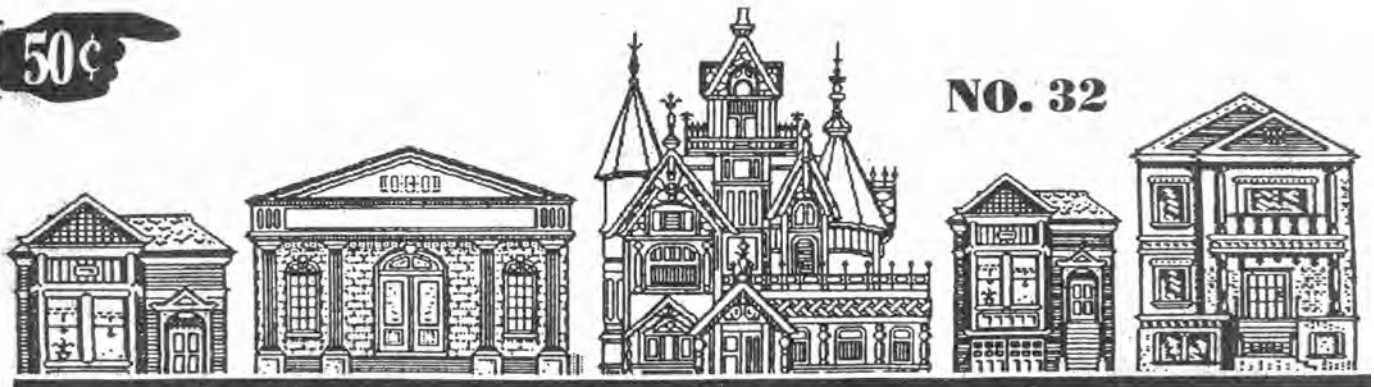


50¢

NO. 32



Old Huntsville



The Ladies Of Huntsville

Daring Heroines of the Confederacy

Their sons and husbands were off at war fighting valiantly for the Confederate cause. The dreaded Yankees had arrived and Huntsville was under the iron rule of the notorious General Mitchel.

Homes were plundered, food-stuffs were stolen and there was no one to protect the citizens from the outrages of war.

But probably worst of all was the fact that a group of Confederate soldiers was being held captive at the railway depot. These soldiers had fought courageously on the bloody battlefields of Manassas, and now, there was no one to save them ...

Except the daring ladies of Huntsville.



Also in this issue: - 'Masonic Mayhem'



The Daring Ladies Of Huntsville

The excitement in the city was very great, as telegram after telegram gave the reports of what was taking place on the bloody battlefields of Shiloh, for many of our Huntsville boys were there. While they were absorbed with the news coming from the telegraph office, the people were taken by surprise by a carrier riding in hot haste down the Meridianville pike, shouting to everyone he saw, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!"

It was that fateful cry, long and fearfully anticipated but now suddenly sprung upon them that made livid the faces of women and children. The cooler heads among the men were trying to sift the truth from the excited horseman, when his report was verified by the coming of another galloping horseman.

Hardly had this validation of the truth settled upon the excited listeners when the long whistle of an incoming train from the west was heard. "What train is that, and who are aboard it?" was asked with blanched lips. A few of the older men rushed to the depot, and before the train stopped saw that it was a military train with Southern soldiers aboard, bound for the east. Realizing the danger of the situation, one man rushed forward to the engine and shouted to the engineer, "Go on, go on! Don't stay, the Yankees are right here and will catch you."

The engineer looked back to the conductor who had also heard the warning, but who for a moment hesitated, weighing the report in his mind, then finally deciding from the earnestness and character of the man, gave a quick

motion for forward to the engineer who quickly pulled open the throttle ... It was too late. Before the steam pressed upon the piston, the train was surrounded by Yankee cavalry, who with leveled revolvers forced the engineer to close his throttle.

The train and all that it contained was now in the possession of the enemy. A company of Confederate soldiers were on board. These men had performed gallant service at Manassas and as a reward were given a furlough to their respective homes from which they were now returning. They were now few in number, without arms and surrounded.

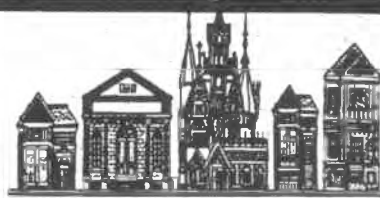
The Yankees (Fourth Ohio Cavalry) took possession of them as prisoners and marched them into the depot -- the same old freight depot that is there today.

This regiment of cavalry was soon followed by the rest of the command of Brig. Gen. O.M. Mitchel, who took possession of Huntsville with its old men, women, and children, and for some time after ruled them with a rod of iron.

Before the war, Mitchel had been quite conspicuous as an astronomer and lecturer, but when he changed his science and literary career for a military one, he shook off the attractive qualities of mind and heart that belong to a scholar and assumed voluntarily the iron mantle of despotism. In his view, no man had a right to be a rebel, and, in addition, no wife or child had a right to be the wife or child of a rebel. If they dared to continue as such, they ought to receive the just punishment that he was sent to administer.

His boast was that he would soon scourge them into submission.

In the disposition of his forces he had made a quick movement, took Huntsville by surprise, and overwhelmed its citizens with pain and sorrow for he fed his troops from their scant stores. His provision train was too far away. Bridges had been burned and no one could tell when his wagons would arrive. In the meantime his soldiers must be fed. "They had fought bravely," he said, and were entitled to the best of rations and all the good things the country afforded. If they were given voluntarily, well and good! If not, they would be taken. The boys in



Old Huntsville

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blue knew where to find what they needed.

The women of Huntsville gathered together in solemn council, for upon them the grim reality fell most heavily. How could they meet Mitchel's demand of their scant stores of food? Even more desperate was the plight of their own kind. If Federal soldiers were this hungry, how was it with those poor boys in gray, cooped up within the old walls of the depot? They must be starving. It was unanimously resolved that this condition must be rectified.

A committee of two ladies was appointed to visit the general and obtain his permission for them to feed the prisoners.

In answer to their appeal, he granted a very generous denunciation of all rebels, especially female rebels.

"Yes," he replied, "you may feed the prisoners, but you must feed my soldiers, too."

"Very good, general, but may we begin at once with our poor boys in the depot? They are starving. They have had nothing to eat since you came now, two days ago!"

"Starving!" They deserve to starve. They have been fighting the Union army in the east. They are a part of the same set," thundered the irate general.

The eyes of the sober matron twinkled a little and a smile played upon her lips as she replied, "Yes, General, we have heard that they were there."

The brows of the officer narrowed, remembering that these were the same brave confederate troops that had carried the day at Manassas. Churlishly he muttered, "and for that you want me to feed them?"

"Yes, for that we want to feed them. But, General, all brave soldiers feed their prisoners."

The scowl upon the general's features smoothed a little as he caught the pleasant smile upon the lady's comely face.

"Well, take your order for permission to feed the prisoners. What else do you want of me?"

"A pass, please," she replied, "for messenger and provisions."

The general signed to an officer in the rear. "Adjutant, write a pass for female bearer to deliver provisions twice

a day to prisoners."

He turned away to other business. The pass was written and received. The two ladies who had remained standing in that august presence bowed their thanks.

It was with a quick step and a light heart that the two ladies left the headquarters of Gen. Mitchell and hurried down the street. Hardly had they left before they noticed a young negro clad in a Yankee's blue coat. After recognizing the figure as Joe, one of their house servants, the ladies burst out laughing, exclaiming, "Why, with

that blue coat he looks just like any other Yankee."

The friends walked on thoughtfully for a few moments when the first speaker exclaimed as though talking to herself:

"Good, we'll do it sure." Then, "Joe, Joe," she called out to the servant. "Stop there, I want you."

The boy stopped at once at the command of his mistress' voice. He turned back to her, a little scared at his being thus caught.

"Joe, where did you get that coat?"



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The boy hesitated and with an apologetic grin, replied:

"I got him from a Mr. Yank; he give him to me."

"How come him to give it to you?" was the stern question.

"He give him to me for cleaning up his horse and rubbing up his saddle, and shining up his boots and his spurs."

"Very well! You are sure that he gave it to you? Are you very sure?"

"Yes, missus; I would be scared to wear it if he didn't."

"Very well, then. Now listen. I don't want you to wear that coat on the street. I want you to take it right home and give it to Aunt Susan to take care of for you. Do it right away. Do you hear?"

"Yes, missus. I takes it right home."

That evening before the sun went down an irregular procession of ladies, beginning at the eastern side of the town and adding to its number as it passed the different houses, proceeded to the depot. Some had with them servants carry-

ing baskets and others carried their baskets themselves. All the baskets were loaded with provisions covered with napkins or papers to screen their contents.

There was some trepidation in their ranks caused by their unusual errand and the uncertainty of their reception by the soldiers of their avowed enemies, but all were brave at heart and willing to face all opposing obstacles to accomplish their purpose.

Reaching the platform of the depot, they found the first large enclosed door guarded by a squad of blue-coated soldiers. The other doors were tightly closed. The soldiers stood at attention. Two pair, a little distance apart, crossed bayonets, thus making two arches under which the procession was permitted to pass.

The leader of the ladies was a handsome woman -- large and imposing in appearance. She had laughing eyes and a smiling countenance. She was perfectly fearless of danger. She was one who had given her sons to the army. Her large house (now unhappily one of the things of the past) was ever open to shelter a Confederate

soldier. She was not afraid to express her wants to a Federal general as she had this day, nor to Federal soldiers with bayonets.

She stepped forward under the arched bayonets to the officer of the guard, and smilingly presented him with the general's order. He read it blushing and deferentially stood aside motioning her to enter, which she did with her servant. She turned and bade the others follow. This they were ready to do. Soon they all found themselves on the inside and were cheering the artillery boys with smiles as well as with sustenance.

The grey-coated boys appreciated both, and for a time, were happy.

The officer of the imprisoned command held a little confidential conversation with the leading lady, and arrangements were soon made that resulted in lessening, to a considerable extent, the number of Confederate prisoners in the old depot.

Among the prisoners was one who was a superb violinist. He was said to be unequaled in the Army of Virginia. His violin had gone home and back with the furloughed violinist. The chief diversion of the company was in his music and in the resulting dance of the lively lads when the spirit was on them.

The supply of food settled into a routine. The next evening, a little before the expected coming of the food supply, the spirit of music and dance was on the imprisoned soldiers.

An empty box near the center of the depot furnished a seat for the violinist. A rattling piece of music from his instrument drew the attention of everyone within a considerable distance. A large detachment of Federal soldiers were camped nearby to furnish guards for prisoners and stores. Quite a crowd of idle soldiers soon gathered upon the platform.

The Confederate boys drew near their musician. Soon, some dance music set their feet and bodies in motion, and then the dance was on. It was such a dance as the blue coats had never seen. As the music quickened and varied, so too did the dance. Soon the eager crowd outside the guard pressed near to see and hear. The guard itself with its good-natured corporal became absorbed and interested in sound and



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motion and allowed the numbers outside to press within the doorway.

It was at this time that the deputation of food-bearers arrived. The officer at the door passed in one old colored woman with a large basket carelessly covered with a cloth. He lifted the corner a little and scanned the loaves of bread and buttered sandwiches, dropped the cover and motioned her to return and take in the other baskets and return them, as he now would permit but one person to enter.

A plank partition at that time separated a room at the northeast corner of the depot from the rest of the building. Inside of this the baskets were quickly carried and emptied by the eager hands of the prisoners.

Within the first basket, well wrapped in a newspaper, was a large blue overcoat and cap. A young artillery man, the first selected to run the blockade, was soon enveloped in this overcoat and surmounted with the cavalry cap. Watching his opportunity when the Federal soldiers about the door and who had gradually encroached within the building were absorbed with the dance and music, he quietly stepped

out of the little room and sauntering along the wall, joined the blue coats near the door. When all was ready the music and dancing ceased, and the gray-jacketed boys were called to supper. All was then confusion, and the bayonets of the guard pushed out the rabble of blue coat onlookers near the door, and with them the sheep in wolf's clothing.

Reaching the platform the young man dropped out of the squad of blue coats and struck into the street heading to the courthouse. This he had hardly reached with he was met by a boy who, turning to the left, piloted him to a large house near the outside of the town.

Here he turned over his cap and coat and was given a good supper and portable lunch, furnished a place to sleep until nearly daylight, when a guide passed him between the pickets and gave him directions how to safely reach the Confederate lines across the Tennessee River.

The next afternoon and for several succeeding afternoons as long as prudence permitted, that basket with its enclosures went to the Confederate prisoners, where the same scene was enacted and other prisoners were al-

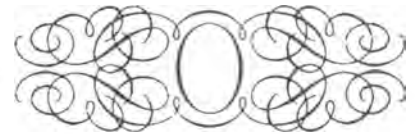
lowed to escape.

This practice was continued for several weeks until the remaining prisoners were transferred to prison camps in Illinois where they set out the rest of the war in captivity. According to legend, one of the escaped confederate soldiers returned to Huntsville after the war and married the young lady responsible for his rescue.

Today, there are few signs left in Huntsville to remind one of the events of that day. The grounds which once held the tents of the union soldiers guarding the depot are now occupied by Dilworth Lumber Company. The old depot has been placed on the registry of Historical Buildings.

Perhaps the only clue that it was ever used as a prison are the interior walls, where, if you ask a guide to show you, you can still see the graffiti from a day over a hundred years ago where bored Confederate soldiers wrote their names on the walls.

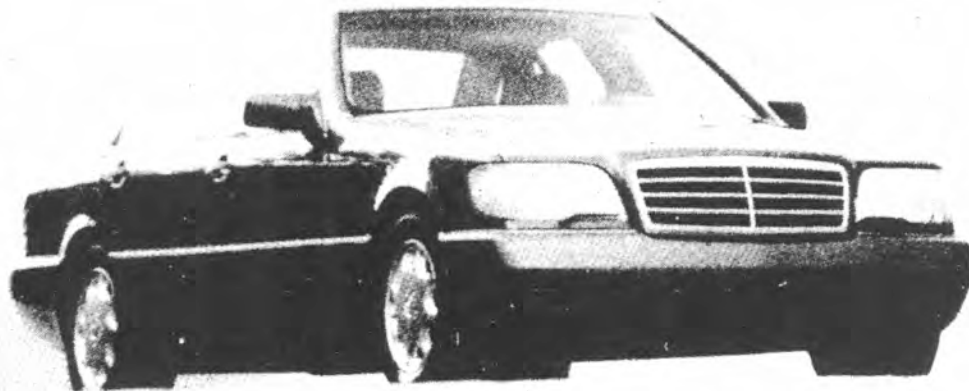
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tor was permanently dismissed.

Unusual News

Famous people who were expelled from school



John Barrymore

Actor John Barrymore was 16 when he was expelled from Georgetown Academy in Washington D.C. A faculty member recognized him in the company of several other young men, entering a bordello where they had gone to celebrate Washington's birthday. The next day when asked to name the other men Barrymore refused and was expelled.

Humphrey Bogart

The son of a successful physician with inherited wealth, young Bogart was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass. He was thrown out after a year for "irreverence" and "uncontrollable high spirits". Since attending Yale was out of the question, Bogie joined the U.S. Navy.

Richard Boone

Boone's career at Standford came to an end in 1937 when he and his fraternity brothers devised an ingenious prank. They fashioned a dummy out of

rags and bottles and laid it down in the street. When the next passing car ran over it, Boone cried out " You've killed my brother". Unfortunately, the cars driver was Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who sprained her ankle during the confusion.

William Randolph Hearst

In 1885 he was expelled from Harvard for giving his professors a chamber pot adorned with their name and picture. He left Harvard half way through his junior year

Edward (Ted) Kennedy

Suspended during his freshmen year for allowing a classmate to take a Spanish test for him.

Benito Mussolini

He was sent to a boarding school 20 miles from home at the age of 9. He threw an inkpot at a teacher who had struck him with a ruler. Shortly thereafter he stabbed another student in the buttocks with a knife. The future dicta-

Jody Powell

Jody Powell reflected "You don't know what loneliness is until you pull into your driveway, at home in the deep South on Christmas Eve, having just had your butt kicked out of a military academy" He was expelled from the Air Force Academy for cheating on his final exam on military history. He left only 6 months before he would have graduated.

William Travis

The future Commander of the American forces at the Alamo was expelled from a South Carolina military academy. At the age of 16 he led the student body to revolt against their instructors

Orville Wright

He was booted out during his sixth grade year for mischievous behavior.

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Jerry Barksdale Versus Huntsville Utilities

Subtitled

"It's My Name, Damit!"

by Jerry Barksdale



Marriage is approved by God. That's what Rev. Frank Broyles thought in 1987, the day I made Pat McCay an honest woman and gave her my last name. At least I attempted to give her my last name.

I've handled some pretty big cases in the past, but I've never been up against Huntsville Utilities. I don't think the Lord has either.

After a whirlwind honeymoon of one night at the Marriott, we settled down in Pat's house to face the world together. There were problems. She was a nurse -- I, a lawyer. We clashed. We had two sets of kids. I owed the IRS and they stayed on my trail like bloodhounds. However, dealing with the IRS was a cake walk compared to getting

Huntsville Utilities to change Pat's last name to mine. It would have been easier to change the direction of a California mud slide.

Undaunted, Pat wrote Huntsville Utilities;

Dear Sirs:

Many times I have written informing you that my last name is no longer McCay. It's Barksdale and has been for almost five years. I do not understand why it is impossible for you to address me by my legal name, "Patricia Barksdale." I have lived at the same address for almost 13 years now, and have never been negligent regarding my bill. It should be obvious to you by

now that I do not intend to "beat it out of town" owing you money and avoid payment by using an alias. If anything I should think that the fact that I informed you of my legal name change should prove to you that I am a responsible customer and want to make sure that I pay what is owed to you.

I am sure my husband does not enjoy having mail come to the house addressing me by my former husband's last name. I don't enjoy it either. Everyone wants to be called by their correct name. Would you like for me to address the envelope containing my check each month to Arab Utilities, Huntsville, Alabama? I think not. Please afford me the courtesy of addressing me by my correct name.

Sincerely,
Patricia Barksdale

Ms. Morris, a conscientious employee with a penchant for details, was unmoved. Item #3 in her letter was clear.

Dear Customer:

3. New married name: The party requesting this name change must bring a copy of her marriage certificate or her driver's license which has been changed to her new name. A copy of the marriage certificate may be mailed to us along with a note requesting the change. Please note that we cannot change the

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name from the wife to the new husband unless both parties come into our office as in No. 1 above.

I get into the act...

Dear Ms. Morris:

My wife, Patricia, has grown weary over the years trying to get Huntsville Utilities to address her by her new married name. Since I'm in somewhat better health, she has asked me to take up her cause. Actually, it isn't a new name as we were married five (5) years ago, but I guess that doesn't matter to you.

