of a contact as she had never met him, but on every birthday, Christmas or special occasion he would send her a card and present. Although she never knew for certain, she always had the impression that Uncle Bob paid many of the bills and possibly, even her college tuition.

Once, while a teenager, she had written Uncle Bob a long

letter asking about her father. She never received a reply.

Now, after all those years, he was calling about her father's death. "All the arrangements have been taken care of," he explained, "but I thought you might want to go through his belongings and see if there is anything you might want."

After talking for a few more minutes he gave her the address and said he would put the key in the mailbox. After hanging up she told her husband, Al, about the phone call. His first question was, "What do you want to do?"

The truth was that Teresa didn't know. Part of her wanted nothing to do with the man who claimed to be her father but had never so much as written her. On the other hand, she had a curious longing to know something, anything, about him.

Her husband settled the matter. "It's only a hundred miles to Huntsville. We can drive down there, go through his things, stop and have dinner somewhere and still be back home tonight. Who knows? He might have left you a million dollars."

The drive took longer than expected. A misty drizzle had begun falling and as the temperature dipped below freezing, sheets of ice began forming on the roads. By the time they ar-



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Finally, after searching for what seemed like an eternity, they located the house in a section of town called Boogertown. It was an older dilapidated house, the kind they used to call "shotgun" houses. Parked in front were two or three older cars in various states of disrepair, some on cinder blocks. A feeling of revulsion swept through Teresa as she realized this was her father's home. She had been raised in an upper middle-class family and had never experienced poverty such as she was seeing now.

The home seemed even more impoverished inside. A few pieces of rickety furniture and a coal stove in the living room and a bedroom with an older cast iron bedstead. In the corner was a dresser and on the wall were a row of nails where various pieces of drab clothing were hung. The kitchen was tiny, almost as if it was added on as an afterthought. There was a small table with a few wooden chairs and above the sink was a shelf where cans of food were lined up.

A quick walk through the tiny and barren house seemed to confirm the old stories Teresa had heard about her father. She had not known what to expect but had certainly been hoping for something better. "This is ridiculous," she said to her husband, "How could someone live like this?"

Meanwhile, Al had built a fire in the stove. Within a few minutes a roaring fire was forcing the icy chill from the room. When he went outside to get more coal, he returned in a few minutes with a grim look on his face. "We're not going anywhere tonight. We're in the middle of an ice storm."

Teresa raced to the front porch. It was true. A thick layer of ice covered everything in sight and more was coming down. Realizing it was impossible to return to Nashville, she suggested that maybe they could get a hotel room. Anywhere but here.

"I don't think so," said Al. "I tried to make a reservation before we left home. There's only one hotel in town and it is full."

Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by sounds at the front of the house. When Teresa opened the door there was an old man standing there. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Hello," the old man said as

"Did you hear that the post office will be charging a dime just to mail a letter?"









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he quickly brushed by her to the stove to warm his hands. "My name is Bob and I live across the street. I just wanted to come over and make sure everything is all right." Looking at Teresa for a long moment he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "You really do look like your father."

Teresa stared at the old man not knowing what to say. He was dressed in overalls and an old army fatigue coat. There was a stubble of beard on his face. "This can't be Uncle Bob." she thought. Although she had never met him she always had an image of Uncle Bob being well educated and, probably, rich.

Finally she posed the question. "Are you Uncle Bob?"

The old man paused, as if searching for the right words before replying. "Well, yes - no - sort of. It's a long story." Someone pulled up an extra chair and as Bob sat down he asked Teresa, "What exactly did your mother tell you about your father Luke?"

Seeing a blank look on her face, he said with a bitter tone in his voice, "That's what I thought - nothing!" Talking in a low voice, almost as to himself, he began telling Teresa about her father.

"Luke was a fine man. He was my best friend for almost all my life. He came from a rough family who were all in the whiskey business. His father got caught several times and spent time in the federal prison.

His mother was trash. When Luke was about nine or ten years old, and his daddy in prison, she took off with another man. Just left Luke with an old colored couple and took off. No one ever heard from her again."

"When Luke's daddy got out of prison he took the boy to live with him, but mostly Luke just raised himself. He was always doing odd jobs to make money. Luke was about sixteen years old when his daddy got killed. They said it was an argument about whiskey. He had sold a load to a bootlegger here in town and the man didn't want to pay. The bootlegger said it had been cut too much."

"A few years later Luke got his first car. It was an old beatup Ford. If I remember right, he gave ten dollars for it. I had to help him push it home. You wouldn't believe what he did to that car. He spent months taking it apart, piece by piece, and putting it back together. When he finished there wasn't a car in Huntsville that could keep up with it."

"Luke was the damned'est driver I ever saw. There was this road outside of town that was full of sharp curves. Most people slowed down to thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. Not Luke! He would push that old Ford up to about eighty miles an hour and would just slide around the curves. I saw him take a curve one day and I swear two wheels actually left the ground!"

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"A lot of the bootleggers in town knew Luke because of his daddy and when they saw how he could handle a car they started asking him to run government whiskey. Government whiskey was regular store-bought whiskey, but you couldn't buy it in Alabama. Most people went to Kentucky where they could buy it at a good price. It was about a three hundred mile round trip, mostly on narrow back roads. We would take the back seat out of the car so we could carry more cases. We always tried to time it so we would get to the warehouse in Kentucky late in the afternoon so it would be dark when we started back."

"After he had been running whiskey for a few years he decided to go in business for himself. Before then, when he was driving for bootleggers, they would have to pay up front for the load but if something went wrong they lost the money. Luke decided to use his own money and take his own chances."

"It wasn't as bad as you think. Huntsville was a small town back then and everyone knew everybody. And everyone drank whiskey. It wasn't nothing

for a bank president to stop us downtown and order a case of Canadian Club or a couple cases of Jack Daniels. Luke probably supplied half the big shots in Huntsville! Luke was a good looking young man and everyone liked him. If he had a weakness, it was a pretty woman."

"That's when he met your mother, Mary. She was young. maybe 17 or 18 years old. I don't remember exactly how they met but it wasn't long before Luke told me he was in love with her and was going to get married. When her parents heard about it they threw a fit. Said they weren't going to have their daughter married to a whiskey man. Not long after that she and her family disappeared. Some people said they moved to Chicago where they had relatives "

"It was about this time when Mary discovered she was preg-

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nant. I found out later that she wanted to get in touch with Luke but her family talked her out of it, saying the baby didn't need a daddy that was going to end up dead or in jail."

"It was about two years later-when a friend told me about Mary being pregnant and having a baby girl. When I told Luke, it almost drove him crazy knowing he had a daughter but not knowing anything about her. He tried everything in the world to get in touch with her. Her father wrote him a letter saying that Mary was happily married and to never contact her again. She did not want her little daughter to be known as a "bootlegger's daughter."

"Luke tried writing letters but they all came back unopened. He sent presents but they too were returned. He told me he could live without seeing his daughter, or helping raise her, as long as he could know something about her."

"That's where Uncle Bob came in. I had been friendly with Mary so Luke got me to write a letter to her, not mentioning him, but just saying that I had been wondering about them and wanted to send an early Christmas present. Luke put a hundred dollar bill in the envelope. That was a lot of money back then."

"That letter did not come back."

"Luke waited for a couple months and then had me send them another note with another hundred dollar bill. That one did not come back either. Luke had me do the same thing every couple of months for about a year.

"Do you know why you pulled me over? OK, just so one of us does."

What you Don't say to a cop who stopped you

I never actually wrote anything much - just said that I hoped they were doing well and signed it Bob. Of course, there was always the money.

"About a year had passed when Luke told me to write again, send more money, but this time I should ask for pictures of my "niece." Two weeks later the pictures arrived and Luke was the happiest man in the world. After that it was easy. Every time I sent money I would ask for more pictures or about how you were doing. Later on I even got her to send me copies of your report cards and programs for school plays that you were in."

Teresa interrupted Bob's story to ask, "Didn't my mother know who was really sending the money?"

"Of course she did. She knew



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I didn't have any money and that I was not really your uncle. But she liked the money and knew her husband would not object if it came from a supposedly wealthy uncle. All she had to do to keep the money coming was to send things about you. When she would slow down Luke would stop the money and it wouldn't be long before another package would come. You might say that Luke trained her!"

"Over the years Luke must have sent you tens and tens of thousands of dollars. When you got your first car it was Luke who paid for it. He paid for your prom dresses, your doctor bills and your education. The only thing he ever expected back was a photo or maybe a newspaper clipping mentioning your name."

"When you graduated from college Luke was excited for months ahead of time. He actually bought a new suit and was going to attend your graduation. He said he was going to stand in the back of the room and just

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watch without anyone knowing. At the last minute he backed out, saying you might find out and that it might embarrass you. He said you didn't need a bootlegger for a father."

"After you were grown Luke talked several times about trying to contact you but I knew he never would. He was a proud man and deep in his heart I believe he was afraid that you would not have anything to do with him. I knew he would never risk that."

The tiny house grew silent as Bob finished his story. As he stood up to leave, Teresa asked,

Gossip is the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves practically nothing unsaid.





"If he had that much money, why did he live like this?"

"Because he gave all of his money to you," Bob replied simply. "Before I leave there is something I want to give you." Walking into the bedroom he pulled an old suitcase from under the bed. "Luke told me shortly before he died that this suitcase made him the richest person on earth. I hope you will understand why."

After Bob left, Teresa opened the suitcase. It was packed with hundreds of photos of her. There were copies of report cards, prom invitations, homework assignments and dental bills. There were newspaper clippings of her engagement and wedding. There were receipts for birthday presents and copies of her school's newsletters.

Teresa spent hours going through the suitcase. It was almost like a time capsule of her whole life pieced altogether over the years by a man whom she had never known.

Sometime in the early hours of the morning when the last photo had been replaced and the suitcase closed she was left alone with her thoughts. Her husband had laid down hours earlier and the only light in the room came from the flickering flames in the stove. Suddenly, as she sat there wondering how many times her father had sat in front of that same stove, she began crying.

