



No. 258
August 2014

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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

MILL MEMORIES



Also in this issue: **The Million Dollar Band**

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**A Hardware Store....
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Domie Lewter
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MILL MEMORIES: DALLAS

by Rudolph V. Strickland

Here are a few memories of Dallas Mill Village that still make me laugh when I think about them.

One of my vivid memories concerns stealing a checker board from the YMCA. Kenneth Allen and I, along with Victor Acuff, had a little club in the garage in my backyard at 301 Halsey Avenue next door to the Y. I don't know why it was called a garage as we had no car. Anyway we slipped into the Y and stole the checker board and took it to our club.

We got to feeling bad about what we had done and wanted to take the board back but we were afraid that Mr. H. E. "Hub" Myhand would see us. "Hub" was Director of the Y. We decided to take the checker board around to the side next to a ditch row and throw it in the window on the bowling lanes.

We did just that but the only problem was that they were bowling, when that checker board hit the alley you could hear those guys cuss and fuss all over the Village.

Well we thought that was funny so we started throwing everything we could find into the bowling alley. Mr. Hub came around the corner and we took off. I climbed into one of those old silver maple trees out back and I was sure that Mr Hub saw me.

I waited as long as I could about going home as I knew that I was in a heap of trouble. I walked up the sidewalk and saw my grandfather standing on the back steps with a belt in his hand hitting his leg very gently. I said "PAPA don't whip me now, I am hot."

He said "OK, son, set down and cool off and then I'm going to warm you up all over again." Well needless to say that is exactly what he did and that was the first whipping out of three that I received from my grandfather.

I am sure you all remember the old fire siren that was next door to the Reese family's house. Well one day my friends and I were watching Earl Jaco as he climbed onto the top of that old siren. About the time he got on top of the siren it went off. It didn't take Earl as long to come down the siren as it took to go up. We all got a big laugh out of that, but we did not let Earl see us. We

"Your manuscript is both good and original, but the part that is good is not original and the part that is original is not good."

Samuel Johnson - in 1782



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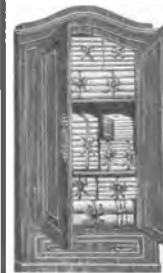
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knew better.

We used to go to the big ditch in the winter and skate on the ice when it froze over. When I say skate I mean with just our shoes as we did not know what ice skates were. Well my grandmother had told me not to do that and to stay away from that ditch when it was froze over. Needless to say I paid no attention to her and Dickey (BUBBER) Wilbourn, some more boys and I were having a big old time when I fell through the ice.

I just knew that I was in trouble so not knowing exactly what I was going to do, I went to the Y as I was very cold. Mr Hub saw me and I told him what had happened he laughed and stood me next to the old steam radiator until I dried out. Mr. Hub was a lifesaver for us boys.

One other thing is how many of us delivered circulars on Friday for the "PICTURE SHOW" as we called it. Deliver circulars and get in free. If you ever caught the Lincoln run those circulars went in the big ditch as those Lincoln boys

were rough when you were alone.

(Added 11 July, 2004) I was just sitting here at the computer reading the Rison School website. Some of the stories bring back so many memories. I feel the happiest days of my life were spent in that cotton mill village.

Here's a story I well remember. One day I was playing with the Fitch children on Halsey Avenue one block away from my house, I did something that I should not have done. I don't remember what it was, anyway Mrs. Fitch snatched me up, gave me a whipping, grabbed me by the ear, pulled me home and told my MAMA. Mama then gave me another whipping.

I feel that the Mill Village love and family tradition was the reason that I was successful in life.

"When I was kidnapped, my parents snapped into action. They rented out my room."

Woody Allen



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Aunt Thelma Parks

by Bob Everest



In 1987 Aunt Thelma died and I went to Huntsville to settle her estate.

Most of her property was sold or given away but I had one item shipped to my home in Arizona where it remains as one of my prized possessions.

A 1934 black Ford with 163 miles on it.

My family never lived in Huntsville, but we often went there to visit my mother's only sister, Aunt Thelma, when I was a child.

Aunt Thelma was the most unconventional person I have ever met. She was born in 1900 and lived all her life on a small farm about five miles outside of Huntsville. She never married, saying "there ain't a man on this earth I could put up with for very long."

One of her passions was fighting roosters. She never fought them herself but every Sunday morning she would inspect her roosters, telling her hired hand Rufus which ones to take and how much to bet. She would then go to church and pray for the sinners who did that sort of thing.

Aunt Thelma never learned to drive and always depended on someone else for a ride. In 1934 she decided the time had come to learn how. She sent Rufus to town with a wad of cash and instructions on exactly the kind of automobile she wanted.

Rufus was pressed into service as a driving instructor. The lessons quickly proved disastrous. She would yell for the car to stop, blow the horn instead of shifting gears and turn the steering wheel in the wrong directions.

Finally, after several weeks,

Rufus informed Aunt Thelma that he did not believe God ever intended for her to drive. He also threatened to quit if he had to give another driving lesson.

The car was consigned to the barn and once a month Rufus would drive it to the front of the house where Aunt Thelma would sit in it and wave at the neighbors who passed by.

Once a month Rufus would wax the car and once a year he would change the oil, even though the longest trip it ever made was to the front driveway.



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Huntsville Couple Married on the Train

S. H. Wilson and Miss Nettie Saunders, both of Huntsville, were married yesterday on train No. 36 of the Southern between Woodville and Limrock, Alabama. The license was secured at Scottsboro and Squire Hold of that place boarded the train and performed the ceremony. They are registered at the Eastern Hotel in Chattanooga and plan to return to Huntsville to make their home.

Monte Sano Becoming a Deserted Village

The summer village on top of Monte Sano is rapidly becoming a deserted village, mostly all of the residents have moved down. Only four or five families remain and they expect to move down Saturday. By the middle of next week, all of the summer cottages will be "away." The mountain air is

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MORE MEMORIES FROM THE VILLAGE

by Billy D. Harbin

DALLAS VILLAGE MEMORIES: I don't have the memories of Dallas Village that my brother and sister have because they are older than me. We moved out of the village when I finished the 3rd grade at Ri-

son. The memories that I have are centered around the YMCA and Mr. H. E. "Hub" Myhand. Most of all of our activities involved the "Y." In the summers we played baseball at the Dallas Park, now the Optimist Park; and during the winter months, we played basketball and indoor softball in the Dallas YMCA gymnasium.

Hub Myhand was the Director of the Y and his wife was the village nurse. Mrs. Myhand had an office or clinic in the Y. Both Myhands were paid by the owners of the cotton mill. Hub and those that we could get involved in sports as coaches were the babysitters for the Village. One of the things that

is vivid in my memory was our practice of slipping into the ballpark in the morning when the park was closed. I guess we just couldn't wait for Hub to open the park in the afternoon or it could have been that this was all that we had to do.

To get in we had to scale the wall. We always climbed the wall on the east end of the grandstand opposite Hub's house. His house was located at the corner of Oakwood and 5th Street (Andrew Jackson Way).

Since I was too young to play on the team, my job was to sit in the grandstand and watch for Hub. If he came out of the house towards the park,

"When I said I cleaned my room, I just meant I made a path from the doorway to my bed."

Sam McKinney, age 10

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I would let everyone know and we would hurriedly vacate the park.

There was a team from up-town who called themselves the Cavaliers. The team, as I remember, was made up of students from the Catholic school

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located on Holmes Avenue. Sammy Citrano, now a prominent dentist in Huntsville, was their pitcher. We played this team all the time in the locked ballpark. I remember once we were playing the Cavaliers and to my great fright, I saw Hub heading toward the park. I alerted the group and we started to scamper out of the park over the east wall.

One of the Cavaliers had brought their younger brother with him (even younger than me); and when he got on top of the wall, he was afraid to jump down. Everybody was pleading with him to jump, and finally just as Hub was entering the park, the child jumped.

As I think back, I am almost certain that Hub knew all along that we were slipping into the park, but he never let us know.

After my senior year of high school, I had the honor of playing baseball on one of the last Huntsville Booster teams that

Hub managed. Most of the players were much older than me. Players like Slick McGinnis, Jack Troup, Jim Tally, Bill Daniel, Floyd Bryant and Freck Payne, to name a few. I felt that Hub was rougher on me than the others, but it didn't bother me because of the respect that I had for him. I guess he still considered me one of his kids from the Village.

Hub Myhand was my hero. He was the Bear Bryant of Dallas Village and East Huntsville. I recently attended a dedication ceremony of the new sports complex at Optimist Park. Several fine people were recognized and honored for their efforts in making the new complex a reality. It was nice, but throughout the ceremony I couldn't help but reflect back to the days of Hub Myhand.

I hope one day that a lifesize statue of Hub Myhand can be placed on the premises of the new complex.



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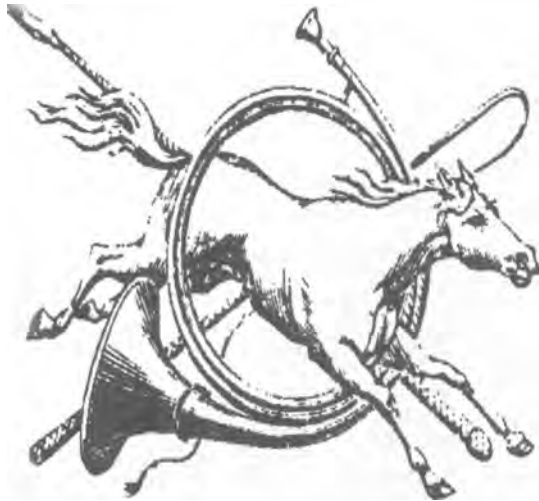
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THE MUSICAL HORSE

by Billy Joe Cooley



Farmer Albert Guffy kissed wife Bessie good-bye and drove off to the city, some 40 miles away, to shop for a new tractor.

"Look after that sick horse while I'm away," he had told her. "You might need to use a funnel to pour some laxative into her. There's a gallon jug of castor oil on the shelf in the barn."

With those scant instructions he drove away.

Bessie, being a dutiful farm wife, went into the barn and examined the horse, which in fact was a fine stallion. She determined that it, indeed, was seriously constipated.

She reached for the funnel, but it was not to be found. Albert had probably left it in another shed.

"I'll just have to make do with something else," she thought. Just then she spied her grandfather's old Army

bugle hanging on the barn wall, where it had been since his return from the war 40 years ago. That would work just fine as a funnel.

Although she had lived on a farm most of her life, she didn't have much experience with doctoring the larger animals. She had her experience with chickens and small farm animals. Where should the funnel be placed, she wondered.

The obvious place would be in the horse's mouth. She tried, but the horse would just shake his head violently and look the other way.



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Then Bessie remembered the nature of the horse's problem. She walked around behind the animal, raised its tail and inserted the bugle's mouthpiece deep into the most obvious opening. Then she reached for the gallon jug of laxative oil on the shelf.

The shelf was just a bit too tall for comfort, but she managed to get it while holding the trumpet in the other hand and bringing it down to the table beside her. That's when she made her mistake. She forgot to look at the small label on the jug.

What she thought was mineral oil was in fact a jug of kerosene, which Albert kept around for hand-scrubbing after working with greasy farm equipment.

Bessie tipped that big jug of kerosene up and poured at least a half-gallon of it into the trumpet end of the bugle. In two seconds flat that fine horse bolted to attention, let out a bloodcurdling neigh and ran out of that barn faster than any horse a person might see at a race track.

It disappeared down the country road so fast that Bessie only got a glimpse of its tail, held high, as it rounded the bend and

headed down the creek road at a very high rate of speed.