Both of us grew up during the 50s listening to Elvis and Pat Boone -- a time when moral values were different in this country. Elvis didn't shack up with Priscilla. They had a chaperone. Then he married the girl. What I'm trying to say, Ms. Morris, is that Patricia and I subscribe to the old fashion notion that marriage is a morally good thing.

God condones it. The United States of America condones it. Ex-Vice President Quayle condones it, and the State of Alabama condones it. These authorities have allowed Patricia to take my name of "Barksdale."

But, not you, Ms. Morris, Nooo!

If God can pause and reach down light years from Heaven to sanctify our marriage, surely you can punch a keyboard and change Patricia's last name to "Barksdale." Social Security has, driver's license bureau has, credit card

companies have. Everyone has, that is, except you, Ms. Morris. You are the only person in the universe that refuses to accept and honor our marriage.

You may ask, what's the damn big deal? A lot. We know the postman. He thought we were married, It was announced at Church five years ago. But, he doesn't think so anymore. He remarked to one of the boys at the post office, who attends the same church, that Patricia has two husbands. He showed the guy the utility bill as proof. Pretty soon, gossip was all over the neighborhood that she has two husbands. That's bad, huh? I'm sure you'll agree, but it gets worse -- much worse.

Our Church has asked for an explanation. An investigator from the District Attorney's office has interviewed Patricia and informed her that she may be facing a bigamy charge. Department of Human Resources got involved. Her kids may be taken from her and placed in a foster home. All of this has placed a great strain on our marriage. Both of us are now seeking a marriage counselor and if you think forking over \$100.00 bucks an hour is chicken feed, then you try it, Ms. Morris.

We may be headed for divorce. I hope not. If we do, you will surely be subpoenaed as a witness.

You see, Ms. Morris, small, insignificant acts often result in catastrophic events. Won't you be a sport and help us stop this unraveling of our lives? Change the name to Barksdale. Please?

Sincerely, Jerry R. Barksdale

Editor's Note:

After reading the above story an editor with Old Huntsville decided to call Huntsville Utilities and attempt to get the problem solved.

"You mean her name is no longer McCay?"

"That's right, mam." The editor replied.

"You mean her name is Barksdale but the utilities are in McCay's name?"

"That's right, mam."

"I am sorry but I will have to check with my supervisor. If the utilities are in the wrong name we may have to disconnect them."

Sorry about that Jerry.



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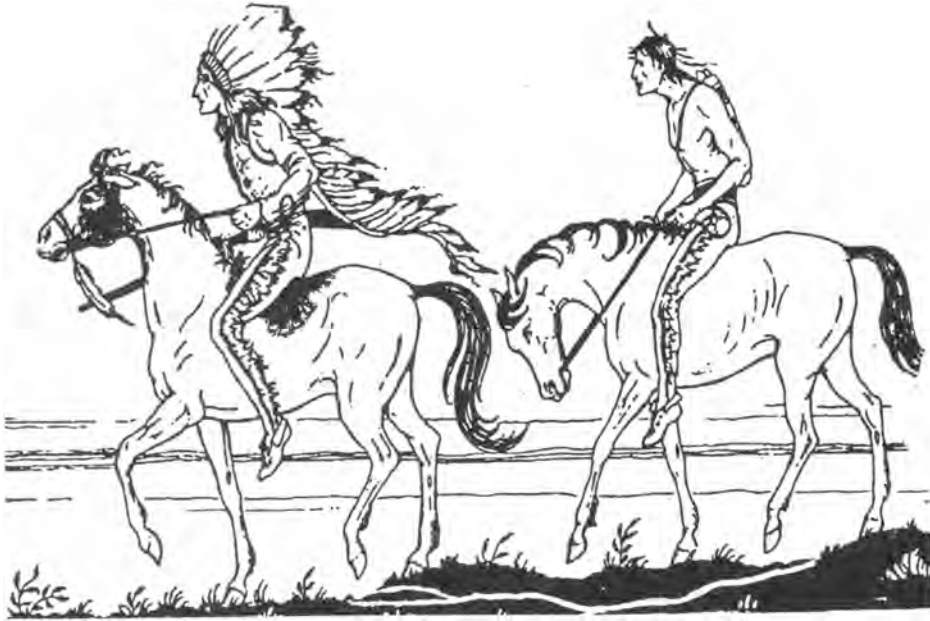
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Yucchi Indian Gold Of Paint Rock Valley

by Billy Joe Cooley

The "great golden" adventure of Elisha Fowler and his friend Albert Putman is still talked about by older residents of Paint Rock Valley, many of whom remember the spring day in 1920 when they were hired by an elderly Indian man to load "a heavy burden" onto two fine mules.

Bricks of Mexican gold constituted the "burden." Arkansas historian W.C. Jameson, in his book on *Buried Treasure of The Appalachians*, includes the necessary background for a mystery cave, which even today holds many gold bricks stacked against its walls.

The stash results from a 1699 effort by a group of Spanish soldiers to transport millions of dollars' worth of gold bars across the perilous frontier from Mexico to a distant point on the east coast of Florida. For six years the Spaniards had labored in a rich gold mine in the Sierra Madres, assigned there by the Spanish government to extract gold from the ore-rich rocks.

At the end of each month the raw gold was melted down and poured into molds to make brick-sized in-

gots, which were shipped to Spain. Officers in charge hid every fifth ingot in a secret place, intending to ship the gold clandestinely to Europe and set themselves up in business. They planned to pack it north, cross the Rio Grande, to a designated point on the Atlantic Ocean in north Florida, where a renegade ship captain would haul the riches back to Europe.

There, the officers would live out their lives in splendor. During the winter of 1699 the gold was loaded onto pack mules and unsuspecting enlisted men started hauling it across the continent.

Rains had swollen the many rivers to flood stage, making travel difficult. The Spaniards also had to deal with hostile Indians along the way. By the time they reached Louisiana, the pack train of some 20 mule-loads of gold ingots was increasingly difficult to maintain. As they neared the Louisiana gulf coast, they learned the Indians in the area were killing travelers.

The Spaniards made a wide swing north and passed through what is now central Mississippi and Alabama. They were attacked and all slain just north of present-day Tuscaloosa by some seventy

Indians of the Yuchi tribe, closely related to the Cherokee.

Ordinarily, the Yuchis were not warlike, but they resented the encroachment of outsiders on their land. The Indians, who used gold to make jewelry, led the ingot-laden pack mules back to their village in Paint Rock Valley, about twenty miles east of present-day Huntsville. There, the Yuchi chief ordered the gold stashed in a nearby mountain cave. He did not want any evidence of the intruders' wealth around should his village be visited by friends of the Spaniards.

Over the next several generations, Indians occasionally visited the cave to remove some of the gold for making jewelry, but other than the loss of those small amounts, the cache remained vir-

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tually undisturbed. During the Indian removal of the early 1830s, the Yuchi tribe was ordered to vacate Paint Rock Valley. Before leaving, many of the Indians went to the cavern and divided some of the gold. Several families tried to carry some of the heavy ingots on their journey along the Trail of Tears, but they were forced to bury them along the way. Some members of the tribe escaped the military escort and fled eastward to Tennessee with their share of the gold.

The greatest portion of the Spanish ingots remained in the cave. Then, in the mid- 1920s, the aged Indian appeared at Paint Rock Valley leading two stately mules. He claimed he came from the Henderson Ridge area of Tennessee and was descended from the Yuchi Indians who had originally settled the valley.

He hired the two able-bodied young men to help him load some heavy objects onto the mules, Both Fowler and Putman were about 16 years old. The old Indian, the boys, and the two mules left early the next morning and began a long trek out of the valley into the limestone hills. From

time to time, the Indian would call a brief halt while he checked notations on a very old map he carried. About an hour into the journey, the Indian blindfolded the youths, saying it was the Indian way of doing things.

With each of the boys holding onto the tail of a mule, the Indian led them deeper into the hills. They walked and climbed for another hour when the youths suddenly noticed the air had turned cooler. The Indian removed the blindfolds and they found themselves inside a great cavern. The Indian lit a torch and they went deeper into the cave, coming to a large chamber.

Against a wall were stacked hundreds of brick-sized bars of some kind of metal. The boys suspected it was gold. The Indian asked them to fill two burlap sacks with as many of the bars as they could carry. The three made a total of four trips back into the chamber, carrying out burlap sacks containing three or four of the heavy ingots each time.

With difficulty, the Indian loaded the bars into several stout leather packs which were tied to wooden pack frames on the two mules. Though they had

carried out several dozen, hundreds still remained in the chamber deep within the cave. As they left, the Indian again blindfolded his helpers and led them back to the valley. The next day, the old Indian left the valley, leading the two heavily-laden mules. It was the last time he was seen.

For many years afterward, Fowler and Putman tried to find the cave again, but they never did.

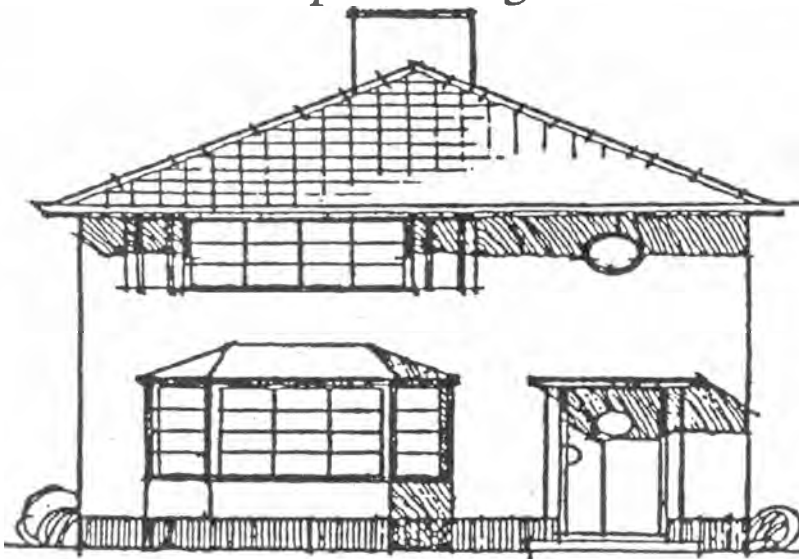
Further details of this cache, plus stories of many other buried treasures in the South, are described in Jameson's book, which is still available for \$9.95 in most book stores. It is published by August House Inc., Box 3223, Little Rock Ark. 72203.

'My wife told me she was going to divorce me if I didn't give up golf... Boy, I'm really going to miss her.'

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It's rare for a day to pass during which the Senior Center receptionist does not get at least one call asking, "What do you-all do down there?" or "What do I do to join?"

Regardless of an on-going public relations program, many Madison Countians remain unaware of the center's wide variety of programs and services, as well as the fact that county residents who are sixty years of age or better belong automatically. There are no dues and most activities are free, or require only a nominal charge for materials.

The center is at 300 Church St., beside the Big Spring Park lagoon. It is here that most activities, such as craft classes, bridge, dancing, computer classes, billiards, wellness programs and just plain visiting, go on. The Senior Services Center at the corner of Clinton and Seminole houses Home-maker services, Adult Day Care, CASA's office, the distribution point for the Meals on Wheels program, and is the coordinating center for seven nutrition sites.

The best way to find out what's going on is to visit the center, have a volunteer hostess take you on a tour of the building and pick up a free copy of the *SeniorView*, which lists schedules of activities, events, volunteer opportunities with RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteer Program), daily lunch menus, and news of interest to seniors.

A hot, well-balanced lunch is served daily at the Senior Center and at six other sites in Madison County. Reservations are made by phone (536-

4481) or in person one day in advance. Transportation to the center can usually be arranged by calling the City Department of Transportation.

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The Washboard Man

by John McCune

During the Great Depression of the 1930s one of the several ways my father earned money was to play in a local oldtime string band for Saturday night dances around our farming community.

At the end of the evening as couples left they would drop whatever they could afford into a bucket near the door. The donations were divided equally among the musicians. The band was led by two brothers who were

well known farmers and musicians in the area. They earned extra money during those hard times by giving music lessons on a wide variety of musical instruments, and they provided the band for the local dances.

Onstage, my father played the clawhammer banjo and harmonica, and was caller for the dances. Because of his enormous size he was also the bouncer. The band fluctuated between four and sometimes eight members.

The two brothers who led the band were Henry and Jake, who could play nearly any instrument.

My father taught me, his eldest son, to become percussionist in their band. The first thing I learned to play was the washboard. I was nine years old. All I had to do was play loud enough to keep a steady beat for the band and dancers.

During a 3-year army tour in Hawaii I had my own jug band, called the Red Hill Jug Band. In addition to the washboard, I learned to play snare drum, spoons, bones, bottles filled with different levels of water, the jaw harp, a bread board, foot board, jug and kazoo, cymbals, and tambourine. I also learned to play several stringed instruments over the years, but mostly prefer playing percussion to provide rhythm.

My father and I played with that old time string band until World War II started, when gas and rubber rationing forced our family into moving to the city, where he had a job in a war factory.

Many people could not afford to buy musical instruments and substituted household items that could be "played" without much talent. This is how those oldtime country jug bands were formed. A good sounding jug or washboard band has a unique sound of its own with such homemade items as the washboard, the jug, washtub bass, spoons, bones, bottles, tambourine, bells, bread boards and foot rhythm boards, kazoo and musical saw.

My favorite 1940s washboard player was Hezzie Trietsch of the Hoozier Hot Shots on the WLS National Barn Dance in Chicago.



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CHEESY ONIONS

Boil Spanish onions til done. Cut each onion in quarters. Into a bakingdish put a layer each of onions, white sauce, a sprinkle of grated cheese, crushed crackers and repeat until dish is full. Cover top with buttered crumbs and heat in oven at 350 to brown on top. Serve in same dish.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Remove a slice from side of pepper, take out seed and white sections, but leave stem on. Parboil for 5 minutes and drain well. Mix the following:

- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion

salt, pepper and catsup to taste

Melt butter, mince onion and fry until bown; remove from fire, ad crumbs and mix well. Into each pepper put 1 tablespoon crumbs. Place peppers in

baking dish, break an egg into each pepper, cover with more of the seasoned crumbs, filling pepper full. Bake at 325 for 10 minutes or egg is cooked.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

- 1/2 pound macaroni
- 1 cup cheese chips
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tsp salt
- 1/8 tsp cayenne pepper
- 1/2 cup milk

1 egg

1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Boil macaroni in salted water til just tender. Blanch in cold water. Cover bottom of baking dish with layer of macaroni, sprinkle of cheese, bits of butter, salt and pepper.

Continue til all is used, having cheese on top.

Mix milk and egg together, pour over the dish, cover top with crumbs, bake at 350 for 20 minutes or until top is browned and egg is cooked.

Kept Prisoner On Island, Negro Boy Secures Verdict for \$1,500 Damages

Boy Stayed On Island For One And a Half Years Because He Could Not Swim

(Taken from the Morning Mercury, 1906)

Montgomery, Ala., May 4.--

Adam Greene, the negro boy of Limestone County, who has obtained a judgment for \$1,500 against C.N. Robinson & Co., of that county, for services rendered during a year and a half of involuntary detention on an island in the Tennessee River, has only one more move between him and his money, that of an application to the supreme court for a rehearing of the case. This application has been made and the court will go over it in a few days.

The story of the treatment of this negro boy, as shown by the records of the court, is one of great interest. It appears that he was sent to the island for some cattle and then kept there a year and a half and forced to work whether he would or not, the allegation being made that he was imprisoned in

an old shanty and the boats kept locked so he could not get away. The river is too wide to swim, and he was a virtual prisoner all the time.

The lower court gave a verdict for \$1,500 which was sustained by the supreme court in an especially able opinion by Justice Haralson. It is regarded as not unlikely that the United States court may take up the case and prosecute on the criminal charge of peonage.

There are two sides to every question and if you are running for public office you take both.
Dave Hawkins
Disgruntled

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OIL DISCOVERED!

(Taken from the Weekly Democrat, 1880)

Huntsville has a new sensation in the discovery of coal oil on the farm of Mr. T. Crawford, who resides on a part of the old Mack Jones plantation, 34 miles in a northwestern course from Huntsville. We learn that Mr. Crawford commenced digging a well near his gin-house last October and after reaching a depth of about 40 feet stopped digging, on getting to a seam of limestone rock. Subsequently, he began to blast the rock, and reaching a depth of 12 or 15 inches more, encountered a strong smell of coal oil.

Having had some experience in supplying pumps for the oil wells in Pennsylvania, his attention was arrested, as he believed, by the discovery of an abundant source of oil. A piece of the

excavated rock retained a strong oil smell some time after it was brought to the surface of the ground, and the surface of the water in the well is covered with oil.

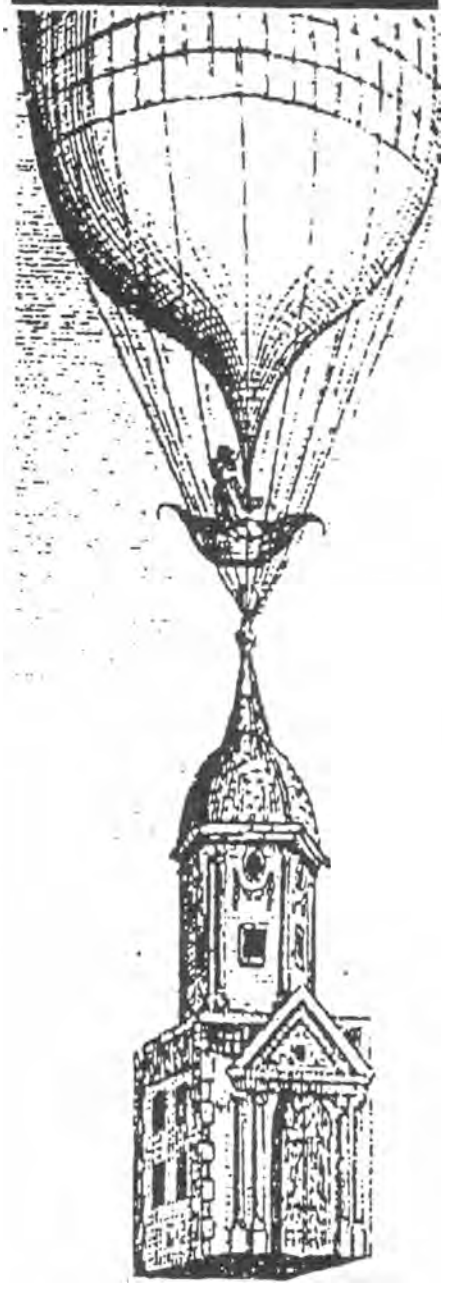
These indications of a coal oil bonanza have so impressed Mr. Crawford and some of his friends that they set about getting up a company to establish a coal oil factory. The following persons have united to form a coal oil company: T.B. Crawford, J.M. Moss, L.W. Day, Henry McGee, A.W. McCullough, J.D. Vandeventer. This is not one of the "we four and no more" enterprises, of which we have heard, but the books are open for more subscribers.

