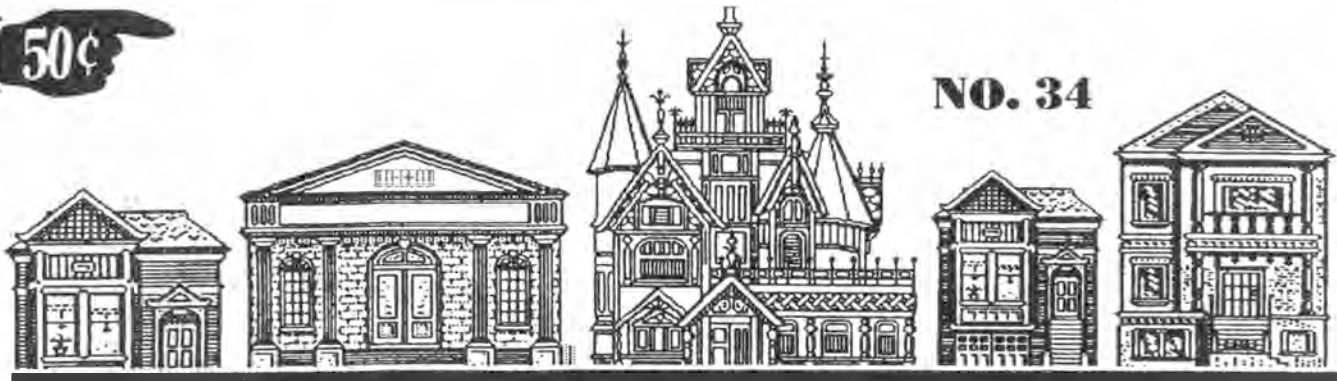


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NO. 34



Old Huntsville

In Search of John Hunt The Mystery Finally Solved!

by Thomas Frazier

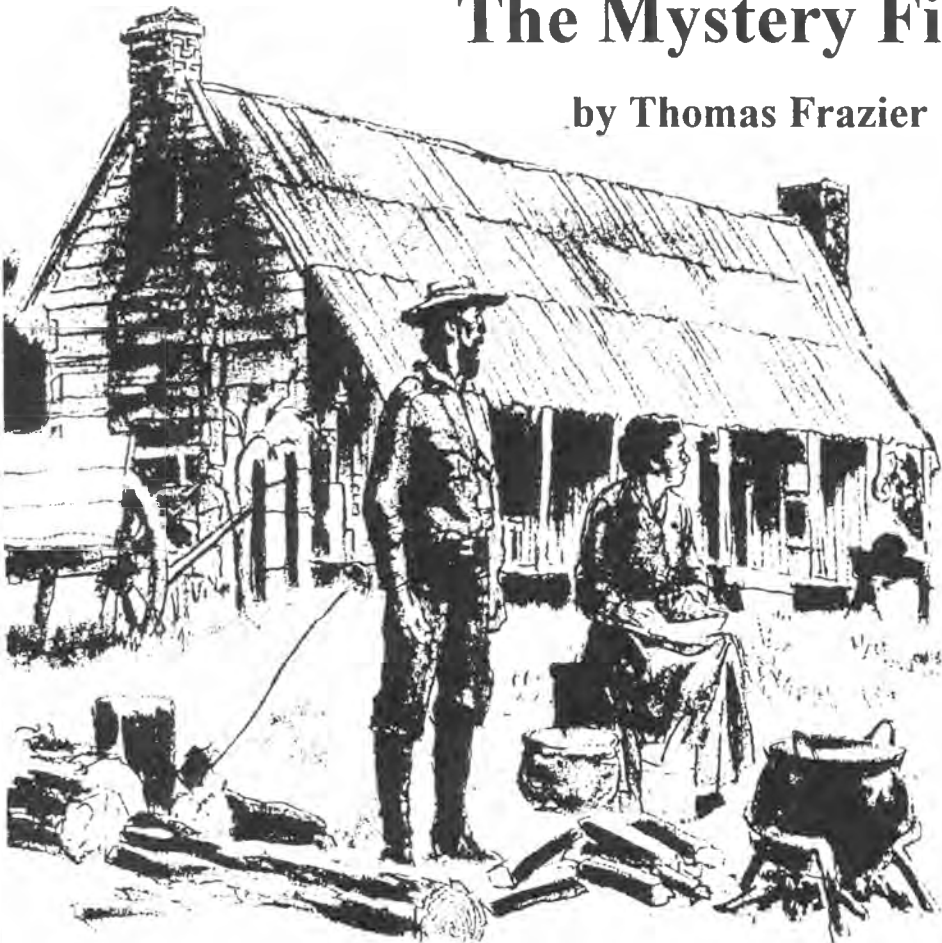
*H*e appeared out of nowhere, with a rifle on his shoulder, to carve the city we now live in, out of the rugged wilderness.

