



No. 256
June 2014



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



A Huntsville Family Business - 50 Years and Going Strong

In 1980, Ol' Heidelberg moved to University Drive in between the former Fogcutter Restaurant and the Steak & Ale. We remained there until 1989 when we moved to the present location on University Drive near Madison Square Mall and Research Park. People thought we were crazy for moving that far away.

Also in this issue: **Country Toys**

Lewter's Hardware Store



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While our prices have gone up slightly and we have a few more employees, we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family, doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with us.

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

Domie Lewter
Mae Lewter

222 Washington St - 539-5777

50 Years and Going Strong

by Sonja Schrader

In the spring of 1962, in Wichita, Kansas, I went on a blind date with a man named Dieter Schrader. Turns out, he had seen me before, and arranged for us to go out for coffee—chaperoned of course. By December that year, we were married.

I was born in Byron, Oklahoma. It was a farming community of only a few houses and a single unit school building housing all 12 grades together which formed a square surrounding the only real local entertainment—a basketball court. My Great Grandparents were full blooded German. They were in the 'Oklahoma Run'—farmers all their lives. From them, I learned to make sauerkraut and speak a little German. The kraut was made the hard old-fashioned way in wood barrels. The German I learned are words & phrases I probably should not repeat.

My family moved to Conway Springs, KS, another small town

of mainly German descent. It was after moving to Wichita, KS when I shared that cup of coffee, in the nation's original Pizza Hut, with Mr. Schrader.

Dieter, a structural building engineer, was in Kansas working on the construction of the Titan II missile bases. While he was in the U.S. Army, he met a German butcher with whom he shared the idea of opening a German deli some day. So in 1963, we headed to Huntsville to make it happen.

With a \$3000 loan from Dieter's German mother, Charlotte, and his stepfather Jack Jones and a \$3000 investment from the butcher, the Bavaria Delicatessen was created in the Heart of Huntsville Mall. (Today, \$3000 dollars couldn't even buy a kitchen stove!)

We opened with eight tables, a lot of shelving for items from Germany, and a deli case to hold European meats and cheeses. Well, the butcher just couldn't get the metric conversation system down. It confused him so much that everything was full of "way too much salt." So, he said goodbye and headed back home to New Jersey.

Charlotte, Dieter's mother, taught me how to prepare the German core staples like red cabbage, potato salad and traditional specialties such as Sauerbraten and Schweinebraten. She was responsible for bringing the

"We don't like their sound, and guitar music is on the way out."

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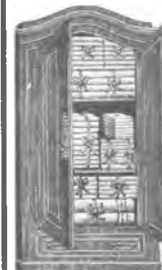
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first German gummi bears to Huntsville by making contact with a company in Germany that set up a relationship with an importer in New York to bring them in.

The restaurant was doing well and it didn't take a long time for the demand for table service to become greater than that of takeout. So, we increased the table space and decreased carry-out items. One year later, we decided to open the Bavaria Restaurant downtown on Washington Street next to the old Martin Theater. The location was the old Ready Bakery. It had a beautiful high vaulted oval ceiling with recessed lighting. It had been a working bakery so the back part was three times as large as the front.

Marvin, Huntsville's famous, sweet, homeless pushcart personality washed dishes for us one time for two whole days in that back area. I always continued to give him a sandwich every time he came around after that. We started in that back kitchen with used refrigerators

and two old white noncommercial electric stoves from the junk store.

But, we got lucky. We found a German cook who was new to Huntsville; she was able to prepare some very good quality German fare with what little equipment we had to work with.

Dieter and I worked together in the restaurant, in the kitchen and in the front of the house—I mean really worked! Sometimes the tomatoes flew across the kitchen (and not into the food) if you know what I mean! As a reward for all the hard work we did, we traveled well, mostly in Western Europe, when we had the time. Later, we would always try to take our children with us. That is how they learned new and different foods.

Evening news is where they begin with "Good Evening" and then proceed to tell you why it isn't.



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One night, the famous composer Montevanni was in Huntsville for a performance. He and some people came in the restaurant for a late dinner afterwards and I was serving them. I mentioned to Montevanni that Dieter and I had just seen his show at the posh Fountainbleu Hotel in Miami Beach the previous weekend. He looked at me funny, I don't think he believed me – but, it was true. Dr. Werner von Braun and his wife would spend their special celebrations (birthdays & anniversaries) dining at the Bavaria. I still have a menu he signed for us in 1963.

In 1965, we got a "wild hair" to open a wig business in the old Huntsville Times building downtown. We started with four sample wigs and took orders with a deposit of five dollars down for each. The ladies lined up at the door and thus our new venture, "The Wig Room," was under way. The Mall at University and the Parkway was being built at the time. We leased a small space for "The Wig Room" there and we were very successful. It was a lot of fun.

Dieter had wanted to go to law school and the success of the business was able to provide the funds. He commuted to Cumberland School of Law in Birmingham where they called him "The Commuter" and he finished in three years.

Those were the days of "The Carriage Inn" - THE place to dine and dance to live music in Huntsville. We had our date night there every weekend, In fact, we were there the night before our daughter Aunia was born. We had reservations on the New Year's Eve that our son Vaun was born. We didn't make the reservation that December

31, 1969, but Dieter showed up at the Inn later with free cigars for all.

Jump to 1972. We sell the wig business and go back into the restaurant world. We opened Ol' Heidelberg Kitchen. (Now known as Ol' Heidelberg.) It was the first of its kind in a mall setting. It was a lovely, quaint place with its blue and white checkerboard table cloths and a real fireplace. It was the beginning of alcohol sales and the choices were slim. Three to four wines were available, (can you say "Lancer's Rose," "Mateus," and "Zeller Schwartz-Katz?")

Some of the reds went into the refrigerator, if that tells you how much we knew about wine. Liquor was only sold in little airline miniature bottles. Like the first gummi bear, we sold Huntsville's first Schnitzel – for the price of \$2.35!

Some of our employees who

started working over 40 years ago are still with us. Luisa Lanzillo was "fresh off the boat" from Italy. She spoke no English, started as the dishwasher, advanced to line cook as her English improved and eventually became our main cook for many, many years. She still



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works part-time today. For 35 years Luisa worked closely with Claudine who was from France. They often had their own little personal Italian/French Revolutions with each other. One time, they did not speak to each other, except on business matters, for three months.

My brother, Gary Jack, the man who can repair, reinvent and do anything needed to keep the restaurants going, still works with us today. He has always said I would work him 8 days a week if there were 8 days.

Our daughter Aunia started working when she was 10 years old. She ran the old fashioned cash register but had to stand on a milk crate because she was so small. The personal contact with the customers cured her shyness problem real fast.

Our son, Vaun, started working as a busboy. We could never find him. He was always running around the mall somewhere. So I told him I was going to have to fire him. His reply was, "I'll just go apply for unemployment compensation."

He was nine at that time! Later, when he was 14 and working with Luisa one day, she said, "I can't find Vaun anywhere." So, I looked and found him out back, sitting on a box peeling potatoes without a shirt on, sunning himself and drinking a beer no less!

My dear mother, Ruth Bond, worked for our businesses for 40 years as our office manager. She called me early one morning – frantic – saying that she found the chef drunk and passed out on the office desk after a private party he had the night before in the restaurant.

AND – Dieter. When Dieter would work at night as the food expediter, his rule was "no conversation allowed." So, Elaine, who has been our head server for the last 30 years, had to re-

"You know it's going to be a rotten day when your wife says 'Good Morning, Bill', and your name is Ted."

Ted

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sort to flashcards to communicate with him. There was always something interesting going on and never a dull moment.

In 1980 Ol' Heidelberg moved to University Drive in between the former Fogcutter Restaurant and the Steak & Ale. We remained there until 1989 when we moved to the present location on University Drive near Madison Square Mall and Research Park. People thought we were crazy for moving that far away. The customer response was fantastic though, and look at the area now.

Huntsville grew in all directions and, after the tornado of '89, we eventually decided to open Cafe Berlin so that our customers on the south end did not have such a drive. It was the first full service restaurant to enter the new shopping and dining market along Airport Road. People lined up out the door and it was a huge success.

Aunia moved back to Huntsville that same year after college to help us open the business and in 1992 Vaun returned from the New England Culinary Institute of Vermont to help develop our next restaurant, Tortellini, specializing in Italian fare. Tor-

tellini became the property of Aunia who brought it up to new heights of food and service.

Vaun was a wonderful chef with "million dollar taste buds," and in 1993 he developed the whole menu for his true passion in his new restaurant Sante Fe Grille on Airport Road. I would truly say he was ten years ahead of his time in regards to culinary talent and creativity. In 2000, Aunia and her husband Tom Chapman opened Chefs Table, Huntsville's first tapas dining establishment until 2009.

Like as in life, we start with the best, and the best still remains in the end, but there's a lot of life in between... We started with the best of German with Ol' Heidelberg and Cafe Berlin. We went from Italian at Tortellini and Luciano to fabulous French fare at Cafe Paris; from gourmet southwestern at Sante Fe Grille, to premium steaks at Prime; from international tapas at Chefs Table to BBQ "before

it's time" at High Noon Saloon. We've had some great food and great times—but the originals still remain.

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always be able to get the tried and true German favorites but also new additions with an emphasis on fresh seafood, salads, and international specialties. We're keeping it modern with a new look and decor, new menu, wine bar and patio. Nights and brunches feature classy live jazz dining with the piano and various talented musicians.

Ol' Heidelberg is still more of an old fashioned German restaurant that owes much of its success to the credit of Luisa, Barbara, Melanie, Claudine, Mary, Elaine, Ruth and others for the constant, continued loyalty to our customers over the years. It is home to a third generation of guests.

It's great to see people who were children, bring in their children. We hope this trend continues. Thank you for your loyalty as we will always strive

to live up to our motto: "Basic Good Food, Good Service, Reasonable Prices, In a Friendly Courteous Atmosphere."

I want to say about this journey.....

In working with your family members, it's a work in progress. You're "close to the fire" so to speak. But, it was wonderful, and still is, to be able to still like and love someone you spent a great deal of time with. It is a wonderful miracle.

I am so blessed to have had this life to be able to work, fight, and kiss & make-up with those we love and have loved.

I miss so much my mother Ruth, my husband Dieter, and my son Vaun, who are gone, but by no means forgotten.

What a road trip.

50 years and still going!





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CITY COUNCIL NEWS IN 1911

The city council held an interesting meeting last night and passed several ordinances that are of interest to the general public.

- Mayor Smith stated that on the advice of John Wesley, a paving expert, the entire cost of the paving will be passed on to the property owners. The paving ordinance was changed effective immediately.

- An ordinance was also passed providing for the grading of the extension of Locust Street, laying the street with concrete gutters, stone curbs and granitoid sidewalks.

- Permission was granted the owners of the little frame building on Washington Street, occupied by the Davis Tin Shop, for roofing the building with tin.

- The members of the Fire Department will be allowed vacation for the summer.

- The Hospital Association stated that an annex is being erected to the city hospital and permission was asked for the right to remove this new structure when the lease of the association runs out. This was granted.

- By a vote of the council, water meters will be placed on the pipe furnishing water to the livery stables.

- The street committee recommended widening Cruse Alley. They agree it is currently too narrow.

- An ordinance to prevent the use of screen or colored glass in the fronts of soft drink stands was adopted. A violation of the ordinance carries with it not less than \$10 nor more than \$100.

- The matter of employing a milk and meat inspector was referred to a committee composed of Adams, Oldfield and Wall. It will be considered because it is needed.

- It was reported that several bids were received for the rental of the city's south half of the unused part of Maple Hill cemetery. The city's rental on same was placed at \$80.

- A number of protests were read from property owners against the assessment for paving on Madison Street.

The protest were filed but the assessments were sustained.



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As many of you know, I do framing in my home. On several occasions I have had a mother or grandmother bring their young one with them when they have one of their drawings framed. One memory in particular will stay with me always.

Grandmother brought her 8 year old grandson to have his artwork framed. The painting was done in a summer class at the Huntsville Art League. The young man wasn't very happy about being there. I insisted that he help me select the right mat and showed him how I cut it.

As I mounted the mat on his picture, his expression changed from complete boredom to a realization that he was good. It was really amazing to see him eagerly pick a frame and watch closely as I cut the frame and glass.

As the picture emerged complete, his attitude completely changed and I'm positive he still enjoys cre-

ating art with a new found confidence.

