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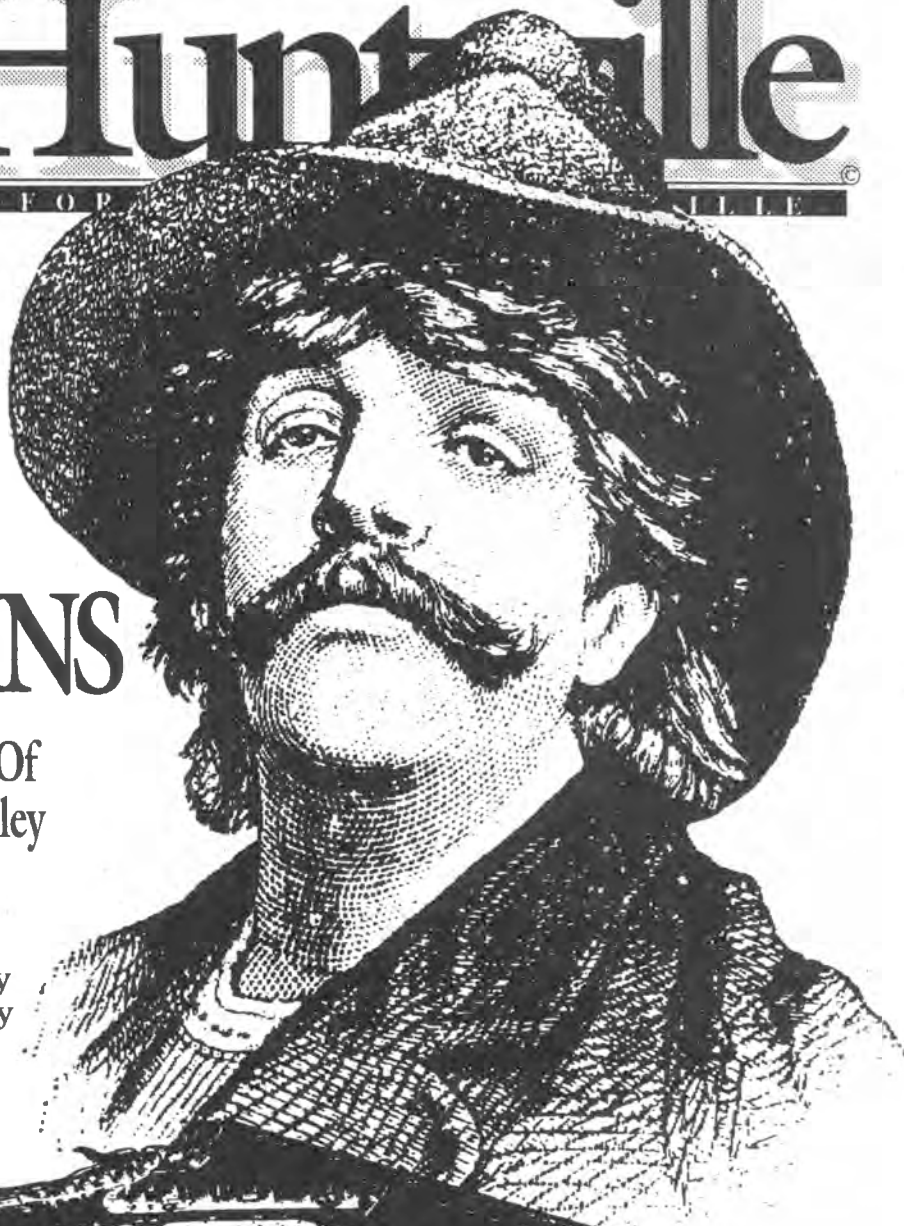
Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HUNTSVILLE

DEVIL OF THE MOUNTAINS

Wm. Monroe Evans' Reign Of Terror In The Tennessee Valley

The citizens of Huntsville anxiously peered from behind drawn shades and locked doors as the strange procession slowly made its way downtown. Heavily bearded and dressed in rough home-spun clothes, with a shotgun lying loosely across his saddle, "Devil" Monroe led the caravan.



IN THIS ISSUE

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Devil of the Mountains.

Next to him rode his son John, dressed in unkempt clothes and also carrying a shotgun. They were followed by two wagons surrounded and guarded by a motley, slovenly band of men, all heavily armed and eyeing the townspeople suspiciously.

In the middle of the strange caravan, riding in the two wagons, were the "Devil's" wives ... all seven of them.

"Devil" Monroe was bringing his family to town to do their shopping.

The townspeople had good reason to fear the man known as the "Devil of the mountains." William Monroe Evans, during a span of almost thirty years terrorized the Tennessee Valley, killing, hanging and burning anyone or anything that dared to stand in his path. Not even the Yankees, under General Mitchell's command, would be guilty of such savagery and cruelty.

Evans was born on the Madison-Marshall county line around 1842 to a family that history has forgotten. From the few accounts available it seems as if his family eked out a living on a few acres of land where they worked halfheartedly at growing a garden and raising a few pigs. The farm, if it could be called that, was located in the mountains now overlooking Lake Guntersville.

Evans learned at an early age that the mountains, almost completely inaccessible and hidden from prying eyes, was a perfect place to hide any livestock that happened to become separated from their rightful owners.

Finding the life of a brigand more to his liking than working on a hard scabble farm, he quickly embraced his newly chosen career. Gathering about him a few other miscreants and establishing a base camp in the hills, he quickly established himself as the leader.

The years preceding the Civil War were good ones for the band of budding desperados. Money had no real meaning to them as there were few places to spend it in the hills. They were content to rustle an occasional beef, and driving it back into the mountains, slaughter it when they were hungry. The remainder of their time was spent lolling about the crude shacks and lean-tos they called home and drinking the cheap homemade whiskey that they concocted.

If ever the need for hard money arose, all they had to do was to sneak into the outlying areas of Huntsville, New Hope or Guntersville and burglarize someone's home.

Unfortunately the "lowlanders," as they were called, soon put two and two together and decided that they were financing the outlaw's life-styles through their involuntary contributions of beef. At first, the citizens were content to post guards, but try as they might, they could never catch the outlaws in the act.

Evans seemed to find this highly amusing. Repeatedly, after confiscating some beef from its hapless owner, he would appear in town the next day as if daring someone to speak out against him.

Showing up in New Hope one day, after a particularly successful foray the night before, Evans began to taunt the farmer whose cattle he had stolen. The farmer was evidently afraid of Evans, and as the outlaw realized this, the more brazen his abuse became. Finally the farmer, unable to take anymore, mounted his horse and left town.

The whole incident might have ended there if Evans had left town too, but instead he chose to stay, along with his comrades, and spend the day drinking in a saloon.

Late that afternoon with the sun was still shining brightly, the brigands



Old Huntsville

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wobbled out of the saloon and staggered to where their horses were waiting, when all of a sudden their drunken revelry was interrupted by a loud shout.

"Evans, I want my cattle back!"

It was the farmer and in his hands, pointed straight at Evans, was a shotgun.

Evans made a sudden move, and when he did the farmer blasted away. Although the shot missed Evans, it tore a gaping hole in the shoulder of one of his men.

As Evans stood there unharmed, a cruel and vicious sneer spread across his face when he realized the farmer's gun was now empty. Slowly raising his revolver toward the defenseless

farmer, Evans was heard to mutter, "self defense." Then he cold bloodily killed his first man.

Where before, Evans had been a troublesome thief, now he was a killer. Many people later said that with his first taste of blood he had become the devil incarnate. And with his hideouts in the surrounding mountains it was not long before he became known as the "Devil of the mountains."

At first Evans seemed to relish his new found notoriety. The people in the surrounding communities, never overly fond of him, now shunned him completely. Men that at least had tolerated him before, now hung their heads and made excuses to leave whenever he entered a building.

This only served to enrage Evans and drive him to further extremes.

With no friends except his motley gang of brigands, Evans became embittered, some people claimed, at the whole human race. A person could look at Evans in a quizzical manner and find his barn burned the same

night, a bartender that refused to serve him might end up with a load of buckshot in his back.

The law was helpless. With no witnesses or evidence there was little the sheriff could do. Anyone who spoke up against Evans was destined to feel his vengeance.

When the Civil War broke out there lived in the northern part of Marshall County a man by the name of John Dickey; a man who was known for his hatred towards his neighbors. After federal troops took control of the area north of the Tennessee River, Dickey offered his services to the union commander. Dickey's hatred for his own people was wrongly interpreted as patriotism to the Union, and so the yankees commissioned him a captain of scouts with the power to organize a company to operate in North Alabama.

This new company was composed mostly of men who had deserted the Confederate army or had been dodging conscription. Many of these men were also wanted by the law.

Lured by the opportunity to pillage and plunder at will, Evans joined the company and found to his pleasant surprise that he was in his element. John Dickey and "Devil" Monroe Evans cut a swath of vengeance across the valley that would terrify even their own band.

Men were dragged from their homes and murdered, some of them in the presence of their families. Volney Elliot was shot in the back, Alfred Clark was hung near New Hope, Davis Russell was shot and his body cruelly mutilated. Fletcher Lewis was found hung a few miles outside of Huntsville.

For most of them, their only crime was in crossing paths with "Devil" Monroe and John Dickey.

The Confederate army was powerless to stop these atrocities and the Federal government refused to. Evans, Dickey and men like them, the federals reasoned, were helping the northern cause by keeping the rebel sympathizers in check.

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By war's end, Evans and Dickey were the most hated men in the Tennessee Valley. Although legally, operating under the auspices of the federal army, they had committed no crimes, the ex-confederate soldiers returning home saw things differently.

John Dickey, deciding discretion was the better part of valor, pulled up stakes and moved to Texas. Evans, with his small band of cut-throats, retreated into the hills above New Hope in anticipation of impending retribution.

An uneasy truce seemed to prevail for a while. The people in the valley stayed out of the mountains and Evans rarely if ever went to town. When he did, he was always carrying his shotgun.

Again, the whole affair might have ended there if Evans had not become smitten by a comely young lass on the outskirts of town. Soon he became a regular visitor to the young lady's farm in an attempt to woo her hand. The

girl's father had no use for Evans. He repeatedly told his daughter that he would never stand for Evans marrying her as long as there was any life in his body.

To Evans, that was talk he could understand.

Riding up to the girl's home late one afternoon, he killed the father and carried the girl off into the mountains.

The good folks of New Hope were outraged. A mob began to gather and there was talk of bringing Evans to justice. The sheriff brought them back to their senses. "No one witnessed the shooting except for the daughter," he said, "and if Evans is married to her now that means she can't testify."

In public, the men agreed with the sheriff but in private they had other ideas....

One of the little known facts about New Hope concerned the Masonic Hall in town. Besides being used for other functions, it was also the meeting place for the local Ku Klux Klan. And it wasn't

long before Evans and his wicked ways came to the attention of the local, night-shirted gentry.

According to popular legend, the Klan placed a two hundred dollar bounty on Evans' head and within days, he was playing dodge the bullet whenever he wandered down from the hills.

This was more than Evans' pride could bear. Calling his men together he laid plans to dynamite the Masonic hall and the Methodist church, both strongholds of his enemies. Fortunately for the townspeople of New Hope, word of the scheme leaked out and before Evans could act, warrants were obtained for his arrest.

After several long and hard days in the saddle the posse cornered Evans and his men near the present day city of Arab. The pack resisted arrest and in the ensuing gunfight six gang members were shot to death.

Evans escaped, though severely wounded. He hid in the mountains

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until his injuries had healed sufficiently enough to allow him to travel. Deciding that both Madison and Marshall counties were dangerous to his health, he moved his wife and what was left of his gang to the mountains of Morgan County.

Cast out of the hills that he called home and with no friends, Evans began to look for other means of solace. It didn't take him long to find what he was looking for.

Cloaked in the veil of religion and casting himself as a modern day Gabriel out to rid the world of wickedness, Evans proclaimed himself a converted man ... a prophet of God.

Of course, cattle and hogs kept disappearing and he still carried the same shotgun wherever he ventured.

Traditional religion must have weighed too heavily upon his shoulders. Instead of spending his time in church spitting hell, fire and brimstone, he began to have visions.

"God," he said, "has told me to punish the non-believers."

This punishment usually took the form of larceny, to the delight of his slovenly gang.

Next he had visions of many wives. "God," he said, "has instructed me to take more wives so that our truth might be spread."

"Devil" Evans believed in practicing his newly discovered religion and it wasn't long before there were seven wives living in his shanty, with a multitude of miniature devils playing in the yard.

It would be satisfying if we could, at this point, record that "Devil" Evans became a changed man, but alas, if anything, he became even more cruel. Despite his many wives (or maybe because of them) he began spending more time with his gang of brigands.

And now, with a bible in one hand and a shotgun in the other, he considered any livestock that wandered his way "donations for the Lord's work." (In a way, this creed has been imitated by some of our modern day evangelists).

Evans would call on some hapless farmer, and with his shotgun lying across the saddle in front of him, inform the man that he would surely die and go to hell unless he saw it in his heart to make a sizable contribution.

Whenever someone would protest they would find their home or barn burned to the ground. If they continued to protest, they became leading candidates for a midnight ambush.

Every grand jury that was impaneled between 1875 and 1891 tried to indict Evans for his many crimes, but through perjured testimony and intimidation of crucial witnesses he managed to overcome their every effort.

Many people began to think that the "Devil" was truly invincible.

In the summer of 1891, Evans and

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his son John were again out collecting contributions for their work. Unfortunately, a man by the name of Pierce Mooney returned home in time to catch the duo burglarizing his home. Mooney pulled his gun and began shooting and father and son headed for the woods.

The next morning as Mooney was feeding his livestock, he was ambushed in the back by someone firing a shotgun. Although in critical condition, Mooney was able to crawl back

to the house, and there, his wife sent for the doctor.

This was not exactly what Evans had planned for. A live witness could cause trouble. Evans knew Mooney was in critical condition so he waited in hiding for the doctor on the way to the patient's house. No doctor, he figured, no witness.

The physician, after being warned not to attend the wounded man, made as if he was going back to town. Instead, he cut through the woods and returned to the house by another route.

Next Evans and his son tried to run Mooney's wife off. Hiding in the woods they fired their weapons at the house and in a loud voice warned her that if she did not leave, she too would be shot.

Meanwhile word had reached town of the dastardly attack and the "Devil's" attempt to silence the witness. That same afternoon Evans' son rode into town to pick up some supplies and was promptly arrested and carried to Baileytown for trial.

When Evans received word of his son's arrest he mounted his horse and carrying his shotgun, rode into town. As he slowly made his way down the street he could not have helped but notice the small groups of men gathered on every corner, eyeing him with hatred in their eyes.

Evans was arrested by the authorities before he even had time to dismount his horse. He too, was placed in an empty store building under guard until the authorities could decide what to do with them.

The father and son duo were not unduly worried. No witness, no crime.

The same stark realization began to dawn on the townspeople. Evans would go free and their families would continue to be terrorized.

Late that night, August 15th, 1891, a mob of almost two hundred people approached the store and demanded custody of Monroe Evans and his son. The guards offered up no resistance. The condemned men were tied up and marched outside to the nearest tree limb.

"Devil" Evans departed this world with a curse on his lips and the gleam of a fanatic in his eye. His son, John, began crying and begging for mercy as the noose was placed around his neck.

According to one account, seconds after the hanging took place a violent thunderstorm swept over the valley,



with horrendous claps of thunder and solid sheets of rain pulverizing everything in its path.

"The Devil," they said, "was taking his due."

The next week the following item appeared in the "Alabama Tribune" newspaper:

"Rube Burrow was shot down by Carter and his name was lauded to the skies as a hero. Ford, in a most cowardly manner, shot and killed Jesse James but the state of Missouri paid him large sums of money. Both of these men had some redeeming qualities. They were true to their families and true to their friends. But this man had none.

He was not true to his country or his family. But the men who relieved North Alabama of the presence of this man are called by some misinformed persons 'brutes and murderers'.

Evans' poor wife is in a better condition. The man who wrecked her life and educated her son for the gallows is gone. She will no longer be insulted by the presence of her husband's harem. His gang is scattered to the four winds and peace and order have taken their place. The last stronghold of the devil in [the Tennessee Valley] has been destroyed and the people say 'Amen!'" ■



Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

When you think of healthy eating, think of fruits and vegetables. How many fruits and vegetables did you eat today? The recommendation is that you eat five servings of fruits and vegetables daily. Include two servings with every noon and evening meal and one at breakfast. Fruits and vegetables contain virtually no fat and most contain fiber. They are also rich in vitamins and you can stockpile potent ammunition in reducing the risk of cancer and other disease.

In addition, fruits and vegetables can help you control your weight much easier. Fruits and vegetables are a good source of fiber, especially legumes which include split peas, black eyed peas, lentils as well as kidney, pinto, black and navy beans. Healthy eating doesn't mean "going on a diet" but rather taking a look at the big picture. All foods can be part of a balanced diet in moderate amounts. It is the total diet, not individual foods that count.