Within a few short years, he disappeared again into the murky depths of history. For well over a hundred years historians have argued about his life and fate.

Where did he come from? What happened to him? When did he die?

John Hunt had become the great unsolved mystery of Huntsville's early years.

Until now . . .



Also In This Issue: Murder Stalked The Streets



In Search Of John Hunt

John Hunt was born in 1750 in Fincastle County, Virginia to parents of Irish and Dutch descent. His family appears to have been of typical pioneer stock, not owning any large tracts of land and moving every few years to a new territory.

Among the families living in Fincastle County were the Acklins, Holbrooks and the Larkins. Many of these families would later play prominent roles in the early development of Huntsville.

In 1769 John Hunt married the daughter of William Holbrook. The following year the Holbrook family moved to Hawkins County, North Carolina, and John moved with them. Within a few years the Larkins and Acklin families had joined with them in the new settlement.

After the new settlers had become established in their new home-sites many of the young men took up arms to fight in the Revolutionary War. Many historians would later contend that John Hunt served as a Captain during the war. This mistaken claim would later lead to confusion in trying to establish Hunt's early years. In fact, Hunt's only military service consisted of several months enlistment as a private under Captain Charles Polk of the Company of Light Horses, in Salisbury District,

North Carolina. Short service periods of a few months were common in North Carolina as the settlers had crops and Indians to deal with and could not be gone for long periods of time.

At the end of his short military career Hunt returned to his home in Hawkins County. Young John and his wife probably lost several children at childbirth as it was not until eight years after their marriage that they had their first recorded child.

As the young community grew in size the North Carolina government began to realize the need for some type of civic jurisdiction. John Hunt had established himself as a leader of the community and in 1786 was appointed the first sheriff of Hawkins County. It was required at that time for a sheriff to post a bond as a prerequisite to taking office. The bond, in the amount of "1000 pounds current money" signed by John Hunt and four sureties, can still be seen at the North Carolina Archives, located in Raleigh.

This is the only known sample of John Hunt's handwriting.

Four years later when North Carolina ceded the lands west of the Allegheny Mountains, John Hunt was made a Captain of the Militia by William Blount, the newly appointed governor of the territory. The duties of a captain in the militia and a sheriff had many similarities in the sense that they were both charged with keeping the peace, and as Hunt's term of sheriff had just expired he was a logical choice. As he was also the first and only sheriff at the time he was probably the only choice.

Everyone living in the territory had heard stories about the new rich land lying across the Clinch River. This was Indian land and supposedly protected from settlement by the treaties with the federal government. Many families, ignoring the treaties, began to move into the new lands.

John Hunt, along with the Acklins and Larkins moved across the river in the mid-1790's into an area known as the Powell River Valley. Years later this community would become known as Tazewell, Tennessee, and John Hunt would be recognized as the founder.

Many stories have been written about the romantic frontiersmen who were bitten with wanderlust. Legends have us believe that the early pioneers



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kept moving to escape the confines of civilization, constantly moving to see what lay over the next mountain range.

Nothing could be further from the truth. In reality, greed was the motivating factor.

In Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and many other states vast areas had been set aside as Indian territories. Though these areas were supposedly protected by federal law, it did not prevent "squatters" from settling. These squatters knew that it would only be a matter of time before the government recognized their rights and then they could gain possession of large tracts by simply paying a registration fee. If they settled on the right land, with a little luck, they could become wealthy.

Basically it was a get rich quick scheme that worked for many people.

The other alternative was to wait until the lands had been "opened" for settlement and bid for them at auction. Few pioneers could afford to acquire prime land in this manner.

John Hunt had carved a respectable homestead out of the wilderness when he learned to his dismay, in 1797, that President John Adams had sent 800 federal troops to evict the settlers. In an attempt to stall his eviction, and probably using his title of Captain in the Tennessee State Militia to help his cause, he wrote the newly-elected governor, John Sevier, asking for help.

On the 25th of November, 1797, Governor Sevier wrote Hunt:

"Sir:

Yours of yesterday I am honored with and am sincerely sorry for your embarrassed situation, and would I, to God, I had it in my power to render you relief. You may assure yourself that everything will be done for you that is possible for me, but it is in the president's own power to do whatever he may think best on this very important and alarming occasion. I hope in three or four weeks to hear from Congress and whether or not anything is likely to be done in your favor. In the meantime, I earnestly beg the people, for their own interest, to conduct themselves in a peaceable, orderly and prudent manner."