She cried for the father she had never known. She cried for all the gifts she had received without knowing they were from him. She cried because she had never tried to contact him.

"Five second fuses really last only three seconds."

from Military Infantry Journal

Suddenly she felt her husband's arms around her. "Don't be sad." he said.

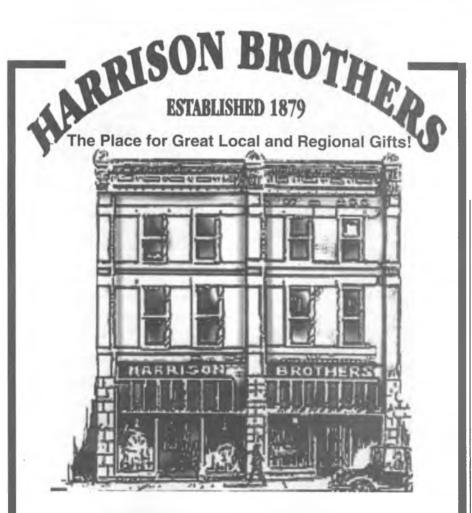
"I'm not sad," she said while still crying. "I just feel so lucky to have had a father who cared about me so much."

Teresa and Al never had children of their own, but the following year they adopted a darkhaired baby boy, whom they named Luke.

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Heard on the Street in 1885

- Stolen last Thursday night from Thomas Gore near Huntland, Tn. a black horse mule. A reward of ten dollars will be paid for the return of the mule, and ten dollars for the apprehension of the thief as long as he is delivered to me. The lucky man can reach me at the Mercury.
- Nine of J. R. Stegall's fine lot of hogs were impounded this week under the vagrant hog law. Mr. Stegall states that on Saturday night his hogs were closely put up in his lot, and on Sunday morning had escaped through the planks which had been removed either by a man or a hog. He claims that the ordinance does not apply where the owner of the hogs does not intentionally permit them to run at large and has been pardoned for this before. Justice R. W. Figg has been asked to test the question.
- Deputy Sheriff Fulgham, yesterday, took Kitty Eldridge, a demented colored woman, to the State Asylum for the Insane at Tuskaloosa.
- John Rosemeyer, wellknown farmer in the Scottsboro area, while bordering on de-

lirium yesterday, piled his bedding on the floor in his room and set fire to it, then mounting a chair on the table in the middle of the room and arming himself with a gun, bade defiance to his imaginary tormentors, when some neighbors heard the noise and rescued him. His eyes were burned and he was otherwise so badly burned that he cannot live. The house and its contents, worth \$3000, were destroyed.

- About 7 o'clock last night, a horse attached to the Butcher wagon of Mr. J. Price became frightened at something and rattled down Randolph St. at a lively gait. When opposite the residence of Rev. F. J. Tyler, the beast concluded to take in the side walk, but the wagon objected to this and it became tightly jammed between the shade trees and the fence. The Negro driver was scattered over the road and we believe, badly hurt.



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Christmas 2008: The Toys are Out!

by Johnny Johnston

Fifty to sixty years ago there were no toy shops in Huntsville or any other southern city I know of. At Christmas time many stores would set up a toy section to draw in the Christmas shoppers. My favorite, I guess, was Western Auto.

Near Christmas time when we walked from Lincoln to downtown we always stopped to see what toys Western Auto had placed in that limited area of their showroom. Union Bank sits on that location now. At the end of Meridian Street there was a Y which led left to Green Street or right to Washington Street. Western Auto sat on the right side of Meridian next to an open field which later became the Plymouth Dealer. The section where Western Auto and

Auto Electric sat was later abandoned to give Meridian a more direct path to downtown. When one way streets were installed it was necessary to make a right turn to get to Jefferson Street.

Whoever went downtown near Christmas would look for the toys and when the time came word spread. The Toys are out!

Beckers Department Store was another retail outlet which made a few square feet available for toys. Mostly people shopped at the \$.10 cent stores on East Side Square and Washington Street. Beckers was across Jefferson from the Grand Theatre and Double Cola Bottling Company. That location was made famous in the late forties by a young radio announcer named Grady Reeves who had a radio show called "Man on the Street", Grady interviewed everybody passing and gave away Double Cola Products.

Nothing replaced the Sears Catalogue for dreaming about Christmas Gifts, especially toys. I remember looking at a wind up bulldozer that I just had to have. I looked at that picture and read the description for years but never got that toy. Just no money to afford it

It is not the achievement of a desire that is as satisfying as the continuance of the pursuit!

It is hard to imagine now that Firestone, Goodyear, and Western Auto would sell toys. Toys were so unnecessary to the strained and limited family budget of long ago that no business could depend on a volume which



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would keep them in business.

Many mill village children got no toys for Christmas but received a piece of fruit or maybe new clothing or shoes instead. A toy might consist of a wooden or medal automobile or truck to be pushed or pulled by the child. Electric toys just did not exist, at least not in our community.

I remember that my cousin, Murray Dean, returned from WWII by bus and came to our house on Maple Street. He had brought his brother Joe an electric model of a Mercedes made in Germany. It had lights, doors that opened and wheels that steered. I don't remember the batteries powering anything else but that was an amazing thing to this 8 year old boy. I had never seen anything like that before.

One year I got a Metal stake

"I discovered that I really liked my teacher when I saw that she cried while we sang 'Silent Night."

Ian Trent, age 7

bed truck, 1946 I believe because it was the first thing metal I had seen after the War. I also received during the year's rubber toy cars, guns and holsters, and one year a BB gun. Now that BB gun was expensive at the time. I suppose it cost near a days pay but it was wonderful. That is the BB gun that Fred, my Brother who just passed away, used when he was the marksman and I was the target.

No, Christmas was then what it is now; we had our church socials, a celebration in school, exchanged small gifts at home, but there were not many bicycles or other expensive things. What gets me, Christmas was much more celebrated then, the birthday of Christ was just that, we celebrated with Christmas songs, told Christmas stories and always had a Christmas play at school.

I was in one such play when in about the 6th grade. I was to be a Shepherd along with several of my friends. I had no speaking part but got more attention than anyone else. The teacher asked all Shepherds to have their fathers make their staff from a wooden

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pole. My father was not a carpenter, he was a plumber. My staff was made from 3A inch metal pipe. That was OK until I dropped it.

Have you ever heard the First Baptist Church bell ring? Have you ever heard the old Courthouse bell ring? Have you ever heard the dinner bell cafe bell ring? My bell, emulating from that metal staff, was louder than all of these. The audience roared!

Every now and then I run into some old Lincoln person who remembers my contribution to "A Christmas Play to Remember".

"The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belzer, the sin of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Belzer."

Seen in recent church bulletin

News from 1895

- Wanted-- Two hundred colored families to go to Texas and Louisiana to farm. You will be furnished provisions to live on all the year, and will be given until your first crop is made to pay for them and your railroad fare. You get wood, garden and a house to live in FREE. Call on Thos. H. Haywood, Decatur, Alabama. Transportation will be paid.

- While toying with a revolver last Monday night, the carriage driver of Mr. A. Campbell accidently discharged it, the ball striking the cook, inflicting a dangerous and maybe a fatal wound. The ball entered the left breast, passed through the left lung and lodged in the shoulder. At last report the woman was resting easy.

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Christmas in Hazel Green

by Betty Williams Gordon

It was the year of December 1943, we lived on Grimwood Road. I don't think it was called that at that time. We lived in an old farm house papa had rented from Mr. Campbell. The winters were usually quite cold for that time of year.

We were all excited, it was just a few weeks till Christmas. My sister Stacie, brothers B.W. and Carl, we were all getting ready. Papa took us to the foothills in the mountains near Huntsville to cut a Christmas tree. Mama stayed home to make popcorn to string on the tree. We also had cut out paper links and colored them. My older sister Lela and husband Byram Sledge was coming for Christmas dinner along with their children B.H., S.T. and daughter Gladys.

We were thinking mama would make us some snow cream. We knew we would not get many gifts because times were hard. We would have good food and snow cream.

Christmas morning we woke up expecting snow, it was cloudy and mild, but no snow. We opened our gifts. We hugged mama and papa and thanked them. I could not wait to show my doll to Gladys. I wondered what she got.

Before long we saw the old wagon and mules coming down the dirt road. It was the Sledges. They left Parlee Bottom early. As they approached the house, B.H. was singing dashing

through the mud in a one horse open sleigh. We all begin to laugh and joined in. Gladys jumped down from the wagon. She ran to the porch - it had started to rain. She carried her doll with her. I was so happy to see them and show them my doll.

I think about it now, I realize mama and Lela must have gotten the gifts from Mr. Towers our peddler. He came around often to peddle things from his wagon.

"The most terrifying words in the English language are: 'I'm from the government, and I'm here to help.'"

Ronald Reagan

It really didn't matter where the gifts came from. We were all so happy as we ate our dinner. Mama explained about it being Jesus' birthday, the real meaning of Christmas, and about families getting together. We missed the snow cream but there's always next year. Love, peace and joy. Merry Christmas

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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to Miriam **Dendy** for being the first correct caller to guess last month's Photo of the Month. The picture featured Huntsville artist Trice Hinds with his adorable sister. Gav Monev. Miriam identified both of them! She has been a homemaker all her life, and wants to send a special "hello" to her good friend Min Nash, in High Point, N.C.

We heard from Glenn Koch. Sr. recently. Glenn works for the Huntsville Police Department and has a special request. He said he wants to wish his beautiful wife the happiest 34th wedding anniversary, on December 14th, and to let her know how much he loves her. Paula Koch has been the Floor manager and Membership Coordinator for over 13 years at Valley Hill Country Club, and he is so proud of her. Glenn has been a police officer now for 36 years! I just love a romantic man!

There have been many instances of purse snatching and attacks on women at the malls and their parking lots. This time of year is especially bad for that, just make sure that when you come out of the store you are very aware of who is around you especially as you get near your car.



And don't be embarrassed to ask for someone to walk you to your car if you feel uneasy.