Try making gradual and small changes in your diet. These changes together can make the big difference. Consider foods with less fat, or fat-free foods; ask for sauces and salad dressings on the side when dining out; eat more fruits and vegetables; and build your meals around rice, pasta or beans, and less on meat. If your portion of meat, chicken or fish is larger than a deck of cards (about four ounces) it is too much. Split the meat dish with your partner, or consider taking half of it home with you.

When you are preparing food at home use non-stick cookware and vegetable oil spray instead of pouring a pool of fat into the pan. Eating the right foods now can improve the quality of your life for years to come and help you stay healthy. Do you play golf? Try taking along an apple pared and cut-up and ready to eat when you are making the turn. Also, be sure to drink plenty of water during your round, especially when the weather is exceptionally hot.

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A CITY BOY IN THE COUNTRY

BY JOHN DAY

I knew I shouldn't have moved to the country. Maybe drive-by shootings aren't so bad after all. What is a city boy doing way out in the boonies?

These are the questions I have been asking myself after last Sunday's excitement. You're not going to believe this, but we did remember to take pictures, so we can prove it happened.

I was sitting in my swivel chair in the living room, having just eaten my lunch and trying to get it to digest before going back outside to continue to bush-hog. I heard the sound of galloping hooves on the road and swung around in my chair to see through the front door what was going on. Just about twenty minutes before, two wagons pulled by a pair of mules each had gone by the house. I was surprised to see a pair of these mules charging down the road pulling an empty wagon. I jumped out of my chair and ran out the door, yelling

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"Whoa" to the mules, but they didn't even slow down. What they did do though, was turn into my driveway! And they kept up a full gallop all the way over the big bump in the driveway with the wagon half on the ground and half in the air.

They aimed straight for the pump house, but decided at the last moment to miss it and veered instead right for our Dodge caravan which was parked inside the garage. Well, when they got to it, they must have figured out it wasn't going to move because they veered to the left and the wagon slammed into the rear of the caravan instead. When they turned left, they encountered the bush-hog sticking out of the garage on the other side of the caravan and both mules jumped together over the bush-hog. At this point the wagon had had enough, because when it hit the bush-hog, it disintegrated into a pile of junk.

By this time the mules' run had ended, because they were boxed in by a shed on the right, a six foot fence in front, and a huge wood pile on their left. They couldn't backup because all the traces and whiffle trees and the front axle of the wagon were right behind them.

About this time, a pickup pulled into our driveway. Out jumped an old man with a gigantic bump on his forehead and most of the skin on his right arm missing. Needless to say, he was covered with blood. The other two occupants of the pickup ran up and apologized over and over for all the fuss.

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It seems the two mules were less than a year old and this was only the second time they had been hooked up to a wagon. When the old man tried to turn a sharp corner at the end of our road, the mules had differing opinions on which way to go, and settled the question by bolting. Since they were on a turn, the wagon was unbalanced and the driver (the old man) was thrown from his seat. Instead of grabbing for the brake, he held onto the reins in an effort to stop the mules, but they were stronger than he was, and left him in the dust.

The old man was taken to the emergency room, x-rayed and covered with bandages; he's going to be O.K. After

about an hour of standing in their corner calming down, the mules were loaded onto a big gooseneck trailer and taken home. What was left of the wagon was loaded onto another trailer and taken away. The man at the body shop has come by and taken a look at the caravan. I don't know how much it's going to cost to get it fixed, and I don't care, because the nice folks who were apologizing are going to pay for the damage.

You know, when I think about it, it really was funny. And I really think riding my Cushman scooter is safer than those mules and wagons any old time.

I Remember

by Robin Scott

Time has gone by and the sun has set,
 The streams have dried up but I remember yet,
 We grew up in the hills of Tennessee,
 A time that's remembered and instilled in me.

How we walked through the fields with the hay so sweet,
 Up the path that was trodden by our little feet,
 To our Grandmother's house we would often go,
 She at the other end saying "I love my babies so."

Her house was of wood and painted white,
 And had a front porch on which we sat at night,
 We would sing "Amazing Grace" and other hymns,
 When it rained we listened to the roof made of tin.

She had colorful flowers all over this place,
 Which reflected the beauty that showed on her face,
 An assortment of trees where the birds would perch,
 She could grow anything that she put in the earth.

The warm blue skies and the happiness,
 The apple trees climbed with youth's finesse,
 Filled with the tart sweet fruit that tasted best,
 Yes, the farmland was our own treasure chest.

Thank You!

We would like to thank our many readers for your support. You are responsible for whatever success that we have enjoyed over the last two years.

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

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Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Give your windows an alcohol rub in the cold weather when water would freeze. This also prevents the window from steaming up.

Get a first-aid box together in an old cigar box. Include bandaids, sterilized gauze, adhesive tape, and antiseptic wash, a small pair of scissors and a jar of salve. Let your older children know where it is so that they can learn to use the box themselves.

To get the cloud out of heavily waxed furniture, wipe it with a cloth wrung tightly out of warm water to which one tablespoon of vinegar has been added, and polish with a soft, dry cloth.

To remove rust stains in your sink, rub the surface with a cut lemon. If it is a stubborn stain, keep rubbing til it disappears.

To hide furniture scratches, pour cod liver oil into the area and let it soak in. Then polish as usual. If it is a large scratch, fill in with beeswax stained with a dye that is a little darker than your furniture, and polish.

Don't touch any electric appliance, socket or switch with wet hands. You could receive a severe shock.

Horse Race At The Green Bottom Inn

Most people think of Andrew Jackson as an Indian fighter, general or president. What they don't know is that Jackson was also an avid fan of horse racing and a shrewd gambler.

Mr. Connally, the owner of the Green Bottom Inn, located on the spot where A. & M. University now stands, was also an avid horse racing fan and had built a race track in front of his establishment. Before long it had become a mecca for the gambling gentry.

Jackson became a regular visitor, and gambler, at the Inn during his frequent visits to Huntsville. Known throughout Tennessee and North Alabama for the fine race horses he raised, he became the center of attention any time he showed up with a new racer.

He also won quite a bit of money.

One day the general showed up at the Inn with a new horse. The horse didn't look like a race horse, it didn't act like a race horse, matter of fact it looked and acted more like some old plow horse.

The general tied the horse to a hitching rail and went inside where he proceeded to eat lunch, never mentioning his newest racer.

Finally one of the men in the crowd gathered the courage to approach the general.

"General, you gonna race that horse?"

"Might, might not," Jackson replied.

The local gamblers knew that Jackson was a shrewd judge of horseflesh so immediately they became interested in purchasing the horse.

"Wanna sell the horse?" They asked.

"Might, might not," he again replied.

"Give you \$50.00 gold," one said.

"Horse ain't worth it," the general replied. "It's just an old nag."

"Give you a hundred!"

The general looked at the men with a solemn look on his face and asked, "Gentlemen, do you realize the value of that horse? That's not just an ordinary racer! Why, I would be willing to

wager you that there's not an another horse here like him!"

"Make it three hundred."

Reluctantly the general departed with the horse and the gamblers made preparations to enter it in the next race.

Sadly to say the horse finished last. The group of disheartened (and broke) gamblers approached General Jackson, who was sitting under a shade tree counting his winnings.

"General," they said, "You said that horse wasn't any ordinary racer. What's so special about it?"

"Gentlemen, I really wished you had asked me earlier. Yep, that's a special horse. It's probably the only piece of horseflesh here today that's never been in a race."



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Letters to the Editor

Dear Cathey,

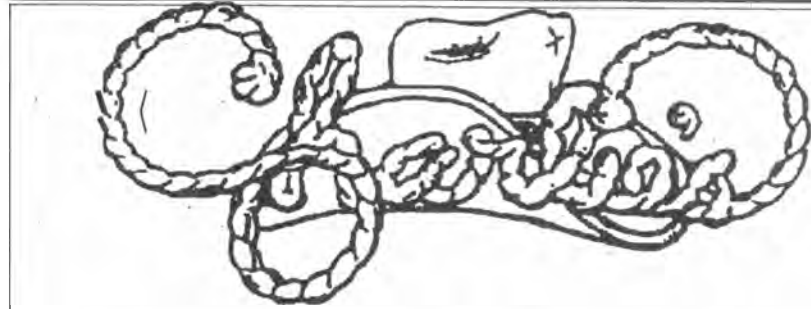
My new subscription to "Old Huntsville" has been quite enjoyable. Thanks again for such a fine publication. I shared the article about the fife player in the Mexican War ("Forgotten Hero") with a history club that I have organized at work. Most of the members are black, and they were astounded. I enjoy helping them to get a sense of history, and your magazine has been a big help to me.

Good luck in the future.

Brett Bradshaw
Prosperity, SC

Dear Old Huntsville,

You may be able to answer this question. I have several lavender bushes that I planted about two years ago. They are now 6-8 feet tall, and haven't had the first blossom! There are plenty of leaves and branches, and



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they seem very healthy. They get lots of sun and I fertilize them, but why won't they bloom?

Joan Priest
Fayetteville, Tennessee

Editor's Note:
You got us. How about it, readers? Does anyone know the answer to this? If you do, please write Joan in care of "Old Huntsville," and we will publish the answer next issue.

Dear Editors,
I know this is a recipe, but it is so unusual that I thought maybe you could print it in your "Letters" column. Here it is.

Dirty Pudding:
2 small packs instant vanilla pudding, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 cup confectioners sugar, 1/2 cup butter, softened 8 oz. package cream cheese, softened 12 oz. container whipped topping, 16 oz. Oreo cookies, crumbled.



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BEAUTY TIPS

In a medium bowl mix the pudding and milk til well blended. Take another bowl, blend the sugar, butter and cream cheese. Blend the two mixtures together, add in the whipped topping.

Find 12 small (6-8 oz.) clay flower pots - CLEAN. Start with the crumbled cookies on bottom of each pot. Add some mixture. Layer with cookies and mixture til you get to the top, top with the cookie crumbs. For decoration, insert a small silk flower sprig. If desired, add gummy worms or bugs. Serve with a new garden trowel.

Dolores Dyer,
Pensacola, Florida

Dear Editor,

I recently received a copy of "Old Huntsville" and I was shocked when I read your lead story was about a black musician from the Huntsville area.

I have recently completed a book entitled "Unsung Heros Of America," and I had devoted a whole chapter to this person. I thought I was the only one that knew that story!

With your kind permission I would like to delete my chapter and insert your story in its place, with appropriate credit, of course.

Having done much research myself, I commend you on the awesome effort it must take to put together a publication like this every month.

Also enclosed is my check for a subscription.

Sincerely,
J. Howard
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Dear Editor,

When I was a small child my grandmother used to tell me about a wild man who lived in the mountains somewhere around Huntsville. The man supposedly had a half dozen wives (all at the same time) and was known as "Devil Monroe."

Do you have any info on this?

Kenneth Pike
Huntsville

Editor's Note:

Kenneth. Look on the front page!


Remember the instant face lift - stand in front of your mirror, and lift your eyebrows about an inch. Leave them there. You look ten years younger.

When drying your hair with a blow dryer, if your hair is medium to long, hold the hair straight out from your temple, and blow dry at the roots. You will notice that the sides of your hair seem to have more body, and on most people fullness at the sides of the head is more flattering. If you need height, pull your hair straight up at the top and blow dry this way. Or try using a small plastic brush to roll hair up and dry.

If you are at work and one of your pierced earrings loses its back, find an automatic pencil in your desk. Remove the small eraser on the end, cut a piece off of it and just stick on your earring. This will do fine til you get home and replace the back.

A great idea for those clothes that don't stay on the hangers. Get some of the plastic hangers. Buy a roll of 1/4 inch foam weather stripping. Cut two pieces of this stripping, about four inches long. Peel the backing off, and stick on to the tops of each side of the hanger. Your clothes will not fall off the hangers, and this is a very inexpensive way to do it.

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Harco Drugs - Haysland Square
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 Hilton Hotel
 Britling's Cafeteria - Governor's Drive
 Thomas Discount Drugs - Whitesburg Drive
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 Dean Whitter - Williams Avenue
 Lucky's Grocery - Whitesburg Drive
 Whitesburg Fruit and Vegetable Stand - Whitesburg Drive
 Walmart - Drake, North location, South Parkway
 Walmart - Jordan Lane
 Walmart - North Parkway
 Walmart - South Parkway
 Bruno's - Bailey Cove Road
 Bruno's - North location
 Bruno's - Drake Avenue
 First American Federal Savings and Loan
 Red Rooster Antiques - South Parkway
 Senior Center - downtown
 Cousin's Car Wash - South Parkway
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 Kaffeeklatsch coffee shop - downtown
 Big 10 Tire - South Parkway
 Hospital Pharmacy - by Huntsville Hospital
 Buy Wise Pharmacy - Whitesburg
 Monte Sano Country Store - Monte Sano
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 Rolo's Restaurant - Airport Road
 Cafe Berlin - Airport Road
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 Secor Bank - Whitesburg Drive
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 Krogers - North Parkway
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 Winn Dixie - Triana
 Winn Dixie - Oakwood Avenue
 The Village Inn - downtown
 Harrison Brothers - downtown
 David Gibson Barbeque - Jordan Lane
 Little Farm Grocery - Whitesburg
 Great American Car Wash - University Drive
 Cafe III - University Drive
 Sanders Cleaners - Jordan Lane
 Great Spirits - South Parkway
 Classic Cafe - University Drive
 Dunkin donuts - Wynn Drive and University
 Wings - University Drive
 Wings - Pratt Avenue
 J. Gregory's pizza - Jordan Lane
 Allied Photocopy - Pratt Avenue
 El Mejicano Restaurant - Jordan lane
 El Palacio Restaurant - South Parkway
 Mullin's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson Way
 Sam's Wholesale Warehouse - North Parkway
 Chevron - Pratt Avenue
 Shell Food Mart - University near Research Park
 PX - on Redstone Arsenal
 Commissary - on Redstone Arsenal
 Kettle - both University locations
 Olive Garden - University Drive
 Papa Jack's - Bob Wallace Avenue
 A&W Drive In - Drake Avenue
 Holiday Foods - Jordan Lane
 Food World - Holmes near Madison Square
 Fret Shop - Pratt
 Lawrens
 Shoney's University W.
 Haysland Antique Mall
 Farmers Market - Cook
 Burlasons Pool - Putman
 I-565 Trademart
 Classic Cafe
 Allied Phoyocopy
 NTW Tires
 Great Spirits



I RECOLLECT

by Malcolm "Hi-Pockets" Miller

Many years ago I recollect a very popular song that today would be classified as a country song; and even though I was a small boy, this particular song, or at least some of the words have stuck with me. The title of the song was "The Black Sheep." The song told a very sad story of an old man that gave all his wealth and earthly possessions to his children, that is to all his children except the one that was considered the "black sheep" of the family. As the story goes in the song, after he gave the other children all that he had, they decided that the old man was in the way; so they called the people from the county poorhouse to take the now penniless old man to spend the rest of his remaining days in the poorhouse, because they couldn't be bothered with him. Then at the last minute the son that had been given nothing came on the scene and took the old fellow home with him to care for him. Even though he hadn't lived up to his father's expectations, he was the only one who was willing and had enough love for his father to care for him now that he was destitute and old.

Madison County once had a poorhouse. It was finally closed in 1935, and the families of its residents were forced to take care of their own. I was reminded of all this on a chilly April Sunday afternoon when I decided to visit one of our local nursing homes. True, the old poorhouse has long been a thing of the past, but the practice of abandoning the elderly is more prevalent today. It seems a way of life for many, many people in our modern day society. Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am certainly not knocking the nursing homes. Thank God for them. The one that I visited today was clean and neat and the employees that I talked to seemed to have a genuine love and concern for the residents there. In fact, one young lady that I talked to told me, "If I didn't love them, I couldn't stay here and see all the suffering and loneliness."

One other point that I would like to make is that not all the patients in these homes have been abandoned by their families. Some of them visit daily and bring flowers and goodies to try to do everything they can for them; and for various reasons cannot possibly care for them at home. The sad fact of the matter still remains that a large major-

ity of these patients have been abandoned by those that they spent their whole productive lives providing for. I didn't mean to stay long on this little visit today, but I found myself there several hours, talking to some of the sweetest, kindest folks I have ever known. One old gentleman was real cheerful, until he mentioned his darling wife, as he called her and each time he mentioned her he would break down and cry like a baby. He said, "Mister, if she were still living, I wouldn't be in this place." Another sweet little frail lady said of her children, some of which live close by, "I guess gas is just too expensive for them to come." Then, as her chin started to quiver, she said to me, "Mister, it gets awfully lone-

some." As I walked down the hallway, an old lady confined to a wheelchair called to me and asked, "Is Hugh coming today?" I asked an attendant who she was talking about. She said that it was the old lady's son, who had only been there once, to her knowledge, since he admitted her over a year ago.