Shortly afterwards the squatters' claims were recognized.

By 1801 the land John Hunt had

settled became part of Claiborn County. When the new community held its first election David Rodgers was elected sheriff but was unable to post bond so Hunt was elected in his place. There were no facilities for the new government in Tazewell at the time so the first term of court was held in the home of John Hunt. (This log cabin later became the first school in Tazewell.)

The sheriff was not only responsible for keeping the peace but was also responsible for administering justice. A book describing the early days of Tazewell included the following de-

scription of the sheriff's duties:

"A whipping post stood between the jail and courthouse. As near as I remember, it was made similar to two ox yokes, the one below fastened in a frame and turned upside down; the one above to fit down and form two holes large enough to confine the head and neck. Debtors were taken out two at a time and the duty of the sheriff was to whip them until they would promise to go to work and pay their debts."

Not exactly a job for the faint-hearted.

John Hunt appears to have been



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living a fairly contented life. He had recently given land for a church and was a well respected figure in the community. His daughter, Elizabeth had married Samuel Black Acklin, the son of his old friend, Samuel Acklin. The newly married couple made their home with John and the rest of the family. The Acklin family had prospered to the point that when Samuel married Elizabeth, he was the owner of five slaves.

The Hunt family had not prospered though. John Hunt, along with the Larkins and many other families had staked everything on Tazewell's future. The town simply refused to grow. The land was poor for farming and the town itself provided no incentive for commerce. The only thing the town had going for it was its close proximity to the Cumberland Gap, "gateway to the western lands."

By the time Hunt's term of sheriff was up on September 1, 1804 he had already made plans to leave Tazewell. Popular legend tells us that he went south in search of a big spring he had heard stories of. Again, the truth is much simpler. There were already rumors that territory belonging to Indians in what is now North Alabama would be opened for settlement. Anyone already living there would probably be able to exercise their "squatters' rights" by paying a small registration fee. Everyone else would have to purchase their land at a public auction, which by its very nature tended to drive land prices up.

John Hunt was determined to have squatters' rights.

Early in September, 1804, John Hunt and Andrew Bean left their cabin in East Tennessee and struck out into the wilds on foot (not on horseback as many historians have claimed). They traveled in a south-westward direction, guided only by the sun and the stars. Almost a month later they arrived at the stream of water now known as Bean's Creek, at a spot near where Salem, Tennessee, now stands. At that place they struck camp for several days in order to make observations and investigate the surrounding country. According to legend it also became necessary to replenish the larder.

Their unerring rifles soon procured several bear and fat deer, the choice parts of which were jerked and packed for future use.

Traveling further south the explorers came upon the newly completed cabin of Joseph Criner near the Mountain Fork of Flint River. Criner and his brother Isaac were the first white settlers in this area. According to later accounts given by Criner, Hunt and Bean spent the night and inquired about land further south. It was at this time that Hunt first heard of the Big Spring.

The next morning Mrs. Criner made bread for their journey and the men left to seek out the big spring.

John Hunt and Andrew Bean were not the first white persons to reach the spring. Earlier, in 1802, John Ditto had built a crude shack there. He only stayed a short while before moving southwards to the Tennessee River where he opened a trading post. When Hunt arrived he found the beginnings of a cabin that Samuel Davis had started. Unfortunately, Davis, in haste to bring back his family, left the cabin unfinished and when he returned found Hunt had completed the cabin and was living in it.

The cabin was a rough one-room affair. People searching for it today will find only a parking lot across from the present day Huntsville Utilities.

The area where John Hunt settled would be beyond comprehension to a resident of Huntsville today. The area above the bluffs, where the courthouse now stands, though reasonably flat, was a maze of thick vines and bushes. Below the spring, toward Meadow Gold Dairy, was an endless swamp inhabited by bears, geese and rabbits. Where Huntsville Hospital is now located was a thick hardwood wilderness teeming with deer.

After hastily completing the cabin (frontier law did not recognize a squatter's claims unless a home was built on it) Hunt and Bean turned their sights north. Bean had decided to settle near Salem, Tennessee and Hunt returned to Tazewell for his family.

Returning to the Big Spring with Hunt was his wife and three of his sons, William, George and Samuel.

WE DO...

