



# The Life and Death of Bulldog Daniel

"Bulldog Daniel was in one hell of a situation," remembered a close friend. "If he didn't cooperate with the authorities he could literally spend the rest of his life in jail. But if he did, he would become a pariah. Hell, everyone in Huntsville had something they wanted to hide and now they were all wondering what Bulldog would say about them, if he talked."

Also in this issue: The Man with No Name

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# The Life and **Death of Bulldog Daniel**

District Attorney Fred Simpson was at home on the evening of July 23, 1977 when he received the telephone call. Breathlessly, the caller relayed the news: "Bulldog Daniel, Chief Deputy Sheriff of Madison County, has been found dead in the park off of Drake Avenue."

"It's too early to know for sure," the caller continued, "but it looks as if he was killed by two shots from a shotgun."

Residents of Huntsville didn't have to wait for the news that evening to learn the details. Bulldog had been a highly popular law enforcement officer and news of his death swept across town like a brush fire. Rumors took the place of details and conjecture became facts as the news was passed from one person to another.

Within days it became almost impossible to separate the facts

from the fiction.

In a city where the vast majority of people had moved here from other places, Marcus "Bulldog" Daniel was a rarity.

"Regular naps prevent old age, especially if you take them while driving."

Jerry Smitty, Arab

Born in Huntsville, he played football for Joe Bradley High School and was trying out for the Samford University football team when he received his draft notice in 1951.

Though Daniel took part in some of the bloodiest fighting of the Korean War, it was his assignment as an M.P. that would have the most effect on the rest of his life. His superiors praised him as a natural born law enforcement officer for his ability to control drunk and unruly G.I.s, a feature probably enhanced by his 250 pound muscular physique.

After his discharge, Daniel returned to Huntsville and went to work at Hills grocery store as a meat cutter. Though the position was considered "a good job," Daniel missed being an M.P. One day while cutting a pork roast for J. Lauin Caroll, the Chief of Police, Daniel asked about becoming a policeman.

The chief, after eyeing young Daniel carefully, told him to "go on down, get you a uniform and

report in the morning."

"Daniel didn't even wait to wrap the meat or pull his apron ' recalled an old friend. "Fifteen minutes later he was being fitted for a uniform! There wasn't no such thing as police training back then. They just put you in a uniform, gave you a gun and told you to walk a beat. If you stayed out of trouble for a few months they would then assign you a patrol car."

"We had some damn good



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policemen back then," recalls one veteran. "We didn't get paid hardly nothing, the cars wouldn't run half the time but we still managed to keep the law. To be a policeman back then you had to be a standup guy, and you had to have honor."

Daniel quickly earned the respect of the other officers on the force. "He was a cop's cop," recalled Bobby Smith. "When he would get hold of a case, he just wouldn't turn loose until he solved it. That's why they named him Bulldog."

To some people, however, the name Bulldog had a different meaning. When a fight broke out in the yard of J.B. Webb, a well known bootlegger, Daniel answered the call. Pulling up in his patrol car, Daniel got out and casually lit a cigarette while watching a half dozen drunks going at it tooth and nail.

"Aren't you going to call for a backup?" asked an incredulous

bystander.

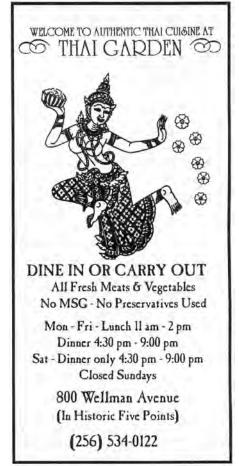
"Hell, I am the backup," replied Daniel in a slow drawl as he carefully stomped out the cigarette before wading into the melee with both fists.

Daniel soon found out that being a policeman was much different than being an M.P. In Korea, it was a simple choice to arrest someone breaking the law, but in Huntsville the choice was much more complicated. You had to know who was friends with whom, who supported whom in the last election and who was being paid off.

The fact that bootleggers and gamblers were allowed to operate in Madison County was an accepted fact. "What were we going to do?" asked one old time deputy. "If we closed one place down, another would open up. If we arrested a bootlegger he simply paid a small fine and was back in business the same day. At least, this way we had some type of control over them."

According to one small time bootlegger who ran a shot house in West Huntsville, "It was called having an understanding."

Adding to the troubles of enforcing the law was the fact that the police force was woefully under-manned and underpaid. The county police worked on the fee system, meaning they got paid according to how many arrests they made. Deputies received a 50 cents bounty per arrest while the sheriff received





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"We spent more of our time arresting drunks rather than patrolling," remembered a veteran of the force. "Often times the sheriff would come in on a Saturday night and check how many people we had locked up. If it wasn't enough, he would tell us to hit the streets and find some more."

Left unsaid was the fact that the political system actually expected the sheriff to supplement the meagre funds allocated to the department. As one old time member of the county commission said, "If the bootleggers were going to break the law, why not have them help pay for the law?" Bulldog Daniel, having grown up in Huntsville, was well aware of how the system worked. After all, it was virtually the same system that had been in place, and thrived, since the turn of the century.

Dave Headrick remembered joining the police force. "First thing Bulldog said to me was, "Get a haircut, get rid of those damn cowboy boots and learn to keep your mouth shut."

Headrick later said he would have been better off if he had listened to Daniel.

Keeping your mouth shut partners telling the same story.

was an important part of being a policeman in Huntsville and people soon learned that Bulldog never talked.

Within a few years Daniel became an important part of the system. Whether it was a gambler wanting to make a "contribution" to a politician or a bootlegger wanting a message delivered, he was the one everyone went to. Some people also claimed he was the person to see if you wanted to make a payoff or buy protection.

"He also became a damn

"He also became a damn good cop," a friend said. "His uniform and badge were the most important things in his life. He was just born into a system that was different than today's."

By 1967, when Jerry Crabtree was elected sheriff, the department was going through a transition. Veteran police officers who had once patrolled half the county by themselves now found themselves riding in a patrol car with a college graduate half their age.

"Used to, if we knew someone had done something, we'd just arrest them and that was that," said one veteran. "Now we had to read them their rights, fill out reports and, if something went wrong, worry about our partners telling the same story.

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Hell, we had civil rights lawyers crawling out of the woodwork back then trying to make cases against us."

"Huntsville was growing up," as one local put it, "and so was the sheriff's department."

After hiring Daniel as his chief deputy, Crabtree began trying to modernize the sheriff's department. He successfully lobbied to get rid of the fee system and hired additional deputies. New equipment was purchased and a merit system introduced.

Unfortunately, part of the new equipment included over \$4000 worth of electronic listening devices, commonly known as "bugs." The sheriff's department later justified the purchase by stating the equipment was used to gather information on suspected members of the militant Minuteman organization, as well as organizers of a city garbage strike. In a report to the Alabama Law Enforcement Planning Agency, the sheriff's department stated the devices were used to compile over 200 files on people in Madison County.

Before long, rumors began

spreading that certain officers, acting on their own, were bugging the phone of a local judge. Other rumors claimed that a bug had been hidden in the room where the Grand Jury met.

"My office was even bugged," said Fred Simpson, "and I was the District Attorney."

The bugs worried Daniel. Although he supported almost anything that would help law enforcement, he thought the officers had crossed the line. "It's going to bring in the FBI," Daniel warned a friend.

Though the FBI never investigated the wiretaps, the State Attorney General did, and with Daniel being the chief deputy he became the focus of most of the questions.

"Bulldog had been a cop for almost twenty years," recalled a fellow officer, "and he was loyal to the force. There was no way he was going to inform on another officer."

"They (the investigators) talked to Bulldog several times but when they couldn't find out anything the investigation just fizzled out. Later on, though, there was hell to pay. Bulldog called the officers into the squad



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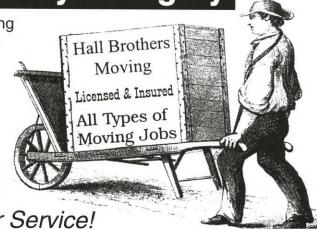






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room and cussed them out for almost a half hour. When he got done they (the officers) were more scared of him than the FBI and the Attorney General both!"

During the sheriff's election of 1974, the department was bitterly divided. Most of the newer officers favored Crabtree, who was the youngest sheriff to be elected in the state's history, while the veterans favored Dave Headrick, a long time member of the city police force.

Earl Frazier later described the campaign as one of the dirtiest he had ever seen. "One of the cops had placed a bug on Headrick's phone trying to dig up dirt and Headrick had half the sheriff's department feeding him information about Crabtree."

Daniel had supported Crabtree for almost eight years but now he was starting to have doubts. "The bug on Headrick's phone was what finally did it," Frazier said. "Daniel knew that Crabtree didn't have anything to do with it, but was scared that if things like this went on any longer it was going to leak out and cause another investigation."

It was no surprise to anyone when, after Headrick was elected sheriff in 1975, he kept Bulldog Daniel as his Chief Deputy. They had known one another for over twenty years and were best friends. It was an odd relationship for many people to understand, though Daniel was not just the Chief Deputy, he was also Headrick's mentor and sometimes father figure.

"I remember one time when Bulldog came to work one morning in a bad mood," said a veteran of the force. "I was

"Enjoy money while you have it - shrouds don't have pockets."

Ms. Esberg's grandmother

standing in the hallway talking to the sheriff when Bulldog came up and angrily asked me why I wasn't out on patrol. Before I could reply he turned and started to walk off when suddenly he stopped and looked back at the sheriff."

"And get a haircut!"

Headrick later said his first day in office was an eye opener. "I had only been sheriff for a few hours when a man, claiming to represent local bootleggers, asked for an appointment to establish payoff prices! I didn't even let him finish. I hollered for Bulldog and told him to get this man out of my office."

"I could just see the headlines in the paper: "New Sheriff Takes Payoff on First Day on the Job!"

Whether intentionally or not, that set the pattern for the events to follow. If someone wanted to talk to the new



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sheriff they had to talk to Bulldog first. Any changes in the department had to be cleared with him as well as any statements to the press. This caused a certain amount of talk in the department, especially among the officers who had supported Crabtree.

And there was plenty to talk about. Everyone, friend or foe, agreed that Dave Headrick was not exactly your typical sheriff.

"Wine, women and song are all right for the person on the street," recalled Headrick, "but once you become sheriff you are supposed to become holy. I got accused of a lot of things but I was never accused of being hypocritical! I liked to drink, I liked pretty women and I liked to play poker but

so did everybody else in Huntsville."

"Hell, I thought they were electing a sheriff. I didn't know they wanted

an angel."

