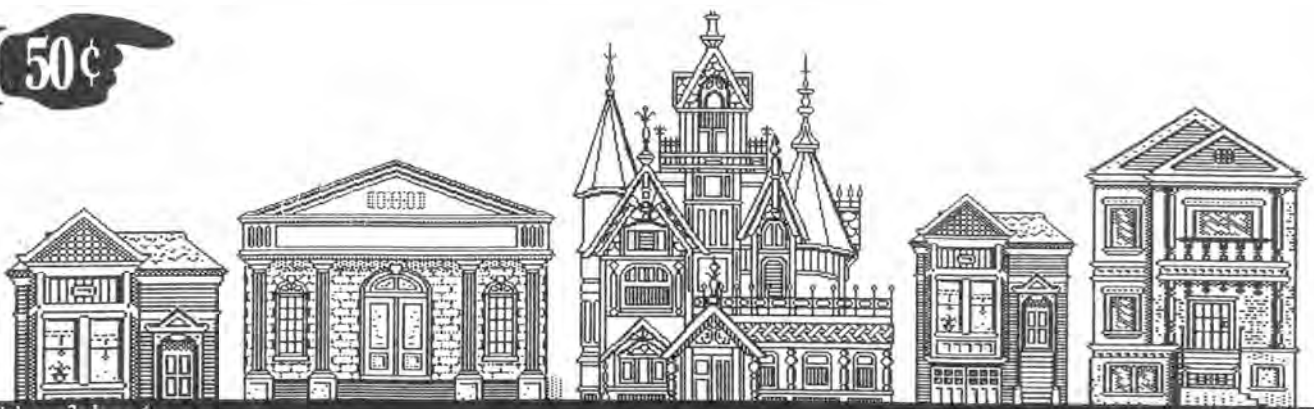


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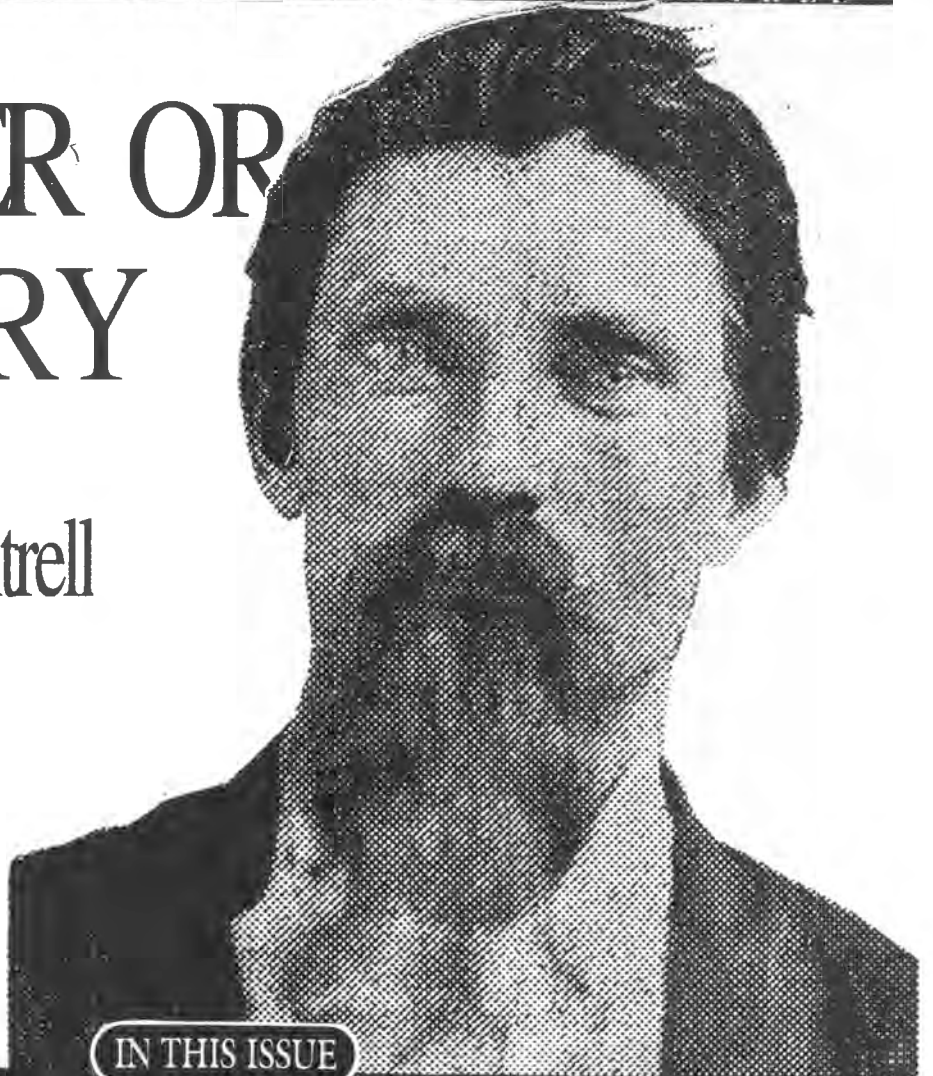
Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

MURDER OR MINISTRY

by Tom Carney

Bloody Bill Quantrell
Finds Salvation
In Huntsville
Pulpit?



IN THIS ISSUE

Page 28 ~ Downtown Yesteryears, Stories & Memories



Bloody Bill Quantrell Murder or Ministry?

The Civil War was over. Men who had once watched their comrades in arms die on a thousand bloody battlefields were now faced with the task of rebuilding their homes and plowing the fields that had laid fallow for almost five years.

For most men, their service for the Confederacy was a point of pride. Even the lowest private would spend hours rehashing past battles and remembering, and political careers would be built by men with the prefix of Captain or General added to their names.

A few men, however, wanted to forget. They knew that even the mention of their names would make the Yankees start scurrying to place nooses around their necks. The Tennessee Valley, with its strong anti-union sentiment, was a perfect place for such a man to take on a new identity and hide.

One of these men was William Clark McCoy, a Methodist minister who was ordained here in Huntsville. During the War he had become synonymous with bloody massacres and terror. While few people recognized the name McCoy, every one had heard of his real name, William Clark Quantrell.

Our story began in 1857 on the Kansas border. An undeclared border war had been raging for several years between Unionists and Southerners. Bands of outlaws, Union sympathizers calling themselves Redlegs and operating under the guise of patriotism, murdered and pillaged the countryside. In this conflict there was no middle ground, you were either for them or against them. A choice either way made you eligible for a bullet in the back and your home burned to the ground.

It was into this conflict that William Quantrell rode in the summer of 1857. Quantrell was a native of New Jersey whose older brother had moved to Kansas several years earlier. Shortly after Quantrell arrived, the two brothers decided on a trip to California. The first part of the trip was uneventful until they reached Cottonwood, Kansas and made camp for the night.

Late that evening, after supper was finished, a group of Redlegs approached the camp. At first the brothers were not alarmed, strangers were always welcome in their camp. Suddenly, without warning, the leader of the group pulled his gun and began firing at the hapless brothers. Quantrell was severely wounded, his brother dead, and all their worldly possessions stolen.

According to legend, Quantrell laid there for three days, near death, guarding his dead brother's body. Finally an old Shawnee Indian stumbled across the camp, helped bury the older brother and carried Quantrell back to his home where he nursed him back to health.



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Publishers

Cathey & Tom Carney, Bruce Till

Editor

Cathey Callaway Carney

Assistant Editor

Tom Carney

Associate Editor

Stefanie Callaway

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Clarence Scott
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Production & Design

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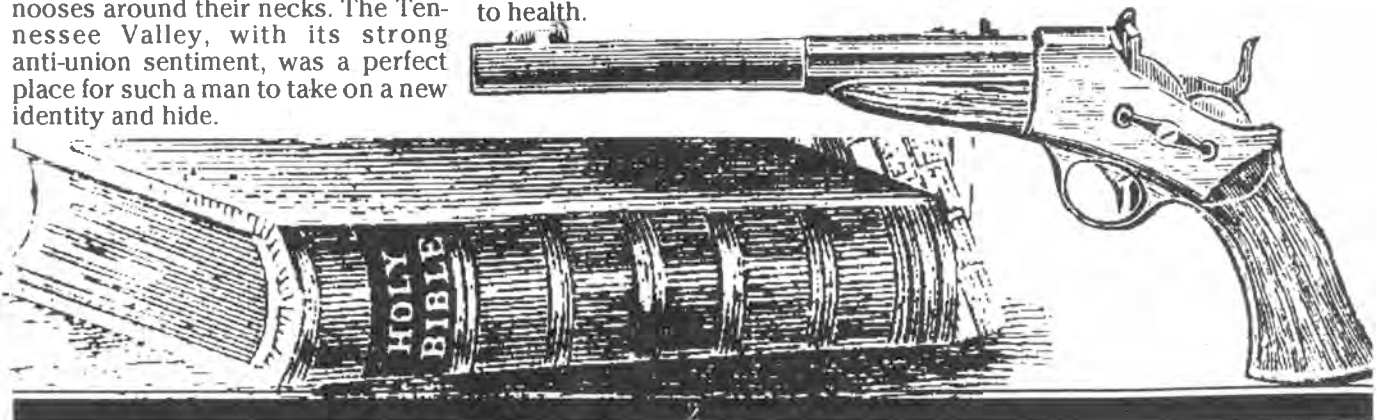
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It took Quantrell almost a year to completely recover his health and the whole time he had but one thing on his mind, vengeance for his dead brother. During this time he listened and



learned. He learned that the group of Redlegs that had ambushed him were part of a group operating under the leadership of a notorious guerilla chieftain by the name of Jim Lane.

Quantrell grew a beard, changed his name and began making friends with the guerillas. Now known as Charles Hart, he was quickly accepted as a member of the band of cutthroats. He enrolled in a company that contained all but two of the men who had murdered his brother. Enlisting as a private, he was soon promoted to an orderly, and as his leadership skills became evident, was advanced in rank to the position of sergeant.

Before long, Redlegs began to disappear. First one or two would be found hung, or maybe with a bullet in the back of the head. Then it got to the point where scarcely a week would go by without another dead body being found. Men began to whisper about the unknown Judas in their midst. Even the bravest men were terrified.

One night about a year after he joined the band, Quantrell was sitting around the campfire listening to the men speculate on the identity of the

Was McCoy Really Quantrell?

Both were the same height, same weight, same color hair and both had eyes described as "steely blue."

Both had a tattoo of an Indian maiden on their left forearm.

Both were expert pistol shots.

Both had the same first names, William Clark.

Quantrell had been known to use an alias.

Both had the first joint missing from the little finger of their right hand.

Both were known to be excellent public speakers

McCoy became a Methodist preacher and Quantrell had taught at an eastern Methodist College

Both had excellent writing skills. McCoy was editor of the "Christian Advocate" and Quantrell had taught English at an eastern college.

Many other members of Quantrell's band had sought refuge in Northern Alabama and Southern Tennessee.

McCoy's wife, though supposedly eligible, never applied for any sort of a pension for her husband's war time service in the Confederacy.

Both exhibited traits as natural leaders.

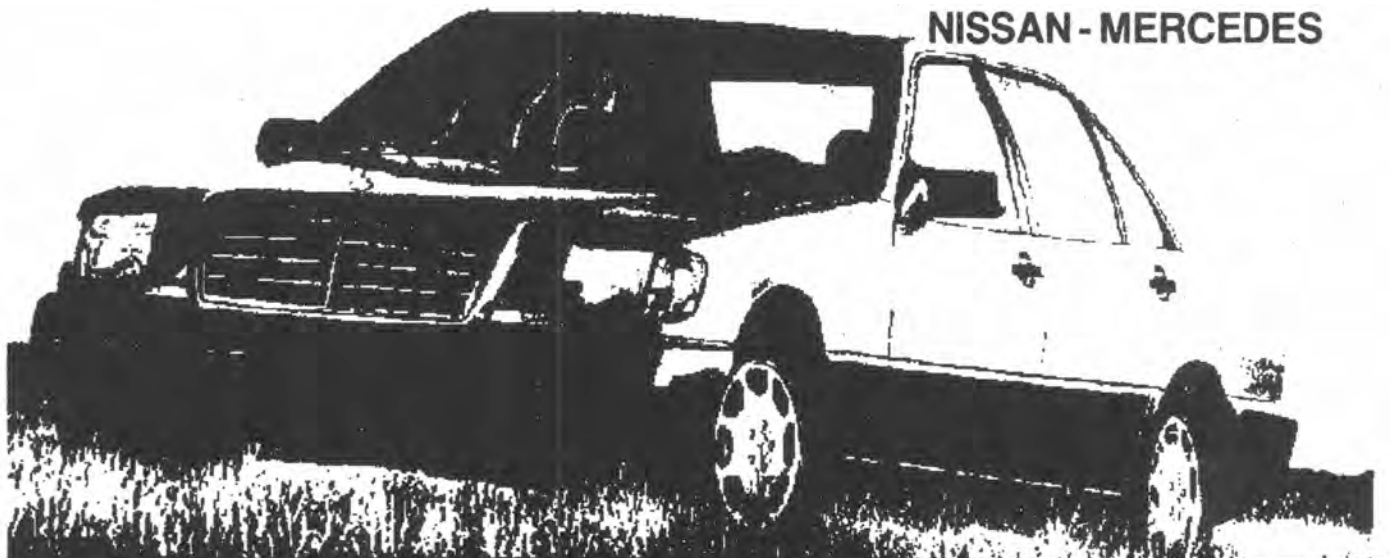
The only mention McCoy ever made of his family was that one of them had been killed by the Yankees. Quantrell's brother had been bushwhacked by the Yankees.

Methodist Church records identify McCoy as a former guerilla during the War Between the States.

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assassin. One man brought up the story about the time him and a group of other men ambushed two brothers on Cottonwood River.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "All those men are dead. I'm the only one left alive."

"Not for long," Quantrell said as he casually pulled the trigger on his pistol, sending the Redleg to burn in Hell.

William Quantrell was a wanted man now, with a price on his head, dead or alive. Word of his exploits galvanized Kansas and Missouri and it wasn't long before he began attracting recruits for his own private army. Jesse and Frank James, their homes burned by the Redlegs, joined as did Kit Dalton, Cole Younger and many other young men thirsting for vengeance.

Though it has never been verified, rumor has always persisted that Quantrell was commissioned a Colonel in the Confederate Army. This, however, is highly unlikely due to his tactics. Quantrell's army, fighting under the black flag, did not take prisoners.

His most infamous deed was the August 21st, 1863 raid on Lawrence, Kansas, where he and 273 of his men captured the city and put one-hundred and fifty of its citizens to death.

On May, 10, 1865, Quantrell and his men took cover from an afternoon thunderstorm in a barn belonging to a

Mr. Wakefield. Coming from the opposite direction was a column of 120 union soldiers commanded by Captain Edward Terrell. The union soldiers, seeing the fresh footprints leading to the barn decided to investigate.