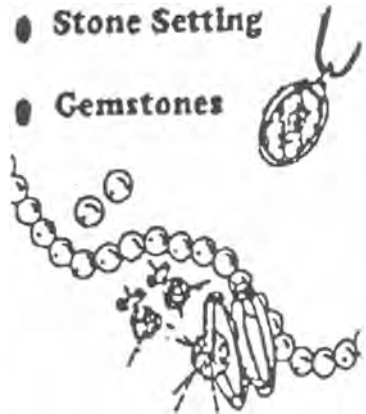
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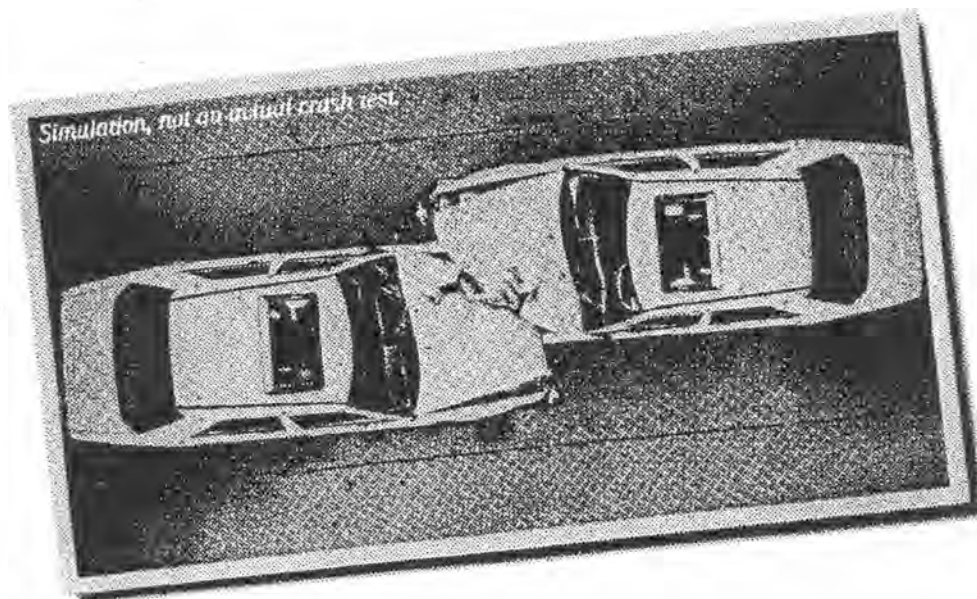
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We know for a fact that at least one other family, and possibly another, accompanied them on the journey.

It was early summer, 1805 when Hunt returned with his family. He spent most of that summer clearing and fencing a small field, which lay in what is now the best part of the city of Huntsville, running from Gates Street as far south as Franklin. The land was exceedingly fertile and produced bountifully in return for little labor. William would recall years later how he had killed a bear between the present location of the First Alabama Bank and the courthouse while clearing the field.

The brave old pioneer, scout and hunter was now happily fixed; his farm gave him employment during the spring and summer. Hunting, fishing, dressing meats and skins and prospecting occupied his time in the fall and winter. Other pioneers were coming in and settling in other parts of the county. Neighbors were few and highly valued in those primitive days. When the proper time arrived in the fall, all the hunters for miles around went out together to lay in their stores of meat for the year. Whenever a settler died, his family continued to share in the proceeds of the hunt; when a division was made, a proportionate share of bear and deer meat was always taken to the families of widows. These rough men knew charity as well as courage. Legend has it that John Hunt was always foremost in providing for the poor and helpless. One Christopher Black, an Irishman, who assisted Hunt in removing his family from East Tennessee, was famous for delivering game to the fatherless and the widows.

Hunt's Station, as the spring was now called, was fast becoming the center of the community. More and more settlers were pouring into the valley. Much evidence suggests that Hunt, who had already enlarged his cabin, ran a public house at this time. A public house was where a traveler might get a meal or purchase a few basic supplies. This probably explains the persistent rumor today that Hunt operated a shop that sold castor oil.

In 1807 his daughter, Elizabeth, moved to Huntsville from Tazewell along with her children, husband and five slaves. The whole group moved in with Hunt in anticipation of the land

sales. Congress had already called for a land sale with squatters being given pre-emptive rights to one section of land each. With the Hunts occupying the best land in the county, it seemed as if their fortunes were made.

Unfortunately, when the sales were held it was discovered that John Hunt had not registered his claims. The wealthy planter LeRoy Pope outbid the other purchasers and ended up with legal title to all of John Hunt's dreams. Hunt was forced to move from his beloved Big Spring.

With all the prime land in Huntsville already taken, or being too expensive, Hunt purchased a quarter section of land far outside of town by paying eighty dollars as down payment. This parcel was located at approximately where the old airport on South Parkway is now. His daughter and son-in-law purchased the adjoining land.

The Acklins were doing well it would seem, as they were able to send their son to college, something unheard of for most pioneer families.