Before long everybody in town had their favorite story about the sheriff. "He was seen singing on stage with Frankie Lowery at a local nightclub - he lost \$1200 in a poker game — he got into a fight on an airplane when they refused to let him drink his own liquor - he was seen partying with go-

go dancers."

Headrick was a talented country music singer and that too often got him in trouble. In one incident, after just cutting a new album, he walked into the Peppermint Lounge and after getting on stage announced that he was the High Sheriff of Madison County and had a new record for sale. "Anybody that wants a copy can pay Chief



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Daniel who is stationed beside the door and will be watching everyone who leaves." Needless to say, many bar patrons were more than happy to oblige the sheriff.

"We were just having fun and everyone knew it," said Headrick, "but the way the story came out it sounded like extortion!"

Regardless of Headrick's wild antics, no one ever accused him of not being a good law enforcement officer. Several months after taking office he met with Daniel and talked about his plans to "clean up Huntsville."

After listening patiently for a few minutes Bulldog interrupted the sheriff. "Who are you going to arrest?" he asked. Are you going to arrest "XX"? He uses the mayor as a character reference. Or how about "XX"? He was the best man at Judge "XX's" wedding and is in tight with "XX." You want to go after "XX"? Forget it! You try that and the people in Montgomery will

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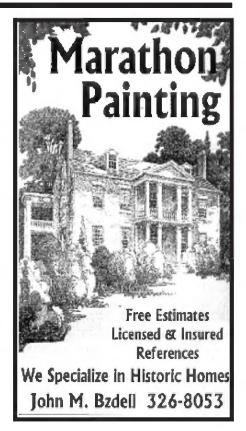
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have your job next week! You better remember that Huntsville's a small town and you have to work with these people"

"I laughed," said Headrick, "but the next day at the courthouse I started looking around. Bulldog was right. They didn't want a sheriff to enforce the law, they just wanted a sheriff to arrest the murderers and keep the riffraff off the street."

To a community used to a sheriff keeping a low profile, Headrick was a radical departure from tradition. Unfortunately he attracted the attention of the wrong people.

The State Attorney General's office, still smarting over the wiretapping episodes a few years earlier, began taking a quiet look at the new sheriff of Madison County and the FBI began questioning friends





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Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath. and associates about possible corruption in the department. Even the Internal Revenue Service got into the act by probing into Headrick's income and expenses.

Probably more dangerous, even though Headrick didn't realize it at the time, was the attention he was attracting to the local gambling and bootlegging industries.

Federal authorities had been working on an indictment of the Schlitz Brewing Company, in Milwaukee, when they uncovered allegations that the company had paid a local beer distributor \$42,000 to promote their beer. Investigators then began probing beer sales in Madison County and soon discovered it to be one of the "wettest" counties in the nation.

The tiny town of Triana, Ala., with a population of only 228 people, sold 320,064 cases of beer in one 12 month period. That was equal to 1,404 cases of beer for each resident. New Hope, population 1,300, sold 379,265 cases of beer in the same period.

Many people assumed Headrick was being paid to turn a blind eye and as he became the focus of investigations it began to draw more attention to the bootleggers. It would almost be an understatement to say they were not happy with the current publicity.

And then there were the gamblers. Bookies and card games had been operating openly in Huntsville for years but now that authorities were taking a close look at bootlegging and payoffs, they too came under the magnifying glass. The fact that Bulldog and Headrick both were avid card players only made the matters worse.

"Things got so bad," said one bookie in business then, "that the FBI was parked out in front, state investigators parked in the alley, and the Huntsville News was on the telephone all at the same time."

"It wasn't any secret that Dave Headrick had to go. His partying and carousing was bringing the heat down on everyone"

"Bulldog knew I was in trouble before I did," remembered Headrick. "He came in my office one day and after closing the door, told me to sit and listen. He told me that rumors were flying all over town about investigations and that the word on the street was they would continue until something was found to indict me with."

"At first I was incredulous but after thinking about it for a few minutes I realized the seriousness of the situation and asked Bulldog what he thought I should do."

"Just do your job and keep your mouth shut," he replied, "and let me see what I can do!"

If Daniel thought he could make the investigations go away, he quickly learned differently when he himself became the focus of the criminal probes. The investigators had long suspected that Bulldog was the Now there's another four-letter word associated with moving and storage.

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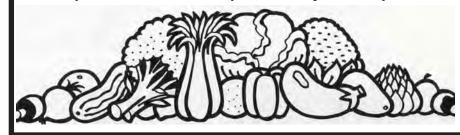
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middleman and the only person that could connect Headrick to

the alleged payoffs.

The campaign against Daniel was subtle at first. An investigator would call him at work to pass on gossip about which of his friends were talking to the FBI and odd things, like the week's menu for Kilby Penitentiary, began arriving in the mail. Strange cars would park in front of his house with the motor running, rapidly driving off whenever someone approached. Try as they might however, the investigators soon realized they had reached a stalemate. No one was going to provide any information about Headrick or Daniel as long as they were in office.

Íronically, it was the sheriff's department which finally provided the authorities with the break they needed. On June 15, 1977, Headrick was involved in an altercation with two young soldiers at a local nightclub. When the sheriff ordered the soldiers to leave and they refused, they were taken to the county jail. What happened next soon became a subject of

controversy.

One of the soldiers testified in court that Headrick and another police officer, Lt. Graves, assaulted him in the jail. Headrick claimed that any beating was done by Graves alone, and while Graves admitted his participation, he swore that Headrick, too was involved.

"I know it sounded bad, "re-

calls an old veteran, "but you gotta remember, in 1977, people just didn't cuss out cops and get away with it."

The jury chose to believe the soldier,s version of the events and on Nov. 10, 1977, Sheriff Dave Headrick was sentenced to 90 days in jail on a federal

misdemeanor charge.

"Getting only ninety days was the worst thing that could have happened to Headrick," recalled a local attorney. "If he had gotten at least a year they would have probably dropped the other investigations.

After Headrick was convicted, Governor George Wallace appointed Bob Eddy as the new sheriff. Immediately after being sworn in he called Herman Daniel, Bulldog's brother and also a long time deputy sheriff, into his office.

"Bulldog's got to go."

Herman recalled Eddy saying, "My people don't want him and if he stays he's going to be indicted.'

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"He just wasn't the same after he left the force," recalled Eunice Merrell. "He used to come by my restaurant all the time and he had always been a quiet person but now he would sit there and drink his coffee and stare into space. He used to carry his gun in his pocket and whenever he sat down he would reach for it and move it out of the way. Now when he reached for it there was nothing there. I thought he was one of the loneliest men in the world at the time."

"He was in one hell of a situation," remembered a close friend. "If he didn't cooperate with the authorities he could literally spend the rest of his life in jail. But if he did, he would become a pariah. Hell, everyone in Huntsville had something they wanted to hide and now they were all wondering what Bulldog would say about them, if he talked."

With Headrick and Bulldog out of office, it became easier for the prosecutors to find people

willing to testify.

"I admitted making payoffs to "XX" and "XX," remembered one prominent bookie, "but this was ridiculous. I told them I had never given a penny to Bulldog and why should I? I was operating in the city and Bulldog was the county law. If I was paying off the county where was the city supposed to have been? Playing tiddly winks? They accused me of lying and said they were going to call me before a Grand Jury. If I told the same story they would indict me for perjury. I figured this was a good time to take a vacation. A long one. Out of state."

"I heard from Bulldog while I was serving my sentence at Lampoc in California," recalled Headrick. "He seemed almost resigned to what was happening. "It's just a matter of time,"

he wrote.

On June 7, 1978 Dave Headrick and Bulldog Daniel were

indicted on felony racketeering charges. The indictment alleged 39 counts of conspiracy and bribery involving organized gambling in Huntsville and Madison County. If convicted they were facing up to 40 years in jail.

"After I got out, I went to Montgomery to talk to "XX" about the indictment but he wouldn't talk to me in his office," recalled Headrick. "I met him that evening at the Holiday Inn and he told me there wasn't nothing he could do. The whole thing was causing trouble for too many people and someone had to take the fall."

"About a week before the trial was scheduled to begin Bulldog called me and said he wanted to talk. "XX" had already told me the state was trying to cut a deal with Bulldog to get him to testify against me but we had been friends for too many years for me not to meet him."

"We met on Bankhead Parkway at one of those scenic pulloffs where you can see all of Huntsville down below. Neither one of us spoke about the upcoming trial. We just sat there on the rock wall in silence watching the flickering lights below."

"Several times Bulldog started reminiscing about something that had happened many years earlier and began to chuckle about it. Then his voice would trail off and there would be silence again. I asked him if he

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remembered my first day on the force "

"Yeah," he replied laughing, and you still need a haircut!"

"As we walked back to the car we shook hands and he told me good luck. I told him that he was my friend and to go ahead and do what he had to do. I would understand. I never saw him alive after that."

Three days after the death of Bulldog Daniel, Dave Headrick appeared in Federal Court in Florence and pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy to accept bribes to protect gambling operations in Madison County and was sentenced to four years. Without Bulldog, much of the government's case had essentially collapsed.

"I believe I could have fought and won'," said Headrick, "but it just wasn't worth it any more. My best friend was dead, my career was destroyed and I was broke. All I wanted to do was to go somewhere and crawl into a

Though the Huntsville Coroner ruled the death of Bulldog as suicide, many people refused to

accept the ruling. Most people in Huntsville had heard the rumors of Bulldog supposedly implicating prominent people in the rackets and now it was easy to believe he had been murdered to keep him quiet.

"I heard the same rumors and that's why I asked for a Grand Jury," said Fred Simpson. "So many stories and exaggerations had been told, I knew no one would believe it until the facts were laid out. The bottom line is the grand jury, the coroner, the state toxicologist, the attorney general's office, the FBI, the sheriff's office and the Huntsville police all investigated it and they all agreed it was suicide. If it was murder, every one of these offices would have had to conspire to keep it a secret and that's impossible. Huntsville can't keep a secret that well!"

With Bulldog's death officially ruled suicide, only one question remained... why?

Perhaps the best answer was given by Earl Frazier, an old time veteran of the sheriff's department, who when reminiscing about Bulldog several years ago, was asked why he thought Bulldog committed suicide.

Frazier was silent for a long time, almost as if he was remembering his own days of wearing a uniform. Finally after what seemed like an eternity he slowly replied.

"Would you turn against all

of your friends?"

In 1985, Dave Headrick was awarded a pardon from the State of Alabama.



# How to Keep your Dog from Being Bored

All dogs were once bred for certain tasks - like retrieving ducks, hunting bear or snagging varmints - and they may feel frustrated when they can't perform. Encourage your pet to do what she does best.