A half-mile down the road sat the Williams brothers, Craig and Cameron, fishing on the creek bank and finding little to talk about, which is what they did on days when the fish weren't biting. This had been one of those days. At least up to now.

"What's that weird noise?" asked Craig, turning his head in the direction of the Guffy farm but expecting no answer from his brother, who didn't know much about weird sounds.

Then they spied the Guffy's horse racing down the road. Each time the horse's hind legs would hit the ground there would blast forth a loud musical sound from the bugle inserted in its body.

"Well," said Cameron, not believing what he was seeing, "This is definitely a first for me. I've never before seen anything as splendid as that talented musical horse."

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Erma Bombeck

Remembering Lincoln Mill Village

by Jim Harris

In 1918 William Lincoln Barrell of Lowell, Maryland purchased Abington Mill and transformed it into a large textile center named Lincoln Mill Village. Mr. Philip Peeler served as General Manager from 1934 until 1957. The mill stopped operations in 1957. It later became known as the HIC building which served as manufacturing and office space for many aerospace contractors. It burned in 1980.

An addition to the mill, which was constructed from concrete, still stands behind the shopping center on the south side of Oakwood Avenue between Meridian Street on the west and the railroad tracks on the east.

Lincoln School was built in 1929 and became the central core of the community until 1956 when the village was annexed into the city of Huntsville. Edward W. Anderson served as Principal for 27 years.

The old part of the Village which consists of Front Street, Lawrence Street and Davidson Street was built in the early-to-mid twenties.

Part of the above information was copied from the historical marker that stands in front of the school.

Now for some unusual facts about the Village:

All Village houses had electric lights, one in each room, running (cold) water in the kitchen and a toilet with a commode that flushed. That's all the toilet had. It was a toilet, not a bathroom.

The water came from a well on mill property and, as I recall, was located under the mill. Plumbing services were free. Villagers didn't have to buy

toilet tissue, It was just paper in those simpler times. It was delivered twice a week, thrown into the yard or on the porch.

Rent was cheap. Two figures I heard are 75 cents per room per month and \$ 1.35 per month.

Remember the Lum and Abner radio show and its "Jottem Down Store"? Lincoln had its own Jottem Down Store. The name came from the owner's bookkeeping system. You buy groceries on credit and he'd jot 'em down on a piece of paper.

The intersection of Meridian Street and the railroad tracks was called Millet's Crossing. The Past Time Cafe, which featured dancing in the back, was located there.

The Homecoming Queen was selected according to how many votes she sold. That's right. Girls running for the honor solicited votes from everyone who had a penny. The girl who had the most money at the end of the contest won. I met the 1947/48 queen recently. Her name is Elizabeth (Tiny) Daniels Davis.

A creek that ran through the Village called Pinhook Creek once caught fire. A gas line broke and leaked into the creek which someone ignited. Some kids thought the world was coming to an end because the water was burning.

And then there is the most unusual fact that I ever heard of which was common to the times actually, not just the Village. It demonstrates to what extent one

would go to help a neighbor: my older brother was sickly as an infant. My mother was a small woman and didn't have enough milk to nurse him. Two neighbors also had nursing babies and they nursed my brother because mama couldn't.

When was the last time you saw that kind of caring?

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WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

by Ruby Crabbe

When I was a youngster growing up in Dallas Village, so many things happened it would be hard for me to remember them all. But some events I'll never forget, like the "Famous Strike" at Dallas Textile Mills.

The picket line in front of the mill was long and the strikers were tired. Some of them carried large banners proclaiming the strike and warning people not to cross the picket line.

I can't remember who all took part in cooking food for the strikers but I do know that my mother, Josie Allen, did. My stepdad, Lonnie Allen, took part in the cooking also.

Every day at noon he and Mama would fix hamburgers and coffee for the strikers. Now when I say hamburgers - I mean it would be such a large sack full it would be hard for us kids to even carry. Plus, we carried a pot that held three or four gallons of hot steaming coffee.

I remember one night several of the union members had a meeting at this certain house. During the meeting someone spoke up and said,

**A very diplomatic husband to his wife:
"How do you expect me to remember your birthday when you never look any older?"**

"Boy, what would I give right now if I had all the good fried chicken I could eat!" At that remark the lady of the house got up and excused herself from the meeting.

It wasn't long before the odor of appetizing fried chicken just filled the house. It appeared that three good-sized fryers had been roosting on a water pipe right outside the back door. Don't know whose chickens they were but they were never seen again on the roost.

I remember the union members and the non-union members having a little get-together on 5th Street, now known as Andrew Jackson Way.

The union members were on one side of the street, the non-union members on the other. On the union side a large platform had been erected, and on top of it was what appeared to be a machine gun.

I don't know if it was the real

thing or not, but a lot of the people didn't hang around long enough to find out.

And on top of that platform stood Bill Jaco. He was singing loud and clear, "We shall not be moved."

That song generated a lot of angry offensive yells, but did that bother Brother Bill? No, it only made him sing louder and louder, "We Shall Not Be Moved!"



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CITY NEWS 1880

- Last Saturday night some malicious scoundrel killed a horse belonging to Mr. H.W. Helm, the well known blacksmith. The horse, a very fine one, was in the pasture bordering the spring branch and was killed by being struck just above the eye with a brickbat. We trust the perpetrator may be discovered and appropriately punished.

- Yesterday, in the Big Cove, a man named Stewart Wishard was shot and mortally wounded by a man named R.S. Buford, who was arrested. The trouble arose about a dispute in regard to crops. Wishard was cropping on Buford's place. It is thought Buford was justifiable.

- We understand it is reported through the country that yellow fever is in Huntsville. This is untrue. There has not been a single case of yellow fever in Huntsville up to this time.

- Mr. Timothy Murphy, of this city, received a dispatch last Friday from Canton, Miss.,

conveying the sad information that his wife, daughter and granddaughter were all down with yellow fever. Mr. Murphy left on the next train for Canton, and it is reported he has been seized with the dread disease.

- Appeal to Mothers: clothing partially worn or outgrown; sheets or bedding of any description; remnants of calico or domestic such as always accumulate in families - any of all these articles are earnestly solicited for the orphans of the plague-stricken city of Memphis. Items will be thankfully received and immediately forwarded if sent to Mrs. S. R. Cruse, Adams Avenue.

- Miss Kate Erskine will open a school at the residence of Mrs. S. C. Erskine, on Franklin Street, on Monday, the 2nd of September. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

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LINCOLN MILL DAYS

by Tillman Hill

18 Grand in Silver Dollars

Lincoln Mill used to pay off in silver dollars. On payday, the money would be hauled down Meridian Street from First National Bank. I think there were about 1,200 people working at the mill at that time.

I saw a pay slip that showed 40 hours worked in 1936. The man, Ernest Flat, was paid \$16.61. They had taken out 17 cents for state taxes and 80 cents for rent on the company house, leaving the amount of \$15.64 due him.

That was a lot of silver dollars, about \$18,000 worth. They hauled them in a big steel box on a flat bed truck with five or six men armed with shotguns and rifles. I have the steel box in my possession.

Putting Out Fires

When McClure Store burned in the early 1930s, it was the biggest happening in the Village I can remember up to that time. There was a store, cafe and pool room in Mr. Tracy McClure's building. Everybody in the Village and from downtown was there. One boy had either just gotten a car or was in his daddy's car, and at the height of the fire he came rolling in. He ran up on one of the fire hoses, stopped, got out and wanted to know if he could have some of the wood that was going to be left so he could cut it up into kindling.

We were all looking for good wood to sell for kindling, but it was not a good time to ask for it. Everybody was hollering for him to get his car off the fire hose. I thought they were going to mob him.

At that time, Lincoln Village had the best fire department in town. We had five trucks. One was kept at our house and was

driven by my Daddy; one was at the big boss's house in front of the ball park and was driven by "Chief Ethridge." One was at Mr. Phil Peeler's house and was driven by Bill Hanvey; one was on Davidson Street above the mill and was driven by Ernest Lehman and Baldy Edwards. The fifth one was in the mill and was smaller than the other trucks.

The one Daddy drove was a 1928 Graham Brothers truck. I will never forget how the old silent starter sounded when it was cranked. It made a hissing sound. Daddy made \$3.50 a week for taking care of the truck and being a fireman. After I got old enough, it was my job to start it and let it run to keep up the battery. Daddy used to drive it up to Alabama A&M University and back to keep the battery charged.

After I started taking care of it, me and two buddies drove it up to A&M. After a few trips, someone told my daddy's boss that the insurance was no good if a 12-year-old was driving it. That stopped the joy riding.

One of the boys who went with me became Huntsville City Councilman Chief Waters and the other boy became Madison County Judge Curtis Ramey. While I became a Madison County Commissioner, I don't remember us talking about running for political office during those rides.

I remember a house catching fire across the street from us. People were out at the ga-

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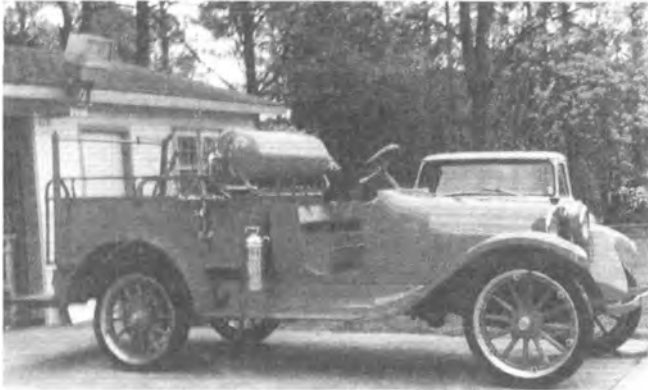


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This 1916 Dodge Fire Truck helped put out Lincoln Village fires many years before it was retired.

rage trying to get the truck out before we knew there was a fire. The truck was tricky and hard to start if you did not know how and only my Daddy and I knew how. If you flooded it (that is, gave it too much gas) it would not start.

I slept in the back room next to the truck and when all the noise woke me up I started hollering, "There is a fire, Daddy!" and I was outside before he was. There must have been 15 or 20 people out there; men, women and kids, and they were in the garage trying to start the truck. Daddy got the man trying to start the truck out of the seat and got under the steering wheel himself, but before he could get it started they had pushed him to the fire.

I wish we had a moving picture of that night. We could have put the Keystone Cops to shame.

It might have been late fall when the house burned. There were two families living in the house. It had six rooms and each family had three rooms. In one side there were three kids and the mother and father. In the other side there were five kids and the parents. On the side where the five kids lived were two or three hundred jars of canned food under the bed; their whole summer's work from the garden, where they had grown it and canned it. It was gone.

Both families were fine people. Folks in the Village donated items to them and the Mill company built the house back. One of the boys who lived in the house was James Ashworth, who became a preacher, and the other brother, Ernest Ashworth, became a Grand Ole Opry star.

Another big fire was at Dunnivant's Department Store downtown. The best I can remember,

the City of Huntsville only had one fire engine at the time. The night of the fire, every truck in the area was on the scene. I don't remember if Dallas and Merrimack had fire engines or not, but the five from Lincoln and the one from Huntsville fought the blaze all night.

Mr. P. S. Dunnivant, who owned the store, met all the Lincoln firefighters in a cafe on Washington Street that morning to buy their breakfast and tell them how much he appreciated what they had done. After that fire, the City of Huntsville started to build a fire department that became second to none.

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*

We have a winner for the photo of the Month in July - the handsome man in uniform was **Walker McGinnis**. The first caller to identify him was **Beanie (Brady) Gilbreath**. Beanie remembered Walker from junior high at Westlawn in Huntsville. She is married to **Ronnie Gilbreath** and they live in Grant, AL.