The Company, under the name (we believe) of T.B. Crawford & Co., believing that like indications of coal oil exist in this section, propose to procure from owners of land leases of large tracts - say 10,000 acres - with a view of sinking wells for oil, and we have seen one of their printed blank leases. We trust that the enterprise will prove successful, and that there may be "millions in it." Huntsville - indeed, all North Alabama - needs something to stimulate the dormant enterprise and energies of our people, and we trust that propitious Nature, in the plenitude of her mercy and beneficence, has opened the way, in this instance, to test the wisdom and capacity of our people to avail themselves of her bounty, and that they will respond with alacrity, and reap rich profits from their investment.

EDITORS NOTE:

After a brief flurry of activity, Madison County's interest in oil speculation quickly died down when it was discovered there was not enough oil to make the drilling profitable. Over the years other "wildcat" drilling rigs would attempt their luck but all would prove unsuccessful. The last well was drilled in 1937, near Madison, where for many years afterwards it was used as a deer "stand."

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He Should Marry Her First!

The talk of town is about a stalwart blacksmith who makes his home near New Market. The man was fond of his pipe and his jokes. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces had ensnared the affections of a young printer. The couple, after a season of billing and cooing, "engaged themselves," and nothing but the young bride's parents prevented the union. To obtain this an interview was arranged, and the young man prepared a little speech to admonish and convince the old man, who sat with his pipe in perfect content. This young printer dilated on the fact of their friendship, their mutual attachments, their hopes for the future and like topics; and taking the daughter by the hand he said: "I am now, sir, to ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parental bed" but his feeling overcame him and he forgot the remaining of his oratorical flouish, blushed, stammered

and finally wound up with "from its parental bed into my own!" The father keenly relished this discomfiture of the suitor, and removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied: "Well, young man, I don't know that I have any objection, provided you marry the girl first."

From 1872 Newspaper



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BOOGER TOWN

by Don Wynn



Mill villages have played a prominent role in the history of Huntsville for over half a century. Each village provided housing for the workers at a particular mill and each had a character all its own. The people who lived in the villages grew close to one another and many developed friendships that have lasted through the years. In barber shops, beauty shops and restaurants around town, you can still hear people talking about what it was like to live in a mill village.

As time passes, the old mills are falling into general decay, to fires, and the wrecking ball. A few of these old buildings are being used as warehouses but most of them just cannot be converted to newer uses. The old mill buildings are coming down and are being replaced by newer buildings.

The villages that surrounded each mill are also slowly disappearing. The houses have all been converted to private ownership and some of the ones that are still standing are in poor repair. The village associated with the old Huntsville Knitting Mill on 9th Avenue was Booger Town. It has been totally destroyed now. For some people who had to live there, the destruction of Booger Town did not come soon enough. For other people, Booger Town represents fond memories of childhood, family and community.

According to some people, Booger Town was a terrible place and it certainly lived up to its name. Most of the houses were wood and money wasn't wasted on niceties like paint. In the 1940s and 50s, Booger Town houses rented for \$1 a week, which was attrac-

tive to a lot of people who were just getting started and who did not have much money to live on. Young families lived there and the women helped each other with their household chores and with their kids.

If a woman was sick, her neighbors would come by to do the wash. Wash day was no minor chore because there were no washing machines to help do the work. Water for the wash and for every other household use had to be carried from wells which were located every few blocks. The houses nearest to the wells were considered to be the most choice houses in Booger Town.

Clothes were washed in tubs using strong soap and scrub boards. After washing, the heavy, wet clothes were hung on clotheslines in the sun. Still later, the dry clothes were brought in.

In nice weather, washing was done in the yard or on the porch. In winter, washing was done in the protection and warmth of the kitchen.

One woman who had trouble with childbirth and was unable to work for a long period, reported that her neighbors did most of her cooking, cleaning and washing for the entire time of her recovery. With neighbors like that, it is no wonder people developed such close friendships while living there.

These houses were heated with fireplaces and coal stoves. In spite of the primitive accommodations, the houses were pretty warm in the winter. The rooms were small and a good stove generates a lot of heat. Since all of the cooking was done on a stove, the kitchen was always warm. Several families reportedly got scrap wood for their stoves from the saw mill in the area.

Booger Town got its name because it was one of the last areas in Huntsville that got electrical service. Without electric lights, Booger town was a dark place when the sun went down. If the "booger man" came to Huntsville, he would surely go to Booger Town first.

The houses were built solidly but drafts still came through the walls in wintertime. In late summer every year, the residents of Booger Town would add new paper to the walls to help cut down the drafts in winter. This paper didn't come from the wallpaper store, it came from the newspaper. Sometimes, people couldn't afford newspaper so they got paper from J.C. Brown's

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store on the corner. Each successive layer of paper was applied to the walls with a paste made from flour and other household ingredients. When you visited another house, you could always tell whether they had completed this chore by scanning the news on the walls.

When Booger Town was finally "electrified," wires were only provided for a single, bare light bulb in each room. The bulb hung down on a cord in the center of the room with a pull string on the bulb to turn the light on and off. If a family was fortunate enough to have a radio, they had to run an extension cord from the bulb at the center of the room to get power for it because there were no wall outlets.

The houses were built up off the ground on stone or cement pillars. Wind

hurled under all the houses. Sheet tin roofs only magnified the sounds of wind and rain. Dogs, cats and chickens were in abundance in Booger Town and they all lived under the houses. During the summer, kids played under there to keep out of the sun.

The smells coming from the outhouses and open ditches behind each row of houses were sometimes stifling. It was enough to make you want to pick up and move if the wind happened to be blowing the wrong way. Almost everything and everyone in Booger Town smelled bad, but those smells were nothing compared to the outhouses and ditches!

The roads were gravel and dirt. When weather was nice, great clouds of dust covered everything in sight. Kids playing, dogs fighting and cars

going down the road all resulted in dust trails. When it rained, everything turned to mud making it impossible to get out without getting even dirtier!

In each mill village, informal gangs of rowdies were formed to keep people who didn't live there out. They didn't like sightseers in Booger Town. It was bad enough to be that poor but it was even worse to be gawked at.

People who lived in Booger Town worked long hours at back-breaking jobs, just to make ends meet. They didn't have much time for leisure. They could walk downtown to stroll around the square. They could go on picnics or go fishing in Pin Hook Creek with their families. Church socials and other church events were well attended.

Men had several other diversions in Booger Town. They could drink and gamble at the Black Cat Honky Tonk or visit some of the neighborhood women who practiced the world's oldest profession. There always seemed to be a procession of men walking up to the door of those houses. In the summertime, they had to walk around the kids playing in the dirt just to get to the door.

In those days, marbles was not just a game for kids. Men and boys alike enjoyed games of marbles. The games were loud and boisterous and everyone wanted to be the best "shooter" in Booger Town. They also pitched pennies at a crack in the sidewalk on Pike Avenue (now called Triana Boulevard). Playing cards and shooting dice was also popular but it was awfully hard to lose because money was hard to come by.

The McCormick YMCA and the Center Theater (both of these buildings are still standing but their uses have changed) were also diversions but people from Booger Town were just not made to feel welcome by some of the more "well to do" people who went there. They simply entertained themselves and developed friendships that have lasted all of the years since.

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Earth Bound

by Millie McDonald

Hanging baskets have become a gardener's delight because of the versatility of plants that can be used to make a colorful basket. For example, cherry tomatoes are the most recent hanging basket plant craze. Cherry tomatoes are a small, round, bright red sweet fruit that matures in 65 days. They produce abundantly in clusters all summer and are used for salads, appe-

tizers, or just eating whole like candy.

The latest method of planting cherry tomatoes is to plant several seeds in a hanging basket. When the plants become approximately four inches high, discard all plants except one strong plant (or you can save them and make other baskets). Carefully remove the strong plant from the basket for a few minutes. Try to avoid disturbing the root system.

Remove the soil from the hanging basket. Turn the hanging basket upside down and bore a medium-size hole in the bottom of the hanging basket. Plant the cherry tomato plant upside down, through the hole in the basket, with the top of the plant hanging downward. Replace the soil and water lightly.

Fertilize the cherry tomato plant approximately once a month. Do not over-water! Trim any weak stems or suckers from the plant through the summer.

Toward the end of summer, remove several ripe tomatoes from the plant; open them and squeeze the seeds onto a paper towel to dry.

After several days, remove the seeds from the paper towel with tweezers and place the seeds in a jar. The jar should have holes punched in the top for ventilation. Place a small piece of tape on the side of the jar listing the date and name of seed (cherry tomatoes). You will then have a supply of seeds for next year's planting.



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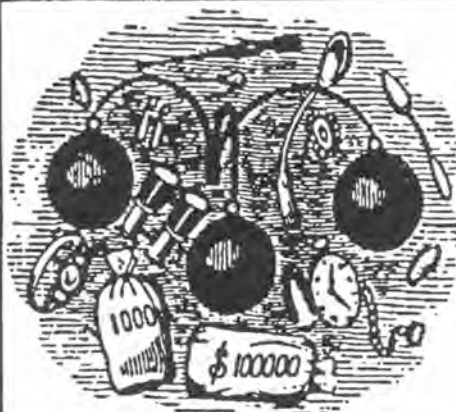
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BALLADEER TONY Mason and his bass-playing cohort **Tommy Sheppard** had a packed house at Bubba's downtown when we dropped by Saturday night.

Pretty socialite **Elaine Heddon** was the center of attention the other night in Diamond's Restaurant. Had more admirers than she realized. Her hubby, who owns the *John Deere* business here, sat proudly at the bar.

J. B. Tucker and his spouse **Margaret** got back from their Florida mid-winter vacation last month and are still telling their Hurricane Creek neighbors about all the twisters that plagued the Sunshine State.

Our municipal first lady **Bonnie Hettinger** came out of that car mishap in fine shape the other day. Not a scratch.

The exciting **Anita Palmer** is the female vocalist with the Mersey Band, playing nightly at The Hop. Others in the aggregation are guitarist **Jim Long**, drummer **Mike Warren**, bassist **Sam Long** and keyboardist **Emory Outlaw**. That place is having some good crowds after switching back to country format. Meanwhile, Anita is the proud mama of six-month-old **Chealsey**.

LEWIS GRIZZARD, as you know by now, is critically ill in Atlanta's Grady Hospital awaiting a heart transplant. Those who know the value of prayer will be appreciated. He discovered Eunice's breakfast table on his first trip to Huntsville years ago and was a familiar face there at every opportunity. It was Eunice who greeted us with the knowledge of his ailment the other morning when we entered her establishment with the effervescent **Gail Gallagher** of Angelo's Restaurant waitress fame, chef-in-training **Clift Critelli** of the country club set, and his sister **Lindy Critelli** of Gold's Gym.

Good morning to **Marilyn Horne**, whose cooking keeps husband **J.D.** stout and sassy.

Shotgun Evans and his **Connie** will head out for New Orleans and the Mississippi Coast on a gambling trip in a few weeks. They'll probably win enough money to redecorate their Boot Scooters Lounge (Carriage Inn).

As for the **Burrito Bandito** place out on Governors Drive, that's got to be one of the most fun places in town. They serve far more than just burritos, of course,

STEVE WINN, a Montevallo University student, brought his grandmother to Rolo's for lunch the other day. Used car dealer **Jay Greenlee** and pals were at the next table. "I can find any kind of car you want to buy," the young businessman was saying.

A lot of new faces are finding their way into *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards* (Market Square Mall) these days. Calhoun Collegiate **Mark McLain** was there the other day with pretty **Jennifer Brannon** of Huntsville High. The debonair **Scott McBride** was at the next table with **Christina Reed**. Others in his party were **Allen Percival**, **Josh Bradley** and a bashful girl. **Tim Mardis** and **Laura Bigg** were also in the place with **Kimberly** somebody.

Adam Stermer is finally back from all that driving he did during the blizzard. For him it really was a blizzard. He fought the weather all the way to Virginia, where he picked up his sailor brother **Jim**. They slipped and slid all the way back to Huntsville. Once home, they napped and showered and headed through the rain to Jacksonville, Fla. Adam got back in time to get his Montevallo college pal **Sam Barnett** of Morgan City and



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Those were sure some happy celebrants at Finnegan's Irish Pub the other night. **Chris Bufkin, Joe Arnold and Sharon Cornelius** seemed to be hosting the party, which included **Chris Tiernan, Peggy Sargent, Mary Umstead, Beth Atchison and Stacy Ryan**. And it was still a few days away from the great St. Patrick's Day doings. By the way, Finnegan's owner, **Ellen MacAnally**, should be congratulated on having again organized one of the most successful St. Patrick's Day celebrations in the history of the city. She's a native of Galway, y'know.

TV personality **Chris Peace** of WAAY-TV, Comcast 7, was part of the exciting gang the other night in Bubba's. He sang along with **Tony and Tommy Sheppard** on a couple of songs. The debonair **Russ Russell**, a financial wizard of our acquaintance, led the cheering. That was the night **Eric Fulcher, Dan Mayne and Bonnie Lasater** dropped in for a tad of socializing.

This is "*Be Nice to Richard Smith Month*." He's a resident philosopher at the Kaffeeklastch downtown and a swell guy to know.

Daniel Wilmoth is gearing up for a busy season in his lawn care and landscape business.

SISTERS Charity and Tiffany Schlaske, waitresses at the Hazel Green Family Restaurant, were part of the midday luncheon scene the other day at Villa Romano on Jordan Lane. At the next table was part of a Birmingham swim team (and chaperones) in town for the big Southeastern United States championship tournament at the natorium. Swimmers included **Jason Reed, Mack Morris, Patrick McClusky and Daniel Weinberg**.

Ray Neal and his pal **Jonathan Cooper** made their way over to **Johnny Tona's** the other evening and a first-rate billiard game ensued.

PROFESSIONAL waiter **Charles Layne** has left Prime Time and signed on across the street at The Olive Garden, in case you wondered.

Meanwhile, TV country singer **Doyle Brady**, who hosts his own late night Saturday show on WAFF-TV, Comcast 11, brought Party Time boss lady **Audrey Edmonds** to The Kettle the other night for a business talk-over-dinner. At the next table was **Ben Pigg** and some friends.

Our favorite jazz impresario, **Tim Gordon**, plays his vibes these nights at Holiday Inn in Madison and is attracting an interesting following. Makes for exciting dinner music, too.

Meanwhile, at Hoppers (in the Holiday Inn next to Madison Square) we found guitarist/singer **Noel Webster** in his usual fine performance of laid-back songs.

Greg Banta has moved from our city to take residence in Nashville. Meanwhile, he took the long way around for a visit with his hometown kin in Charleston, Mo.

For all you folks that have more money than you know what to do with, how about considering a contribution to **Helpline**. These people are truly dedicated and provide a valuable service for the community.

One final note -- our folks in DC tell us that the fat lady has not sung yet in regards to the new jobs at Redstone Arsenal.

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OLD TYME REMEDIES

Stop a runny nose by adding three drops of Tabasco Sauce to a glass of water and drinking it down.

If you're out of hand lotion, take a piece of cucumber and rub it on your chapped hands for soothing relief.

Curing a sore throat can sometimes be as simple as eating a slice of fresh pineapple.

For a soothing, fresh face - take an egg from your fridge and separate the yolk from the white. Beat the white slightly, and, using a pastry brush, paint it on your just-washed face. Once the egg dries, apply another coat of egg white. After 15 minutes, rinse your face with warm water. For a finishing touch, rub ripe, mashed avocado meat on your face. Refreshing!

If you are cursed with cramps occasionally during the night, do this. Sleep with a piece of pure silverware - a spoon is the best - on your night table. As soon as you are wakened with the troublesome cramp, grab the spoon and put it right on the spot. The cramp should disappear instantly.

A spicy apple scent, like that of a just baked apple pie, has a calming effect on one's nerves. It may even help some people avoid panic attacks. Yale University experts have found that by simply imagining the look and smell of a freshly baked apple pie, people can immediately relax.

Trying to control your sweet tooth? Dissolve 1 teaspoon of baking soda in a glass of warm water and rinse out your mouth with it. Spit out the water, do not swallow. The explanation is the hypothalamus is stimulated, releasing saliva and the craving for sweets. Within minutes the rinse should help you control that craving.

An old remedy for swollen glands: Scrub and peel seven limes. Bring the rinds to a boil in 2 cups of milk. Simmer for 5 minutes. Cool, then gargle with half of the mixture. An hour later, gargle with the other half.

SOME FACTS ABOUT EGGS

The most likely link of eggs to Easter is that in medieval times Christians were forbidden to eat eggs during the 40 days of Lent. Since it is not possible to turn off the "egg machine," there had to be a tremendous accumulation of eggs. The thinking is that someone involved in arts and crafts suggested turning the unused eggs into ornaments. The idea caught on as a fun tradition.

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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

For Ladies Only: Your panty hose will last much longer if you throw the new hose into your freezer, after wetting them down. Put the wet hose in a plastic bag, and toss in the freezer. Thaw them out before you wear them, of course.

You can eliminate lint problems from your clothes washing by adding one cup of vinegar to the final rinse cycle.

The water you boil eggs in is filled with minerals and your plants will appreciate this "tonic."

Don't wash the outside of your windows on a sunny day. They will dry very fast and show streaks.

If you need drapery hem weights and don't want to spend a lot of money,

use old door keys.

Dampen the brushes of your carpet sweeper and watch how well you can pick up lint and string.

If you have some frozen fish to thaw out, use milk. It will draw out the frozen taste and really make the fish taste fresh.

It's getting warmer but many of you are still using your fireplaces. If you throw salt on the logs occasionally you will reduce the soot by more than half.

If it's not convenient to give your dog a bath but he smells like he needs one, just rub baking soda into his coat and brush out. He will be cleaned and deodorized!

Always keep your unpopped popcorn in the freezer. It keeps it fresher, but also helps eliminate "Old Maids." (unpopped kernels)

For ailing house plants, give them a shot of Geritol on a regular basis for 3 months. You will notice new leaves and growth very soon.

If you have a clay pot that's been scratching your table for years, and don't have any felt, try this. Use some old corn pads (not previously used) on three spots under your pot, forming a triangle.

To remove a rust stain from your clothes, apply lemon juice and salt, then place in the sun til dry.

For faster ironing, place a strip of heavy duty aluminum foil over the entire length of the ironing board and cover with a pad. As you iron the heat will reflect up through to the underside of the cloth.

Check The Pulse Of Your Child



It is well that the parent should know the peculiarity of the pulse of each child. The pulse of a healthy adult beats seventy times in a minute, though good health may be enjoyed with fewer pulsations. But if the pulse always exceeds seventy it may indicate disease and the human machine is working itself out, or there is a fever or inflammation somewhere and the body is feeding on itself.