The people that I talked to today, many of whom have been abandoned by the children they still love dearly, are only waiting to die; and for many of them death will be more from a broken heart than from any physical ailment. "No, my dear lady, Hugh won't be here today, not tomorrow, maybe not ever." These were the thoughts that were running through my mind as I wiped the tears out of my eyes (so I could see how to drive out of the nursing home parking lot) and headed home.

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The Legend Of Lily Flagg

by Cathey Carney

Even though not as old as some homes still standing in Madison County, the Watkins-Moore home at 1619 Adams Avenue bids strongly for a unique place among colorful local history. For this was the location of the only reception ever held for a cow.

In the 1850's the home was built by the Watkins family. James L. Watkins passed the land on to his son Robert H. Watkins. At the time this home was built, Huntsville was renowned for having some of the most beautiful homes throughout the South. This started a building feud in Huntsville and Watkins was not to be outdone. He was surrounded by stately dwellings, and wanted his home to outshine them all.

The building of the home began. Craftsmen were called in from other states to create plaster of paris molding. All the woodwork inside the dwelling was made of walnut, frescoes were put together painstakingly in sections. Slaves were put to work making hand-pressed brick for its walls. Two stairways led to the second floor of the home, with a third going directly to the tower on the roof which consisted of two floors. There was no other structure like the tower anywhere near Huntsville. Those who traveled the world spoke of a similar one in Paris. On clear days, one could see as far as the Tennessee River from the lookout in the tower.

Robert Watkins built this magnificent home as a gift to his beloved bride, Margaret Carter. She didn't live long in the home, however. Soon after the home was completed, the Civil War began and the men went away to war. Margaret had just given birth to their first child when Yankee forces reached Huntsville. When the Yankees spread their tents all over the yard of the mansion, the alarmed servants ran in to tell the weakened mother the news. She was extremely agitated, and died a few hours after being notified.

When Samuel Moore acquired the home in 1890 he continued to improve the interior of the home. Such rare items as bathtubs, lighting fixtures, and marble mantles from Italy were brought in.

Mr. Moore was quite a colorful character. Even though he was a renowned bachelor and a member of the State Legislature, he loved parties and people. Prominent visitors never missed a tour of his home, and many local celebrities married there, surrounded by flowers and gaiety.

Samuel Moore not only loved people, he loved his cow, whom he had named Lily Flagg. This was not an ordinary cow, but had just returned from the state fair in Chicago where she had taken top honors as the world's greatest butterfat producer. He was as proud of her as if a daughter had taken top honors in a world beauty contest.

So to celebrate her success he decided to honor her with a grand reception.

He spared no expense in the preparations. He had the home painted a bright yellow for the occasion. A fifty foot dancing platform was erected at the back of the mansion and was lit by one of the first electric lighting systems in the southeast. Lanterns were hung everywhere, flowers were in abundance.

When prominent officials received their invitations, they noticed a picture of a cow on the front. On the evening of the event, guests dressed in formal attire, formed a long line that wound its way to the small stable at the rear of the property, where the little Jersey stood almost hidden by roses. She was honored by people from as far away as Washington.

When the Italian orchestra from Nashville began to play, the dance platform quickly filled up. Special tables were set up all over the property to hold exquisite foods and pastries. Champagne flowed freely and it is said that this was one of the best parties held in the Huntsville area before or after.

The party lasted until the early morning hours, and older residents said that they would never forget the party for the little cow.



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In 1898, P.T. Barnum's side show included a motley group of folks. Some were: A man who looked like a Skye terrier, a woman with skin like an alligator, a blue man (who had dyed himself with silver nitrate by accident), the most tattooed woman in the world, a rubber man who could pull his skin several inches off his cheeks, a woman whom no one could make laugh and a hardheaded man, upon whose head people could break blocks of granite.

It has been reported that loud talk can be ten times more distracting than the sound of a jackhammer. Loud, incessant chatter can make a listener nervous and irritable, and even start him or her on the road to insanity.

Before 1859, baseball umpires sat in padded rocking chairs behind the catcher.

An extraordinary marriage took place in 1873. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Archdeacon Philpott, in the presence of a very large congregation. The married couple both belonged to the parish, but the unusual part was the fact that the bride had no arms, and the ring had to be placed on the third toe of the left foot. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she signed the register, holding the pen in her toes, in a very decent hand.



FAMOUS RECIPES

FROM THE PAST

Early 1900 Dessert Recipes

Surprise Apple Cake:

2 cups graham cracker crumbs, 2 tbl. melted butter, 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon, 3 eggs, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 2 tbl. lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon, 2 cups applesauce (pushed through a sieve).

Butter a deep 10-inch cake pan or spring mold. Mix graham crackers with the butter and cinnamon, spread 3/4 of it in the pan. Separate the eggs, beat yolks well. Add condensed milk, lemon juice, rind and applesauce to yolks. Beat the egg whites til stiff, fold into the milk mixture. Pour all into the cake pan and cover with remaining crumbs. Bake at 350 for 50 minutes.

Indian Pudding Recipe:

2 cups boiling water, 1 cup corn meal, 4 cups hot milk, 1/2 cup molasses or sorghum, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. ginger, ground.

Pour boiling water over the corn meal, add this to the hot milk and cook in double-boiler for 20 minutes. Remove from heat. Add the molasses or sorghum, salt and ginger, stir well. Pour mixture into a greased pudding dish. Bake at 250 for 2 hours. Serve with cream or ice cream.

Buttermilk Crumb Pudding:

3 tbl. shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups toasted bread crumbs, 1/2 tsp. grated nutmeg, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 tsp. baking soda.

Cream shortening til light, gradually add sugar, beat til fluffy. Add bread crumbs, nutmeg and raisins, stir well. Combine buttermilk and soda, add to raisin mixture. Pour batter into well-greased pudding mold equipped with a lid for steaming. Fill about 2/3 of the way full. Cover with lid, steam for 45 minutes. Remove from mold and serve with whipped cream or hard sauce.

Apple Brown Betty With Hard Sauce:

1/3 cup melted butter, 2 cups fresh bread cut in cubes, 6 cups sliced tart apples, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tbl. grated lemon rind, 2 tbl. lemon juice, 1/4 cup water.

Hard Sauce:

1/2 cup butter, 1 cup confectioner's sugar, 1/4 cup Benedictine & Brandy Liqueur, 1/2 tsp vanilla.

Toss bread in the melted butter. Into a greased 1 1/2 quart casserole, put 1/3 of this bread mix. Add 1/2 of the apples, and 1/2 of the mixed sugar, nutmeg, lemon rind and cinnamon. Cover with 1/3 of crumbs, remaining apples and remaining sugar mix. Drizzle with lemon juice and water, mixed. Add remaining crumbs, bake at 375 for 30 minutes, covered. Uncover casserole and bake 30 more minutes. Serve with hard sauce.

To make the hard sauce, beat butter and sugar til creamy. Beat in the vanilla and liqueur. Refrigerate til firm.

Chocolate Lady Fingers:

1 tsp. unflavored gelatin, 3 tbl. cold water, 3 tbl. boiling water, 2 eggs, separated, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1 oz unsweetened baking chocolate, melted, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, 8 lady fingers, whipped cream.

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes, add boiling water and stir to dissolve. Beat egg yolks til thick, beat in sugar. Add melted chocolate and gelatin. Take another bowl, beat egg whites til stiff, fold into the chocolate mixture. Add vanilla, line a bowl with lady fingers, fill with the mix. Refrigerate for several hours, when ready to serve top with whipped cream.

More Light and Lean

Potato Casserole:

12 oz. potatoes, unpeeled and coarsely shredded
 1/2 cup chopped onions
 1/2 cup dry milk, nonfat
 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1/4 tsp. salt
 2 tbl. water
 1 tbl. flour

Combine all ingredients. Pour into 9-inch pie pan, greased. Press mix with fork, gently. Bake uncovered for 30 minutes at 375 til lightly browned. This has 118 calories per serving and no fat. If you want to add some fat, you may want to add 1/2 cup chopped cheddar cheese to the mixture.

Wonderful Mustard Potato Salad:

12 oz cooked potatoes, unpeeled and cut into 1 inch cubes
 1 tbl. red wine vinegar
 2 tsp. coarse, grainy mustard
 1 tbl. plus 1 tsp. light mayonnaise
 2 tsp. dried chives
 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
 2 tsp. dried parsley
 1/8 tsp. pepper salt to taste

Mix all ingredients except potatoes. Add to potatoes and toss well. Chill. Each serving has 90 calories, and 2 grams of fat.

Pepper Hamburgers:

1 pound ground beef, lean
 1 egg white
 3/4 oz wheat germ
 1 cup green and red pepper, chopped fine

1/4 cup tomato sauce
 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
 1 packet beef broth mix

Combine all ingredients well, shape into four patties. Cook in pan on the stove or outdoors, til done. Each serving has 259 calories, with 16 grams of fat.

Broiled Onions:

2 large onions, sliced thick
 soy sauce

Sprinkle onions with soy sauce, marinate for several hours. Grill under broiler til brown on each side, turning with spatula.

19 calories a serving, no fat.

Healthy Morning Muffins

These recipes are great because the muffins are low in fat, can be frozen and taken to work or wherever you need a snack.

Banana Oat Muffins

3/4 cup flour, all purpose
 1 1/2 tsp baking powder
 3 oz quick oats, uncooked
 1 egg
 1/2 tsp vanilla butternut flavor
 1/2 tsp almond extract
 3 tbl plus 1 tsp sugar
 1/4 cup skim milk
 2 tbl plus 2 tsp sunflower oil
 2 medium ripe bananas, mashed
 Combine flour, baking powder and oats. Take a larger bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Beat with fork til blended. Stir dry mix into banana mix, til all is moistened. Grease a muffin tin, put batter in evenly (8 muffins). Bake 15 minutes at 400 til lightly browned.

Each serving has 185 calories, with 6 grams of fat.

Bran Muffins

1/2 cup whole wheat flour
 1/2 cup plus 2 tbl all purpose flour
 1 1/2 oz bran
 1 tsp baking soda
 1 1/2 tsp cinnamon
 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 1/4 cup molasses
 1 tbl plus 1 tsp safflower oil
 1 tsp vanilla extract

Combine flours, bran, soda and cinnamon. In a larger bowl, mix all the rest. Beat til blended with a wire whisk. Add dry mix to liquid mix and stir til blended - batter will be rather thin. Pour into 8 greased muffin cups. Bake 20 - 25 minutes, at 375.

Very moist. Each muffin contains 154 calories with 4 grams of fat.

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This Month's Recipe Page Brought To You by



billy joe cooley

BLUEGRASS MUSIC echoes throughout the city the third weekend each

September (this year it was on Sept. 19 and 20) as musicians gather in Cahaba Grove from several states to compete for money and plaques at the Cahaba Bluegrass Convention, corner Pulaski Pike and

Winchester Road. That is the one time each autumn when we come face to face with our heritage. If you want an idea of what our forefathers (and foremothers) enjoyed as music, you'll need to bring the old lawn chairs to next fall's gathering, lean back and let your mind wander through the dulcet

tones of the banjos, guitars and fiddles. Meet new friends or bring your own and you'll be surprised at how many lifetime memories you'll make.

KARAOKE singalongs on Saturday nights keep attracting adventurous vocalists to Finnegan's Irish Pub. Arab's Scott Hulsey was among the gang that sang "Sweet Adeline" last weekend. Barkeep Ed Killingsworth listened in amazement.

Anniston guitarist Keitha Williams has garnered a following here in recent months. She plays the Kaffeeklatch once a month and is a

regular at Twickenham Station on Friday and Saturday nights.

All that excitement at Stepping Stone condos a few weeks ago was the beginning of a lengthy birthday party for Janet Humphrey. Her ma and pa, Anita and Eddie, hosted the affair, her 10th.

Watch out Olan Mills, our barberess pal P'Nut Wilson (Jackson Way Barbershop) has a new camera and is snapping some excellent shots. She showed her photos to Marvin Gurley last week. He then told her of the great pictures he made in Korea 40 years ago.

Matt Wedgeman, who, listened, has decided to stay out of the picture game.

WELCOME to town Steve and Robin Scott, who moved here from Virginia Beach not long ago. We crossed paths in Arnold Hornbuckle's record store the other day.

This is the day we wish good things on the Three Mosquitos, Martin Meder, Carey Martin and Randy Deason.

In case you've missed seeing David Hinote around, he's selling furniture these days at Montgomery Ward's.

MICOM commanding general, Major Gen. Joe Rigby, and wife Colleen (he's a native of Lockney, Texas) were brought to Eunice's roundtable the other morning by Ernie and June Young. At the next table sat pretty Terri Flanders, who graduated last spring from Athens State College (degree in education, no less), who was thrilled at being a new aunt. Her twin sister Traci (and hubby Sam Darwin) have a daughter, Ashlee Kathryn Darwin (born Aug. 24). Across the dining room at Eunice's was Patricia Burger, son Kevin Ragan (and his pal Jason Fortner) and her pal Mildred Ragan. Even UAH prof Jim Wilson huddled around the table, using his proper English, of course. Beer baron Joe Adams and his Ola were also breakfasting there. Ola has one of the world's great doll collections (thousands of them, no doubt). Speaking of dolls and such, our talented friend Pamela Dale, who sings soprano with the San Francisco Opera Company,

David A. Green M. D., F.A.A.P.
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Rainbow
PEDIATRICS

continued on page 20

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1991-92 MAJOR EMPHASIS: "Young Children Priority One"

810 Mira Vista Dr.
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August 20, 1992

Old Huntsville Magazine
716 Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, AL 35801

Dear Tom, Cathey and Bruce,

On behalf of the members of the Kiwanis Club of Huntsville/Golden K, I would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation to the publishers of "Old Huntsville", Tom and Cathey Carney and Bruce Till, for their kind generosity in supporting the ideals and goals of this club. For almost two years now they have provided this club with copies of their fine publication "Old Huntsville" free of charge, and our members have worked hard manning the many locations where this publication is on sale. The funds derived from the sale of our copies of the publication are our main source of income. These funds permit our club to expand our support to our various youth programs and other worthwhile community charitable projects.

We are grateful also to all Huntsvillians who regularly purchase copies of "Old Huntsville" from one of our now familiar Kiwanis crates which are located in over sixty locations throughout the city. Remember that a donation for a copy of this publication is going to a good cause, one that can only help in the advancement of our community.

So again, many thanks to the publishers of "Old Huntsville" for their kindness in providing us with this opportunity to work toward increasing our source of income, and to all citizens of Huntsville who support the efforts of this club to better serve our community.

Sincerely,

Martin J. Burke, President
Kiwaniis Club of Huntsville/Golden K

has an exciting hobby in making dolls and doll clothes, plus a bunch of other items which she collectively refers to as "pamelations." She sells them in

Packard's Antique Mall on South Parkway. "I even have a couple of operatic dolls," laughs she. Eunice returns from her Florida blast-off today, which is her birthday.

BOOTMAKER Steve Brady (Village Center) has made some impressive footwear lately. Merle Haggard's son Marty is one of his customers, as is Hank Williams Jr.'s manager Merle Kilgore.

There have been some excellent films showing lately at Cobb theaters here. The best of the batch, in my humble opinion, is "Christopher Columbus, The Discovery." We also liked "Death Becomes Her," which contained a few chuckles despite being so utterly unbelievable. We've often been

asked "Whatever happened to the movie 'Secrets of the Phantom Cavern' which was filmed here several years ago?" The answer is simple: You probably didn't see it because it was released under a different name,

"What Waits Below." It's available on tape from Blockbuster Video. Surprisingly, it's a very classy movie.

GRISSOM GRAD Manny Cachan has left for Harvard. He was with Breland Homes and, earlier, served ice cream to our gang at Sweeney's. His ma and pa, Rosario and Manuel, are proud, of course.

It's with interest that we note the band 285 has become the staff band at Vapors Club. That should keep the crowds flocking.

After the outstanding three-hour Gazebo Concerts' Big Spring Fling on Labor Day night, several of the musi-

cians and patrons joined in for a round of pool shooting at Johnny Tona's Family Billiards. We enjoy that place because they don't allow smoking, swearing, boozing or gambling. The fling, by the way, was the best ever. The dance music attracted hundreds onto the portable dance floor. Hostess Bianca Cox, who started the summertime gazebo concerts seven years ago, was on cloud nine as she and husband Richard helped Shirley and Dick Corbett celebrate their birthdays. Bianca has been the city's most effective exponent of cultural music for many years. She played clarinet in the Huntsville Symphony when it was conducted by the great Dr. Marx Pales during the orchestra's better years.

John Walker is the new general manager at Ryan's on University Drive. One of his assistant managers is Don Burdick, who retired here from the army (ours).