We were really sorry to hear that Alan Jenkin's father had passed away. William (Bill) Howard Jenkins was only 78 when he died. Bill worked for NASA here for nearly 30 years, was a private pilot for more than 40 years. He was a member of Southside Baptist Church, was an active supporter of The Land Trust of Huntsville, and was a founding member of Outreach, a halfway house for troubled teens. I know his family is so proud of him. We send our deepest sympathy to Alan and his wife **Debra**, and to Emma Jenkins, Bill's wife of 53 years, as well as the many friends and family who will miss him so much.

We were very proud of our friend Bill Poole (Bill Poole Real Estate) who was recently named Realtor of the Year for this area, as well as State of Alabama Realtor of the Year! Congratulations,

Bill, it is well deserved!

For our newcomers to Huntsville, one of the most beautiful events here is the Spirit of Christmas Past Homes Tour & Lumi**naries.** This year it will take place on Saturday, December 13, from 5-9pm on McClung Ave. in the Twickenham Historic District. In case of rain, it'll be moved to Sunday, the 14th. Thousands of candles will line every street in the historic districts including Old Town, and it is just breathtaking. Wear comfortable shoes and warm clothing!

Gladys Waggett was the loving wife, mom and grandmother who died November 21 at the age of 86. Her son, Joe Waggett, Jr., cared for her for years to make sure she was always comfortable. We send our deepest condolences to Joe, his wife Liz, their children and grandchildren.

It was great meeting Nancy Lamb recently, of New York Life. She is a sweet lady who works with Mack Vann, agent of NYL Insurance Company, and is really looking forward to Christmas this

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 boy has his own road.



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Sandra Stecle

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year!

Dorothy Durham was born and raised in Huntsville but she currently lives in Arab. She is having a birthday in February and is now 86! She has lots of great memories of early days in Huntsville. It was great talking with her!

Rosemary Leatherwood's dear mother Mary Branche Richardson passed away on November 12, 2008. She is survived by her wonderful husband, Billy Richardson, 5 daughters, 5 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren. Mary was a beautiful person, inside and out, and loved her family so much. She will be greatly missed by the family and friends she leaves behind.

Happy birthday to that sweet boy, **Austin Pinkerton**, who will be 10 on December 28. Proud mama is **Jamie Leatherwood**, who has another sweet boy, **Chase**, who is 8.

With prices going up everyday and all of us trying to eat healthier, the **Farmer's Market** is the place to go! The big one on Cook Avenue, just south of Oakwood on No. Parkway, has a good supply of greens, apples, oranges, etc. and just interesting stuff to look at. Check them out - they're open 7 days a week.

John Henegar is having a December birthday again, and his party at Lee Ann's Restaurant is legend in these parts! What a great time everyone had last year. He plans to do it again this year, same time, same place.

The new **Dog Park** off Church Street close to downtown Huntsville is very popular with dogs and owners alike! The dogs get to run and get exercise, while the dog owners get to know each other. On a nice day, the park is very crowded. Now we hear that there will be another dog park built off Drake Avenue, near the Senior Center, on the north side of Drake, around Brahan Spring

park. Money is being collected for that purpose now.

We heard recently from a really sweet guy, **Robert Watson** of Huntsville. He loves any kind of history and in fact has a BA in history. He loves Huntsville history as well and is just an interesting guy!!

Another item for you newcomers to Huntsville - you have got to experience **Harrison Brothers Hardware Store** on the square in downtown Huntsville. It is in an old building and has continually been in business since 1879! Set aside at least 45 minutes to browse through all the stuff - from old-fashioned kids toys to glassware and kitchen utensils (like real cast iron pots!) It is amazing, specially around the holidays.

Our good friend **Robert Madison** had to spend some time in the hospital lately, and we just want to send our love and best wishes to him!

Everyone knows or has seen **Jackie Reed** on the televised city council meetings every other Thursday night - Jackie is an advocate for the residents of Huntsville and she works hard to make sure our governmental bodies stay on their toes. In August of this year Jackie was awarded the Rosa Parks Woman of Courage Medal from the local branch of the NAACP. In late November the Council passed a resolution to

honor her continual efforts to make city government really work for the people. This was attended by Jackie and her family as well as a large crowd. Well deserved, Jackie!

Happy Birthday to my sweetie, **Tom Carney**, who has a December birthday.

Please remember to check on your older friends and neighbors during this really cold weather, it could possibly save their life.







Sandra St. Clair's Home Cooking

Cheese Tidbits

1 c. butter, softened

2 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese

2 c. plain flour

2 c. Rice Crispies

1/4 t. red pepper

1/2 t. salt

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Form into small balls and place on cookie sheet.

Press down with fork in crisscross fashion. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes.

No Bake Party Mix

8 c. Crispix cereal

1 c. pretzel sticks

1 c. mixed nuts

3 T. vegetable oil

l oz. pkg. dry Italian dressing mix

1/2 t. dill weed

1/4 c. canned Parmesan

cheese

Mix cereal, pretzels and nuts in a 2-gallon bag. Add the oil and shake well, add the dressing mix, dill weed and cheese and shake to coat all.

Sweet Potato Fries

2 large sweet potatoes

4 T. vegetable oil

4 T. brown sugar

Salt and pepper to taste

Microwave the potatoes a few minutes to you can safely cut them. Peel and slice into steak fries. In a large bowl coat the potatoes with the oil, sugar and salt/pepper. Arrange on a cookie sheet covered with foil, bake for 15 minutes each side at 450 degrees.

Spinach Saute

10 oz. baby spinach 1/2 c. raisins

2 T. butter

1/2 c. apple juice

1/2 t. salt

1/2 c. nuts (pine nuts, walnuts or pecans)

In a bowl microwave the raisins with the apple juice til tender. In a large saucepan melt the butter. Add the spinach, salt, raisins with juice, add the nuts and saute briefly. Serve hot.

Sweet Potato Casserole

3 c. mashed sweet potatoes

2 eggs, beaten

1/4 c. milk

1 c. sugar

1 t. vanilla extract

1/2 c. margarine

Topping:

1 c. brown sugar

1/3 c. flour

1 c. chopped pecans

1/2 c. butter

Mix the potatoes, eggs, milk, sugar, vanilla and margarine

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together. Place in a buttered baking dish. For the topping mix the sugar, flour, and pecans together, pour over the potatoes. Drizzle the melted butter over the top and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Morton Allen's Favorite Chess Pie

3/4 stick butter

3 eggs

1 1/2 c. sugar

1/4 c. milk

1/4 t. salt

1 T. corn starch

1 T. white vinegar

1 t. vanilla extract

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs. Mix well and add the other ingredients. Pour mixture into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes.

This pie was the absolute favorite of Morton Allen, a much-loved Huntsvillian whom Sandra

cared for.

Turkey Tetrazini

1 8-oz. pkg. spaghetti, cooked and drained

3 c. turkey, cooked & chopped 8 oz. can mushrooms, drained 1/2 lrg. onion, diced

1 c. celery, diced

2 cans mushroom soup

2 T. butter

1 c. grated mozarella cheese

Saute vegetables in butter a few minutes, combine with the turkey, mushrooms, soups, spaghetti. Top with the cheese and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Santa's Whiskers

1 c. butter

1 c. sugar

2 T. milk

1 t. vanilla extract

2 1/2 c. flour

3/4 c. finely chopped red and green candied cherries

1/2 c. chopped pecans

3/4 c. flaked coconut

Cream butter and sugar. Stir in milk and vanilla, stir in flour, nuts and cherries. Form 2 rolls, 2x8". Chill for several hours, then slice 1/4" thick. Roll each slice in coconut and bake at 375 degrees and edges are golden.

Sandra St. Clair is a longtime Huntsville resident who loves to cook, and the results show it. She is a popular caregiver in this area and she cooks for her clients as well!





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Christmas in Huntsville

by Placide D. Nicaise

I grew up in South Mississippi where we never had temperatures below 18 degrees. I had seen a few flakes of snow, but none that stayed on the ground. My first Christmas in Huntsville was in 1958 and that turned out to be a learning experience. This was not the coldest winter I have seen up here, and we didn't have as much snow as I have seen since. However, this particular winter had one morning with the worst driving conditions that I have ever seen.

In those days when Huntsville was a small town, we were mostly one car families and everyone carpooled to work. I had a brand new Plymouth Fury with the golden lightning bolt down the side. I had been at work less than a year and lived in a boardinghouse on Humes Avenue. A few days before it was my time to drive, the temperature went down close to zero and stayed there for several days. It warmed up enough for us to have a night of icy rain on the already frozen roads. Everything in town was covered by a quarter inch of solid ice. My driving morning dawned with a light, fine snow and temperatures back around zero.

My car was parked on the street and the street was so slick that you couldn't step on it without falling. I fell a couple of times and finally climbed through the passenger side to avoid the road. The car wouldn't pull out of its tracks in low gear. Even at idle the rear

tires would spin. I finally got it moving by starting in high gear and moving at only a few MPH. There was not enough snow to provide any traction. It was a pristine surface frozen down to the asphalt without any other tracks on the road. I had to drive the center line just to keep from sliding off





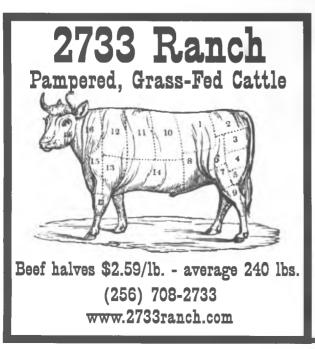


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on one side or the other. Stops were impossibly long, uncontrolled skids even from 5 MPH.

I finally got my riders and we got out on the main roads where there was other traffic. It was like a demolition derby. Any direction you looked, you could see cars running through stop lights, bouncing up on the curbs or colliding with others. I topped the hill on Jordan Lane, heading towards the stoplight at Holmes Avenue. I was in low gear with my foot on the brake, but we were accelerating. I had the green light but that didn't matter, cars were skidding through the lights from both directions. My riders were screaming, as we crossed Holmes at high speed, just missing two cars that ran the light in front of us.