The winner for the hidden flag was **Vicki Eversmeyer** of Huntsville. It was a coincidence but she worked at CF Flag Co. in Huntsville for over 32 years and just loves flags. Congratulations to Vicki! In this issue is hidden a VERY tiny hummingbird - first caller to tell me where it is wins a free year's subscription!

Our #1 fan in the Shoals has to be that handsome **Jack Moore**. Jack is an absolute sweetie and he and his wife **Earline** have lived in the Shoals area for years. Talk about a lot of history - we'll have to get some good stories from Jack about his memories of growing up over there! He just celebrated a birthday on July 25 so Happy Birthday to you!

Carnell Thorn of Athens had a big birthday bash on July 18 - she turned 90! "Thorny" has written for "Old Huntsville" and as the littlest in a large family, she sure has some funny stories to tell.



Happy Birthday!

H. E. "Gene" Monroe, Jr. passed away on June 25 at age 84. Gene was loved by so many and I remember him coming here to the office to talk to Tom about amazing stories of Huntsville in the old days. He was a true Southern gentleman, always dressed in his suit, and active in hundreds of organizations. We send our deepest sympathy to his wife **Jane Cain Monroe**, son **Bob Monroe (wife Robin)** and grandsons **John and William Monroe**.

The **Historic Lowry House** has again won a Beautification Award from the city of Huntsville. Lots of work put in by **Bobby Hayden, Jane Tippett, Eula Battle** and others. Many congratulations again to the beautiful Lowry House!

We send out deepest sympathy to the family of **Kathleen McGlynn**, who passed away at the age of 59. She loved her grandchildren: **Nathan Keefer, Trenton Keefer and Hayden Keefer**; as well as their Dad (her son) **Wyatt Keefer** and his wife **Wendy**. **Joyce Russell** took care of her for several years. She will always be

remembered.

Nell Long lives in Big Cove and is very interested in the rich history of our area. Nell had a big birthday in July - on July 12 she turned 94! Congratulations to Nell and I know it was an amazing birthday!

A lady named **Cathy J. Carney** passed away on May 25. My family and I received so many notes of sympathy & calls and people thought it was me as we have the same name. I just wanted to say thank you to all who were concerned; how many people actually hear what others say about them after they're gone? But mainly I wanted to send along my deepest sympathy to **Cathy's husband Terry**, and their friends & family in her loss. She was 57 years old.

Happy Birthday to **Billy Lawrence**, who celebrates his big day on August 26. He and sweet wife **Phyllis** were married 40 years in late April.

Both **Dick and Karen Maroon** had birthdays recently - Karen's was July 26 and Dick's was June 5. Happy belated birthdays to both of you!

Rosemary Leatherwood wants to wish her sister **Angela** a very happy Birthday on August 23, with Love! **Billy Leatherwood** (age 9) and his brother **Alex** (6)

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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 seen in your home for many years.



are sending special love and birthday wishes to their Mama, **Missy Leatherwood**, on Aug. 5!

Mr. William L. Spry was only 65 when he passed away in Toney, AL. He was a weapons specialist in the U.S. Air Force where he served in Viet Nam on the F105 Thunderbolt. He worked for his family business, Spry Funeral Home, for over 40 years. He is survived by his wife **Debbie Soland Spry**, son **Samuel Soland Spry**, father **Samuel L. Spry**, sister **Susan Spry Padot**, his mother-in-law **Betty Soland** and sister-in-law **Kay Soland**. We send deepest condolences to the many friends & family who will miss this very special man.

So good to meet **Dr. Rick Thornton** who specializes in Podiatric Medicine & Surgery (think foot and ankle). He was at Redstone Village making the rounds when I met him with my Mom and he is a sweet, gentle doctor with the folks there. Tiffany was his assistant and all the folks there loved her as well!

August 26th is the day to go out and **Vote!** Remember you can't complain about who was elected unless you actually get out there and make the effort to cast your ballot.

Jackie Reed, Huntsville watchdog who is running against Bill Kling for City Council, wants to wish her mother-in-law **Mary Wyle** a beautiful 100th birthday on August 19. Mary's son **Ray Reed** was Jackie's husband who passed away in the mid-60's. We know Mary will have a big celebration for her big day!!

The first **Lowe Mill Car Boot Sale** was a huge hit! Over 350 au-

tos pulled up into the grassy area at Lowe Mill off Seminole Drive, opened their trunks and put out tables to sell all kinds of great merchandise. There was even a 1974 MGB for sale! "Boot" is the English term for trunk and what a great way to sell a few things, then just close the trunk and drive away! It lasted from noon til 5 or so and even tho it was really hot, a rain shower cooled it off a bit. Counted over 800 people who were there to look, browse and buy. Really looking forward to the next one and **David Nuttall**, the organizer, said to watch for it in the fall timeframe. Even had food trucks there - all we need now is some good entertainment!

Happy birthday to that famous actor **Will Stutts**. Will lives in Muscle Shoals and has performed all over this area and parts of the U.S. Hope your Aug. 21st birthday is a great one!

Don't forget to mark your calendar for September 6, Saturday, for **Trade Day Around the Square** - for those who haven't been yet there are vendors set up all around the downtown Huntsville Square with merchandise of all kinds. Food and drinks also available. Also remember the **Golden K Kiwanis** will be set up in front of the Schiffman Building giving away back issues of "Old Huntsville" magazine that are no longer available. They ask for a donation and usually sell completely out. This is the 26th annual Trade day!!

We're thinking of **Marie Hewett** and sending positive thoughts and love to her!

We were so sad to hear of the death of **Ed Hardin**. A gentle man of few words but when he

said something, you listened. He passed away in late June at the age of nearly 93. He leaves wife **Nell Juanita**, stepdaughters **Cindy (Andrew) Catarina** and **Kymberly (Charles) Drawdy** and children **Edward Dennis (Beatrice) Hardin**, **Joe Marshall (Susie) Hardin**, **Jerry Moore (Kimberley) Hardin** and **Mary Ellen (Robert W., Jr.) Martin**. Ed was a hardworking charter-member Kiwanian who was active in so many civic clubs and had lived in Huntsville since 1951. His grandchildren (whom he was so proud of), his nieces, nephews and extended family will never forget this very proud and accomplished man.

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Recipes from the New Hope Library

The following recipes come from the New Hope Library Heritage Cookbook, printed to raise money for the Elizabeth Carpenter Public Library. Here are a few of the great recipes you'll find in there:

Chocolate Gravy

(Great for breakfast, over your biscuits)

- 1 c. sugar
- 3 T. cocoa
- 1 c. milk
- 1/2 to 1 stick butter

Mix the sugar and cocoa together. Then add milk; mix well. Put in a deep pan and bring to a boil. Add butter; boil until it gets as thick as you want.

Linda Martin

Hushpuppy-Fried Chicken

- 3 lb. fryer, cut into pieces
- 1/2 c. flour
- 1/2 c. cornmeal
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 1 c. buttermilk
- 1 c. hushpuppy mix (onion flavor)

Vegetable oil for deep frying
 Mix flour and cornmeal together in paper sack. Place chicken in sack and shake thoroughly. Mix salt, pepper and buttermilk together in pan and dip each piece of chicken in the seasoned buttermilk and then into hushpuppy mix which has been put into a separate bag. Shake to coat thoroughly. Drop into hot vegetable oil. Fry until a rich golden brown.

Place into a flat baking dish and bake in a 325 degree oven for an additional 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Mayme Claire Maples

Louisiana Pineapple Rice

- 1 c. uncooked rice
- 1 can crushed pineapple
- 1-1/2 c. sugar
- 3/4 stick butter

Cook rice and drain. Make syrup as follows: pour pineapple, juice, sugar and butter into a saucepan and stir well. Place over heat and bring to a boil. Boil for 10 minutes. Mix with cooked rice and place in a buttered casserole dish. Bake 45 minutes to an hour at 400 degrees. Good served hot or cold. Excellent with ham.

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Gina Sneed French

Peanut Butter Pie

1 3-oz. cream cheese
1/2 c. peanut butter
1 c. powdered sugar
8 oz. Cool Whip
1 t. vanilla
1 9-inch graham cracker crust

Put all ingredients into a bowl. Mix well. Pour into crust and chill. Top with peanuts.

Mary Williams

Impossible Pie

4 eggs
6 T. butter
1/2 t. salt
1 t. vanilla
1/2 c. flour
1 c. sugar
1 c. coconut
2 c. milk

Blend all ingredients in blender, turning off and on 3-4 times, about 10 seconds each.

Pour into a greased 9" square pan and bake 40 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees until brown on top and knife comes out clean.

Priscilla Scott

Cherry Cheese Crunch

2 c. flour
1 c. pecans, chopped
1 stick butter, softened
6 oz. cream cheese
1 box confectioners sugar
1 large can cherries
1 container Cool Whip
Mix first 3 ingredients and press in baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees until brown. Let cool. Combine cream cheese and confectioners sugar. Cream together. Fold in Cool Whip. Pour cherries on top. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve. *Sherry Moon*

Microwave Peanut Brittle

1 c. sugar
1/2 c. Karo syrup
1 c. raw peanuts
1 t. butter flavoring
1 t. vanilla
1 t. baking soda
Cook the first 3 ingredients in a bowl for 7 minutes and 30 seconds. Add butter and vanilla flavoring. Cook 1 minute and 30 seconds. Take out and add baking soda. Stir quickly and pour onto buttered cookie sheet. Do this quickly. Do not spread, it will spread itself.

Mary Hodges



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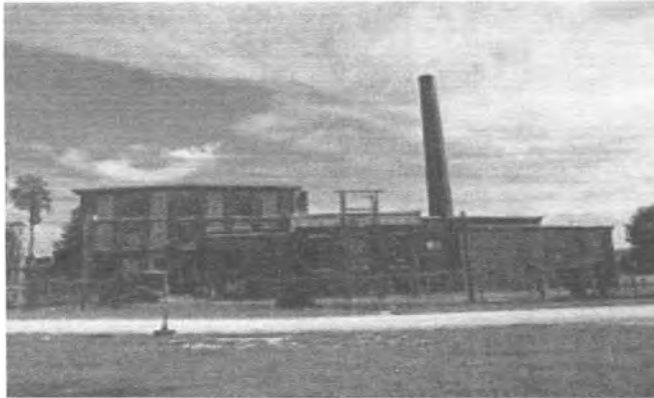
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THE HISTORY OF LOWE MILL



Lowe Mill is a former cotton mill of approximately 171,000 square feet located southwest of downtown Huntsville, AL on Seminole off Governors Drive.

In 1900, Arthur H. Lowe of Fitchburg, MA formed Lowe Manufacturing Company and began the building of Huntsville's fifth textile mill. Lowe Mill opened in 1901 with 25,000 spindles that helped to turn locally-grown cotton into woven cloth.

In 1902, Eastern Manufacturing Company built the final large mill in Huntsville, a weaving mill across from Lowe Mill. Lowe Mill and Eastern Manufacturing merged their companies and the two buildings in 1904. The spinning mill supplied yarns for the weaving mills, where the highest grade gingham and shirtings were made to supply large clothing manufacturers throughout the nation.

In 1909 Lowe sold his interest in the company to Charles Poor, a Columbia University astronomy professor. In 1929, the Great Depression hit.