Immediately shots rang out. During the furious gun battle, most of Quantrell's men were able to make an escape, leaving only five men behind, two wounded and three dead. Captain Terrell, upon questioning the two wounded men was shocked to hear one of the men confess his identity as that of William Clark Quantrell.

The man purporting to be Quantrell was badly wounded. He had suffered gunshots to the shoulder in addition to a broken back. Anyone could tell that the man was mortally wounded.

"Please," said the man, "Leave me here in peace to die."

After checking the man's wounds, the union captain agreed to the wounded man's request. Calling for his men to mount up, the officer led his men back to town, satisfied that he had caused the end of Quantrell. Unfortunately, his commanding officer was not as happy.

Angry at the fact that his men had left Quantrell to die in peace, the Commander sent another squad of soldiers to recover the fallen chief-tain.

By most established reports, Quantrell died about two weeks later of his wounds while being held a prisoner in Louisville, Kentucky. Before dying he was supposed to have been converted to the Catholic faith and made a full confession. His remains were buried in a local graveyard with no marker.

The burial marked the beginning of a mystery that continues to this day. No one that had ever known Quantrell stepped forward to identify the body. The only proof the soldiers had was the wounded man's own statement. Even the confession and the account that he had converted to the Catholic faith began to lose credence once it was pointed out that William Clark Quantrell was a Methodist.

Even the local newspapers hesitated to identify the person as being Quantrell. The Louisville Times, May 14, 1865 reported:

"Captain Twirl and his company arrived here yesterday from Taylorsville. They brought with them the guerilla who bears the name "Quantrell". It is not the Quantrell of Kansas notoriety, for we have been assured that he was at last account a colonel in the rebel army under Price. This prisoner was shot through the body in a fight in a barn near Taylorsville on Wednesday last. Five others were killed at the barn but what their names are we have not been able to ascertain. The prisoner brought here is confined to the prison hospital and is in a dying condition."

Adding further to the confusion is a newspaper article dated June 7, 1865 that throws the whole question of a confession into doubt.

"It will be remembered that a guerilla calling himself William Clark, captain in the Fourth Missouri Rebel Calvary, but generally supposed to be the infamous monster "Quantrell", was wounded and captured on the 10th of May and placed in the military hospital of this city. He died of his wounds yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock".

If Quantrell had confessed why did the paper still identify him by the name William Clark and state that "he was generally supposed to be Quantrell"?

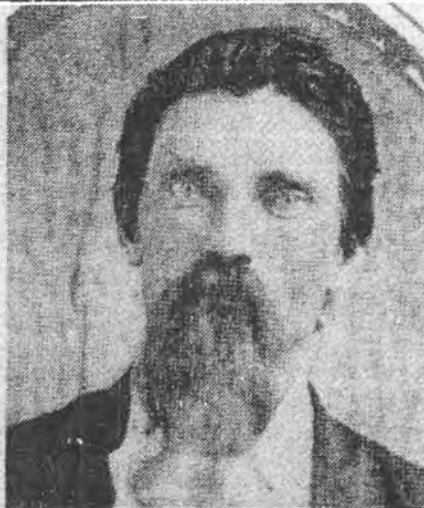
And so, for lack of a better answer, the military authorities buried an unidentified body and wrote finish to the bloody chapter of William Clark Quantrell.



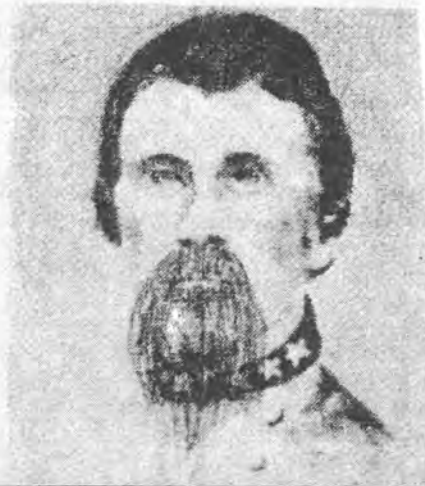
Frank & Jesse James



W. C. Quantrell as Confederate guerilla fighter



The Rev. W. C. McCoy



Artist Composite

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Or so they thought. When Quantrell's mother had the body exhumed to move it to a family plot, the corpse was discovered to have red hair. Quantrell's hair was black.

Almost two years later our story takes another bizarre twist. A young man by the name of William Clark McCoy appeared as a Methodist circuit rider in the Tennessee Valley. According to the story given at the time, McCoy was an ex-soldier who had served briefly with Quantrell and then later joined Stonewall Jackson's army as a courier. At the end of the war he learned there was a reward offered for members of Quantrell's band so instead of returning home, he made his way south to Alabama where he became a minister.

A search of all the records would later reveal no William Clark McCoy serving with Quantrell or Jackson. Even more confusing was the fact that years later his wife, before her death admitted there was a \$50,000 reward offered for the capture of her husband. Quantrell was the only member of his group who had a price on his head at the end of the war.

Rumors surrounded McCoy as to his real identity from almost the first day he moved to the valley. Photographs of Quantrell had been circulated throughout the country and there were thousands of ex-soldiers returning home from war who had fought with Quantrell or had seen him. Surprisingly, no one at the time thought it was strange that the man once known as "Bloody Quantrell" was now seeking salvation through religion.



After accepting the Methodist faith, McCoy became an active worker in the church. One of the anecdotes about McCoy handed down through generations had to do with him helping raise money for a church. The church was having a picnic along with games and contests. One of the contests was a shooting contest with the winner receiving a freshly baked apple pie. Unfortunately, even with the low entrance fee of twenty-five cents, the contest did not generate much interest.

Some of the local men, having heard the rumor of Quantrell being in their midst, and noticing the brace of pistols he wore underneath his coat, appealed to McCoy to try his luck. Maybe if the crowd saw him entering the contest it would encourage other men to do the same.

At first McCoy refused but after many appeals to his charitable nature he finally agreed.

The crowd grew silent as he approached the firing line. Twelve bottles sitting in a row at a distance of thirty paces were the target. Slowly he pulled one pistol and after carefully taking aim, hit the first bottle dead center. The second shot came a few seconds later and another bottle disappeared. As the gun began to feel comfortable in McCoy's hand again, the crowd watched with amazement as his body went into a crouch firing at the bottles so rapidly that it was impossible to tell one shot from the next. Moving so fast that his hand seemed to be a blur, he dropped the empty pistol and drew the other one. This time, instead of shooting with one hand, he threw the blazing gun from hand to hand as bottle after bottle exploded into a thousand pieces of glass.

People later said that after McCoy had finished firing, he stood there for a long minute, staring at the spot where the targets had stood, and as he slowly turned around to leave, reached down and unbuckled his gunbelt. Though he taught all of his children to become expert marksmen, and gave occasional shooting demonstrations he never strapped on a gunbelt again.

During this time McCoy had been ordained as an elder in the Methodist church here in Huntsville. According to legend, when McCoy signed the notice appointing him a minister, he signed with the name William Clark Quantrell. The Bishop then penciled in the name "W. C. McCoy" and kept the papers in his personal collection.

Word of his eloquence began to reach the church superiors and in almost an unbelievable short period of time he began to advance in his newly chosen career. Besides serving in the pulpit of churches in Guntersville, Birmingham, and Decatur, he was appointed the editor of the "Christian Advocate" in 1886, and served as financial agent for Southern University.

Even with the good work that McCoy was doing rumors persisted as to him being Quantrell. Neighbors and friends tried to get an answer from him, but McCoy, a man of God, refused to give any information about his past. As his children began to grow older they also heard the rumors. In a youthful attempt to learn the truth his children questioned him about where he grew up. He refused to talk about it. They asked him about his family and again he would not talk. Finally, exasperated, they asked him if he really was Quantrell. McCoy, by this time one of the most respected ministers in Alabama, refused to either confirm or deny the stories.

McCoy's son, Dr. J.H. McCoy, who at the time when he related this story was a Bishop in the Methodist church told about an incident that seemed to confirm, to him, his father's real identity.

The sons had heard the rumors about their father being Quantrell and they had also learned that Quantrell had a tattoo of an Indian maiden on his left forearm. Their father, however always refused to take his shirt off. Even in the hottest part of the summer he would not roll up his sleeves. One hot August day McCoy and his sons

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Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

Hemorrhoids are a common health concern, but they are rarely serious. Bleeding is the main, and in many people, the only symptom. Noticing blood in the stool can be an alarming discovery, but, fortunately, this condition is rarely serious. Most rectal bleeding is the result of repeated straining during bowel movement, usually due to constipation. Hemorrhoids are varicose veins in your anus. When excess pressure is put on the veins at the lower part of the rectum, or anus, they can become swollen and twisted.

Constipation is not the only cause of this condition. Obesity and pregnancy are other conditions that can cause excess pressure on the veins in the area of the anus, resulting in hemorrhoids. If there is a sign of anal bleeding, your physician should be consulted, initially, just to be on the safe side. The probability is that you have hemorrhoids, however, it is just possible that such bleeding can also be a warning sign of colon cancer.

If you are affected by hemorrhoids, you can do something to alleviate the annoyance and discomfort. You should eat plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables and whole grain or bran cereals and bread. You should also drink plenty of water during the day. These measures will help to assure a soft, easily passed bowel movement. A sensible diet and good hygiene will generally control hemorrhoids and will probably clear up a mild case. Over-the-counter stool softeners and soothing creams and suppositories are also available to help relieve the symptoms. However, it is a good idea to consult with your doctor before taking any medication.

Sometimes, in more serious cases, medical treatment is recommended. Hemorrhoids can be treated by injecting a special shrinking agent into internal hemorrhoids or using a procedure to "freeze" the affected veins (cryosurgery), or removing the swollen veins surgically.

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were working in a field next to a cool flowing creek. Late that afternoon the boys suggested a dip in the water to cool off. "Go ahead," McCoy said, "I'll be along directly."

After the boys had finished their refreshing dip, they dressed and went in search of their father, who in the meantime had disappeared. Walking down the creek they found their father with his shirt off, bathing in the creek. Seeing the tattoo of an Indian maiden on their father's left forearm, the boys began to ask questions.

McCoy, highly agitated, quickly put on his shirt and told the boys ... "Now listen to me, you haven't seen a thing, not a thing, you understand!"

One evening, while still a pastor at Haneys Chapel, near Guntersville, he read in the newspaper that Frank James was being held prisoner in the Huntsville jail. Summoning his brother-in-law to accompany him, he told his wife, "I must go to Huntsville and see Frank James".

After arriving in Huntsville they quickly received permission to talk with the prisoner. The Huntsville city





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jailer at that time and McCoy's brother-in-law both verified what happened next.

As the door to the cell opened, Frank James was sitting on an army cot idly glancing through a book. Looking up and seeing that he had visitors, he started to speak, and then fell silent with a look of astonishment on his face. "Bill", James cried out, "Everyone said you were dead!"

McCoy asked the other men to step outside so they might talk in private. Again, true to his character, he refused to ever reveal what they talked about. Later, when his wife questioned him, McCoy simply

chucked and replied that James had said, "If you can become a preacher, anyone can."

The years wore on and more people stepped forward claiming that Reverend McCoy was really Quantrell. He finally admitted to knowing and having been friends with Jesse and Frank James, the Younger brothers and numerous other members of the outlaw band but he still refused to give an answer to the question that was on everyone's mind.

William Clark McCoy died in 1891 in Decatur, Ala. His children knowing that their father kept a collection of old papers, wanted to settle the mat-

ter of who he really was. They were too late. Their mother, upon his death had burned the papers. While she readily admitted that McCoy was not his real name and that there had been a \$50,000 reward for his capture, she refused to reveal his real name. "I promised your father to never talk about it" was all she had to say.

McCoy's children and grandchildren, some of whom went on to become noted professors, judges and pastors, traveled thousands of miles, spent untold hours pouring over old records and interviewed countless people in order to establish a genealogical record of their family. In all of their research, the only thing they could establish was that no such person as William Clark McCoy existed before 1866. The only records are those that he chose to give. Even these records present a puzzle. In the course of twenty years, he listed four different places of birth and four different birthdays. Was the quiet spoken Methodist Preacher really the blood thirsty William Clark Quantrell? Although his family believes it to be so, possibly no one will ever be able to prove it conclusively.

The one thing that we can be certain of is that his name was not William Clark McCoy.

Thank You!

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We hope we will continue to bring you Huntsville's history in the same manner as we have in the past.

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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to godliness.

Keep your crackers crisp in the most humid of summer days by putting them in the refrigerator, wrapping securely.

Two good ways of keeping garlic fresh - in the freezer, or in a bottle of vegetable oil.

You can freeze honey - put it in small plastic freezing bags and it will thaw out in no time.

Cigarettes that continue to burn in the ashtray are a real pain. Put 1/2 inch of baking soda in the bottom of the tray to prevent this.

To brush away cobwebs, slip a sock over the end of a yardstick. Secure it with a rubber band.

To prevent dampness in your closets, fill a coffee can with charcoal briquets. Punch holes in the cover and place the container on the floor. For large closets use 2 or 3 one-pound coffee cans.

Store your out-of-season clothes in large plastic lidded trash cans. Your clothes will be moth proofed, as well as stay dry.

A piece of chalk in your jewelry box will prevent costume jewelry from tarnishing.



Sin is not a new problem for the towns and cities. No sir! It's been with us awhile.

Larry Barnes, who has a gun and pawn shop, was at Eunice's breakfast table the other day, remembering when it was considered a sin to go to the movie theaters. Others at the table remembered, also.

"I've always lived in or near this part of the country, said Paul Westheiderman and I think I'm the only senior citizen who hasn't seen *Gone With the Wind*. If it ever comes out on videotape I'm gonna rent it and play it backwards, so the correct side will be the victor."

"We had a preacher who said television was sinful and you could tell who the sinners were because they all had demonic antennas sticking from their rooftops," said Lois "P'nut" Wilson, a Jackson Way barberess.

This brings us to old man Clement Williams, who lived in these parts in the 1940s. He was a prime example of why churches need to send missionaries into the nearby communities.

The Williamses lived about 20 miles from town, as the crow flies, and seldom came to town except for their quarterly food supplies. Nobody knew much about them. They didn't get mail and the only store-bought things they purchased in town were shoes and winter clothes.

One bright Sunday afternoon a young man from a Presbyterian seminary was in town working with a local congregation. He ventured into the rural area to spread the gospels. About mid-afternoon he spied the narrow path that leads off the main road down toward the Williams house.

He walked the half-mile trail.

Mrs. Williams saw him coming and figured he was just a revenuer trying to find an illicit whiskey still. Those things were still plentiful in those days. She met him with a shotgun in her hand.

"Good afternoon, mam!" greeted the young gent, casting a nervous eye toward the gun. "Is your husband home?"

"Nope," she said. "He's off hunting them deers."

"Oh, my! You mean he's hunting on a Sunday?" quizzed the preacherboy. "Isn't he afraid of the Messiah?"

"Naw, he took his gun and them dogs with him."

"Well, tell me ma'm," the young man continued, "Are there any Presbyterians around here?"