Even after we got on the Redstone Arsenal, cars were going into skids. On Rideout Road, two cars had skidded off the road and were sitting out in the cow pasture with barb wire still stretched around them. We all dreaded the trip back, but the sun came up during the day and melted everything away. The trip home was routine but I went out and bought myself a set of tire chains for Christmas. They were never

used. I have never seen any conditions like those ever again.

The Gurley Jail

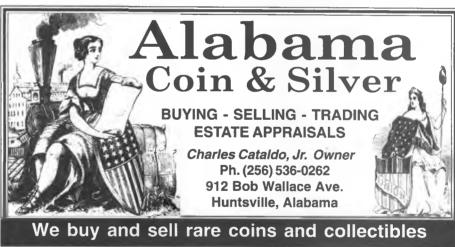
Margaret Sandford Connally

Early in the 1900s Gurley had a jail. It was a little one room affair located by the rail road tracks. It was used mainly to lock up young men who celebrated too much on weekends. One young man, Allen Sanford, tired of spending so many Saturday nights there, decided to do something about it. He went to the local saw mill and got a long log chain. That night when the train stopped in Gurley for water Allen hooked one end of the chain to the jail and the other end to the train.

I am told that a Gurley resident used the remains in a barn he was building, but Gurley hasn't had a jail since.

Allen served in the Rainbow Division during World War One.







My Best Christmas Present

by Austin Miller

I few days before Christmas in December 1966, 1 was sitting in my tent in Vietnam feeling sorry for myself. It was hot and I had just woke up from a fitful nap that left me feeling so listless I wasn't comfortable sitting, standing or lying down. I should have been feeling good because I was scheduled to go home in two weeks. Instead I had a bad case of the jitters. Two weeks seemed so close yet so far away. I had no misconceptions about what could happen in Vietnam in two weeks. I knew at best that I was going to spend a miserable Christmas 12.000 miles away from home suffering from anxiety and impatience.

I was shaken out of my mood when the First Sergeant stormed in and said, "Miller, pack your bags, you are going home tomorrow, they are letting all the short timers go home for Christmas!"

I am not normally a demonstrative person but that news made me shout out and literally jump up and down. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

I awoke the next morning to another hot and humid day!

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While I was waiting for the duty driver to pick me up I watched a company of replacements quick march by in formation. I felt more than a tinge of empathy for those poor fellows because I knew some of them might not ever get to go home. While I was waiting, Christmas and home still felt far away. Finally the jeep came and we sped away to meet my bus. When we passed through the camp gate, home started feeling a little closer. I had only one regret, all my buddies were in the field and I didn't get to tell them good-bye.

The bus, guarded by two machine gun mounted jeeps, took me and several others to Tonsunout Air Force base outside Saigon. It was a long frustrating day. We waited for hours in a deplorable barracks that was terribly dirty for a U.S. military base. We were finally told that we weren't leaving until the next day. The thought of staying one night in all that filth was not pleasing. At about 10:00 P.M., when we had long resigned to the fact



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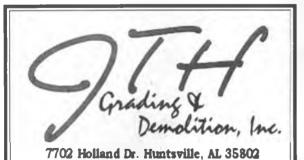
that we were not leaving that night, a corporal came and took us to the tarmac. When we got there a Brannif Airlines passenger jet was sitting in front of us with its engines running. They loaded us on very quickly and without wasting a minute the plane roared down the runway, lifted off and made a very steep climb upward. We were on our way.

At 6 AM PST, about eighteen hours after we left Vietnam, we crossed the California coast line. When the pilot announced this, we all burst into a loud round of spontaneous applause. That night I was home in Ryland, it was December 23rd.

The next day, on Christmas Eve, I went to town to buy a bed. My grandmother was staying with my parents and they didn't have a place for me to sleep. It seemed that in a very short time everything had changed.

The last tine I shopped in Huntsville I did it downtown around the square, now everything was on the Parkway. The old courthouse of my youth was gone and in its place stood a modern high rise that was scheduled to open in January of 1967. Thousands of people had moved to Huntsville from all over the country to work in the space program and I couldn't help but notice other less striking changes.

It almost seemed like I had come home to a different hometown. But this didn't matter. I was home and it was Christmas. I didn't get one single Christmas present that year but that didn't matter either because I knew my parents or brothers didn't have money for Christmas presents. Besides that, getting to come home two weeks early from Vietnam was the best Christmas present I ever got.



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The Silver Dollar Man

By Malcolm Miller

Up until the mid nineteen forties, Coco Cola pretty much had the soft drink market sewed up in Huntsville, then along came a new drink called Double Cola that revolutionized the soft drink industry. Joe Foster, a well known politician, veteran's affairs leader and astute business man, started

bottling Double Colas at his facility on Jefferson Street between Clinton and Holmes Ave. I used to watch in amazement through the window as the bottles passed by on the conveyer belt being filled and capped. To me at that time that was the height of technology.

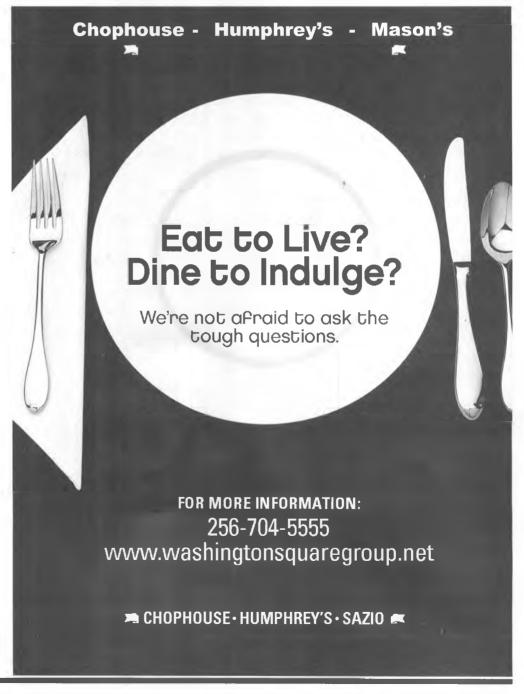
Well this new larger drink for the same price caused the other soft drink companies to start selling their drinks in larger bottles. Incidentally, a six-bottle carton was selling for a quarter.

Seeing that the other drink companies were using bigger bottles, Joe Foster needed a gimmick and he really came up with a winner indeed. He joined forces with a local radio station and that is when the "silver dollar man" was born.

People did not have televisions at this time and the radio was entertainment for many families. Every night a van would drive through the streets

If a parsley farmer is sued, can they garnish his wages?





of Huntsville with the radio blaring and just about every radio in town was tuned in to see where the "silver dollar man" would stop next.

When the van stopped in front of a residence, the whole town was listening as they went up to the house. Once inside they would ask how many Double Colas were in the refrigerator and for each and every one the "silver dollar man" would give the proud resident a shiny silver dollar. Times were hard at this time so the silver dollars meant a lot to the people that were lucky enough to receive them. When the neighbors saw the "silver dollar man" stop at anyone's home they flocked around and wished he had stopped at their home.

Needless to say, it wasn't long

before most of the homes in Huntsville, including mine, had a refrigerator filled to the brim with double colas. Well, like all good things must end, the "silver dollar man" stopped coming around but only after many thousands of Double Colas had been sold. This ended an exciting time in Huntsville's history.

I looked back on this time with fond memories over the next few months as I tried to drink up all those Double Colas that I had stashed away just waiting and hoping for the "silver dollar man" to stop by.

"Why is it called 'tourist season' if we can't shoot at them?"

Jim Smithey

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Times Have Changed



North Side of Courthouse Square - circa 1895



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Heard on the Street -1899

- A large crowd participated in the supposedly mad dog chase near the jail last evening. After one of the officers had shot the canine twice and failed to put it out of its misery, it was chased to the suburbs and some vounger men killed it.

Mayor Moore will issue a proclamation forbidding the shooting of fireworks of any description on the streets until af-

ter the holidays.

- All of the new hose for the Fire Department has arrived and the only thing now lacking is the chemical engine which is expected the early part of January. The fire laddies are in their new quarters and are preparing for any fires that may occur.

- The completion of the Jewish Synagogue is close at hand and when completed, it will be one of the prettiest church edi-

fices in the south.

- The beautiful residence of Mr. J. N. Mazza being erected on Randolph street will soon be completed.

- A new industry for the city has been secured for North Huntsville through the efforts of Mr. W. S. Wells. It is a hoop and barrel factory to be established by Messrs S. H. Allen & Co., and will employ about twenty-five hands.
- The \$1000 street roller which was purchased some time ago to put the finishing touches on streets after crushed rock had been spread will finally be used on the public thoroughfares.
- The rainy season has come and caught the approaches to the Colored City School in a

very bad condition. Our city ought to take more pride in its schools.

- What has become of the beautiful fountains that were supposed to be placed in the park at Southern Depot?

- The interior of W. R. Rison & Co.'s bank is undergoing a thorough repair and is taking on

a new coat of paint.

- Supt. Hamlet of the water works, says it will be only a short while and the new pumping station will be ready for operation

- A new roof is being put on the J. H. Crocker dry goods house at corner of Holmes and Jefferson streets.

- The matter of securing a training school for boys for this city will come up before the Huntsville Chamber of Commerce this evening for definite action. A great deal of interest has been indicated on this subject.

- Clarence Little, farmer of Paint Rock Valley, was shot and killed by Hohn Hinshaw, his brother-in-law. Hinshaw married Little's sister a while ago, separated soon after and it was found that Little had been living with another woman. The shooting occurred at the Southern depot.