In December 1932, Lowe Manufacturing declared bankruptcy and the factory started up again under Lowe Mills, Inc. in January 1933, with Donald Comer, head of Birmingham's Avondale Mills, as majority stock holder. In 1934, thousands of workers went on strike, which led to tension between strikers and police and dramatic events like the violent kidnapping of the strike organizer.

In 1936, Lowe Mill changed hands again when Edwin Greene of New York became majority stock holder of the renamed Lowe Corporation. In March 1937, Lowe Corporation was dissolved and the plant was sold to Walter Laxson and became a cotton warehouse. At the end of World War II in December 1945, Nashville-based General Shoe Company opened a shoe factory in Lowe Mill, employing up to 800 people.

In 1959, General Shoe Co. became Genesco, Inc. Two decades later, in 1969, most of the U.S. troops



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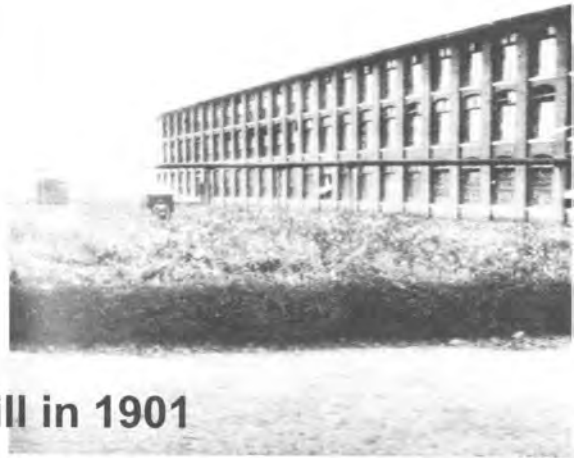
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Lowe Mill in 1901

in Vietnam were wearing boots made at the Genesco factory in Huntsville.

In 1978, Genesco closed and Martin Industries turned Lowe Mill into a warehouse for residential and commercial heating systems.

Over the years, Huntsville's other notable mills — Merrimack, Dallas, and Lincoln — fell victim to fire or demolition. However, Lowe Mill has survived a century of turbulence with a lot of help from Huntsville historians, entrepreneurs and philanthropists.

In 1997, the West Huntsville Civic Association was formed to save Historic Lowe Mill Village, which includes shotgun houses, homes made from discarded WWI bomb crates, rock houses and 1920's bungalows relocated from downtown Huntsville.

In 1999, Gene McLain, a commercial real estate agent, bought what was then a decaying mill. Then, in early 2001, Jim Hudson, founder of Research Genetics, bought the building from McLain and has since been restoring and revitalizing the facility.

The mill and surrounding neighborhood were added to the National Register of Historic Places in 2011.

The building currently houses Lowe Mill Arts & Entertainment, which provides art studio and exhibition space for over 150 artists and is still growing. The third wing of the mill is being renovated and will be ready for artists within the next year.

Concerts on the Dock feature local & traveling musicians who play for free each Friday night during the season and provide entertainment for people who bring blankets, food, drinks and pets to enjoy the night.

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Crashing Candy's Birthday Party

by Steve Burcham

Waking up on this lazy mid-summer morning in SE Huntsville in 1976, me and Markie boy ate breakfast at the kitchen table and then we loafed around watching TV downstairs. Just before noon, I interrupted his concentration on the Price is Right show and said, "Put on your swim trunks, it's time to go to Candy's birthday party!"

"I didn't know we were invited," he said, not taking his gaze off the TV.

"I don't think we are 'officially' invited, but she's been telling us about her party for over a week now. I'll wrap these gifts that we picked up for her at Pier 1 Imports," I continued. A few minutes later, Mark and I are standing shirtless in the kitchen in our swim trunks ready to head off to Candy's house which is 2 houses down towards Donny's on our side of the street.

"I don't know if she'll like these trinkets we got for her. I really didn't know what to buy a girl for her birthday so I went for the dainty shiny stuff," I said to Mark as we made our way out the back door, through the garage and on towards her front porch.

Arriving on the porch and ringing the bell, it wasn't long before Candy's mom appeared at the front door with a somewhat puzzled look on her face.

After she had pushed the screen door open, I said, "Mark and I are here for Candy's birthday party. We brought her these gifts."

Managing a smile, she said, "Oh. OK boys. Uh, let's see, right now the girls are lounging by the pool. Follow me and I'll show you the way," she continued as we walked through the house and towards the sliding glass door leading to the treeless backyard bathed in bright sunshine. Moments later, her mom presented us to Candy on the pool deck where the

party was already in progress.

Surveying the crowd, we were the only boys there. Candy and about 6 of her friends were lounging in the sun in their shorts, halter & tube tops, eating cookies off serving trays and drinking lemonade. Candy smiled as she sat upright in her chaise lounge and greeted Mark and I as we made our way over and handed her the gifts. She welcomed us politely and attempted to add our gifts to the pile of unopened ones by her chair, but we insisted that she go ahead and open ours now.

As she began to tear at the paper, Mark and I grabbed a handful



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of cookies off the trays and asked why everyone was "sitting around" and not swimming in the pool. As Candy examined the gifts we brought, she said with a smile, "Thank you boys! These will go nicely on my night stand. We are planning to open presents, eat cake, and then change into our swimsuits and get into the pool later," she continued as she quickly set the gifts to the side and got back to her lemonade.

Before she had fully reclined back into her lounge, Markie boy landed a "can opener" jump off the diving board into the pool soaking me from behind. Cringing due to the cold water splash on my back, my blood pressure began to rise as I thought, "This means war," as I turned around from my conversation with Candy to the pool where Markie was already out, standing on the deck on the opposite side, grinning ear-to-ear.

As I moved one way on the deck, he moved evasively the other way, always cleverly staying on the opposite side of the pool from me. Now all of Candy's guests were focused on me and Markie wondering what was going to happen next. Knowing that he was quicker on his feet than me, I decided that running him down to "scob his knob" would take up too much energy. I figured I could get him back later anyway.

Acquiescing for now, I yelled out, "Ladies, it's time for a dip!" While stuffing the remainder of the cookies into my mouth, I stepped onto the diving board and after a couple of warm up bounces and stretches, I did a cannonball into the left deep-end, which soaked Candy's friends lounging in their clothes to her right. Mark followed behind me with another jump, soaking the girls to her left. I finished the job with another nicely placed cannonball, which soaked Candy and all her presents.

Half of the girls were screaming and the other half jumped in and joined the mayhem. We were all busy splashing and having fun cooling off in the hot summer sunshine while Candy sat still on her lounge with water dripping from her bangs. She was smiling faintly but still indecisive about what to do next. Would she throw "caution to the wind" and jump into the pool with us or continue to act the "refined young lady" part and remain indignant on the lounge?

We didn't have time to find out, because promptly, Candy's mom appeared at the sliding glass door with a very angry expression on her face.

"Boys, get out of the pool! It's time for y'all to go home," she said as she walked toward me and Markie boy. We were already slowly and sheepishly making our way out of the pool like dogs that have been scolded after tipping over the trash. "Girls, go inside and get changed and we'll have cake and open presents next," she continued.

As Candy's mom walked us around from the backyard, we thanked her profusely for having us over. She showed us through the fence gate on the east side of the house and made sure it was securely locked behind us.

Out on the front lawn, Mark and I laughingly recounted the events of the party but were a little disappointed that we were unable to enjoy some of the cake and ice cream with the girls. "Oh well, maybe next time," we said in unison as we made our way back towards Donny's house to see what other adventures awaited us.

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Malcolm Miller, the Music Years



by R. V. Strickland

When I went to work at the U.S. Post Office in 1958 it was at that time I met Malcolm Miller. The two of us learned about our common love for hillbilly music, as it was called in those years. Malcolm had traveled the same path as I in our early years.

I don't think there was a musician in Huntsville who did not play music for Monte Sano Crowder. Malcolm's children attended Madison Academy. One day he came to me and asked me to help him put on a show for the school, and help them raise badly needed money. I agreed.

Our first show was quite a hit and we did several more at Madison Academy. The members of our band were Malcolm Miller, singer and bass; Rudy Strickland, singer and guitar; Margie Rosenblum, piano; Williard Whittaker, singer and fiddle; and Tommy Miller, singer and guitar. We had two young boys ages 11 and 12 - Bennie Wilbourn, guitar and singer and Eddie Dale Lones, electric guitar.

Word spread about our show and other schools started contacting us to help them also and we did. I would add that we never charged for our performance (if

so the school probably would have lost money).

We had a lot of fun doing these shows. On one occasion we were at Ridgecrest School and Malcolm was dressed in a manner that I cannot express here but I will try. He was wearing long-handle underwear, a top hat, polo shirt, a necktie and boots. He was a real sight to behold.

While we were on stage performing, some young boys went to the dressing room and took Malcolm's pants. When we discovered they were missing Malcolm took off hunting for the boys who took them and it was something to see him running up and down that parking lot, dressed as he was, searching for his pants.

Mr. Dubose, long time and well respected teacher and school Principal, found the boys and returned Malcolm's pants.

On another occasion we did a show for Riverton School and were on the way home. That night we were experiencing a terrible rainstorm. Malcolm and I were on the way home driving down North Parkway as we approached the intersection of Parkway and Oakwood, the light changed and Malcolm slammed on the brakes!

At that time the car started spinning around and around,

I don't know how many times, but it finally stopped. Malcolm looked at a car along side of us and said, "Look, they're pointing at us, they must think that we are a couple of drunks." We still laugh about that today.

One final word on this, Malcolm has always enjoyed performing and he did what I would call amazing: he would play four, that is four, musical instruments at one time.



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Memories of Lincoln Village



A high fence enclosing Lincoln School in this 1946 photograph kept students in and also kept unwanted visitors out. Jim the janitor had the keys.

by James Larry Wilburn

The movies were a big part of growing up in Huntsville. On Saturday we would either take the bus into town - or walk - for a movie. Go in the morning and stay until dark. Had a lot of choices - the Lyric, the Grand, or the Elks downtown. If we wanted to go a little further, we went to the Center Theater. For that dime we got to watch a double feature, a serial, a cartoon and the news. Yeah, before TV you got your news on the radio and if you SAW it, it was the newsreel at the theater. All day long at the theater!!!! Eating popcorn, drinking your Coke and having your Tootsie Roll.

The serials were always fun. Flash Gordon, Westerns (one I remember especially well had a bad guy called "PEGLEG"), Clyde Beatty and many others. The serials and movies were great. Each kid had his favorite and for the week between Saturdays you became your hero. Depending upon the game, the hero changed.

Old westerns became even more fun on TV when you could watch them with Daddy Young. As someone was killed, he would remark, "They're not really dead, they'll be in another movie!" He could watch westerns, make that comment and still believe wrestling was for real!! Go figure!

Not only the movies occupied

you and gave you a thrill - RADIO was there also. Your imagination was SO very much better than watching it on screen. Your imagination made the bad guys, the creatures, the situation much more threatening. I loved radio. I can still mentally see Red Skelton doing Freddy the Freeloader or the Mean Widdle Kid. You could never explain the thrill of radio to someone who has grown up with TV

Perhaps not so surprisingly, a lot of the Lincoln kids have done okay. Me, Herbie and many others. I think Lincoln helped prepare you. The old saw of "It takes a village to raise a child" was never more true than in Lincoln. I always knew that if I was hungry, I could go into almost any home there and say, "I'm hungry," and be fed. I could always go to any of the adults with a problem and get help. You had dozens of parents. You knew that if you did something wrong, the news of it would probably beat you home. You really didn't get away with much. Instead of being the "ALL KNOWING," I thought she was, my mother had a network of spies who reported on what we kids were into and the only thing faster than the "speed of light"

is the neighborhood grapevine.