From 1873 Newspaper

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HUNTSVILLE LANDMARKS

BY CLARENCE SCOTT

The Monte Sano Railway

Near the intersection of Tollgate Road and Bankhead Parkway in northeast Huntsville are several entrances into the western slope of Monte Sano Mountain. Take any one of these trails and you will find yourself going back into another time, a time of long ago, a time when Huntsville was much simpler and life was not the complicated reality that it is today.

Yet, people then, as today, had dreams and ambitions. The dream that once existed on these now quiet trails on the western slope of Monte Sano Mountain took the form of a railway ... the Monte Sano Railway.

The year was 1888 and with the ever growing popularity of the grand hotel on top of the mountain, it became clear that better transportation up the mountain was needed.

The Huntsville Belt Line and Monte Sano Railway Co. employed engineer Arthur Owen Wilson to construct the railroad to the hotel. The line started from the union depot and ran south along Jefferson Street. At Clinton, it turned east towards the mountain and eventually down into Fagin's Hollow, where it began a circuitous route, gaining altitude all the time. Winding and circling to the rim of the mountain, the route rose so steeply that the grade seemed impossible for an engine to ascend. The remainder of the way lay directly across the top of the plateau to the back yard of the hotel. Half an hour was required for the entire journey

when the line was finished.

In the construction of the Monte Sano Railway, more than 300 persons were employed on a regular basis. The weekly payroll was approximately \$10,000. Mr. Wilson, himself, designed the three coaches that comprised the train and the St. Charles Car Co. manufactured them. The engine was of standard gauge, although smaller than those used on the trunk line. The size of the engine was the reason the line was called the "dummy line," as the undersized locomotive resembled a trolley car. Of course, some Huntsville wags called it the dummy line because, "only a dummy would ride that steep and perilous route to or from the mountain!"

Sure enough, not long after the railway opened, there occurred an incident that seriously damaged the popularity of the railway. Returning from the hotel, the train's sand-pipes clogged as the engineer tried to check the speed of the locomotive down a steep incline. The train went out of control and left

the tracks. Happily, no one was injured, but people were now somewhat nervous about taking this precarious path to and from the mountain.

Luckily, this accident had no lasting affect on consumer confidence and the Monte Sano Railway was successful in bringing visitors to the mountain and business to the hotel continued to flourish.

Unfortunately, by 1895 the hotel was suffering financial problems and the railroad had to be shut down. Tracks were torn up and sold as scrap to pay off debts.

Now, with the passage of time the old railroad bed and stone foundations of the trestles are all that remain. They say that as late as the 1950s there were still railroad ties stacked up near the area known as the "button hole." But they're gone now.

So, take a walk on the old railroad bed trail. Knowing what was once there makes the trek all the more worthwhile.

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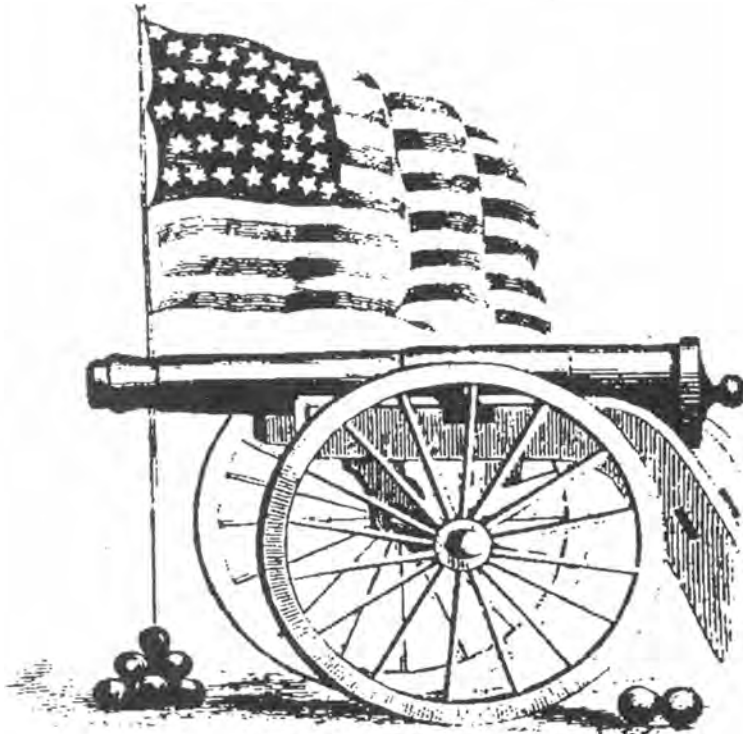
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Something Like War

Charles Wills, a Union Army officer from Illinois, was delightfully honest in his letters home. He settled in Louisiana after the War Between the States and died there of fever in 1883 when he was only 42. Wills' sister later published his letters exactly as he had written them in a book called *Army Life of an Illinois Soldier*. His comments from Alabama still make fascinating and informative reading.

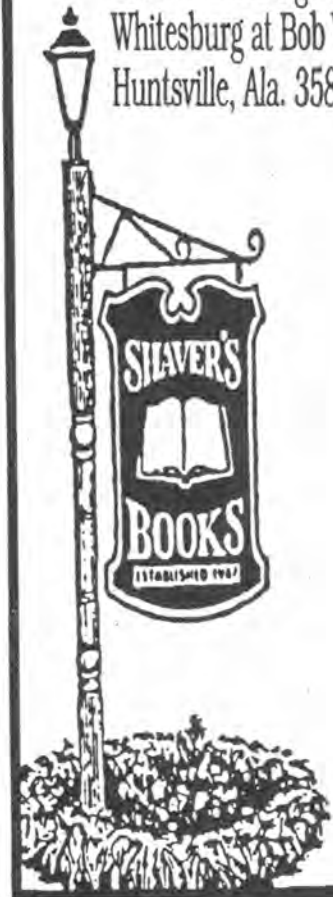
Wills could be surprisingly sympathetic towards the Southern civilians and was frequently critical of his soldier comrades. While on the march in Mississippi, for example, he described the Union soldiers' conduct to his sister:

"Rebels though they are," he said, "'tis shocking and enough to make one's blood boil to see the manner in which some of the folks have treated them. Trunks have been knocked to pieces with muskets when the women stood by, offering the keys, bureau drawers drawn out, the contents turned on the floor, and the drawers thrown through the window, bed clothing and ladies' clothing carried off and all manner of devilry imaginable perpetrated. Of course, the scoundrels who do this kind of work would be

severely punished, if caught, but the latter is almost impossible. Most of the mischief is done by advance of the army, though, God knows, the infantry is bad enough. The d--n thieves even steal from the Negroes (which is lower business than I ever thought possible for a white man to be guilty of), and many of them are learning to hate the

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Yankees as much as our "Southern brethren" do. This army is becoming awfully depraved. How the civilized home folk will ever be able to live with them after the war is, I think, something of a question. If we don't degenerate into a nation of thieves, 'twill not be for lack of example set by a fair portion of our army."

Stationed at Tuscumbia shortly thereafter in August of 1862, Wills again expressed his dismay with what he saw, though he tried to persuade himself that it was proper. "Orders have been given us to put every woman and child (imprison the men) across the line that speaks or acts secesh, and burn down their property, and to destroy all their crops, cut down the corn growing, and burn the cribs. That is something like war. 'Tis devilish hard for one like me to assist in such work, but I believe it is necessary to our course... I'd hate like the devil to burn the houses of some secesh I know here, but at the same time, I don't doubt the justice of

the thing. One of them has lent us his cook, or rather his wife did; and they don't talk their secessionism to you unless you ask them to."

Later at Scottsboro in January, 1864, Wills' infantry regiment was temporarily mounted and became a part of Sherman's notorious army. "I think that today," wrote Wills, "[Generals] Sherman, Logan or Ewing would not trust a detachment of this brigade on sorebacked mules if they had only three legs. This little squad of 500 men in the two months they have been mounted have committed more devilment than two divisions of regular cavalry could in five years. Everything you can think of from shooting Negroes, or marrying these simple country women, down to stealing babies' diapers. From taking \$2,700 in gold, to snatching a brass ring off the finger of the woman who handed a drink of water. From taking the last old mare the widow had to carry her grist to the mill, to robbing the bed of its cords for halters, and taking the clothes

line and bedding to boot. I'll venture that before we were dismounted, not a well rope, trace chain, or a piece of cord of any kind *strong enough* to hold a horse could be found in the districts through which we have foraged."

This is the Civil War as it actually was--not the way it's told to us in Northern-authored history books!

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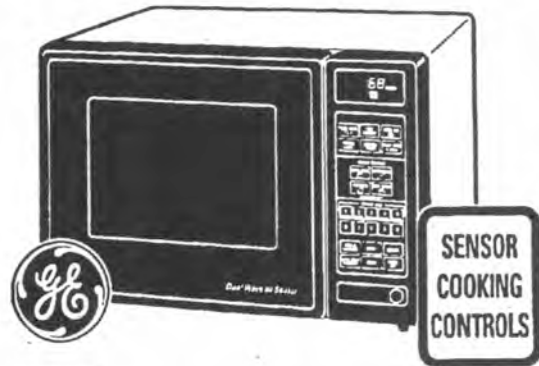
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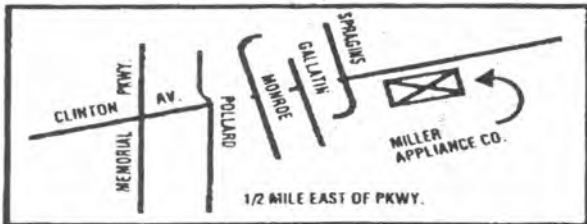
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Chocolate Chip Pecan Crisp

- 2 cups plain flour
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 sticks butter/margarine
- 1 1/2 tsp vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 375. In large bowl mix the flour, salt, baking soda and put aside. Melt the butter in pan, add the sugars, vanilla, eggs. Pour into the dry mixture, mix well. Add the chips and

nuts, mixing well.

Spray Pam onto flat cookie sheets, drop batter by rounded teaspoonfuls about three inches apart. Cook for 7-9 minutes, cool and remove from pan.



Pink Divinity

- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup white syrup
- dash salt
- 2 egg whites
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1/2 tsp vanilla
- 1/2 tsp nutmeg

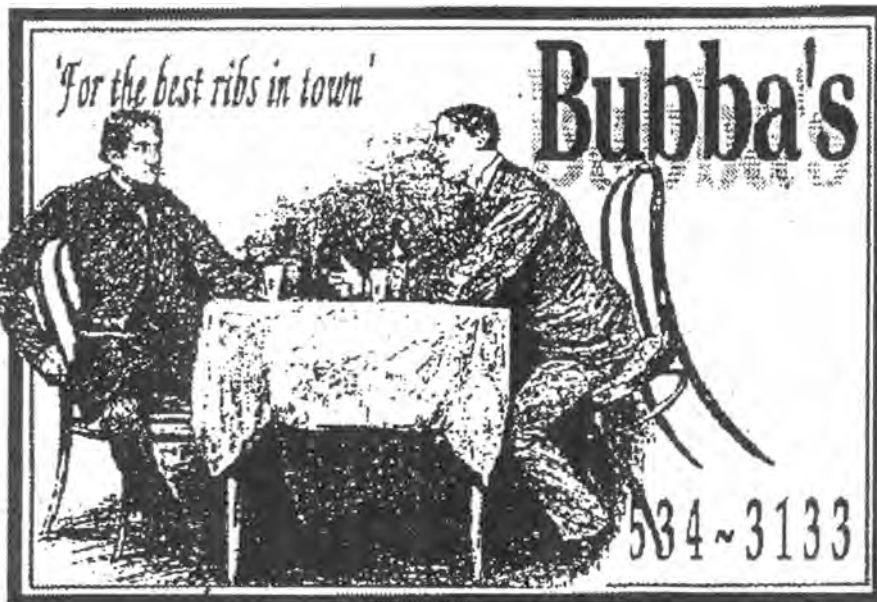
Boil sugar, water, syrup and salt until a thread spins. Add the egg whites, after you have beaten them very stiff. Beat at high speed til blended, add vanilla and nutmeg and beat until the glossy look is gone. Add a few drops red food coloring, drop by teaspoonfuls onto wax paper or a pan that has been greased.

Chocolately Truffles

- 24 oz. chocolate chips, semi-sweet
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 15 oz. can sweetened condensed milk

1 cup chopped pecans

Slowly melt the chocolate chips over hot water in double boiler. Remove from heat, add milk, vanilla and nuts. Chill in fridge til firm on a buttered glass plate. Mold into balls or shapes and roll in nuts, coconut, cookie crumbs, whatever you like.



Pineapple brown sugar casserole

2 cups crushed pineapple, with juice
1 cup brown sugar, packed
3 eggs, beaten
1/4 cup milk
4 cups cubed day old bread
Mix all together, grease a 9" x 11" pan and pour mixture in.
Bake for 50 minutes at 350 degrees.

Dralines

1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup sweet cream
1 cup maple syrup
Boil together until a soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and beat til creamy then add 2 cups of chopped pecans. Drop on buttered pan from point of spoon and wait til it gets firm before you serve.

Sugared Pecans

2 cups chopped pecans
3 cups sugar
1 tsp butter
1 cup water
1/2 tsp vanilla
1/2 tsp nutmeg
1/2 tsp cinnamon
Cook sugar and water til it threads; remove from fire. Stir until it becomes creamy; add vanilla, nuts, cinnamon and nutmeg. Pour into a buttered dish to harden; cut into squares. Use butter to grease dish.

If you prefer the nuts separated, continue stirring til nuts separate but are covered with a white coating.

Almond Cookies with Raspberry

3/4 cup all purpose flour
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/4 cup margarine
2 tblsp sugar
1/2 tsp almond extract
1 1/2 tblsp raspberry jam

1/2 tsp vanilla butternut flavor
Combine flour and baking powder. Add margarine, sugar and extracts. Mix well with fork. Work dough into a ball. Divide dough into 16 pieces and roll each into a ball. Put balls between 2 sheets wax paper and use rolling pin to roll each circle into 1/8-inch thickness.

Place 1/4 tsp of the jam in the center of each circle. Fold in half and pinch the ends together. Place on a nonstick cookie sheet or one that has been sprayed with cooking spray.

Bake at 350 for 12 minutes, or until bottoms are lightly browned.
Place on rack to cool.

Butter Rum Drops

1/3 cup nonfat dry milk
2 tblsp water
1/4 tsp vanilla butternut flavor
1/8 tsp rum extract
2 tsp sugar

In a small bowl, mix all ingredients, til blended. Put wax paper in a small pan and drop the mixture by teaspoonfuls onto the paper, making 10 candies.

Place these in the freezer for 20 minutes. Eat candies frozen - they will literally melt in your mouth.

Banana Vanilla Break- fast Bars

3 oz quick cooking oats,
uncooked
2/3 cup nonfat dry milk
1 tsp ground cinnamon
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp baking powder
2 medium ripe mashed bananas
1 1/2 tsp vanilla extract
1/2 tsp vanilla butternut flavor
1/4 tsp banana extract
4 tblsp sugar

Combine all dry ingredients. Take another bowl, and mix the remaining ingredients. Add to the dry mixture, til all moistened.

Spray an 8-inch baking pan with Pam, spread the mixture evenly in the pan. Bake for 20 minutes, or browned on top. Cool, and cut in bars.



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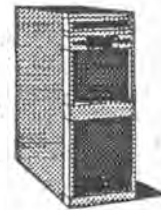
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The Doctor

Sez

by Dr. Annelie M. Owens

Is it your friend - or is it your enemy? When was the last time you looked into your medicine cabinet? I mean really checked it out to see what was there and what should not be in the cabinet because the need for it has long since past. You will probably be amazed at what you find: leftover antibiotics from that strep throat you had five years ago, an assortment of outdated tablets and capsules, miscellaneous vitamins, the remains of various painkillers, decongestants, antacids, cough syrups, ointments and salves, the purpose of which you have long since forgotten.

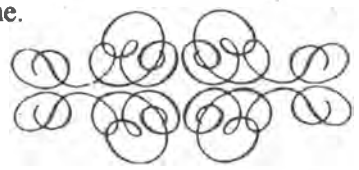
Chances, are, too, that your cabinet is poorly equipped and even more poorly arranged to help much when you need it most in an emergency.

Unless you are starting fresh with an empty new medicine cabinet, the best approach to setting up a truly useful one is to take a complete inventory of what you have and prepare yourself to discard most of it.

All prescription medicines left over from an illness long past should be emptied down the toilet. Also discard over-the-counter drugs that have passed their expiration date or have been around for over one year. Of course, any item that has lost its label or purpose should be thrown out regardless of age. Also, you should discard old tubes of ointments and creams that

have hardened or separated and liquids that have become cloudy, discolored, or formed sludge at the bottom of the container.

If you have a medication that you want to be sure not to take by accident some night when you are half asleep and groping around for an aspirin, it is a good idea to have a strip of adhesive tape around that particular medication with the sticky side out. This will be a warning to you that you have gotten hold of the wrong medicine.



Man Bit By Snake

John B. Carruthers was bit by a vicious snake Tuesday last while gathering corn. After experiencing painful swelling of the extremities he was made well again when his wife applied a poultice made of Kerosine and chimney soot. The snake also survived and is again lurking in the cornfield awaiting its next victim.

Taken From 1899 Newspaper

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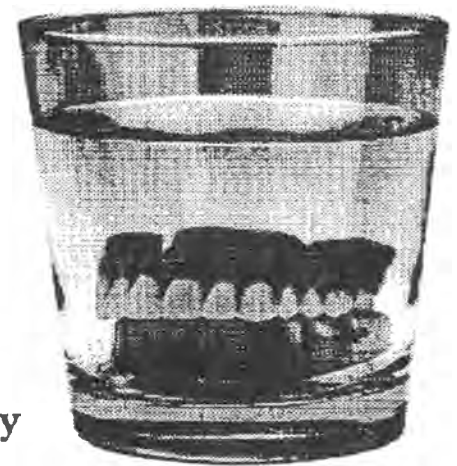


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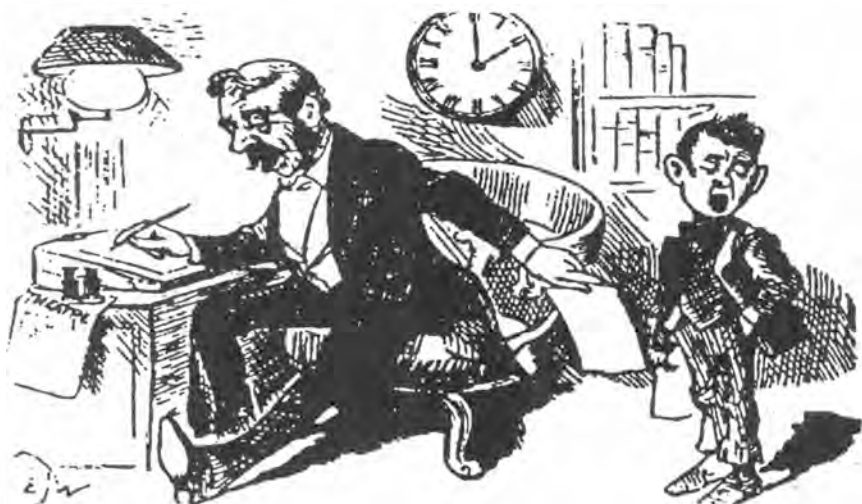
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Old Huntsville,

Thanks for running that story about Johnny Cash, Elvis, etc. I had told Billy Joe once before that I thought you should run it. Here's one about Grady Reeves - When I first came here in 1956 I kept noticing that the traffic on Rideout Road was much faster on some mornings than others. Someone told me that on the days people were driving fast, they were listening to some fast music that Grady was playing on the radio.