SHOTGUN EXPRESS is the name of the new supertrio at Boot Scooters Lounge, Carriage Inn. The musicians hail from across the south and include drummer Buddy Newboles, guitarist Dale Tatum and bassist Jerry Riddle. A most refreshing sound, nothing at all like what we've come to accept as entertainment.

Good morning to Tim Atchley and LeRoy Gilstrap, staffers at University Inn's entertainment parlor, where bossman Dewey Brazelton holds court nightly. Gilstrap is also manager of the concession and cookin' facility at Ditto Landing.

Jerry Critelli has signed on as general manager at Pho's Restaurant (the former Crockmier property) on Country Club Drive.

That's where jazzist Tim Gordon plays his bongos and vibes on Friday and Saturday nights.

Young Huntsvillians have been zipping off to Decatur the past few nights to party at that city's Peach Pit teen night spot.

Great enjoyment, says our lawn-mowing neighbor Calbert Hopper, who has been twice.

Sympathies to the family of our guitarist friend and neighbor Oren Gilliam, who died unexpectedly over the Labor Day weekend.

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ALABAMA HAD TWO GOVERNORS

Gov. W.H. Smith refused to concede his office to newly elected Robert B. Lindsay, charging frauds were practiced in the election. Lindsay took the oath and for a while Alabama had two Governors. Smith was removed after two weeks by court order.

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A History Of The Owens Cross Roads Post Office

According to a history of Owens Cross Roads, AL, written by Ms. Thelma Spivey and revised by Mr. Jerry Lewis on January 17, 1990, pioneers began to settle this area in the early eighteenth hundreds. Among these early settlers was a man named Thomas J. Owens. Along with others, Mr. Owens succeeded in having a post office established in this area and the name Owens Cross Roads was chosen to honor Mr. Owens and to identify the two roads which crossed at that location at a right angle. The mail was delivered to the Owens Cross Roads Post Office at that time by Mr. Owens' slave, Monroe Owens, who ran a star route between Huntsville and Guntersville by horseback. The post office was located in a large frame building in the northeast corner of the road crossing along with a general store and a blacksmith shop.

A cartoon published by "The Huntsville Times" states that the first post office in Owens Cross Roads was opened in early 1861 and then closed on May 27, 1861, when the United States suspended all mail service to the South due to the Civil War.

After the Civil War, post offices were established in private residences to provide "call mail." One residence in this area was in the Big Cove area and was known as "Grayson." Another residence was the Patterson residence in the Cave Spring area at the intersection of present day Cave Spring Road and Old Gurley Pike and this post office was known as "Lowe."

Although rural free delivery (RFD) was inaugurated on October 1, 1896, the exact date rural free delivery began in Owens Cross Roads is not available. Records indicate that Mr. Issac E. Ellett was the Postmaster in 1905 and that rural free delivery existed here in 1908. Rural Route One as amended on September 1, 1908, covered 22.2 miles and remained the same length for 17 years until an adjustment on October 16, 1925, added one tenth of a mile to the length of the route.

In 1922, a second route was established to serve 60 families and covered 16.9 miles. The annual salary was \$864. This route gave service to its customers only three days a week. Both routes at this time were covered by horse and buggy and are referred to in the records as "Buggy routes." As roads were improved and as automobiles became more available, these "Buggy routes" were combined sometime in the "twenties" and remained as one route until April 19, 1980, at which time an auxiliary (part-time) route was established in addition to Route One. On April 9, 1988, Rural Route Two became a full-time route and a third route (auxiliary) was established on January 11, 1992. Present day Route One has 519 boxes and covers 49 miles, Route Two has 533 boxes and covers 53 miles, and Route Three has 145 boxes and covers 26 miles. Including the families with post office boxes, the Owens Cross Roads Post Office now serves over 1,400 families.

Postmaster:

Mr. Issac E. Ellett (? - 1914)
 Mr. Robert M. Craft (1914 - 1949)
 Mr. Marvin E. Glover (1949 - 1980)
 Mr. Larry R. Popejoy (1980 - 1988)
 Ms. Marion Eidson (1988 - present)

Clerk:

Mrs. Robert M. (Gertha) Craft (? - 1966)
 Mrs. Amy Maples Lemley (1961 - 1990)
 Mrs. Jo Ann Glover (1967 - 1968)
 Mr. Glenn Johnson (1990 - present)

Rural Mail Carriers:

? Bennett (? - late twenties)
 Mr. Joe Ben Tabor (approx. 1921 - 1958)
 Mr. Sam Grooms, Jr. (1959 - 1983)
 Mrs. Glenda Honea Moody (1977 - present): Route 02
 Mrs. Glenda Passeur Patterson (1985 - present): Route 01
 Mrs. Mary Grace Moon Keel (1984 to present): Route 03
 Ms. Sandra Foster and Mrs. Ann Smith Kelly presently serve as Rural Carrier Associates.

Among the locations of the buildings in which the post office has been located are the one mentioned in the northeast corner of the road crossing, across the road from that location in the Southeast corner of the road crossing, 2998 Old Highway 431 (until 1992), and the present location at 8396 Highway 431, South, which has been occupied by the post office since January 9, 1992.

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The Owens Cross Roads Post Office is now located in one of the fastest growing areas in the state and a large growth in the number of families served by this office is expected in the near future.

*Compiled by Glenda Honea Moody
 Information supplied by:
 Mr. Marvin E. Glover
 Ms. Marion Eidson
 Miss Thelma Spivery's history*

CHAUTAQUA '92

East Clinton School is pleased to announce that their fifteenth annual Chautauqua Festival will be held Saturday, September 26, from 10:00 am. to 3:00 p.m. This event is to recreate the "Chautauqua" which toured from Chautauqua, New York, and provided quality entertainment in the communities around the turn of the century. Here in Huntsville, it is held on the grounds of East Clinton School.

There will be a variety of entertainment including Jim Connor's banjo pickin', gospel singing, a barber shop quartet, the Civil War living history, and other community performances of dance and creative theater. There will be a tour of historic homes, a children's carnival and arts and crafts will be displayed both in the school and on the grounds. Food will be available, so come and spend the day! !

Memories of Dallas Village

by Linda Strange

The cotton mill villages in Huntsville have played a large role in defining our city the way it is today - Though it may seem centuries ago to some of us, many of the people who occupied those villages are still around to tell their stories. The burning of the old Dallas mill in the fall of 1991 could not erase the memories of a unique way of life that once inhabited Madison County. Take a drive down Stevens Street or Humes Avenue and there is history that lives on from days past....

Mrs. Cecil Gustin lived in Lincoln village until 1928 when she got married. Her new husband found a job at Dallas mill which moved the newlyweds to Dallas mill village in 1932. At the time, there were 3 cotton mills still in operation in town out of the original 9 mills in and around Madison County: Huntsville park, Lincoln mill, and Dallas mill. Each mill hosted its own mill villages to house and provide for it's employées.

People who worked at the mills tended to live in the villages not only for the close proximity to work, but because the mills provided low-cost housing at .75 cents a month for a three bedroom house, and the cost of the electricity bill was taken out of the paycheck of each mill worker.

The Gustin's paid \$1600.00 for their first house in the village in 1932, although he made only \$7.14 a week in the mill's carding department. "People thought we were crazy for paying so much money, but we were bound and determined to own our own home."

Every weekday at 4:30 a.m., the first whistle, called the wake-up whistle, sounded at the mill. The whistle blew again at 5:30, and once more at 5:45, warning the workers they were going to be late if they did not hurry! At the sound of the last whistle men would start running from their homes in order to be at work by 6 a.m.

The work days were a long 12 hours, Monday through Friday, with occasional work on Saturday. Mrs. Gustin's day was spent doing household chores with the other village wives, and basically helping each other out.

"Times were hard," she recalled. "It was a lot different from today. Back then no one had much money so everyone would help one another."

Most folks, remembers Mrs. Gustin, made their own bread every morning,



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and like herself, fixed lunch for their husbands and other family who worked in the mill.

On weekends, about the only form of entertainment was the movie at the YMCA, which was across the street from the mill, or the ball games at the YMCA for the children. A movie and popcorn was only .15 cents, and if you wanted to go somewhere else, Huntsville had a trolley car that ran from Stevens Street to town, to Huntsville park and over to Lincoln mill, so you could ride just about any place you wanted outside the village.

For those who worked and lived in the village, many services were furnished by the mill so employees and their families had little need to stray from the boundaries of the village. When Mr. and Mrs. Gustin's first child was born in 1934, Martha Myhand, the village nurse, made house calls to Mrs. Gustin every day for 9 days to bathe the baby and change her bed. Mrs. Myhand lived in a big two story house on the corner of Andrew Jackson Way and Oakwood, and attended to the sick and needy villagers of Dallas mill village through a contract she had with the mill. Another benefit to the mill families was the opening of Rison school. Mr. J.R. Rison was one of the first owners of Dallas mill, and erected the school (which no longer stands) especially for the children of Dallas mill village. Mrs. Gustin and her husband both attended Rison school as did their children.

But life in the village wasn't easy. Mrs. Gustin's husband was asthmatic and not in perfect health when they married, and as the years went on, he would miss 6-8 weeks of work in the spring and fall due to illness. Because Mr. Gustin was a good worker, he was granted time off, although without pay. Mrs. Gustin doesn't remember Dallas mill giving paid sick leave or vacations while her husband worked there, although she says she remembers receiving sheets and pillow cases from the mill at Christmas. These were goods manufactured at their own Dallas mill. But without her husband's salary during his bouts with illness, Mrs. Gustin says they may not have made it without the help of her father.

Her family lived near Fayetteville, Tennessee and her father would come to Huntsville frequently to sell firewood. On his trips, he would bring garden vegetables, fresh eggs and milk to his daughter and son-in-law, and having the vegetables for meals and canning helped them through some rough times. With the help of her



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The Color of Love

from 1891 newspaper

How a love that had burned serene and bright for over five decades flickered and flared and came near going out all through a difference of opinion in a shade of paint is the subject of as quaint a little story as one often hears.

In a cozy cottage out on Houston Street live a fine old couple who were married early in their teens. They were a handsome bride and groom, as the faded daguerreotypes in the big album on the parlor table show, and, moreover, they were active and prominent figures in the old-fashioned and aristocratic society of the state some sixty years ago. Now both of them are nearly seventy, and except for the single incident that forms my tale, their mated life has been one long idyllic dream.

That disagreement happened only a little while ago. It came about in this way: Their cottage was sadly in need of a new coat of paint, and the venerable pair discussed the question of color long and earnestly without being able to come to a harmonious understanding. He urged that it be painted yellow. She insisted that it be painted gray. So they argued for their preferences, her eloquence always for gray and his voice still for yellow. They could not agree, and it fell out in the end that this moot-point of gray or yellow paint became so alarmingly serious as to threaten the rupture of an affection of more than half a century.

Indeed, the terms of a separation were actually discussed, to the blank bewilderment of the whole neighborhood, but happily better counsel prevailed. The wife yielded a little from her stand; the husband became less insistent in his views. At last they determined upon a unique compromise. And now the passers-by out Houston way may notice a pretty little cottage with two of its sides painted yellow and its other two sides painted gray. It is the monument to the one quarrel of a lifetime, which ended happily after all.

parents, explained Mrs. Gustin, they managed to live better than a lot of the mill families.

Dallas mill was the first of the remaining three mills to close its doors in Huntsville. Strikes began among the workers, many of the younger ones going to the new arsenal to work.

The mill was losing so much help to the arsenal they made a rule that no one who worked at the arsenal could live in the village; that included Mrs. Gustin's brother who came to live with the Gustin family in 1941 to work at the arsenal. Because the mill was firing employees who housed arsenal workers, Mrs. Gustin's brother had to leave.

Still, most folks were loyal to the mill and stayed with it until it closed, before moving to jobs at the remaining mills around town. Mr. Gustin went to work at Lincoln mill after the closing of Dallas mill, then to the Huntsville park mill where he occasionally received paid sick time as his illness worsened. After 35 years of work in the mills, 25 of those at Dallas mill, Mr. Gustin retired from Huntsville park in 1964 with health problems. After 59

years of marriage to Mrs. Gustin, he passed away at the age of 78.

"Times were better then," said Mrs. Gustin who still lives in the Humes Avenue village home that she and her husband bought in 1939. "Even though we didn't have much, people thought more of each other. Neighbors looked out for one another."

And indeed they did. The village communities presented a way of life almost independent of the town in which they were nestled. Generation after generation stayed in the village to work at the mill, just as sons followed in their father's footsteps to Floyd Hardin's barber shop for a hair cut. Floyd still works in what is now known as Jackson Way Styling Salon and is often referred to as the unofficial "mayor of Dallas village."

As the village of Dallas mill celebrates its 100th anniversary this year, the once independent block of streets in the heart of Huntsville contain remnants of a not so distant past.

Chatauqua Comes to Old Huntsville

by Evelyn Hayden Hodge

Most of the people now living in Huntsville have probably never heard of the real Chatauqua. Those who have heard of it, more than likely, have no idea what it was or what it was like. The few who do remember it will never forget it.

Chatauqua came to Huntsville for a week each summer from around 1917 to 1927 or so. It originated in Chatauqua County, N.Y., hence its name Chatauqua. It brought the biggest and best in quality entertainment to a small town. It was, in a much smaller way, to old Huntsville what the Von Braun Civic Center is to Huntsville today.

Each year they put up a big tent behind the old two-story East Clinton school building. There they would have three shows daily. The morning shows were primarily for children. The afternoon and evening shows were tuned for the general public.

They presented such shows as plays from Broadway; humorist Irvin S. Cobb; opera stars; Sousa's Band; Nellie Taylor Ross of Wyoming, the first woman to become governor; Houdini the magician; Kreel's Band; William Jennings Bryan, who ran for president of the United States and died in Dayton, Tennessee, during the Scopes trial; and many other interesting and entertaining shows.

There was no selling anything except the admission tickets, and almost everyone bought season tickets. There was nothing but just good clean entertainment, and Huntsville was fortunate to have been included in Chatauqua's itinerary.



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Bloomer Girl Waiters

(Taken from 1896 Huntsville Newspaper)

I am told that one of our local restaurants is about to try the experiment of bloomer girls as waiters. This was essayed at New Orleans and proved a tremendous success as far as drawing a crowd was concerned but less so from a financial standpoint. Admirers of the human form divine dawdled for hours over a .10 cent cup of coffee, and instead of feasting the inner man on the dainties of the larder, confined themselves to feasting their eyes on calf. This was interesting but unprofitable, and to tell the truth I am convinced that the result would be about the same here in Huntsville. Men who go to dine don't care to be distracted by fairies in short trousers — at least, not then — and the frivolous who are attracted solely by the innovation are not apt to spend much money. At the same time the experiment will be worth watching.



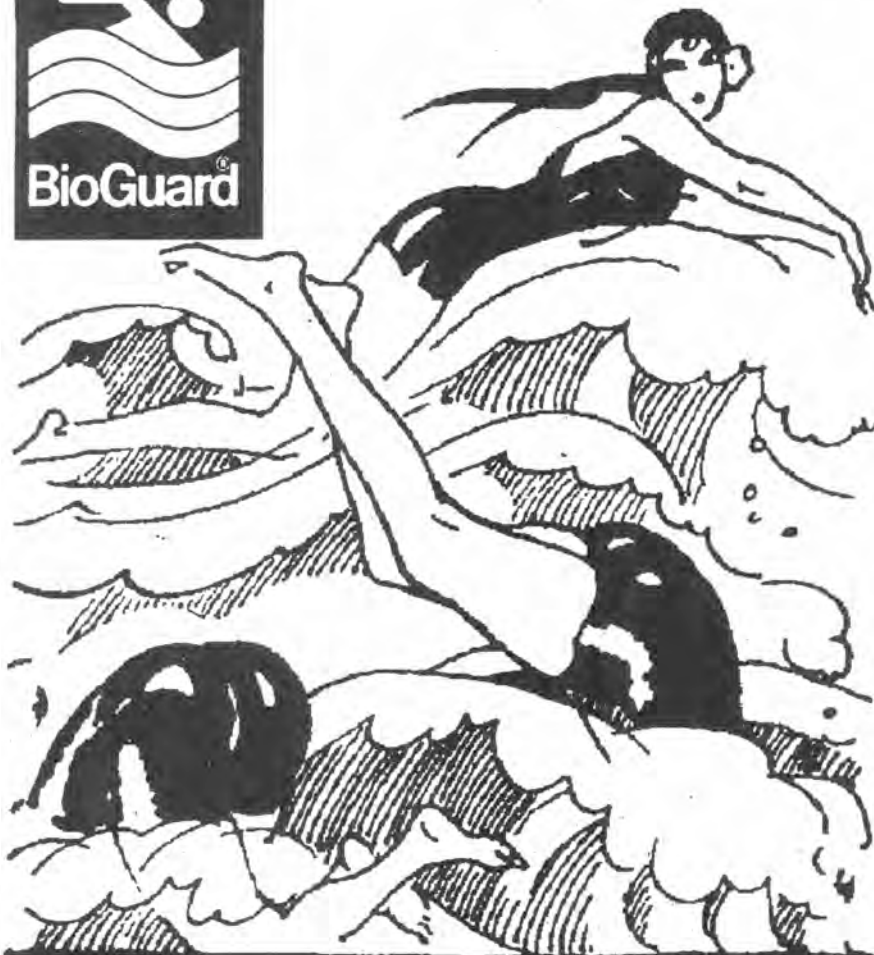
Just as the train started out from the Great Western Railroad in Detroit the other day, a woman leaned forward and called to her husband, who was ten feet away; "Hey, Simon, did you wash your feet and change your socks?"