- Set aside a portion of your yard where she can dig.

- Give her a big pile of old clothes inside the house that she can burrow into.

- For a treat, stuff a hollow dog treat with your pets very favorite food.



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# The Man with No Name

John W. Manner, a staff writer for the Brooklyn Gazette, while visiting Alabama in 1847, wrote a story about a slave in Huntsville who belonged to a Mr. McLemore. The slave had been born on the place where he lived, but had never traveled more than a half mile away from

Apparently, the slave was born retarded, but had become a favorite of his master. Although able to perform simple chores, the man was unable to care for himself. He slept in the main house, where someone could watch over him.

Mr. Manner described the slave as a very large, but calm, person who was never known to tell a lie. His voice was low and his enunciation slurred. He never became angry or excited

about any of the ordinary things of life. Like all other slaves at that time, he was unable to read or write.

What made the slave so unusual was the fact that he was a mathematical genius. The man did not know one figure or letter from another, but was able to add, subtract, multiply, and work complicated mathematical problems in his mind faster than most people could on paper.

Word of his unusual ability spread and before long he became a local curiosity. The Rev. John C. Burruss and Thomas Brandon, prominent men in the early days of Madison County, heard of the strange slave and decided to see for themselves.

Some of the questions used in testing him were as follows: "What is 99 times 99?"

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Answer: "9,801."
"What is 74 times 86 1/2?"

Answer: "6,401."

"How many 9's are in 2000?" Answer: "222 with 2 over. " "What is 321 times 789?"

Five second pause.

"253,269."

"What is 7 times 9,223?"

Two second pause. "64,561." "What is 3,333 times 5,555?"

This was the only question that seemed to stump the slave. He pulled at his clothing, wrung his hands, sucked his thumb and then ran out of the house into the yard where he began skipping and leaping into the air.

Satisfied that they had finally been able to get the best of the slave genius, Burruss and Brandon were about to leave when the slave

ran back into the room.

"18,514,815," he shouted to the bewildered

questioners.

A week later he was able to recall to the men what the last problem, asked him on that day, had been.

He never had an explanation as to how he arrived at the answers, stating only, "I studies

When word of the slave's uncanny mathematical gift begin to spread, his master was besieged by requests from people wanting more information. One group of learned professors from Nashville spent three days with him in an effort to prove trickery. All attempts failed as the slave answered each question correctly.

Finally, in a last effort to discredit him, one of the professors asked how many stars were

in the universe. The slave jumped up, ran out of the room and didn't return. Almost an hour later the professor found him hiding behind a woodshed.

"You don't know the answer!" exclaimed the jubilant professor.

'Yes sir, I knows the answer ... there jest ain't no word for a num-

ber that big.

No one knows whatever happened to the slave who was a mathematical genius. Years later, people could not even remember his name and he became just another footnote in Old Huntsville's history.



#### **Lemon Sauce**

2 lemons, rind & juice 1 c. sugar 3 egg volks 1/2 c. water

Boil sugar, water, juice & rind of lemons together for 10 minutes. Beat yolks of the eggs. Strain the syrup and stir the eggs into it. Set the saucepan in boiling water, and beat rapidly til thick and smooth. Remove from water and beat for 5 more minutes

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# Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to the winner of the Photo of the Month for July. The boy in the photo was none other than Wernher von Braun, who put Huntsville on the map. We had many, many calls on this one, but the first correct caller was retired postal worker **Phillip Johnson**. He is a Huntsville native, born on 5th Avenue which is now Governors Drive. When he was 6 years old Phillip went to West Huntsville school thru the 6th grade, then on the Joe Bradley High School.

Happy July Birthday to my good friend **Joyce Russell**, who works for New York Life Ins. Co. Joyce has had some medical issues lately but she's on the mond!

Another beautiful lady celebrating a July birthday was **Shirley Nolen**, who turned a young 74. Shirley is the sweet mom of **Suzie Nolen**, a well-know keyboard player and singer in Huntsville. Shirley's proud husband **Chuck** is very proud of his family!

Cliff Hill is an attorney in Huntsville and may be one of the nicest people you'll every



meet. He has a quote that he uses often - "Never forget to reach a hand out to help some-

one up!"

John Bzdell of Marathon Painting had open heart surgery on June 20 and is doing terrific, ready to go back to work full time as soon as possible. John is quite the popular guy and during his short stay at Huntsville Hospital he had over 70 visitors! The three doctors he commended were Dr. Lori **Kaufman**, General Practioner who diagnosed his problem 10 years ago; Dr. David Drenning, the Cardiologist who kept John going, and **Dr. Richard** Clay, the Surgeon who did such a great job on the surgery. John appreciates all the calls, emails and well-wishes from friends & acquaintances.

Many are familiar with the Greater Huntsville Humane Society and all the good work

they do for homeless pets. They have 4 big events happening in August that you might want to take part in.

On Jul.23-Aug.7 is the GHHS Pet Photo Calendar Contest; on Aug. 6 there will be a Saturday Dog Trot; Big Dog Adoption Campaign will be taking place all through August; and on Aug. 20 GHHS will have an Open House for "National Homeless Animals Day". Please remember that there are so many dogs & cats full of personality just waiting to be adopted by a special family. I've always heard that when you adopt a pet from any shelter, the animal never forgets it and loves you that much more.

It was so much fun to spend time with **Suzie Nolen & John Bennett** at Nick's Restaurant on Bailey Cove recently. They are just the best couple and Suzie gave me a great hint for Old Huntsville. She collects corks and when she gets enough, she puts them in a layer in the bottom of a flowerpot - she says the drainage is excellent!

# Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502 Hint: This little entrepreneur has her eye on a Planet.



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Marcia Moore emailed us recently with some sad news. She told me that her Mom had passed away, within the last couple of months. Her Mom was Elizabeth Jackson, who lived in Huntsville until declining health forced her to move to Texas. She was a lady with a fabulous memory who often wrote great stories of her memories of Old Huntsville. We will miss you, Elizabeth.

The Goodyear Auto Service Center downtown on East Clinton Ave. has been in that location for many, many years. **Jacob, Ron, Sam** and **Ray** are some of the friendly folks that you will see when you go in there for service - we wanted to send a special hello to them!

Olivia Wilson, ten years old, just returned from an adventurous trip to Austin, Texas where went to Sea World, Six Flags (in San Antonio) and Schlitterbahn (the largest water park in all of Texas.) She missed her mom alot - Audra Wilson who owns Salon Bella on Pratt & Church St. said she is so proud of her diva.

A little school trivia for you in 1942 Huntsville high won the state football championship. The team included **Billy Lee**, **Bob Gunn**, **Jr.**, **Mike Emory**, **Charles Hopper** and **J.W. Day**.

It was so good to talk with **Charlie Lyle** (big band) recently. He is quite a writer and has sent several good stories of his

memories growing up.

We are very proud of **Kim Davis!** She recently was named Director of Education, Health Initiative and Balance Studio for the Center for Aging. She has worked with the aging population in this area for 18 years, including forming volunteer programs at both Crestwood and Huntsville Hospitals, and acting as Director of Marketing for Redstone Village.

The newest grandson born into the Puliatti-Schrimsher-Cook families is named Rowan Anders Schrimsher, born July 16, 2011 to extremely proud parents Barry and Dena Schrim**sher**. Rowan will be quite tall as he was 21 inches long when he arrived. Grandparents are Gloria Puliatti, and Patricia and Conrad Cook. This would have been the 3rd grandchild for **Vernon Schrimsher** who is his Paternal Grandfather. For Ms. Puliatti, Rowan is her 3rd and youngest grandchild. For Patricia and Conrad, Rowan is their 12th!

Connie Carnes, who is Executive Director for HEALS, Inc. has a daughter whom she is So Proud of! Haley Carnes' birthday was July 4 and Connie calls her "her little firecracker"! Connie says Haley is just the best daughter ever!

The Huntsville Art League will host their 7th Annual Art exhibition, "Unique Views of Huntsville". It will take place

between August 16 - 28 at the Gallery on the Square, located at 200 Westside Square. Over 100 works by Tennessee Valley artists, will be on display.

Remember to mark your calendar for Sep. 10, a Saturday when the Von Braun Lion's Club will sponsor "Old Fashioned Trade Day" around the Courthouse Square from 8-5. For those who want to find back issues of "Old Huntsville" magazine, remember that the Golden K Kiwanis will be located in front of the Schiffman Building giving them away for donations!







#### Sweet Dixie Cake

4 eggs 1/2 pt. heavy cream 1 1/2 c. sugar

11/2 c. self-rising flour

1 t. vanilla or almond extract

Break your eggs into a bowl and beat til light & foamy - at least five minutes. Add cream, beat another 5 minutes. Pour in the sugar, beat well. Blend in the flour and extract. Pour into a greased tubular pan and bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes, or in two 8-inch cake pans for 30 minutes. Dust with confectioner's sugar.

#### Light as Air

3 egg whites 1/2 c. sugar Pinch of cream of tartar 1/2 t. cinnamon 1/2 t. nutmeg 1 c. pecans, finely chopped In a clean glass bowl beat the egg whites til almost stiff. Add sugar and a pinch of cream of tartar. Continue beating til stiff peaks form. Add spices and pecans, stir well.

On a cookie sheet that you have sprayed with vegetable spray, place small dobs of the mixture with a teaspoon. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes, and the goodies have browned just slightly.

#### Chocolate Cafe au Lait

1/2 c. whipping cream 2 T. sugar

1 t. vanilla extract

1 oz. German sweet chocolate, grated (1/4 cup)

2 c. hot brewed coffee

Pieces of milk chocolate lace candy or chocolate curls

In a small mixing bowl beat cream, sugar and vanilla with electric mixer on low speed til soft peaks form. Fold in the grated sweet chocolate. Pour the hot brewed coffee into 4 coffee cups. Spoon a fourth of the whipped cream mixture over the coffee in each cup. Top with chocolate curls and serve at once. This looks beautiful if served in a tall glass coffee cup with a red cherry added on top for color.

#### Peachy Cherry Crisp

4 c. sliced peaches

1 t. lemon juice

1 7-oz. can pitted dark sweet cherries, drained

1 c. rolled oats

1/2 c. brown sugar

1 c. chopped nuts

1/2 c. butter, melted

1/2 t. cinnamon

Grease an 8-inch square baking pan and preheat your oven to 375 degrees. Combine peaches and lemon juice in baking pan, top with cherries.

Combine the remaining ingredients, mix and spread over

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the fruit. Bake for 30 minutes and serve with whipped cream & vanilla or almond ice cream.