Sure enough, when I traded for a car with a radio, I checked it out. Although I cannot offer proof that it was so, I certainly had more energy some days than others, while listening to Grady.

Bill McCampbell
Huntsville

Dear Mrs. Carney,

I wanted to write and let you know of a great remedy for most bugs in the home - waterbugs, silverfish, and especially roaches - just sprinkle crushed bay leaves around your cabinets, floor corners, any out of the way spots. It really works!

Joan Priest

Dear Editor:

Here's a wedding tip to Grandmothers: When you are part of a wedding party, remember to leave your order of service and your purse with a

friend, before you enter the sanctuary.

That bright young usher will handle you as if you were the most important person present.

After the wedding you will want to be able to arise gracefully, with your best smile upon your face. Remember that the eyes of the camera and video are upon you, and they can be merciless!

Nell Rutledge Porter
Huntsville

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a year's subscription to your magazine. I discovered you last summer as I returned to Huntsville for a visit after having been gone 20 years. I grew up in Huntsville and have spent these long years away in Renton, Washington.

My father was a Boeing man at Redstone Arsenal in the 60's. Now I'm working for Boeing here in Washington. Even though I don't know anyone in Huntsville today, I was compelled to return to revisit the city of my childhood. I visited the schools and churches I attended. Many things remain as I remembered them, except for the new freeway that runs through where my house once stood - the old 1st Avenue and 8th Street off Governors Drive.

I spent a week with camera and camcorder and relived many of my

best memories. One special moment for me was going down the slide at Monte Sano Park, that I enjoyed over 22 years ago. I am now 33.

Thank you!
Dave Anderson
Renton, WA

Dear Editors:

This story was told to me approximately forty years ago by a native Huntsvillian. The gentleman was well advanced in years, and considered to be a man of high regard. He spoke with great authority and detail. The story was interesting and he had my attention with the sincerity of his eyes and colorful speech, his words and phrases led one to believe the incident was true.

During the early phases of the construction of the "Times Building," Mr. Pierce had delivered to the site a complete printing press. As the construction continued the equipment was placed on various floors where it was to be used.

It was installed in such a manner that it could not be removed; i.e., no doors, windows or elevators were large enough to accommodate the equipment. As time went by the "seller" began to press Mr. Pierce for payment and threatened to remove the equipment. He agreed to its removal only if they would not damage or modify the building in any way.

After a thorough inspection, much loud talking and badgering each other,

continued on page 54



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Clearing The Land

The following article was written in the late 1800s by Judge Taylor. It is unique in the fact that it describes Madison County when it was still a wilderness.

When our fathers came to this county it was everywhere covered with a magnificent growth of timber, except for the Chickasaw Old Fields around Whitesburg and the one solitary prairie on the Rice plantation north of Triana, which did not cover half a section of land. The forests were in their primeval state and in order to prepare and fit the soil for farming purposes it was necessary that the land should be cleared of the gigantic forest trees that shut out the life-giving rays of the sun from the surface of the soil.

In the first settlement, and until capital and slave-labor from the older States made this a possible task, the work had proceeded slowly, and a few acres here and there indicated the different settlements of the earlier pioneers in the county; and even when labor had become cheap and abundant in some parts of the county, the destruction of the timber in the new grounds required many years of serious

work. Girdling the timber on the new grounds was almost the universal practice and was called deadening, and a tract of land where the trees were girdled and the land not fenced or cultivated was known as a "deadening."

Trees deadened in August and September did not put forth any more leaves, and by the following spring cultivation of the land might commence with a prospect of a partial crop, though cultivating such land was generally

rough work, as the roots of the trees, so thickly interwoven in the soil, made thorough cultivation and a fair return for the labor performed impossible. The timber was very seldom cut and hauled off the land, as most farmers were of the opinion that land was better on which the forest growth was allowed to remain and gradually decay.

In old Madison, where large tracts of land were taken up and clearing was undertaken on a large scale, the land-owners with their stalwart slaves and strong oxen and horses were able to girdle and fence large tracts in comparatively a short period of time, but the work awaiting a solitary laborer with his forty or eighty acres of virgin lands covered with giant forest growth, involving the labor of clearing and fencing enough land to support his family, was a task at once arduous and laborious.

At the time of which I write, especially east of the mountains, a large number of small farmers were clearing lands--afterwards consolidated into larger farms, and their labor fitted for cultivation many of the clean, fertile fields on which, today, can be seen not the least vestage of the primeval forest that once thickly covered them. After the first year's cultivation, the tall pop-

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lars and sturdy oaks, in process of decay, began to drop their smaller branches, and by the opening of spring the earth was covered with their debris, that must be gathered and burnt before plowing began. In the course of another season the winds of winter prostrated the less durable and smaller trees, and log-rolling commenced.

At first this labor was not so heavy, as the logs were small and easily managed, and in a few years the taller and more durable trees, divested of bark and smaller limbs, the skeletons of the once-living forest, remained. But the timber was so dense that there were immense numbers of these dead trees standing, and when, in course of time, the winds prostrated their huge trunks, their removal was a herculean task, requiring from one to two months' hard labor in the beginning of the farming season. Among the settlements of smaller farmers during log-rolling time, there was by common consent a community of labor. Every family was expected to furnish at least one good hand for a month's or six weeks labor, and when his log-rolling day came round he expected his neighbors in person or by proxy to be on hand for business. The oak and poplar timber was notched at intervals often or twelve feet on the logs and fire kindled on them, which being built up morning and evening, soon gnawed its way through and severed the prostrate trunk into convenient lengths for rolling. Hickories of large size were very heavy, but fortunately when partly seasoned and once ignited they were generally consumed entirely.

Just before log-rolling day, the farmer with his sharp axe inspected his new ground and severed all cuts not entirely cut off by the fire, as it was considered bad management to delay a score of men in chopping up logs on log-rolling day. It was wonderful to behold how a force of stalwart, experienced farmers would pile up the logs over acre after acre of fallen timber. They would approach the severed cuts of a log, oak or poplar, stretching out for sixty or seventy feet on the ground, inspect it a moment, divide into squads, turn a cut here and there into proper position, and almost as quick as thought two or three large log heaps would take the place of the prostrate timbers. From

sunrise until sunset, with a single hour's rest at noon, the work would go on, or until the job was completed, and every man was expected to dine and sup with his neighbor who was furnishing the day's work.

There were giants in those days, the loads the men carried with their long dogwood hand-spikes were wonderful; sometimes the logs were so large that when raised the men on either side could scarcely see over them, and to the bystander it presented the novel spectacle of a big log moving off with a row of men on one side. In this business by long practice, our ancestors acquired a peculiar sleight in grasping the unwieldy burden.

From this branch of labor origi-

nated the phrase of "toting fair," as between men of nearly equal strength an inch or two difference in the divide of a stick gave great advantage, and where a strong man matched a weaker one it was expected to neutralize the difference in dividing the leverage of the hand-spike.

The old settlers made the use of fire a valuable auxiliary in clearing up the lands in the spring, but sometimes it turned to a dangerous foe. In the spring, which in those days was generally early and warm, the logs in the fields would be piled, and through an entire settlement the logs would be fired nearly at the same time, and a night the face of the whole country would be illuminated by the blazing heaps.

If the season was unusually dry, the sap of the standing timber would ignite and burn like tinder. Sometimes the wind would rise and the flying sparks would set the dead forest on fire, and the farmers would have to fight for their fences and fodder stacks through the entire night among the fire and smoke and blazing and falling branches and trunks of the burning trees.

A blazing firebrand would fall on the dry fence, the watchful farmer would come to the rescue and the rails would be scattered to the right and left out of the reach of the flames, and the danger would hardly be averted before he would have to hasten to some other point of danger. These conflagrations would sometimes spread from field to field and the whole neighborhood would come to the rescue.

During the winter the dark forests would drop a thick covering of leaves over the surface of the earth, and they, becoming dry in the spring, would accidentally or designedly be set on fire. The fire would probably start on the mountains, and night after night the bright fiery circles would increase in area until a rise or change in the wind would send them speeding down the valleys, and when they got among the canebrakes the popping of the cane would be like the collision of the skirmish lines of opposing armies.

As the flames approached their fields the owners would clear long paths round their enclosures and fire would fight fire, the slower line of flame would meet the faster and with a brilliant glare on meeting would die out along the whole opposing line and the danger would be over for a season. From the first fencing of the lands until the disappearance of the original forest growth was a period of many years, and involved an immense amount of manual labor.

Timber at that time was of little value and to our fathers the supply seemed inexhaustible, and the amount wantonly destroyed on lands of but little agricultural value was enormous. A large area of land was cleared by non-land owners, who would take leases on forty or eight tracts which they would clear and fence and on which they would erect cabins for the use and occupancy of the lands for from five to

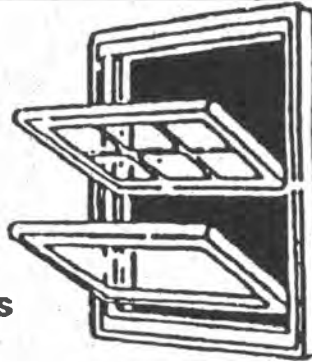
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seven years. I can recollect many wealthy and prosperous farmers of the olden time who started in business on such leases of land, of which, by years of industry and thrift, they finally became owners.

From long experience and labor in making rails to fence these lands and building their tenements the early settlers attained wonderful dexterity in the use of the maul and axe, and we have authentic evidence of a single laborer splitting one thousand rails between sunrise and sunset.

With a heavy Collins' axe with a helve four feet long of strong white hickory, they tackled the immense forest trees, and in an incredibly short period of time they would fell and chop them into convenient lengths for rails or boards.

While it was necessary for agricultural purposes that the forest growth should be removed, yet it was a great calamity that the timber should have been wantonly destroyed on lands comparatively barren, on which the timber would finally have been incalculably of more value than all the land ever produced.

It is possible that denuding the land of its forest growth has made the country healthier, by removing decayed vegetable matter that was once a fruitful source of disease, and in causing the filling up and placing in cultivation of what were once in summer stagnant ponds and lagoons, and in removing the causes of obstructions in our creeks and rivers and thus improving the drainage.

As a consequence of the destruction of our forest, the seasons are more uncertain, springs that once furnished an abundance of water throughout the year have failed, the annual rainfall diminished and drought is more frequent.

When we see the settlers on the western prairies, by judicious timber culture, restoring the forest growth and know the success of their efforts in that direction, we are convinced that the time has arrived for our people to attend to the preservation of the remnants of our once magnificent forests, and also to restore the forest growth on their worn and useless land by the planting and culture of forest trees.

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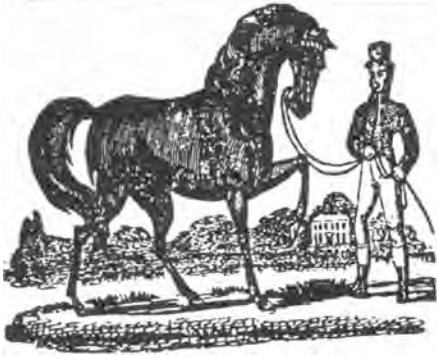
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Life On The Old Plantation

by Charles R. Wells

On Highway 72 west of Huntsville on the south side of the road just past where Rideout Road crosses the highway, there used to be a large farm called the "Beasley Plantation." The area is now occupied by a shopping center, Research Park, several auto dealers and residential subdivisions. During the 1930's in the Great Depression, this was a large self-contained community working, living and surviving during some of this country's worst times.

Sometime prior to 1929, Mr. Clarence Beasley had owned a large farm somewhere in Mississippi. He purchased the farm on Highway 72 in early 1929 and brought several of his field hands from Mississippi with him. Some of the older ones had been born into slavery or were children of slaves. I remember sitting on their front porches with them while they rocked and smoked their corncob pipes and told stories of olden times when the Yankees came down and took over the country.

The farm was quite large. It began about where Madison Square is now and ran west to a little beyond Indian Creek. It's northern boundary was Old Monrovia Road and ran south to Old Madison Pike. The farm contained several hundred acres. The main crops grown were cotton, corn, potatoes, peanuts and a little tobacco.

The farm had its own gin, grist mill, blacksmith shop and machinery repair shop. My uncle, Robert Anderson, was the farm mechanic. Most of the houses were heated by fireplaces, and wood for this purpose was cut

from trees on the south side of the farm, hauled and stacked by each house. This chore was done mostly in the late fall after all crops were harvested.

My father, William R. (Bill) Wells, was hired to oversee the farm for a fixed salary plus supplies to live on. He and my mother, Roberta A. (Birdie) Wells, and their children, moved into the large white house on the hill.

I don't remember much about the activities of my older brothers and sister, but a couple of things do come to mind about brother Joe. One of the older hands would

come to the house each day, go into the kitchen, and pick up the container (slop bucket) of table scraps to feed to the hogs. If Mama had a pan of baked sweet potatoes cooling on the stove, he would stop and put a couple in his pocket. Joe developed a desire for his pipe, and one day after he laid the pipe on the porch railing outside the kitchen door, as he always did, Joe swiped it and took it under the house. He hid it under the steps leading to the kitchen porch and claims he never smoked it. He says it may still be there.

On another occasion when the older children had built themselves a playhouse under the floor by hanging up tow sacks as partitions, they would not let him play with

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them. So Joe got a box of matches and set their house on fire. Jim Buck and Alice Blackman, who lived directly behind the big house, saw the fire and rushed over and put it out. Joe got his britches fanned, too.

The big house was located about 1000 feet off the highway on a gravel drive running through a grove of large trees. The house sat on a small hill. Just behind the house and running toward the east was a row of small cabins. These could have been slave quarters in times gone by.

Supplies were brought out once each month from Huntsville. These included foodstuffs, gas, oil, and kerosene (coal oil). These were distributed to all families.

The Madison County Health Department came out to the farm each spring to give all of the children, black and white, and some adults too, their immunization shots. They would set up a row of tables and run each of us down the row for a shot at each table.

The area between the house and highway was heavily wooded, and sometimes during the spring and summer months, travelers would stop and camp overnight in the woods. Gypsies would have their colorful wagons, build a large fire and sing and dance and make music. We were warned to stay away from them because they sometimes stole children.

In order for my dad to get around to all the areas on the farm he rode a large reddish-looking horse. He wore knee-high leather boots, riding breeches, a leather jacket and a Stetson hat. This was his working uniform.

There was a small wooded knoll on the west side of the farm near Indian Creek. It was rumored that just as the Yankees came into the country, someone buried a pot of money in a grave there. Sometimes as Daddy would make his rounds of the farm on horseback, he would go by the grave and see a freshly dug hole. This continued for some time until finally, in the last hole, one could see the impression of what must have been an iron pot in the bottom. Who did the digging and what they found was never known.

Several times people would walk up the lane to the big house and ask for something to eat and a place to rest. Mama would feed them what she

could and before they left give them two or three baked sweet potatoes. We ate a lot of pinto beans, cornbread, turnip greens and baked sweet potatoes in those days.

The farm being a self-contained community, there had to be some way of telling all the workers when to start their workday. To do this, there was a large bell mounted on a tall post behind the big house. It was rung in the morning to tell the workers to go to the fields or to their assigned workplaces. It was rung a little before noon for the noon-day meal. It was rung again to signal the end of the meal and to return to the fields. It was rung again late in the afternoon as a signal that the workday was over and the workers could head for the barn and home. The bell was the timekeeper for the farm and could be heard anywhere on the farm. The job of keeping up with the right time and ringing the bell was my mother's. Although someone else could pull the rope and ring the bell, Mama said when.

The gin was located behind the big house in sort of a flat hollow area. It was a two-story structure about 80

feet by 80 feet with all the gin machinery on the bottom floor. There were stalls for cotton storage on the upper floor. The cotton was brought in from the fields in large split white oak baskets which were woven on the farm. These were about three feet across and two and a half feet high. They were hoisted up to the upper floor and emptied into stalls that lined each side of a central passageway. There was a duct on the outside wall of each stall, and in the middle of this duct was a small door. This door would be opened and the cotton fed into the opening using a pitchfork. Suction in this duct carried the cotton and dropped it into the ginning machinery.

One of the hardest jobs around the gin was starting the engine in the morning. It was a one-cylinder diesel that used a hot plug for starting. It stood about five feet tall and had on each side a six- or seven-foot flywheel. To get the engine started, they had to take the plug out and heat it up and put it back in the engine. Then they would climb up on the flywheel to get it to turning slowly. Then they would stand

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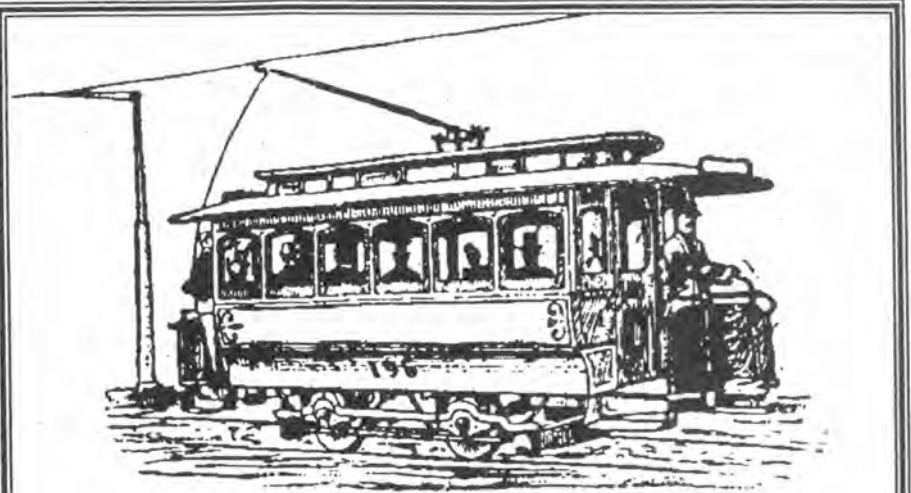
on the floor and pull on the flywheel spokes.