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Scalybark Season

by Theresa Hanvey Falwell

There were many things I looked forward to in the 1940's, as I split my childhood between my parents' home in Huntsville and my grandparents' home in Hurricane Valley. I had the best of both worlds. One weekend I might go to the Lyric Theater and participate in the children's show that preceded the Saturday morning movie or to the library or to City Drug Store for an ice cream cone sitting at the miniature soda shop table. The next weekend might be spent on my grandparents' farm dropping apples in a basket or picking grapes or churning. I can truly say that I was never bored as a child, and neither home had a TV

Time for me was counted in loosely defined, non-traditional seasons such as planting time, school starting, cotton picking vacation, pumpkin time, sweet corn season, etc. And although I enjoyed each season, waiting for one particular season required all the patience I could muster. That season was, according to my Grandma, scalybark season.

A scalybark is a wild hickory tree prevalent throughout most of the eastern United States. It is prized for its strength, the nuts it bears, and its longevity. The tree's bark is the source of its name. It bears long, loose bark strips that fit the tree like a pair of jeans wrapped around skinny legs. Lewis Mountain behind our farm was full of scalybarks, and we had two enormous ones less than 50 feet apart that stood like tall sentinels marking the upward path from the gravel road and most of the property to the back door of the farm house.

These trees were functional, an integral part of farm life. They provided shade for hot weather work such as shelling peas, snapping beans, peeling apples, etc. They also provided a strong upright for attaching squirrels, rabbits, etc. that needed to be gutted and cleaned for food. Fallen limbs were harvested for tool handles, axles, carts, etc., as well as





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for use in smoking meats. These two trees were large when my Grandparents purchased the farm in 1920, and most importantly, they bore those delicious little nuts from my first memory of them.

In the spring, the scalybarks were covered in tiny yellow flowers called catkins. These catkins were the predictors of what I loved in the fall, the nuts. In the summer, those hickory trees had long fronds of deep green, shiny leaves, and if you looked closely you could see little clusters of tiny green balls. But, it was in the fall that my brother and I really took notice of these trees. It was then that the annual race began.

The race was between us kids and the critters that populated the mountain. Early morning was when these critters struck. Raccoons, squirrels, and even foxes seemed to lie in wait for the first "hicker" nuts to fall. They would steal them away to some secret site and consume or bury them before we were even awake. So, my brother and I took an offense approach, patrolling the scalybarks before sunset each day to gather the nuts that had fallen to the ground before the animals found them.

The nuts fell from the trees when mature in late fall. The outer coating which had been green and fleshy all summer turned dark and dry and cracked into four distinct sections revealing a small, light colored jewel of a nut. The tough inner shell required a hammer or a nut cracker to open. We learned that picking out the meat was much harder than it was with the hickory nut's cousin, the pecan. Grandma taught us to crack the nuts in half like a walnut and place all parts in a brown paper bag rolled tight for the night. The next day the little morsels were easily extracted from the shell because the tight fitting meat shrank with the loss of moisture overnight. The brownishtan meat was somewhat corrugated and convoluted in appearance, and the taste was rich and buttery with a high fat content. Because the nuts tended to be small, it took about a hundred to equal one pound of shelled pieces.

Perhaps you are wondering why anyone would go to so much trouble for "hicker" nuts. American

Indians set the precedent. They knew that the nuts were tasty by themselves, and that they could be ground into very palatable flour. However, those views did not create scalybark season in my mind. Instead it was the "hicker" nut cake that my Grandma baked every Christmas. She simply did not bake that cake if we kids did not uphold our responsibility to retrieve and crack the nuts. The presentation of this tall cake covered with billowy white frosting on a pedestal plate at the conclusion of Christmas dinner never failed to bring oohs and aahs, and was well worth all our efforts.

The two big hickory trees on the farm are long



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gone, as are my grandparents. I can no longer while away a crisp fall afternoon searching for "hicker" nuts under a bed of damp fall leaves, but now must resort to finding them at the Madison County Farmers' Market. I've tried for years to replicate Grandma's Christmas masterpiece, and even though I can turn out a pretty tasty cake, the flavor and experience is compromised by the loss of childhood anticipation and excitement for scalybark season and, of course its companions, Christmas and my sweet Grandma.

"Hicker" Nut Cake

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 5 large egg yolks
- 5 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup flaked coconut

1 cup chopped hickory nuts or pecans

- Preheat oven to 350 and grease and flour three 9" cake
- Cream butter and sugar until fluffy, add egg yolks
- Mix baking soda and buttermilk, and add to egg mixture alternately with flour
- · Add vanilla, coconut, and nuts, mix well
- Fold in egg whites and divide equally among the three
- Bake for 25-30 minutes or until toothpick comes out clean
- Cool 10-15 minutes before removing from pan and allow to cool completely before frosting
- Frost with a seven-minute icing and sprinkle nuts on top and sides



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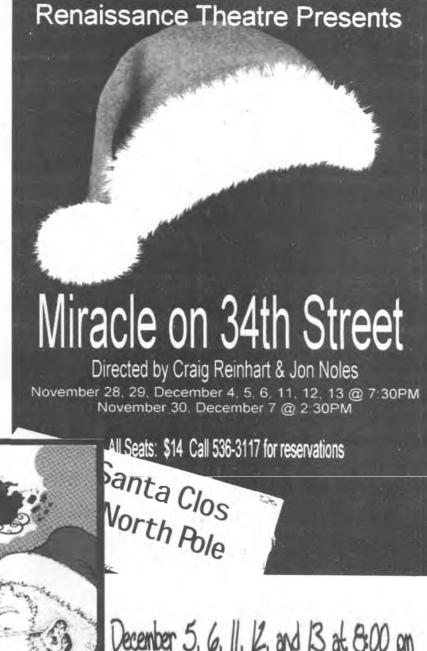


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Memories of a Soldier

written in 1905 by R. Harris

In March, 1861, I enlisted in the first company to leave Jackson County, Ala., for the war. We were sent to Fort Morgan, and remained there several months under Gen. Hardee. While on outpost duty at night at Navy Cove, near Fort Morgan, I was shot at by one of a crew of blockaders who had landed to pick off some of our chain pickets or videttes. He missed me, and I brought my gun to bear on him instantly, but it failed to fire, and he escaped through the lagoon. I think this must have been the first shot fired on Alabama soil. I was mortified at the failure of my gun, but a few days after this the Wilder, a small blockade runner, was grounded near this same point. Daylight showed Yankees to be on her, and several of us got a few shots at her from sand hills till we were shelled out of our position. We could not tell the damage we had done till the second morning, then thirty-nine Yankees were washed ashore and buried by our men.

From Fort Morgan we went to Fort Gaines and on to Fort Pillow, where we were discharged at the end of twelve months, our term of service. Most of the regiment reenlisted at once; but, determined to join the cavalry, I went to Corinth, Miss., where the battle of Shiloh was being fought, made my way to some Alabama troops, secured a musket, and took a hand in the battle. The next night I left on foot for home, and in a few days I was

mounted and with Col. Starnes, who soon completed his regiment, the Fourth Tennessee. I became a member of company F under Capt. F. Rice; the members were about two-thirds Alabamians and one-third Tennesseans. I was soon joined by my brother, Polk Harris, who had served in the Virginia army and had passed through all the battles from First Manassas to the seven days fighting about Richmond





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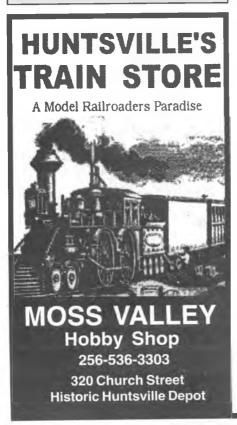
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before he was seventeen years old.

We were on the move all through Middle Tennessee. Col. Starnes, with most of his regiment, went into McMinnville late one evening and found that a major commanding one hundred scouts had just left, headed for Murfreesboro. He called for a hundred volunteers to go with him and we followed them all night, finding them at daylight at Readyville eating breakfast. William Whitworth and I captured the picket at the front gate of the Burton House (I think that was the name). Before our men could reach us we were discovered by a Negro boy, who ran around the house giving the alarm. About thirty men were here, and they rushed for the front and began firing before I could get to the end of the

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house. Whitworth fired from the side into the dining room, from which came screams: "We surrender." We captured eighty-seven of the hundred, only losing two horses killed, and no man hurt much.

I was with Braggs march into Kentucky, and with the advance guard of Kirby Smith's Division, commanding five men in extreme advance. We were being bushwhacked every few hundred yards by citizens, several of whom we captured. One I got out of a hollow log, and Gen. Smith turned him over to his wife, who lived near by and came screaming and begging for his life, followed by ten or a dozen children. Both kissed the Bible that they would be noncombatants in the future.

Tom Hunt and I came upon four surgeons at a spring just outside of town with four young ladies, and we demanded their surrender. One of them requested that I bring forward my colonel for him to surrender to, as that was his rank; but when I replied, "No foolishness" he promptly surrendered. The young ladies were all pretty, and one of them abused us very much, saying if she had a pistol she would shoot me. I handed out one, and she grabbed at it and I believe would have shot me if she had gotten it.

After Hood's retreat from Nashville I passed back through my home country in north Alabama, and saw how the Tory companies, as we called them, were stationed at almost every railroad station in the country and learned of their daily robberies, murders and abuses of the old men and good women in the country.

I felt sure then of our defeat, but went into the Federal lines,

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in command of a few picked and tried men in advance of Col. Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry. We had several engagements, and I was one of eighteen who fought eighty-seven in Wills Valley commanded by Hanflin and Springfleld, and where we killed two and captured forty-seven horses.

The time from then till the close of the war I spent in the Federal lines with a small band of tired men fighting as we had opportunity-- never, from ambush, but always in the open and mounted.

So far as I know. I made about the last fight of the war with five men against sixteen. Of these. there were two Indians, one Negro, and thirteen Tories of North Alabama.

We charged upon them in close quarters, killing five and wounding two. Out of the six shots I made with my revolver. I think five struck home, and am sure that I was shot at twenty-one times in close quarters.

Having learned that our commanders had surrendered and ordered all soldiers to do so, I sent in a note to Col. Evans at Larkinsville, asking to surrender and his adjutant assured us that we would be paroled as our command had been.