#### Pineapple Brown Sugar Casserole

2 c. crushed pineapple, with juice

1 c. brown sugar, packed

3 eggs, beaten

1/4 c. milk

4 c. cubed day old bread

Mix all together and grease a 9"x 11" pan. Pour mixture in and bake for 50 minutes at 350 degrees.

# Tropical Diña Colada

1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple

6 eggs

1 c. sugar

1 c. plain flour

1/2 c. butter, melted

1 t. vanilla extract

1/4 c. dark rum

1/2 c. whipping cream

3 T. powdered sugar

1/4 c. shredded coconut

1/4 c. toasted coconut

Grease two 9-inch layer cake pans. Drain your pineapple, squeezing out the excess moisture. Reserve 1/4 cup of the

pineapple juice.

In a large bowl combine the eggs and sugar til blended. Set the bowl over a saucepan containing 2 inches of hot water for 8 minutes until the egg mixture is lukewarm. Stir, and don't allow the water to boil.

Remove this from the heat, and beat with your mixer at high speed til the mix is tripled in bulk and looks like whipped cream. Fold in the flour, a little at a time, then blend in your butter and vanilla.

Turn out into the prepared pans and bake in 350 degree oven for 25 minutes and cake pulls away from the sides of the pan. Invert immediately onto cake racks to cool. Combine your leftover pineapple juice with the rum, and sprinkle evenly over both cakes.

Whip the cream with the powdered sugar. Mix 1/4 of the whipped cream into the pineapple and untoasted coconut, spread over one of the cakes. Top with second cake and frost the entire cake with the remaining whipped cream. Sprinkle your toasted coconut over the top of the cake, refrigerate.

#### Chocolate Nut Truffles

1 c. Eagle Brand condensed milk

4 oz. chocolate chips

21/2 c. powdered sugar

1 t. vanilla

1 c. chopped pecans

Melt chocolate on top of double boiler. Add milk and let it cook two or three minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, add sugar, stir constantly, bending thoroughly the sugar with milk and chocolate. Add vanilla and nuts. Shape as desired. Candy may be dipped.







# The Vacation

By Noel D. Tallon

Kudos to the movie makers and actors of the "vacation" movies. But I think a part of the success of those movies is that most of us have had one of those vacations. This is a story about just such a vacation. Maybe it will remind you of one you have had. Oh, the fond memories.

Let's start at the beginning. I moved here in 1964 along with the other space people. Although not from there, we moved from North Dakota. I won't soon forget being introduced in Sunday school class by the instructor and some girl in the back saying, "Are youuu ah Yankee?" Man I thought that war was over.

I was to attend Butler High School. To refresh your memory Butler was the one on Triana Avenue, no Governor's Drive, no Clinton. Well you

get the picture.

Perhaps this will help. It was the school commanded by Dr. J. Homer Crimm as principal. He is the one well known for throwing a newspaper on the floor in his office and having girls get down on their knees. If the dress didn't touch the floor, he let them have the rest of the day off.

Butler assigned homerooms based on the alphabet and my friend Ray Tising and I should have been in a room with the T's. But the influx of space workers and their families caught the school off guard and some of us in the latter part of the alphabet were sent to other rooms. Ray and I were sent to the one that included the K's.

As with most seating arrangements if you come in late you get to sit on the front row. And Ray and I must not have had a lot of sense because we quickly got into trouble for talking. Now how smart is that right in front of the teacher?

So the teacher moved me to the back of the room just behind Linda. My conversations with her surely were before or after class because I

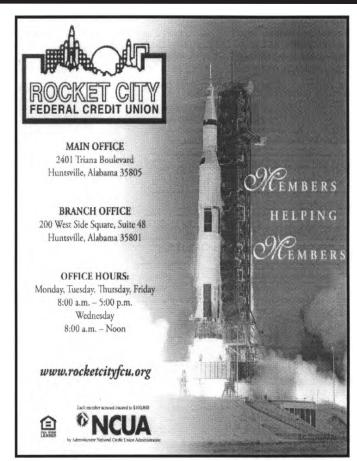


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know I would have learned my lesson. But I found out that she lived just a few blocks from me and she and two of her friends needed a ride to school which they were willing to pay for. A few dollars a week went a long way to keep my '55 Chevy on the road.

I had a girlfriend at the time (who got to ride free by the way) so she rode in front and Linda and her friends got to sit in the back. Needless to say one of them could have ridden by the passenger door in the front seat because there was plenty of room there. And you thought the invention of bucket seats was a good idea.

Somehow I decided there was a better deal in the backseat. So the girlfriend got dumped, Linda moved to the front seat, quit paying, and 45 years later, the rest is history.

After graduating in 1966, Linda and I were married in the fall. We bought a mobile home and I started to UAH. She and I both worked my way through college. We didn't have much money, but were able to save some for a vacation the next summer.

She had only been to Florida once to visit family and I had never been. Money was tight so we went the cheapest way we could. I rented a pop up camper and a gas stove for a week. We bought groceries, cokes, etc. for the trip. Filled up the water bottle that fed the sink with the pump faucet and put ice in the frig.

When I picked up the camper with my VW they didn't have the right kind of hitch. They put one on the bumper which is not good for a VW. There was a little crease in my bumper and I remember them telling me that the hitch would straighten it out. They also pointed out that the camper could easily be pulled by hand. So even though it was bigger than the car, it would follow just fine. Little did they know.



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We packed and pulled out on Highway 20 to Decatur. 1565 was only a dream and 165 was not completed through Birmingham. When I got up to about 60, the trailer and car started fishtailing violently. It was so bad that you could hear the back wheels of the car squeal when they hit the ground. We were very lucky.

We slowed to about 45 and everything was fine. But that makes for a long trip to Panama City, especially going through downtown Birmingham in the heat.

When we got to Vulcan Park, I told Linda that we probably should stop and see if anything happened in the trailer with all that fishtailing. I stopped, got out, and saw something dripping from the trailer. That is not a good sign. We opened the trailer and all the food, water, cokes, etc. had been thrown everywhere. Glass was in all the food, so it had to be thrown out and a major cleaning was in order.

We finished that and hit the road again. The rest of the trip down was fine, but I had noticed a small crack developing where the bend had been in the bumper. We stopped in PC to get gas. After filling up, I got in the car, turned the ignition and nothing. I mean nothing.

That was in the days that gas stations actually had attendants

Where should an older guy look for his glasses?
On his forehead.

and if you can believe this, three of them pushed started us with the trailer on.

We located the campground on the bay where I had made reservations. They told us we could use any of the parking spots that were empty. We made the major mistake of choosing the one closest to the water. I parked the trailer and found a little rise to park on so that I could roll down and get started. Have you ever tried to find a hill in Florida?

That night we couldn't get the tent to seal around the trailer and got eaten alive by mosquitoes.

The next morning we went to Sears to see what was wrong with the car. They told me it needed a new starter solenoid. I asked how much that was and he said, "\$20". I told him that I really didn't have an extra \$20. He said, "Do you have a screwdriver?" I told him

that I did and he showed me how to cross the poles on the solenoid and start the car. The engine in a VW was in the back close to the ground. So for the rest of the trip, I had to get down on my knees and reach up under the car to start That day was very cloudy. I remember telling Linda, "boy this is great, lots of clouds, no sun, so cool and nice." Being new to the beach, we made a long, long day of it.

As you might expect, we got burned to a crisp. So that night, miserably burned and more mosquitoes. Are we having fun yet?

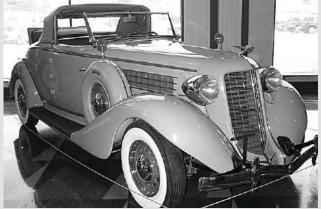
The next morning I got up to make some coffee and Linda started screaming, "I can't see, I can't see". I told her to be a little quieter; some people might still be asleep. She was so burned that her cheeks were swollen up to her eyes. We stayed in most of that day.

The next day we did venture out some. We had put aside a little cash to go to a movie and out to eat one time. So we chose that day. It was still daylight when we exited the theatre and I remember telling Linda that a street sweeping machine must have come by because the parking lot was wet and there wasn't a cloud in the sky then or when we went into the movie.

We pulled out on the road

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and it was obvious that it had rained. As we parked by our camper, one of our neighbors came out and said, "I am really sorry." I asked, "Sorry about what?" He said, 'Well when that squall came through here I didn't notice that your camper had all the flaps open until it was too late."

My electric razor was floating in the overnight bag. That night along with sunburn and mosquitoes, we added wet bed sheets.

The next day, we decided we had had enough fun, so we headed home. Before leaving PC, I decided to go through a State Park. With as much rain as they get, the roots of the trees were above ground on the road. So we bumped along looking at the scenery. This was doing wonders for the crack that had developed in my bumper, which I was keeping a close

When we got to about 33rd Avenue North in Birmingham, we had to stop at a light. I told Linda that the trailer looked a little funny in the mirror. She said, "I have had enough, let's

just get home."

When I took off, the trailer tongue hit the ground. Thankfully, we weren't traveling very fast and the chain held on. It was about 4 in the afternoon. The trailer had broken the bumper in half. We pushed the trailer into the parking lot of a closed gas station and went to a phone booth to find a welding shop. You do know what a phone booth is don't you?

A shop was nearby but when we got there, they were closing. The manager insisted that they couldn't do anything until the next day. I convinced him that we had had a terrible trip and didn't have money for a motel so we would have to sleep in the car. That wasn't very common in those days.

He was sympathetic, repaired the bumper for \$5, and sent us on our way. We made it home

that evening.

The next day, I returned the camper and stove. The people there said, "Did you have a good time? You came back early." I said, "Don't even ask.

Iust call me Clark Griswald.



Coffee burned in an open fire or on the stove is a great deodorizer.

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## **Historic Trivia**

Sent by Jane Barr

As incredible as it sounds. men and women took baths only twice a year (May and October). Women kept their hair covered, while men shaved their heads (because of lice and bugs) and wore wigs. Wealthy men could afford good wigs made from wool. They couldn't wash the wigs, so to clean them they would carve out a loaf of bread, put the wig in the shell, and bake it for 30 minutes. The heat would make the wig big and fluffy, hence the term 'big wig...' Today we often use the term "Here comes the Big Wig" because someone appears to be or actually is powerful and wealthy.

In the late 1700's, many houses consisted of a large room with only one chair. Commonly, a long wide board folded down from the wall, and was used for dining. The head of the household always sat in the chair while everyone else ate sitting on the floor. Occasionally a guest, who was usually a man, would be invited to sit in this chair during a meal. To sit in the chair meant you were important and in charge. They called the one sitting in the chair the "chair man". Today in business, we use the expression or title "Chairman" or "Chairman of the Board."