If you have a young child in your life, give him or her the opportunity to be creative. Art classes are available at various places including Huntsville Art League.

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STORIES HERE AND THERE



Dallas Mill Residents try to Keep Man from Murdering His Wife

(From 1904 newspaper)

Jim Burks, a citizen of Dallas Mills, was arrested and lodged in jail today on a charge of attempting to murder his wife. The assault on the woman was committed yesterday and complaint was made by neighbors this morning. They had a hard time keeping him from murdering her.

The arrest was made by Deputy Ernie Miller, who had a difficult time getting the prisoner to jail. Burks resisted fiercely and had to be carried away bodily.

The prisoner is supposed to be demented. His friends and his unnatural actions, appear to bear out the claims. He was injured in a saw mill accident some years ago and his relatives say he has never been right since then. The people of the community in which he lives consider him dangerous, but they have been unwilling to place him in an asylum.

Since his arrest, however, application will be made to have the prisoner placed in the Bryce Asylum at Tuscaloosa and he will be kept in jail until taken to that place.

Escoe Henley's Very Embarrassing Incident

This event happened to me in 1934 when I was about 14 or 15 years old. I remember

it was a Saturday morning. After collecting on my paper route and paying my bill, I was on the way home by way of Clinton Street downtown.

I spotted my good friend Arnold Jacks and several other guys. They seemed to be having a really great time so I asked them what they were doing. They explained to me that they were playing a game called "Grab". Each one would put a pocket knife or other valuable in an old straw hat that one of them was carrying. Then the one conducting the game would take the hat with all its contents and run back into the alley.

All the valuables were put into a pile with the hat on top, covering up all the prizes. At the count of three, the hat would be lifted and all of us would grab and whatever each put his hands on was his for keeps. So I added my knife to the pot and the boy took off into the alley.

In a few minutes he called us and we went back to huddle around the pile, with the hat on top. My plan was to grab the knife that Arnold had won for selling the most subscriptions to the Huntsville Times.

At the count of three the hat was lifted and my hand shot out like a lightning strike

and I grabbed a hand full of something warm, brown and gooey.

In those days, some people in town had been allowed to keep a cow which was always grazing in the alley. I had been hoodwinked, but good.

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Merrimack Memories

by Newman Ward

When I was recently in Massachusetts visiting my granddaughter and great grandsons I became interested in "Merrimack" and how the word and location had so much influence on me when I was growing up in Huntsville. The history of that northern "Merrimack" is intimately tied to the "Merrimack" we know as a part of Huntsville. My granddaughter lives directly on the banks of the Merrimack River and the main street through town is Merrimac Street. I felt as if I had come full girder. According to a Massachusetts historian, "Merrimack" means "salm-on" in what used to be the local Indian language.

That suggests the Merrimack River, which is still an important waterway in both New Hampshire and Massachusetts, must have been full of fish. From that origin the name Merrimack (often spelled "Merrimac"), which has a pleasant, melodious sound, must have been both common and popular because it has been adopted by so many places and businesses.

"Every time I start thinking about how I look, I just find a pub with a Happy Hour and by the time I leave, I look just fine."

Betty Gentle, Athens

In Newburyport, MA, Merrimac and Merrimack have phone book listings for 30 separate businesses. In Haverill there are 45 listings. In Boston I found 10. And both names are common throughout Northeastern Massachusetts.

A section of the Merrimack River was selected as having enough water power to operate cotton mills. In 1822 the Merrimack Manufacturing Company built the first cotton mill on the river and nine others quickly followed suit.


The town of Lowell built up around the mills and became the world's largest producer of textiles, which helped transform the United States into an industrial nation rather than an agricultural based society.

By World War I the mills began to close.

Foreign competition and labor strikes took their toll. At the end of WW II only three mills were operating, and today there are none. In the last 50 years Massachusetts lost 90% of its textile jobs.

To compete the mill owners moved to the South, where labor was cheaper and strikes were unlikely. Our Huntsville Merrimack Mill and Village was built in 1899 and operated until 1989, and was demolished in 1991. The City bought the mill's land for \$1.1 million and now

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plans 10 soccer fields. The Mills were dismantled brick-by-brick and sold as mementos.

While it lasted the Merrimack Mill seemed like a great place to be. It provided steady, dependable jobs, a wonderful school (Joe Bradley High), an indoor sports court, churches, movies, streetcars, then buses. An M.D., Dentist and Registered Nurses gave free care to employees and families.

The house rent was really cheap, only \$4.00 a month with free water. And just thinking about Merrimack brings back many memories about some wonderful people; Professor DuBose, all our great school teachers, neighbors, just everybody.

We were friends with the bus and streetcar operators; Mr. Rodgers, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Peter Sharp. We even had a horticulturist, Mr.

Byrne to beautify the village.

As a young man I lived with my wife's family at 246 "A" Street in Merrimack and our son Fred was born there. My wife Bess' father, W.T. Church, was known by everyone in Merrimack Village. He was the Mill's gatekeeper for many years, took tickets at the theatre (which showed movies three nights a week in the school auditorium), was the song leader at his church and, with Ed Gray, formed the village police force. Mr. Church was always happy, smiling, and a pleasure to be around.

Such times, such places, and such people are unlikely to be seen again. Alas.

When there are two conflicting versions of a story, the wise course is to believe the one in which people appear at their worst.

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TIPS FROM LIZ

- If you're feeling queasy, suck on a piece of lemon. Rinse out afterwards, though, lemon juice can eat into tooth enamel.

- A long to-do list can create undue stress. Keep your lists short and mark them off as you complete each task.

- Summer is here and many of us will be gardening. To make that job a lot easier on your back, many people swear by those Radio Flyers, the little red wagons. They come in different sizes, some with rails around them, roll easily and can carry soil, mulch, your plants - all at once. I had a wheelbarrow that I used to use but if heavy it was unwieldy and a bit hard on the back. I found my wagon at Lewters - they'll remind you of the "good ol' days!"

- If you suffer from migraine headaches, you need to avoid the following foods: Cheddar cheese, herring, chocolate, sour cream, nuts, lima beans, figs, raisins, sourdough bread and anything pickled, marinated or fermented.

- If you're trying to kick the habit of visiting your fridge for snacks every night after supper, try this. Turn off the kitchen light, block the door and tell yourself the kitchen is "closed" for the night.

- To diminish age spots, use fresh pineapple juice. Make sure your skin is clean and oil-free, dip a cotton ball in the juice and place on the spot for 20 minutes. Rinse with tepid water. Do this every day for a week.

- People who sweat profusely during a workout are generally more healthy than people who don't.

- Meat and poultry dishes

prepared in the following ways are high in fat: Stroganoff, Wellington, Cordon Bleu, Salisbury and Parmesan.

- For men only - to help prevent prostate problems and increase vigor - add a handful of raw pumpkin seeds to your diet once a day. Raw or roasted sesame seeds are good - 2 tablespoons a day.

- Ants are very fond of sugar and often become a great nuisance in the bakery. One of the common remedies is to set the legs of the tables in cans of water. Another method is to soak a sponge with a thin syrup, which attracts the ants, then put the sponge in water.

- Sunday shoes can be shined economically by rubbing them with leftover biscuits.

- Use chilled milk in your pie crusts instead of water and they will brown much better.

- To cut the smell of cooking broccoli or cabbage, add a piece of red pepper or stale bread to the pot.

- A soft cloth moistened with sour milk may be used to clean piano keys. Wipe each key with a soft, dry cloth after cleaning.

- To freshen a felt hat that has become soiled, rub the entire surface lightly with fine sandpaper to avoid a spotted appearance.

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THE JOHN DEERE MAN

*by Michele Smith and
Wanda Patterson Smith*

R. W. "Pat" Patterson started working for John Deere in 1939, when he was fifteen years old. His job was the feeding and watering of the mules that were traded in on equipment. At the time, the dealership was Matkin Hopper Hardware on the square in Huntsville, Alabama. Twenty-one farmer stockholders bought the store in 1941, changed the name to Farmer's Tractor and moved to Gallatin Street. In addition to feeding the mules, Pat ran errands and helped with assembly until 1943 when he joined the Army. He fought in World War II and was discharged in March 1946. When he returned, he went back to work for John Deere helping in assembly, then working as a mechanic, until he started working in the parts department in 1947. After ten years he became the parts manager at Farmer's Tractor Company and remained there until 1972.

That year Pat left Farmer's Tractor Company and with the help of his brother Bill, he opened his own John Deere dealership, Patterson Tractor Company, in Fayetteville, TN. He ran Patterson Tractor Company until 1976, selling his dealership to Hedden Tractor. The next year he opened Patterson Power and Equipment, selling Case tractors, but he closed in 1979 deciding that his heart wasn't in to selling anything other than John Deere. He then took up a position in sales with Hedden Tractor Company, until he retired in 1989 at the age of 65.

After a couple of years Pat decided he was too young for retirement, and was offered a sales position with Agri-City Tractor in Athens, Alabama which later became part of Tri-Green. He worked there earning commission on outside sales until he became sick in 2010. He continued to work part-time until he retired, for a second time, at the age of eighty-eight.

Pat can still remember which tractors customers bought years ago and he still remembers many of the part numbers. He has been selling John Deere almost his whole life, and has seen the many changes that tractors and equipment have gone through over the years. He remembers when tractors had hard seats and no cabs.

He has observed tractors and equipment become more efficient as technology has grown; and now tractors are comfortable and air-conditioned, as well as larger and faster.

Pat has made many friends during his seventy-three years at John Deere, selling tractors to generations of farmers. On April 27, 2014, Pat turned ninety years old, and he is still as passionate about John Deere as he was seventy-five years ago.

If his health would permit him, he would still be selling John Deere today.

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



Congratulations to the winner for our Photo of the Month in April. The little girl of course was **Judy Smith (hubby M.D. Smith)** and **Bobby Smith** (no relation) was the winner. I asked Bobby if he knew Judy and he said she's the one who made M.D. famous! Bobby is a retired policeman - he worked from 1958 - 1998. He has written a book called "Honor Behind the Badge" that sounds really good. Congratulations, Bobby.

Speaking of Judy and M.D. Smith, they are celebrating their 53rd wedding anniversary on June 8 and after 8 kids they still aren't slowing down! Congratulations to you two lovebirds.

Now to the rose. As you know I hid a **long-stemmed rose** somewhere in the May issue in honor of Mother's Day. Well I thought I had hidden it really well but I received over 350 calls - most of them correct! It was on page 43, in the Hospice Family Care ad. Our winner for May was **Janet Corl**, of Huntsville. Janet is that hard worker in Dining Services at Redstone Village Retirement community. She has been there 6 years and told me that Mother's Day was also her birthday! Congratulations to you Janet!

Well this month, in honor of

Father's day, I have hidden a very **tiny golf club**. I expect NO calls because I have hidden it Really well. But if you think you see it, be the first correct caller and you get a free subscription to "Old Huntsville."

If you are driving down Andrew Jackson just north of Mullins Restaurant and see some activity in front of A New Leash on Life store, it's **Matthew Yeager** and his all-natural products that he sells. Creams, scrubs, salves - he makes it all and they all smell so good! Check him out.

Special hello to **Dave & Libby Irwin** of Brownsboro. They love the history of North Alabama and probably have some good stories to tell us.

Ken and Diane Owens will be celebrating their 44th anniversary June 13 - Ken is the writer who wrote that great feature story in May issue about **Chuck Owens**, a WWII vet who was also my Dad. So that makes Ken my brother! Very proud of them.

John Bzdell told me that once a month he and his sweetie Mar-

garet host his 4 year old grandson **Gavin Luthy** on Saturday nights. Early Sunday mornings Gavin will walk through Old Town with John and he insists on placing the Sunday paper he finds in the yards at each neighbor's front door! So if you find your Sunday paper on your porch and live downtown, chances are it was put there by a very helpful four-year old.

We were so sorry to hear of the death of **Jean Turnmeyer**. She and her husband **General George Turnmeyer** played a major roll in the formation of Redstone Village. You rarely saw Jean without a huge smile on her face and she and General Turnmeyer were devoted to each other for 65 years. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her husband George, her son **Lt. Col. Robert Turnmeyer** of Virginia, grandson **Edward** and great granddaughter **Zoe** of Virginia, as well as sister **Mary Ellen** of California. She is very much missed.