I started school at Lincoln School. It had the 1st grade through 12th grades. Not only did I go there, but also my Aunt Dora, who was a few years ahead in the same school. My Mother had even gone to Lincoln! I really enjoyed it. I still get a warm feeling every time I drive by the old school. Had teachers like Miss Larkin and Miss Esslinger. Why are all teachers called Miss? I know many of them were married.

Later in my Lincoln School years I would meet Mrs. Keel, a sixth grade teacher. Mrs. Keel was a hard taskmaster. She was feared and respected. You did not cross Mrs. Keel. She wielded a mean paddle and did not hesitate to use it - albeit justly. Thirty years later, standing in a bank line, I felt a sharp knuckle rap me in the spine and heard the words "Stand up straight". Without turning around, I snapped erect and said "Yes, Mrs. Keel."

One of my favorite memories of school at Lincoln was something we called "Chapel". Almost every day, the entire student body gathered in the auditorium. The usual announcements were made, people were introduced, and kudos were passed around. Then we had a mass sing along. Easter Parade, Little Brown Church in the Dell, Row Your Boat, etc, etc, etc. I'm sure there was a lot of lip-synching going on but we sure enjoyed it. That and the music teacher - Mrs.





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Graham, I think was her name. She always led the singing and did one fine job of it. I didn't especially like the periodic music classes but I did enjoy Chapel, or Assembly, or whatever we called it.

Lincoln was also where I had my first cigarette. Two buddies and I bought a pack of Kools, climbed upon one of the school buildings and lit up. We told each other how good the cigarettes were while we were turning green. We all got deathly ill, couldn't get enough air and were falling down dizzy. You would have thought that would have kept us away from cigarettes, but all of us were committed smokers by the time we were 14 or 15. Surprising how stupid you can be, isn't it? Thirty years or so later, I managed to quit that habit.

Lincoln School also worked me a little. One beautiful spring I got to spread cow manure for a week. It beat being in a stuffy classroom on a beautiful spring day! About ten of us sixth grade boys loaded into the back of a teacher's pickup and drove to the local stockyard. We loaded that truck with manure and took it back to the schoolyard. There we unloaded it and spread it. Load after load. I was covered in manure. In my hair, in my clothes, caked around my eyes, nose and mouth. It was glorious! And it counted as school days! Had some green grass out front that year!

I do have a lot of pleasant memories of Lincoln. Like lying in bed on hot summer nights with the window open for a breeze, listening to soft murmur of the voices of the adults sitting on the front porch relaxing after corraling the kids and getting them to bed. Or perhaps lying in bed with my face next to the open window listening to the rain and feeling its soft patter upon my face, watching the lightening play across the sky and listening to the roll of thunder before falling to sleep. I still enjoy lying in bed on a summer night with the wind blowing in the window, listening to the rain and watching the lightning.

Every workday we would listen for the two o'clock whistle to blow.

"The one who drives while drinking Depends on you to do his thinking."

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Shortly thereafter we would see Mamma Young walking down the street from the Mill. Cotton in her hair and a smile on her face. The town folk may have called her (and us) "Lint Heads", but to me the sun shining in that lint made it look like a halo. Sometimes I close my eyes and see her coming down the sidewalk. She was my Angel.

On one of our moves we moved into a house on O'Shaughnessy. The thing I remember about this place is that the backyard was grown up really bad. Grass, or should I say weeds at least 4 feet high. Dad gave us a Sling Blade and put us to work. We worked our little butts off swinging that blade, getting the grass down low enough to run a push mower through it. I do mean a push mower - the

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kind powered by pushing - not a motor driven mower you push. Well we did get that back yard cut. I still remember it, but not much else.

From my first grade at Lincoln, I attended Rison School (I have since called it Andrew Jackson, I guess because it was on Andy Jackson Highway), Attalla Elementary, West Clinton, Huntsville Jr. High and Butler. All those schools and I didn't manage to graduate. Strangely, I don't remember much about Rison, Attalla or West Clinton. The main thing I remember about West Clinton was intentionally failing a grade to wait for a friend, Benny Lee, who was one grade behind. Really smart move on my part because before school started the next year, Benny moved away! So there I was, a year older than my classmates. And come to think of it, I haven't seen Benny Lee since then. As I understand it, Benny is dead now.

While we were growing up we had a nice diversion. During the summer we would often go out to Aunt Grace's farm. At least I thought it was her farm. Was a long time before I learned what a Sharecropper was. We did love going out there. Got to sleep upstairs and on a rainy night that was a treat. The rain pattering against that old tin roof could put me in dreamland in no time. I think one reason we enjoyed it so much on the farm is that we really didn't live there. It wasn't a way of life for us. We weren't expected to do everything our cousins were. We could do about as much as we wanted to and no more. We didn't necessarily have to get up before dawn to start in the fields. We could sleep in. I have sometimes wondered if our cousins didn't sometimes resent us. My brother, Buddy, would say "I ain't gonna sleep with Moody 'cause he sleeps nekkid!" Didn't bother me, 'cause I sleep in the raw also.

Once I was supposed to chop cotton. Being a town boy, I didn't

know a lot about chopping cotton. Uncle Ed told me to chop down those green weeds. Well, I took my hoe and began, chop chop, chop, cut that weed, clear that row! I was really doing a great job! At least until I had gone down about half a hundred mile long row and Uncle Ed came up somewhat irked! He asked me what the heck I thought I was doing. I told him "Choppin* cotton." I cleared that half a row perfectly. Behind me there was NOTHING green standing. Apparently I WAS "chopping" Cotton! Yeah, it went down with the weeds.

I didn't know what little cotton looked like. It was green and I was chopping green. Needless to say, I wasn't used for any more chopping. To be perfectly honest, I didn't really mind.

Uncle Otis (actually a cousin, a son of Aunt Grace) once let me try plowing. Turned me loose in the

field with Red and Tuck (a pair of ornery mules) and his plow. Told me to keep the furrow straight. Apparently I was letting old Red and Tuck meander a bit, 'cause he yelled at me and took the reins. I didn't get a lot of plowing done! Otis also gave me a horse once. A big roan called Maude. He was my

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horse. At least until I was picking cotton at Redstone once and the overseer road up on my Maude. I was really angry. Otis had sold my horse! Took me a long time to forgive him for that.

I remember the meals on the farm also. At dinner (that's lunch to you modern folks) we would sit down to a heavily loaded table. Beans, potatoes, corn, cornbread, meat and any number of other things. Eat our fill and head back outside. Aunt Grace would spread a sheet over the table and it would sit there until Supper (that's dinner for you modern folks). I remember Momma Young spreading a sheet or oilcloth over the table to keep the flies off the food until the next meal. Either there wasn't as much problem with food poisoning then or we just didn't hear about it.

We were living in Sparkman Homes when I attended Huntsville Jr. High. The only teachers I remember from HJH was the football Coach, Coach Berry and the Principal - Ol' Chrome dome (Mr. McGowan). Another was a math teacher who enjoyed playing with the girls. He sold encyclopedias. Mom and Dad bought a set from him. I didn't hit a lick that year in math and I still got an A.

I do remember a young lady who sat behind me and wrote on my back. I often wore white shirts - she wrote on them - it felt so goooood that I never told her to stop. I would just nod off! Of course my Mother would get a mite irritated! In another class, a young lady who sat behind me, name long forgotten, tied my hair in braids and knots in the back. I didn't say anything there either. Just combed out the knots. I did enjoy the walk home from school. Me, Joann and Patricia would stop at a drugstore on the corner in town and get a double dip Black Walnut ice cream cone.

These were teen years. Difficult! All I thought about was girls. Didn't date much. Didn't ask the girls out because I didn't think they would go out with me.

I did go out for football though. Practiced hard, really loved it, but couldn't get Mom and Dad to buy me any football shoes so I quit. I couldn't be the only kid on the team without cleats! I was always the idiot that volunteered to hold the blocking dummy and the blocking pads. I got pounded a lot.

I also worked at the S & S Supermarket. Worked for a Mrs. Savage. Bagged groceries, stocked shelves and anything else the Savage's told me to do. Even sat behind the two-way mirror behind the meat counter and watched for shoplifters. Worked from 5 to 8 PM on school nights and 8 till 8 on weekends. Earned three dollars a day. Generally, I owed over half of what I earned to the S & S for what I had bought or eaten during the week.

During this period I hated Mrs. Savage. She was always correcting my speech. Use a word wrongly or improperly and she corrected me. Later on I learned how much I owed the lady for those corrections, but when I went by to thank her I was a few years too late. She had died. I have often regretted not being able to say "Thank you."

Somewhere in this period I accomplished another one of my one-of-a-kind deeds. I had been out late and came home hungry. No one was awake and I was starved. Found a saucer of hamburger meat in the refrigerator. What luck! Made myself two big juicy hamburgers. Onions, tomatoes, the works. Had a late night

feast and went to bed satisfied! The next morning Mother asked me if I had fed the dog. I said "No, Why?" And she told me the saucer of dog food was gone! I didn't know it was dog food, and besides, the hamburgers were delicious!

My first year of high school and I was going to Butter High. I was more than a little bored with school, so, late in January 1957 at the ripe old age of 17, I convinced my Mom and Dad to sign

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the paperwork for me to join the Army. On February 4th, the Army Recruiter drove me and Edmond Blevins to Nashville to take our tests for the Army.

We passed all the tests - written, mental, physical and whatever. I had visions of being a Military Policeman (MP). Can't you just see a 17-year-old pimple-faced dork running around with a gun and enforcing the LAW? Strangely enough, I ended up doing something even more astounding! The Recruiters in Nashville told me that my scores qualified me for the Army Security Agency. I said "Great, what's that?" The Recruiter told me that he didn't know but that it was supposed to be a good deal. I said, "Sign me up!" He did, and that night I boarded a train for Fort Chaffee, Arkansas.

We arrived at the Replacement Depot and were bedded down for the night. Talk about a scared, homesick little boy. That was me.

While doing all this, I have always kept a secret place locked away within me. A place to which I return to find some calmness and solace when I feel my world has gone haywire. It is home. Not the home of today, but the home where I grew up. Lincoln! Yes,

I know you can never go home. Home only exists in your mind and heart. In my memories, I can go back there and be a child again. Momma Young and Daddy Young are no older than I am today. Mom and Dad are young. Fighting perhaps, but young.

Everyone in the Village knows everyone else. It is comfortable and safe. There are no drive-by shootings, no serial killers, no scam artists. There, I don't have to make decisions, which affect others.

Every trip back to Huntsville, I used to visit that old home. Sat out front and somewhere deep inside expected to see Momma Young and Daddy Young come through the front door, to suddenly be back there again. A dream that felt warm and good.

Now that home is no longer there, so I only visit it in my mind.

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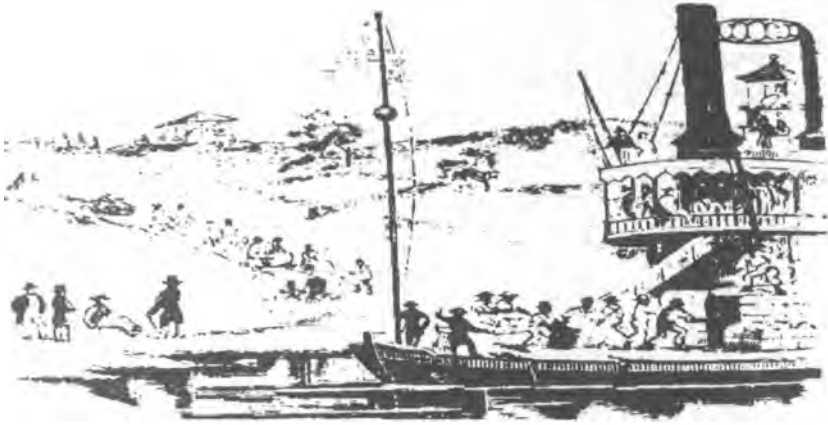
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Whitesburg, River Town

by Jack Harwell

About the time that the town of Huntsville was being laid out early in the last century, other settlements were springing up all over the county. These were generally located along well-traveled routes that brought the new migrants into northern Alabama from the large population centers to the east. A large number of these arrived from Virginia, entering Alabama by way of the old Winchester Road.