We were sent to Huntsville

and allowed the liberty of the streets for a while, and were told to report at a given hour for parole. As I was passing along the street a finely dressed officer accosted me with: "Yes, you are whipped at last, are you?"

I replied, "No sir: we are more overpowered than whipped."

He then said, "We could have slaughtered all of you," to which I replied that I bet he belonged to the 'bomb proof' department, and never fired a gun at the front and that if only I had the chance I would whip him.

He turned to two sentinels and ordered me taken to jail, but I was released within thirty minutes by a sergeant of the guard, who stated that he had heard all that passed between us and had reported it to the officer of the day, who ordered my release and had the other man under arrest.

I am sorry I did not get the sergeant's name, but he told me that night that the man who had me arrested was a Capt. P., and that he belonged to the ordinance or quartermaster's department.

I am proud now of this united country. My grandfathers were revolutionary soldiers, and I had a son in the Spanish American War but I believe the volunteer army of the South, facing such insurmountable odds, were some of this country's most heroic soldiers.

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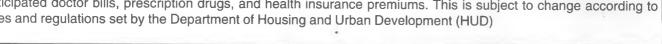
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An Undying Love

from 1893 newspaper

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

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

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

In the early autumn a regiment was raised in that neigh-

"Congress is so strange - a man gets up to speak and says nothing, nobody listens, and then everyone disagrees."

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

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

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

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

About two months after the close of the war, John Holland came back to his old home, to the great surprise and joy of his relatives and friends who believed him dead. He had only been severely wounded and taken prisoner, when it was reported that he was killed, and was a prisoner on Johnson's Island when the war ended.

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

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

When the Brock family went west they left some property in Alabama and about a year ago

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the surviving members of the family came back to the old homestead. Among those who returned was Mrs. Holland, now Mrs. Lucy Morris, a widow of five years with three small children.

She had married in Arkansas, fifteen years ago and had been a widow for five years. When she heard that her first husband was living she refused to believe it until Holland himself stood before her.

When the two again stood face to face, time had wrought many changes in their appearances, but the old love light beamed in the eyes of each. They are united now after all these years of separation and their children play together as happy as larks.



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Another Christmas Story

by Judy Chandler Smith

Oh my goodness, it's almost June 25th, just six months until Christmas. I've already made reservations at one of the few places open on Christmas Eve for dinner for seventeen family members. One of the Huntsville Churches has Christmas Eve services at 5:00 p.m. and that works perfectly to get out and head to dinner without anyone having to add cooking or cleaning up on Christmas Eve to the other regular tasks that we all have to do.

M.D. buys most of the gifts and also wraps most of them, because that's what he did when he was young helping his mother. I wrapped gifts at Rose Jewelry Company on the holidays when I was home from college until I was blue in the face and vowed I'd never wrap again. M.D. keeps a computer list of everything that has been bought and for each family member. He has kept these over the years and can tell you what was bought for what family member almost since some of the kids were born. Before computers, he typed the lists on 3 by 5 note cards and still has some of these. Oh to be so organized. It takes two months to finish the gifts.



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We usually put up the Christmas Tree and Owen's Merry Birthday tree on the day after Thanksgiving. It takes up half of the dining room.

M.D. is already working on his special Christmas Music. He produced his first CD and Cassette of Christmas music in 1994 and had done a number of them since then. This year, he is doing CD's





only and there will be two of them, one for the kids and grandkids and the other for adults.

I'll have to start thinking about the menu for Christmas. The last Christmas that my mother was living was 1990. I wanted that year to be a special one and I started cooking two weeks before Christmas and putting casseroles, dressings, cakes, rolls, frozen fruit salad and rice in the freezer.

A day before Christmas Eve, M.D. took care of the turkey by defrosting "ole Tom" in the downstairs bath tub as it floated in cool water for a day to un-thaw slowly and be moist at well.

Christmas morning there was a dusting of snow. Scott brought my mother over because she had had knee replacement surgery in the past and fallen in October and broken some of the bones in the same leg. She was on crutches and using a wheel chair.

By the time I was dressed on Christmas day, M.D. had already put "Mr. Tom" in the oven at 7:00 a.m. and we knew it would take about four hours to be ready by 1:00 in the afternoon, but he didn't start it cooking yet, intending to start it at 9:00 a.m.

After seeing what Santa brought the kids by the fireplace and opening all the gifts, it had taken several hours and everyone was merry, happy and having a great time.

When the opening of gifts excitement had died down and the kids were playing with some of their toys, I started getting the dinner ready to eat with the help of several members in the family. I asked M.D. to go downstairs and get the turkey out of the oven. We use three ovens to cook and bake all the food that requires to be cooked for so many people at lunchtime.

He comes back upstairs and into the dining room to announce that Judy didn't turn the oven on, so dinner will be postponed for four hours. So much for organization.

I'll be much better prepared this year. Surely I can get this show on the road starting six months ahead of time, but PLEASE someone call and remind me to turn the oven on.

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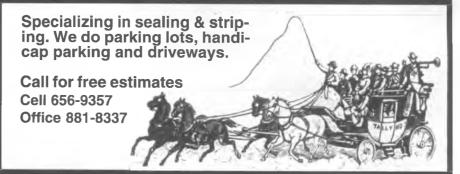
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News From Huntsville and Around The World

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The tunnel marks the birth of a subway system promising to extend to Jersey City and even Staten Island. If Chief Engineer Parson is right, Harlem's 125th

Street will be reached in only 13 minutes.

Subways are not a new means of transportation. London's system, which went into service in 1863, is the world's oldest. The first in the United States was Boston's, begun two years ago. And Paris is now building a subway of its own. Hailing it as "second only in importance to the Erie Canal," Van Wyck said "this rapid transit underground road is necessary" for "the accommodation and comfort" of residents.

World Exposition Opens in Paris

Paris -. The Paris Exhibition of 1900, covering a vast site of 547 acres, larger than any previous European world's fair, has opened its gates to the public. Most of the nations represented have their own palaces on the Rue des Nations along the Quai

d'Orsay. The most noteworthy attractions at the fair are the magnificent effects produced by electricity in the Chateau d'Eau and Hall of Illusions; the two palaces of the fine arts on the Champs Elysees; and the Alexander III Bridge over the Seine.

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Hawaii Becomes a Territory

Hawaii is now officially a territory of the United States. A chain of islands near the center of the northern Pacific Ocean. Hawaii had sought annexation by the United States for some years.

In 1898, America agreed to annex the islands and grant territorial status. However, it was not until this spring, after much discussion, that Congress enacted legislation spelling out terms for the new island government.

President McKinley had pushed for territorial status, arguing that the islands are a natural gateway to trade in the Orient.

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Gold in Alaska

Canada's Klondike region east of the Alaskan border continues to draw folks with dreams of easy money, despite the fact that the more lucrative gold mines there have been staked out.

Since news of the 1896 discovery of gold at Bonanza Creek reached the United States two and a half years ago, 60,000 prospectors have flocked to the Klondike, and about \$50 million has already been mined. The population is booming. Dawson has burgeoned from a mining camp of a few shacks to a bustling town of 20,000.

Dawson is also becoming known as the Sin City, as bordellos, gambling establishments and dives openly do business in spite of the authorities efforts to close them.

The crime rate is said to be higher than any other city in North America as criminals flock to the region in search of the gold. There is reported to be a murder a week in Dawson.

Strikes Paralyze Europe

Belgium and Germany have been severely shaken by a recent wave of strikes in their respective coal basins, and many factories, already running short of fuel, have been compelled to halt their output.

This month, labor revolts spread into other industries in Europe as well. In Vienna, steelworkers are on strike; in Brussels, it is glassworkers.

And in western Bohemia, 5,000 workers in various fields are out on strike. These actions are reportedly spontaneous, not the result of an organized movement.

But most of the laborers are making similar demands: an eight-hour day, a significant pay increase (up to 20 percent in some cases) and better working conditions. In spite of the disorders, company managers remain steadfast and do not appear to be making any concessions to their disgruntled employees.

DISCOVER

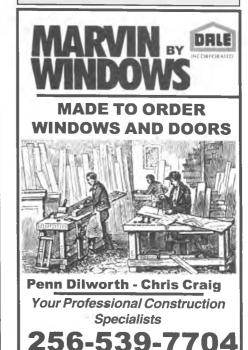


"Someone is always better than you in one thing, but you are better than them in another."

Evan Troup, age 5



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A Letter

Dec. 12,1942 Dear Mom,

I'm so sorry I haven't written to you in such a long time. I thought I would get to come home for Christmas but it doesn't look like I will now. I know I haven't a right to wish to come home before the war is over, but almost everybody who lost their ship in action, like I did, got a leave. I would have if I hadn't been wounded. They put me in a hospital here at Pearl Harbor with the other fellows who were wounded, and when we got well they sent us to ships and other places here. But no leave.

I guess I'm pretty lucky anyway, getting such soft duty, but I will never be satisfied here safe and letting some other fellow doing my fighting for me.

Mom, the Solomons battle was not the only battle I was in but I can not tell you anything about them. We sure gave the Japs h--- before they got us, and I'm just itching for another ship and a gun to give it to them again.

Mom, I guess you think I'm getting bloodthirsty. Well, I'm not, I've just got a job to do, and I hope I can always be as good a sailor as some of my buddies that were killed.

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earth could - being out there and knowing all your people are counting on us, and fighting for our great country.

I lost over a hundred and sixty dollars that I had in my locker when my ship went down. If I had that much money two years ago I would have died. But now that money doesn't mean anything, it didn't worry me. I'm going to revise my allotment the first of the year, so be sure to buy bonds with every penny you don't need yourself.

If you still have that picture of me and my buddies with whom I went through training, keep it safe for me, because there are only ten of us guys alive now and I wouldn't take anything in the world for it.

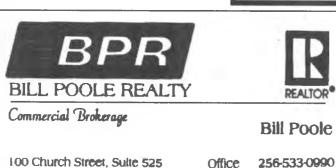
Your Son,

"If you can read this, I can slam on my brakes and sue you."