Alison Kraus and **Willie Nelson** performed last month in Nashville at Fontanel Amphitheater, an open air arena that used to belong to **Barbara Mandrell**, and the concert was **PACKED**. Both Alison and Willie rocked the crowds. Anyway I stayed at the Preston Hotel in Nashville and

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Photo of The Month

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

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Hint: This little guy has been one of five in the public eye for many years.



you wouldn't believe who **Sam Keith** and I met in the bar/restaurant there. **Barbara Haynie** used to live in Huntsville and owned the Gold Rush lounge that was located in the old mall on University and Parkway called The Mall. I know many of you will remember her. She has not changed a bit and works now at the Preston Hotel. She hasn't been back to Huntsville in a while but plans to visit to see all the changes that have happened since she had her business here 20 years ago!

Carl Moring was a name that most everyone in Huntsville had heard. He was an Air Force vet in WWII and became an attorney in 1947. The rest of this entire column could be filled with his accomplishments, but what gave him the most joy was the endless volunteer work he did for the National Society for Crippled Children & Adults, becoming President of the Alabama chapter in 1950. He also worked tirelessly for Easter Seals. Mr. Moring passed away in late April and he leaves daughter **Susan Moring Cope (Ronald)**; **Carl A. Moring, III (Pamela)**; and **Melissa Moring Climer (George)**. He was an amazing man who lived life to give back to others.

So glad that **Rosemary Leatherwood**, of Ole Dad's BBQ, is doing well after having surgery recently. She and her sweet husband **Bill** celebrated their 37th wedding anniversary on June 1. In addition, it's the 19th anniversary of their business. June is a huge month for you two.

As you know our Postal workers help to stamp out hunger with

their annual **Letter Carrier's Food Drive**. They give us bags to fill with non-perishable items and pick them up in a few days. So in addition to walking through the heat with our mail, they also lug heavy bags of food one day a year to help hungry families. They did this in early May and makes me think even more of the postal workers than I did before. Thank you so much for your hard work.

Karen Maroon has some pretty good longevity genes. Her Mom had a birthday May 14 and turned 96. **Helen Miller** is her Mom and lives a few miles north of Kansas City. Her passions are the Kansas City Royals and her family. Karen and **Dick Maroon** live near downtown and love it.

Happy Birthday **Evan Troup!!** My handsome grandson lives in Nashville and will be 11 so that makes him nearly a teenager. He has a June 25 birthday.

Buddy and Sandra Esslinger of Gurley, AL are VERY proud of their amazing granddaughter **Leslie Knight**. She graduated from Auburn University with a major in Aerospace Engineering and a minor in Nuclear Mechanics. So impressive and alot of work on her part. Her mom is **Teresa Goodman** and dad is **James Knight**.

I'm a little late on this but good wishes are timeless. **Aileen Elledge** wanted to wish her beautiful sister a very happy birthday in May. She loves **Elaine McGinness Marshall** of Athens so much and says that she (Aileen) is her favorite sister!

Well, if you've driven by the old **East Clinton School** lately

you know that there is brand new playground equipment there now and kids are all over it every day. **Providence Classical School** relocated there a year ago and are here to stay! The neighborhood is a perfect fit with the school and we're so glad they're here. The school recently hosted a tour of the renovated building as well as a performance by the school children that was raucous, funny and very entertaining.

Have a wonderful June and send special love to your Dads, where ever they may be.



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Lee High School Magnet Art Cookbook

Beer Nuts

- 6 c. raw peanuts
- 1 c. sugar
- 3 T. butter
- 1-1/2 c. water

Combine all ingredients in large saucepan. Boil together over medium heat until all liquid is gone, stirring to prevent scorching. Put in large shallow pan and sprinkle lightly with salt. Bake 1 hour at 300°, stirring every 15 minutes.

John Cole

Crab Dip

- 1/2 lb. flaked crabmeat
- 1 T. milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese
- 1/4 c. sour cream

- 1 T. lemon juice
- 1 clove garlic, pressed
- 3 T. chopped green onions

Blend cream cheese and sour cream til smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients. Season to taste and chill for a few hours. Stir and serve with vegetables or crackers.

Mary Ayers

Lynn's Broccoli Salad

- 1 lb. chopped broccoli
- 1 c. seedless red grapes, halved
- 1/2 c. red onion, chopped
- 1/2 c. raw sunflower seeds, hulled
- 12 slices bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled

In a large bowl, mix all the ingredients.

Dressing:

- 1 c. mayo
 - 1/2 c. sugar
 - 2 T. wine vinegar
- Mix and chill dressing. Add to other ingredients just before serving.

Joyce Kendall

Squash Casserole

- 2 c. fresh squash
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 pkg. Ritz crackers, crumbled
- 1/4 c. melted butter
- 1 c. grated cheese
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 c. milk
- Salt & pepper to taste

Cook squash and onion until tender. Drain and add eggs and milk. Mix cheese, butter and crackers. Add half to the

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squash. Pour in buttered casserole and sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake 30 minutes at 400°.

Bobby L. Cole

Hot Chicken Salad

2 c. cooked chicken, diced
 2 c. chopped celery
 1/2 bunch green onion
 chopped
 1/2 c. chopped toasted almonds
 1 can sliced water chestnuts
 drained
 1/2 t. Accent seasoning
 1/2 t. salt
 2 T. lemon juice
 1 c. mayonnaise
 1/2 t. tarragon vinegar
 1/2 c. grated sharp Cheddar
 cheese
 1 c. crushed potato chips
 Combine all ingredients except cheese and chips. Place in greased casserole. Heat 30-45 minutes until hot and bubbly. Sprinkle with cheese and top with chips.

R. Gibson

Cherry Crunch

1/2 t. lemon juice
 1 (1-layer) pkg. white cake
 mix
 1/2 c. chopped nuts
 1 16-oz. can cherry pie filling
 1 stick butter, melted
 In a 9 inch square dish, put cherry pie filling. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Mix the cake mix,

nuts and butter (will be lumpy) and spoon this over the cherries. Bake at 350 degrees for 45-50 minutes.

Charlotte Barkley

Soup Cream Banana Dessert Squares

1/2 c. butter
 1/4 c. sugar
 1 egg
 1 8 oz. carton sour cream
 1 t. vanilla extract
 2 pkg. Martha White banana
 nut muffin mix
 Preheat oven to 350°. Grease a 9x13 inch pan. Melt butter and add to remaining ingredients. Mix well and spread in pan. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Cool in pan and drizzle with glaze.

Glaze: Combine 1 cup confectioners sugar and 2 tablespoons milk. Stir until smooth. Drizzle over dessert.

Debbie Ivey

Southern Pecan Pie

1 c. sugar
 3/4 c. white Karo syrup
 1/2 c. butter
 3 eggs
 1/2 T. vanilla extract
 1 c. pecans
 Unbaked pie shell
 Combine sugar, syrup, butter, eggs and vanilla in large mixing bowl. Beat well. Add the pecans, fill shell and garnish with pecans on top. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes.



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Langston, Alabama - A Special Place

*Nestled between Sand Mountain
and the Tennessee River*

by Hugh Michaels

In the beginning of time God created the heavens and the earth and in a very special place on earth he set aside a village to be called Langston. God had a special plan for this place. He would inhabit it with good people, his own chosen people. People who would love and respect Him. People who feared Him. These people would come from many backgrounds and walks of life. They were people looking for better things in life. Many were explorers of the Tennessee River, who traveled many miles by houseboat or riverboats. This exploration led them to this place. The boats carried all of their belongings, farming implements, cattle, and households. The word got around and back to the places where they had left. Friends followed friends and families stayed together. These people would soon homestead the land and start a new place of their life.

The beginning of Langston started around 1836 when all of the Indians were moved to the west. A small village called Coffeetown sprang up and actually had a Post Office. The first Postmaster was James Langston in 1845. Coffeetown faded away when most of its residents left for Texas. Coffeetown was located near South Sauta Creek on the Marshall County line. This place died in 1869. It was then that James Morgan sold fifteen acres in town lots and Langston came into existence. The people thought they would get a railroad up the south side of the river but it was never built.

The first mail route was on the north side of the river, from Bellefonte to Guntersville. It was done by stagecoach. Later the route was changed to cross at Larkins Landing via Coffeetown to Guntersville. Mike Gilbreath was the first Postmaster after the Civil War. He was followed by David Langston, probably the namesake of Langston. Other postmasters who served over the years were Sam Rains, Silas Smith, Caleb Griggs, Claude Jones, Miss Rose Wilhelm, J.A. Mitchell, Will Evans, Tom Hodge, Audrey Benson, Bonnie Richey, Lilly Mae Gilbert, Gay Mallory and DeAnn Day.

Five physicians once lived in Langston. These physicians were Dr. Wiley, Dr. Burnham, Dr.




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Langston was near the great Indian passage across the Tennessee River, near Pine Island. The Indian village of Coosada, a small settlement of Creeks and Cherokees, was established about 1784 and situated on the south bank of the Tennessee



Downtown Langston in 1913

River near Larkins Landing. Many Indians would pass through Coffeetown and Langston on their route to Fort Payne. Indians panned out gold, found in the sand of the river and traded it to whites for guns and knives.

Many soldiers, both Federal and Confederate, passed through this part of Jackson County during the Civil War. Several skirmishes occurred along the south side of the river.

The ways of life were crude for the early residents. All of the land had to be cleared of trees, etc., in order for the inhabitants to make a living. Most of the people were farmers but there also were other occupations such as doctors, merchants, blacksmiths and teachers. Everyone who

moved there quickly established themselves and became a part of this special place. There was fertile land to plant their crops. Creeks daunted the area and wildlife and fish were abundant.

It became quickly an organized community and stretched from the cane lined banks of the Tennessee River to the foothills of Sand Mountain. A school house was quickly erected and residents banded together in building roads and bridges.

Larkins Landing was a popular trading place as people could purchase their necessary goods from the boats which traveled the Tennessee River. People from surrounding

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Arnold Schwarzenegger

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communities also utilized this landing as their place of trading. It was a very popular place since it became the site for crossing the river by ferry boat. The ferry at Larkins Landing was the only way of reaching the western side of the river where the small town of Scottsboro was quickly establishing itself in history.

The early means of transportation were horseback, wagons and buggies. There were few cars in existence during the early years.

The town had its own livery stable, stores, jail (called cabooses), school, Masonic Lodge, churches and post office. It also had a blacksmith shop and a grist mill.

Country sheriffs were in existence at that time. The sheriffs were a necessity in order for the town to operate in an efficient manner. Most of the problems the sheriffs would face would be controlling the very exuberant, intoxicated revelers who sometimes tried to take the "law in their own hands." The volunteer sheriffs would either lock the drunks in the cabooses or transport them to the county jail in Scottsboro. They received a small amount of cash when they carried the "trouble makers" to the county jail.

There has been only one noteworthy event about turbulence among its people. This event actually did not happen in Langston, but history indicates that Langston got the credit. It happened in Coffeetown at a saloon where a drunken fight erupted. Cas Webb was charged with the murder of three Wilborn brothers. He escaped but was finally arrested and brought back for trial. He was acquitted on the plea of self-defense. He later moved to Texas. Sometimes there was an occasional "break-in" at some stores. When the break-ins happened, bloodhounds were brought in from Scottsboro and they usually tracked down the guilty parties. On many occasions, the people

who did the break-ins were repeaters and the bloodhounds guided in their direction.

People of Langston were mostly trustworthy people. Doors were never locked and the only trouble that people would have was from the "not so hard-working" inhabitants who thought stealing was easier than having to work for it.

People of Langston have always been "caring people." Sickness among families was a time of caring for the entire community. A sick person was given the best from his neighbors. Everyone shared in sickness and death. Death was a time of mourning for the en-

tire community. School would be dismissed for the funeral. Farmers would stop working in the fields until after the funeral. In the early years the church bells would toll to tell the people someone had died.

Funerals lasted for hours. Preachers would preach until everyone would be soaked in tears and bereavement. A certain person in the community could always be depended on to prepare the burial

"A consultant is someone who saves his client almost enough money to pay his fee."

Arnold Glasgow



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grave. He would be assisted by other willing people who felt this was their way of helping the grieving family. Graves were dug with picks and shovels and was a very difficult task to perform. Sometimes graves were dug during driving snowstorms and sleet.

In the early years of Langston the school teachers were usually people who were crippled or had some physical problem that prevented them from farming.