"Not that I know of, but there are some people down the road who have some mighty strange hides stretched on their boards."

Totally aghast at the responses he was getting, the preacherboy asked Mrs. Williams if she had religion.

"Naw," she said. "This here's a rash from eating too many tomatoes, but the Phillipses down the road may have it. They've all been down with something lately. Some of them are stirring around again now, though."

"In other words, ma'm, you aren't living in the light?"

"Don't reckon I am," said she, "but I've been trying to get my man to cut another hole in the wall for a window. That oughtta help a bit."

The boy turned to leave, but reminded Mrs. Williams that judgment day would be coming soon.

"Well, if you find out when it is, don't tell my old man. Me and the kids would like to go see it, but my old man would raise a fit before he'd let us have any entertainment."



The WPA Blues

During the depression of the 1930's, my Dad, like thousands of others in the construction industry, had to look for additional work to supplement his income. He was an accomplished guitarist and vocalist and was able to get a job singing and playing on WSFA Radio in Montgomery. During this period he also worked for the government sponsored WPA (work projects administration).

He became quite popular at WSFA and soon had his own radio show called "The Little Jack Rushton Radio Show" which came on in the thirty minute time slot just before the national broadcast of the "Gene Autry Ranch Show" on Saturday night.

In order to promote the station and to help keep the depression off everybody's mind, WSFA decided to sponsor a local talent contest to be held at the Paramount Theater in Montgomery with the first prize being a guest appearance on my Dad's radio show.

One of the contestants in the show was a tall skinny country boy calling himself "Luke The Drifter." The boy performed a song that he said he had written himself called the "WPA Blues." My Dad said that he didn't think that the song or the performer was very good but that half the audience worked for the WPA and they really liked something about the kid so they voted him the winner.

A week later the young man came to the radio station to claim his prize of performing on the "Little Jack Rushton Show." Dad introduced him as Luke the Drifter and the boy sang the same song that he had won the contest with. After the show was over and everybody was packing up to leave, the kid came up to my dad and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

My Dad, not wanting to tell the boy what he really thought, just told him that his singing and writing style was a "little to raw and country," and he would have to polish his act up a good bit if he ever hoped to make it in the music business. He also told the boy that he would probably do better working for the WPA than he would singing about it.



RUMORS & HEARSAY

Old Huntsville Trivia

1819

Delegates meet in Huntsville to found the new state of Alabama. The meeting was held in a building on the corner of Gates and Franklin Streets.

1820

The pillory, located on the courthouse square, is being kept busy. John McAnally is sentenced to stand at the pillory for two hours, in addition to receiving 39 lashes on the back.

1825

The Huntsville Thespian Society opens a theater on the corner of Lincoln and Clinton Streets. The first play performed was entitled "Heir at Law."

1827

Andrew Mills, editor of the "Huntsville Democrat" is shot and killed at the Big Spring in a duel. William McClung, State Representative, had taken offence at one of Mills editorials. McClung was later acquitted on a plea of self defense.

1829

The First City Hall is occupied. The furnishings consisted of one desk and a dozen chairs.

1831

The first keelboat, loaded with bales of cotton, leaves the dock at the Big Spring on its journey to the Tennessee River where the cargo would be transferred to steamboats.

1854

The city council passes an ordinance forbidding slaves to be sold in the courthouse yard except for the First Mondays of every month.

1855

In its never-ending battle to come up with new taxes, the city council places a tax on clocks, gold charms and "money hoarded." Fourteen years later there was a serious discussion about taxing "newborn children." When one member pointed out that some people had more children and it would not be a fair tax, another member suggested taxing Huntsville's citizens for the "effort." Only in politics!

As the dejected boy was leaving the studio my Dad called out to him, "By the way kid, what's your real name?"

"Hank Williams" the boy replied.

As you probably guessed by now the event described above turned out to be the first public radio performance of the legendary Hank Williams. After the depression my Dad went back in the construction business and Hank, well, we all know what he did.

Jack Rushton

No Help Needed

by Jim Harris

We lived on Gurley Pike about a quarter of a mile on the Gurley side of the Rutland Road-Gurley Pike intersection at the bottom of the hill. I was 17 years old and it was the summer

between my junior and senior years of high school. I remember because I tried to join the Army, but the recruiter talked me into finishing school.

It was a time when I was tired of working from daylight until dark almost every day I was not in school and having nothing to show for it. At that time in my life I felt that there had to be more to life than the bare necessities. I thought the Army was the answer. With dependent pay, it would also help my parents. I could have also gotten my fool head blown off, because the Korean conflict was still in high gear.

On this particular day I went to the barn to feed the livestock. I must have gone a little early because the stock were not at the barn. I could see them at the other end of the pasture which was about a quarter of a mile away.

Usually, the animals were where they were supposed to be at feeding time. Occasionally though, they weren't and would ignore your calling. Then you had to go look for them. Where did you eventually find them? At the edge of the pasture, behind a bush or tree looking out at you looking for them—and we call them dumb animals.

On this occasion I could see them, so I started calling. The cow started for the barn immediately but not the hogs. I had to call them a good five to ten minutes just to get them started.

Just as they got to the barn, Mr. Kenneth Houk with a half dozen boys and men (one or two of the boys were Rutland boys, grandsons of the man for whom Rutland Road was named) in a pickup truck stopped on the road above the barn. Mr. Houk asked if I had heard anyone hollering for help, that it stopped only a couple of minutes ago. I told him that I hadn't heard any hollering.

They had been at Mahaffey's store at the intersection of Harrison Cove Road and Gurley Pike, a mile away, when they heard what sounded like someone hollering for help. After it went on for five minutes or so, they decided that it was time to check into it.

Mr. Houk asked me what I had been doing for the last ten minutes. I told him that I had been at the barn feeding the stock. They left and continued on up the hill.

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 Walmart - South Parkway
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 Winn Dixie - Oakwood Avenue
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 Great American Car Wash - University Drive
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A few minutes later they came back and stopped again. Mr. Houk asked me if I had been calling hogs. I told him that I had. For how long? Oh, five minutes or so. They left without saying another word.

Don't believe they could hear me calling hogs a mile away? Try this. Step outside your house and for about ten minutes, as loud as you can, go "wooooooo, pig, pig." Make the "woo" long and high-pitched followed by a low-pitched "pig, pig." I'll bet that within ten minutes you'll have more police than you can shake a stick at parked in front of your house. ■

POCAHONTAS

In 1969 the question was asked "a descendant of Pocahontas in Morgan County?"

It seems that, at the time, Mrs. Eula Williams Marion could trace her lineage back to the famous Indian maid Pocahontas of colonial times.

The familiar story has been told over and over how the beautiful Indian girl saved the life of Captain John Smith the leader of the settlers in Jamestown, Virginia. Evidently her father, the Indian Chief Powhatan, was about to kill poor Smith with a stone war club when she threw herself between them. She later married John Rolfe, converted to Christianity, took the name Rebecca and went to London as an "American Indian Princess." She died in London of smallpox in 1616. Many prominent Virginia families trace their ancestry to her.

Mrs. Marion who was 88 described her lineage in some detail to include the fact that she was the last full-blooded Cherokee Indian in the Cotaco community.

Her parents were Powhatan and Mary Ann Williams who were prominent land owners at the turn of the century.

Dan Blizzard's story includes at least one genealogical study of the descendants of Pocahontas which lists a Jonah Williams who married an "Eldridge," granddaughter of the maiden. The surnames Powhatan and Pocahontas are found in the genealogical tables of the Cherokee Indians and more frequently among Pocahontas' descendants.

Mrs. Marion proudly said "My father was Cherokee, and my mother was Cherokee, and I have heard all my life that my father could trace his family all the way back to Pocahontas."

Mrs. Marion was the last of nine children of Powhatan and Mary Ann Williams. She lived with her daughter, Mrs. Dewey Day in the Cotaco community.

A close family friend, ninety-two year old Mrs. Mattie Thomas related that as school kids, she and a group of school students explored a nearby cave. She said that by the light of their candles they found the names of Powhatan and Pocahontas on the wall. she went on to say that Powhatan

Williams and his sister Pocahontas Williams must have played together in the cave as children.

Mrs. Marion recalled that her grandfather Thomas Roper Williams was the Judge of the County in the early 19th Century.

Mrs. Marion was married to Henry Thomas Marion a Baptist Minister.

As a man of the cloth, he must have been proud to have been part of a living legend - one that personifies kindness and helping your fellow man. A legend that I doubt will ever die in American folklore.



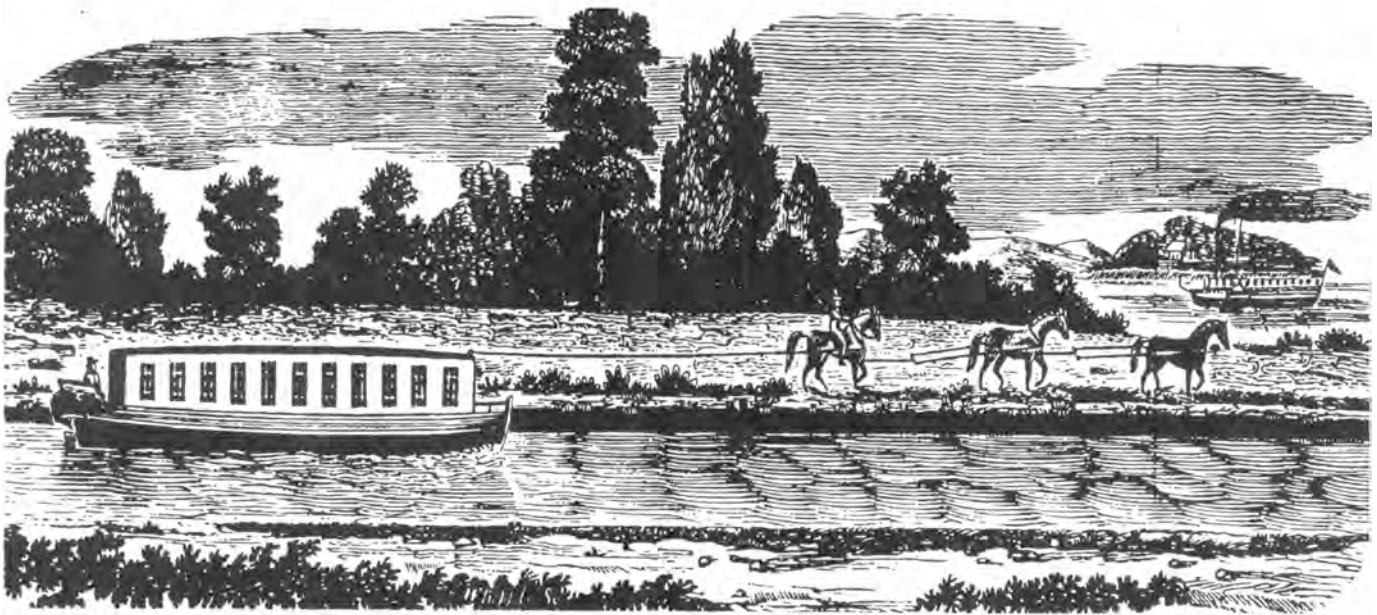
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Early History of Huntsville, Ala.

CANAL BUILDING

From The Memoirs
of Judge Taylor

The enterprise of the inhabitants of the town and county was not wholly consumed with this business of establishing highways; for the citizens of Huntsville were concerned about providing the community with navigation at its very door, thereby fixing beyond all cavil, its enduring commercial supremacy. The newspapers of that day display the monumental effort to "bring the mountain to Mohammed," to bring the Tennessee river commerce to her gates. Confidence in the success of the lock and dam project of the Indian Creek Navigation Company was not confined to a few but was shared by all alike. Many were the wealthy and prominent men who showed "their faith by their

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works," giving liberally of their time and means. Chiefest among these was Dr. Thomas Fearn, some of whose worthy descendants yet live in Madison County. To his indefatigable energies was mainly due the realization of this dream. In latter years it was known as "Fearn Canal."

The plan was to render navigable by a series of locks and dams, the Big Spring branch or creek to its confluence with Price's Fork of Indian creek, and the latter stream, from that point to where it flows into the Tennessee river at Triana. The first positive action toward the attainment of this end was taken when, on December 21, 1820, "Indian Creek Navigation Company" was chartered by act of the Legislature, with Leroy Pope, Thomas Fearn, Stephen S. Ewing, Henry Cook and Samuel Hazard, as commissioners to pen books for subscription to stock in the corporation. Section seven of this act further provided: "That said corporation should have power and authority to open and improve the navigation of Indian creek, in Madison County, from the spring at Huntsville to the town of Triana, at the mouth of said creek, by removing the obstructions therein, opening canal or canals, or such other mode or way as they may deem expedient." To this end powers of eminent domain were conferred upon the company. The charges to be made were regulated by section 11, which declared "that whenever said creek should be rendered navigable for boats drawing ten inches of water, and so long as said creek shall be left thus navigable, it shall be lawful for said corporation to demand and receive toll on all boats navigating the same between said towns of Huntsville and Triana, at the following rates: Two dollars for every ton of freight which said boat carries, provided that toll shall not be collected on boats running between Prout's Mill and Triana."

The company had no "authorized capital," the only limitation upon its right to issue stock was that it should be "in shares of fifty dollars each." The right to increase the capital stock, existing at any time, appears to have remained with the directors, five in number; of whom one was to be president of the Company. However, the act did provide "that as soon as the sum of \$10,000.00 shall have been subscribed, notice thereof shall be given by the commissioners," named



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heretofore; after which the subscribers were to proceed to the details of organization.

Legislative sanction having been obtained, pursuant to the mandates of the charter, on March 30, 1821, notice was given in the (Huntsville) Alabama Republican that, "The Indian Creek Navigation Company will sell stock at the Planters & Merchants' Bank."

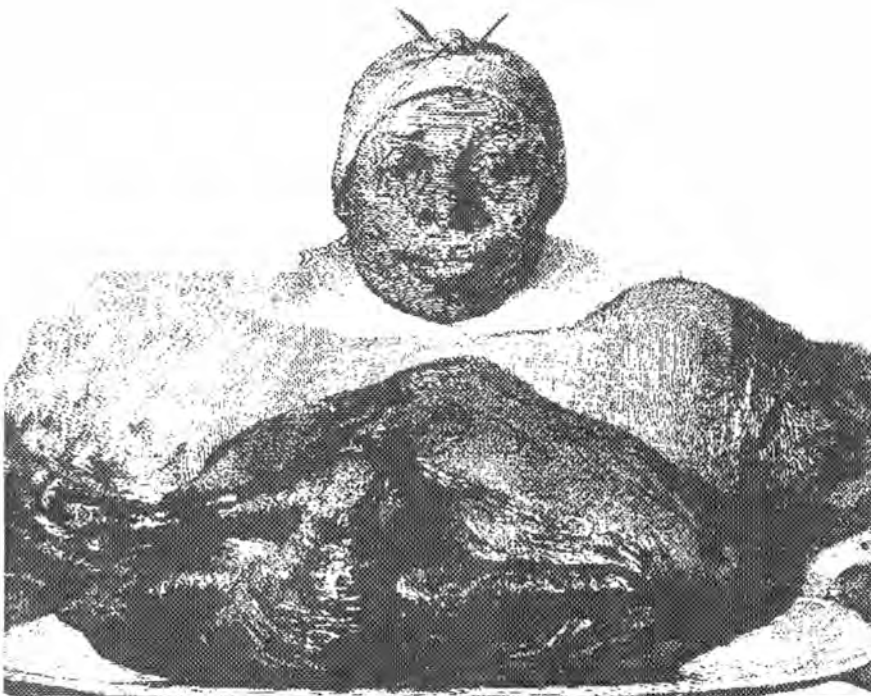
(Signed)
 Leroy Pope,
 Thos. Fearn,
 S.S. Ewing,
 Henry Cook,
 Sam Hazard,

Commissioners

The matter of financing the enterprise, appears to have resolved itself into the mere detail of offering the investing public an opportunity of subscribing for stock, as a meeting was held on Wednesday, the 16th day of April, 1821, at which directors of the company were elected.