By 1810 there was a long string of settlers' homes stretching from the Briar Fork of the Flint River, between Huntsville and New Market, southward almost to the river. The area near the river was not well populated, partly due to its proximity to the Indian lands, which still included what is now the southeastern corner of Madison County.

One of the first of those who were willing to make their home on the river was John Ditto, who for a number of years operated the river landing at that location that bore his name. The Tennessee River was a popular route for merchants and travelers, and Ditto's business did well.

About the time that John Ditto was running his riverside trading post, James White came to Huntsville. Like many transplanted Easterners, White had money and was looking for business opportunities. In 1811 he went into business with Alexander Gilbreath,

who was possibly the first merchant in Huntsville. White and Gilbreath operated a store on Gates Street, a block south of the courthouse.

White later bought large plots of land at the site of Ditto's Landing on both sides of the river. The population of this area began to grow soon after the county boundary was extended to the Flint River (it was extended to the Paint Rock, its current alignment, in 1836). John Ditto's old trading post became a real town and it was incorporated by the legislature two days before Christmas 1824. The

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town was named Whitesburg for the man who owned the land where it was located.

The borders of Whitesburg correspond roughly to the limits of the marina and park which are located there today. The town was located at the southern terminus of the highway to Nashville. Its proximity to the river brought in a considerable amount of traffic.

In the days before trucks and trains, the rivers bore much of the nation's commerce, and many flatboats laden with Alabama cotton stopped at Whitesburg on their way to New Orleans. Often these boats would take on "Shoals pilots" at Whitesburg, who would guide the craft through the treacherous Muscle Shoals down river. Once calmer water was reached, the regular pilot would take over and the Shoals pilot would be put ashore, to return home on foot.

This long walk from Muscle Shoals to Whitesburg (or, in some cases, Decatur) was not considered exceptionally tiresome at that time; many of the river pilots who accompanied their boats down the Mississippi would return home the same way, up the Natchez Trace. Richard Anderson, a longtime river pilot and resident of Huntsville, is said to have walked from Huntsville to Whitesburg every day — before breakfast.

Whitesburg and other communities on the Tennessee River remained little changed for many years, even in wartime. Unlike some parts of Madison County, Whitesburg was relatively quiet during the Civil War. Occasionally Southern soldiers and sympathizers would smuggle arms and troops across the river to the Union-occupied north bank under cover of darkness. Federal troops confiscated all ferry craft when they could find them. Records show that a skirmish took place at Whites-

burg on May 29, 1862 but they provide no details.

For most of a century after the war, Whitesburg remained a quiet little village, like many others throughout the South. The road to Huntsville was macadamized and turned into a turnpike. A railroad line was built to the river, but Whitesburg was bypassed. Eventually the town's charter expired and its Post Office was moved. But Whitesburg, the place, still remained.

There were no schools in Whitesburg and children might have to travel a mile or more to reach one of the one-room schoolhouses, some of which were privately operated. One resident who grew up in the area in the 1890s recalled years later the first public school he attended, in a log cabin heated by a wood stove.

"We children would go out in the woods, chop a tree, cut it up," wrote C. D. Hobbs in 1962. "That was our fuel." The seats, he wrote, were boxes and the desks were "split logs with pegs in them."


With the opening of the Clay Bridge in 1931, the character of Whitesburg was perma-

nently altered. No longer was it the end of the line. Now motorists could drive back and forth between Madison and Morgan counties. The road became a state highway extending to Birmingham.


But if Whitesburg was doomed, its name would live on. The bridge became known as "the Whitesburg Bridge." When a second span was completed in the 1960s to carry southbound traffic, it became the Whitesburg Bridge too.

Today the Huntsville-Madison County Marina occupies the land where the town once stood. A plaque at the picnic area marks the location of John Ditto's store and the town of Whitesburg. There is an excellent view of the river here.

And even though most of the boating traffic nowadays is of the pleasure variety, river travelers still stop for supplies at Ditto Landing — just as they always have.



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My 1930 Model A Ford

by Judy C. Smith



After church I decided to have some fun and it was such a beautiful Sunday afternoon. I had gotten up and made waffles for breakfast, made it to church on time and gone to lunch with three of my favorite lady friends. So now was my time. When I got home I asked M.D. "You want to do something fun?" and he said what's on your mind? I said that I was getting my Washington Blue 1930 Model A out of storage and going for a spin, you want to go, I asked. No was the reply. OK, I'm off, see you for supper. Out the door I went, singing I'll be down to get you in a taxi honey and don't be late.

Didn't matter that I didn't know all of the words because when you are by yourself you can sing as loud as you want to and make up any words and if it sounds good to you that is all that matters. I called my son Martin, who was going canoeing in five minutes but said that he would wait to let me in the gate at Smith Storage and have Lizzie (Model A) running and waiting for me.

I was out at the storage buildings in record time, having made all of the lights. Must be my lucky day I thought to myself as I put my Mercedes in park, jump out and get into Lizzie. Martin questions me again and again are you sure that you know how to shift gears and drive her? You have only driven her only once and that was around the parking lot. I inform him that I am over 21, blond and went to the University of Alabama and I could do most anything. OK he says but remember that you lost the only key to your '37 Plymouth. (He had to have a wrecker haul it in and pay a locksmith to pull the steering column to make me another key - three keys to be exact).

Yes I replied and that cost me big bucks, I must be a slow learner, but it is hard to keep up with keys they just keep trying to get away

from me.

It is more fun than I anticipated driving Lizzie, everyone waves to me and gives me a thumbs up. I head to the golf course at the club to hit a few balls, just so happened that I threw my golf clubs into the rumble seat just before taking off. Just in case someone might ask do you want to play a round of golf. I'm sitting with my purse at my back along with a two liter bottle of water (never can tell when Lizzie might need some more water) and I need a little more help to touch the pedals.

Upon leaving the golf course I remember Martin's last words to me - check the water before you leave the golf course and don't lose the KEYS. I'm so proud of myself as I have accomplished both. I head down Oakwood Avenue with many thumbs up and horns honking. At the intersection of Meridian Street and Oakwood a nice Southern gentleman by the name of Bob Tooten got out of a red Chevy truck, he wanted to make sure that I got to where ever I was going safely.

I told him my predicament and he decided it would be best to follow me over the mountain to Smith Storage.

He got behind me, with his flashers on and off we went. On Andrew Jackson we turned and were on the last stretch home I kept saying to myself, "I Think I Can, I Think I Can, I Think I Can" and now the song changed to "I

knew I could, I knew I could, I knew I could."

We turn into the storage facility, forgot the gate code and M.D. came to my rescue with the numbers. Through the gate we went, parked Lizzie and were about to drive off when we noticed the tail lights were on. Not wanting to run the battery down, we turned around and were on a mission to figure out how to turn off the rear lights.

We call Scott and Martin and were told we know you can figure this one out, after all you went to Bama didn't you? We both turned every switch that we could find but to no avail. Finally I jumped into the car one last time, I found that by moving one lever just a little bit the rear lights were out.

I gathered up all of my stuff; golf clubs, water bottle, purse, and most important the big black umbrella. Bill walks me to my car, notices my left shoe untied, so he tied it, leaned through the window to give a kiss and hug saying I was just glad that you made it back okay.

I start the Mercedes up and away I go being so thankful for a smooth ride with the air conditioner turned up on super high. M.D. was waiting at the door ready to go out to dinner, saying what took you so long? What a fun afternoon and I don't even have to fix supper.

I just might take Lizzie out again next Sunday. If you see me coming just honk and I will get out of your way.

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EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR VARICOSE VEINS

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?

Pain, Aching, Swelling,
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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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Crooner Pays Off

Bing Crosby Ailing, Friends Say He's Sick over Bama's Win

Hollywood, Jan. 3, 1935

Bing Crosby was confined to his home today. The singer-actor said he had a bad cold. Friends say he was sick because Stanford lost to Alabama in the Rose Bowl game New Year's day and Crosby lost with the Indians. Crosby estimated he lost about \$750 on the game and said "nearly all" the fraternities at universities in the Southern football conference would soon be playing table tennis at his expense.

He recently sang the popular song, "Stars Fell on Alabama," and dedicated it to Alabama's football team.

"I explained that although I dedicated the song to the boys from Alabama, I was rooting for Stanford - and willing to bet on Stanford," Crosby said. "A day or so later boys in a dormitory at the University of North Carolina offered to bet me a table tennis set on Alabama."

"I took that bet, but told them if Alabama lost each of them could write a letter to my bosses telling them why I ought to get a raise in pay."

Before the week was out, Crosby said groups from nearly half a dozen universities in the South wanted the same wager and he took them all.

Today he was preparing to pay.

From 1935 newspaper

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- Educated 2 children in the Huntsville City Schools, both degreed, two grandchildren
- Worked 25 years in the Aerospace industry
- Broker, Real Estate License (inactive)
- Owner/Operator of ladies apparel
- Hosted "Live" Jackie Reed (TV) talk show
- Writer for "Speaking Out News" (10 years)

A sense of pride comes from choosing the needs of others over yours. It has been rewarding, having earned respect and trust from city employees and citizens.

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LOVE KILLS LOVE!



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

As the cotton mill began to prosper, such was not the case for its organizing genius. Apparently in his gallivant-

ing around the country, Love did not press his suit in time. The newspaper on September 21, 1881 announced the marriage of Ada Johnson to Mr. John E. Lanier of Madison County.

The paper further commented: "The Huntsville public was greatly surprised that Miss Ada, whose hand had been sought by so many suitors, had at last succumbed to Mr. John Lanier's offer of marriage."

None was more surprised than Mr. Love, who, when learning of the betrothal, lost his temper, became bitterly enraged and sought to avenge his loss by besmirching her character.

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

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



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd @ 4:00 P.M. = **EDDIE FROM PA** will be back hauling for this date!! Knowing Eddie this will involve multiple loads and a LARGE variety of Antiques, Furniture, Collectibles, Glassware, Advertising, Old Tools...You just NEVER know with Eddie!! Pictures, listings, and updates will be added to the web address below.

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Tweetie's Pet Tips

Raising Chickens!

"A whole lot more trouble than a friendly parakeet, but whatever."

Tweetie



Raising backyard chickens isn't very difficult once you get everything set up. They need a place to live in your yard, which includes a coop—or the house the chickens will live in—and a run, which is a fenced-in area that will contain them in the part of the yard you want to give over to the chickens. Both will also provide protection from predators—the run from daytime predators, and the coop from nighttime predators. And it's where they'll go to sleep and lay their eggs. Look at your yard, figure out if you have the space and also to check with your city's ordinances to make sure that it's legal.

The typical flock is three chickens and the minimum space for three chickens is a coop that would be about a three-foot cube, with a four-foot by eight-foot run. Now that's a very small run; 10 feet by 10 feet is best for a run. But that coop size would be ample, as they're just going in there to sleep and lay their eggs. But anything smaller than that and you'll be cleaning it out all the time.