"No, by swan - I forgot all about it," he replied.

"Well," she said as she leaned back, "I feel it in my bones that there's going to be a smash-up before we get to Chicago, and if you are killed I'll just pretend that I didn't know you."

from 1875 Newspaper

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Butler/Huntsville Game

by Tommy E. Allen

It hasn't been that long ago that the Huntsville High/Butler High School football game was the event of the year to almost everyone in the city.

On the day before the game in 1960, I caught a city bus to go downtown and found the bus rocking with the energy and excitement of a pep rally. Grown-ups joined in cheers and yelled from the windows as we passed through a Huntsville High area close to town. At this time, Huntsville High had never beaten Butler in football, and fans felt that they never would.

Almost every business sign had a reference to the game, and the "Huntsville Times" ran articles and pictures of players every day as the tension built toward the Friday night showdown. Speculation about injuries circulated as coaches sought an upper hand by confusing the other's gameplan. Families feuded and friends avoided each other over different alliances and support for the schools.

As my teammates and I dressed for the game, I could see the tight face muscles as the responsibility for preserving the never-been-beaten record against the cross-town rivals fell squarely on our shoulders. Our record was 1 win/8 losses, and confidence at an all-time low. Huntsville High had a winning record and its best team in many years. We had spent the day shielded from fans and students in an effort to spare us the pressure; but in Huntsville in 1960, there was no place to hide from this event and the pressure it carried.

In the dressing room at Goldsmith-Shiffman field, the outside noise was in contrast to the deadly silence within. With each roar of the crowd, we became more and more tense. We tried to get high, and we yelled, cheered and predicted victory. But as we ran onto the field to the lights, cheers, screams, and encouragement, defeat had already entered and dwelt in our minds. I could see it in the eyes of our team and feel it in my chest. I somehow knew that local history would be made here tonight with us its victim.

As I left the field, a member of the first team to lose to Huntsville High, grown men and women wept as if their world had come apart and I didn't understand. It was just a game! The west side of town lived in a daze for several days before acceptance set in and I still didn't understand why a game was so important to people, families, businesses, and the entire community.

Some years later, with five high schools, it seemed that getting enough people interested to draw a crowd was hard to do even though the teams were bigger, faster, and better. It dawned on me that the old rivalry was, at least on the west side, equal to a contest between the haves and the have-nots, the workers and the owners, labor and management. In a world of lessers, we could become victors over the elite in a 48-minute football game. I came to fully understand this through my own behavior when Alabama and the "Bear" gave our state something to feel superior about in the sixties and seventies.

But no matter why, sometimes I wish for the community closeness associated with support for high school athletics. In small towns, you still see the signs of support, the large crowds, parades, and local talk of the coming Friday night. Huntsville was a small and simple place in 1960. A place with few locked doors and people that supported each other because we knew each other.



Wildwood Weed

by Jim Harris

When I was growing up in the late thirties and forties it was absolutely forbidden for minors to smoke. Those that did had to find a place to hide to do it. Neighbors could not be depended on to keep quiet, if they caught you smoking. Those that didn't squeal on you made you believe they would.

Society, at that time, held parents responsible for the behavior of their children. Parents had a bad reputation if their kids did. On the other hand, the good behavior of children enhanced the reputation of the parents. Right was right, wrong was wrong and you had to look hard to find the gray areas.

Smoking will stunt your growth, we were told. We were also told that coffee would stunt our growth. Back then nothing would kill you, it simply stunted your growth. As a matter of fact, I think everything I wasn't supposed to do was a growth stunter. However, I never saw any kid sneak a cup of coffee out behind a shed and sip it like it was the next thing to heaven. A puff on a cigarette, though, was it. You had arrived.

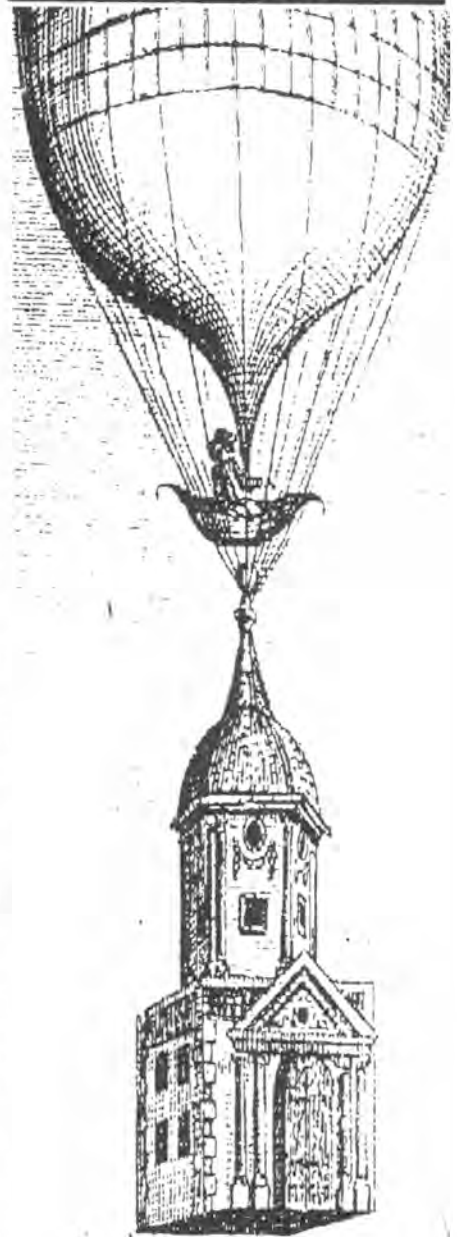
After we moved to the country, cigarettes lost their appeal because I was introduced to something better. Rabbit tobacco and gymson weed. For gymson weed don't look in the dictionary or the encyclopedia, it's not there. I spelled it like it sounds. I don't remember how I was introduced to them, but I was never promised a trip to Never Never land.

These two weeds weren't grown on purpose, they were just there. Rabbit tobacco is a ground hugging weed with small whitish leaves. I never met a respectable rabbit yet that would touch the stuff. Gymson weed is a broad leaf weed that grows head high and has an affinity for barn yards. Farm animals wouldn't touch the stuff, which is why there was always some available.

I smoked these weeds only when I got bored, and that was seldom. On the farm there isn't that much idle time. It wasn't something any kid did to get high. The taste was terrible. The only thing it did for us was to make us think we got away with something.

Continued on page 29

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When I think about it, crabgrass, johnson grass, any kind of grass would have served the purpose but hey, they don't have exotic names like rabbit tobacco.

Those were childish things but I'm older now and think more about staying healthy. However, I could go for a double bacon grease burger with cheese, a large order of fries and a Pepsi, uh huh, uh huh.

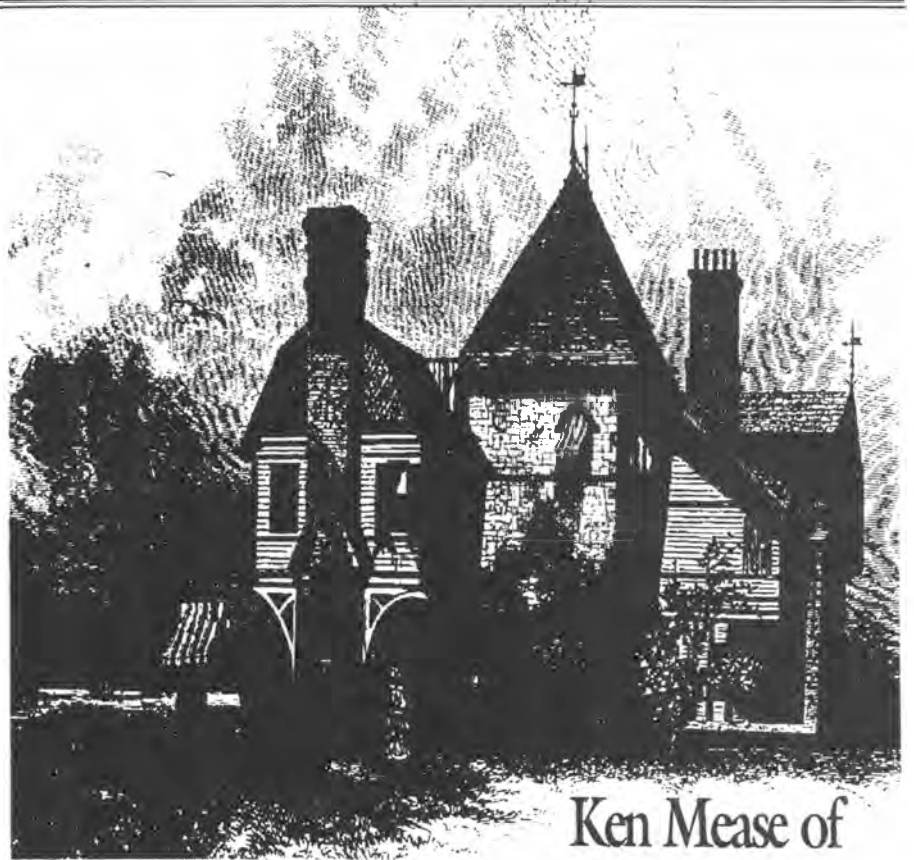
Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus

by Evelyn Hayden Hodge

The Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus included Huntsville in its annual tour. They traveled by rail and it was not far from the Southern Depot to the fairgrounds, which were located in the northwest corner of Church Street and Wheeler Avenue. There they put up large tents in readiness for two big shows.

About 10:00 o'clock on the morning of show day, they had a parade. The route of the parade was up Washington Street, around the square, down Jefferson, on to Church Street, and back to the fair grounds.

The parade was a show within itself. There were elephants, camels, zebras, horses, ponies, clowns, and pretty girls. And, of course, there was the calliope playing all the way. The lions, tigers, leopards, and bears were in fancy cages, which were pulled by beautiful horses.



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The Huntsville Fire Department would always have their two steam-operated fire engines in the parade. The brass and red machines were polished to perfection, and each engine was drawn by four perfectly matched horses.

The circus suffered a real tragedy here sometime in the late teens. The tent where they kept the horses caught fire and destroyed around a hundred horses — show horses included. It was thought that someone dropped a

lighted match or a cigarette and it caught in the straw which covered the ground in the tent. They buried the horses in a common grave in what was then farmland in the area near where Church Street ends into Oakwood Avenue.

In later years when Ringling Brothers came to Huntsville, they pitched their tents and had their shows in what then was an open field on the southwest corner of Whitesburg and Governors Drive near Huntsville Hospital.



A "Life Class"

A Novel Idea that is Sure to be a Hit

Taken from 1899 newspaper

Mr. Heard Respass, of the Respass Engraving Co., is about to organize a class for the benefit of amateur and professional artists who desire practice drawing from living models. A room will be fitted up near the quarters of the engraving co. at No. 2 South Broad Street and provided with all necessary facilities. There will be no nude models, at least for the present, but plenty of pictures and material will be afforded. Anybody who is in earnest can join the class. The expenses will be divided and will be very small for the individual. The idea is a capital one and ought to prove a great success.



Garibaldi
MEXICAN RESTAURANT

2107 Old Blue Spring Road • 851-7394

The advertisement is a rectangular graphic with a decorative border. At the top, the word "Garibaldi" is written in a large, stylized, cursive font. Below it, the words "MEXICAN RESTAURANT" are printed in a bold, sans-serif font. The central illustration depicts a mariachi band of four men in traditional attire, including wide-brimmed hats and ornate jackets. They are playing a trumpet, a violin, a guitar, and another guitar. The bottom of the graphic contains the address "2107 Old Blue Spring Road • 851-7394" in a simple font.

A Municipal Mudhole

An Indignant Citizen Protests
Against the Condition of a
Crossing

(Taken from 1896 Huntsville Newspaper)

Dear Looking Glass:

Does it not strike you as an outrage that the railroad crossing at Meridian Pike, which is universally conceded to be a menace to human life and an obstruction to business, cannot be at least kept clean? If we must submit to the peril and inconvenience of this net of tracks bisecting the principal thoroughfare of the city, let us insist at least that it be kept in a fairly sound and decent condition. As things stand, it is without exception the very worst crossing in Huntsville. The pavement at that point is depressed and broken, and it is naturally a sink for the accommodation of mud and filth. In bad weather puddles of mud and slime occupy every crevice and cranny of the street and walk, and it is impossible to cross without becoming besmirched. It is the terror of women in town who take pride in keeping their petticoats clean and the prop of the boot-blacks. A few days work and the expenditure of a very small amount of money would put the crossing in first-class condition, and why it is not done passes comprehension. I will venture the assertion that there is not a spot in all Huntsville so badly in need of repair. A slight alteration of the grade on the depot side would divert water from the street and pavements and at least keep them clean. The crossing will do at a pinch in good weather, but the council seems to think that it never rains.

—A Grumbler

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Mills Jenkins Hanged

by Evelyn Hayden Hodge

Mills Jenkins was born 13 January 1805 in Bertie County, North Carolina. He came with his parents, brothers, and sister to Madison County in the early 1800's. They settled in what is now known as Big Cove. Mills Jenkins grew up to be a respected citizen and a prosperous farmer.

During the Civil War, cotton was such a necessary commodity that buyers paid for it in gold. Also during the war there was a group of no-good men in Madison County called scalawags, who made their living by taking from others. They would hang around where cotton was bought and make mental notes of who sold cotton that

day. Then that night they would call on them and take their money.

Mills Jenkins took a wagon load of cotton to Huntsville to sell, and he too was paid in gold. He had heard about the scalawags and how they took peoples' money, so he was determined that they would not get his.

After he arrived home that afternoon, he took his daughter with him out to the pasture gate. There he lifted a piece of timber, which he had buried between the gateposts. He put his gold coins in the trench and replaced the timber on top of them. He told his daughter that if anything should happen to him she would know where the money was.

Just as he had suspected, along in the night, he heard "Hello, Hello." Mills pulled on his clothes and went outside. There they were — masked and on horseback. They told him they wanted his gold. He told them that he wasn't going to give it to them. They insisted, and he still refused. They threatened him, but he stood firm.

Then they took him out to the pasture through the very gate where he had hidden his gold. There they hanged him to a tree. When they thought he was dead, they cut him down and left him lying there.

Sometime later, the dew and the cool night air, no doubt, helped to revive him. He regained consciousness and made it back to the house. He told his family that he was all right, but that he would spend the rest of

the night in the hay in the barn, just in case they came back looking for him.

He said later that he recognized some of the men by their voices. Mills Jenkins lived around ten or twelve years longer until his death at age 70.

Mills Jenkins' obituary from a newspaper, the "Huntsville Advocate," published in Huntsville, Alabama, reads as follows:

July 22, 1875. Died of paralysis at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Evaline Sibley, in Madison County, Ala., Mr. Mills Jenkins, who was born January 13, 1805, and died June 30, 1875, aged 70 years, 5 months, and 13 days. Leaves wife and a large circle of friends.

We understand from a reliable source that Mr. and Mrs. Baylere will soon take possession of the beautiful cottage owned by Mr. George Scrugg, on the corner of Gates and Greene St. 1895 newspaper

For derangement of bowels, stomach or liver take Ayers Pills.

Also excellent for headaches, female trouble and poison ivy. 1872 newspaper

When your roof or gutters leak, send for Davis and he will fix it for you cheap. 1896 newspaper

Great Spirits

Quality Wines & Beverages
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*Selection of Beer
& Liquors Also*

3022 MEMORIAL PKWY SW

881-4496



From the Bristol Gazette,
October 1773

Sir,

I am one of those persons who have the misfortune to have what is generally termed a good wife: she is, I confess, sober and industrious, and she is fully of opinion that sobriety and industry are the effectual qualities of a wife.

My linen, my hose, etc. are kept in excellent repair; my breakfast, dinner and supper, provided at regular hours; my house under her direction, is always remarkably clean; and she strickly performs the duty of a mother towards her children. Pluming herself upon these perfections, she is in every other respect the most disagreeable woman living: If a maid by accident happens to break a tea-cup or saucer, the house is in commotion for three or four days, and neither I nor any one of the children dare open our mouths to this immaculate woman, for fear of sharing some of the abuse, which she so lavishly bestows upon her maids.