Work of construction was commenced without delay, and pressed with all due haste. Promising indeed, must have seemed the future, and general was the satisfaction when it became known that the "work of the Indian Creek Navigation Company is progressing rapidly and the canal will be ready for use next season." The company reckoned without its host, for during the next year public an-

continued page 18



Famous Recipes

Here are some quite unusual recipes from Mrs. Henrietta Dull's cookbook "Southern Cooking", originally published in 1928. These seem to be tasty, at the same time very interesting to prepare.

For information about acquiring the reproduced book, the company to call is Cherokee Publishing Company, in Marietta, Georgia. The phone number is 800-548-8778.

Planked Steak

Have all vegetables cooked, seasoned and hot ready to dress the plank. Mashed potatoes, carrots, beets, white turnips with plenty of parsley will give color and make the plank attractive.

Prepare steak 1 inch or more thick the same as for broiling. Place on broiling pan and broil one side thoroughly. Remove steak and place cooked side down on hot, buttered plank. Place plank on pan to handle easily. The edge of plank left exposed beyond the steak must be covered with a light coating of wet salt to pre-

vent burning. Run pan, plank and all in oven very near the blaze and broil. No turning is necessary. When well browned remove, brush and wipe salt from plank, season with salt, pepper and butter. Pipe potatoes around the edge of plank and arrange other vegetables attractively. The plank may be placed in hot oven to reheat if necessary.

If potatoes are to be browned they must be brushed with a mixture of egg and milk before returning to the stove to brown.

Place plank on platter or in holder and serve immediately.

Sometimes the steak is broiled entirely in the broiling pan, placed on a hot buttered plank with vegetables arranged attractively around it.

Broiled chicken, meat loaf or a thick slice of ham may be prepared and served on a plank with vegetables. A plank of vegetables only is very attractive. Cook each vegetable and then arrange on plank.

English Monkey

1 cup of bread crumbs
1 cup milk
1/2 cup soft cheese chips
2 tbl butter
1 egg
1/2 tsp salt
1/8 tsp cayenne pepper

Soak the bread crumbs in the milk for fifteen minutes. Melt butter and cheese over a gentle heat. When melted, add soaked crumbs, the egg slightly beaten and seasonings. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Pour over toasted crackers or bread, which has been slightly buttered, or serve from a hot dish with hot biscuit for wheat muffins.

Cheese Aigrettes

1/2 cup water
1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup dry grated cheese
1/2 cup flour
2 eggs and 1 yolk
1/4 cup bottle parmesan cheese
salt and cayenne

Boil water and butter, add flour (as in making cream puffs), cook until it leaves the sides of pan. Cool slightly, add eggs 1 at a time and mix well. Lastly add the cheese. Drop in hot fat pieces as large as a walnut and fry a golden brown. Drain on paper and serve on a folded napkin.

Foolish Pie

whites of 4 eggs
1 tsp lemon juice
1 1/3 cups pulverized sugar

Beat eggs fifteen minutes, then add sugar slowly, then lemon juice and beat again for 15 minutes.

Grease pie pan (use pan with cutter), bake until a very light brown, using slow oven. Serve with any fruit, pineapple, orange or any of the berries, whipped cream on top.

Blackberry Shrub

Select sound fruit, wash, measure and place in stone jar. For every gallon of berries use 3/4 quart of vinegar. Cover jar with cheesecloth, tying over top. Let stand three or four days; only three days if weather is very warm. Stir daily. Strain without squeezing

and put into kettle, allowing one pound of sugar for every pint of juice.

Boil slowly for 5 minutes, bottle, cork and seal. Dilute with cold water, use crushed ice to suit the taste when serving.

Blackberries, cherries, muscadines or scuppernongs may be used the same way.

Pear Pickles

2 quarts of prepared pears
1 quart vinegar
2 cups sugar
1 tsp whole cloves

To prepare the pears, peel and core them and cut in quarter or halves. Mix vinegar and sugar, add pears and cloves, boil until tender, put in jars, seal or not. Will keep without sealing.

Continuing in the spirit of High Fiber and Low Fat cooking, here are some old fashioned recipes that have been modified for better health. Enjoy!

Spicy Fruit Oatmeal Bundles

(Preheat your oven to 325)

2/3 Cup Safflower oil
1 1/4 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup honey
2 egg whites
1 egg
1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp allspice
3/4 tsp salt
1 tsp vanilla

Beat all this on medium with electric mixer til sugar dissolves.

On low speed, next beat in the following:

2 1/4 cups old-fashioned oats
1 1/4 cups flour
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 cup oat bran hot cereal

Then, stir in with a spoon the following:

1 cup raisins, white
1 cup shredded carrots
1/2 cup chopped dates
3 ounces dried apricots, chopped

Use vegetable oil spray on cookie sheets. Mound two tablespoons of

the mixture 2 inches apart on cookie sheets. Bake for 18-20 minutes til brown and firm on edges. Cool and store in airtight container. These can be wrapped and stored in the fridge, or frozen for a nutrient snack.

Green Bean Salad with Sunflower Seeds

1 pound fresh green beans
1 tbl olive oil
2 tbl sunflower seeds
1 large clove garlic
4 tsp tarragon vinegar
shredded spinach leaves
chopped scallions for garnish

Steam the beans til crisp-tender, 3 or 4 minutes. Place oil in small skillet with the sunflower seeds. Heat and stir seeds til they are golden brown. Remove. Chop garlic, heat and cool, then stir in the vinegar. Add the seeds. In a large bowl, toss the beans with the sunflower seed mixture, cool then chill. When serving, arrange the beans over the spinach and garnish with scallions.

Flounder with Mustard and Thyme

1 pound flounder fillets
1/4 cup oat bran
2 tsp olive oil
1/2 cup chicken stock
1 tsp Dijon mustard
1/2 tsp dried thyme
fresh thyme sprigs or lemon slices

Coat fillets with oat bran. Heat oil in skillet, add fillets and saute until cooked through, about 3 1/2 minutes on each side.

Carefully remove fish to heated platter. Pour stock into the skillet and whisk in mustard and thyme. Bring to boil and continue til reduced to half. Pour over fish and serve, garnished with thyme sprigs and/or lemon slices.

Dan Quayle's Sweet POTATOE-Apple Casserole

1 pound apples
1 1/4 pound sweet potatoes
1/2 cup water
1 cup apple juice
2 tbl cornstarch
3 tbl water
1/2 cup honey
1/3 cup wheat germ

Steam sweet potatoes in 1/2 cup water for 15 minutes. Peel and slice lengthwise in 1/2 inch thick slices. Layer them in a buttered casserole.

Peel and core apples, slice in 1/2 inch thick slices. Place on top of the potatoes.

Heat apple juice to boiling. Combine cornstarch and water, add to juice, cook til sauce is clear and thickened. Add honey.

Spoon sauce over contents in casserole, top with wheat germ.

Bake at 350 til apples are tender, about 45 minutes.

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nouncement was made that "Dr. Thomas Fearn, President, is receiving bids for the unfinished half." The work of completing the canal extended over a period of time to the limits of which the public concern and enthusiasm could not endure.

During the next few years, the doubtful success of the plan, even ultimately, is reflected in the general lack of interest in the progress of the work. From all accounts it seems to have been deserted by all its friends, except Thomas and George Fearn, who remained steadfast in their fidelity to the original purpose until their efforts were crowned with a laudable success.

Five years later, in 1827, though not perfected, freight was being transported through the canal, as appears from the following advertisement in the (Huntsville) Southern Advocate, of January 27, 1827:

"The Indian Creek Navigation Company is prepared to ship cotton to the Tennessee River. It is not completely finished, but will admit the passage of boats."

It is not unlikely that further development of the project would have been suspended at this point, but for the fact that a strong public sentiment favored the plan now being urged, to render the Tennessee navigable for large steamers, and all signs of the times seemed to insure success for the undertaking. At all events, work on the canal, which had by now come to be known as "Fearn's Canal," was continued by slow stages unto its complete and final perfection in 1831. Great was the celebration of this consummation so devoutly to be wished. On Tuesday, the 5th of April, 1831, intense excitement prevailed throughout the community. This

epoch-marking event, greeted by assembled hosts, was embellished by the picturesque exhibition of two keel boats gliding up the canal and landing at the wharfs by the head of the Big Spring, where the cargo of supplies was discharged from one of them which had come from the river. These boats had a capacity of eighty to one hundred bales of cotton and fifty passengers. Loaded to "the guards," one of these pioneers proceeded on its return trip to the Tennessee, passing all locks, both coming and going, safely.

Public approval of the industry of the Fearn's was unstinted; their energies were rewarded and their success applauded by the general demand for an even more elaborate canal.

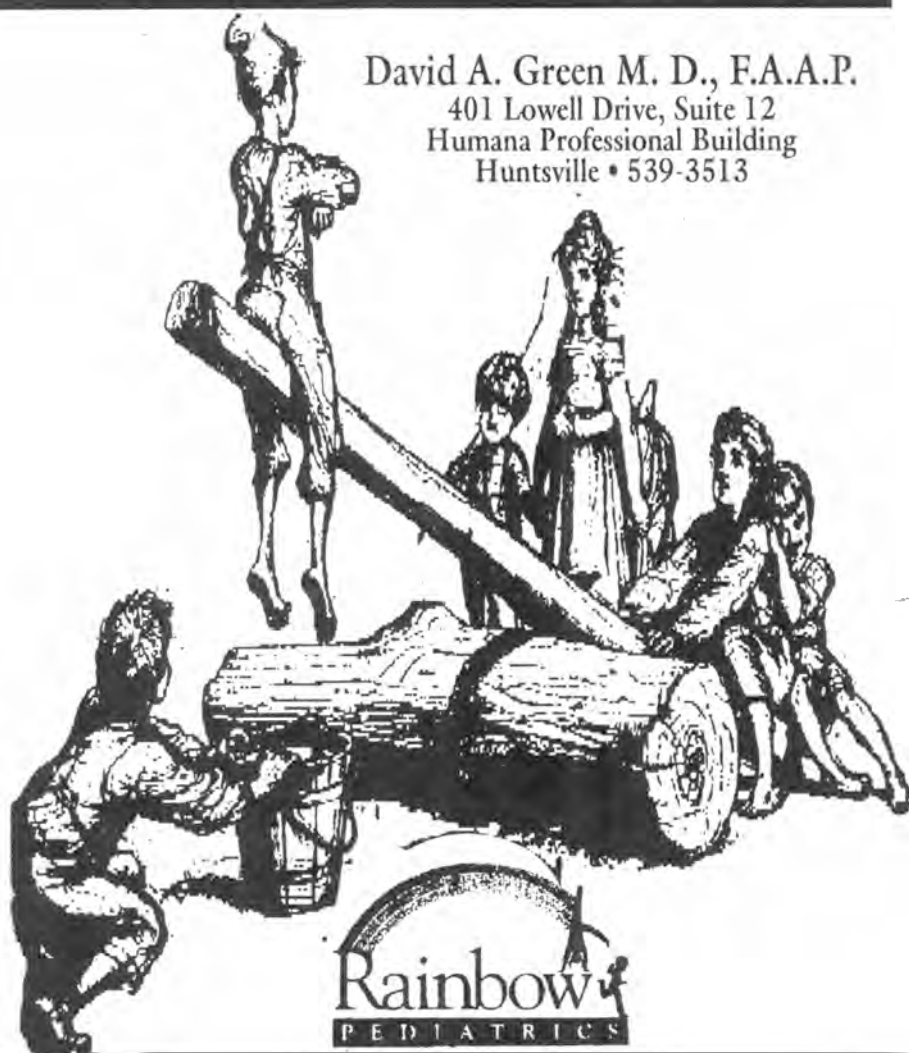
The feasibility of making navigable the Spring branch, having been demonstrated beyond conjecture, the public concern now interested itself in a plan to provide for the passage of large river steamers through the canal. Frequent and lengthy were the newspaper discussions of this form of waterway. Again, the Fearn's were neither timid nor tardy in action, and the (Huntsville) Southern Advocate of July 7th, 1835, carries the following notice:

"On the 20th of July books will be opened by the Huntsville Canal; to render the stream navigable for large boats, at a cost of \$150,000.00—Thos. and George Fearn."

What the success of this venture was, the author is unable to state, due to a total lack of information, which diligent effort did not render available. However, the tradition that this effort was not a success is no doubt well founded. For it would seem evident that so pretentious a canal as contemplated would have left enduring signs of its accomplishment. None exist, even in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

Suffice it to say that progress, if any there was, with the plan for this "Huntsville Canal," was made between the years of 1837-1844; for after this date no mention whatever of the same is to be found in the local papers. The history of this project, as recorded by contemporaneous narrators, must needs remain unwritten, as there is a break in the files of the local papers of this time from the year 1837 to 1844. It is a perplexing inquiry, just why these contemporaneous sources of information should be missing; for it is said the same hiatus exists in a measure

continued on page 21



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throughout Alabama. Another cogent bit of reasoning sustaining the belief that this canal never materialized is that during the year 1834, agitation of railroads as a means of transportation had become general and earnest in the local papers; and a respectable concern was manifest in a plan to build a railroad from Huntsville to Whitesburg. This, no doubt, would have scarcely received consideration had there been in operation an adequate canal to Triana.

Though "Fearn's Canal" is the only one which rendered service and achieved prominence, another such scheme to render Flint river navigable was undertaken, and a charter obtained from the Legislature. On December 20, 1820, one day before the Indian Creek Navigation Company was formed, it was provided by enactment "That Fleming Jordan, George Taylor, James McCortney, John Sprowl,

Stephen Pond, John P. Brown, John Grayson, Dial Perry, David Walker, Ebenezer Bryan, Stephen McBroom, William Derrick and David Cobb, and such other persons as shall be associated with them, are hereby constituted and declared a body corporate, under the name and style of 'The Flint River Navigation Company,' for the improvement of navigation of Flint River, in Madison county, from Captain Scott's Mills (now Brownsboro), to the Tennessee River."