Personal hygiene left much

result, many women and men had developed acne scars by adulthood. The women would spread bee's wax over their facial skin to smooth out their complexions. When they were speaking to each other, if a woman began to stare at another woman's face she was told, "mind your own bee's wax". Should the woman smile, the wax would crack, hence the term "crack a smile". In addition, when they sat too close to the fire, the wax would melt... Therefore, the expression "losing face."

Ladies wore corsets, which would lace up in the front. A proper and dignified woman, as in "straight laced" wore a tightly tied lace.

At local taverns, pubs and bars people drank from pint and quart-sized containers. A bar maid's job was to keep an eye on the customers and keep the drinks coming. She had to pay close attention and remember who was drinking in 'pints' and who was drinking in 'quarts', hence the phrase "minding your 'Ps and O's."



"A wedding is a funeral where you can smell your own flowers."

Jim Wells



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#### FATHER ABRAHAM

by David Chamberlain

The American Civil War literally pitted brother against brother, friend against friend—the entire nation was divided, not just along geographical lines. Even in this conflict's most famous First Family, this rift existed. Until not long ago, its connection to Huntsville remained officially unrecognized.

Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of President Abraham Lincoln, had a brother who was a resident of Huntsville. In addition, he was a soldier in the Confederate army. His name was David Todd. The inhabitants of the White House were truly a house divided against itself.

A few years ago, it was discovered that he was buried in Maple Hill, with no marker to denote his grave. This was corrected in 2003 with the placement of a headstone there, during that year's Cemetery Stroll. This ceremony produced the following episode.

The dedication was the highlight of that year's event, taking place at the end of the day's festivities. His story was made public; a wreath was placed on the grave.

There was also music by a local re-enactor group, The Olde Towne Brass. On this particular day, the band was dressed in outfits of homespun Confederate gray.

Their repertoire included martial music, used to rally troops in battle, as well as popular period pieces. One tune in particular caught my attention that day, providing the musical centerpiece, and inspiration for this narrative.

As part of the ceremony, there was a gentleman portraying President Abraham Lincoln. He bore an uncanny resemblance, including the trademark stovepipe hat, beard, and other apparel.

During the musical portion of the observance, I found myself standing next to "Father Abraham", as the slaves he emancipated and others to whom he was beloved called him.

Suddenly, in tribute, The Olde Towne Brass, in their Rebel regalia, broke into the familiar strains of Hail to the Chief, performing the original vintage version. When the last notes faded away, I turned to President Lincoln" and remarked: "I would bet anything this is the first time that has ever happened!"



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Nonplused, assuming his full height and the well-known eloquence of his role, he turned to me, replying: "Yes, sir, but the states are now "United."



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## From Sharecropper to Businessman - James Edward "Jim" Williams

Tillman Williams Jr. talks about the day when his grandfather, James Edward "Jim" Williams, took him to Batesville, Ark., to show him where he hid money under a rock that helped him return to Madison.

When Jim Williams was 14 years old, his father moved the family to Batesville, but Jim never like it there. When his mother died and his father married her sister, a determined 17-year-old Williams started saving his money under the rock and soon used it to return to the place he considered home. He ran out of money around Memphis and worked at a sawmill until he earned enough money to finish his journey.

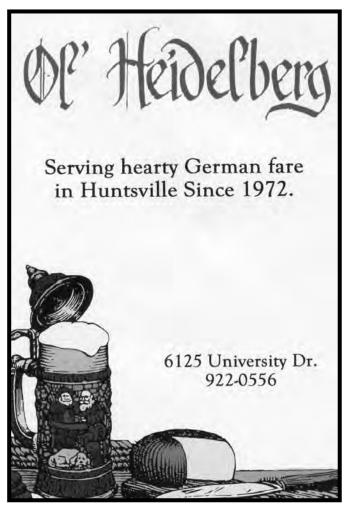
James Edward Williams, born in February of 1867, the son of Joseph Dempsey Williams and Cornelia Jane Trotman, was raised in Limestone County according to local historian John Rankin, His family moved to Arkansas when Jim was in his early teens, but he returned to become a sharecropper just south of Madison in 1883, where he worked as a sharecropper nearly five years. He farmed the land of Dr. William Thomas Pride, located southeast of Madison's historic district, until 1892 when he bought his own farm of 180 acres. He married his sweetheart, Martha "Mattie" Susan Whitworth of Madison on Dec. 24,1889.

He was very disciplined when it came to money. He told Tillman that during his sharecropping days, although he dearly loved candy, he limited himself to one candy a month to save money. With his savings and what he borrowed from the then-First National Bank, he bought land and borrowed a horse from the bank president to have a team to pull his plow. Williams grew his holdings from there, saving enough to buy more land.
About 1903, Williams purchased the house

of Dr. William Dunn, who had been the first railroad station agent in Madison. They had the house raised on logs, turned 90 degrees to face west, and moved north on the lot at 19 Front Street so that they could construct a two-story addition facing south. Tillman said Williams milled the wood at his sawmill.

"Their house has long been one of the most impressive of the old mansions in the historic district of Madison, and it incorporates the old Dunn house as probably the oldest surviving home in the district," Rankin said.

Williams told his grandson when they first moved into their house five miles south of Madi-



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son it had "tamped" clay floors in the kitchen, but the first year he made enough money to buy a sawmill, he sawed the flooring and ended their days of having a dirt floor.

By 1913, Williams had acquired 1,900 acres of land, Rankin said. In addition to cotton farming and operating a sawmill, Williams opened a general mercantile store at the corner now identified as Wise Street at Main Street, which is a parking lot today. Tillman recalled a man named Tom Carter ran the store.

Williams also raised a variety of livestock on his land and sold fresh meat and groceries, as well as dry goods in his store. He likewise had a livery business and sold farm implements.

"As perhaps his most farsighted move, he started the Madison Telephone Co. in 1919, just 43 years after Alexander Graham Bell's patent for the device was granted and long before most Southern towns had such a system," Rankin said. Tillman also considered his grandfather intelligent and a visionary, but his greatest interest was in caring for his family.

Over the next 30 years, Tillman said, his grandfather recounted how he went into debt to buy land and cleared it to grow cotton. As he cleared it, he made money from the lumber to pay for the land. When Williams wasn't handling the cotton, he was working in his sawmill.

Williams was very civicminded, hosting a town barbecue every Fourth of July at Betts' Spring, which was also called Williams' Spring and is now known as Lake Lady Ann or Sun Lake at the Edgewater development.

"I can recall going to the home in Madison and, a lot of times on Sundays, they'd have family there for Sunday dinner or Christmas dinner," Tillman said. He also recalled his father telling him if they were paddled at school they were paddled worse when they returned home and Jim Williams learned about it.

He served as an alderman of the town, as well as mayor pro-tern in 1910. Williams was a trustee of the Madison Church of Christ and director of the First National Bank of Huntsville, which became First Alabama Bank and is now Regions Bank.

"He had a pioneering spirit, but also he was a rugged individualist," Tillman said. "If he thought it was right, he would



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do it and prove to other people it was right. Most people loved him. Some were probably jealous of him. We were brought up to have the utmost respect for him. That was one of the things ingrained in us as children, to respect Grandmother and Granddaddy."

Tillman said his grandfather also was a stern man who thought laziness was a sin. Williams was good to children and good to people, but he ingrained in Tillman "that work is the answer to a lot of problems."

Tillman said his grandfather "was a great planner" and was determined to leave his children an estate where they would never have it as hard as he did. "His plan was to leave a home and farm to each one of his children, which he did."

In 1935, at age 68, Williams semi-retired on a small farm, leaving the bulk of his business to his son and two sons-in-law. He traveled extensively, even

after his wife died in 1938, taking his grandchildren on the trips. Because of Williams' success, most family members consulted him about business decisions.

Bill Drake, 76 at the time of this story, said his grandfather "drove and I went with him a lot, and went to this place where Lake Lady Ann is. He was a big farmer. He was nice to me and he was friendly."

At the time, Drake, who

grew up in the area, also recalled a much smaller Madison with two bus routes, one going north and the other south. The town didn't have more than 1,050 people then, he said, describing it as a "farm town" with most people farming, some merchants who lived there and three cotton gins.

Williams died in July 1943 at 76 years old after traveling extensively in his "retirement" years. He lived a good life.

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# My Brother Buddy

By Sara Fuller Williams

I am the oldest of four children, born to Smith C. Fuller & Johnnie D. Searcy Fuller of Huntsville, Al. My parents have since passed on, along with my brother, whom I write about in this article. My sister Elizabeth is known to everyone as "Sis" and still lives in the 5 Points area of Huntsville. We live in Ocean Springs, Miss. Now not far from New Orleans, but I will always miss Huntsville. There are so many good memories from our childhood there in Huntsville. My brother was named for my father but was known as "Buddy".

He was just 17 when he approached my parents with his desire to join the U.S. Army. WWII had not been declared and he still had not graduated from high school, so this was a major decision for them. As he was not of age they had to give their permission in writing, after much urging from Buddy. The boys were being called up and Buddy wanted to serve his country, and enlisted. He wanted to be a paratrooper and was assigned to the 101st. Air Borne Division, known as the "Screaming Eagles" of WWII. He fought on the front lines, was wounded twice, the first time on D Day and during the breakthrough of the "Battle of the Bulge." His friends called him "Sarge."

After the war was over he returned to his home in Huntsville to a peaceful life and in pretty good shape, with the exception of his feet which had been frozen during the frigid winters overseas. In those days, when the men and women returned home from the war, there was little recognition for them, like there is now. WWII was called the War of all Wars, and so many brave men and women died for their country. Buddy never wanted to talk about the war, even though I'm sure he could have told many stories.

Buddy took a job with the Hunts-

ville U.S. Postal Service as a mail carrier. At that time, the mail was delivered on foot, there were no mail trucks. He never complained but I always wondered if this was a problem for him, with his feet having been hurt.

After a while he missed his friends in the service, and re-enlisted. This time he was assigned to the 82nd Air Borne division, where he met his death. It was called a freak accident. I recall the book "Band of Brothers" when I think of my brother. It was so important that they all banded together. Our family was told that it was during maneuvers, and Buddy was riding on top of a tank, clearing ground, when a tree snapped from the top, striking Buddy on the back of the head. He died within the hour. This was so devastating to our family, and all who knew him.

At the D Day Museum in New Orleans there are pictures adorning the walls of many WWII fighting men, my brother is one of them. He would be so proud, if he were alive today, that his family thought of him as a hero.