Bumper sticker seen on Ford truck







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The Kildare Mansion

by Dirk Bauerle

Located on Oakwood Ave.. the Kildare home has long stood as a historical landmark, reflecting the days when Huntsville was the home of rich, and often eccentric, socialites. Kildare house was built as a summer home for Michael ·O'Shaughnessey, a wealthy northern capitalist who had many investments in Huntsville. Due to the home's huge dimensions, and unusual design, it took almost thirty years for the house to be completed. Unfortunately O'Shaughnessey never occupied the home.

As the home neared completion, it was purchased by the McCormick family, who had become extremely wealthy through the manufacture of farm equipment. It was one of four other homes that Mr. McCormick owned. The others were located in Chicago, Toronto, Maine, and San Marino. When this family came to Huntsville via train, they created so much excitement and curiosity with their wealth that the schools actually closed to allow the townspeople to watch the unloading of their opulent furnishings.

Mrs. McCormick resided at

"In winter, why do we keep the house as warm as it was in summer when we complained about the heat?"

Vivian Kruse, Huntsville

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the Huntsville Hotel until Kildare was completed to her satisfaction. With other homes to chose from, according to the season, Kildare became the summer home for the McCormick family. A staff of twenty, many imported from northern states, worked full-time just to maintain the house for her visits. Large gardens were planted in a way so that plants would bloom profusely only when she was

there. The house, even by capitalist standards, was massive and eccentric.

It looms four stories high, with 23,000 square feet contained in its four levels, including the basement. It features a

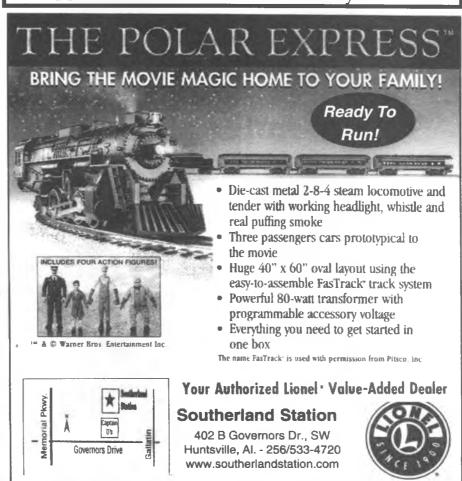
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central stairwell - so family eyes wouldn't have to be distracted by servants moving back and forth following their commands. There were many rooms dedicated to specific functions, such as a plant room, in addition to the traditional living quarters.

The McCormicks introduced Huntsville to the trappings of wealth. They brought the first electric car to the city and housed it in a carriage house built in the same massive proportion as the main house.

Mrs. McCormick's Easter egg hunts became legendary, with real gold and silver eggs awarded for first and second prizes. In her later years, Mrs. McCormick became more and more eccentric, giving away parts of her house and its contents to any visitor who might express an interest in a particular piece.

Following her death, Kildare declined, passing through several owners and serving many functions, including being both a "hair salon and a "head" shop run by "hippies." In the latter part of the 20th century, it was a rooming house with as many as twenty families living in it.

In recent year there has been a great interest in restoring the home to its former grandeur.

After all, how many people ever have the opportunity to live in a 23,000 square foot landmark?

The Space Age

by Carol Allen Young

As Huntsville reflects on America's 50 Years in Space, I remember my first experience with the Germans when they came to Huntsville.

Those were good times for kids, we walked to school, walked home for lunch and after school we walked to 5 Points with our friends for a chocolate milk shake at the Zesto. (Boy, I would like to have one now.)

In 1951 I was in the third grade at East Clinton Elementary School and had barely been outside of Madison County.

One day a new student came into our class, his name was Udo Novak, his father was one of the Rocket Scientists. He couldn't speak English and we sure couldn't speak German.

Our teacher, Mrs. George, started working on a lesson plan, when she looked up, the whole class was gathered around Udo's desk. He had a Donald Duck comic book written in German. We were fascinated. Any awkwardness was overcome.

Huntsville was no longer just a Cotton Town, we had joined the Space Age.

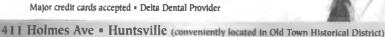


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B-26 Crashes Near Huntsville

by Charles R. Wells

On an early summer morning in June of 1944, 1 decided to go fishing. With Mama and Daddy's permission, I found my fishing pole, dug a can of worms, got my new (to me) bicycle and got ready to leave. I had celebrated my fourteenth birthday about three weeks earlier (June 2nd), and Daddy had scrounged together enough money (\$6.00) to buy me a Hienz 57 used bicycle. By this, I mean it had oversize handlebars, no chain guard, a 26-inch wheel in the back and a 24-inch in the front. I was always going downhill. I rolled up my right overall leg to keep it from being caught in the sprocket and headed over to one of my favorite fishing holes on Indian Creek.

After traveling about three or four miles, I had gotten to the hill on the west side of the creek and the north side of 72 Highway. I was pushing my bicycle along a cow path that ran about halfway up the side of the hill. As I was nearing

the highway, I heard a huge explosion to the south and looked that way. It appeared that the whole end of Rainbow Mountain was gone. There was fire and a lot of smoke. and I could see trees falling from the sky.

I looked up and saw a plane (B-26 Marauder) coming toward me. It was on fire and smoke was coming out of the cockpit and the bomb bay doors. It was losing altitude rapidly as it passed over me and headed toward a cultivated field at the top of the hill. Its nose was down at a very steep angle and did not flare out before impact. Upon impact, the nosewheel collapsed, the nose of the plane dug into the ground, the tail went up into the air and a matter of seconds later, it blew up. The pilot had apparently dropped part of his bomb load on Rainbow Mountain.

I made my way closer to the crash site. The pilot must have radioed the base that he was in trouble because only minutes after the crash, the area was crawling with MPs, police cars and ambulances. Within minutes, they had formed a circle of guards around the site. There were several planes, flying around the area. Curiosity seekers began to gather on the highway but were not allowed to approach the crash site. No one questioned me as to what I may have seen. I was told to leave the area immediately. I guess a freckled face, barefoot boy dressed in overalls, carrying a fishing pole and holding on to a weird-looking bicycle could not tell them anything they wanted to know. An article in the Huntsville Times stated that the only witness to the crash

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was a Negro woman who could not tell them very much.

Besides myself, the McMurtrie family, working in their field across the highway, were also witnesses to the crash.

For whatever reason that I never understood, none of us were ever questioned about the event.

I had seen the plane many times before. Almost daily, depending on the weather, it would come over the farm several times: always approaching from a southeasterly direction, pass over and then go on to the southwest. A few minutes later, we would hear the report of exploding bombs dropping on a mock village on the Arsenal. Sometimes it would be flying low enough that we could clearly see the pilots. We would wave and sometimes they would wave back or dip their wings to let us know that they had seen 118.

The crash site is now occupied by Huntsville Memory Gardens. Perhaps a fitting tribute to the three men who perished there.

Poker Game on Houseboat Robbed

In true Western style late last night, unknown men, fully armed with their faces covered by masks, made quite a rich haul on a houseboat 30 miles up the Tennessee River, on which a game of draw poker was in progress.

It is said that something like \$400 and several watches and diamond rings and studs as well as numerous bottles of whiskey were secured by the robbers, who made good their escape under the cover of darkness.

It is believed that a gang of well organized thieves is operating in the county. Recently several stores have been broken open and goods taken. Another poker game was robbed near Hazle Green last week under similar circumstances.

From 1905 newspaper

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The Promoter

by Billy Joe Cooley

I was on my way home from the Korean War, my soldiering days far behind me, when I stopped off in Huntsville to visit my old radio pal Grady Reeves. It was the summer of 1954 and I was anxious to get back to familiar ground.

Grady had always called me "Boondocks," a reflection on my rural raising, so I called him the Cincinnati Flash, a throwback to his hometown. I stopped by station WBHP, where he was a record spinner and a part-time show promoter. They told me that he had gone out to the Madison County coliseum on Holmes Avenue, so I went out there.

"Come on, Billy Joe, you can help me with the show I've booked in here," he greeted.

The coliseum in those days had no end walls, since it was primarily used for cattle shows and such.

"What kind of show have you got promoted here?" I asked.

Grady explained that a Nashville agent had called and said he had a large bunch of traveling musicians who needed a night's work while passing through here on their way to Tuscaloosa.

"The whole bunch will perform and it's only costing me \$600," he said. "I ought to

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make a good profit."

I helped unfold and set up chairs.

At about 5 P.M., a long Cadillac limousine pulled up and about a dozen people got out. A rack on top of the car contained suitcases, guitars and amplifiers. It looked like a band of gypsies. The car was old, half covered with mud and resembled something that had traveled across a lot of plowed fields in recent days. The musicians and singers were about my age, so we sat around and gossiped for a couple of hours. They were fascinated with Grady's tales about his days as a sportscaster.

About an hour before showtime the audience started trickling in. Most were older people. They paid \$2 a person, which was the going rate for a concert in those days.

A few people showed up. Very few.

Grady lost about \$200 on the show. It was the first I had seen a grown man whimper.

The show was excellent and it was a shame that so few people saw it.

When the show was over I helped the gang get the stuff repacked atop that old, muddy limousine and bade farewell to Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins and Elvis Presley.

Little did we know that each was to become a super star.

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Christmas in the Sixties

by M. D. Smith, IV

It was the sixties and I had three children who were anxiously awaiting Christmas Day. We had already done the December, pre-Christmas annual activities. We had been out in the country (Hampton Cove Area) shooting down mistletoe from trees and using it for decoration. What was left of the mistletoe, our oldest of my three sons, Dee, would go door to door in the neighborhood on Monte Sano selling bunches with a red ribbon tied to it for fifty cents. Most of my eight children did this when they were about seven

or eight, and it brought in a tidy sum for them to either buy Christmas gifts with or save for a rainy day.