A chronicle of the times vouches for the statement that this company received liberal appropriations from the General Government, to aid its works, but ill fate attended the first efforts put forth so that the plan never matured.

Large trees grew in profusion on the banks of this stream. It was thought advisable to remove all growth and timber from near the water's edge;

thereby preventing any possible hindrance to navigation, resulting from the falling of these trees into the water. So, accordingly, the company set about clearing the banks; felling those trees into the stream, with the fallacious hope that the force of the spring freshets would wash them out of the channel into the Tennessee. It was fortune's bitter irony, however, that these spring freshets which were considered by the company to be inadequate to the task of clearing the stream of fallen trees after navigation had begun, were commensurately inadequate to this same task, before navigation was begun. So it was that the first work done was that of destruction rather than construction. History records the projected accomplishment of the Flint River Navigation Company's efforts with the ugly, yet appropriate, term "failure," spelled with a capital "F."

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After The Ball Was Over

by Sue Coons McDaniel

In April of 1887, the Monte Sano Hotel was built as a summer resort. Soon people came from far and near to escape the heat and enjoy the healthful surroundings of the beautiful mountains.

Among the yearly visitors to this hotel was a family named Taylor from Louisville, Kentucky. They arrived by train in Huntsville and along with other guests were met by a tallyho which had been sent to take new arrivals to the top of Monte Sano Mountain.

The tallyho was a long roofed wagon drawn by four horses. It had an entrance at the back with open windows along each side and a narrow walkway down the center. Passengers sat on benches which faced each other.

At the opposite end of the back entrance was a panel which separated the drivers from the coach. On this panel was a beautiful oval oil painting of a scene on the mountain.

The Taylor family must have enjoyed the ride up Monte Sano during which songs such as "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" and "Seeing Nellie Home" were sung.

After arriving at the hotel, the guests were given an itinerary of events ranging from picnics and afternoon teas to musicals, literary interpretations and balls.

Many of the young ladies and gentlemen of Huntsville were invited often to these entertainments, particularly the balls. It was at one of these balls that David Hart Taylor, only son of the Taylor family, first met Nancy Ola Landman of Huntsville. They fell in love during the playing of "After the Ball is Over," and following a summer courtship, they were married. (David Hart Taylor and Nancy Ola Landman were my grandparents).

In 1924 my father, Harry J. Coons, had finished Vanderbilt University, set up his dental practice and married Sue Chase Taylor (daughter of David and Nancy Ola).

In 1935 they decided to have a summer home built on Monte Sano and chose a lot just across from the then-closed hotel which was referred to at that time as the "Old Hotel."

As children, my sister Viola, my brother Harry Jr., and I used to explore the hotel and play on the grounds where a tall lonely old chimney may be found still standing.



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I remember the old hotel as a large, rambling, two-story building with long open porches that wrapped around the structure. All the bedrooms opened onto these porches. Even though the hotel had been closed for many years, the rooms still contained the beds, dressers, washstands, chairs and other furnishings. It was as if the

guests had just suddenly walked away. The same was true in the barn which housed the tallyho as well as a large stagecoach. What fun we children had climbing on them!

Then one day the hotel's furniture and other contents were sold and my father purchased the tallyho for our family. I used to sit in that tallyho and contemplate the circumstances which caused the old Monte Sano Hotel to play such an important part in my life; that is, after the ball was over!

Alabama Republican Huntsville, Alabama Feb. 26, 1820

From Ontario Repository, printed
at Casnanidage, Feb. 8

Shocking Accident—A letter from Mr. George S. Boardman, a missionary in Indiana, received here by Rev. Mr. Johns, informs us of the death of Mr. Palmer Warren, late of this town, the 23rd year of his age, who was deliberately shot, at Lawrenceburg, Ind., on the 10th of January. The following portions are extractions from the letter.

Palmer Warren, the son of Elijah and Abigail Warren of your village had been shot by a ruffian. Warren, it appears, was engaged to be married to a respectable and amiable young lady, to whom Aniasas Fuller was attached. Fuller was determined to prevent the match; and after finding that every attempt with the lady proved unsuccessful, resorted to this last desperate act. On Monday last, the day previous to the one fixed for the wedding, Fuller followed Warren into his office and closed the door - immediately the report of a pistol was heard - and when the people assembled, Warren was found shot through the heart, devoid of every spark of life. On the counter was



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Last Words Before Hanging

Austin Humphreys, who was hanged near Detroit last week, for the murder of a dilatory debtor, made an impressive speech from the scaffold. Facing death with courage, but without bravado, the condemned man spoke this touching farewell:

"My dear friends, I am now on the scaffold to pay the last penalty of the law and I bless God that He has seen fit to pardon me and wash away my sins. I feel that my sentence is just, and I want to warn you all, my dear friends, never to touch the intoxicating cup. It was all through liquor that I came here. Oh, my friends, as you value your own souls leave that cup alone. It has done more harm than all other things put together, and has been the ruin of thousands, as it has been of me. May God have mercy on me and give me grace." Probably no one there within the sound of his voice will ever forget those words.

found a pair of pistols, one of which was discharged, and a piece of paper containing the following words: "I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will relinquish all claims to Catherine Farrar - and I acknowledge myself to be a bare liar." Fuller states, he asked Warren to sign it, and upon his refusal, he presented him with a pistol, and told him to

defend himself, and upon his rejecting it, he shot him. But the probability is, that when Warren refused to sign the paper, Fuller instantly shot him. Fuller is now in prison, and justifies himself. He is an avowed disciple of Paine, and has determined to destroy himself by refusing sustenance. This shocking event has spread a gloom over the whole village, and awakened the sympathies of our nature."

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THE VENGEANCE OF CAPTAIN SLICK

By Charles Rice

One of the first priorities in the settling of any region has been the establishment of law and order. The Muscle Shoals area was certainly no exception. North Alabama was actually part of the American Wild West during the early part of the 19th Century and as such attracted a variety of malcontents and ne'er-do-wells. In these years before the territorial government had established even a small degree of authority over the sparsely settled region, the burden of protecting the peace fell directly on the townspeople themselves.

Judge Thomas Jones Taylor of Huntsville described the situation. "For the enforcement of law," wrote Taylor, "there was in every community an organization known as 'Captain Slick's Company' (I have been unable to ascertain where the name originated) who were the conservators of the peace. Whenever a man became notorious as a

counterfeiter or a horse thief, he received a notice signed by 'Captain Slick' to leave the country in a certain number of days. This order was usually promptly obeyed, because one knew from experience that if found in the territory after the time stipulated, he would first receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back well laid on, and in case he still proved refractory, he would probably have both ears cropped and a brand applied to his cheek or the palm of his hand."

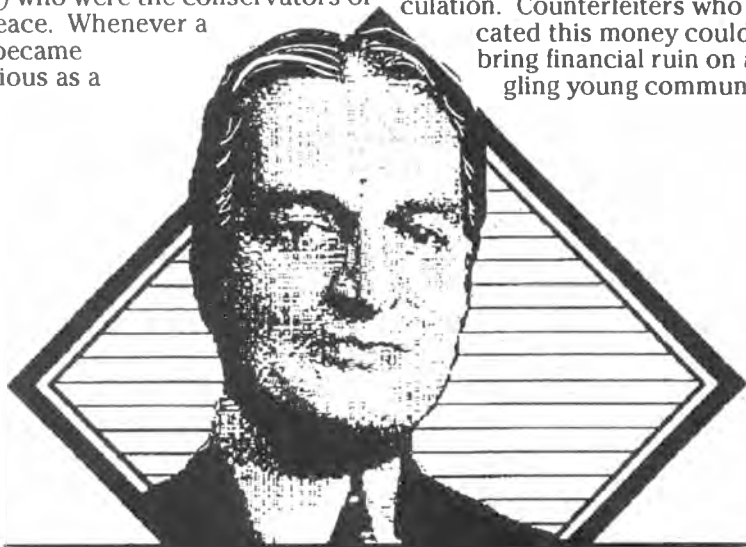
As Judge Taylor noted, no one is certain just how or where the expression "Captain Slick" originated. Perhaps it had a historical origin, as did "Judge Lynch" and "Lynch Law," which are said to derive from a Virginia justice of the peace during the American Revolution who dispensed swift judgement to pro-English Tories. Just as likely, however, it is nothing more than crude frontier humor.

Counterfeiting was a particular plague on the early American frontier. Unlike today, many state and private banks of that time issued their own paper currency. Furthermore, many less familiar foreign coins—mostly Spanish and French—were still in circulation. Counterfeiters who duplicated this money could easily bring financial ruin on a struggling young community.

"Captain Slick's Company" is known to have broken up a "gang of rogues and counterfeiters" who operated from a cave at Coles Spring in eastern Madison County, Alabama. Without doubt, there must have been many more such incidents that went unrecorded.

In Lauderdale County, "Captain Slick's Company" brought justice to the miscreant who robbed John Edie's store in pioneer Florence. Edie had been dismayed one day to find his cash drawer entirely cleaned out. Every stranger in town was closely watched, but no one seemed to have suddenly come into any large unexplained amount of money. Finally, "Captain Slick" decided to devote some attention to Edie's handsome young clerk. The none too gentle methods of the "Captain" soon persuaded the clerk to confess. The thief obligingly led his interrogators to the money's hiding place beneath the steps of the Presbyterian Church. As Judge William B. Wood of Florence described it, the "Captain's Company" then "bestowed on him their benedictions and gave him a coat of feathers, and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune."

It was rough justice, but these were rough times to live in.



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LOST HER CHILDREN

Sad Misfortune of a Penniless Widow—Her Children and Property Carried From Atlanta to Huntsville

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 13, 1891—A right pitiful story is that of the misfortunes of Mrs. Elizabeth Haynes. Saturday night she slept at the police station, because she had no other place to stay.

Mrs. Haynes is a widow, and up to Saturday morning she had three children. Now she has but one.

She and her oldest boy earned a livelihood for the family by working at Esas and May's big factory. She says they were discharged from there two days ago because she resented the cruelty of a foreman. She decided to go to Rome, Ga., with the family of George Armstrong. Armstrong was an employee of the factory, and he represented that they could get work in the factory of Rome.

Saturday morning all her earthly belongings were loaded upon a dray with the household goods of Armstrong. Armstrong, his wife and Mrs. Haynes' two young children went with the dray. Mrs. Haynes and her eldest boy stopped along the way to the depot to bid some neighbors goodbye. When she arrived at the depot she could find neither Armstrong, his wife, nor her two children. She looked everywhere and finally applied to the officer to direct her what to do. He told her to go to the different depots and make inquiries. She did as advised, and finally she found at the Georgia Pacific Railroad that Armstrong had shipped her goods, together with his, to Huntsville, Alabama. She was in despair, and at a loss to know what to do. She found later that Armstrong and his wife had left for Huntsville with her two children. She called at police headquarters to get help in her distress. The officers could do nothing for her. She said she didn't have the



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money to follow her children to Huntsville where Armstrong had taken them.

She was given a room at the police station to remain throughout the night. She spent the night in the room provided for her, hoping that through some means she might yet reach her children.

The Key to Gathering Flowers and Herbs

When you are getting ready to make some potpourri with dried flowers, timing is the key to successful gathering of the material. Make sure each plant is at the peak of its perfection. Wait for a dry, sunny day after a day of good weather, and gather in the morning after the dew has evaporated.

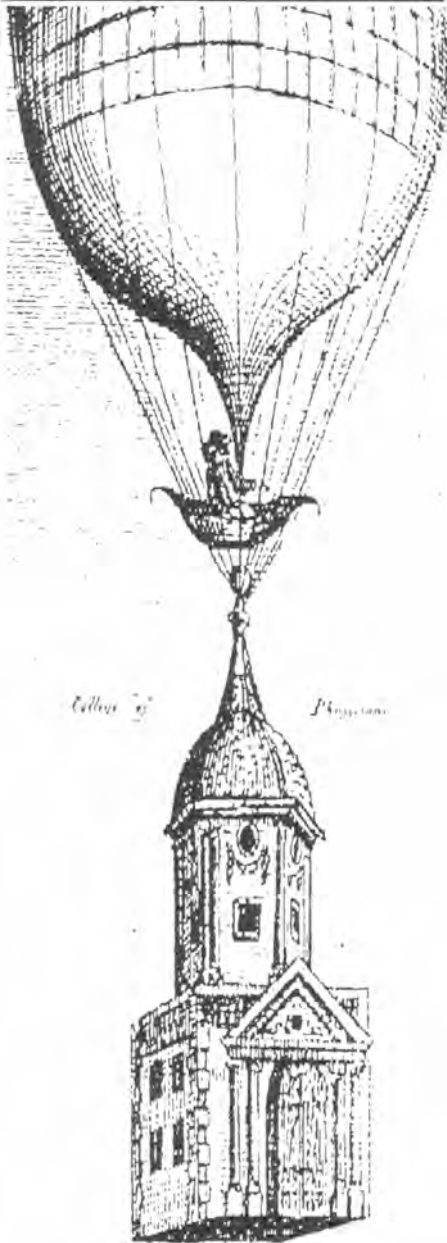
Gather one plant at a time, and don't pile bunches of plants on top of each other. Instead, put them in a bucket that is filled about a quarter with water. This keeps them fresh til you are ready to hang them.

Bind together like plants with rubber bands for drying. A sampling of the best flowers to grow for drying in potpourris include:

Calendula, carnation, cornflower, daffodil, larkspur, peony, rose, straw flower and violet.



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Ticks

Well, it is that time of the year when I get a lot of telephone calls about tick bites and how to remove them. Right along with summertime activities comes our pesky tick problems. While you can try to minimize tick bites by using tick repellent and wearing proper clothing when outdoors, the most important thing to do is to check your child from head-to-toe everyday for ticks.

Most tick bites are benign and present more of a nuisance than any real problem; however, it is very important to remove them as soon as possible. The good news is an engorged tick is easier to find; the bad news is an engorged tick has been feeding on you for a long period of time, increasing the chance of disease being transmitted to you.

Everybody has heard of Lyme disease; however, there are several other nasty diseases that ticks can transmit to you. In addition to Lyme disease, they can cause tularemia, relapsing fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, Colorado tick fever, and tick-bite paralysis. Several of these diseases are treated with a drug called tetracycline; however, this is a drug that we do not like to use in children less than nine years old. That is why it is so important to check your child for ticks and promptly remove a tick on your child. For one of the diseases, tick-bite paralysis, the treatment is simply removing the tick. If the tick remains attached, it secretes a toxin that makes you tired and irritable with rapid muscle pain and paralysis. It is very scary when you become paralyzed; however, you are cured by prompt removal of the tick.

Now that brings up the question of how to remove a tick correctly? I have heard every way possible; however, let's first discuss the wrong ways to remove a tick. You can not smother a tick by covering it with petroleum jelly, fingernail polish, mineral oil, or whatever. That might work with a dog attached to you; however, ticks only breath about fifteen times an hour! That's right: only fifteen times an HOUR! It will take awhile to kill that tick while he is injecting spit and toxins into you. Rubbing alcohol won't work either. A hot match applied to the tick's rear-end will only result in burning yourself or burning the tick and causing it to inject more spit and toxins into you.