There are about 150 breeds of chickens and about 50 of them are commonly available. And it's fun to do a lot of research and decide what criteria you want to use to evaluate them. There are a larger variety of chicks available than older birds. Each chicken lives about four to six years.

Ten Essential Beginners' Tips for Raising Backyard Chickens

1. Check with your city or other municipality to make sure it's legal to raise chickens in your backyard.
2. Figure out if you've got the space: a minimum coop size is three feet, but you'll need an additional enclosed run of at least four feet by eight feet—ten by ten is better!
3. Choose your chickens: Three birds is an ideal starter flock size. They're social and need to have company. Rhode Island Red, Barred Plymouth Rock and the Americana are great for beginners.

4. Keep your pets away! Cats are only a threat to baby chicks, but dogs are likely to be aggressive no matter how old your chickens get.

5. If you're starting with chicks, set up their space to brood: baby chicks need a heat source of about 95 degrees and will be inside for about six to eight weeks.

6. Fully grown chickens can stay outdoors year round, but will need additional heat if the temperature drops below about 15-20 degrees.

7. Mature chickens will start laying eggs at about six months—but laying is impacted by the seasons. Chickens that mature as the days are getting shorter may not start laying until early the following spring.

8. Day-to-day chores are minimal, but you'll need to clean out the coop about once every two months, keep the chickens stocked with food and water every day and add a new layer of litter every week.

9. Always use hand sanitizers after handling chickens, and avoid bringing them near your mouth or face.

10. Never visit another coop and then walk back into yours—especially wearing the same shoes. You could spread diseases to your flock.

It's a fun hobby; kids certainly seem to really enjoy it. There's a lot to learn in caring for chickens. The eggs are a great source of high-quality protein. It provides a type of food from your own yard that normally you can't get. You may be growing a vegetable garden that provides some carbs and some greens and some amount of protein perhaps.

But it's really unique in its ability to produce a source of high-quality protein for your diet, without having to kill anything. It's not like you're raising rabbits in your backyard and then you have to harvest them.

Raising backyard chickens also ties into all of the other systems; the composting, the vegetable growing, the egg production become integrated with chickens at the center of it.

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Across from Books A Million

From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Birth of Huntsville

by Tom Carney

Many people will argue that Huntsville had its beginning when John Hunt founded our fair city way back in 1805, while others will claim the cotton mills were the actual beginning. But for the people that lived and grew up here, the start of prosperity began with the launching of our first space satellite.

While the rest of the nation's economy was booming, progress had bypassed Madison County. There were few jobs and even fewer opportunities. Outhouses were still common in many homes and a large percentage of people still cooked on wood-burning stoves. The county schools closed for two weeks in the fall so the children could help pick cotton. Without their labor, it would have been impossible for many small "cotton farmers" to survive.

In 1950, the government had started transferring the German rocket scientists to Redstone Arsenal. A few companies started opening up offices in Huntsville to take advantage of the government contracts that were being awarded for research and development. While this

created new jobs, the majority went to people who had been transferred here.

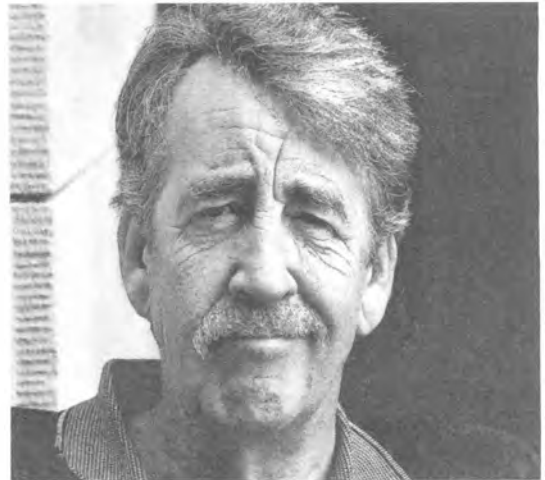
A few natives were lucky enough to secure "good paying" jobs on the Arsenal. J. B. Tucker and his wife Margaret felt like they had struck gold when he was hired. On Hurricane Creek, their home, they were considered "well-off," especially when they bought a new car and began building a new home. Mr. Tucker had been hired at 80 cents an hour.

Huntsville continued its slow growth up until the late fifties when the Soviet Union, under Nikita Khrushchev's leadership, launched the first satellite into space. World attention was focused on Huntsville, Alabama, as the rest of the world held their breath to see what we would

do. The sleepy cotton town would never be the same.


On the night of January 31, 1959, a Jupiter-C rocket was launched at Cape Canaveral carrying an 18 pound satellite. The citizens of Huntsville and Madison County anxiously stood by their radios as word was relayed from Mission Control. Finally, late at night, the word was received. "The satellite is up."

Instant bedlam broke out downtown. Folks from all over the county began con-



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Albert Einstein



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NEXT DOOR TO ACROSS THE POND

gregating on the Square, with more people arriving every second. Car horns were blaring and firecrackers were set off.

One resident, caught up in the excitement, even showed up in his pajamas.

Huntsville's representatives at the annual Decatur Chamber of Commerce banquet left in a mad rush when a waiter whispered the news to one of the members. The banquet hall was empty in a matter of minutes as the representatives formed a convoy to Huntsville, noisily blowing car horns the whole way.

Telephone switchboards were jammed as reporters from around the world relayed word of the celebration going on downtown. The next day The London News carried a picture on its front page of Mayor R. B. (Spec) Searcy setting off fireworks as jubilant bystanders cheered him on.

The Huntsville Times had sent its staff home and was shut down for the night when J. M. Langhorne, the publisher, received word. Immediately he ordered an "Extra" and employees began streaming in. A linotype operator was pressed into duty as a proofreader while another employee was assigned the task of making enough coffee to keep everyone awake through the night. Huntsville Times photographers, without even contacting the office first, rushed downtown upon hearing the news in an effort to capture the historic celebration on film.

Barely two hours after The Huntsville Times received word, the first "Extra" copy rolled off the presses.

Within days, Huntsville

became the focal point for the United States space program. High-technology businesses began pouring into town, setting up offices in converted cotton mills and anywhere else they could find room. Men who had made a living picking cotton the year before suddenly found themselves helping to build rocket components. One man, a house painter at the time, later boasted that he was offered seven jobs in one day, with each employer outbidding the other.

Of all the stories told to describe Huntsville's explosive growth after the success of the satellite, probably the best one is given by Leroy Hodges.

"There used to be this big cotton field up there in north Huntsville, surrounded by briar patches. Place was covered up with rabbits. About a month before rabbit season opened I went up there to look around, walk the fields and kinda get a feel for it."

"When opening day of rabbit season finally got there, I was up way before daylight, loaded my dogs on the truck and went on up

there. Well, it was still dark, so I had to sit there and wait for a while before I could see anything. 'Bout the time the sun starts coming over Monte Sano, I got a good look at the cotton field - only it weren't no cotton field no more. In the past month they had done built a subdivision, complete with roads and all."

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Area News Through the Years

Boys Whipped By Sparrows

A crowd of boys in Huntsville attempted to amuse themselves by throwing green apples into sparrows' nests near the mill last night, and succeeded in creating a very lively fight.

The trees were filled with thousands of birds, which stood the fun until it became monotonous and then they organized and made a fell swoop upon their tormentors. They flew straight for the face, and it began to look very serious for the urchins. Some of the boys ran to a safe distance and looked on, but the more adventurous waged battle. Two were picked at until their faces and hands were covered in blood, and they were obliged to defend themselves with sticks and clubs in order to save their eyes.

They tired before the sparrows did, however, and at last were obliged to beat a retreat to more thinly populated bird districts, while the feathered army huddled together and stared at them from a long limb.

From 1899 newspaper

Lightning Photographs: Extremely Rare Phenomenon took Place in Alabama

During a heavy thunderstorm that visited Sand Mountain, the evening of July 18, Miss Lillian Paul was in the dining room of her father's house. She noticed a gleaming tray about which reflections from the lightning flashed incessantly, almost like a flame.

Reaching for the tray to remove it, there came a flash of extreme brilliancy when she

placed the tray under the table and left the room. The next morning it was noticed that the tray bore upon its centre a profile of the young lady's head and face.

Mr. Leo Doft, the inventor of the electrical motor which bears his name, holds that "the picture was printed by light and not by heat, and that the flash was reflected from the face to the in-side of the

opposite window pane and thence thrown upon the tray, producing an actinic portrait."



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However curious this may be, this result is not peculiar to Alabama lightning, as the following incident, related by a northern newspaper: "We have heretofore published an account of a portrait supposed to have been photographed by lightning on a pane of glass in the window of an old farm house in this county."

Another instance of the same curious phenomenon has been found in the window of the Mansion House on the "Mount Eagle" farm, more generally known as the "Gentry Place." The portraits of four persons are plainly discernible - two men, a woman and a child. The faces are not all on one pane; that of one of the men and the woman being on adjoining glasses, the face of the other man on another, and that of the child on one of the lower panes. The theory is that the party were all looking through the window during a thunderstorm, when a sudden flash of lightning, by some mysterious process, instantaneously fixed their features on the glass.

The existence of the portraits are of comparatively recent discovery, and have attracted many visitors.

From 1886 Newspaper



Back From The Dead

Harvey Longtree, a farmer of this county and his wife Mollie Longtree were arrested yesterday and brought to Huntsville, the former on a charge of adultery and the latter on a charge of bigamy.

Warrants were sworn by John Hines who claims to be the first and present husband of the woman. Hines claims that Mollie had a suit for divorce pending in the Chancery Court and that although a decree of divorce has not been rendered, his wife married Longtree and since lived with him.

Harvey Longtree is seventy-three and his wife is sixty-five. Between them they have a total of eleven children with the oldest being fifty-four.

The confusion is supposed

to have begun when Hines traveled to Texas in search of a new homestead. When he did not return after several years Mollie filed for divorce but was advised there was no need of it as Hines was most likely dead.

She is said to have erected a tombstone in his memory at a local cemetery.

Longtree then paid court to the supposed widow and a short time later they were married and began their lives together.

The defendants were arrested by Deputy Constable Ferguson. They were arraigned before Justice Vaught who fixed their bonds at \$250 in the case of Longtree and \$1,000 in the woman's case.

From 1907 Newspaper

Each day is a gift.

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Dallas Mill: Huntsville's First Cotton Mill

by Raneé Pruitt

The little city of Huntsville originally began as a cotton town and regional trade center. With the Civil War and the devastation it brought with it, Huntsville lost much of its antebellum role in the state. In the 1890s, however, the Yankees returned to our city. This time, they came bringing Yankee dollars instead of bullets and bayonets. This unexpected financial boom came in the form of cotton mills, which combined Northern capital with Southern labor. While the impetus may not have been exactly altruistic — the Northern investors wanted to build their plants far from the labor unions — the mills did bring many jobs into the South, sparking a rebirth of the flagging economy. Huntsville would soon become an industrial center, with manufacturing communities encircling the city. The population increased rapidly, as mill workers moved in from the surrounding countryside and neighboring Tennessee. But it all began with the mill named Dallas.

Dallas Mill was incorporated February 26, 1891. It was completed and opened on November 8, 1892. The owner firm, the Dallas Manufacturing Company, took its name from the general manager, T. B. Dallas of Nashville, Tennessee. The original capital totalled half a million dollars, much coming from the wealthy Milliken family of New York City.