Pope had forced the name of Twickenham upon the new community, but many people resented the fact that he had bought Hunt's land. One of the first actions the new city government took was to change the name to Huntsville, in honor of the sturdy pioneer.

The next few years of Hunt's life is well documented. He joined the Masonic Lodge, served on juries and was appointed coroner. And he also lost the last piece of land he would ever own for failing to make payments.

John Hunt was broke. He was also an old man. As if this was not enough, he also lost the right to vote, serve on juries or hold public office in the very city that he had founded.

According to the law of that period a man could not do any of the above unless he was a landowner.

An old and discouraged man by now, Hunt was forced to move in with his daughter and son-in-law. In 1820 Hunt applied for a Revolutionary War pension but was turned down because the unit he served with was not considered a part of the Continental Army.

Like old men everywhere, Hunt

probably spent his last days recounting tales of when he was young and adventurous, hopefully surrounded by his grandchildren.

In February, 1822, John Hunt died at the age of 72. He was buried in the Acklin graveyard, a short distance from where he spent his final days.

John Hunt left behind the legacy of a great city, but ironically, in a few short years he would become lost in the history of Old Huntsville.

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The Search: How We Found John Hunt

The first part of John Hunt's life was fairly easy to document. Reams of research had already been done so it was simply a matter of contacting the proper archives and verifying it. From 1812 on seemed to be the major obstacle. Historians had reached a blank wall at this point.

Almost all historians assumed that Hunt moved away because his name disappeared from jury rolls and other official records. Instead of trying to prove that he moved, we decided to do just the opposite and try to prove that he had not.

With the aid of a Hewlett-Packard 486 computer and a file management program to place events in a chronological order, we set an assistant to entering every fact of information we could find, even if other historians had ignored it. We employed a computerized genealogical program to keep track of the countless Hunts. A computer modem and fax machine allowed us to instantly access records from other state archives and libraries.

Gradually a pattern of Hunt's life began to emerge. After a while we could even tell where certain writers had gotten their information.

It quickly became evident that most historians had made the same mistakes. One example was in assuming Hunt had left Huntsville because his name was dropped from public records. They ignored the fact that in order for a man to vote or serve on a jury, he must be a landowner. Hunt had lost his land by this time.

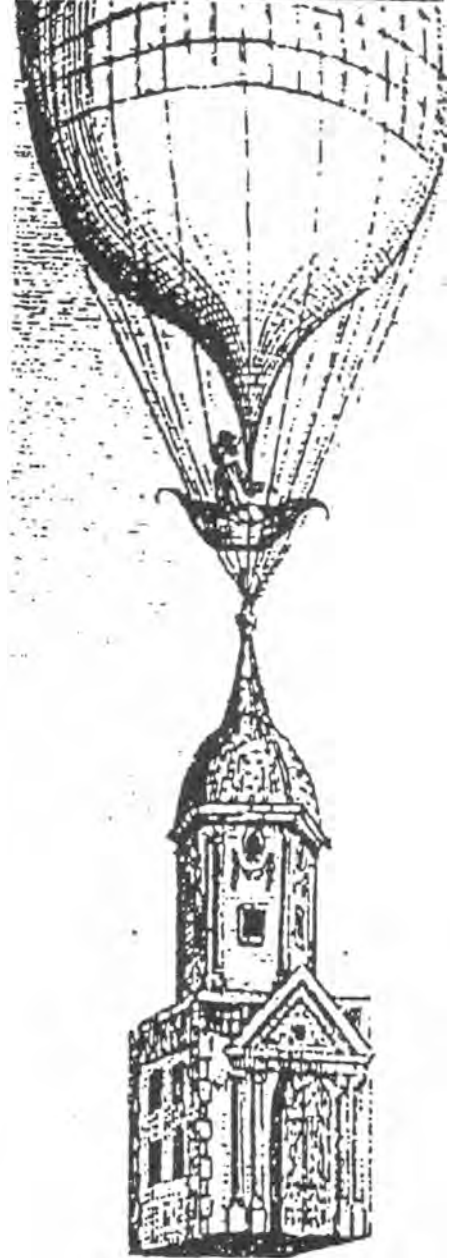
Almost half the people that had written about Hunt claimed that he discovered Huntsville in 1804 and returned with his family in the same year. Impossible.

Hunt did not give up the office of sheriff in Tazewell until September, 1804, so if he walked all the way to Huntsville, returned to Tazewell for his family and then returned to the Big Spring ... well, he was one fast walker!