All of the gin machinery was driven by a system of drive shafts, pulleys, and reduction gears. The main drive shaft ran almost the full length of the building. Each piece of equipment had its own drive belt. You could not run every piece of equipment at one time. The engine just would not pull it. After the cotton had been ginned, it was fed into a large press for boiling. Most bales averaged weighing around 425 pounds. As each bale was finished, it was taken to a large pier on the south side of the gin. After a number of bales had been finished, they were hauled by flat-bed truck to Huntsville for sale or storage.

Hay to feed the livestock was cut and allowed to cure in the field. It was then raked and loaded on wagons with large hay-frames and hauled to barns to be put in the barn lofts. The loaded wagons would be pulled to one end of the barn and a large three-pronged hook would be lowered and the hook points shoved into the hay. To lower the hook, the mule hitched to this contraption had to back up about 50 feet. A specially trained mule was required for this job. After the hooks were in place, the mule was driven forward and the load of hay was raised to the top of the barn, then down the top to some point inside where someone pulled a trip rope and dumped the loose hay in the loft. The men would take turns working as the inside man stacking the hay because it was a hot, sweaty job.

During the summertime we would all go down to Indian Creek to swim and cool off and eat a big watermelon. Sometimes I would scare my Aunt Lucy by jumping in the creek, holding my breath and floating to the top face down, then waiting for Aunt Lucy to start yelling, "Somebody jump in and save him." I would then straighten up and swim out. Aunt Lucy was my mother's sister and lived with us from time to time when Mama was ill. We all owed her an immense debt of gratitude for helping to raise us and for just being there.

All of these things happened many years ago, but in my memory they are as vivid as if they happened five years ago, one year ago, or ... yesterday.



Street Cars In Huntsville

Had it not been for the street cars, transportation would have been a big problem for the early residents of the community - many of whom did not own a horse and buggy. The cars started running about four months before No. 1 Mill (Merrimack Mill) was completed, as evidenced by the following announcement in the March 3, 1900 issue of the "Republican."

"TAKE A RIDE: Huntsville's electric railway has at last started. The cars began running regular Wednesday morning. The first car leaves the barn at 6:00 in the a. m. and the last car at midnight."

At this time the railway company had four cars in operation.

The fare was five cents.

Not only was it a great convenience for the early residents to ride the trolley, but an exciting thrill as well. The fact that the line extended within the village limits brought many town sightseers to the new community, and the Brahan Spring, close to the end of the car line, was a popular spot for citywide events, such as Fourth of July celebrations. Sometimes the electric railway offered a special rate of five cents for the round trip to those who wished to attend the day-long events at Brahan Spring.

The last street car ran on February 23, 1931.

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Masonic Meeting Mayhem

Picnic turns into bloody shootout

by Charles Rice

The Masonic Fraternity is one that prides itself on fostering friendship and brotherly love. However, one social gathering sponsored by the Freemasons of our area surprisingly turned out to be anything but that.

The place was the Big Spring opposite Paint Rock Bridge -- just in-

side western Jackson County, Alabama.

The year was 1869, and what was supposed to be a neighborly picnic turned into a bloody brawl.

The great War Between the States was only four years in the past and North Alabama was slowly recovering from the destruction inflicted upon it

by the invading Union Army. Indeed, so complete had been the desolation that Northern churches had to rush food shipments to North Alabama that first postwar winter to keep their Southern brethren from starving to death.

However, the country people were gradually rebuilding and the citizens looked forward hopefully to a better future. In such times of trouble, many men naturally turned to the world's oldest existing fraternal order, the Free and Accepted Masons. An outgrowth of the church and castle-building trade, the masons grew to prominence as a social order in England beginning in the mid-1600s. The order quickly spread to America in colonial times, its membership including such prominent figures as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Paul Revere. The Masons accept membership from any male adult of good character, so long as he believes in the Supreme Being.

As the "Ancient Charges" of 1723 stated: "A Mason is obliged by his tenure, to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the art, he will never be a stupid atheist, nor an irreligious libertine."

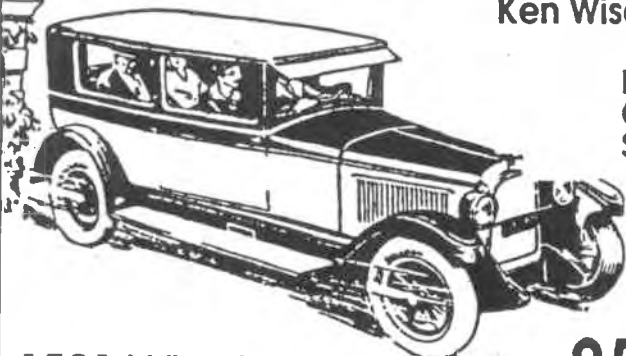
An added incentive for belonging had been observed by many a veteran of the recently ended conflict between North and South. The bonds of brotherhood had extended across the battle

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lines, and acts of kindness by soldier Masons on one side to their soldier brothers on the other had been common place.

Furthermore, the Masonic obligation to widows and orphans was especially appealing to those who had seen how quickly and unexpectedly death could come to us all.

Virtually every town of any size had its Masonic lodge in those days before television tied people to their homes, and those of North Alabama were no exception. Masonic lodges in 1869 existed at New Hope and Maysville in eastern Madison County and at Paint Rock, Woodville, Princeton, and Larkinsville in western Jackson.

In the summer of '69, the lodges in this area decided to hold a joint picnic at a place convenient to all: the Big Spring near Paint Rock Bridge. The day would have been unremarkable if it had not been for several uninvited guests. Their names were Jim and Hy Whitecotton. Neither man was a Mason and they had not come just for the meal.

Something of a legend in early Jackson County, the Whitecotton family's menfolk were true frontiersmen. They were uniformly brave and were good people to have on your side when it came to a fight. Heaven help you, however, if they were against you.

The Whitecottons were the sort of individuals that belonged on the nation's farthest frontier. They were simply too hot-tempered and undisciplined to fit into civilized society. Whitecotton men had fought in Washington's army in the American Revolution before several of them followed Daniel Boone's trail into Kentucky in the late 1700s.

One of their descendants, James Whitecotton, moved on to Alabama around 1830, marrying and settling in Jackson County on a hillside one mile northeast of Woodville. Jim Whitecotton and his wife, Louisa Turner, raised a family of seven sons and three daughters.

The Whitecottons, father and sons, were ordinary enough people when sober. But look out when they had been drinking! As John R. Kennamer wrote in his History of Woodville: "There are many things

that could be said truthfully about this family that might be better left to sleep in the dust of oblivion."

Jim's sons were Hiram, John, Isaac, Valentine, Tillman, Dearmon and James. John moved to Texas before the Civil War, serving there in the Texas cavalry. The other boys all joined the Confederate Army in Alabama, most of

'I will either kill Woodall or eat my supper in Hell.'

them serving under Lt. Col. Milus E. "Bushwhacker" Johnston.

One son, Isaac Newton "Pete" Whitecotton, became an officer in Capt. James H. Young's guard company for the Confederate nitre and saltpeter works in Jackson County.

Kennamer wrote that Pete Whitecotton "was a terror to the Union and also the Confederate families during the war." He died bravely in a man-to-man shootout with a lieutenant from

the 13th Wisconsin Regiment near Red Hill in February 1865.

Jim's other sons all survived the war.

The Whitecottons pretty much stayed out of trouble in the years immediately following the war. Then, for some unknown reason, Old Jim Whitecotton got into a knock-down, drag-out fight with Pleasant Woodall during a trip into Woodville. The brawl might well have begun with remarks about the late war, since a few of the Marshall County Woodalls had openly supported the Union.

Most, however, had been loyal Confederates, and every Woodall could be counted on to defend the family name. Jim Whitecotton at 57 was four years younger than Pleas Woodall. He was evidently a bit meaner, for he ended the fight by knocking Woodall down and hurling a keg of nails at him.

This didn't set too well with Pleasant Woodall's sons, who began looking for revenge. Jim Whitecotton's sons were only too happy to oblige them.

The scene was now set for the

Cont. on next page

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events that took place on June 24, 1869, when the Masons gathered at the Big Spring to meet in friendship and harmony. Knowing the Woodalls would be there, 20-year-old Jim Whitecotton cleaned and oiled his revolver. He reportedly told his bride of only two months that he would either kill 24-year-old David Woodall that day or "eat his supper in hell." Young Jim rode the rails to Paint Rock Bridge from his home in Gurley on a borrowed handcar, accompanied by his friend Arch Boman. Jim stopped along the way to test his pistol, making sure it would fire properly. Reloading, he and Boman continued on.

Meanwhile, Rollings Whitaker was preparing the meal, assisted by Joab B. Parkhill and several other Masons. James Nelson had set up a lemonade stand, and there was plenty of cold spring water nearby. The Masons would not permit anything stronger to be served. The barbecue was done and the meal almost ready when Jim Whitecotton arrived. He walked inside the ropes and began helping himself to whatever he wanted.

Whether by plan or simply by chance, Jim's 37-year-old brother, Hiram Whitecotton, was already there. So were Pleasant Woodall and his son Dave. As the Masons and their guests began lining up to eat, the Woodalls and Whitecottons suddenly spotted each other. The battle began immediately.

Strangely enough, Jim Whitecotton's pistol now refused to fire. Even more surprisingly, Hy Whitecotton's own revolver repeatedly misfired. Pleas Woodall tried to aim his double barreled shotgun, but one of the Whitecottons knocked it aside and broke it before Woodall could fire. Jim and Hy now took to using their revolvers as clubs, drawing blood from both of their opponents.

It soon became evident that the Woodalls were getting the worst of the fight. Sixty-two-year-old Pleas Woodall and 20-year-old Jim Whitecotton were going at it toe to toe until the older man had his shoulder knocked out of joint.

Just when things looked darkest for the Woodalls, several shots rang out and Hy Whitecotton fell to the ground mortally wounded as he felt the

hot lumps of lead tear into his flesh.

Jim attempted to flee, trying to mount Dr. Lafayette Derrick's mule, which was hitched nearby. However, bullets found him first and he fell dead on the ground. As he had promised his wife, young Jim had gone to keep his dinner date with the devil.

As soon as the fight had begun, the crowd of picnickers had scattered like a frightened covey of quail. As Kennamer described it: "Men, women and children ran in every direction, screaming, hiding behind stumps, trees, under the riverbank, and many ran into the river, never stopping until they reached home."

However, our ancestors were made of sterner stuff than today's generation, and they were not about to let a little thing like a shootout spoil the day. William Isom, a burly blacksmith nicknamed "Judge" for his booming voice, bellowed for everyone to come back and enjoy the meal. Dr. Derrick reset Pleas Woodall's shoulder, and the crowd soon sat back down, wolfing their food as if nothing had happened.

Jim and Hy's bodies were conveniently forgotten for the moment, and one of their own sisters was seen evidently enjoying the dinner as much as everybody else. When the meal was finally over, someone belatedly realized that something would have to be done with the dead men. Jim and Hy were accordingly brought to Woodville on the handcar. Here the bodies lay unwatched overnight in an empty boxcar on a railroad siding. The next morning the two bodies were dumped unceremoniously into an oxcart and taken three miles to the head of Thomas Cove.

There the two Confederate veterans were laid to rest in graves unmarked to this day, unfortunate victims of their own hot tempers. An inquest had to be held, of course, but no one could quite recall exactly who it was that had shot the Whitecottons. Anyway, most people seemed to feel the Whitecottons had got what was coming to them. As best as could later be determined, Henry Dillard, Thomp Houston, George Hulett, and Frank Cotton, all prominent citizens, were among those who did the shooting.

Ironically, Frank Cotton had been Hy Whitecotton's captain in the Con-



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federate Army. Most likely, these men had simply gotten enough of the Whitecottons' rowdy behavior. Quite possibly, though, they were responding to a Masonic appeal for help. It is something we will never know.

The Whitecottons mourned their own dead, but nothing further seems to have come of the incident. Within a few years, most of the family had left Jackson County and moved west. Old Jim Whitecotton remained a few years longer until he was threatened with prison for nearly killing a man in another of his fits of temper. He was released on the condition that he leave Alabama.

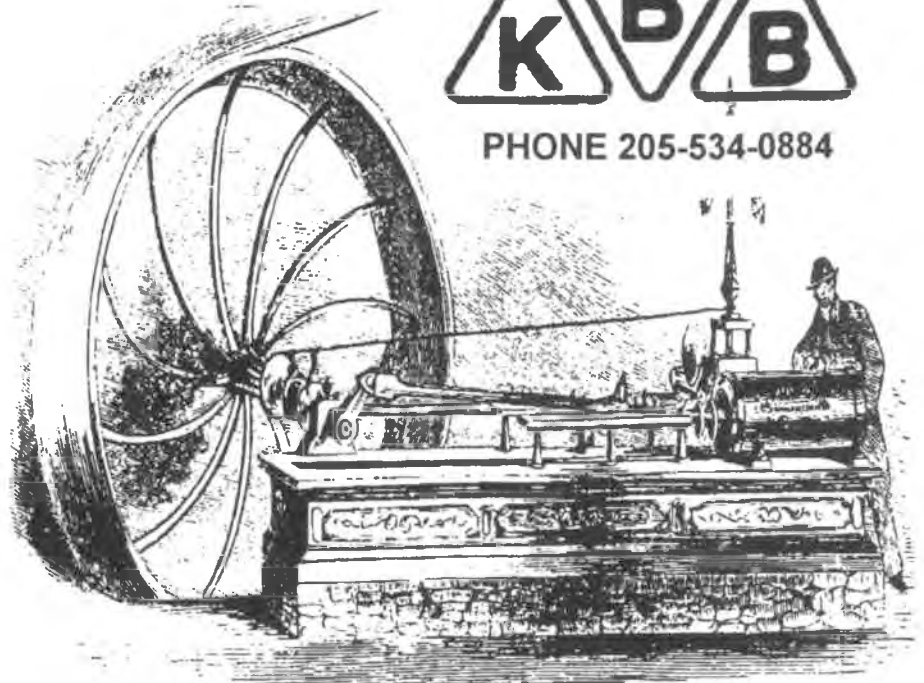
When Old Jim departed, noted Kenamer, "the people of this community were greatly relieved." Somewhat surprisingly, Jim lived to a ripe old age, dying with his boots off with his grandchildren in Texas in the 1890s.

The Masons continue to meet in friendship and harmony and still hold their annual fish fries and picnics. But there has never been another event to compare for excitement with that notable occasion in 1869.

The End



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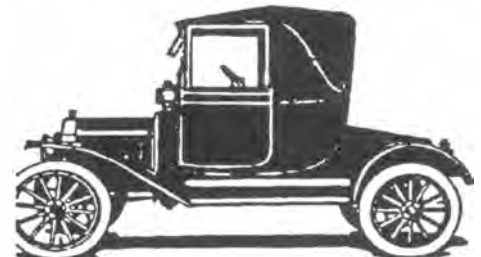
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Scenes and Incidents From The Civil War in Huntsville

Confederate Colonel Concealed in Seminary Has a Narrow Escape from Yankees -- A Hiding Place Was Found

By Lady Principal

(Taken from the Morning Mercury, 1906)

There were several times during the war that Huntsville was occupied by a large body of the Federal army--sometimes by a brigade, sometimes by a division. At such times, the officers took for their use as headquarters such large houses as pleased them and installed themselves "at home" in the best that could be found. While such forced possession was inconvenient and humiliating to the citizens, yet in this arrangement they found an element of safety, by the protection afforded by the presence of officers in high authority that made a degree of compensation.

This being not true of all houses, many households had great difficulty to attain food and protection. This condition of affairs, bad as it was, was much better than the raids. During an evacuation, the retreating soldiers seized and carried off all they desired that was portable. After they were gone the citizens were striving by every means in their power to supplement their loss. Hardly had quiet come when a sudden raid or dash of cavalry would come and sweep both town and country. They stayed, usually but a short time, and then were away. But their path was desolation. One of the effects of these raids was the carrying off of the negro. Another and more ostensible object was the capture of the Confederate soldiers that had stolen in, on furlough, to visit their families.

It is an incident of one of these raids, involving the escape of a Confederate officer dear to the people of Hunts-

ville, whose family lived on Randolph Street, that I desire to chronicle. In writing this incident as well as the others, I prefer not to give names. There are many participants living. Some that were young then and are now old, while some have a vivid recollection of a part, if not all of these events, they may not care to see their names in paper print.

The opening scene was in the Female Seminary. The older class of young belles that had still retained an organization in that institution was under the care of the Principal, in a spare room in the seminary building. Something like dismay was legible on the faces of these nearly grown young ladies, as the noise of rapid fire commotion on the streets. For noise and fear gave certain knowledge that a raid was on. The sound of recitation (the only sound permissible in the old time discipline) was quiet for a while, and each one labored intently. Then the calm voice of the teacher called to attention, and stated that, from the noise and firing

on the streets it was evident that a force of Federal soldiers were encircling the town. How long this would continue, it was impossible to say. There was but little danger to them as a school, the greatest safety would be in their remaining as they were, together as a group. The place of greatest danger, to them, would be upon the streets. Therefore, all must remain quiet and unified and do what they were assigned in the way of study. The fears of the principal were allayed for her pupils would remain in their places. The recitation again proceeded until a young lady held up her hand, from habit, to get the attention of her teacher. In her excitement, she raised it very high and waved it to indicate haste. "What is it, Irene?" the teacher quickly asked. "I have just seen a Confederate soldier rush up the street and enter your gate. He is running behind the house. I believe the Yankees must be after him."

The possibility of a grey-coated soldier hiding near her house unsettled her greatly. Could he be a local soldier on leave or maybe from an out-of-state regiment sent to spy on the Federals in the area. Either way, she could not let him fall into the hands of the enemy. "I would be very grateful," she said, "if everyone would



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remain in their seats, perfectly quiet, until I return, which will be as soon as possible."

She moved quickly, and taking a side entrance, fortunately as will be seen, was soon in the rear of her dwelling and was greeted whisperingly, from a vine-clad lattice by an old Confederate Colonel.

"The hounds are on my track, he said. "I have just escaped them by running home through Mrs. Bradford's yard, and will certainly be seen if I go further up the street or over the hill. Can you hide me for a while? It will be my only chance to escape."

"I think so. We can but try," she answered. "Pass in this door. I will lock you in." Taking a key from her pocket she unlocked the door. "Do not make any noise. My servant, an old woman, is in the kitchen. She has not seen you yet. It is best that she should not. So, take precautions until I return."

He stepped quickly within. The teacher locked the door, put the key into her pocket and went back to the school unobserved by any except the pupils. Their curiosity could not stand the strain of not seeing what they could from the windows. They were all back at their desks again on their teacher's entrance. An awed feeling and solemn demeanor took possession of them all. The situation was too serious for aught but sincere sympathy. It was no time for questions. They felt assured they would be told, if anything needed to be told. They were told one thing: "That whatever they had seen this day was not to be spoken of or told anyone--that much depended upon their observance of his injunction."

The excitement of this event had hardly subsided in the minds of both teacher and pupils when their faces were again paled by a loud knocking at the door. The door was hurriedly opened when the excited features of a near neighbor--a lady whose ordinary calmness and dignity had now given way to excitement and fear.