The best way to remove a tick is to use a blunt, curved forceps or tweezers and grasp the tick at the place where it goes into the skin and gently pull upward in a steady motion. Don't twist or jerk the tick because you do not want the head to break off and remain in the skin. Don't squeeze, squash, or puncture the body of the tick. If you think that the head broke off or if you develop a nasty wound at the site of the tick bite, you might want to give your physician a call.

One last comment. After you remove the tick, please do not play with it or handle the tick with your bare hands. Get rid of it!

Wishing you good tick hunting,

David Andrew Green, MD
Pediatrician, Rainbow Pediatrics

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FOWL BLOWN INTO TREE

CLANTON, AL—A common rooster gave rescue workers near here a laugh Wednesday. His feathers bedraggled, the rooster was found by rescuers wrapped in a quilt and lodged high in the top of a china berry tree. Removed from his lofty perch where the storm deposited him Monday night, the rooster shook off his quilt and indignantly strutted away from his rescuers with his beak in the air.

Taken from 1932 Newspaper

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING

There is more luxury and alloverishment that is felt, but cannot be described, in kissing the one we love or admire, than philosophy, yet there is a philosophy about it nevertheless.

A kiss upon the lips is significant of deep, strong love or affection - a kiss is a telegram from the heart to the lip revealing, and is shown in the way it is given and in the pleasant feeling. A kiss upon the cheek says, you are clever and I like you pretty well, and when I like you better or love you more I will kiss you upon your lips.

A kiss upon the forehead is significant in that the kisser says, I love you for your mind, I admire your intellect. A kiss upon the hand is one of respect, admiration and reverence. The worst kind of kiss is the kiss of deception, as when Jacob kissed his father Isaac and said it was Esau.

From 1874 newspaper

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He Had Thirty Three Wives

Fifteen of the 33 women who were married to James W. Brown since 1883, confronted him today in recorder's court.

The list included Helen Brownlee, and Annie Winters of Mobile, who with Mary Benjamin and Jennie Robertson of this city, were the only ones called to give evidence.

Five clergymen of this city certified that they had married Brown to as many different women. The case was so clear that the prosecutors left it to the jury with no argument.

During the trial Jennie Robertson's indignation could not be repressed, and she denounced Brown as a perverted wretch. The jury agreed with her evidently, for they took but four minutes to find him guilty.

Alabama newspaper 1892

Two Men in the Moon

by Geraldine Farrer

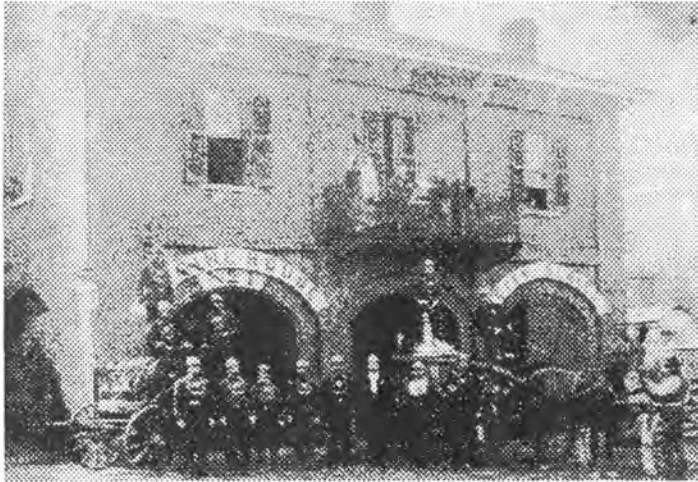
There are two men in the moon tonight
Two men on a NASA flight
The world held its breath as their ship came down
The world watched in awe as they walked around
We all are there though they're there alone
May all our prayers help them safely home
Wonderful mystery—we're seeing history
There on the moon tonight!

Oh boy! How the bands will play!
Oh joy! What a happy day!
When to the Pacific's triumphant foam
Apollo Eleven comes splashing home,
And all mankind will awake to see
An age of peace and tranquility
Because there have been two courageous young
men
Walking there on the moon tonight!



DOWNTOWN

A LOOK AT DOWNTOWN HUNT



Huntsville Fire Department in the 1870's

Courtesy of H.E. Monroe

I remember when...
Banking was not so complicated and a lot of fun.

Forty years ago, who ever heard of a financial statement, disclosure statement or RESPA?

Downtown banking was not only for your financial needs, it was your social life also. All of the local happenings and a little gossip could be gotten when making a deposit or cashing a check.

Being treasurer of my local high school class was very exciting for me.

The Henderson Bank was the one I chose to open a checking account for my class. The building was located in the Struve Building on the east side of Washington Street. The building burned and I really got upset, because we had worked so hard for the funds to take a class trip. Little did I know that the bank's records were all kept in a safe and fire-proof vault.

What a fun time we had working downtown. After obtaining a job with First National Bank (now

The Spring City Mills in 1900.



YESTER YEAR

S V I L L E T H E W A Y I T U S E D B E !

First Alabama Bank), we could go shopping on our lunch hour or before we caught the bus for home at Dunnivant's store. We would buy shoes at Uptain's shoe store, clothes

at Dunnavants, where Ma Venable was in charge of alterations; and no one dared go to church without a hat from the Bonnet Box. If you were looking for bargains there was Dobson's base-

ment. My first curtains came from there for that tiny apartment on Pratt Avenue. Zesto had the best milkshakes in town along with the foot long hot dogs.

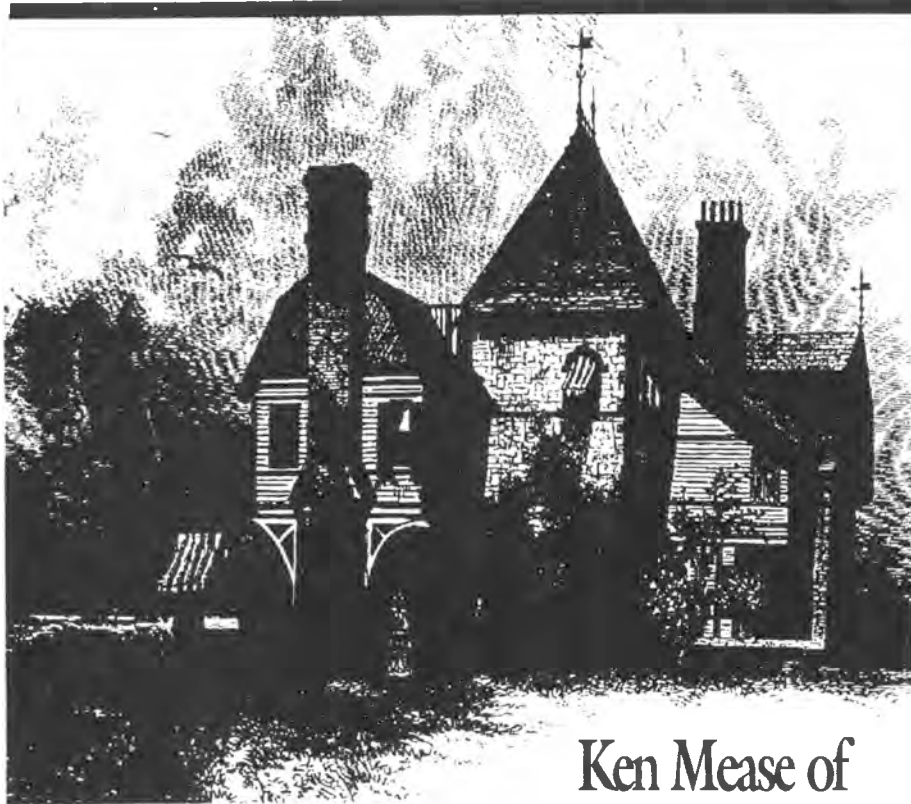
For a night on the town, a movie could be a big choice: The Lyric, The Grand, or the Elks. We later had the Center but we would have to ride the bus to get there.

Everything you needed to buy could be purchased downtown within a six block area. I bought my first electrical appliance, an iron, from Mr. Larkin's Firestone Store on the South Side of the Square.

At lunch time we would go for ice cream at City Drug Store owned by Mr. Tom Dark. We could also stroll past the telephone switchboard located on the South Side of the Square upstairs. With no air conditioning they kept the windows open in the summertime. This was great for finding out what was really going on in the city. We also liked to visit the Farmer's Market in the summertime. It was located behind the First National Bank (now First Alabama Bank). The farmers selling the produce were either related to some of us or they were customers of the bank.

The Chairman of the Board of First National Bank, Mr. M.B. Spragins, owned the ice plant where he kept watermelons in the ice house. The plant was located where the Huntsville Utilities building is now. After closing the bank in the afternoon, he would decide that he wanted watermelon. He would send down and get them and we cut and ate, on the front steps of the bank, all the watermelon we wanted. People passing by were invited to join us. There were no strangers in town; we knew everyone. Mr. Spragins also liked to have picnics so when we closed the bank on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, off we would go for fishing or a picnic.

In the 1960's things began to really change for downtown and the banking industry. The revitalization of



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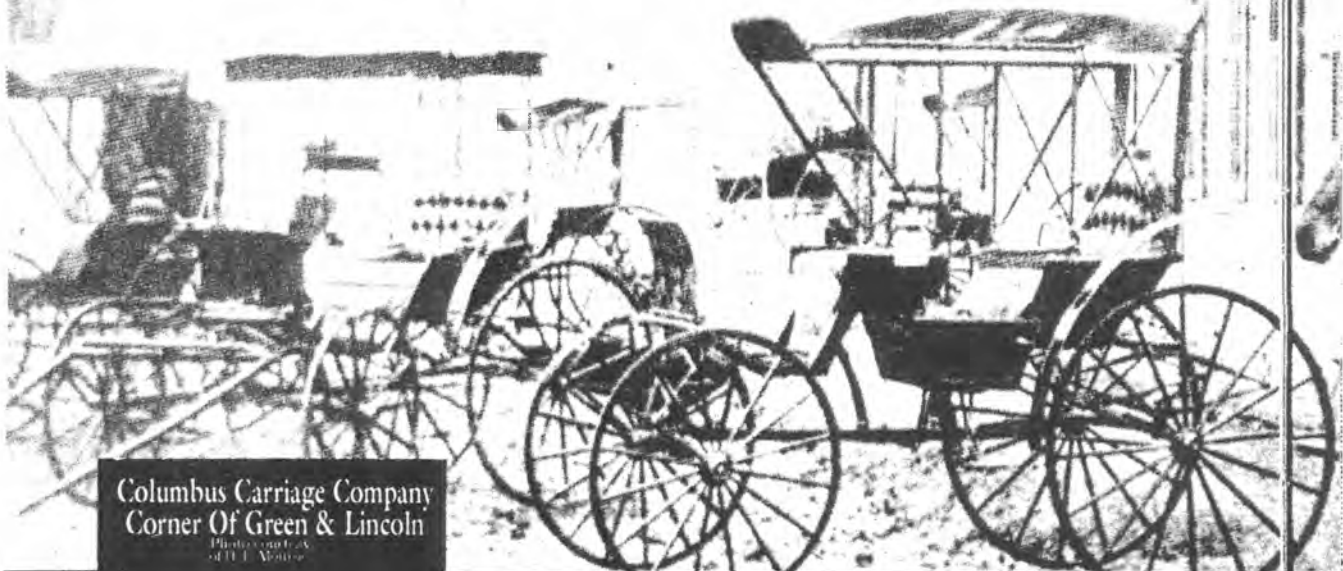
Families supplied with Fresh Pickled Oysters, Fresh Fish, Venison, and Wild Game of all kinds, during the season.

Redstone changed our working lifestyle and social life forever. People came in droves looking for work. We did not have branch banking then so our work loads became more hectic. The Redstone PX always created a show for strangers. In making their deposits or picking up their change order, they brought along jeeps with armed Military Police. They would station themselves across the front of the bank with rifles drawn. A couple of them would come in the bank with their rifles drawn. The kids loved it!

One of the things I remember most were the parades before the local football games. Each school had a home-coming parade with floats and a home-coming queen. There was a lot of competition to have the best parade float. Each was decorated by the students themselves. The floats were very impressive and the bands were just great.

The Christmas parade was always at night and only a couple of weeks before Christmas. The majorettes strutted with bells on their shoes, white earmuffs and lighted batons. We all looked forward to Santa Claus and knew when he was coming because Alabama A&M's Band was always in front of him, this being a long time tradition. It was always cold. Your teeth would chatter and your hands and feet be numb. The hot chocolate afterwards made it all worth while.

One of the things that brings back such happy memories was



Columbus Carriage Company
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Photography
of H. J. Moore

the Sesquicentennial held in Big Spring Park. All the townspeople participated in the play that was held every night. Some famous acting careers were established during this week long celebration. Mrs. Ethel DeArmond was one of the volunteers who did so much work to put this play on. Each day at noon we had a parade. The three banks had a float called the "Silver Dollies". We took turns wearing our long dresses and riding the float. What fun!

Memory is the function of the brain that lets us store up happy thoughts and events in our lives, like we store mementoes in a trunk, that when unlocked brings a smile to our faces and sometimes a tear or two, but mercifully this same brain function lets us forget the unpleasant times and disappointments.

I remember when...

Margene Hudson
Vice President
First Alabama Bank

I Remember Downtown

I remember going Christmas shopping downtown and the sidewalks would be so crowded you would have to walk in the streets sometime.

Lula Anderson
Housewife

... the sidewalk preachers that used to preach at the courthouse every Saturday.

Anthony Walker
Retired

... all the farmers coming to town on Saturday to do their shopping. The men would sit on the benches in front of the old courthouse and whittle and swap tales while the women would take care of the shopping.

John Foster
Civil Service Employee

... getting married at the courthouse and then walking back home to get ready to go to work at the cotton mill.

Jennette Wilkins
Retired

... The soldiers coming home from World War Two and having a parade downtown. They had a special place for widowers to sit and they cried the whole time.

Claude Whipple
Retired

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STEREO

... Seeing George Wallace speak to a crowd on the courthouse steps. I had my picture taken with him.

Marjorie Kirtpatrick
Housewife

... Going to the Lyric Theater. I got my first kiss while watching a Beatles movie. There used to be a Walgreens next door and we would hang out there and drink sodas.

Cathy Mercer
Social Worker

... All the Military Police that used to patrol downtown on Friday and Saturday night during the Second War.

Margaret Henley
Retired

... Monte Sano Crowder and the Snuffdippers Ball.

Jackie Owens
Housepainter

... Buying garden plants and seeds every year at Harrison Brothers.

Richard Kelly
Mechanic

An Old Veteran's Last Roar

By Walter S. Terry

For New Year's Eve 1941-42, someone I knew well, home from college for the holidays, concocted a most ambitious plan: The largest cannon on the Madison County Courthouse lawn - a World War I camouflaged, five-inch-bore, long-barrelled gun - would be fired once again at the stroke of midnight - an early precursor of World War II, as it turned out.