His name appears on a roster at the Madison County Courthouse in Huntsville. He is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, next to our parents. We miss him so much.



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# Bridging THE YEARS

BY CHARLES RICE

With the end of the fighting, the veterans both North and South returned to their homes. The Union soldiers were hailed as conquering heroes, but no such welcome awaited the soldiers of the South. These men made their way home in small groups or as individuals, and not as military units. For many an ex-Confederate, the sights that awaited them must have been almost as traumatic as the war they had somehow managed to survive.

"As we came west on the train nothing but lonesome looking chimneys remained of the villages and farm houses," recalled John Allan Wyeth of Guntersville. "They were suggestive of tombstones in a graveyard. Bridgeport, Stevenson, Bellefonte, Scottsboro, Larkinsville, Woodville, Paint Rock – in

fact every town in northern Alabama to and including Decatur (except Huntsville, which, being used as headquarters, had been spared) — had been wiped out by the war policy of starvation by fire; Farm houses, gins, fences, and cattle were

From a hilltop in the farming district a few miles from New Market I counted the chimneys of the houses of six different plantations which had been destroyed. About the fireplaces of some of these, small huts of poles had been erected for temporary shelter."

North Alabama's development had been set back by at least a generation.

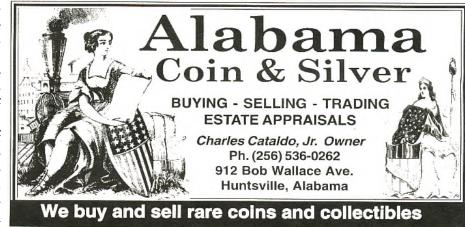
Huntsville and Madison County also continued under Union military occupation for years, only this time the soldiers in blue were often black. The former slaves themselves were in little better condition than the white Southerners, and not much of the promised Federal aid ever came to pass.

The Freedmen's Bureau did undertake to set up schools and help prepare the ex-slaves for a life as free men. But the disillusioned African Americans soon discovered that freedom brought little change to their lives. Most found themselves

living for some time on government handouts, since white Southerners were too impoverished to employ them. Many soon turned to share cropping to provide at least a degree of independence.

The government-run Freedmen's Bank also became a major scandal, with African American investors losing virtually every hard earned dollar they had put into it. Black Southerners had just one more reason to beware of Northern promises.

Republican "carpetbaggers" from the North and turncoat "scalawags" from the South





soon brought unbelievable corruption into the State, though Reconstruction was not as entirely negative as tradition has claimed. Nevertheless, Reconstruction is not a period that anyone can look back on with a great

deal of pride.

Probably hardest for white Southerners to accept was the temporary loss of their civil rights. "The best white people of the South were not allowed to vote," wrote John Wyeth. "My father, Judge Lewis Wyeth was disenfranchised, while Peyton, one of our former slaves, who still lived with us, performing the same service he had done before he was freed, announced himself as a candidate for the legislature!"

Yet defeat for the South was not as harsh as it could have been. There was none of Sherman's notorious colonization plan, with its Cromwellian vindictiveness. And though some ex-Confederates left the country for Mexico or South America, most eventually returned. Fortunately, the Tennessee Unionist Andrew Johnson occupied the White House at the end of the war, and Johnson kept the Radical Republicans from completely running roughshod over the helpless South. Because of this, the Radicals brought impeachment charges against Johnson and tried unsuccessfully to have him removed from office. They failed to unseat the President by just one vote.

However, there was no Federal aid forthcoming to rebuild the defeated South— as there would be for Germany and Japan after World War II, and the South would

take generations to completely recover. In many parts of the South, even marriageable men were in short supply, and women fearned to overlook a missing limb or disfigured face when choosing a husband. Thousands of families left North Alabama to seek a new life farther west, many of them going to Texas or Arkansas.

The veterans themselves set about picking up the pieces of their lives and starting over again. For some, such as W.D. Chadick,

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D.C. Kelly, and "Bushwhacker" Johnston, it-was simply a matter of returning to the pulpit. For the average ex-soldier, it was a difficult time of starting from scratch. Men had to rebuild their farms and somehow manage to feed their families until the crops were ready to harvest. Few people realize that charitable food shipments from Northern churches were all that kept many of the people of the South from actually starving that first postwar winter. It was a trying time for Southerners both black and white.

By the 1890s however, a "New South" was being talked about across the nation. The war was now far enough into the past that much of the animosity had vanished. The Confederate veterans were finally allowed to organize, and the Tennessee

Valley hosted several major reunions. Northern veterans, a few dozen of whom had settled here after the war, were invited to take part.

The largest gathering took place in July, 1890, when the 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment and the 4th Alabama Cavalry Regiment held a joint reunion. Even the 4th Alabama Cavalry's commander, Colonel Alfred A. Russel, who had left Alabama to live in Mexico, showed up for the memorable occasion. A. R. Simmons, formerly of the 45th Ohio Infantry, delighted the old Johnny Rebs with a speech on behalf of the Union veterans, noting that his first meeting with Confederates had earned him a bullet in the ankle. "Besides that," he said, "you licked us like the devil." Frank Gurley did his part by providing an impressive barbecue for one and all.

Also in the 1890s, Joseph Wheeler was elected to Congress, and in 1898 the country went to war again.



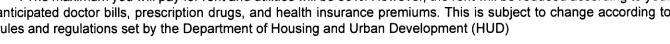


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President William McKinley, a Union veteran, invited Wheeler to the White House and offered him command of the U.S. troops who would invade Cuba. Wheeler protested that he was too old, but McKinley explained he needed the ex-Confederate as a symbol that North and South were now united. Wheeler accepted and put on a uniform once more, only this time it was a less familiar suit of blue. The Spanish-American War might have been brief, but it showed to the world that America was one nation again.

The preceding was excerpted from *Hardtimes*: *The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama*, by Charles Rice.



# Heard on the Street - 1923

#### **Burglars Enter Lowe Mill Store**

The general merchandise store of Chaney & Reed in the Lowe Mill Village was entered some time during last night by burglars who gained their entrance by removing a large glass out of the front of the building. The sheriff's office was notified at 6 o'clock this morning and up to this writing no clue as to the guilty party or parties has been found. It is reported that only a few articles were missing.

#### Woman Lying Near Railroad Tracks Causes Excitement

Considerable excitement was caused in West Huntsville early this morning when about eight o'clock Marvin Drake, 15, while on his way to school, discovered a white woman lying beside the Southern railroad tracks a short distance from West Huntsville, She was lying near a tree and was partly covered with bushes and grass. She appeared to have blood on her arm. Her hat was lying a few feel away and the dishev-

eled condition of her clothes and general appearance convinced the youth that she was dead. He hurried to nearby homes and informed the people that he had found a dead woman.

Another party passing also discovered the woman and came in with the same story, and that they had seen men running from the scene. A party was quickly organized and started for the scene but when they arrived the woman was gone. A search was conducted along the railroad tracks but no sight of her was to be found. There is



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no explanation and remains a mystery.

#### Sheriff Makes his First Raid

Sheriff Chas. D. Lane made his first raid last night when he, assisted by Deputies Yeatman and Watson, destroyed a still in the Northern part of the county, three miles west of Elkwood. The raid was made about two o'clock this morning and about two thousand gallons of lightning had been poured out. There were no arrests made but the Sheriff says he thinks they were a little too early as it was evident that a run would soon have been made.

This was the Sheriff's first experience in the raiding of stills and when asked what kind of still it was he said he did not know as it was the first one he had ever seen.

## Insane Fear of Ku Klux is Cause of Shooting - Birmingham

Under a delusion, according to his wife, that he was being pursued by the Ku Klux Klan, Earl Brandel shot and possibly fatally wounded Frank Radic, hotel man, in a crowded restaurant last night. As he fired the shot Brandel yelled, "I got that Klux," police stated. When placed under arrest, Brandel told the police, "They're getting everybody but they'll not get me!"

#### Open House at Kildare

Miss Virginia McCormick and Miss Grace Walker received a large number of friends at Kildare from 4-6 o'clock. The spacious home presented a spring-like appearance with quantities of colored spring blossoms arranged throughout the home. In the dining apartment Miss Helen Wynn and Mrs. Philips Peeler sat at corresponding ends of the table pouring tea and coffee.

#### **High Heels Wreck Floors**

According to Huntsville construction experts, the cost of upkeep on floors in homes and apartments has more than doubled during the last 10 years as a result of women wearing high heels. The heels are so narrow at the base, the experts say that they actually dig into the hard wood. This compels

closer scraping when the floors are refinished and consequently the wood lasts only half as long.

#### Chops off his own Finger

Fearing infection in a finger which his cat had bitten, Theodore Jones, of Arab, chopped off the finger with a hatchet. He is expected to live.

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# The Life of **Cecil Morland Tipton, Sr.**

By Debbie Maples

When people saw Cecil Morland Tipton, Sr. going work, worship or any other place he chose to walk, he wore a hat (his trademark). He was a Christian man known throughout the community who loved people. He was born September 23, 1920 to Dolphie Leif and Lillian Tipton) on what is now called Wall Road. He was the third child of four boys.

His mother always kept their clothes clean (washing with a rub board). They had two changing of clothes, but never went to school without freshly washed and ironed clothes. On cold nights, she would tuck her children in and visit their rooms during the night to see if they were warm. Morland and his brothers' rooms were on the northwest side of the house with no heat except the heat left over from the fireplace the day

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before.

The family didn't have much money, but always had plenty of good food. There was a security in knowing that their mother and father had thought ahead. They were interested in provision and education, but during those times working for a living was more important than going to school.

At the age of five, Morland began working in the field chopping and picking cotton. He was always there when he was needed to work and didn't complain. He attended Madison County High School (also known as Gurley High School) and was very active in sports.

He lived at home until the age of 22 when he was drafted into the Army. The day he was waiting on his ride to leave for the Army, his daddy went to the barn where Morland found his father standing at the south end crying, something he had never seen before. His father told Morland that he wished he could take his place. His son assured him that he would be back. Being in WWII for three years was good for him even though he experienced many adverse circumstances. He was

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very proud of service to our country and felt he learned even more about 'responsibility.' He finished out his tour of duty with an honorable discharge in the Army Air Corp as Corporal C. M. Tipton.(Like many boys of that time, he sent money home to his parents while overseas.)

In 1945, two weeks after returning home, Morland became partners with his brother Howard in the cafe business. They owned and managed the Klean Kitchen in downtown Huntsville until 1951, even managing to save some money during this time.