Langston would eventually have a high school and very good teachers. An education in the early days was not easy to obtain. Although the school was a good one, many people left Langston in order to obtain a better quality of education. The school would eventually be changed to an elementary school due to the drop in number of students. A bus route was established and students were transported to Scottsboro. The bus trips were long and sometimes difficult. The trip began at day break and ended in late evening. Buses were crude and the roads were rocky, dusty and muddy. School children endured the hardships of breakdowns, cold feet and dusty clothes. The trip was around 12 miles one way. Students were rarely able to participate in extracurricular activities because of transportation problems. Some young people overcame the hardships of being so far away from school and excelled in their educational quest. It was not an easy task. Several past residents of Langston would carve a place in history by becoming public officials of Jackson County. Some of them were: Jim Benson - Probate Judge; Henry Jones - Sheriff; Mary Evelyn (Sis) Vaught - Tax Assessor; and John Wallace - Road Commissioner. Others established themselves as wealthy and prosperous citizens and contributed immensely to the development of Jackson County and our nation.

Many stories have been told of things that have happened in this place. Some of the stories have been tainted or perhaps distorted but remain as stories that make this place special. One story that has been told and is one which fascinated everyone is the story of a grave of a former resident. This person told his family before he died that after his death lightning would strike his grave if there really was a hell. Lightning did strike the grave and rocks were scattered from around his tomb.

Another fascinating story was the tale of Allen Pond. This pond of water

supposedly had no bottom. No one dared to get close because of the danger of falling into a "bottomless pit." Many rocks landed on the bottom of this pond by those scared youngsters who believed the story. Today Allen Pond is only a mud hole full of weeds with rocks resting at the bottom.

Langston has had many young men to serve in the armed forces of our nation. The young men served bravely in World War I, World War II and Korean War. These young men were taken away from their homes during the prime of their lives. They all represented us well and we are all grateful.



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People were known by first names in Langston. If you mentioned Lily Mae, Bonnie, Billy, "Blondie", John Paul or Pete, everyone quickly recognized who they were. It was Miss Allie, Miss Evelyn, Miss Lema, Mr. Tom or Ebbv Lee. This name calling is just another indication of the closeness of the community. Couples were known by Myrtle, Mary Belle and Bud or Scott and Matt.

Langston has had many unusual characters as citizens. One character who many old timers remember was "Stubby Bill" Godwin. Stubby lived on Sand Mountain but would walk to Langston to buy merchandise for his family. He supposedly owned a team of oxen and steered them by an unusual command. The oxen would move by his command. He would say something like "wo, backa, shoat and comma" and some other unprintable words. His commands as he repeated them, fascinated the kids. They followed him everywhere trying to get him to repeat the commands. He never let them down. Stubby was about five feet tall and carried a huge sack on his back with his goods. He constantly chewed tobacco and his long gray beard was stained with tobacco juice.

Who could ever forget Lee Little. Lee was one of a kind. He was generous, likable, kind and considerate. He owned a school bus and the county reimbursed him for transporting school children to Scottsboro. This bus was used as a means of transportation for everyone. A trip to Scottsboro every Saturday was a ritual. The bus would be packed with people who wanted to spend the day in the "big city". Lee would charge a small fee and many people would tell him, "I'll see you next week" and would never pay for the ride. Lee was too kind to push the issue. He ran a country store and provided many hungry people with food which was never paid for. The school bus was a popular item as Lee loved to carry people to "all day singings" and events outside of Langston. Lee was full of tales. One of his most famous tales was the one he told about him getting sick on a warship heading to Europe during WWI. About half-way across the ocean, Lee got sick and the captain of the ship turned it around and brought Lee back to the U.S. Lee Little was loved by everyone in Langston.

Mrs. Evelyn Thomas, formerly Evelyn Patterson, was a person who gave much to the community. She was the daughter of a Methodist pastor who once preached in Langston. She married a Langston boy and lived her life serving her church and community. "Miss Evelyn" was truly a child of God and was loved and respected by everyone.

There are many others who could be mentioned as people who shared in making Langston a special place. Some of the families who helped form this community and were responsible for its development were: Moores, Wilborns, Stephens, Jones,

Wilhelms, Myers, Michaels, Morgans, Whites, Bensons, Vaughnts, Campbells, Gilbreaths, Pattersons, Gists, Stanfields, Fennells, Rains, Griggs, Taylors, Davis, Brelands and many others.

Langston had some very good athletes many years ago. Some of them excelled in high school sports. Most of the Jackson County High School teams of the early '30s were made up of boys from Langston. Langston also had some very good baseball teams in the '30s. They were feared by teams in the surrounding areas. A baseball game on Saturday or Sunday evenings was a special event and there were large boisterous crowds in attendance. There was usually a

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fight after the game if Langston lost. They could lose the game but still win the fight.

Saturday evenings in Langston were a time which everyone enjoyed. People would crowd the "downtown" area. They referred to it as "going to town" when speaking of shopping in the store areas. Homemade ice cream and lemonade were popular on Saturday evenings. There was little need for going to Scottsboro to buy necessities since they were provided by the merchants of Langston.

Langston had its own ways of entertaining its inhabitants. Ice cream and pie suppers were popular events in the summer. They were held at the Methodist Church. Pies were auctioned and the money went to the church. Baby beauty contests were also held and the winner would be whoever collected the most money. House parties were also very popular. There would be a party somewhere almost every

Saturday night. Radios were rare but those who had them would share with their neighbors. Saturday nights were special nights since everyone loved to hear the Grand Ole Opry.

The annual "Christmas Tree" event was always popular. A large cedar tree would be placed in the middle of the church at Christmas and people exchanged gifts. Santa Claus would be there and the church would be packed with screaming kids and happy parents.

All day singings were popular in the summer. The Methodist Church would be packed with "Sacred Harp Singings." People would come from miles away to enjoy this special day. Everyone brought food and it would be literally spread on the ground at dinner time for everyone to enjoy. Wagons would surround the church with people coming from "Slab Town" or "Hog Jaw." It was another joyous and happy occasion.

Watermelon season was an exciting time for the young boys. Perhaps the biggest sin they committed in the summer time was stealing a watermelon. People were actually shot trying to steal one. Usually the fanners would shoot into the air and this would be sufficient to scare the "living daylights" out of the youngsters.

Moonshiners were prevalent. Whiskey stills were targets of the local sheriff. The sheriffs would spend long hours trying to catch the moonshiners and eventually would either catch them or destroy the stills. Somehow, the local sheriffs provided the protection needed for the law abiding citizens.

"I don't care how cold it is out there, that dog is not coming in the house!"

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Cotton was king in the early days. Langston had its own cotton gin. It was an unusual operated gin since it was operated by steam. Water was piped into the gin through a pipe. The pipe stretched to a spring almost a mile away. The gin tank, which stored the water, was a popular swimming place for young boys in the summer. Many vivid and fond memories of the "gin tank" are now shared by the older men of Langston. It was a place of fun and frolic.

Sawmills dotted the area and were another means of income for the people. Logging was a dangerous and hazardous job for those who worked at this occupation.

Blacks (African-Americans) played a big role in the early days. They were sharecroppers for the landowners and were hard working, honest and loyal residents. They had their own school and church. Most of the blacks were descendants of former slaves. Simon and Minnie Johnson had ten children and lived to be 100 years of age. The blacks worked as farmers and helped the landowners in many ways in order to survive. They had a difficult time and often lived in houses with less than adequate facilities.

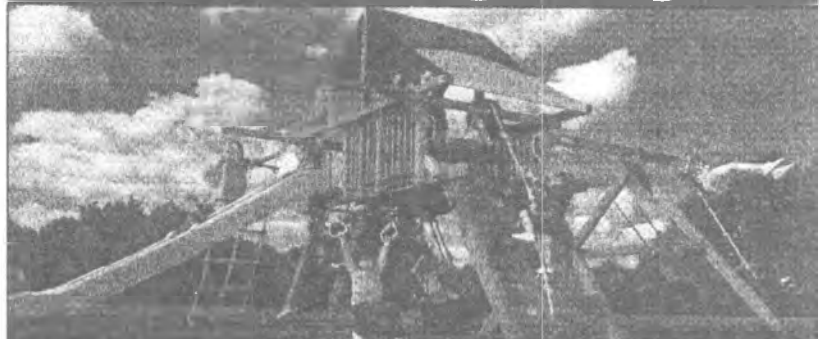
Long before the Civil War there was a Methodist church located here. Circuit riders would walk their rounds, taking about two months to cover it. They would preach nearly every day and night. The Methodists have had four houses; the first two were log houses, one of them burned. The third house was a framed building. The present one is made of solid cement. It has had 130 ministers. The annual homecoming is held here every fourth Sunday in April.

A Presbyterian church was also once located in Langston. The first one was blown down when a cyclone struck in 1907. Another one was built but no longer is in existence. Each church had "preaching" once a month. The Methodist pastor, in recent history, served four churches (three in Marshall County, Haygood, Mount Moriah and Haneys Cha-

pel). Church revivals were something special. Usually they would be held in July or August and would last from one to two weeks. Services would be held during both day and night and could get very emotional. "Shouting" was not unusual and this could stir the crowds. The services could last from one to two hours. Revival time was a time for soul searching for everyone. It was a time when the entire community would unite and everyone seemed to love each other just a little bit more. Many people got their lives in order and made peace with God at one of these "old timey revivals."

"Walking a girl" home from church was a ritual years ago for the young folks. This occurred after night services. Boys from Sand Mountain

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"I was taking my parakeet to the vet. It got loose in the car and flew out the window. The last thing I saw was his rear end and there was a crash."

Seen on accident report

would occasionally walk a girl home and when this happened, the local boys would actually throw rocks at the outsiders in an effort to discourage them from dating Langston girls. Even when the outsiders stopped dating the girls, the locals continued "rocking" just for fun. It was not unusual for a boy to be "rocked" after escorting a young lady home. This was a popular thing to do in the summertime or when cotton boles were available. Many boys were hit in the head by a misguided flying missile. The throwers were supposed to aim at the victims' feet, but this wasn't always practiced, especially if someone had stolen their girlfriend.

There are many other stories that could be written about this place. Stories that make this place a special place.

The story of Langston is one of spine-tingling, band-playing and "stand up and cheer" stories. People who once lived there revel in their past. They realize that they too are part of a special place. They remember their ancestors who trained and guided them to become better people. Their ancestors were part of God's plan for a special place. God's plan worked although it was sometimes painful.

God still has a special feeling towards this place. Somehow it has survived the effects of the TVA project which built the Guntersville Dam in 1938 and destroyed this once prosperous town. It forced those who lived within the TVA boundaries to move. People were given very little for their property. The building of the TVA dam, although necessary for progress and development of North Alabama and our nation, left a skeleton of what was once a thriving town.

The river or "backwater" that almost wiped out the town actually now provides another form of beauty. You can travel for miles away from Jackson County looking for nature's beauty but you can't find a more beautiful drive than the road that leads to Langston. It is nestled beneath Sand Mountain and runs beside the Tennessee River. The road is actually covered in many places with hovering trees. Especially in the fall it affords a beautiful scenery. This road, John B. Benson Highway, is aptly named after a former resident who became one of its most successful businessmen.

Good people still live in Langston. They too, like their forefathers, are special. Many new residents now make this place their home. They now travel the same roads as the early inhabitants. They now enjoy the same peaceful surrounding and

beauty of the Tennessee River and Sand Mountain. They too now share in being a part of history.
Langston - A Special Place.

With special thanks from Hugh Michaels to Danny & Karen Vandiver for their generous help in preparing this article.

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Taking the Keys Away

by Ted Roberts

They weren't there. The keys, I mean. I always put them on the mantle. Maybe the cat was the culprit. Her favorite entertainment was clearing the mantle - as she would put it if she could talk.

"Pop, they're not there," said the voice of my sweet daughter/key seeker. Also, now my landlord. Her voice had the professional tone of my ex-Army Master Sergeant. She repeated, "They're NOT there." She sounded like the Sgt. when I hadn't finished up KP - or Kitchen Police, as civilized people called mess hall duty. My only alternative given the conviction in her voice and her stance - hands on hips, face thrust forward - was to moan.

"Pop, you're through driving," said the ex-Marine Drill Sergeant.

Remember, my jury had been my passengers for forty years. I was the captain of the ship, they were only cargo who had no voice in navigation and propulsion. And now having safely arrived at thousands of destinations - over half a century - I was being court martialed.