The plotter of this plan set forth a week ahead of New Year's Eve to prepare a "round" for the cannon. This involved the task of nearly filling a Double Cola bottle (12 ounce) with powder from umpteen zillion broken-open Zebra firecrackers. Once the bottle was close to full, a length of dynamite fuse, predetermined to burn for thirty seconds, was inserted into the powder and excelsior was packed into the neck of the bottle around the fuse. The bottle was then wrapped with string and black electrician's tape until it had grown to twice its original size. This was to create compression and an explosive burst at ignition.



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Shortly before midnight on December 31, the bombmaker and a friend, a fellow conspirator, both in handed-down tuxedos, both in New Year's dance at the Russell Erskine Hotel and hastened to the Courthouse Square. There they waited in the shadow of a store across the street from the cannon. The plan was to

would occur as the courthouse clock was striking twelve. A wind was blowing and the friend got to worrying about being able to light the fuse after the charge had been placed in the cannon's breech (the breech block was missing.)

"Why don't we light it over here in the shelter of this building and carry it to the cannon?" the friend asked.

The bombmaker, more respectful of his creation's awesome potential, said in effect, "Man, I may be dumb, but I ain't crazy!"

So they followed the original plan and were successful in lighting the fuse a few seconds before twelve. Then they raced away down the lawn at the northeast corner of the Square. Before taking to the air to clear a heavy iron-link chain strung between concrete posts, the bombmaker had not heard his companion's warning cry. In mid-air, the toes of both shoes were snared by a wire put there to keep people off the grass he had been running on. The leap became a headlong dive as the bombmaker cleared the chain and tumbled you-know-what over appetite across the rough street pavement. There was injury, but, because of the artful tumbling act, confined to some missing hide on the face and hands - nothing life-threatening. But that's another story.

The retreating duo reached the shadows of the Henderson National Bank building and waited.

Not in vain - after the clock had struck six or seven times, there came a brilliant flash, as of vivid lightning, followed by a tremendous blast, with a glorious ring of smoke ejected from the cannon's muzzle. Within seconds came the sound of a hail storm as pieces of Double Cola bottle rained down on the roofs of surrounding buildings. Cars stopped, with occupants agape.

Mission accomplished.

Miraculously the bombmaker's tuxedo was none the worse for its owner's sensationally acrobatic (as later related by the accomplice) exit from the Courthouse lawn, and the bombmaker survived to relate the event to his grandchildren (if not to the local authorities).



Photo of third Courthouse

Mr Hall Remembers

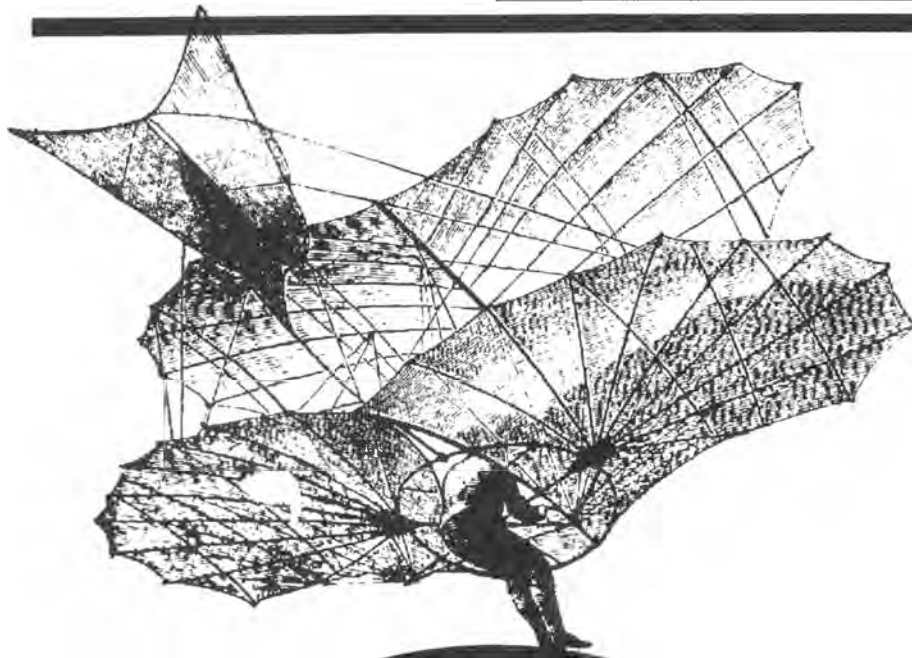
Mr. Hall is ninety-one years of age, and lives on Nolen Avenue, on Monte Sano. The following are his memories of living in Huntsville back in the "good old days."

"To most folks in the early 1900's, 'Downtown Huntsville' really suggested the Courthouse Square, for this was the gathering spot to meet friends for a chat. Telephones and cars were not available in order to run over or to call. Farmers needed to share information about their crops,



Photo courtesy of H.E. Monroe

Cotton sales on the Courthouse Square



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wives needed to share a recipe or a helpful hint, and the girls and boys needed to socialize. Washing clothes and planning what to wear on Saturday, the special day, occupied an important part of the work-a-day week. This outing might have then or even now labeled gossiping. Men chewed and spat while talking politics - some might have shared a drink or two. As I once read in a country newspaper, 'A good time was had by all.'

On weekdays people gathered in smaller groups. One old character went to Ragland Brothers Wholesale Grocery and purchased a box of candy with twenty-four pieces for seventy-five cents. By selling this treat for five cents each he cleared 45 cents! This was good sense because he had no overhead and the customers were everywhere. I was a young father then and a good provider, and told the 'candyman', 'If my son Buddy wants candy let him have it and I will pay.' I am quite sure no books were kept and no money was lost. What fun for Buddy, who was nine at the time! A white man who was 'well-connected' usually became a merchant. A peddler would make his cart, using two large wagonwheels and he had a variety of goods on it. As late as the '60's one saw carts of this type on the streets of Huntsville.



CHAFIAN HIROPRACTIC CENTER, INC.



Trading and selling from vehicles and from a sack on the peddler's back was a part of sales history. Mr. Dunnivant started out as a peddler and he later became our favorite merchant with the best quality and the most stylish clothing in town. His pleasant manner and his easy credit plan made it the place to shop! Every one of us oldtimers miss Dunnivant's."

as told to Edith Moon Sherentz

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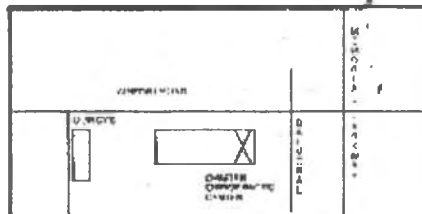
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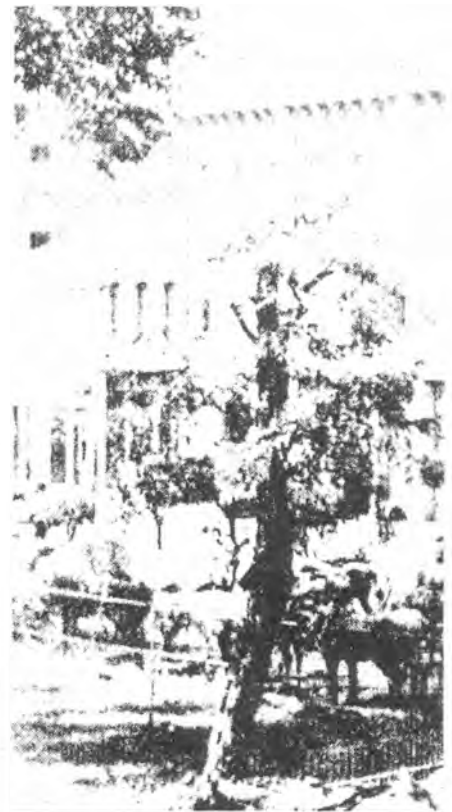
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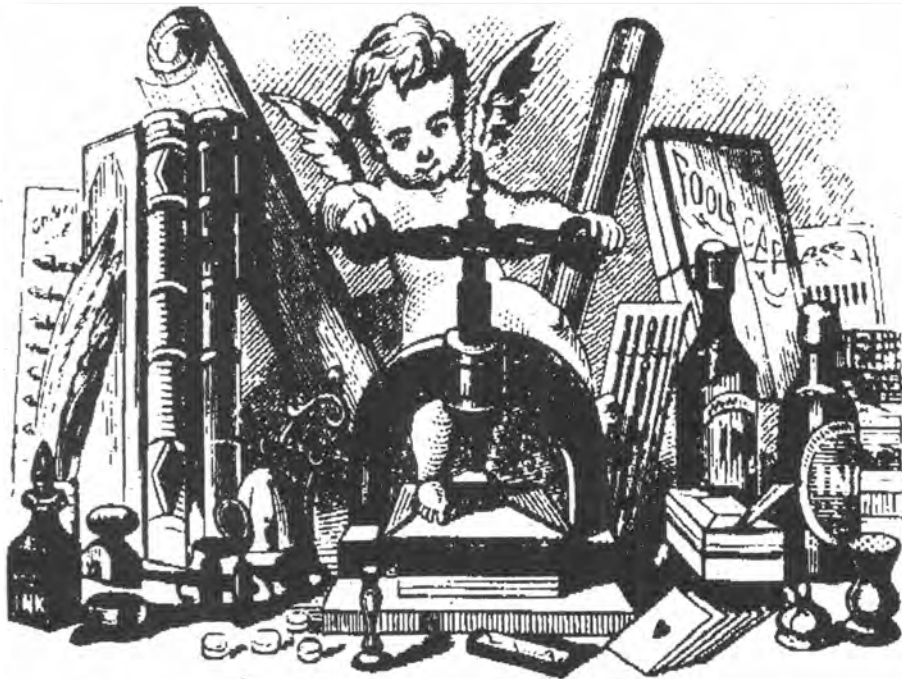


Ervin Chafian, D.C.
John Omenski, D.C.

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Downtown 1871





The Old City Hall

By Jimmy Wall Jr.

The City Hall in Huntsville, Alabama, in the 1940's and 1950's has not changed much in light of the functions which remain in the responsibility of city government.

At that time, City Hall (as pictured) housed the offices of the Mayor, the Clerk-Treasurer, the jail, the police and fire departments, the public works department (street department), and the water department.

Since my father's office was located in this early building (he served as Superintendent of the water department for 40 years), I have many rich memories of visiting City Hall and taking advantage of golden opportunities to become personally acquainted with many of the police officers, firemen, Mayor A.W. McAllister, Clerk-Treasurer Norris Payne as well as a myriad of others.

With such an extended family of city employees all over town, guess who knew of your activities before you got home? At that time, Huntsville

ALLIED PHOTOCOPY



**The Huntsville Greys
State Champions 1908**

Photo courtesy of H.E. Monroe



had a population of approximately 12,000 - 15,000.

The bell situated atop the City Hall of that day was located between the ramp of the fire hall and the sidewalk next to the City Council. The City Clerk-Treasurer would pull the long rope which sounded the bell to alert the citizens that the City Council had been called into session. This bell was also used as a fire alarm for the downtown area. When this former City Hall building was demolished, the City Council voted to preserve the bell and granted special permission to relocate the bell for use at the Jones Valley United Methodist Church on Drake Avenue in the Jones Valley area where it is located today.

Although it was indeed sad to see this building, as well as many other historical structures, torn down over the years in Huntsville, the memories associated with them still warm the hearts of many people today.



**First Capital Airways DC-3
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Photo courtesy of Huntsville Library



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Making Potpourri Last

Place your container in a spot that is not in direct sunlight - it can fade the flowers.

When your potpourri begins to lose its scent, just try stirring it around a little. The resulting breakage of chips, twigs and petals will help to regenerate the scent.

To really refresh your potpourri, do the following: Choose the essential oil of your choice. The more you use, the stronger it will be, so just use your discretion. Mix up well, then place in layers in a large plastic freezer ziplock bag. Seal and season for 12 hours. Place back into your container, and it will smell like new.

Add a small amount of powdered orrisroot to stabilize the scent. It is used as a fixative. In the old days, musk from deer and ambergris from the sperm whale were used. Be sure and pick the best quality scent - you don't want to save money and pick up a bottle of oil that you can't live with.



Modern Technology comes to Huntsville.

Photo courtesy of Mrs. H. E. Monroe

Old Huntsville

by Evelyn Hayden Hodge

Old Huntsville was quite different from the Huntsville we know today. The old town's businesses were built around the courthouse. Almost the entire business section was bounded by Eustis Street and the square on the south; the square and Jefferson Street on the west; Meridianville Street to the north; and Green Street to the east.

Back in the teens and twenties May and Cooney was Huntsville's most exclusive department store. They sold women's, men's, and children's ready-to-wear, shoes, piece goods, ladies hats, etc.

Their store was located on the east side of the square. When May and Cooney closed their store, J.C. Penney moved in and remained on the square until they moved to the mall on North Parkway. Then James Record, Madison County Commissioner, established the Law Library there, where it still remains.

The Williams Grocery was also on this same block. It was well stocked and had a good trade. They had three large pickle barrels, one each for sour, sweet, and mixed pickles. They used a long-handled wooden dipper, put the pickles in a cardboard tray, and wrapped it all up in white paper.

The cheese was in one large round piece called a hoop. It was placed on a round revolving metal base that had a small lever and a large blade attached. A certain number of up and down movements of the lever meant a pound, a half pound, etc. Then the large blades would cut the right amount of cheese.

There was a bakery on Washington Street just back of where Lorch's Jewelry store is now. They made bread, rolls, cakes, and cookies. They sold their bread for 5 cents a loaf or six loaves for a quarter. The bread

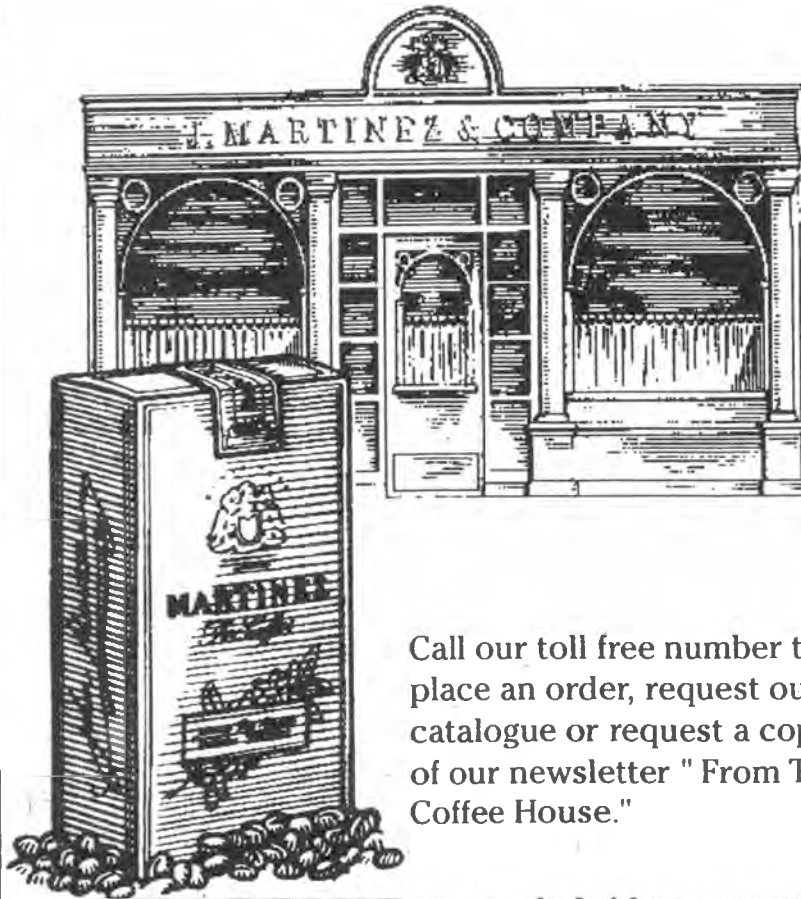




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was not sliced nor was it wrapped in plastic. They wrapped the bread in white wrapping paper and tied it with a white string. Most of the time the bread was so fresh that it was still warm and smelled so good that one could hardly wait to get home and have a slice spread with fresh butter.