She generally has a baker's dozen of servants in the course of a year; and they chiefly turn out so bad in her opinion, that she refuses to give them a character to enable them to engage in the service of another. The last maid she had she turned away because she was so careless that she fell down stairs and hurt herself; this she deemed as unpardonable crime: Not long ago she discharged another for wearing white stockings, imagining, I suppose, they were too alluring for me to look at; another because she turned her toes upward, and she was afraid the children would copy her manner of walking: she sent away a fine girl, because she wore a wire cap: but most turn themselves away, because they say, she is a cursed vixen, that they would rather live with the devil than her.

My misfortune is, that it is not in my power to turn myself away, or believe me, Sir, I would not give her a moment's warning; for she uses me, if possible worse than her maids; and when I expostulate with her upon her conduct, she tells me

I am the happiest man in the world. — "You are blessed with a wife," says she. "that does not spend her time and money in going to balls and plays; a sober frugal woman; — a woman of more economy than any in the parish - infinitely too good for you." She then, perhaps, abuses me for half an hour without intermission, and I am obliged to suffer in silence, for should I presume to reply, the contest would last the whole day.

I wish, sir, you would inform me what are the necessary steps to be taken with such a woman, for I should be much happier with one who is idle and a drunkard, than with a sober, industrious, virtuous woman as my wife.

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Plate 116—\$4 Missouri Defence Bond, authorized 1861. Missouri River boat.



Plate 117—\$10 North Carolina Note, 1861. Railway Train.



Plate 118—\$1 Tennessee Note, 1861. Railway train.



Plate 111—\$50 Georgia Note, 1861. Moneta seated. State arms in background.



Plate 114—\$100 Louisiana Note, 1861. State Capitol. Bust of Governor Thomas O. Moore at left. Liberty at right.



Plate 115—\$10 Mississippi Note, 1861. Negro with horses. Governor J. J. Pettus at left. Maiden at right.

Bullion confiscated by the Rebels in 1861 at the United States mint in New Orleans became the core of the treasury funds for the Confederacy.

Confederate money is worth more now than it was in 1865 at the end of the war. It became worthless at that time, but collectors are now willing to pay reasonable prices for it. It was issued in such large quantities, it is still plentiful.

The Confederacy was racked by inflation. The more prices rose, the less their money would buy and the more that had to be printed. The more money printed, the higher prices rose. During the war, inflation doubled and tripled wholesale prices in the South. Southerners at the time said you went to market carrying your money in a basket and came home with the goods you had bought in your wallet.

In 1862 President Lincoln authorized the United States treasury to exchange U.S. postage stamps for use in place of coins. The stamps were a bit sticky and hard to handle, but they filled the void in the absence of coins.

The name "copperheads" for coins originated during the Civil War when merchants issued private coins made of copper to take the place of one cent government currency. The one cent piece became extremely scarce in the Confederacy because of the lack of gold or silver bullion with which to mint coins.



Plate 111—\$100 Alabama Note, 1861. Group of Indians. Tree and map at left.



Plate 132—\$50 Florida Note, 1861. Ceres seated between Commerce and Navigation. Negro carrying cotton at left.

Money Matters

by Clarece Martin

The first United States coin was a one cent piece dated 1787.

The first national paper money issued jointly by the thirteen colonies in 1775 was engraved by Paul Revere.

So much Continental currency was issued and it dropped so much in value, people came to say, "It's not worth a continental."



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The Confederate General's Woman

by Catherine Hunter Wise

When one thinks of a Civil War soldier, pictures come to mind of lean, battle-hardened men, wearing tattered blue or gray woolen uniforms. One certainly never imagines the delicate young ladies of the 1860's in such a role. It would be a safe guess that Huntsville's most famous Civil War hero, General John Hunt Morgan, never entertained such thoughts. Yet one of General Morgan's most feared and talked about officers was just that; a beautiful, dark-haired, young woman.

Morgan's cavalry was well known for daring escapades in the service of the Confederacy. Enduring bitter cold, blistering heat, hunger, and exhaustion, they would often ride all day in order to descend on an unsuspecting Federal outpost under the cover of dark. Capturing much needed supplies, Morgan's raiders would then race away under a shower of bullets. By pushing weary horses all night, they could cross back over Confederate lines into safety before the Yankees knew what had hit them. They often spent 20 hours a day in the saddle, pausing only to rest and feed exhausted mounts. These daring Confederate heroes were known to have covered 1000 miles in 24 days with little more than an extra blanket and a few rations.

It is hard to believe that a young lady would endure such hardship and danger, but amongst the ranks, clad in Confederate gray, rode Sue Munday. One can well imagine the surprise of many a Yankee soldier when he found himself looking down the cold barrel of an army colt into the lovely face and wide dark eyes of a beautiful young woman. Better known as "Lieutenant Flowers," Sue Munday was a bold rider and a fierce leader. It is known that for some time she was second in command to a Captain Alexander, then, following his death, attached herself to a unit commanded by a man named Berry. She apparently wore male attire, usually a full Confederate uniform. Her long dark hair streamed out from under a plumed hat and her comely figure left no doubt in the minds of her victims as to her gender.

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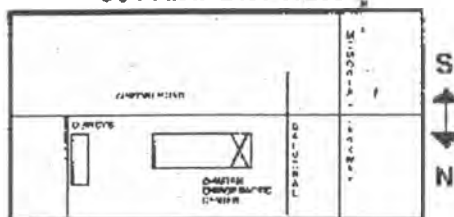
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"Lieutenant Flowers" was only one of over 400 documented cases of women who fought in the Civil War. Historians say there were probably many more women that went into battle, but their stories have been lost, or worse, never known.

Sue Munday was one of the lucky ones. Her flamboyant personality, her fearless manner, and her ability with pistol and horse assured her acceptance by the men under Morgan's command. Unlike our lovely lieutenant, the majority of women who wished to fight had to disguise themselves as men and enter the ranks as common soldiers. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, were so good at their disguise, their true sex never became known. There are reported cases of women having survived the war, continuing to live as men, drawing a military pension, and only being discovered as a woman upon their deaths.

How did these women go undiscovered? Frankly, in the 1860's if it wore pants - it was a man. Medical exams for hard pressed armies were slight. They checked to be sure the recruit was of sufficient height to carry a musket and had good teeth with which to bite open powder cartridges. Clothes remained on and armies took what recruits they could get. Women bound their breasts, cut their hair, and lowered their voices. They looked very typical of the

fifteen and sixteen year old boys that signed up. Often their disguises were so convincing, even their tent mates did not know their secret.

The fierce and daring lieutenant Flowers lived the existence of a guerrilla soldier along with Morgan's feared and hated band. They destroyed railroads, plundered supply outposts, and robbed Federal payroll. Sue Munday traded shots with the enemy, usually to his detriment, then would gallop away in a shower of lead.

In July of 1863 General Morgan was captured along with several of his men. He and his men were held prisoner for several months in Ohio, finally escaping in November. It is known that one woman officer was imprisoned in Ohio, but did not die there. Could this have been our erstwhile lieutenant Flowers?

Other women soldiers suffered the horrors of Civil War prisons. There were two women at Andersonville, one died in the arms of her husband, a fellow prisoner.

Apparently Sue Munday was never seriously wounded, although it is very probable that she suffered some injuries from her daring adventures and narrow scrapes. Other women soldiers were not so lucky. Six are known to have been wounded in battle, and five were killed while fighting. A woman's body was found buried in a mass

AROUND THE FILM WORLD

The Film Co-op 1992/93 season of monthly "critics' choice" films begins Fri. and Sat., Oct. 9th and 10th, at a new location, the Council School.

The Film Co-op's fall/winter/spring series will begin the second weekend of October in a new location—the Council School, an Arts Council facility located directly behind the main public library. The Council School parking lot is accessible from St. Clair Ave, directly across the street from the back of the First Baptist Church. The outside of the school is well lit at night. The Film Co-op entrance is on the west side of the building, closest to the library.

Films will be shown in the gymnasium. Chairs available at the Council School are metal folding chairs, but moviegoers are free to bring their own lawn chair or canvas chair. Popcorn, candy, sodas, and other beverages will be available for sale as usual. It will be a fun, less formal setting.

Films will start at 8:30 pm, but moviegoers are welcome to arrive for refreshments and socializing as early as 7:30 pm. For more info, call 539-FILM.

THE SCHEDULE:

FRI. & SAT., OCT. 9 & 10: *Night on Earth*, 1992 Director Jim Jarmusch (*Down by Law*, *Mystery Train*) explores life from the unique perspective of the backseat of a taxicab in five seriocomic vignettes.

FRI. & SAT., NOV. 13 & 14: *Antonia and Jane*, 1991 Quirky, funny account of the lifelong friendship between two opposite types.

FRI. & SAT., DEC. 11 & 12: *Monster in a Box*, 1992 Story teller extraordinaire Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia*) in top form.

FRI. & SAT., JAN. 8 & 9: *American Dream*, 1989 Oscar-winning documentary about labor strike at Hormel plant in Minnesota.

FRI., JAN. 29: *The Black Maria Film Festival*, 1993 From its New Jersey headquarters, complete with director, John Columbus, to introduce the program, it's the Film Co-op's fourth annual presentation of this nationwide touring festival, an evening of prize-winning independent animation, drama, documentary, and experimental filmmaking.

FRI. & SAT., FEB. 12 & 13: *Naked Lunch*, 1991 David Cronenberg's surrealistic adaptation of William Burroughs' cult novel.


FRI. & SAT., MAR 12 & 13: *Paris Is Burning*, 1990 Award-winning documentary about the elaborate drag costume balls of Harlem.

FRI. & SAT., APR 9 & 10: *Volare, Volare*, 1992 Italian mix of live action and animation with Chaplinesque writer/director/star Maurizio Nichetti playing a cartoon engineer whose left hand is—changing.

FRI. & SAT., MAY 7 & 8: *First Film Co-op Mini-Festival of Shorts* An as-yet-to-be selected program of three or four contemporary short, interesting, cutting edge films, probably including some animation.



Mam'selle

Douglas Smoot

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"Mam'selle" is a fine 16" X 20" B&W limited first edition lithograph. This collectors item signed by the artist is offered for \$25 plus \$4.50 shipping and sales tax. Please send check or money order made to Douglas Smoot.

"Mam'selle" Douglas Smoot, 3010 University Dr. Huntsville, AL 35816

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grave at Shiloh, and another woman died alongside her husband in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. The man and his gray clad wife were found clasped in each others arms.

Being a woman did not affect the fighting ability of these heroines. It certainly didn't slow down the feared and deadly lieutenant Flowers. In the late war, she led her guerrilla band on daring raids throughout Kentucky and Tennessee. Her talents at relieving Federal banks and outposts of funds and supplies desperately needed by the Confederacy, gave her the reputation of a robber and brigand. She would descend upon unsuspecting Yankees with a well aimed pistol, a fierce dark look, and the command to "stand and deliver!" She soon became a terror in the sector; the good citizens whispering her name, possibly calling her Morgan's witch and other less printable, more colorful metaphors.

When her fellow troopers were asked why they tolerated a woman in the ranks, Morgan's raiders defended their comrade in arms saying: "She rides like a cossack, wears pants as well as any man, and can handle a gun with the skill of a cracksman."

Lieutenant Flowers was not the only woman to hold rank. There were at least six women reported to have served as commissioned officers. There were two woman majors, one Confederate, one Union. Confederate president Jefferson Davis himself commissioned one woman as a captain. There were woman sergeants reported in the Union army, and one corporal who startled the 10th Massachusetts by having a baby while in winter camp at Falmouth, Va.

History has not done well in telling the stories of these women. Because they do not fall into the typical role of "camp follower" or "Florence Nightingale," many historians have ignored the role that women played in Civil War military history.

Though Sue Munday terrorized Union lines throughout Kentucky and Tennessee, there is little written about her in today's historical works. Most books about the Civil War do not even list her name. So when you honor the soldiers from that bygone day, pause a moment and remember also, the women who wore the blue and the gray.



An Interrupted Romance

Mrs. Jones Has Her Lover Arrested and Then Relents

from 1896 newspaper

Mrs. Annie Jones, who lives on Loyd Street near Hunter, is a comely widow of thirty years and some money. For quite a time Henry Rebhoff, an employee of Swift & Co., undertakers, has been laying persistent siege to her heart. With what success he met in his wooing may be judged by the fact that the widow went before Justice Bloodworth last week and swore out a warrant against her lover on a charge of seduction. Incidental to this grave indictment, she accused him of obtaining \$600 from her by fraudulent pretenses.

Bailiff George A. Ray arrested Rebhoff. The prisoner was hauled into court and confronted by the widow. At the sight of him the soft-hearted woman burst into tears, relented and had the case forthwith dismissed at her own cost. Then the couple went off together arm in arm. The romance had been merely interrupted.

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A Trip into the Past

When you first pull up to the entrance of the grand old Union Station Hotel in downtown Nashville, you may feel that you have been transported back into the days of the early 1900's. Friendly, energetic valets take care of your "carriage" while you enter through the high arched doorways of limestone and marble.

Way back in 1900, when the structure was built as a massive railroad station for Nashville, the streets were somewhat smaller and there weren't so many buildings. Transportation was quite different then, as well. It's interesting to look back over the old pictures, and compare the old and the new. One of the few buildings that still remains the same, outwardly, is the Union Station.

The building itself has not changed that much over the years, but in 1986 it was completely renovated as the Union Station Hotel. You can see the old train buildings and tracks that are still being used today. You can almost feel the energy and spirit of the people who have passed through the build-

ing over the years.

The interior of the hotel, that was the main waiting room back in 1903, is where people used to wait for the trains that would take them to faraway places. You can imagine that some were running away from a broken relationship, while some were looking towards an exciting new life in another city. The room is breathtaking with its massive high arched ceilings formed with 128 stained glass panels.

All this is impressive, but the one thing that sets the establishment apart from others is the way you feel when you are here. Old-fashioned pampered luxury begins to describe it, you feel that your every need is anticipated and taken care of.

Each room is different with varying ceiling heights, some have drawing rooms and entry foyers, some are just small and cozy. There are seven floors to this edifice and every one is interesting in its own way. It's almost like a large bed and breakfast.

The personnel are some of the best around, and are friendly, courteous and professional. You feel very secure and safe here, if you are a lady traveling alone - I can vouch personally for that. If you're a fitness nut, you may want to resort to the steps, but there are elevators on each side of the hotel.

There are two restaurants in the

building - Arthur's for romantic candlelight dining is a formal four-star restaurant, El Greco is a little more casual, with huge windows overlooking the street level. For those who like a pre-dinner cocktail, there are a couple of areas to get a drink.

Staying at this historic building while in Nashville can be an experience in itself, but since it is centrally located, it is a good start to a tour of this great old city. Be sure and visit the shops and restaurants on 2nd. Avenue, just about 8 blocks toward the river from Union Station. There are antique shops galore, riverfront cafes, plant shops and very unique gift and jewelry stores. Just find parking along the river front off Broadway, and bring comfortable shoes for you'll want to do some walking in order to really experience it all.

(Union Station hotel is located at 1001 Broadway, off Interstate 40 West. For more information, you can call (615) 726-1001.

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The Diary of Mary Chadwick

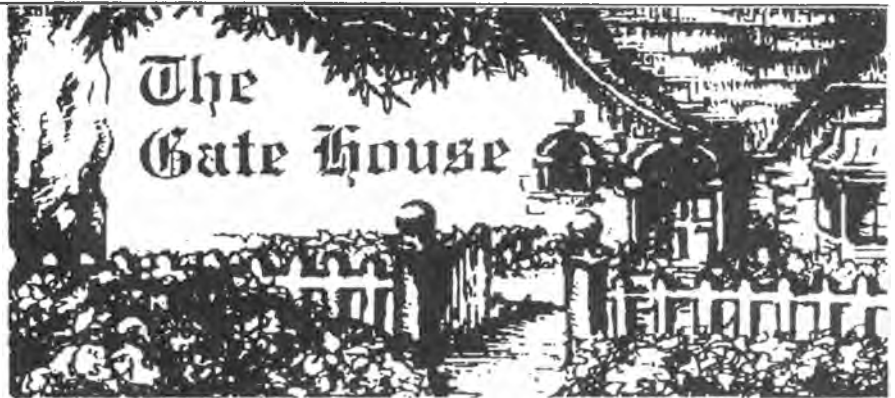
Probably no diary in existence gives such a vivid description of Huntsville during the Civil War as the diary of Mary Chadwick. Imagine, if you can, what it must have been like to have your hometown occupied by the enemy, while your loved ones are off fighting in the war.

The following excerpts are taken from her diary, written in 1862.

Saturday, April 12 ... Truly our town is full of the enemy. There is a sentinel at every corner. Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it.... They have been searching the houses today for arms. We have not been molested. Servants are giving information of all the arms and soldiers who have been concealed....