On September 4, 1946, C. M. married the beautiful Gladys Alene Fanning. He loved and cherished the little lady he loved very much and did until the day he died. However, the word love was always hard for him to say. He never heard it much when he was growing up. Five years after married life had begun, he made the most important decision of his life, to become a Christian. He never looked back, but forward in raising his family along with his wife in the Lord.

Morland's Dad was an industrious sort, getting odd jobs during the summer and winter.

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He got a contract to cut several hundred fence posts at 5 cents per post. They went to the top of the mountain above Flat Rock and cut locust trees, dragged them with mules down to the Steger Place, cutting them with a cross cut saw. They did that off and on for about two months. They hauled gravel with wagon and mules during the summer months, when possible. Morland's father always kept 4 good

mules and plow tools.

His father would brag on them when they were doing a good job. They didn't have work shoes in the summer time and it was very uncomfortable plowing barefooted. The saw briars would get between their toes and go all the way to the length of the briar. C. M. held his parents in high regards and always said they did the best they could in those hard times.

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In 1947, Morland and Gladys became parents for the first time with the birth of Cecil Jr. Many times he recalled how happy he was being a husband and father. Within five years they had three children, Cecil Jr., Ritchie, and Deborah. Ten years later in 1961, another baby boy Jeffrey was born, and in 1964 Andrew Keith completing their family.

Like his own father (Dolphie), he didn't converse a lot at home. He didn't have to for them to know how he felt. Morland always gave his wife credit for raising the children.

credit for raising the children. From January 1958 to February 1, 1986 Morland was employed at the Madison County Health Department. He worked with Dr. Otis Gay, W. T. Garrison, Dexter (Robby) Robinson, and Lyle Drake. He held positions of Inspector, Manager of Rabies Program, Sanitarian, Environmentalist.

Tenacious would describe Morland - he always stood by what was 'right' no matter what. In the work place, he was inspector for many years. If you built a house or business in Madison County, the health department had to 'okay' the septic systems. He met many people who would ask for him by name' to do their inspection. If something was amiss, people knew he would make sure 'things' were correct. He gained a great deal of respect from community even when he had to insist on changes to be made.

Morland was a very frugal man who enjoyed playing a joke on someone, with a keen sense of humor. In the later years, after retiring from the Health Department, growing a garden became one of his favorite pastimes. He always enjoyed being outdoors riding the Farmall or the John Deere tractor. One of his sons had written in large letters on the back of his tractor, 'Bat

Man.' Morland thought it was funny and never was known to have 'whipped him for it.' As a whole he enjoyed good healthy life to the age of 85. In 2004 he began a struggle with health issues. Even when he went to dialysis three days a week, he maintained his vard work as long as he could.





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#### News from 1923

#### The President makes a Mistake

\* President Harding has been heralded far and wide as the genial handshaker who makes friends everywhere and whom everyone likes. This has been his reputation up to now, but how will he stand south of the Mason-Dixon Line when it becomes known that he has refused to dine on opossum?

When offered a delicious dinner of yams and opossum, he flatly refused and instead sent the animal off to a local zoo for safekeeping. This will be taken as proof that Mr. Harding is not as claimed, a citizen of all sections but a provincial with an uneducated palate. Even so, he

might have kept himself in better grace in the South by passing the gift along to someone who knows good eating when he sees it. Why waste a perfectly good possum?

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

his skull. He is about 21 years of age

This accident is deeply deplored, and his recovery is very doubtful.

"I married Ms. Right. I didn't know her first name was "Always"."

Steve Franken, Athens

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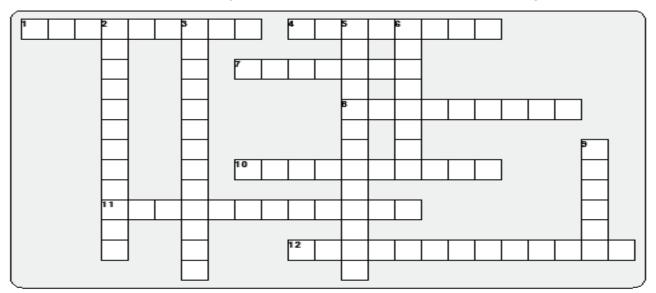
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#### Old Huntsville Crossword Puzzle

This is the first of our monthly crossword puzzles that will come from the PREVIOUS issue of "Old Huntsville." See how well you can do! Solution will be in next month's magazine.



#### Across

- 1 Copy boy
- 4 The whole thing sat at the supper table
- 7 "We share, we trade, we share our talents, we meet"
- 8 They have lots of rules and no mercy
- 10 His older brother died in 1915
- 11 Limestone smithy
- 12 Ryland musician

#### Down

- 2 Happy 80th birthday?
- 3 A really good cook
- 5 Huntsville favorite aunt
- 6 If you don't worry about it, you won't have to worry about it
- 9 The wise don't need it

#### **Old East Clinton School**

by Alice G. Karas

The old East Clinton school was built a long, long time ago. I started school there in 1934 in the First Grade. I remember my teacher's name was Miss Coons. We all loved her.

There was a fire escape on the outside of the building. I don't remember if there were two or three stories to the school. The inside entrance to the fire escape was in the school auditorium. There was a door on one wall where we went to the fire escape. From the outside of the building it looked like a huge metal round tube that was smaller at the top and gradually got larger at the bottom.

All the kids would play in it when we went out for recess. The Principal, Mrs. Woodall, had a strict rule. "Don't climb up inside the fire escape - it can be

extremely dangerous."

Naturally, we kids had loads of fun trying to get all the way to the top where the door was. The metal was worn very smooth and was so slippery. I think I made it to the top only once or twice before I slid down with a bang onto the ground.

In the summer time the metal got very hot but that was all part of the fun.

I'm 84 now and I'm blessed to be able to relive these wonderful memories of old East Clinton school.

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# One Night at the Russel Erskine Hotel

by Charlie Lyle

One night at the Russel Erskine Hotel, a Senator named John Sparkman walked into the lobby. He said "Hey, Quinn, I need a room for the night and I will be back later. Well everyone from Alabama knew John Sparkman as did many other people all over the country. Many streets were named after him, buildings etc. Many in Huntsville as well, in his honor. Jimmy Quinn was manager of the hotel.

Well the hotel was packed, in other words, there were no rooms available. So Ouinn didn't want to let his good customer down. Well, Quinn and assistant manager George Roach had a plan. There was a friend of Jimmy's who had a room in the hotel that night and always insisted that Jimmy share a little of the juice in the hotel's Red Room. Well the guest didn't really know that Quinn could drink anyone under the table. So as one might surmise that is exactly what happened. After all, he told George Roach, the assistant manager, it's just a matter of mixing business with pleasure. The man staggered back to his room and virtually passed out.

Here is where the real story begins. Quinn and a couple of bell boys slid the man on to a portable bed and rolled him down to the laundry room for the night. They made up the bed & tidied up the room. So a little bit later they greeted the Senator with a smile and said "Sir, we have your room ready."

The next morning the senator woke up and went on his way. When the man in the laundry room woke up, he was terrified. He went up to talk to the front desk clerk and told the clerk something strange happened to him last night, but suddenly realizing that he wasn't sure what he may have done last

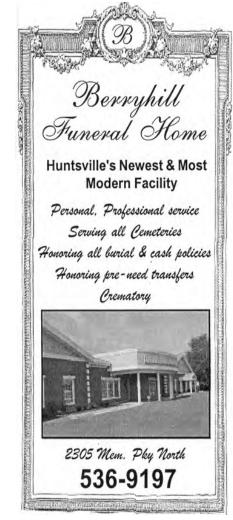
night. He turned in his key and he went merrily on his way!!

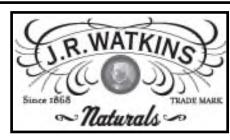
Note: As told by George Roach who now lives in

Florence, Alabama.

One would have to realize that things were quite different back in the forties.

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# News from the Year 1911

## News from Huntsville and Around the World

#### Railroad Sued for not Protecting Passenger

#### Gadsden, Al Feb 25

The case of Mrs. Crosby against the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis which has been ongoing in the city court of Gadsden this week went to the jury last night.

Mrs. Crosby was arrested at Albertville, she had bought a ticket to Anniston, her home. The officers searched her for a stolen watch. Before the search she appealed to the station agent for protection which he did not give. She then filed suit for damages in the sum of \$500 against the railroad company. The case has attracted a great deal of attention across this part of the country.

#### 2 weeks later:

Mrs. Dora Crosby was awarded damages in the amount of \$7000 against the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. The jury returned the verdict after only several hours of deliberation. She was accused by police of stealing a watch that was never found on her person.

### Bones of Escaped Convict Found

#### Columbus, Ohio Feb 27

The mystery of an escape at the Ohio Penitentiary more than

70 years ago was cleared up today when prisoners at work clearing up one of the abandoned buildings found a few fragments of human bones in an old tunnel which they uncovered.

The bones are all that are thought to remain of Scott Mayfield who the records of the penitentiary show escaped on July 7, 1840. From that time until the present nothing has been heard from him. The records of the penitentiary show that it was suspected that Mayfield was in hiding somewhere in the building and that other prisoners carried food to him in the hopes of keeping him alive.

#### Old Time Fiddlers Play Once More

New Decatur, Ala.

Tuesday night at the Masonic Theater, an old fashioned Fiddler's contest was given for the benefit of the New Decatur Lodge #491, A.F and A.M.

About 25 old fiddlers from far and near took part in the







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contest and old time music was played. The contest opened with the entire group of fiddlers playing "Dixie" and in the grand finale all the men played "The Country Dance." The place was completely filled and a nice sum was collected for the lodge.

## Here's A Cat that acts as Alarm Clock

Columbus, Ind.

L.M. McCool has an alarm clock that never fails to work. The "clock" gives the alarm each morning and has never been wound. It is a large tabby cat, and McCool says he would not trade it for all the mechanical alarms in the country.

At exactly 5 am each morning McCool is awakened by the friendly tabby cat who gets him up by quietly rubbing a gentle paw over his owner's lower lip. The cat patiently continues this operation until his owner is fully awake.

### 3 Illicit Stills Raided by Officers

Montgomery, Ala.

Three successful raids on illicit stills have been conducted in Tallapoosa and Randolph Counties by Dep. Revenue Collector F. N. Winter and Deputy United States Marshal Hiram Gibson, who have just returned to Montgomery with their report of the discovery of the moonshine factories.

The first raid was made in Randolph County, where the officers discovered a wild cat still in full operation. The operators of the plant made their hasty escape, but they were recognized and warrants are out for their arrest.