The impressive red brick



Photograph of child laborers taken in 1910.

mill building stood five stories high, and its floor space was estimated at 300,000 square feet. Employing 500 people, Dallas Mill was designed for 700 looms and 25,000 spindles. By the turn of the century, however, this capacity had already been doubled. The mill then used about 20,000 bales of cotton annually, which was a major boon to the local cotton growers.

As the years went by, the mill converted from steam power to electric, and new and more efficient machinery was installed. By 1916 an entire village grew up around the mill, including some 120 houses and another 74 tenement buildings. Eventually, the mill village would consist of around 380 houses and Rison School — built by the mill — was opened to educate the employees' children.

Laboring in the mills may have provided an income for many families, but the work was anything but easy. The hours in the early days were from 5:45 am to 6:15 pm, a to-

tal of twelve and a half hours. For this, each employee took home about \$14 a month. Thus it was not unusual to find the entire family working at the mill, combining their salaries to try to make ends meet. Rent in the mill houses reportedly consisted of one dollar a month for each room.

Other mills followed and by 1904 Huntsville could boast of 11 separate cotton mills. The city did not claim the mill villages, however, and it wasn't until 1910 that police protec-

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tion was extended to the villages. The different mills became communities unto themselves, and an intense rivalry developed between the mill worker families. Boys from one mill did not dare date a girl from another mill, or for that matter even set foot in another mill village. The hostility was especially intense between Dallas Mill and its nearby neighbor, Lincoln Mill. The boys from these mills used to meet periodically to engage in wild rock throwing battles, with casualties on both sides.

The Great Depression of 1929 inflicted its toll on Huntsville's mills, with the number dropping to 9 by 1930. Nevertheless, Dallas Mill survived. By 1945, at the end of World War II, just three of the city's mills remained in operation. But Dallas Mill was not to be the last. The big plant finally closed its doors in July of 1949, at which time the machinery and building were auctioned off for a total of \$953,617. Most of the mill houses had been sold previously to the families that occupied them. Lincoln Mill and Merrimack Mill both survived a few years longer, shutting down as recently as 1957.

For nearly half a century, Dallas Mill stood empty, simply a ghostly shell of its former self. In the 1980s the city of Huntsville was offered the building and the remaining 14 acres as the site of its proposed Arts Center, but the city council rejected the idea. Architect Harvie Jones also drew up a proposal to convert the structure into apartment houses. With the historic building approaching its 100th birthday, moves were made to place it on the National Register of Historic Places. But before that could happen, disaster struck first.

On July 24, 1991, a mysterious fire broke out, perhaps

carelessly set by a homeless person. The linseed soaked floor boards blazed furiously, and no human efforts could have saved the building. Some young spectators cheered as the historic walls tumbled spectacularly amid the bright flames. However, many an older resident wiped a tear from his eye as he remembered how his family had labored in the old mill. The salaries might not have been much, but at least they fed and clothed many Huntsville families and saw them through times of hardship. It was hard work, but it was decent work and honest.

Most of all, it let people keep their pride in supporting themselves without any help from the government.



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The Million Dollar Band

from The Huntsville Parker

In the summer of 1925, a group of musicians in the Merrimack community met at the home of George Davis with the idea of organizing a band. They invited Mr. John Hay, an experienced band director, to assist in the organization and he became their leader.

Since musical instruments were very expensive and many members of the band could not afford to own the instrument they played, especially the larger instruments, the band appealed to the Merrimack Mfg. Co. for financial help. Joseph J. Bradley, Jr., who was agent of the Mill at that time, took immediate interest in the organization. In acknowledgement of his assistance, the group called itself the "Joseph J. Bradley, Jr. Band".

The band played their first concert in the fall of 1925 in the Joe Bradley School auditorium, which had just been completed. They had a very fine reception and after that, played numerous concerts and took many trips with local organizations. They played a number of years at the Madison County Fair and also the Lincoln County Fair.

The group performed at the local celebration in honor of the Confederate Veterans held at the famous estate of Miss Virginia McCormick. United States Senator Almon was guest speaker and compared the band favorably with many of the great musical organizations he had heard play.

J. Emory Pierce, editor of "The Huntsville Daily Times" referred to the Merrimack Band as "The Million Dollar Band" and thus it became

known throughout the area. It was called on to perform at most important ceremonies and played for the dedication of three bridges — Decatur, Whitesburg and Scottsboro. The band made numerous trips with the local Knights Templars. They played in Decatur, Montgomery, Mobile and Do-

than with this group. In the early days of radio, they played over Station WSM in Nashville with much success.

The group disbanded in 1934, having given hours of enjoyment to many people and made "The Million Dollar Band" a musical group long to be remembered.



At the time of this photograph, the band had come to Mobile with the Knights Templars and was playing a concert in Bienville Square.

Members were, beside drums, left to right: Paul Ray and Virgil Lovell, Jr.

First row: Walter Holmes, Clarence Baker, Clarence Holmes, Hilden Holmberg, Oland Marks, Hiram Williams, Alfred Phillips, Red Smith, S. W. Walker, Jasper Pogue.

Second row: Ocie Cloud, Bill Rigsby, Greene Phillips, Stanley Parton, Lidge Tuck, Mr. John Hay, director, Authur Boyanton, Albert Smith, Loew Oldfield, Charlie Oldfield, Jeff Bayless.

Third row: George Davis, Edwin Phillips, Jess Wilson, Jim Potter, Herman Watley, Harvey Parks, F. B. Alexander, Harrison Williams, Linwood Bayless.

(Photograph Property of Charlie Oldfield)

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From 1888 Newspaper

The "raison d'etre" of the shyster lawyer is hard to explain, and, indeed, it is a pity that under those laws, which they affect to know so much about, these harpies of the justice's court cannot be sentenced to limbo for keeps. The outrageous way in which they prey upon ignorant people and especially upon ignorant unfortunates is enough to make any man righteously indignant. The shyster is a dangerous beast of prey; the justice's courts are his lair. The quarry he delights to stalk and pounce upon and gorge himself with, is the unfortunate with a fat pocketbook.

If an honest person happens to accumulate any money, he is reasonably sure to be hauled up before a justice's court on one pretext or another and frightened by the majesty of the law. When his knees are knocking together at thoughts of the stockade, whither so many people are daily herded, the shyster lawyer steps in after the fashion of some good fairy, gets what money he has and tries to have the case dismissed.

And if he does not succeed, why, what's the difference? The silver is already jingling in his pocket.

I do not mean to be unjust only to the shyster. Even they, I suppose, are entitled to some sort of fee. And, by the bye, I know of one legal firm whose retaining fees have been known to run as low as fifteen cents.

But my gorge will rise at the swindling, bulldozing and extortion constantly being practiced upon innocent gudgeons by these shystering nobodies.

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Delivering the Mail: Remembering Clarence Powers

by Tom Carney

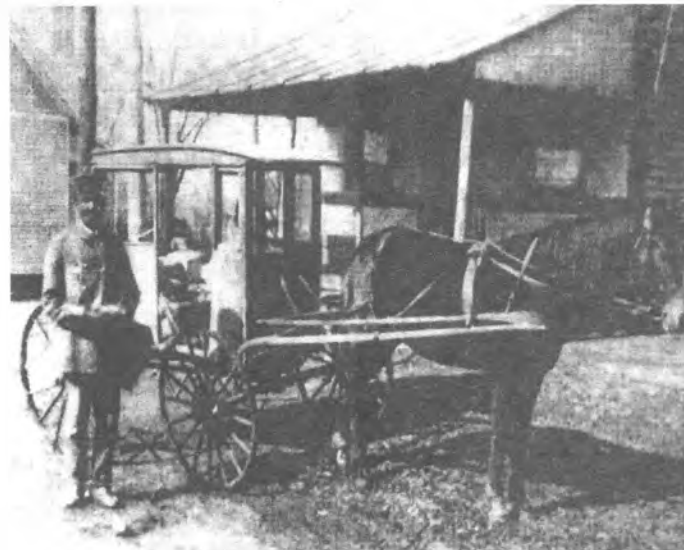
This may be hard for Huntsvillians to believe, but as German rocket scientists were preparing to move here to set up an arsenal that would change the world, our mail was still being delivered by horse and buggy!

A mail carrier for the Huntsville Post Office for over 30 years, Clarence Celia Powers refused to change to the automobile and delivered mail to his customers by horse and buggy until he retired in 1948.

Clarence was a familiar sight to all on his route. He knew all his mail recipients by name and would often carry candy to the young children along his route. The children especially liked to run alongside his buggy until he would get out of their neighborhoods. On several occasions he had stopped to help people in distress and was known to have a kind heart and a good sense of humor.

Clarence served several territories throughout Huntsville. His last route covered the area of Pulaski Pike and West Clinton Avenue. One of the few black men working for the Post Office at that time, Clarence was born in March of 1878 and was the youngest of five brothers. His father was a farmer and a Methodist minister and Powers had always taken an interest in church work. When he wasn't delivering mail, he was usually found at the church. Powers' high school education was received at Central Alabama Academy, located on Franklin Street.

Clarence became a mail carrier on June 1, 1917 after working for Chattanooga, Memphis and other Huntsville employers. He especially liked carrying the mail, he said, because he liked seeing



the same people every day. The fact that ladies along his route oftentimes would have pies and cakes waiting for him just provided an extra incentive. For all the eating he did, Clarence was a tall, slim man.

The last day that he served, January 27, 1948 was one of the most difficult he

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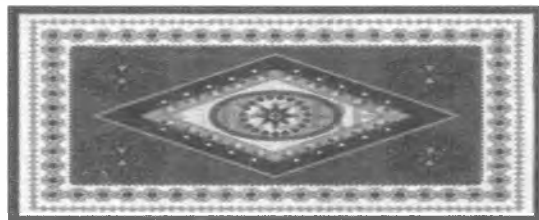
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Bob Hope, about his early days

had ever experienced, due to the severe icy conditions of the Huntsville streets. His horse had gotten quite old by this time and found it very hard to maneuver the slick roads. There were very few days that Clarence was not able to deliver the mail to his customers. He had many friends, both black and white, among the people who knew him and respected him. Powers was recognized by the Post Office for all the years of dedication he had given by a dinner in his honor, along with the gift of a beautiful pocket watch.

The new man who was to take over Clarence's route, when asked if he was going to use a horse and buggy, replied he was going to use a "gas burner, not a hay burner!"

Clarence Powers was 70 when he retired. Upon his retirement, the horse and buggy were consigned to the county barn. Two months later, a group of people led by farmer Ben Lucas bought the buggy and horse and presented it to the retired mail carrier in appreciation of his years of dedicated service.

For several years thereafter, Clarence and his horse remained a familiar sight to Huntsvillians.

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When Apollo Mission leader Neil Armstrong became the first human to walk on the moon, he had comments in addition to the historic "One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

After making that statement, and some discussion between himself and Mission Control, Armstrong made an enigmatic remark, just before reentering the lander: "Good luck, Mr. Gorsky."

Many of the crew at NASA thought the casual remark was directed to some rival Soviet Cosmonaut, but a check of the rosters revealed no Gorsky in the Russian or American space program.

Over the years, many people questioned Armstrong as to what his statement had meant, but he always just smiled and said nothing.

On July 5, 1995 in Tampa, Florida, following a speech, Armstrong surprised a reporter by saying that he could now address the twenty-six year old comment. It seems that Mr. Gorsky had recently died, so Neil felt he could tell the story at last.

When he was a small boy, Armstrong was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. The friend hit a fly ball that landed in front of the neighbor's bedroom window. The Armstrong family's neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Gorsky.

As he leaned down to retrieve the ball, young Armstrong overheard Mrs. Gorsky shout at her husband, "Sex! You want sex? You'll get sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"

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