April 21 ... Two prisoners at the depot made their escape this way: They put on Yankee uniforms and walked out of doors, stood awhile and then went back. Whereupon, the guard ordered them out, telling them that "they had no business in there," so they went quietly out and walked up town and made their escape! As soon as it was known, the remainder of the prisoners were hurried off to Camp Chase, Ohio.

April 28 ... General Mitchell (Union) has been in a rage all the week on account of the cutting of the telegraph poles and lines, the tearing up of the railroad tracks, firing into trains, and



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holds the citizens responsible for the same, having had 12 of the most prominent arrested. It is probable that the work of our cavalry has annoyed him excessively, as they are constantly picking off his men.

May 12 ... General Mitchell complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the "cold shoulder" by not having received them into the social circle! Some of the Unionists gave a picnic and invited two of his officers, who accepted and went. The next day, he had them arrested. Some folks were malicious enough to attribute it to jealousy, because he was not invited himself....

June 9 ... There has been some cheering news from Virginia the past week. Something of the kind is needed to revive our drooping spirits, prisoners as we are. We hear no news but such as comes from the enemy, and that is rarely ever favorable to our side.

There has been some fighting the past week between Gen. Mitchell's men and our cavalry in Jackson County, the result of which is unknown to us. The Federals brought down a great many wounded men, most of whom have since died.

We heard a day or two since that the Federals had burned the house of Mrs. Dillard in Jackson. A story was also circulated to us of her son. A soldier asked for some meat, and he accompanied him to the smokehouse and cut it for him. When the soldier said it was not enough, young Dillard then gave him the knife and told him to cut it for himself. After the soldier had put down his gun for that purpose, the son seized it and told the other that he was his prisoner. The soldier sent up a loud cry for help, Dillard threatening all the time to bayonet him if he did not hush. A struggle ensued, in which the Federal was killed and Dillard taken



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prisoner and carried to Stevenson. Some whisky, deeply drugged with laudanum, was given the guards by Dillard's friends. They partook of it, and naturally enough fell into a deep sleep. Dillard escaped and joined Sterm's cavalry, with which he is now doing service.

June 11 ... Last night, the guard discovered 50 or 60 negroes at the depot, armed with Enfield rifles, drilling. They were dispersed and some of them taken to jail. Col. Burke, the provost, seems disposed to make the negroes keep their places. Nearly all the troops here are leaving for Chattanooga. Rumor says there has been fighting there, and the Rebel troops have gained a victory.

... A funeral procession is passing. A flag is thrown over the coffin. Must belong to the artillery, as there is a cannon in the procession. The band of music from headquarters is playing a dirge. These funeral processions pass two or three times a day of late, and sometimes there are two coffins in the hearse at the same time. When a member of the cavalry dies, his horse is led in the procession, as chief mourner, with the blankets and accoutrements of the deceased thrown over him, which looks inexpressibly sad.

... The Federal mails were seized yesterday between here and Nashville. The mischief, as usual, was laid to Morgan.

June 20 ... This has been rather an eventful day. Miss Sallie Matthews and Miss Row Webster were arrested this morning and carried before Gen. Mitchell for having attached Confederate flags to their grace hoop and playing with them when his soldiers were passing. Quite a spirited interview took place.

The general asked Miss Matthew if she were a Rebel. She replied that she was one "over and above board." Then he retorted, "How dare you tell me this in my tent?" When the audience was over, he said to them, "Women, go home and behave yourselves. Henceforth, I shall keep an eye on you and know all that you do!"

... Saw a Federal account this evening of the Battle of Seven Pines before Richmond. The slaughter was terrible. How many brave hearts have fallen! O, when will this dreadful war be over! And how many weary days, weeks and perhaps months will lapse before we can know how many of our friends are among the slain!

... We are very carefully guarded here so that we know nothing that is passing without, and very little within. All that we hear is rumor, rumor, rumor, with her thousand tongues. And we might add, a very small quantity of bacon.

June 21 ... The train was again fired into in Jackson County today, and 10 men killed and three or four wounded. A gentleman up there sent Gen. Mitchell word that he need not be punishing private citizens for these things, that he knew the Jackson County people had suffered too much already, and that he (Mitchell) had burned the house of a widow a few days since, and the men of Jackson intended to avenge it. He said they had formed themselves into two bands

for that purpose and, as they were cut off from the army, they intended to stay there and aggravate him all they could.

When the news reached General Mitchell, he sent up a body of men with orders to burn every house in Jackson near the railroad between here and Stevenson.

They were met by the other party under flag of truce, saying that they (the Confederates) had about 50 Yankee prisoners in their hands and, for every house burned, they would hang a man. Where upon, the general countermanded the order.

June 25 ... An order has been given today that, if the stockholders of the new hotel do not take the oath of allegiance to the U.S. within three days,



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the hotel will be taken into the hands of the Federalists. Also provisions are forbidden to be brought to town, or passes given, except on the above conditions....

July 5 ... Quite sick this morning. After breakfast, Mrs. Mayhew came in to tell me that she was heartsick, that a little after the shouting last night, a Federalist came running down to her

house to tell her that his colonel had just read out to the regiment that Richmond had fallen, the Rebel army was all cut to pieces and had fallen back eight miles from the city, that all the officers had been requested to read the above to the Federal regiments posted here. Don't believe a word of it.

July 8 ... Gen. Smith takes Gen. Mitchell's place here, and thus far has been more indulgent to the citizens. Went to see Mr. Turney this morning, but was refused admittance.

July 9 ... Dr. Hudson and Mr. Holland took tea with us. Informed us that nine houses had been burned in Jackson County today. Our cavalry in that region is annoying them dreadfully. A large amount of cotton has been taken and destroyed today between here and Fayetteville by our cavalry.

July 18 ... Visited Gen. Rousseau again this morning in company with Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Van Horton to ask permission for them to go out of the Federal lines, which was immediately and cordially granted. Had a most pleasant interview and came away more pleased with him than we thought it possible to be with any Federal officer. Rumor about the taking of Nashville unfounded.

... Dr. (Frederick A.) Ross (Presbyterian Minister) was arrested this evening on account (it was alleged) of a war sermon he preached last Sunday. Proved the accusations false, but was ordered to prison, as he would not promise to keep his tongue. Upon Mrs. Ross' solicitations, was paroled for the night....

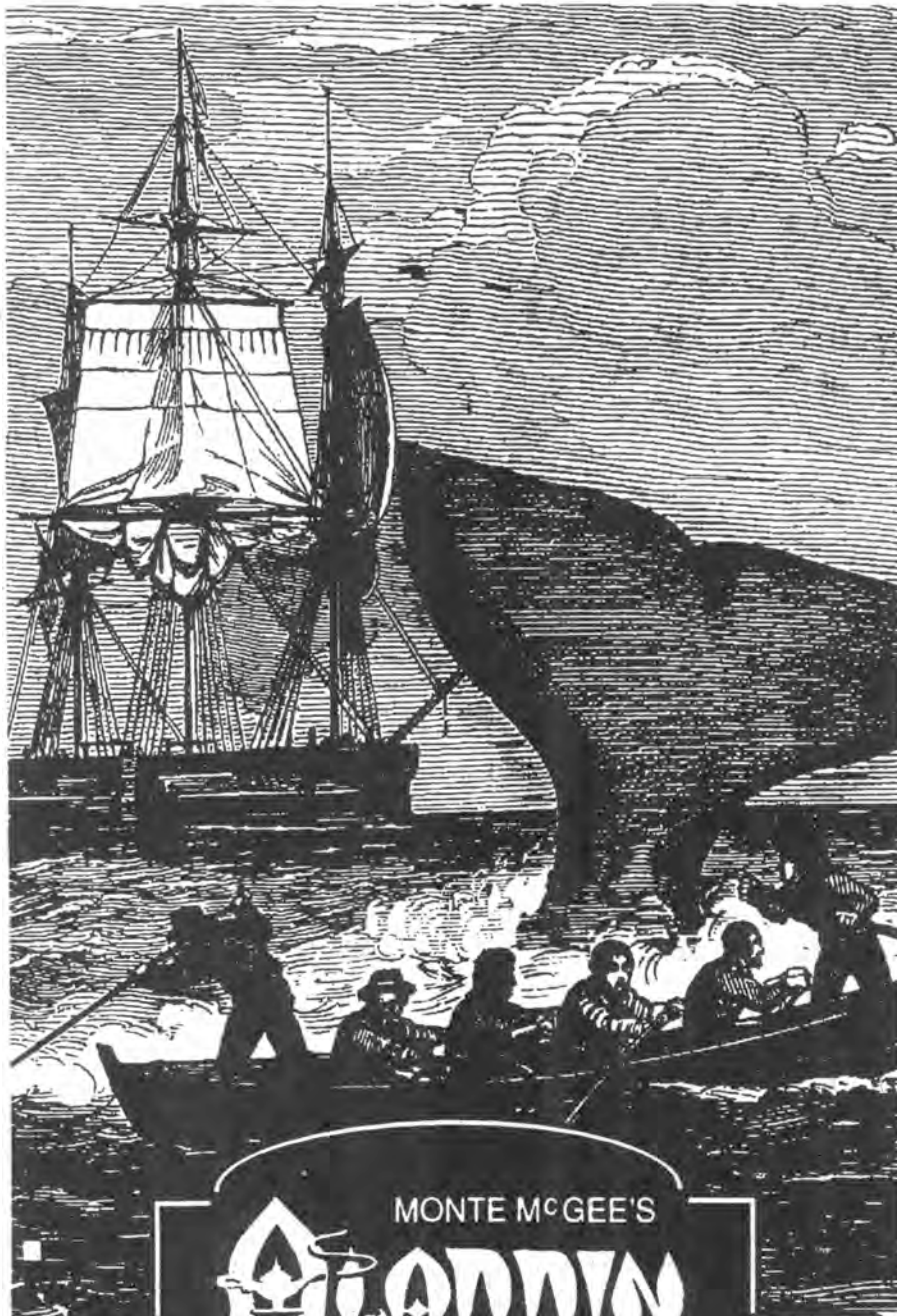
Sunday, July 27, 1862 ... Went to hear Dr. Ross preach this morning. Text: "I am not mad, most noble Felix, but speak forth the words of truth." A most excellent discourse followed — first sermon since his arrest.

July 28 ... Last night, the Federals burned Whitesburg, leaving the women and children houseless and homeless. The light of the conflagration was distinctly seen from here.

July 30 ... Received a present of flour and butter from Mrs. James Robinson yesterday. Another sack of flour today from Mrs. John Robinson, and some salt from Mr. Stoddard. Truly I have some kind friends in Huntsville.

... Georgia Saunders arrived last night from our army and says relief is at hand, that the advanced guard of Price's army is at Tusculumbia. "Ye Gods, speed it on its way."

Continued on page 42



MONTE MCGEE'S
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August 4 ... The Yankees are using the negroes today by the wholesale, and have commenced their fortifications around the town. Patton's Hill is being fortified, as it commands the town.

... Five hundred blacks were sent off on the train this morning toward Nashville to erect fortifications. There is a great panic among the negroes. But few are willing to go, and they are running and hiding generally.

... They (the Yankees) are talking largely about burning the town, and if the "low-down pirates" are left to do as they please, they would soon sack and burn it. An officer said the other day that these people were too pampered in their pride, and he would like to see some of their fine houses destroyed.

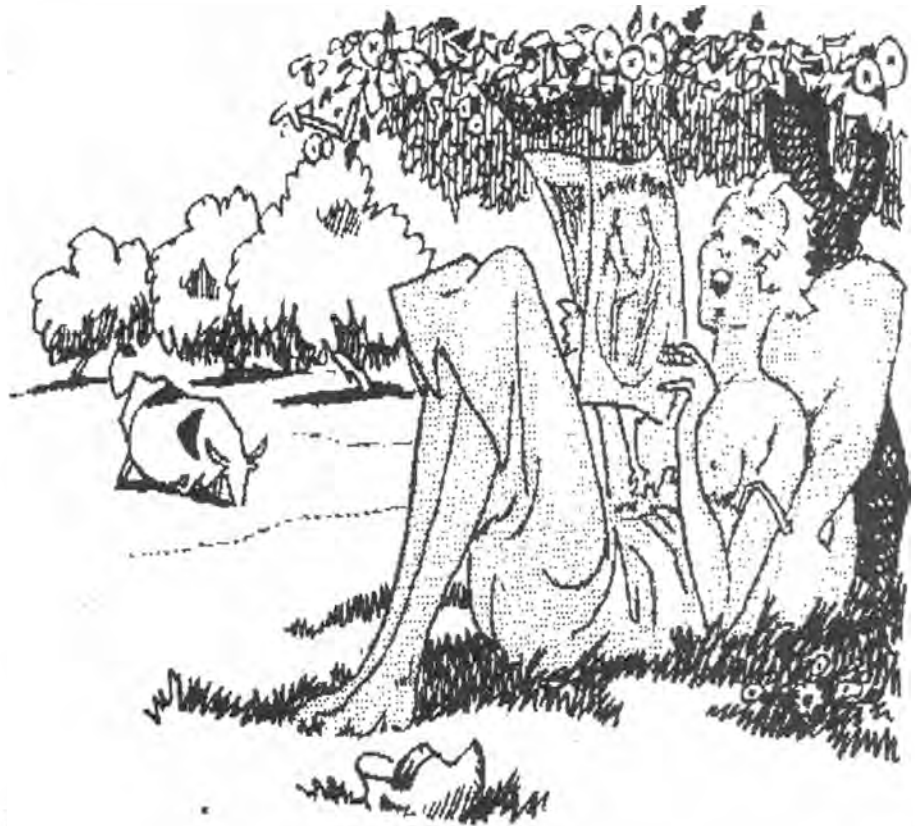
... Another pirate said that he liked to stay in Huntsville, amazingly, that we have so many delicacies, and the climate is no warmer than in the North.

... A party of them went to the house of the widow Scruggs last week, and, after robbing the place of every peach, melon and turkey, they returned again in large numbers and surrounded the house, knowing that there were no whites on the place except three ladies. They (the women) bolted the doors and windows, and ran upstairs for safety, while the brutes, aided by three negroes, uttering the vilest language, accompanied with curses and imprecations, clamored for admittance. A neighbor, seeing what was going on, started a servant on horseback to the courthouse, and an officer and guard soon made their appearance, whereupon the wretches dispersed and, of course, escaped punishment.

... There is a negro colonel walking around town today as large as life. His regiment is said to be above here on the railroad. So they are arming the blacks. Truly, their course must have become desperate.

August 8 ... The trains were again fired into last night, between Elton and Pulaski. Gen. Rousseau declared that he intends to make Drs. (F. A.) Ross and (J. M.) Bannister (Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, respectively) run the trains, as they are prepared to die, and his men are not.

... Spent the day with Mrs. Watkins, in company with Mrs. Powers. Mr. Fennel's cotton burned last night. Supposed to be work of his own negroes.



GIRLS PLEASE DON'T READ THIS

A girl who all day turns out of her way to avoid stepping into a tub of soap suds which ought to have been emptied out the day the washing was finished, cannot be recommended as a good housekeeper.

Moreover, if she empties, cleanses and sets the tub away at the proper time, but leaves a knife in the butter crock, a spoon in the applesauce jar, and a ten inch platter with a mouthful of meat and a spoon on it on a shelf behind the door; or if you find in the bread bowl an old towel and a piece of table cloth, both mildewed, with bits of mouldy bread of all sizes, from crumbs to half loaves, dumped in with a fresh batch, she cannot be called tidy.

Or, if the water-pitchers on the wash-stands through the house are black with dust in the bottom, or the soap-dishes make good suds without any other application of soap than that which has been clinging to it for a month or two; or if there are a lot of dust and feathers under the bed; and the pillows are hard for want of airing and the windows are so dirty that a sunny day looks dark and cloudy through them; and young spiders are practicing the art of spinning, by running down your nose on nice little fringes of cob webs; be sure the girl in charge has been disappointed in love, or is a poor stick of a thing naturally.

All this is bad enough, but think of eating after her cooking; no doubt she wipes up the floor with the dish cloth; washes tea-cups and saucers after greasy plates and candlesticks; uses the frying pan from day to day without washing; substitutes her apron or dress for a holder, or a dish-towel; mixes up pancakes with her fingers, after combing her hair; and pounds beef-steak on a table where she has been scouring knives.

The only guard against starvation, if you must submit to such a state of things, is never to go near the kitchen. Even then there is danger of being poisoned, or of dying from eating your peck of dirt in too much of a hurry.

July 1873 Newspaper



... Several houses were burned in Jackson County yesterday. Also several markets, among them Mrs. Vincent's, Mr. Crutcher's, Mr. Spragins', Mr. Sledge's and Mr. Word's. They kicked Mrs. Word out of doors and slapped Miss Anna's jaws.

August 24... Great stir in town today among soldiers. The 10th Ohio, "the heroes of Carnifax," have moved their camps up by the graveyard, and we now have all the Federal force in our neighborhood. They appear to be moving their sick and stores, and the rattling of the wagon wheels along the streets is terrible to one with the headache.