The other raid was made in Tallapoosa County, where a 350-gallon still was destroyed. Three thousand gallons of beer were confiscated at this still. The other still had a 150-gallon capacity, and was also destroyed with the beer confiscated.



"Marriage certainly changes passion. All of a sudden you're in bed with a relative."

Seth Thomlin, Madison

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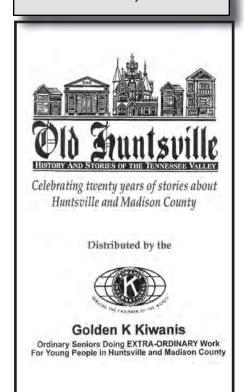
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# Huntsville Happenings in 1974

- The Huntsville Times interviewed local women doctors for a special article commemorating the 125th anniversary of the graduation of the first woman ever to graduate from medical school, Elizabeth Blackwell of New York.

The physicians who were interviewed for the very interesting article were Dr. Ernestine Berg, an anesthesiologist; Dr. June Foley, a pediatrician; Dr. Annelie Owens and Dr. Irene Roan, both practicing occupational medicine at Redstone Arsenal; Dr. Melu Jean Quirante, a neonatologist; and Dr. Anne Wouters, a pediatrician.

- Dunnavants is presenting their annual Bridal Show called "Wedding Belles" at Dunnavant's Mall with catering by Mrs. A. L. Bradley, flowers by Alberts and photography by Bell Studios

Studios.

- Huntsville Country Club has resumed its very popular Friday night dinner dances, where steak will be served.

- Cruse and Jim Clark like to do their entertaining on Sundays. Today they are having their fourth in a series of Bloody Mary parties at noontime in their lovely home on Franklin Street. It will be a very informal, fun party with cheese dishes and crunchy goodies to go well with the Bloody Mary's.

- You will hear Dr. John and Dorothy Moorman say that happiness is a new granddaughter. Their daughter Anne Moorman Farrell, accompanied by her tiny daughter Mary Alice, visited the Moormans this week from Birmingham. Anne's husband Pete was here for a few days but had to leave to go back to work.



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# From the Desk of Tom Carney

As our readers may not know, all of the stories you have been reading for the last 22 years that had no author listed, were written by Tom. He just called himself the copy boy, but he was so much more than that.



## "He's Gonna Jump!"

By Tom Carney

"A man is on top of the Russel Erskine Hotel and he's gonna jump!"

Within minutes all the citizens of downtown had heard the news. Eagerly, almost morbidly, they rushed to the scene of the impending tragedy. The street in front of the hotel became a mass of swirling humanity as crowds jostled for a better look.

"Someone said he works at the Arsenal and he just got a letter from his wife saying she is leaving him."

This news, by some unidentified source, was quickly consumed and spread by the four winds to the crowds who were now grasping at every morsel of new information.

Suddenly the still night air was rent by the screeching sounds of police cars arriving on the scene. Emerging from their cars, the policemen began pushing the crowds back with night sticks, trying to establish some sense of order.

"Be careful. He's got a gun," yelled a voice from out of the darkness.

The crowd ran scurrying for cover and the policemen quickly ducked behind their automobiles for safety.

When a few minutes had

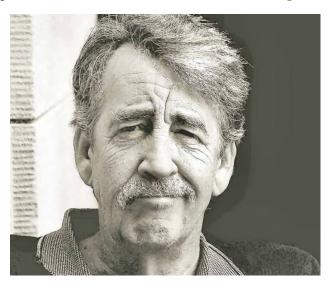
passed with no shots being fired, the throng, now prompted by the

latest developments, began surging forward. The crowd now numbered in the hundreds and was growing larger by the minute.

While the police were frantically working to regain control, the sounds of a woman screaming emerged above the noise of the mob. The crowd had inadvertently pushed her into a storefront window, breaking the glass, and now she was running hysterically down the street with blood streaming down her arms. Before the police could reach her, another woman began screaming. This woman had been knocked down by the crowd jostling for a better look.

Sensing that something had to be done, and quickly, the brave officers of the Huntsville Police Department drew their pistols and resolutely began making their way to the front entrance of the hotel where the unseen assailant lay in wait.

There was no hesitation in the purposeful stride of the policemen on that cold day in 1942. This was their town and this was their job. Someone had to take charge and they were



the ones.

Cautiously, with their guns drawn, they took the elevator to the top floor. The men were silent, probably thinking of their loved ones and the danger that lay ahead.

History does not record the name of the first policeman to exit onto the roof, ready to do battle with the fiend lurking in the shadows. Nor is there the name of the man who, after receiving the dear John letter, tried to commit suicide.

You see ... It never happened. There was no Dear John letter and there was no man on top of the hotel.

Some unknown person in that year of 1942 had started the rumor and within minutes downtown Huntsville had been caught up in a frenzied state of anticipation. Every rumor became fact and every fantasy became reality.

And with every passing year the story became even more exaggerated. To this day there are people who will point at a spot on the sidewalk in front of the old hotel and tell you that it is where the "Dear John" jumper ended his life. 23rd Annual

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# A Lost Treasure

by Malcolm Miller

On June sixteenth this year I lost a good friend and Huntsville, Madison County and surrounding areas lost a real treasure.

Tom Carney, long time Huntsville resident and business man, passed away after a short illness. Leaving with Tom were all those great stories about this area that were in this great story teller and historian's mind never to be told. However, he did leave us with boundless stories that have already been published in the Old Huntsville Magazine as well as in other places. Needless to say he will be sorely missed by his constant companion. His lovely wife and business partner will take over and do an outstanding job making sure that this magazine, which is read by many thousands, will keep going and prosper in the coming years.

Tom and Cathey were still deeply in love even after twenty two years of marriage, you could just feel it when you were in their presence. And talk about culture and background differences; Cathey the daughter of a mother who was a physician from Germany and Father, a colonel in the Army. Tom was from Hurricane Creek community, now you just don't get more southern and countrified than that. However, opposites do attract and they were very much attracted to one another and made a great team both in their work and personal life.

Tom Carney talked the talk and walked the walk when it came to telling stories. He grew up during hard times and over came many obstacles where lesser men would have failed.

Tom has had two books pub-

lished; has helped several others putting together their books, he was a voracious reader who read on average two books every day. He did all this and still made time for researching history of Huntsville and Madison County and chatting with the many friends who would drop by their home in Old Huntsville, that's what I call that section of the city.

Tom was also a very generous person. I had an old shot gun that was rusty and scarred up, in a really bad condition. It had belonged to my Father and all of my six brothers and I learned to hunt with this gun. I showed it to Tom and he offered to refinish it for me and make it look like new. He did just that and would not take a thing for all the hours of work he put into refurbishing it.

Tom liked to talk about his experiences as a young boy. I recall one story he told me about riding with his uncle who was a Deputy Sheriff when selling liquor in Madison County was illegal. The sheriff was still on the fee system with a small salary and the deputies made even less. Bootleggers were everywhere and they needed protection from being fined or worse, sent to prison. Tom said his uncle would pull up to a

bootlegger's place and the man would come out with a shot of whiskey and a sack full of money. Tom decided right then that he knew what he wanted to be when he grew up, but obviously as time went on he decided that wasn't such a good idea.

Tom Carney's writing didn't just stop with the publication of several books and writing stories for Old Huntsville. It is not widely known but he wrote several things for the famous comic and author Lewis Grizzard, also he wrote some of the segments for popular radio personality Paul Harvey's Rest of the Story broadcasts.

Cathey told me that on one occasion Paul Harvey called Tom and told him he should move to Chicago. Tom's response was "Sorry I can't do that, I would have to start wearing socks."

That was my friend Tom Carney and I'll never forget him.





## **Useful Hints** from 1894

You can drive nails into a board easier and without bending them if you first dip the nails into lard.

A lump of camphor in your clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

The pulp of a lemon, rubbed on the roots of your hair, will stop ordinary cases of falling

In laying away of fine white gowns for any length of time, they should first be wrapped in blue paper, then in a sheet or in muslin wrap of some kind.

Cornmeal and salt, mixed well, make one of the best brighteners for carpets during

sweeping.
Stale bread will clean kid

Gloves can be cleaned at home by rubbing them with gasoline.

A lump of soda laid on the drain pipe will prevent the pipes from becoming clogged with grease; also, flood the pipes once a week with boiling water to which you've added a little soda.

White marble can be cleaned up with water and soda. Bread crumbs will cleanse silk gowns.

A little Vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

To remove mildew from clothing, soak in sour buttermilk, spread out in the sun.

Powdered borax dampened and pressed under the finger nails, allowed to remain for a short time, will bleach nails.

To keep sandwiches moist cover with a damp cloth. Wring cloth as dry as possible.

If you're having a dinner party, the guest of honor, a lady, sits to the right of the host. The gentleman sits to the right of the hostess.

After washing lettuce, tie in napkin or cheese cloth and place on ice. It will drip and crisp. Lettuce tied in cloth and hung in draft will crisp as well as when placed on ice.

If you can't see in the dark, eat blueberries in season. They

can help restore night vision.

A quick picker-upper is 1/4 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a cup of water. Drink it down and get a second wind.

Slowly drink two teaspoons of olive oil to relieve a scalded

throat

# lohn's Jungle Jyms



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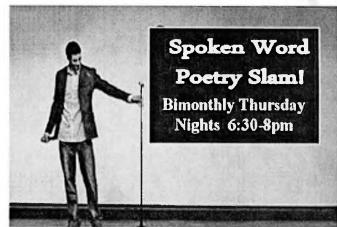


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Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- 1. Growing up in the Rocket City: A Baby Boomer's Guide (over 200 photos/illustrations) by Tommy Towery \$15
- Treasured Alabama Recipes (signed) by Kathryn Tucker Windham \$15.95
- **3.** *Huntsville Entertains* by Historic Huntsville Foundation \$18.95
- **4. Remembering Huntsville: 131 Vintage Photographs** by Jacque
  Reeves \$16.95
- Kathryn T. Windham 5. *Changine Huntsville 1890-1899* by Elizabeth Humes Chapman \$10.00
  - 6. Count Those Buzzards (Southern Superstitions Remembered) by Kathryn Tucker Windham \$7.95
  - 7. Shadows on the Wall Life and Works of Howard Weeden by Roberts & Fisk \$30
  - 8. Long Ago in Madison County by Allie Norris Kenny & Sarah Huff Fisk \$7.95
  - 9. Historic Architecture of AlabamaStyles & Types by Robert Gamble\$25.00
  - **10.** Lost Writings of Howard Weeden by Fisk & Riley \$20.00

### AND MUCH MORE!!!

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