Next door to the bakery was Shields Meat Market. The meat was not cut and wrapped in packages as it is done today. Back then the carcasses were hung in halves or quarters on hooks from the ceiling. Mr. Shields would take your order, then cut and saw your meat while you waited. He had fresh oysters in season and sold them in square pint and quart cartons with wire handles. There was no dressed poultry in meat markets back then. Everybody had to buy the poultry live and dress it themselves.

The jail was a two-story brick building located on East Clinton Street behind the old downtown Dunnnavants store. The jail was almost even with the sidewalk and the prisoners would look between the bars and call out to the passers-by below.

The next jail was on North Washington Street across from where Lewter's Hardware store is now. That jail was relocated to the new Madison County Courthouse where it has remained to the present.

The old post office, a large three-story brick building, was located on the southwest corner of Randolph Avenue and Green Street across from the First United Methodist Church. It was constructed between 1888-90 and was demolished around the middle fifties.

Huntsville had two hotels then - the old Huntsville Hotel on Jefferson Street and the McGee Hotel also on Jefferson Street. Each hotel had a driver take a small bus-type vehicle to meet every passenger train that came into Huntsville. Just as soon as the first passenger came into view, the drivers began to chant "Huntsville Hotel", "McGee Hotel", and while still chanting, they were loading luggage and helping prospective guests into

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Businesses in 1888 felt that the town needed a streetcar system.
It lasted almost fifty years.

Photo courtesy of H. E. Monroe Sr.





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their vehicles to be transported to the respective hotels.

Almost all travel in those days was done by train. Even traveling salesmen, with all their sample cases and trunks, traveled by rail. When they arrived at a central location such as Huntsville, they established headquarters at a hotel. Then they hired a hack and driver to take them to call on merchants in the outlying areas.

Before the Arsenal, Madison County was the largest cotton producing county in Alabama. In the fall, after the cotton had been picked and ginned, the farmers would bring it to Huntsville to be sold.

The square around the courthouse would be literally filled with wagons loaded with bales of cotton. Most of the cotton buyers were located on the west side of the square, and that is how it got the name Cotton Row.

There was a large store on the south side of the square which was owned by Mr. Thomas T. Terry. It was what you may call a general mercantile store. They sold ready-to-wear for the whole family, groceries, hardware, farm supplies and sold school books to the pupils of the city of Huntsville schools. Before the State of Alabama began to furnish the textbooks, T.T. Terry's store on the square was a well-known business not only to the citizens of Huntsville but to the people living out in the county as well.

There were no malls then and on Saturday nights everybody went to town. They would park their cars on Washington Street or Square and then visit with all their friends and acquaintances as they strolled past.

Yes, Huntsville of old was much different than it is today. ■

Heard on the Street

While we watch the practice game we should recall, at least for a moment, what we owe our - encouragement in every way. At times some of us have shown a tendency to adverse criticism. We should remember that to make errors is human and the player will do his best next time regardless of the accustomed shower of thoughtless criticism.

Field Day is almost upon us and yet the number of entries is far below that of last year. The managers of the occasion have been working hard to make the day a success but it seems that the students have not given them the proper encouragement. We must make the day just as interesting as that of 1895. What we lack in quality must be made up in quantity. If you are too lazy to do anything yourself you can at least urge your friend to go into training and show us what he can do. Don't be a chump, take some health giving exercise and your class work will be more satisfactory.

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She Had One Foot In The Grave

Mrs. Sally Rhineheart, an aged woman of the village, has been ill for some time, and on Friday apparently died. Her friends sent for neighbors to come and prepare the body for internment and a telegraphic message was sent to her son in this city informing him of the death of his mother.

After a time, however, the old lady revived, and finding her daughter weeping at her bedside reproved her for it. The astonishment of the family at this sudden recovery was really great. Mrs. Rhineheart is still living.

From 1871 Newspaper



WELCOME BILLY JOE!

This is the issue in which we welcome to our editorial staff our longtime humorist friend Billy Joe Cooley, one of the country's most sought-after feature writers and after-dinner speakers.

He will be senior editor, effective immediately.

Cooley's distinguished career has included stints on the staffs of such respected publishing giants as The Tampa Tribune, Nashville Banner, The Tennessean and Chattanooga News-Free Press. Most recently he was senior editor on Huntsville (Ala.) News.

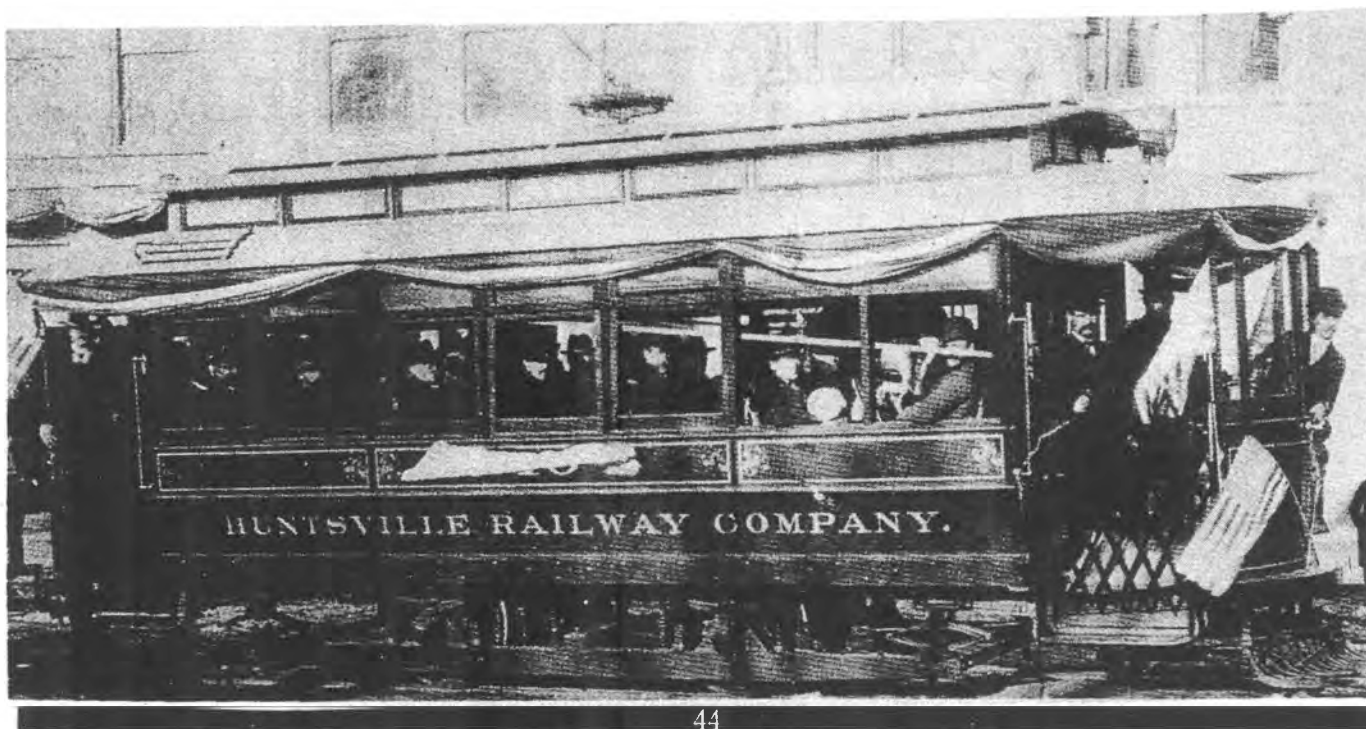
His knowledge of our area is also abundant, as are the bits of lore that he has amassed. His travels have brought him here numerous times through the years in pursuit of stories and he has many friends in these parts.

A native of South Pittsburg, Tenn., his youthful years of writing were mixed with diversions of high-adventure, fighting the Korean War, acting in a few movies for Walt Disney and others, radio announcing, singing in gospel quartets and selling door-to-door portrait sittings for Olan Mills Studios.

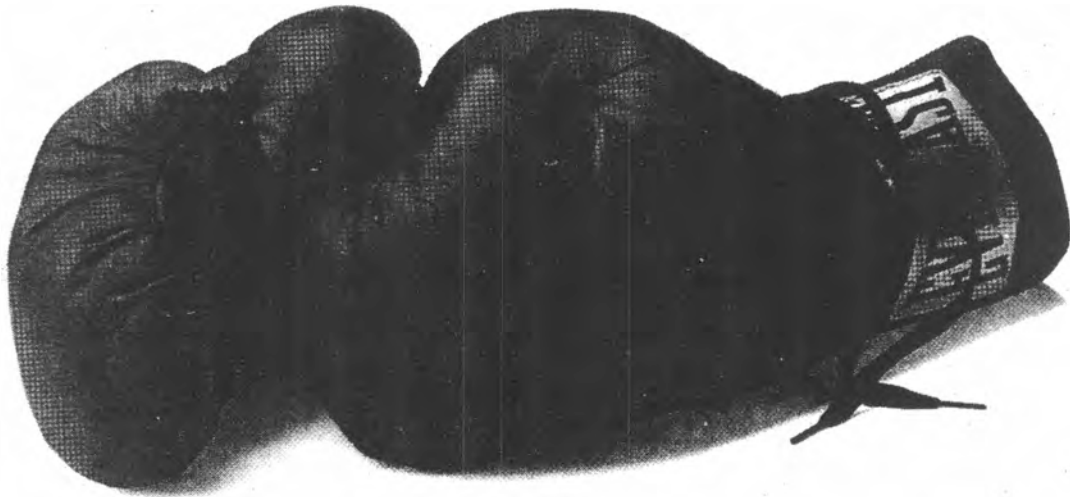
"Be sure to tell them about the time I helped build a highway," he injected when he saw we were preparing this item. We're glad he kept writing and editing as his mainstay. The highway to which he contributed has long since been re-paved.

Huntsville Railway Company 1901

Photo courtesy of H.E. Monroe



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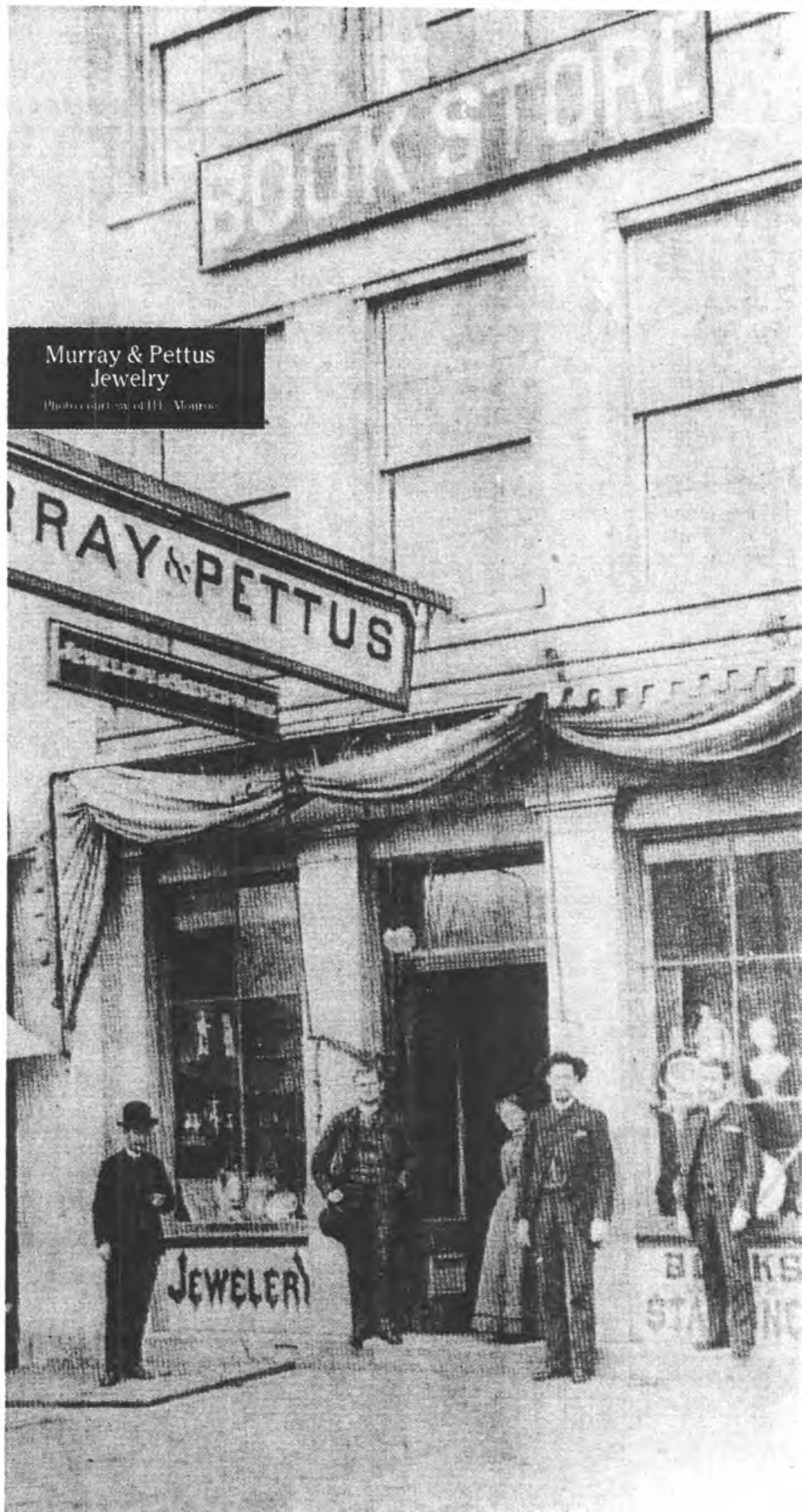
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From 1895 Newspaper



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