Researchers routinely ignored the fact that Hunt's name was carried on the Masonic rolls until 1822. If he had moved from Huntsville why was his name still on the rolls? Was it a coincidence that his name was finally dropped in 1822, the same year that other sources claimed he died?

Certain facts in old newspaper articles that other historians had ignored began to take on new meaning. One account of his life, written in 1877, while people were still alive that knew him, stated that he died in 1822. The

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article was full of small mistakes, one of which was corrected in the next week's issue. The most intriguing fact was that the writer stated that Hunt had died in February. Any journalist that has had any experience interviewing people will tell you that when a person gives you a definite date they either definitely remember it or have gotten it from some source they consider reliable. Otherwise the answer would tend to be vague such as "spring, 1855."

By this time we had come to believe that Hunt had moved in with his daughter after he lost his land. Several things led to this conclusion. He was an old man by the standards of the early 1800s, too old to fend for himself. His daughter and her family had lived with him on at least two other instances so it was evident the family was close to Hunt. They also owned land adjacent to land Hunt had purchased. Finally, we had to consider the fact that it was the custom for the elderly to move in with their children.

Our next problem seemed insurmountable. If Hunt had stayed in Huntsville, and if Hunt had lived with his daughter, where was he buried?

We reasoned that Hunt must have been buried close to where he lived. Although we found all kind of tantaliz-

ing clues, we were completely stumped.

Our attention kept coming back to a letter written by John Hunt's great-grandson, a probate judge of Morgan County, in 1901. Though the letter backed up our contention that Hunt had never left Huntsville, it also stated that he was buried "in the old Athens graveyard just below the Sively Place."

The only Athens graveyard within a hundred and fifty miles of here was in Athens, Alabama but the only Siveleys listed in North Alabama were here in Huntsville. We cross-referenced the name Athens with all known family names, churches, and businesses. We found nothing.

The manuscript was a typewritten copy of a handwritten letter. One of our researchers, noting other typos in the letter, suggested that maybe the typist made a mistake in transcribing the name of the graveyard. Within minutes we had the answer.

Now all that remained was to find the old Acklin graveyard. There was no listing for an Acklin graveyard, but after much searching we discovered an old graveyard called the Sively graveyard dating back to the early 1800's. Checking land records we found that it was located on land that had been originally owned by the Acklins and it

was located just below where the old Sively place used to stand.

With more research we were able to establish that there had been an Acklin graveyard there at one time. After the Acklins moved away, it had gradually over the years become known as the Sively graveyard.

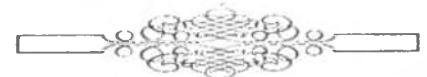
ONE FINAL NOTE:

Strange as it may seem, a historian's biggest obstacle in researching Huntsville's history are other historians. Many priceless manuscripts and documents are being held in private collections by historians hoping to write a book "someday."

Unfortunately, often this rare information becomes mis-placed, causing a part of Huntsville's history to be lost for future generations.

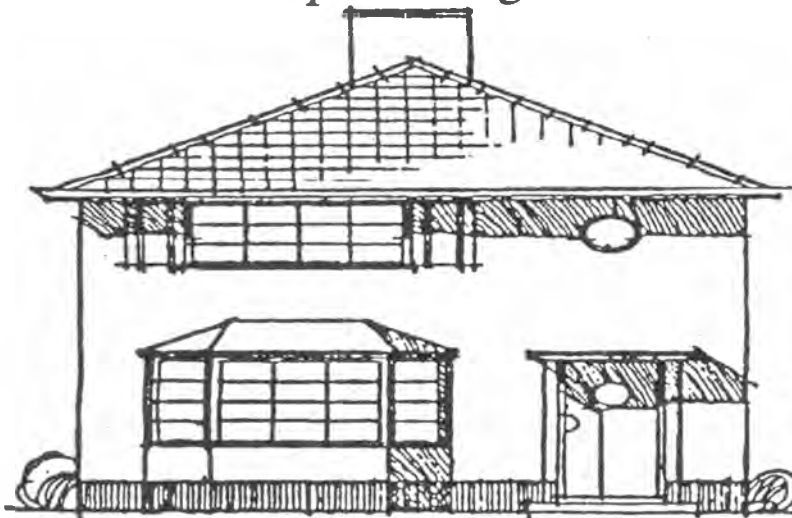
So please, if you are in possession of old documents dealing with our city's history, at least let the Heritage Room have a photocopy.

The Heritage Room, a part of the Huntsville Library, is probably the single most important institution in North Alabama for preserving and documenting Huntsville's history.



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Your ears: Should your right ear itch, someone is speaking well of you, if the left ear itches, they're speaking ill of you. American folklore says that if you repeat the names of all your acquaintances while your ear itches, the tingling will stop when the name of the person gossiping is spoken.