The decorations were put up, which consisted of two foot tall letters made of plywood, painted red with white trim, spelling out "Merry Christmas." The boys would help me pound the stakes attached to each letter into the ground and we played a spelling game as we went, seeing if they knew which letter came next. The Christmas tree had to be cut to fit the living room, as we always got a bigger one than we should have, and had to cut some off the bottom and nail on a new base to it. It had been decorated with glass ornaments and little items the children had made in school to become part of the tree and of our personal Smith Christmas history (as we still hang those forty year old ornaments on the tree every season).

The letters to Santa had been written and the children had the pleasure of hearing them read as they appeared on the Santa Claus Show on Channel 31, WAAY-TV. One year, my third oldest son, Brent, had prepared a very long list of items he had copied out of a J.C. Penny toy catalog. When he got to Santa's lap and started to read it, the list unfolded to reveal it was almost two feet long, taped together, so my son just handed it to Santa and said, "Here, you read it." Santa looked at the list in amazement and said that Brent sure knew what he wanted for Christmas, and he'd see what he could do, but he could not promise everything on the list. Whew - - that got me off the hook. I had no idea he had prepared such a long list to take to Santa. But Judy and I almost keeled over when at the end of the session with Santa, Brent

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	7:40	Perry Shuttleeworth	Leading Edge of the Law
February 2	6:30	Deleine Mountain & Clint Mountain	Tort Law Concepts
	7:40	'Ed Gentle	To be Announced
February 9	6:30	Larry Morris	Justice in America
	7:40	Kerri Riley	Employment Law
February 16	6:30	Ron Sykstus & Arny Tanner	Bankruptcy Law & Security Clearances
	7:40	Phil Price	D.U.I. Law
February 23	6:30	Robert Presto	Divorce Law
	7:40	George Moore	Worker's Compensation Law
March 2	6:30	Robert Roden	Madicine & Law (Oll & Water)
	7:40	Mike Wisner	Willia, Estates and Tax Law
March 9	6:30	Mayor Tommy Battle	City Government
	7:40	Charles Boyd	Social Security Law
March 23	6:30	Bob Prince & Paul Clemons	Products Liability Law
	7:40	Connie Glass	Eider Law
March 30	6:30	Matt Glover	Roll On 18 Wheel
	7:40	Barton Warren & Derek Simpson	Trial Techniques
April 6	6:30	Mike Timberlake	Nursing Home Law
	7:40	Hall Bryant & Allen Brinkley	Corporation Law
	8:40	Graduation	

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said, "and I'll leave some carrots for Rudolph and a beer under the tree for you Santa." I found out later that one of his older brothers put him up to saying that to see how much trouble he'd get in and they thought it was very funny. As I look back at it now, I find the humor in it also, but I didn't at the time.

So it was Christmas Eve. I had to set up the two floodlights on tripods for the 8 mm film camera so I could film the children coming into the living room at the other end to see what Santa brought. The wrapped Christmas presents were under the tree and some of the wrappings were loose as the kids had been handling and shaking them for several weeks. Santa's workshop was my downstairs store room and I had tricycles to assemble, a Big Wheel to put together (and it was a real chore since all the plastic parts didn't fit all that well - and the 1,000 decals that had to be applied) and other assorted "some assembly required" toys. We read the "Night Before Christmas" to the kids as I had been doing for some years, and ushered the kids off to bed down the hall, tucking them in and promising them that if they got out of bed, it might be when Santa came by and he'd vanish in a blink of an eye and they might not get any Christmas presents if he did not have time to come back later. That was supposed to be more than enough of a scare to keep them from wandering the house after 10:00 when Daddy Clause started to bring things up from





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3308 Seventh Avenue - Huntsville, Alabama 35805 www.lindasprinting.com - linprint@lindasprinting.com the basement and the steps were next to the hall door which was then shut.

So mom and I waited, watching a bit of the Christmas Eve programming and I started to make the numerous trips from the basement up to the living room. Judy gathered up the stockings, but I usually filled them with assorted goodies and small toys since it was a favorite thing of mine to do. She did fill mine up, so I would get a surprise. Years later, I found myself filling up hers and eight other kids (yes, even the grown kids) every 24th of December, but I still enjoy doing it, and even hiding a large bill of money inside one of the trinkets, sometimes inside a bar of soap, so they all have learned to check every item carefully as they unpack their stockings on Christmas Day.

That particular evening in the late 60's, I was making my way up the stairs, and the bedroom hall door opened and there was the three year old, Brent. Fortunately, I was holding small presents, still in the J.C. Penny sacks, and I said

I was bringing up some more decorations, as he asked for some water. Judy hurriedly rushed over, blocked his view of me as I returned back downstairs, she got him water and back into bed. The rest of the night was calm and by midnight, I finally crawled into bed.

Christmas morning at 6 am, we heard one of the kids bedroom doors open, wanting to see what Santa brought. I had to get up and go into the den, turn the

TV on and tune in a cartoon show that Channel 31 was running just for kids. I knew I was not the only parent that needed a baby sitter on Christmas morning when I scheduled cartoons, and if they'd taken ratings in December, I was sure cartoons would have been the top programming that day.

By the time all had risen, and gotten dressed to look nice on camera that morning, I took my place at the far end of the living

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room, Judy was with the kids holding them behind the closed other doors till I got the lights on and the camera rolling and then opened the door and they all came rushing in to their pre-assigned parts of the living room, where they knew their gifts would be waiting. It was loud, noisy, with plenty of "Daddy, help me put this together" or "Look, one of the wheels has broken off already, will you fix it, Daddy?" comments to be heard. Soon after all the Santa toys were opened and played with, they wanted to start on the wrapped gifts in the dining room by the tree.

As we headed into the dining room to start letting them have one gift at a time so I could film them opening each one, Brent looked over by the fireplace and exclaimed with great joy and pleasure ... "Look, Santa drank the beer I left for him and Rudolph ate the carrots." And I thought, "Yes, Brent, Santa really did drink that beer and enjoyed every drop of it -- now where's my Aspirin?"

You can tell it's going to be a bad day when your pet rock snaps at you.

New Speed Limit

from 1914 newspaper

The Huntsville city officials moved the city into a new era last night when they approved raising the automobile speed limits from 10 miles an hour to 15.

Despite protests from people who claimed the increase will result in total mayhem on Huntsville's streets, the measure was approved unanimously.

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News From 1871

- A Randolph Street man advertises for a "self-supporting Wife." So far there is no evidence to him being successful.

- A Decatur thief, after great risks, managed to steal \$400 in Confederate money.

- 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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Family Saved by Dog as Home Burns

from 1914 newspaper

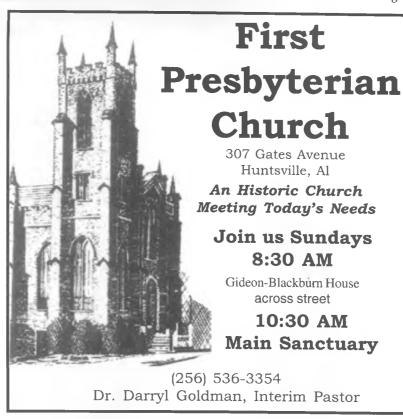
A Dallas mill family is counting their blessings this morning after their home was completely destroyed by fire. The family was sound asleep when the blaze began and were alerted by the pet terrier which began barking until the whole family was roused. Everyone escaped successfully.

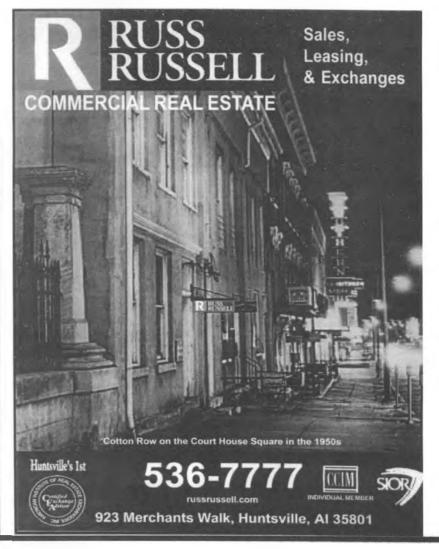
The family is staying with relatives until more accommodations can be found. The mills have a policy against pets but it is expected to be waived in this instance.

"You shouldn't try and test a nine-volt battery with your braces unless you're looking for an easy way to melt all the rubber bands."

Chris, age 13







How Long Has It Been?

by Tommy Towery

How long has it been since:

- You used an ice pick to chop on a block of ice you bought with coins fed into an ice machine?
- You drank a beverage out of a non-aluminum can?
- You opened a beverage can with a churchkey instead of a pop-top?
- You paid a penny for a piece of candy?
- You put a penny in your shoes?
- You had a car that did not come with a radio?
- You helped someone push a car to get it started, not just to get it to the side of the road?
- You made your parents stop at Stuckey's on a trip to fill up with gas just to get the free candy?
- You poured oil into your engine from a real can and not a plastic bottle?
- You chipped in with your friends to buy gas on a date?
- You had someone check your oil and tires and clean your windshield while they filled your car with gas?
- You got a free orange juice glass with a gasoline fillup?
- You saved a peanut butter or jelly jar to use as a glass and actually use it?
- You bought a box of cereal you didn't like just for the prize inside it?
- You got a free dish towel with a bag of flour?
- You got a free drinking glass in a box of detergent?
- You had a television in your living room that you had to get up and manually adjust the volume or change the channel?
 - You had a black and white

TV set in your living room?

- You dialed a number on a telephone with a rotary dial?
- You circled things that you wanted for Christmas in a catalog?
- You ate ice cream from a Dixie-cup with a flat wooden

spoon?

- You got a genuine thrill out of a goodnight kiss?
- You made a prank phone call to someone you didn't know?
- You rushed out and bought a 45rpm record of a new song?

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Tony Capra from Ohio, who has been saving the best for the last 3 months, along with local & out of town estate items!!

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- 2. Days Gone By: Cotton Mill Village Life by Curtis Lovvorn \$16.95
- **3.** Historic Photos of Huntsville by Jacque Gray Reeves \$39.95
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- **5.** A Man Called Gurley: Nathan Bedford Forrest's Notorious Captain by Col. Donald Steenburn \$17.95
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