I gasped. What did I do to deserve this? I was a young 83 years. Been driving for 68 years and never had a moving collision. What gave me away and brought on these dictates from my family were a few notches, dents, scrapings in the four corners of my vehicles - where elderly, clumsy drivers had parked beyond their allotted space and forced me to squeeze in a space

three inches shorter than the width of my car. No real damage - a couple of busted rear lights. Stuff like that. Nothing serious. And most damaging to the case of the prosecution was the age of my car. Twelve years.

So in twelve years I had accumulated a few scrapes. Big deal. If the car was three years old and it looked like it had survived the Battle of the Bulge, well maybe they had a case. But a few dings in twelve years were a tribute to my eyesight and judgment.

"You're dangerous to yourself and others," shouted the Sergeant, who was now reinforced by both brothers - my sons - who you'd guess should be on my side. They were dangerous, too. I remember when they confused brakes, accelerators and clutches. I tremble to think of those days, but I never hid the keys. I did put florescent signs on clutch, brake pedal, acceleration and buy special insurance covering the entrance into grocery stores through the plate glass window instead of the door. If there'd been any surplus Army body armor on the market, I'd have bought it.

And now, this was the gang kicking me out of my car. How many soccer matches, baseball games had I taxied them to? How many dance lessons - in the dark of night,

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George Washington, President

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even? And they claimed my night vision was defective! Me, who could land my ten year old Mercury on the flight deck of the USS Ronald Reagan.

"Pop, it's for your own good." That reminded me of the old days when I banned their third cheeseburger and alcoholic beverage - "for your own good".

Wonder where they hid the keys? Obviously, the car was innocent. I'd have to start parking around the block and keeping the keys in my pants pocket.

I'm young enough to take out the garbage - garage to street - with obstacles like stones and bikes and lost kids. All you gotta do is steer the 20-pound green monster to the curb. So if I can navigate that, why can't I navigate a self-propelled car?

Well, I just wanted to make the point that if I can drive a garbage can, I can drive that antique car. And by the way, thirty years of driving that green thing (remember it has no brakes) from garage to street I never had a wreck. And not one violation from the cops. Oh, maybe one or two collisions

with small, crawling children who had no lights and were wearing non-reflective diapers.

Yes, fearless brothers, it's a sad day. The day they unanimously decide to ground you. You can see it coming. They sort of bunch up in the living room - kids - even grandkids, if you're old enough. They usually begin with extravagant courtesy: "Pop, lemme get you a drink and a snack before supper." (For some unknown reason they always strike in the afternoon.)

Beware of kids with snacks and drinks. Then as you're relaxed sipping your drink they begin a catalogue of your physical weaknesses, the ones that make you a road monster: You can't see a 2014 Lincoln fifty feet away, you can't hear the cement truck that's trying to pass, you bumped into the fire hydrant you thought was a little kid.

They cite every lightly scraped bumper for the last thirty years, including the drunk who ripped off your fender when you were in the

convenience store, fifty yards away, buying coffee.

It's a sad day. You've lost your manhood. The best solution I know is to jump in the car - grab your hidden set of keys - and race away.

I remember. . . how degrading for the students to throw erasers at the teacher.

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Martin Luther King Slept Here

by Ben Johnson

In terms of black activism, civil rights and desegregation in Huntsville, historic events can be told from the perspective of two distinct periods. That would be "BK" and "AK."

"BK" is Before King. "AK" is After King. That would be Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Straddling those two periods is 101 Whitney Ave. That modest house - brown brick with yellow trim, two bedrooms, a den, a kitchen and a bath - sits at the corner of Whitney Avenue and Meridian Street. A few decades from now when historians get around to labeling historic sites, 101 Whitney will rate a bronze plaque that says: "Martin Luther King Slept Here."

This is the house where King and his top lieutenant, Dr. Ralph Abernathy, stayed during King's one and only visit to the Rocket City. The stay stretched over March 19th and 20th, 1962. He came here to give a boost to the fledgling civil rights movement led by the Rev. Ezekiel Bell, then the young pastor of Fellowship Presbyterian Church. By all accounts, including Bell's, King did what was expected of him.

"We needed something, somebody to give the movement a boost," Bell recalled in a phone interview from his home in Memphis. "That's why we invited Dr. King."

Bell was pastor of Fellowship Presbyterian Church from 1959-1966. He also headed the Community Service Committee, which was Huntsville's anti-Jim Crow, pro-desegregation organization.

The Whitney House, purchased in 1959, served as the church's worship center for several years until a new facility was built at the church's current location, 3406 Meridian St. "We had church in every room of that (Whitney Avenue) house except the bathroom," Bell said.

Bell, a native of Alligator, MS, had moved to Huntsville after graduating from the Chicago Theological Seminary (1956-59). He was the valedictorian at Douglass High School in Memphis. He did his undergraduate studies in history at Tennessee State University (1953-56) finishing in two years and nine months.

The Whitney House served as

the church's parsonage, where Bell lived with his wife, Eltie Mae. Two of their three sons, Fred and John, were born while they lived there. (The third son, Philip Ezekiel was born in Memphis.) The church's charter members include Edward Hill, Norman Fletcher, James Crawford and Mrs. Tommie Bradford and her family.

"The movement was getting in high gear when we asked him to come over from Atlanta where King had started the Southern Christian Leadership Conference," Bell said.

He added, "When Dr. King came to town, he and Dr. Abernathy slept in our children's room. We slept in our bedroom and put the children in there with us. This was done because there were no hotel accommodations for blacks."

During King's overnight stay, "men of the community stood guard when Dr. King and Dr. Abernathy were our guests," Bell said. "They sur-

rounded the house and kept it surrounded all night. We didn't have any problems." The

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guards included Willie Brown-lee, Charles Briggans, Norman Fletcher, Edwin Hill and Dr. George Jones, as well as the late Samuel Sanders.

During King's and Abernathy's stay, they talked about civil rights and politics with Bell and his wife. The next morning they all had breakfast in the kitchen. "We had bacon, eggs and grits," Bell said. "They ate up all the bacon and eggs we had. They both had very good appetites, especially Abernathy."

"We talked, of course, about our families," Bell said. "We talked about the conditions of America and that we had a long way to go. But they agreed we were going to make it. It would be a rough road but we were going to make it."

King and Abernathy weren't the only celebrities to grace 101 Whitney. Civil rights leaders Dr. Mordecai Johnson and C.T. Vivian and Andrew Young (later to be United Nations ambassador in President Carter's administration) "All would be guests of ours at that house," Bell said. "That, again, was because of public accommodations."

Bell remembered those days with fondness. Most mass meetings were held at First Missionary Baptist Church, then located on Church Street and headed by the Rev. Horace Snodgrass.

"Most ministers were supportive in terms of contributions and making their churches available for meetings," Bell remembered. "I'm sure there were some ministers who didn't participate. But they all spoke up in favor of

having the meeting. They all participated in marches and a few of us went to jail."

The house now is the rental home of a black Huntsville couple and their two children.

As for the AK period that continues on, Bell said King did his job in helping change Huntsville racial climate.

"Things really picked up after he came," Bell said. "People really started participating (in the movement)."

"We always could depend on the students," he added.


A lot more of them started coming. They really didn't have anything to lose. Before King, the adults were very supportive, giving donations and some of them even marched. I don't know of any faculty members who

marched. There may have been. But after King, things picked up even more."


By the end of the next year (1963) segregation barriers had tumbled down. Seemingly everything opened up: lunchroom counters, bus stations, hotels, motels, drinking fountains, toilets. Public accommodations, all.

"Dr. King's visit... was sort of the grand coming out, an anti-climax before things were really opened," Bell said.

"Nothing has occurred like that in Huntsville since."



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* If you store your patio umbrella in one leg of a pair of panty hose, this keeps it together and allows it to breath.

* To clean silver: in a tin pie plate mix 1 tablespoon water softener, 1 tablespoon salt and 1-1/2 cup hot water. Add your silver and watch the change.

* A piece of orange rind in your morning coffee cup lends a good but subtle flavor.

* Place jars of sticky food such as molasses or jelly on plastic lids in your pantry to avoid sticky messes.

* A good air freshener is to combine 1/4 cup orange rind (use vegetable peeler for large pieces) with 1 cup of coffee beans (hazelnut is good) in a Ziploc bag. Let alone for a day or so, then open bag and place in small saucers throughout your home.

* Anyone can make a beautiful color bowl of flowers - start with a "Spike" plant (available at nurseries), put in right in the middle, then fill in with smaller flowers around the Spike, then finish with hanging ivy or other plants that hang and balance out your taller plants.

* Silver plants make a striking contract in flower beds - in fact, some herbs like curry have a really pretty silver color.

To get odors out of your plastic containers, crumple up pieces of newspaper to put inside the container, add top and leave for a few days.

* Shaving cream rubbed onto your eyeglasses will keep them from fogging up

* Make your own superfine

sugar by whirling regular sugar in a blender or clean coffee grinder.

* Have a bad water ring on your wooden table? Simply coat the stain with a thin layer of mayonnaise to remove

* Many of your old wall clocks have quit working. To get them going again, use a couple of cotton balls soaked in kerosene, placed inside the clock near the works, to fume away the dust and muck.

* Keep a pair of scissors in your kitchen drawer for quick opening of packages, boxes, etc.

* When you're out working in your garden and don't want to be bothered by mosquitoes, rub your exposed skin with a sheet of Bounce before you go out.

* Have you noticed that when you water your garden after a dry spell, you become surrounded by bugs? That's because they get thirsty, too, and are just trying to get a drink!

* Run your fingernails on a bar of soap before you start digging in your garden, and they'll be much easier to clean.

Tom Dark Drugstore

by Jim Latham

Many years ago little boy came into Tom Dark's Drugstore on the square. Scotty, the pharmacist, asked what he could do for him.

"Momma said she needs 10 cents worth of assfedia."

Scotty got the ill-smelling drug and gave it to the boy and said, "That will be 10 cents."

"Momma said to charge it," the little boy claimed.

"And the name to charge it to?"

"Hunkapillar."

The pharmacist said, "Take it for free. It's not worth a dime for me to try to spell both assfedia and Hunkapillar."

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Varicose veins are a very common problem, affecting an estimated 40% of women and 25% of men. New minimally invasive techniques in vein management, along with insurance companies recognizing the need for treatment of varicose veins and their complications, allow patients who have not previously considered treatment a simple and relatively pain-free option.

Abnormal veins can appear as a bulging rope-like cord on the legs. Other symptoms of varicose veins include pain, aching, heaviness or tiredness, a burning or tingling sensation, swelling, pressure or throbbing, and spider veins. If you experience these symptoms and don't seek treatment varicose veins could lead to more serious complications, including phlebitis, blood clots, skin ulcers and bleeding.

Varicose veins occur when the valves in superficial leg veins malfunction. The superficial veins have one-way valves which allow the venous blood in the legs to return to the heart. When these valves become dysfunctional, typically caused by trauma, increasing age, pregnancy, and a family history of venous dysfunction, the valves may be unable to properly close. This allows blood that should be moving towards the heart to

flow backwards. This is called venous reflux and it allows the blood to collect in your lower veins causing them to enlarge and put the venous system under high pressure. Once a vein develops venous insufficiency it will always be abnormal and will only lead to the development of more abnormal veins and worsen.

In the past, venous insufficiency was typically treated with surgery using a procedure called vein stripping. This involved either multiple small incisions or a large incision leaving scars. Stripping can involve general anesthesia, treatment in a hospital, and multiple weeks of recovery. We now have minimally invasive treatments that are proven to be 98% effective in treating varicose veins.

Do I have Varicose Veins?

Do I have any of these symptoms?

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Pressure, Burning, Tingling,
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A new procedure called EVLT (Endo-venous Laser Treatment) is now available and covered by most insurance companies. EVLT is a non-surgical, more effective treatment for varicose veins. The treatment is performed in the doctor's office under local anesthesia. The doctor uses ultrasound to map out the vein. He then applies a local anesthetic; patients feel very little pain. After administering anesthesia, a thin laser fiber is inserted through a tiny entry point, usually near the knee. The laser is activated as the vein is destroyed. The body will absorb the vein over the next 3 to 6 months.

Most patients feel an immediate relief of symptoms and can return to normal activity. There is no general anesthesia, hospitalization or scarring.