(Noon). Mr. Samuel Coltart, the mayor, has just called me to tell us that the Federals will evacuate our town at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and no matter how great our joy is upon the occasion, no demonstration must be made on our part while it is going on.

Gen. Lighte (Actually Gen. W. H. Lytle, whose command evacuated

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Helping Hands

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Huntsville, Aug. 31, 1862) sent for him and requested him to tell the citizens this, as he could not be answerable for the conduct of the troops when leaving. He had received kindness from the hands of the citizens, and did not wish them to be molested. We have heard of people being intoxicated with joy. That is precisely our condition at the present. As night approaches, many of them appear to be drunk. From present appearances, they will not get off tonight.

... My kind friend, Mrs. John Robinson, gave me a cartload of green corn today for the purpose of drying for the winter. Great stir among the Feds this morning. Perhaps they are going to leave us at last. It is certain the 15th Kentucky, camped at Green Academy, are cooking rations.

Georgie and Uncle Tom just came from Mrs. Robinson's with the corn, and say that the Feds have barricaded the pike and are looking for an immediate attack from our cavalry.

August 31 ... Awoke a little after midnight by the sound of heavy tramping of feet, the sound of voices, uttering

the most dreadful curses, the rattling of wagons in the street. Sprang out of bed and looked through the shutters to see what it meant, when, lo and behold, it was the Lincoln army making their anxiously wished for exit from Huntsville. Could hardly believe it, so joyful the thought.

(2 o'clock). Learned that the army, as they marched out on the pike, took all of James Robinson's negroes but one. Frank Gurley (local guerrilla cavalry leader) has been in and arrested James Hickman (Negro trader and hotel proprietor who had traded with Federals during the occupation) and John King, (clerk, who must have also traded with the enemy. See M.S. census, 1860) and gone again. Returned at 5 o'clock with a company of cavalry. A perfect crowd of ladies and gentlemen rushed to the square to greet them, and Capt. Gurley was literally crowned with wreaths of ivy and flowers. Some Feds, who had been out on picket duty, came in, not having received notice that their army was going to leave, and gave themselves up. ■

Did You Know

by Clarece Martin

During The War Between The States:
The white population of the South was 5,600,000.

The population of the North was 22,300,000.

The South had 9000 miles of loosely related railroad track.

The North had 22,000 miles of linked railroad systems.

The South had 57,000,000 acres of land under cultivation.

The North had 105,000,000 cultivated acres.

The South had 110,000 industrial workers.

The North had 1,300,000 workers in industry.

The South won most of the battles during the first two years of the war, 1861-1863.

The North won most of the battles from 1863-1865, and won the war.

The South had 800,000 soldiers in the Confederacy. The North had 1,500,000 soldiers in the Federal army.

In terms of human casualties, the War Between the States cost more than any other American war. About 1,000,000 men were killed or wounded. Deaths, including those from disease, totaled 622,511. By comparison, about 126,000 Americans died in World War I and 407,000 died in World War II.


The South lost 258,000 men in the War Between the States, 94,000 on the battlefield and 164,000 of disease.

The North lost 361,511 men, 110,000 on the battlefield, and 254,511 of disease.

Direct costs for the four years of fighting was:

More than \$2,000,000,000 for the South.

More than \$3,000,000,000 for the North.



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Most of the fighting took place in the South, thus the South and Southerners suffered the most damage. The war destroyed Southern cities, towns, farms, homes, railroads, roads, industry, trade, and the economy.

Southerners, who were the only Americans to be defeated in war and to undergo military occupation, grew bitter and resentful in defeat.

Northerners were able to rebuild their economy and morale quickly, for the North suffered little physical damage. Many, however, grew re-vengeful toward the South.

On December 19, 1956, the last surviving veteran of the War died. He was 117 year-old Walter Williams of Houston, Texas, who fought in the Confederate army.

On August 2, 1957, the last Union veteran of the war died in Duluth, Minnesota. He was 109 year-old Albert Woolson.

The North and the South have fought together for the United

States of America in every war since the War Between the States.

Unusual but Effective Remedies

To get your hair really clean, massage one tablespoon of baking soda into it while shampooing. Rinse well.

To improve and preserve your eyesight, get your left earlobe pierced. Buy a gold earring and wear it. It seems that the area of the lobe where it would be pierced is the same acupuncture point that affect eyesight.

If you're in a very warm room and feel faint, run cold tap water over the inside of your wrists. Ice rubbing will do the trick as well.

To keep from falling asleep on the highway, chew ice. It works every time.

Feel sluggish in the morning? Try this. Upon arising, place your hands a little above your waist, just below the ribs. Gently squeeze the right hand, then the left - do this about a dozen times each side. This is a liver massage and in a few weeks you should notice a big difference in your energy. Also, try to limit heavy starches and sweets.

To improve your memory, eat 6 raw almonds a day.

Tapping your nails on tabletops will make them grow faster.





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

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A SPIDER ON HIS HEAD

Old Mr. Collomore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the service, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collomore, saw a spider traveling over the latter's head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him all about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collomore was very deaf, so he lifted his hat and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and consequently, in his nervousness, he hit old Collomore quite a severe blow.

The old gentleman turned round in a rage to see who dared to take such liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain, with gestures, the cause of the occurrence. But Collomore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him, he grew very red in the face.

"There was a spider on your head," he explained rather loudly.

"A white place on my head, heh? Suppose'n there is, what's that to you?" asked Collomore, "you'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself someday!"

"It was a spider!" shrieked Hoff, while the congregation snickered and the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's wider," said Collomore, "and ought more in it than yours. But let it alone - do you mind? You pray let my head alone in church."

"Mr. Collomore," Hoff was yelling now. "You had a bug on your head and I brushed it off this way," and Hoff made another gesture at Mr. Collomore's head.

The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there and hurled a hymn book at Hoff, and seizing the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew he was about to bang Mr. Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly leaf of the book, whereupon Mr. Collomore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. Then the services proceeded. They are thinking of asking Mr. Collomore and Mr. Hoff to worship elsewhere.

from 1873 Newspaper

Blackmail Beauty

from 1896 Newspaper

There was installed as cashier in an Atlanta restaurant sometime ago, a young woman who, it must be conceded, was deucedly pretty. The cafe was near the heart of town, and an elderly professional gentleman was in the habit of dropping in for lunch at noon. The gentleman is wealthy and has a large family, but the time he has done as a married man has failed to dampen his ardor for the sex or destroy his spirit for adventure.

He began to make eyes at the pretty cashier and address her with tentative pleasantries. She smiled at his sallies. They were merely business-like smiles to her because feminine cashiers are paid to smile and look pretty. Attending to the cash is incidental. But her smiles impressed the soft old gentleman. He saw in them an alluring coquetry and a challenge. Such a girl, he thought, could not be impregnable, especially to a handsome, polished old fellow like himself. He took heart and sent her candy and little presents. She was shrewd as well as pretty, and by the time the candy period of the flirtation arrived, she had surmised the drift of his attentions and had carefully posted herself on certain important matters.

She had learned that he was rich, that his wife was still living, and that the social position of his family was above reproach. She treasured all this knowledge beneath her coiffure and divined that some day it might be useful. So she went on smiling and beaming upon him until he became smitten with an old man's passion. And in this fatuity that had come upon him he wrote her burning notes that breathed of love and urged her to a tryst.

It came about one day that the cashier was cashiered—fired forth jobless upon the cold world. Then the spirit of the adventuress asserted itself. She had never had the least idea of yielding to her elderly admirer. But the notes, the notes! She had carefully kept them all. They were trump cards. With them she meant to win. And she did. Her plan of play was by no means novel. Pretty blackmailers have worked it time out of mind. So far, I hear, these compromising billets doux have cost the gentleman several hundred. The girl now dresses in beautiful gowns, lives in an elegant flat, and takes the air lolling in a carriage like milady of Peachtree Street. If she needs money she dispatches a request to the author of the notes. He swears and fumes in impotent fury and—sends it.



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What She Saw

from 1874 Newspaper

A young lady in a Pennsylvania town put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the happy belief that she would dream of seeing her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of ice cream, about a pint of straw-berries, several sweet cakes, and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dream.

Humor from 1875

A repentant husband at Lancaster, Pennsylvania picked from the floor his left ear, which had been shaved from his head by a sharp knife in the hands of his wife, and meekly said, "My darling, I would sooner have bought you two new bonnets than have had my confidence in your temper thus shaken."

"Helen is proud," said an Indiana man, "and she is a great worker. You should stand by and see her jerk down a bedstead and go for bugs."

A Pennsylvania man and wife lived two weeks on bread and whiskey. She ate the bread and he drank the whiskey.

"Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy. "Are you lonesome?"

48th ANNIVERSARY!

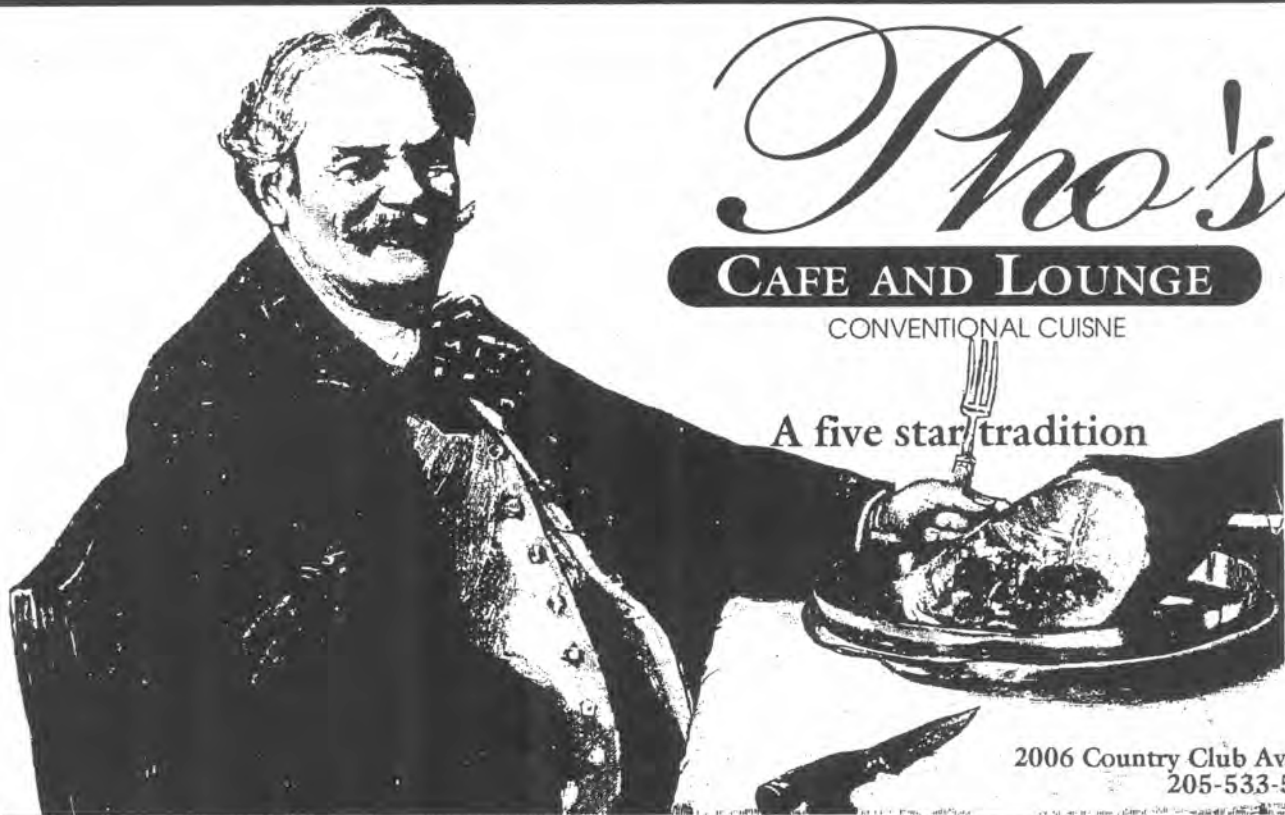
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Use Both Your Hands

If you are right-handed, chances are you probably do things every day that you don't even think about.

One day, try using your other hand for these tasks. Try dialing the phone, or closing your blinds, stirring a pot of chili, or any of the thousands of actions you do every day, with your non-dominant hand. You will be surprised how long it takes to do a simple, almost automatic action with your other hand.

It'll be slow going at first, but if you practice this for a while, it will become easier. It supposedly increases your intelligence to do this, according to dexterity articles in magazines out these days.

Also, if anything were to happen to your favorite hand, and you couldn't use it for a while, your other hand will already be trained!

How To Pull A Tooth

from 1874 Newspaper

A peculiar dental operation has just come under our observation. A certain citizen had

an upper tooth which was loose and troublesome, so he resolved to extract it by fastening a string to it; but after a trial, finding the operation painful, he had not the grit to grin and bear it. He thought if the tooth could be extracted by some sudden movement, the pain would be but transient; and after mature deliberation he hit upon an ingenious plan to jerk it out in a jiffy.

Procuring a heavy flat iron he tied it to the other end of the cord attached to his tooth, then shutting both eyes he let the iron drop, which descended plumb center on his pet corn. After hopping about the room wildly on one foot, groaning in very anguish of spirit and reciting choice passages from profane history he finally calmed down sufficiently to hurl the flat iron over the fence, and swathe his sore toe in camphor and cotton. But he pulled the tooth, and with it a piece of gum the size of a beefsteak.

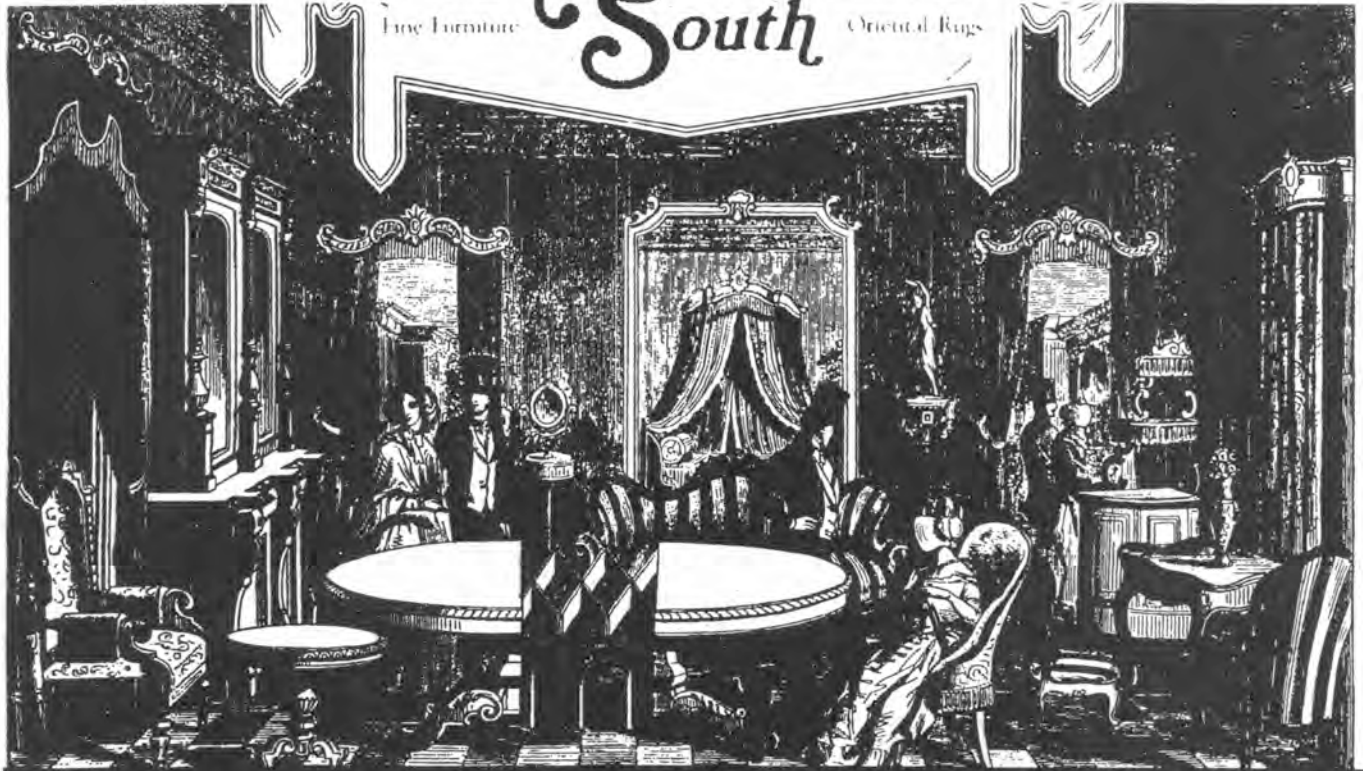
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