The size and shape of your ears are said to be indicative of your character. Small ears are said to indicate benevolence and kindness, but should they be hemmed, beware of insanity.

Large ears mean generosity, although may be accompanied with conceit. Flat ears are said to reveal a coarse nature, square-shaped ears belong to a noble soul. Long ears are the dominant sign of wisdom and even immortality.

Your baby: How to tell the sex of an unborn baby - If the mother drops a knife, it is a boy - scissors, it's a girl. Or, slip off the wedding ring of the mother-to-be.

Have a friend suspend it over the mother who is lying down. Should the ring begin to move in a clockwise direction, it will be a boy. Counter-clockwise, she is carrying a girl.

Try dropping a coin between the mother-to-be's breasts. Should it fall to the left, the baby will be a girl. To the right, a boy.

Your clothing: Should you meet a person wearing brand-new clothes, you will have good luck for the day.

If a woman sticks herself or breaks a needle while mending a garment, she will receive a kiss on the day it is worn.

If you burn your clothing, someone is telling a lie about you. If you break a button off while dressing, it is said to be a bad sign that must be corrected at once before leaving your home.

Your new home: One can bring luck to a new house by going into every room carrying a loaf of bread and plate of salt.

When you lay a cornerstone, it is customary to tap it three times when completed for luck. It should be the eldest daughter to do this, followed by her kissing the workers.

Burying a pitcher that contains a virgin girl's blouse is said to protect a home against fire. As soon as the home is completed, throw a bouquet of flowers on the roof for good luck.

To further enhance your luck, get up on the roof and throw flowers, dried fruit and money down to the people below.

"Unfortunately He Survived"

"A drunken engineer on a train from Chattanooga to Nashville played such pranks with his engine that he killed and wounded several soldiers in the cars. He was shot at, but unfortunately not killed."

Huntsville Southern Advocate, July 26, 1865



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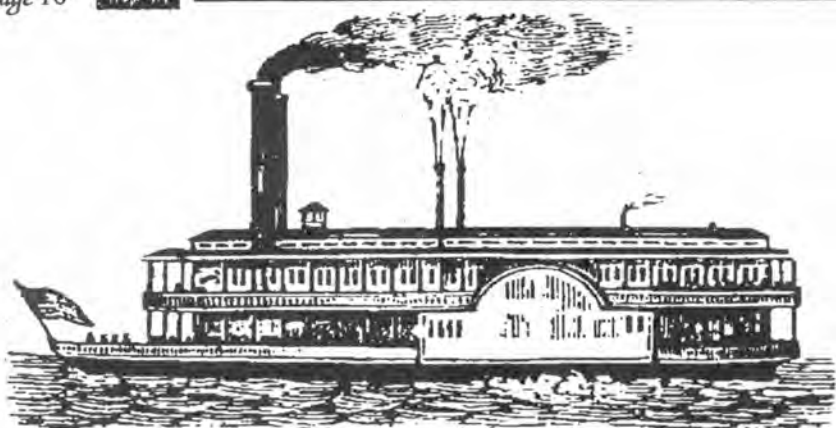
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The Way It Was

by George Swartz (from 1931 interview)

As the river bridge (bridge on South Parkway) is nearing completion and will soon be dedicated, I believe it is fitting that the present day generation should know something of this site's early period of importance to the Ten-

nessee Valley, especially Huntsville. John Ditto, in the fall of 1802 came down the Watauga trail from some point in Virginia, stopped where the present site of Huntsville is today, and built a lean-to pole shack against the

bluff where the present spring park is now. His stay here was not long, for he got his bearings, found he was near a suitable place on the Hogohegee River (now called Tennessee) for a trading post with the Indians and early keelboat men, enroute to Orleans from the Watauga settlement on the upper reaches of the river. At this period this section was called Chickasaw old fields and Hobbs Island was called Chickasaw Island.

Ditto established a trading post below the lower point of the island. At this period, much traffic had developed by keelboat. General John Coffee, surgeon general, had done much to stabilize things in this section. About three miles above Ditto's Landing (now Whitesburg), Gen. Coffee either engaged some Indians, or had a camp on a bluff on the now Morgan County side of the river. When the U.S. Engineering Dept. opened a stone quarry there in 1908 for rock to build wing dams on Bird Iron shoals, I was on the fleet that opened the quarry, I found much evidence of his being there at an early period, as many round balls and a charcoal iron Indian trading hatchet were found there in my stay at the quarry.