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The Ryland Rose

by Austin Miller



The first time I remember seeing the rose was in Arley and Sue Parton's front yard. Their house was in the center of Ryland close to the Ryland Store, the Post office, the cotton gin and in the early years the Ryland Depot. They didn't have much front yard which made the rose stand out when it was in full bloom.

The house stood about thirty of forty feet from the Southern Railroad track, now Norfolk Southern, and the front porch was about a car length off what is now Ryland Pike. I often wondered what the trains sounded like in the house late at night when they came roaring through with the whistle blowing for the Ryland and Dug Hill crossings.

In the twenties, thirties and forties the building was a store. In the early forties Sue, Arley and their daughter Catherine moved in and the building served as both a residence and store. The store closed in the forties but remained the family's home.

At some point Daddy got a cutting off the rose from Mr. Parton and rooted it. The root flourished and we soon had several pretty red rose bushes in our yard and there is no way to count how many Daddy gave away over the years to family and friends. They all came from that one bush in Arley and Sue Parton's front yard. I had one at every house where we lived in Georgia. When we moved back to Huntsville a few years ago,

my friend Charles McCay asked me if I wanted a Joe Miller Rose. Charles had several in his yard and picked one of the best ones and dug it up for me. I brought it home and set it out on the berm behind my house. The rose is now in full bloom. The first blooms come in May and when my mother was alive I always attached one to my lapel for church on Mother's Day.

The remarkable thing about the rose is its durability. Nothing bothers it; that includes insects, aphids, wilt, black spots or powdery mildew. It requires no fertilizer and will thrive in the poorest soil. It does need full sun but does well on very little water after it gets established. The berm where my rose is planted is basically fill dirt full of limestone rocks but the rose thrives. It is not bothered by the hot dry days of summer. I have seen weeds in proximity of the rose wilt but never the rose.

The rose could appropriately be named the Arley Parton Rose or the Joe Miller Rose as it is called by Charles McCay. Mr. Parton is the first one known to have the rose and Daddy propagated it and spread it far and wide. But I think the Ryland Rose is the most fitting name.

Both Daddy and Mr. Parton lived all their lives in Ryland. The rose was first seen at the center of the Ryland community and I think that it is a reflection of the Ryland people and of

their generation.

They grew up during the Depression, worked hard all their lives with little reward and survived some of the hardest times ever known in this country. It was in the late fifties before life started to improve for most Ryland people.

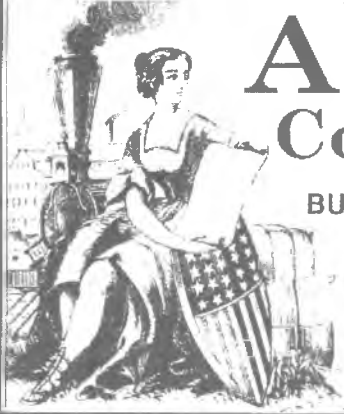
The rose would never win a contest in a flower show but it adds to the beauty of its surroundings as much as a champion. In the same vein, I am not aware of any acclaimed people that ever came out of Ryland.

The Ryland people of my parents and Mr. Parton's generation were just ordinary salt of the earth folks who managed on their own. Regardless of how tough it got they survived without any type of charity, outside help or assistance from the government. I like to think they passed some of that ethic and toughness down to their descendants.

I love having the rose at my house; I appreciate its history and the beautiful red blossoms brighten up my yard. Also it reminds me that if you are of good tough stock you will bloom wherever you are planted no matter the condition of the soil or surroundings.

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Golden K Kiwanis of Huntsville, Alabama

City News from 1911

- For Sale - the brick residence now occupied by Mrs. George White on Adams Ave. Anyone interested is at liberty to call and examine the place.

- Mr. Knott had to pull a Huntsville-bound auto out of the Mill Creek at Fisk Friday morning. Water too deep.

- Will Land, aged 15 years old, died at the Lowe Village yesterday evening at 6 o'clock. The remains were carried to Hurricane for burial. The deceased leaves a widow.

- Pick Roden, the king of moon shiners of Marshall county, was yesterday sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and fined \$700.

- For sale - my residence on Walker street, or will exchange for farm property. Price reason-

able. Apply to Robt. L. Adair, care of Henderson National bank.

- Lost - Pair kid gloves at the Elks building during dance Tuesday evening. Finder phone 418 or return to Miss Donnie Dillard.

- For rent - two cozy little bedrooms at reasonable prices. Gentlemen preferred. Mrs. James Lines, 207 East Holmes St.

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Chas. R. Lane

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- The Queens Daughters of St. Mary's Catholic Church will have their regular market at De Stefano's store Saturday. The menu will consist of Lady Baltimore, Grand Duke, Caramel and Pineapple cakes. Also available will be snow balls, mince meat pies, salt rising bread, light bread, beaten biscuit and home made Italian spaghetti. They would be pleased to have you call.

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George Bernard Shaw



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JULY = We will have 1-2 sales in July, though we don't yet know the exact dates just yet. Again, check our listings on auctionzip.com for dates, pictures, listings, etc. Of course, we will also advertise these date(s) in this great publication of OLD HUNTSVILLE MAGAZINE!!

***For pictures, listings, details, and directions, log onto www.auctionzip.com ~ Auctioneer I.D. #5484. Call us for questions, inquiries, and seating at 256-837-1559!!**

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Tweetie's Pet Tips

Summer Safeguards for your Dog



* Let your dog dig! Your dog may resort to finding his own way to avoid the heat. Dogs in nature dig their dens not out of frustration but to find food, hide, give birth or keep cool! If it's possible, locate a shady area where it's okay for your dog to dig.

* Let your dog check the weather. He doesn't know why he is being denied a long walk for the day. Allow your dog to step outside and feel for himself that it is too hot, too wet or too cold to go on a long walk. By instinct, the dog will understand that it has to shorten it's walk, or simply come back inside where it's safe.

* Never leave your dog in a parked car. The car retains more heat than an open area, even if it is in the shade. Plus, a dog may get overexcited in the car due to passersby or panic from claustrophobia, making dehydration more likely. On longer trips, make sure you have water for the dog and keep the AC running.

* Exercise your dog early in the morning or late at night. Since these are the cooler parts of the day, this will make the walk more comfortable for both you and your dog. This is the time of year to back off on exercise intensity and contact with the hot pavement.

* Watch for signs of dehydration. Dogs can't sweat. They cool off by panting, so an overheated dog will drool excessively. It will become lethargic, it's eyes will be bloodshot, it may appear a little pale. If you lift it's skin, it will take longer than usual for the skin to fall back into place.

* A dog's coat is like insulation, warding off cold in the winter and heat in the summer. Trim, but don't give your dog a crew cut or such a close shave that it takes away that protection.

* Dogs get sunburn and skin cancer, so never cut fur shorter than an inch. (In some breeds, even an inch is too short.)

* Dogs shed more in summer, so brush to get rid of extra fur along with fur that's matted from water play.

* Most pets find cool, shady spots to lie down, but some — especially animals that are overweight or can't tolerate heat — might benefit from cooling beds, mats or vests.

* The mats get filled with water, which mixes with a high-tech gel to create a cool, water-

bed-like cushion. Consumer reviews are generally positive but caution that some beds spring leaks (or are chewed by dogs).

* No food will keep your dog cooler, but food helps keep body temperature up, so dogs may not need to eat as much in the summer.

* Different dogs have different needs when battling the heat. Keep in mind that darker coats absorb more heat than lighter coats. Also, overweight dogs are at higher risk for dehydration. Carry a bottle of water when going on a walk with your dog. Better yet have your dog carry it for you in a backpack or a vest! The water in the bottles will keep the dog cooler and also give the dog a sense of purpose.

* Find innovative ways to cool your dog. Don't have air conditioning? No problem! Find a spot in the shade and set up a kiddie pool. Lay down a wet towel for your dog to lie on. Or simply set up a fan in front of a pan of ice. Buy sprinklers that spray the dogs with a gentle mist of water. Your dog will love it and it might just cool you off, too!



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From the Desk of Tom Carney

He Fought for His Freedom

by Tom Carney

John was afraid.

Afraid that his master would catch him and return him to slavery or that the patrollers would catch him and lock him in a jail where he would be flogged for running away. But his biggest fear was running into some roving band of Confederate guerrillas, who, if they guessed he was on his way to Huntsville to join the Union Army, would summarily execute him on the spot. Lying hidden in the heavy foliage next to the road while waiting for another group of strangers to pass, he let his thoughts wander.

Yesterday he had been a slave on the Jackson plantation in Limestone County, laboring as a blacksmith. Though only 25 years old, he had been married twice. The first marriage, to a woman on a nearby plantation, had ended abruptly when her master sold her out of state. His next marriage had produced no feelings of endearment and it was with no remorse that he left her behind when he decided to run away.

The Emancipation Proclamation, a document freeing all slaves in the rebellious territories, was almost a year old when John heard of it. The Union government, while giving lip service to the document, had proved strangely ambiguous about enforcing it. There were many cases where runaway slaves had been returned to their masters by the northern troops.

Strangely enough, though Huntsville was occupied, most of the outlying plantations continued the practice of slavery.

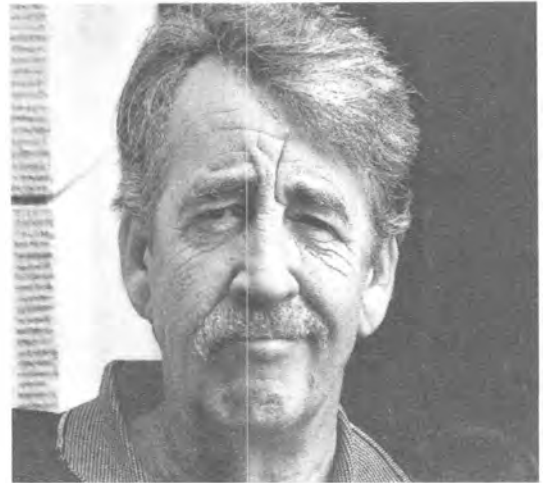
John had dreamed about freedom all of his life and when he heard that the Union Army was recruiting black soldiers, he quickly made up his mind to en-

list. Along with two others he began the trek to Huntsville.

A recruiting office had been opened on the north side of the courthouse square. Townspeople, already incensed that the Yankees would have the gall to enlist Tories, scalawags and other traitors, were now horrified when they learned that blacks were to be enlisted also. Every day the opposite street corner on the square, known as "Secesh Corner," would be crowded with people jeering at the ex-slaves waiting to become soldiers. Now and then a detachment of Yankees would wade into the crowd and, amid loud curses and occasional pricks of the bayonet, cause them to disperse.

The small group of black, would-be soldiers, however, stood resolutely at the door of the office waiting for it to open. Regardless of the taunts or threats, they were determined to wear the blue uniform and earn their freedom.

Official documents show that John was enlisted as a member of the 110th U.S. Colored Infantry on Dec. 30, in Huntsville. As John, like all the other ex-slaves, had no



last name, he was enlisted as John Jackson, that being the surname of his master.

Of the almost 4000 black troops from North Alabama that enlisted in the Union Army, records show that fewer than 75 could sign their name. The rest simply made their "mark" on the enlistment rolls.

After a short training period at Nashville and Pulaski, TN, John Jackson and 450 other black troops were assigned to protect the railroads in and around Athens, AL. These railways were essential for the Union's supply and communication lines, a point that the Confederacy was well aware of.

The North had made it a point to garrison North Alabama with ex-slaves from this region and

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the South, fearing that this action would inspire other slaves to take up arms, retaliated by treating captured black soldiers as runaway slaves.

A fact often ignored by modern historians is the treatment of black prisoners of war when they were captured by the Southern troops. The South refused, for the most part, to recognize them as soldiers. When captured they were treated as runaway slaves and oftentimes sold back into slavery, if they were lucky. Many times they were simply killed.

In the spring of 1864, General Nathan Bedford Forrest had attacked and captured the Union stronghold at Fort Pillow. In the ensuing bedlam hundreds of black soldiers were brutally murdered, some with their hands raised in surrender. Though it was later proven that the Southern troops acted without Forrest's consent, the massacre had the effect of terrorizing black troops everywhere.

About six months later, when Forrest and his Army appeared on the outskirts of Athens, John Jackson and his fellow black soldiers knew they could expect no mercy.

Every soldier in the garrison knew it would not only be a fight for their freedom, but for their very lives, also. They spent the day and night of Sept. 23 reinforcing their already strong position. The fort they were defending consisted of earthen works, 180 by 450 feet, surrounded by palisades and a deep ditch. It was considered by many to be one of the strongest forts in the area.