"Can I speak with you a moment," was her hurried question to the teacher. Please step this way."

Drawing her without the door, she hurriedly whispered to the teacher: "The town is full of Yankees on the hunt for our boys. My oldest son has

just come in but an hour ago and is now at home. I fear that it is already known. If so he will be caught for they are sure to search our house. Can't I hide him in your house? They may not look for him here, learning that the house is always closed when you are in school."

"That may be true," was the answer. "Put him there if you think he will be safer there than elsewhere. Here is the key to the back door. Bid your son go in so that my servant will not see him, and tell him he will find the colonel there. They will have company in each other. God bless and protect them both."

The lady took the key but soon sent it back unused, for before the transfer could be made the street and hillside were swarming with Federal soldiers. The young man, however, escaped. A cornfield, occupying the

ground that is now the southern part of the cemetery, was not far in the rear of his home and very convenient to swallow up the fleeing gray coats that were fortunate enough to reach its shelter.

But trouble was gathering in the neighborhood of the old female seminary. Knowledge of the fact that the colonel was in town had reached the Federal commanding officer. He sent a large squad to apprehend him at his house. It was too late. His horse and saddle were there, but the man was gone. But accurate information was at hand. Here was one of the difficulties the Confederates labored under at this time. The servants of the large houses talked much among themselves and knew of every event as it transpired. They were not all faithful, for there were some in every locality that delighted in talking to Federal officers.

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Puffed up with their importance, they would tell all, and often more than they knew. In this case their information was correct.

The looked-for colonel had been seen to pass into the Bradford grounds--was seen in among the ever-green shrubbery and then out through the Malden Avenue gate. Others had seen him go up the avenue and vanish near the seminary. Diligent inquiry was made of every servant in the neighborhood. Only one had seen the Confederate officer go by the front of the house in which he had found refuge. A number of blue-coated soldiers had gathered in the yard and about the house. The officer was certain as to what to do. He immediately knocked upon the door and the old servant answered the knock.

She had seen nothing all day. He couldn't have come around the house or she would have seen him. He could not get into the house. She could not open the house for it was locked and she did not have the key. The

mistress keeps the key in her pocket while she teaches. She teaches the school for the young ladies in that big house across the street. She was over there now. Truth was so plainly stamped upon her manner and utterances as to impress the soldier that it was useless to press the search any further at this point. So, calling his followers, he hurried on further.

The colonel had been able through the shutters of an upper window to see the gathering of his enemies. He braced himself to meet them as best he could but was much relieved when he saw them passing away. He was also much relieved when, after waiting awhile, he heard the key turning in the lock to admit the mistress of the house. She entered with repressed excitement and talked rapidly as would one whose mind was made up.

"Colonel, I have watched with fear and trembling. Your safety has turned upon a hair. One danger is past but another will surely come. Your enemies will not be easily satisfied. They will come again and search the house. It is impossible for you to escape from the house in daylight, therefore, you must subject yourself to the inconvenience of being hidden away by me. It will be in a close place and will not be pleasant for you, but it must be done. So come quickly, I will show you the way. Who can tell how soon they may come back?"

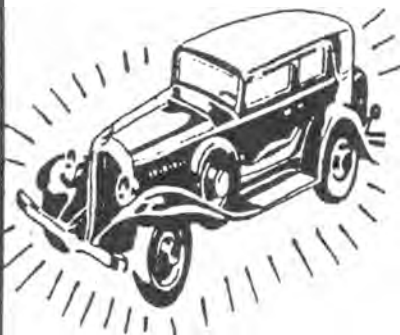
With great confidence in her ability, the colonel submitted to her guidance, and was led through the dining room, in a part of the house not covering the cellar, into a pantry where a barrel or two, nearly empty, stood near the wall. Moving these aside he was shown a crack in the floor, and being given an old screwdriver he was bid to pry up a part of the floor in the form of a trap. In doing this, there was revealed to him a space about four feet in height between the floorboards and the ground. This space was dimly lighted from the ventilation holes in the brick wall.

"Now, you must be very humble and make yourself as small as necessary. I will cover you up nicely and let you out as soon as I dare. After awhile, as soon as I can get something cooked, I will send my little boy around to that ventilating hole with something to eat. Watch for him. But first spread this blanket on the ground and rest upon it as easily as you can. No person living save my son, my husband, and myself know of the existence of this place."

For some years after these events, friends who had heard of the hiding away of the colonel were inquisitive to know where in the house he could have been concealed so securely. It was not until architectural changes in the house and necessary excavations for a furnace plant had been made that

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the secret was reached and the hiding place destroyed.

After the trap was closed and the barrels replaced, another subject and a difficult one had to be considered. Food was scarce. The usual amount meted out in the morning for the dinner could not well be increased without arousing the suspicion of the cook, who knew from habit and experience

the number of biscuits and sweet potatoes required for the meal. The result was a division of rations, and after an understanding between the little boy and his mother, he claimed a large division for his share and concluded to go out of doors to eat it. Then sitting down with his back to the ventilating hole in the wall, he pretended to be eating, but was really, as opportunity

permitted, pushing his dinner through the hole to the captain within.

It was an exciting afternoon to all concerned. Soldiers were passing frequently in their search. Servants with a curiosity to satisfy were loitering around. The utmost prudence must be observed. Plans must be adopted for the final escape of the Confederate officer which could not be until far into the night. It was necessary to provide him food, without which he could not be sent away. To do this without exciting the suspicion of the cook that was to prepare it was one of the problems. This required a conspiracy of actors, and the following ruse was adopted:

An invitation was sent to two young ladies to come and take tea with the teacher. One of these was an associate teacher, the other from the family of a near neighbor. Both of them could be relied upon for prudence and bravery. They were to keep the teacher's company and support her through a trying ordeal. Both are still living in an adjoining state. Should this narrative happen to meet their eyes, it will bring to their remembrance, an exciting time in their lives. Night had come and its darkness had obscured all movements without the house where everything appeared quiet. Lights were lit within. The table was set and the supper brought in. The servant was dismissed for the night, her further service not being required. In these turbulent times the doors had to be securely locked. This was carefully attended to, the shutters closed and the curtains drawn close. The two young ladies were in unusually fine spirits, in part assumed to brave their surroundings. They were laughing and conversing freely, when a loud knock at the outer door hushed their voices. The door being opened, a tall officer wearing a Federal Captain's uniform walked up to the mistress and politely said, "Madam, I have a disagreeable duty to perform. The commanding officer has evidence that a Confederate officer, who is escaping, was last seen near your house. You will pardon me, if I give your house and premises a through search."

"Most certainly sir, if such are your orders, but you must be aware that my door stands closed and locked

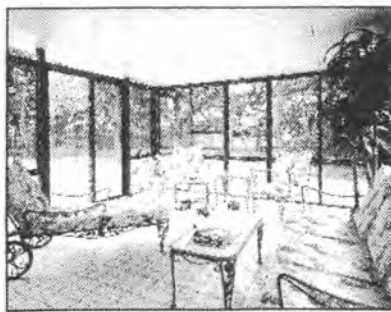
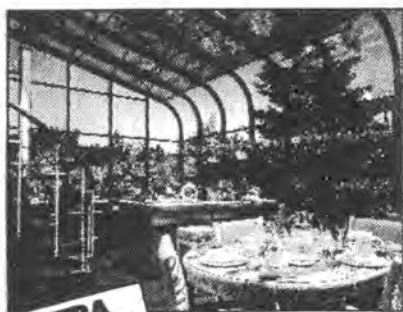
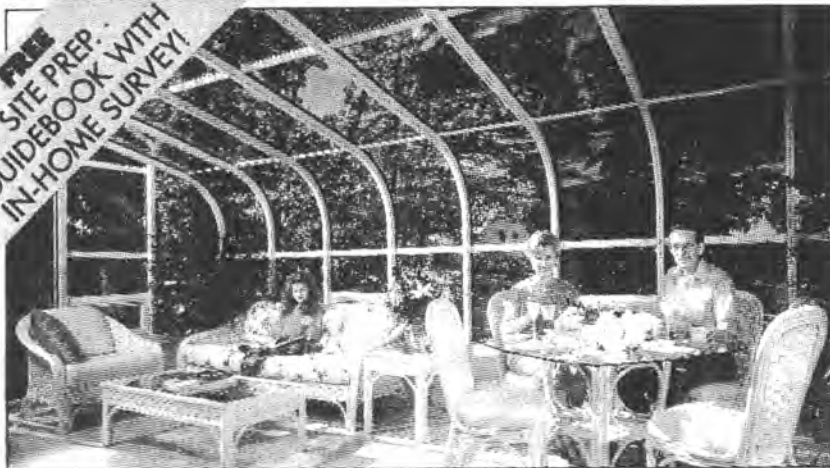
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Culture & other Classy Stuff

by Marlene Brown



In like a lion, March has surely come with the unexpected snowfall. Now that the last white patches of snow have faded, the roads are open once again to those in search of music and theater.

'PETER PAN'

Fantasy Playhouse presents "Peter Pan", the original play by Sir James Barrie, on April 24 and 25, and May 1 and 2, all dates at 1:30 and 4:30 p.m. The Friday performance on April 30 is at 7:30 p.m. Presented in the VBCC Playhouse, all seats are reserved and are \$5. Call 883-6781 for more information.

Bob James, the play's director, is an associate professor of psychology and an adjunct associate professor of communication arts at UAH. Complete with period costuming, the production aims at communicating the world of magic and fantasy created by Sir Barrie's imagination. Peter Pan is played by Catherine Woodward, Captain Hook is portrayed by Randy Cox, and the role of Wendy is played by Angela Dobson.

LATEST ALTEREZZA

The Gazebo Concerts' Alterezza is well underway after two successful concerts at the First Christian Church on Whitesburg Drive, a block south of Drake Avenue. General admission is \$8, with \$5 tickets for students and senior citizens over 65. In the most recent concert, which was March 27, The Clarion Winds clarinet choir played several classical selections, followed by three jazz pieces with rhythm section Terry Cornett on drums, David Muery on guitar, and John Miller on piano. The rhythm players then joined Oscar Newman to present the Gallop and Ballade from the Claude Bolling

Suite for Cello and Jazz trio.

POPS IN TRINITY

The Gazebo Concerts' Pop Orchestra makes its debut performance on Friday, April 23 at 7:30 p.m. in Trinity United Methodist's Wesley Hall. Admission is \$8 and \$5. The audience will be seated at round tables for eight, with refreshments offered for purchase by a group from Trinity Methodist's music department. Proceeds from refreshment sales will benefit Trinity's music ministry. To reserve an entire table or for further information, call 539-6653.

Bianca Cox, artistic director of Gazebo Concerts Inc., established this new musical organization. The orchestra, conducted by Kenneth Turvey, will play "Peanut Vendor (Simons/long)," "On the Beautiful Hudson Waltz" by Biel, selections from "Cats" and several other pieces.

'LOST IN YONKERS'

The Broadway Theater League presents Neil Simon's "Lost in Yonkers," the 1991 Tony Award Best Play, on Tuesday, April 20 and Wednesday, April 21 at 8 p.m. in the VBCC Concert Hall. There is also a matinee on Wednesday, April 21 at 3 p.m. Call 534-6884 or 536-6950 for more information.

SPRING BALLET

The Huntsville Civic Ballet Company will present its spring program on Saturday, April 17 at 2:15 and 8:15 p.m. in the VBCC Concert Hall. Tickets are \$8 for adults and \$6 for students and senior citizens. The classical ballet selection is "Aurora's Wedding (Sleeping Beauty Act III)," wherein Sleeping Beauty's wedding guests are entertained by fairytale characters such as Little Red Riding Hood, the Wolf, and

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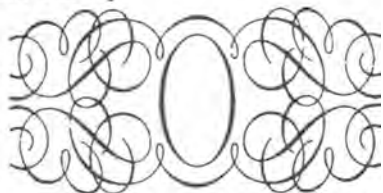


Puss'n Boots. Loyd Tygett's original work "Box Lunch Picnic" with music by Stephen Foster features Old West cowboys and girls in gingham dresses. Associate Director David Herriott has selected contemporary music as the backdrop to his newly-choreographed ballet, with environmental, earth-consciousness overtones. Call 881-7989 for more information.

HCC'S 'CAMELOT'

For happy ever-aftering, don't miss Huntsville Community Chorus Association's production of "Camelot" on Friday, April 30 and Saturday, May 1 at 8:15 p.m. at the VBCC Concert Hall. Tickets are \$16 for adults and \$14 for students and senior citizens. All seats are \$14 at the Saturday, May 1, matinee at 3 p.m. All seats are reserved. For more information call 533-6606.

"Camelot" will be directed by Joe Marsh. Guenevere is played by Joyce Schwartz, Lancelot by Darin Windham, Ring Arthur by Steve Christenberry, and evil Mordred by Fred Griswold. Among the Knights of the Round Table will be Steven Todd Miller, Chuck Woodard, and John Hancock. As is usual, the company will be accompanied by live orchestra, directed by Kenneth Turvey.



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Thursday, Friday & Saturday April 15, 16, & 17



Memories of Lincoln Village

by Tony Thompson



Marbles were on the news this week. Collectors were telling what to look for and the value of each. For a boy growing up in the Village in the fifties, marbles were more than colored balls of glass--they were a way of life. They cost a nickel a bag, but money couldn't buy a shooter's favorite "taw." This was the one he shot with. It was similar to a favorite cue stick, a favorite putter, or a favorite baseball bat. The value was known only to its

owner. It was treated with respect by other shooters. A good game could start right after breakfast and continue until supper, with Shooters going and coming all day. A favorite place was next to Jimmy and Shorty Moss' house. The closeness of the Village houses created the perfect "marble court." It was so shaded that grass didn't grow. The ground was perfectly smooth and hard packed. A good Saturday game was usually planned for several days.

The ring would be drawn and swept clean. The rule was "first come, first play." After a "lag" to a line to determine the first player, the game began. For you non-players, the game went like this. Each shooter put in a predetermined number of his marbles. A "goober" ball was put in the center. The first player shot at a triangle of marbles in the center of a ring drawn on the ground. Each marble knocked out of the ring was yours to keep. If you knocked the "goober" ball out on the first shot, you won all that was in the ring. You continued to shoot until you failed to knock a marble out of the ring or your "taw" went outside the ring. Many of the rules were similar to the pool game of 8-ball. When the weather was extremely bad, we would often take the game indoors to play. A heavy cord served as a ring and the linoleum rug was almost as good as hard-packed dirt. It was good clean fun. It kept a young boy's mind occupied all day on Saturday when we didn't have a television or a video parlor or the money to go to one if they existed. O.K., so it was gambling! but, given the choice of what young boys find to do today on a lazy Saturday, I choose marbles!

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Huntsville Quarantined as Yellow Fever spreads

(Taken from an 1879 Newspaper)

There is great excitement in Huntsville and all over the country (judging from telegraphic reports) about the yellow fever, and most of the principal cities and towns, and many small towns and villages, in the southwestern states and as far north as Louisville and Cincinnati, have quarantined against Memphis.

A lewd woman from Memphis reached Huntsville last night, went to a bawdy house in Pin Hook, took sick, and the case is pronounced yellow fever. Our city officials have fenced in the bawdy house and forbids all communication.

On Saturday morning last, the excitement was so great in Huntsville, that a large meeting of citizens was held in the courthouse to consider the question of quarantine. Mayor Davis was called to the Chair and Frank Coleman appointed Secretary. After a few minutes retirement, Gen. Walker, for the Committee, reported resolutions in fa-

vor of instantaneous quarantine, with a quarantine station three miles west from town, on the M.C. R.R. Calling on County Judge Richardson to convene the Commissioners' Court to establish quarantine at the county line, and on the Governor of Alabama to proclaim a quarantine on the Eastern Mississippi line.

The committee were unanimous, except Ex-Mayor Murphy, who opposed instantaneous quarantine. J.W. Clay and Milton Humes opposed action of the meeting, without first consulting the local Board of Health--Drs. Dement, Baldrige and Bassett; and Capt. Humes's motion to adjourn till 5 p.m., to hear from the Board, prevailed. At 5 p.m., the courtroom was densely crowded. Gen. Walker read the Committee's resolutions, and he and Col. Rhett advocated them.

The Board sustained by Capt. Humes, opposed quarantine until the disease at Memphis should be declared epidemic, and due notice given to enable citizens of Memphis, who might

At his best man is such a beautiful, magnificent creature; at his worst he is so incredibly ugly.

Walter Terry



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Tony Mason
 HOME REPAIR

desire to leave that city, to do so; and, then, the Board recommended rigid quarantine to be established, amounting to absolute non-intercourse with the yellow fever region. Capt. Humes moved the adoption of the Board's views as a substitute for the committee's resolutions. A vote was taken by tellers, and the substitute adopted by about 5 to 1. Saturday night, the Mayor and Aldermen met and resolved to exclude all freight, except ice, sent from Memphis, fixing the penalty, for violation of this resolution, at \$50 for each package landed here.

On Monday night, a telegram from Supt. Grant, M.C. R.R. at Memphis, stating that 35 new cases, for the day, were reported, was read, and the Board passed a resolution by advice of the Board of Health of Huntsville, that a quarantine be established against all persons, freight and baggage, of every description, from Memphis; that R.R. trains from Memphis be stopped at a station one mile east and one mile west of Huntsville, and that the health officer shall board and rigidly inspect every train, and allow no person from Memphis or any other infected town to get off here; that no train shall run less than six miles an hour though Huntsville or stop within the city limits; that the M.C. R.R. authorities shall be immediately notified of this resolution; that one health officer and one policeman be appointed to enforce this quarantine; and that any violator of these regulations shall be fined and punished to the full extent of the law.

Dr. H.W. Bassett, was appointed Inspecting Health Officer, and W.J. Franks special policeman. From Saturday to Tuesday, one or two hundred, perhaps, of persons from Memphis came to Huntsville. On Tuesday, a number were required to pass on, and some of them, we understand, returned on the western bound train and stopped here. Absolute non-intercourse is, probably, impossible by any municipal regulations, but should now be enforced as far as possible. Our Board of Health pronounce Huntsville in a better sanitary condition than ever before. We believe it and shall hope and believe that the yellow scourge will not prevail here.

Letters

continued from page 32

it was determined that the sides of the building would have to be removed and the equipment lowered to the ground by the use of heavy equipment sitting in the middle of the street.

Mr. Pierce was not shaken by all the threats of being "Handled by the Law," and stood his ground to the point. The seller agreed to forget the whole mess.

Yours truly,
W. McCain
Huntsville

Dear Old Huntsville:

I enjoy your periodical very much - - and share it with friends and co-workers here in Durham. They know

how much I miss Huntsville (and Paint Rock Valley).

Sharing the history and stories in Old Huntsville gives me a great deal of pride and pleasure. Thank you for publishing such a warm and interesting paper. Keep up the good reporting!