Early the next morning, while the ground was still wet with the night's dew, the Confederates began bombarding the fort with artillery. The cannonade lasted for almost two hours, with about 60 shells being aimed at the defenders.

Inside the fort little damage was done, although one man was killed and several wounded. Jackson was one of the men wounded, suffering a minnie-ball to his leg. When the shelling ceased, Forrest sent an emissary, under a white flag, demanding the fort be sur-

rendered. The commander of the Union fort, a Col. Campbell, refused, whereas Forrest asked to speak to him in person.

Forrest told Campbell that he intended to take the fort and he had the men to do it with. Telling the Union officer that he had nearly ten thousand troops besieging the fort, Forrest invited him to ride around his lines and see for himself.

Forrest had less than half that number of troops, but was able to maneuver his troops in a manner that made them appear greater in numbers.

Returning to the fort, Campbell ordered it prepared for surrender. As word of the surrender swept through the garrison, the officers and men of the Union's 110th Colored Infantry became outraged, with many refusing to give up their arms. Some officers had to threaten to shoot their own men in order to disarm them.

The black troops, many with tears in their eyes, demanded that they be allowed to fight on rather than surrender to Forrest and the Confederates.

With the flag lowered and their guns taken from them, the black troops finally had no choice but to surrender.

The officers of the garrison, well aware of the fate awaiting the black troops, later wrote an angry letter to their superiors in Wash-


ington condemning Campbell for the surrender.

Jackson, limping painfully on his wounded leg, was marched with the others out of the fort, where the hungry and ragged Confederate troops waited. Immediately, the gray clad soldiers fell upon the prisoners, robbing them of their clothes and rations. Any black who dared protest was beaten.

The prisoners were lined up on Browns Ferry Road, where with two columns of mounted cavalry guarding them, they began their painful trek back into slavery. After a three day march through the Shoals and Tuscumbia, the prisoners reached Cherokee Station, a railway depot about eight miles this side of the Mississippi line. Almost starving and suffering from wounds and exposure, the prisoners loaded aboard dilapidated cattle cars.

Jackson later recalled that the only food they had to eat were the scraps that had been left in the cars from feeding cattle.


Upon reaching Meridian, MS, the prisoners were separated, with the white soldiers sent to a Confederate prison at Cahaba and the white officers sent to Enterprise, AL to await exchange. The blacks were loaded onto another train. Despite the fact that Forrest had given his word to treat the captured blacks as POWs, many



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cruel ties were perpetuated. Although there are no reports to describe what happened, there are numerous records of blacks being captured in other battles and sold back into slavery, or in many cases, executed.

Of the almost 450 black soldiers that had been captured in Athens, less than two hundred arrived in Mobile, their final destination. No one has ever determined what happened to the others. Somewhere, on the trek from Athens to Mobile, almost 250 blacks disappeared from the face of the earth.

At this time, Mobile was under siege by the Federal fleet and all the blacks, freedmen and slaves alike had been pressed into service, working on the fortifications. With the arrival of Forrest's group, the impressed workers were returned to their masters while the newly arrived prisoners took their place.

For the next several months, the prisoners, many still wearing the remnants of their blue uniforms, were subjected to the harshest forms of cruelty. While the ordinary slave had his master to protect him, the prisoners had no one. With their blue uniform and their black skin they seemed to represent everything the South lived in fear of.

One captured soldier, a Private Howard, later told of the men being whipped whenever they faltered in their work, often by their own fellow prisoners who were ordered to administer the lashings. With the diet of mule meat and corn meal they were being fed, few of the prisoners were in any shape to resist.

Often the prisoners were forced to line up for inspection by plantation owners who were looking for their runaway slaves. If the master recognized any of them, they were immediately returned to him where they would be cruelly whipped or beaten as an example to any other slave who might have ideas of running away.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox brought to an end

the Civil War, but ironically, John Jackson and his fellow prisoners would continue to toil as slaves for another three months. The Union officer who took charge of Mobile, fearful of a black uprising, couldn't decide what to do with them.

When finally released, Jackson, though still crippled from the minnie-ball in his leg, was sent to Nashville and reunited with the remnants of the 110th Colored Infantry, which was once again sent to Huntsville for garrison duty.

While at Huntsville, the regiment was mustered out and Jackson returned home. Upon arrival he discovered that his wife had married another man, so he married the widow of one of his companions who had enlisted with him.

Although John was now a free man he was still shackled by the name of his former master, Jackson, a constant reminder of his life as a slave.

One of the few good memo-

ries he had as a child was that of the daughter of his master who had always treated him kindly. She had married a Dawson, and to honor her, John also took the name Dawson.

John Dawson settled on a small piece of land just a few miles from the plantation from which he had fled. For the rest of his life, until he died in 1905, his proudest possession was a discharge paper attesting to his service in the United States Army.

One piece of torn, yellowed paper, to prove that he had fought tirelessly for his freedom.



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Stump Brings Back Memories

by Malcolm Miller



I was walking through the tall grass one day when I stumbled over it. It was just an old rotting, decaying tree stump. It was a huge thing, maybe three feet across and as I stood there looking at the old stump my mind started to wander back to my boyhood days, and the mighty oak tree that once stood-tall from this very stump.

You see, this old stump was all that remained of the place where I spent about seven of the happiest years of my life. Under the out-stretched branches of this mighty oak tree stood the farm house that was my favorite of all the tenant houses we lived in when I was growing up. It wasn't particularly a good house, certainly not by the standards of today; but to me, an eight year old at the time, it seemed like a mansion. I still recall the shiny white door knobs on the doors. To me this was really something, because all the houses we had lived in until then had either wood buttons or latches to keep them closed.

This house, like all the others I had lived in back then, had a tin roof. The sun beating down on the tin roof all day in the summer would drive the whole family out under the branches of the big oak tree where there

seemed to always be a little breeze blowing. It was under this very tree that I sat for hours listening to the grown folks tell of far away places they had been and important things that had happened in their lives.

I recall my Uncle Curt telling of the time he spent in Texas, and how the real cowboys weren't like the ones we had seen at the picture show in town. I heard them talk with worried tones at the beginning of World War II. You see, for a couple with seven sons, two of which were already in the Army, my parents had much to be concerned about.

It was under the branches of this mighty oak that I first learned to play the guitar. It was a guitar that my brother Frank had ordered from Sears and Roebuck. When folks, even today, ask me why I play the guitar upside down left handed

I remind them that when you are the only left handed one of seven sons in a family, you just don't go stringing up guitars to suit yourself.

The old tree stump, rotting away though it was, seemed to be there as a last reminder to me of another day and time. It was a time when folks seemed to really care more for one another. Neighbors were neighborly, friends were friendlier and pot wasn't something you wanted to smoke. No sir, it was most likely something that sat under the foot of the bed to save a trip to the outhouse on those cold winter nights.

How times have changed since my family, my family's friends and I sat under that tall oak tree and told stories, played guitar and harmonica and sang.

All that is left of the old stump is the wonderful memories it brings back.

Each day is a gift.

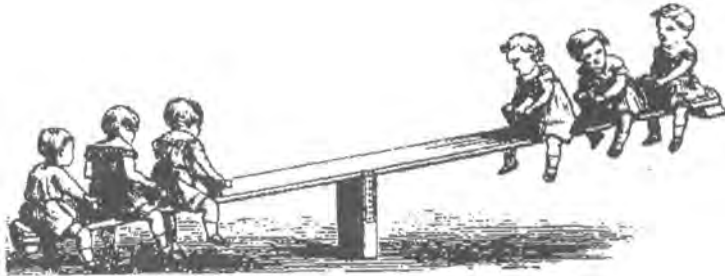


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Summer Nights Long Ago

by Judy C. Smith
(2/10/14)

The nights are getting shorter and soon the lightening bugs will be out. It reminds me of a time gone by when the children on Locust Street and Newman Avenue would eat their dinner early in order to get a head start on playing kick-the-can, red rover-red rover and enjoying my mother's homemade custard ice cream. I can still eat it until I get sick. I just can't stop once I get started.

On Friday nights at the California Street playground the City of Huntsville paid an employee known as a supervisor to entertain the children during the day and a special treat was on Friday nights. It was brown bag night and the city would bring a movie and projector for the children to watch.

All of us, Charles Shaver, Hall Bryant, Linda Holmes, Taffy Lowery Walker, Bobby Love, just to name a few, along with my father and me would walk to the park. We'd spread

our blankets, eat our sack suppers, drink the drinks and watch the movie provided by the city. East Clinton Street School and Fifth Avenue School had the same program.

When I finished school at Huntsville High and started thinking about a summer job, I was hired as the supervisor for the Fifth Avenue School Playground. There was only a picnic table for the children to sit on; a few games to

play like Chess, Checkers, Parcheesi and a deck of cards and oh yes, my ability to tell stories.

I was all set and it didn't bother me that there was no shade and that I was in the sun all day. I was just glad that I had a job and that I liked what I was doing.

I would have done it without getting paid, but the fact that I had a little income

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made it much nicer since gas was 25 cents a gallon and that took a lot out of a paycheck in 1959.

I had a cute little five year old boy with black curly hair come to visit every day. One day he said to me that if I would like, he could teach me to play Chess, so I became his student. He could beat me in three moves, yes three moves. We became friends and I would bring him an all day sucker, then he would let me play a little longer before putting me in checkmate.

The next year I was moved up to the California Street Playground. It was much larger than it is today and I had many more children than the Fifth Avenue Playground. I had a 1937 Chevy, but to save money I would walk from the top of White Circle where I lived to the playground.

I worked from 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. I even packed my own lunch and carried lemonade to drink. Sometimes I would give one of the children a couple of dollars to walk the block to Mr. Terry's store on Adams Street and buy a box of Double-Bubble gum so we could have a contest to see who could blow the largest bubble. I know that the mothers must have loved me when their little ones came home with gum from ear to ear. All the tall metal swings and slides are gone now, replaced with plastic ones.

When I was nine years old, there was a wonderful small metal merry-go-round you pushed and jumped on. When Charles Shaver and Bobby Love were starting to go really fast, I crawled under it and put my legs up in the opposite direction they were pushing as to prevent them from moving. Don't ask me what I was

thinking. With just one push, my right leg was bent backward and I was left immobile and screaming for someone to run to my house on Newman Ave.(before moving to White Circle) and get someone to help from my home.

Someone told my mother, but she didn't drive, so she had to get a neighbor to bring her to the playground and drive us to the old Huntsville Clinic located on Washington Street and Gates Avenue. All that has long since been torn down but Huntsvillians will remember where it was. Some of my friends, Susan Woodbin for one, were born there. The results of my trying to stop the merry-go-round was a broken right leg. I learned a valuable lesson about Merry-Go-Rounds.

Today there are no supervisors, tall swings or special Friday movie nights. I still see families enjoying special time with their children there> In my mind's eye I'm still there if only for a few seconds while stopped at the traffic light. Tennis was one of the fun things my husband and I enjoyed and played lots of tennis matches there.

Today after our 53rd wedding anniversary, I think that

"Heat makes things expand so I don't have a weight problem. I'm just hot."

Jane Snelling

I'll pull out the old rackets and challenge him to a game. I'll keep my cell phone handy just in case 911 is needed.

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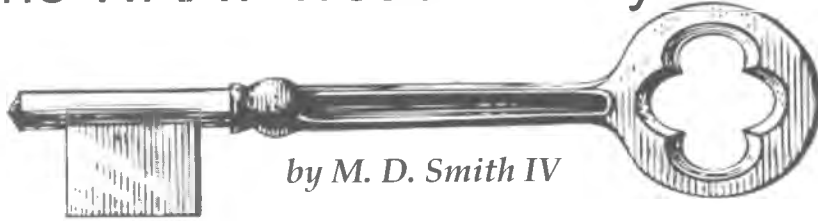
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The WAAY Treasure Key Hunt



by M. D. Smith IV

"We'll never do it that way again," was the statement made by M.D. Smith, III after the very first WAAY Radio Treasure Key hunt.

The first hunt was around 1959 for a "Treasure Chest" key. The key, when found from clues given out daily on WAAY Radio, would open a chest of Parkway City Merchants gift certificates for merchandise and prizes. A list of clues given to date could be found by visiting the merchants daily if you missed any on the radio. At first clues were vague and general, but nearing the end of a month, they got more specific.

When the clues mentioned an intersection like Whitesburg and Four Mile Post, those clues focused all the city's searchers in one area. Other clues that vaguely mentioned something red would fit almost anything, including the red flowers in one home owner's yard. A lot of flowers got dug up looking for the buried key, and other places nearby that fit other clues caused a lot of rocks of every size to be turned over.

It was like a demolition squad of several hundred people descending on a small geographic area of Huntsville with search tools of every shape and

size. Mostly they had picks and shovels. This was NOT a good thing for the first contest.


Quickly the DJ's on the air were instructed to give almost the exact location that I believe was under the lip of a sewer drain cover on the edge of the road. Lawsuits were not as common in those days so I believe apologies, and a garden center making things right with the property owner, salvaged the situation. My father learned a lot from that first hunt.

When it came time to find the key for a NEW CAR a few years later, the promos on the air started with "The Key is NOT located on Private Property and you won't have to dig to find it." I hid that key myself under a small overpass in Huntsville and it was placed INSIDE a crushed Budweiser Beer can.

Only my father and mother knew the location of the key and my mother wrote the clues from my description of the location, my Polaroid camera photo of the hiding place and a city map of Huntsville. When the key

was finally found, we did have some of our staff in the general area, which had finally been narrowed down, and there were no adverse comments or destruction evidence after it was located.

Many other "treasure key" contests took place in those years of 1959 through 1975, but none as memorable as the first one. If that hunt had been for a new car, I think WAAY Radio might have had to rebuild a house for an unfortunate property owner.

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Country Toys

by Susie Parton Bryant

F A O Schwarz? What in the world? Didn't even know it existed! Imagine being a small child and walking into a fantasy land of all the most wonderful toys in the world. I would imagine it would be like going to Santa Claus' house.

I did not grow up in New York, Chicago or even Beverly Hills, but rather New Market Alabama. I remember it being the most wonderful place in the world. So simple were those days of my childhood.

Playing outside all day consisted of tree climbing, which I fell out of and still to this day have a chip out of my front tooth; laying in the grass and looking up at the clouds to see what kinds of shapes they made; playing with the cat; and having a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on the porch. We didn't have any kind of electronic devices to plug into the TV.

Not that we were that poor, we always had a great Christmas, we just didn't get many toys throughout the year. They didn't have WalMart back then and that is another story in itself. But we loved being outside. My daddy would even get in on the play time. He is the reason for this story.

My daddy's name is Herman Parton, he inherited the Parton farm after the death

of his parents, so we had 176 acres to play in and explore. The old Parton house was across the road from our house and had a large barn behind it, which is still there. Behind the barn was a huge pasture that seemed to go on for miles. There was a long fence that divided the barnyard and the pasture land and along the ground were several little burrows in the grass where the bunny rabbits called home. In the middle of the field was a briar patch. It wasn't a huge briar patch, just about 1/4 of an acre.

On this particular day, I was walking with my daddy and my little brother. First let me tell you a little about my daddy's appearance. He was about 6 ft. 2 inches tall, regular sturdy build; he never wore jeans - always khaki or some kind of dress pants. He always wore those wing tipped kind of shoes, not the two tone kind, but the solid black or brown ones. I never saw him in a pair of tennis shoes. Even though it has been many years, I can see him as if he were standing in front of me now.

So, my brother and I were running around the field playing. All of a sudden my daddy broke out into a full run. We just stood there watching him darting

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Want to avoid a hangover or terrible headache? Eat a few cucumber slices before going to bed and wake up refreshed and headache-free.

back and forth, side to side, round and around. What in the world was he doing? We were looking at him in amazement with our mouths wide open, and then there it was, a little brown rabbit. The poor thing was running for it's life.

We began to laugh hysterically. This was the funniest thing that we had ever seen. Then just like the Brother Rabbit story the little bunny made a dash for the briar patch. This maneuver did not stop my daddy at all - he just lunged into the briar patch.

When he finally emerged, there in his hand was the little brown bunny. The bunny was not harmed in any way, but the same could not be said for my daddy. He handed the bunny to me and I cradled it in my arms and began to gently to stroke his long ears. My attention was focused on the bunny, but when I looked up I saw my daddy standing there pulling large thorns out of his arms, shirt and his pants. Blood had begun to seep out of the long scratches.

My brother and I sat there in the field and petted the little bunny for what seemed to be hours, but really was only a few minutes. We just gave him a little love and let him go. He wasted no time getting home and neither did my daddy, knowing that he had several pretty bad wounds to tend to.

Several days later, after spending a long day at school and an even longer ride on the school bus, we got off, waved goodbye to our friends, and

A recent study found that women who carry a little extra weight live longer than the men who mention it.

wandered into the house. Daddy was sitting in his olive green vinyl recliner. He said to us, "I found something for you today."

WOW! We were jumping up and down yelling, "What is it?" Daddy said to us, "You have got to be very quiet." We followed him down the hall to the bathroom, and there it was. A white plastic bucket turned upside down on the hot water heater.

Now this hot water heater was not one of the ones like we have today. It was the size of a washing machine. It took up almost as much space as the tub. What could possibly be under the bucket?

Daddy told us to stand back. He tilted the bucket just enough to get his hand under the small opening. We stood there as quiet as mice. Daddy gently pulled out a young squirrel. We were so excited. He wouldn't let us hold it, but he did let us pet it a little.

I'm not sure, but I don't think that the

little squirrel took to the petting very well because as quick as lightening the little creature sunk his two front teeth deep into my daddy's thumb. Daddy didn't let go of it, but after prying the little squirrel's teeth out of his flesh he put it back in the bucket and released the little thing next to a big oak tree in our yard. I am not really sure how he caught it in the first place. I don't think he ever said. We were just excited to get to pet it.

Now, my brother and I had many little toy trucks and tractors, in which we spent many hours building a network of roads in our driveway. Keep in mind that our driveway was not a beautiful paved one, or even one with

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those tiny little pebbles; it was big river rocks. It was just pure simple fun, but the most fun of all was our country toys.

So if you haven't caught on by now, the country toys were just the ones that had to be caught, pet and at some point released. We didn't do snakes, spiders or the gross ones. We even did a junebug or bumble bee from time to time. Daddy would tie a string on a junebug's leg and we would fly it like a remote controlled plane. You could say it was like a remote controlled flying bug. Daddy even caught those big black and yellow bumble bees, you know the one with the yellow dot between its eyes that don't sting. And needless to say, my daddy was the master of country toys.

I guess we could have started a new fad. Instead of country toys, we could have called it Eco-friendly toys, green toys or organic toys. We were good to the environment back then and didn't even know it. I remember one day my husband Mike and I were walking in the park on Monte Sano and I caught a blue tail lizard. I thought he was going to pass out.

My step-daughter, Kaylin, thinks that I have lost it because I caught one of those big yellow bumble bees. When I handed it to her, she ran off screaming. Hahahah! No matter, my country toys have given me the most wonderful and funniest memories of my life. But the most treasured of my memories is those of my daddy. Daddy made every day of my life memorable. He has inspired my life in so many ways. He made me see that the simple things are what you remember the most.

By the way, my brother is Steve Parton. He lives in the Huntsville area and is the father of Jacob and Olivia Parton and has just become a grandfather. So, one day real soon he can gather little Connor Lee Parton on his lap and share with him this great story.

Connor may not know his great grandfather Parton now, but with every story told, he will always live on.

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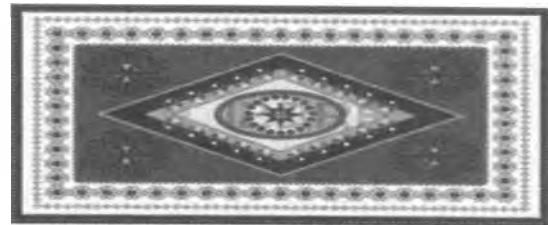
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John Watkins, predicting what life would be like in 100 years in the pages of the Ladies Home Journal, 1900.

"There are not enough society cream-puffs, political grafters, underworld gunmen or social morons in the land to prevent the fulfillment of... prohibition."

Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, September, 1925.

"Schools will be open 12 months a year (by 1982). Courses will be speeded up; instead of a four year high school education,

three-year plans may be in effect. Another variation will be staggered semesters - some students studying while others are vacationing. This will help students."

Changing Times Magazine, 1957.

"Law will be simplified over the next century. Lawyers will have diminished, and their fees will have been vastly curtailed. The regular man can no longer accept those fees."

Journalist Julius Henri 1900

"Women beware. You are on the brink of destruction; You have hitherto been engaged in crushing your waists; now you are attempting to cultivate your mind. It cannot be done! Beware!! Science pronounces that the woman who studies is forever lost and will probably never marry."

Dr. R. R. Coleman, late 1880s.

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The Drug Store Cowboy

by Calvin L. Holder, Sr.

In the 1950's, when Huntsville was small and growing and Walgreen's was downtown on Washington Street where the Grand Theater now is located, you would find a bicycle sitting outside in front of the drug store. W.T. Branch, Sr. would deliver medication all over Huntsville. His job consisted of keeping the store clean and sometimes he helped stock shelves and put up stock and deliver the medications and other items.

Years later he moved on to Brownie's Drugs where the laundromat is now located in Five Points. It was closer to home and easier getting back-and-forth to work. W.T. took much pride in his job. He got to know his customers by name. Till this day he remembers some. He got to where he wore khaki pants, a khaki shirt and a khaki army cap. When you would see him coming up the driveway or walkway you would think he was a soldier.

He delivered for Walgreen's, Brownie's Drugs, Center Drugs and Medical Arts Apothecary. When he would have a large order to get out he would come by the house to get me or one of his nephews to go with him in the Ford pickup. We would put the orders in a box in the seat between us and would separate the medications by street and house number. We would drop off just as the paper boy would the newspapers. When we would go back in to the drug store they would say, "You mean you're through with that order?" He would reply, "Yep! What's next?"

He tried to teach us how to deliver and be "A Drug Store Cowboy" but there were only a few around town and W.T. Branch, Sr. happened to be one of the last before people started picking up their own medications. Darden Heritage at "Star Market" still remembers W.T. at Five Points.

One time back in 1956, while W.T. was still working at Brownie's Drugs, there was an urgent doctor call that came in - there were two sick twin baby boys that lived on Panorama Drive on the mountain. There was a big snow on the ground, but W.T. said, "Even though there is snow those babies need their medicine and I believe I can make it up there."

So W.T. jumped in the old 1956 red and white pickup truck and up the mountain he went. He was more cross-ways on the road than straight, but he delivered the medication to those babies.

W.T. Branch, Sr. is 79 years old now and has been married for 57 years to my pastor, Sis. Betty Branch of Rock Cliff Church of God of Prophecy in Brownsboro, AL.



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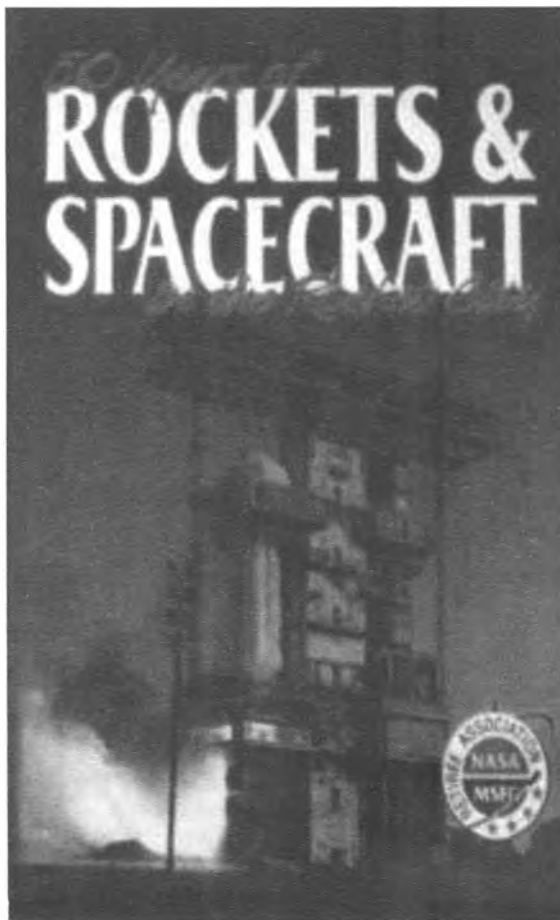
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