Sincerely,
Gladys Moore
Durham

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SIPPIN' AND DIPPIN'

On Tator Knob

by Billy Joe Cooley



It was the mid-1950s when Murphy and I went hill-climbing on Tator Knob, out in Hurricane Creek. Such treks often resulted crossing paths with interesting characters, hill-dwellers whose cabins appeared as blessings from heaven, especially on hot days when we would run out of water.

Such was the situation one early-September afternoon after Murphy and I had walked more than four hours. His jug was depleted first, then mine. It was one of those thirstier-than-usual days.

Spotting a small cabin in a clearing ahead, we decided to do the inevitable: ask for a water handout. We had done it often when coming upon a rural oasis.

A small woman walked from cabin as we approached, looking us over pretty well as we walked up. Determining that we were just a pair of OK city boys on a country hike, she asked if we were "tard."

At least we weren't revenuers, she theorized. Revenuers were notorious for destroying perfectly good whiskey distilleries in those days just because the units were unlicensed by the federal government.

We told her that we were merely thirsty schoolboys. "Thirsty for water, that is," we clarified, in the event she had moonshine in the house.

The old woman grinned and walked toward her well. She pulled up a bucket of water and handed me the drinking gourd, which was the only sign of a dipper around. Unfortunately, before I had time to take a sip of the water, I noticed some serious snuff stains around her mouth.

Let it be known here and now that next to pesky flies and mosquitoes,

there's nothing more detestable to me than eating or drinking from an unwashed utensil that has been used by a snuff-dipper.

Anyway, I was determined that my lips were not about to touch any part of that gourd where that woman may have drank. My plan was to hold the gourd in my left hand and get a relatively clean side, assuming she was right-handed like most people.

The little woman grinned through her snuffy lips and encouraged me to hurry up so she could get a drink.

I hesitated a few minutes. Finally I asked, in a devious way, whether she

was left or right-handed.

"Why, I'm neither," she replied. "I'm what they call ambidextrous. I use both hands equally as good." This created a major mental problem for me. Then I remembered that gourds have hollow handles, so I put my lips around the end of the gourd and let the water run through the handle, into my thirsty gullet. What a refreshing moment.

The old woman watched curiously, then blurted out "Well, if that don't beat all. You're the only person I ever saw who drinks water out of the gourd the same way I do."

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GRAND JURY BLASTS CORRUPTION IN HUNTSVILLE

"ARE THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW WINKING AT CRIME?"

In 1912 a Grand Jury was empowered to investigate charges of corruption in Huntsville. Following is part of that report. Many people believe that this report is what ultimately led to the murder of Judge Lawler.

To Honorable James H. Ballentine: Judge of law and Equity Court:

We the Grand Jury, having completed our labors, beg leave to submit this, our final report. We have endeavored to follow your charge faithfully and to do our duty fearlessly. From the magnitude of our work our report must necessarily be at length in order to put before you the extent of and result of our investigations.

We have had before us 588 witnesses and have returned 241 true bills out of a docket of 758 cases. We were confronted with witnesses, especially those summoned in the alleged election fraud and illegal selling of whiskey, who had been so intimidated or

persuaded that they held to the lie in spite of positive information by reputable witnesses.

Indeed our information is that a large number of witnesses in these cases had been instructed to lie and stick to the lie and thereby escape citation. Many witnesses whom we were informed had positive evidence upon which we could indict were actually persuaded to join the "bird gang" and flee the county.

Our probe into the illegal selling of liquors or "bootlegging" was as deep and far reaching as we could possibly make it. It is surprising beyond belief to know that "bootlegging" exists in every part of the county in a more or less degree, but it is rampant, especially in the city and outlying districts. (Merrimack alone is excepted.)

We are informed that even the night hacks and omnibus lines are quickly in touch to supply the demand

of the belated traveler or citizen. We are informed that two restaurants, one located near the Southern Railway and the other near the N.C. & St.L. Railway, are nothing but dens of vice, openly and notoriously selling whiskey and beer at certain hours on week days and Sundays. We are informed that the so called restaurant near the Southern Railway was closed by an injunction out of the Law & Equity Court and divested of all its contents, but that it is now operating in full blast in spite of that injunction which we are informed had never been dissolved.

We can only ask: Is it a fact that the officers of the law are winking at crime? This Grand Jury asserts that a murder was lately committed near this restaurant located near the Southern Railway, one Joe Pyncheon, was foully murdered and his remains carried a safe distance and placed upon the Southern



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Railway track that a passing train might cover up the crime. Pyncheon had sold his cotton and had displayed fifty dollars in this so called restaurant and some time during the night was lured away and beaten into insensibility. He was heard to beg for his life, pleaded not to be killed and our witnesses on whom we relied for indictment were so intimidated that they chose to lie out of the fact that they were practically eye witnesses to the cold blooded murder.

We are informed that this den at the Southern Railway sells from three to five barrels of whiskey a week, but we were powerless to indict the proprietor. We not only recommend as a Grand Jury but we ask the City Commissioners to forthwith revoke the licenses of these so called restaurants or soft drink stands and to put the ban upon these properties from ever being used for like purposes again. Located as they are, near railroads, they are bound to degenerate into just such dives as they are now because of the class of people who loaf about and frequent such places, especially at night.

We have frankly admitted our inability to indict the proprietors, we therefore put it up to the City Commissioners to destroy these notorious dives

which we know they can and ought to do for the sake of decency, law and say nothing of their sworn duty. We are informed that the Twickenham Club is also among the favored. That liquor is being handled and served contrary to law and gambling is allowed, but we are powerless to indict.

Now let us name another and a glowing state of fact. Those would be reformers who called loud and lustily for a special Grand Jury to investigate the election frauds, saying they had enough evidence to indict the whole outfit, were allowed to come before us and given the opportunity they clamored for. It is sad to relate that their evidence was none at all, or was so pitifully weak that we had to give it nourishment before we could vote upon it at all.

We had more scholarly liars in this investigation than during the whole time we were in session on other matters.

The Grand Jury quarters is a positive disgrace although a new floor was recently put in and the walls newly plastered in part and newly papered, these dainty touches were finished during our occupancy. This room is damp, hot and stuffy with no ventillation. The

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size of the room is exactly 11 x 22, containing eighteen Grand Jurors and one Solicitor. Add to this congregation one witness at a time in various degrees of sanitation, finally makes life a burden. This room is on the basement floor or properly in the cellar; it might as well be on the lawn as the windows had to be kept open to avoid the services of an undertaker, hence our deliberations were almost in public hearing. Privacy, such as should belong to this inquisitorial body, is an unknown quantity except by eternal vigilance, which we had to exercise until it became an infernal nuisance.

Other Grand Juries should decline to hold their sessions in this palatial germ-laden hole if they value their health and self respect. We lost both in holding forth in the aforesaid hole. The masterly plea of the Solicitor stayed our indictment of the County Commissioner for their extravagance in furnishing this palatial germ-laden hole.

Other Grand Juries have recommended additions, changes and repairs of various kinds, we recommend nothing of the kind whatever, but we are

bold to declare that we condemn the whole Courthouse building as utterly unfit and unsafe for the preservation of nearly a century's collection of the most valuable records, which if destroyed could never be replaced and would perhaps cause the loss of a life time of work of many deserving citizens. The vaults and safes are respectively, simply jokes and junk.

Such pretended protection is criminal.

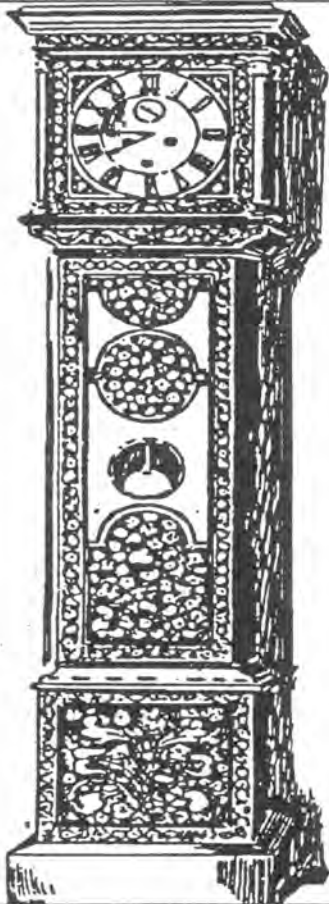
There is not an officer in this building who would trust his money or valuable papers with a bank that had only the protection that the courthouse offers. Now think of what the citizens of Madison County are trusting to hold their records immune from total destruction. The building further is in a very bad state of disintegration and will soon become, if not now, dangerous to human life. It is dirty, dingy and its sanitary condition and arrangement is in strict accord with every law against health, it is vile. The basement is piled up with every species of trash and junk together with old

records, an urgent invitation to a conflagration. We say that the present courthouse has served its purpose well, but is worn out and the time has long since passed that the present structure is wholly unfit for the present day needs and should speedily give way to a modern building.

The recommendations of the other Grand Juries have been treated with silent contempt and the recommendations of this Grand Jury is likely to share the same fate. If immediate steps are not taken looking to a betterment in the condition of the courthouse, we recommend that the Solicitor institute impeachment proceedings against the County Commissioners and to do so without unnecessary delay; the time has arrived for action and indifference and dilatory should be no longer tolerated.

The new part of the County Jail is in fine condition as it must necessarily be for it has just been completed, the other part needs repairs and a general overhauling if it is to ever be used again. There is too much junk in the hallways. If this collection has any value it should be properly stored away. The old stone Jail is a horrible reminder of the dreadful dungeons of the Dark Ages, and should be removed from the sight of civilization. Its presence is an insult to Christianity, a disgrace to humanity. It serves no purpose whatsoever, except the harboring of vermin and trash; its condition is frightful. The State has condemned it. We therefore, recommend its immediate removal and call the special attention of the Solicitor to this recommendation.

The Jail is absolutely without protection from the outside. It stands openly upon the street it faces. The Sheriff complains that he is powerless to prevent, since the transferring of the prisoners to the new cells just completed, the handing in of tools or other prohibited articles even to the third tier of cells: and further that he cannot prevent clothing and other comforts from being exchanged for whiskey or other luxuries not named on the regular bill of fare. Only this week during the Sheriff's absence on business at the Courthouse, a lot of mill hands attempted to release one of their number by intimidating the turnkey. It is manifest that some outer guard should be



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put around the Jail.

We have endeavored to be true to our oaths, therefore we can only hope that future Grand Juries will be as earnest as we have been to further check the open and flagrant violations of law, especially "bootlegging" and election disgraces. At the enormity of both we are simply amazed, and our utter inability to render a better service we are simply stunned. Guided by the able admonitions of the Solicitor we have done our best whether good results will follow or not, and having reported the facts as we see and know them, beg to be discharged.

Respectfully submitted,

WALTER F. SMITH
Foreman of the Grand Jury

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Incidents of the Civil War

Continued from page 49

during the day, but I will give you a light and attend you.

Taking a tallow candle from the table, she accompanied him as he examined each room. As he entered within the pantry, he stood within a foot of the Colonel's head. He looked in every corner before finally turning away. She felt much relieved when she piloted him through kitchen, servants' room, smoke house and even when he returned to the house gathering together his men. After he had apparently completed his search and asked to visit the cellar to her house, she freely led the way to it and showed it to him, very empty, but having no connection with the part unexcavated. After this the search was over. The ordeal was past for the present. On taking his leave, the officer paid his respects to the young ladies, and cordially expressed to the mistress his satisfaction that the Confederate had not been found within her house. From his manner and sincerity expressed, these ladies realized one fact that many Southern women afterwards learned--that there were gentlemen among the officers of the Federal army, although at this time they were looked upon as the hateful Yankee. It took time after the war had ceased, for this realization to become apparent, that often reached the other extreme. This was true of this same Confederate Colonel after peace was regained. He was daring and valiant as a soldier, was honored and loved by every citizen of Huntsville, as well as the church over which he was pastor. He realized the fact when after the war he and his family became deeply interested in a noble man, once a Federal officer, afterwards a greatly admired citizen of Huntsville. He it was who won the hand of the Colonel's lovely daughter and after living in Huntsville long enough to become an old established citizen of great usefulness to the city, is now living in wealth and usefulness in a distant state.



by Patricia Betts

It was a hot summer day and the repeated swims at the pool each day had exposed more of my graying hair than I appreciated, so I had plans to alter my hair and looks. My preparation had been planned and timed--or so I thought. My daughter was home from college for the weekend--very excited and full of energy, looking forward to introducing me to her new "special" college boyfriend who would arrive late that afternoon.

I wanted to look very good for her, and I felt I had a good time schedule to do an hour re-make. So I

proceeded as soon as she left with a friend "to shop and return at noon." I put my oldest battered "hair coloring clothes" on, doused my head with "dark brown, blackish, thick, oozy Loving Care, covered my head with a little plastic cap, and set the timer for 45 minutes. I began wiping the seeping stream of oozy black liquid running down my forehead and neck and dripping on my old clothes. I would soon be ready to tidy up and prepare for the party that night and meet the new boyfriend with my new darker hair.

Suddenly, to my surprise, the door bell rang. Thinking it another child to play with my son, I went hurriedly to the door. Surprise! A very handsome, well-groomed young college man stood there announcing, "I'm Sharon's friend from college. Is she here?" No! Not Yet! My apologies began to roll out and I had to face reality--this is the real me--dye and all.

So, he stayed, because he wanted to, expecting Sharon back at noon. As a result of his early arrival, he got initiated into "washing the gray away." While I finished the coloring, timing and rinsing, he was very nice about it, kind in his remarks, and often complimentary.

When Sharon returned, I sported my new colored hair, but she was very embarrassed. "Oh, no, Mother, what did you do?" "Oh, nothing, I just had to finish this color job with an audience, that's all!"

I think we'll all remember that episode--at least I will, every time I see "Loving Care" ads.

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Recipes From Huntsville Cooks

MARY ANN'S

CHERRY CREME DIP

- 3 oz. cream cheese, softened
- 2 tbl mayonnaise
- 2 tbl maraschino cherry juice
- 1 tbl milk
- 2 tsp lemon juice
- few drops red food coloring
- 2 oz pkg dessert topping mix
- 1 tbl maraschino cherries, chopped

Combine first six ingredients. Beat until smooth. Prepare topping mix according to direction. Fold into cheese mixture. Stir in cherries. Chill. When serving, fluff with spoon, adding a few drops of red food coloring and swirl. Can be used as a dressing for

fresh fruit salad or used as a dip for slices of fresh fruits.

Teddie Carter

SOUTH LOUISIANA RED BEANS

- 1 pound red kidney beans
- Ham bone for seasoning
- 3 cups water
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- dash red pepper
- 2 tbl chopped parsley
- 1 garlic clove, chopped
- salt
- bacon drippings

Cook beans in water with salt, bacon drippings, and meat for 1 1/2 hour in heavy pot. Add onion, garlic, and bay leaf. If beans become dry, add small amount of hot water. Serve on mounds of rice; also good with tossed salad and French bread. Serves 4.

Kathryn Wall



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"The use of these lines for eavesdropping or conveying the sounds of music of any nature, phonograph, pianos, organs, mouths, crying children, etc. is strictly prohibited. Eavesdropping is very unmanly and unladylike and should not be indulged in. If you must do it, please hold your hand over the transmitter so that your presence will not be so plainly felt. Parents should not allow their children to interfere with the telephone in any way. You may think we do not know who you are, but sooner or later it comes out who is the guilty one, and rest assured we never feel good about you anymore. You annoy your neighbor, make a fool of yourself and injure the Company by acting in these unbecoming ways. Central is required to listen at times and has instructions to disconnect anyone who makes improper use of the lines. If you are persistent in making a nuisance of yourself, then the penalty is removal of your telephone without further notice.

"Don't use the telephone during a thunderstorm. Obey this rule and your phone will remain in good shape and you will remain in good shape and you will not get hurt.

"To answer, don't say 'hello.' That means less than nothing. Simply lift your earpiece to your ear and say 'Johnnie Brown at 14,' if that happens to be your name and number. Always ring one short ring when through talking; this notifies the operator that the line is open and can be used by someone else. Too many of our subscribers are slow in answering their rings. Please answer promptly and avoid delay.

"If the operator is slow to answer, don't get mad and say hard things to her; this only complicates matters. And unless things are just right with the next one that calls, the operator may not be pleasant and your harsh words will thus be carried along from one to another all day long. The operator has over 300 subscribers to look after, and you hardly appreciate the amount of work she has to do.

"One minute is long enough to talk; over three minutes will be charged extra. We will, however, use some judgement in enforcing this rule. The purpose is to cut out useless gab and childish talk. Business always has preference.

"All the rates over the company's lines are for a conversation of three minutes; and for each additional minute you talk, you are charged extra in proportion to the distance. Remember this, and don't kick when your toll bill is presented.

"Report all phone and line troubles to the manager. He is always ready to give you a hearing. If the line is broken and you can make a temporary connection with a piece of wire, we will appreciate it. Don't try to fix your phones unless you want them out of fix forever; in this case you pay for them. The phones are rented to you, not sold, and any damages they receive while in your possession we will expect you to pay for.

"Operators do not have time to carry on conversations--please do not expect it of them. Don't make complaints to them; they are busy and cannot give you any satisfaction. Call the manager or general manager.

"Using vulgar or profane language is a punishable offense under the law and certainly unbecoming to men. A gentleman will not do it.

"Always hang up your receiver earpiece down when through talking; otherwise, your batteries will be exhausted and your bells cut out. Ring off by giving the crank one turn.

"In dry weather it sometimes happens that the earth around the ground rods gets very dry. By digging a small hole around them, and pouring on two buckets of water twice a week, you will greatly improve the service over your telephone.

"All subscribers are required to call the attention of Central to any message originating at their place that should be charged for. Any failure to comply with this rule looks like an attempt to defraud, whether intentional or not.

"It is a misdemeanor to shoot off insulators or to in any way damage, molest or interfere with the lines of this company. A reward of \$5.00 will be paid for the arrest with proof to convict any guilty party."

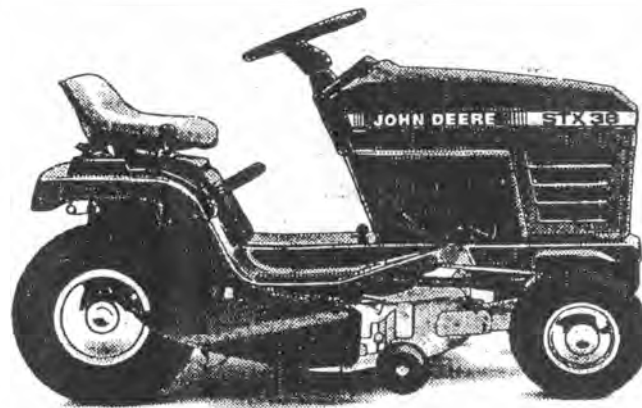


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