In 1810, Ditto built a ferry boat at the keelboat yard which he had established, and built many for the river trade as liters over the shoals. This ferry boat was of the flat bottom gunwale type, propelled by sweep oars pulled by manpower.

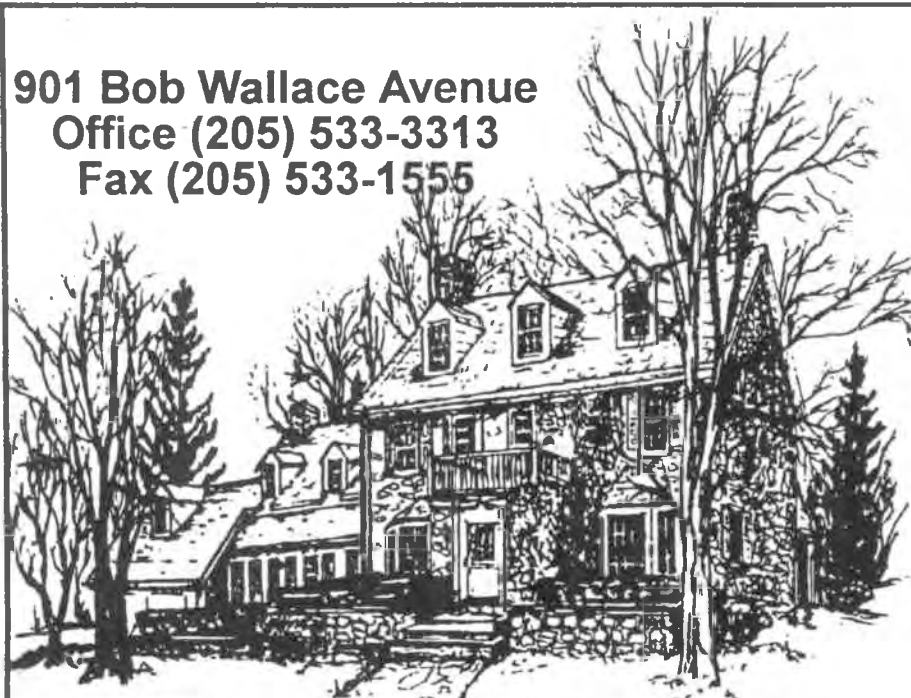
There had been by 1810 much traffic south through the valley to points in Brown's Valley, as shown on the Mellish map of 1813. The new highway will traverse much of this old trail on the south side of the river and has much historical significance.

When Gen. Andrew Jackson went to the Creek Indian War on the Coosa River in 1813, he crossed at Ditto's ferry. Ditto had many flat boats built at his boat yard near the ferry. These were used to ferry his small army of men across the river.

This alone is sufficient that John Ditto be given credit at the day of dedication of the bridge, even though the bridge was not named for him. This, I think, would have been a fitting tribute to this hardy pioneer.

Jackson's crossing at Ditto's ferry is also shown on the Mellish map, as is

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General Cook's army is shown to have crossed at John Ross ferry, where Chattanooga is today. He was also enroute to the Creek country, touched the Coosa River at Ft. Armstrong, and down the meanders of the river to where he joined Jackson at Littaflichee above Ft. Strother on the Coosa in the eastern Mississippi territory, now eastern Alabama.

James White established a salt house at a point where the present bridge heels on the north bank of the river today. This was about 1828. He was called Salt White, because of his salt trade, by the early steamboat men. Capt. Mathew Mohan married Betty Cooper in 1930. She was a daughter of the proprietor of Cooper's tavern, then located at the point today where the Huntsville city hall stands. This property was the first sold by the commissioners of Huntsville and bought by John Reed, who paid \$715 for it. Later a tavern was built and run by the Coopers. Miss Cooper was in Roes Seminary on Roes Mountain, now Monte Sano since given that name as a development project. Capt. Mohan had learned the shoals trade as a flat boat pilot beginning in 1812. He met the girl at the tavern. As these shoals pilots would come up the Watauga trail from the point where it branched off the Natchez trail at Colbert's ferry, they would stop at the tavern. After Capt. Mohan married he took his bride to Ditto's Landing, and was warehouseman for James White for several years. After steamboats were built he ran on the river above the shoals. He went on them and was the first flat boat shoals pilot to qualify as a licensed pilot by the steamboat inspection service from Ditto's Landing to Eastport Landing, Miss., at the foot of the shoals. This was in 1852 after Congress passed a bill Aug. 30, 1852 compelling all officers of steam vessels serve three years and qualify to get licensed. Capt. Matt K. Mohan, son of Matthew and Betty Mohan lives today at Hartselle, Ala., 92 years of age. Hence, the above information.

I have known two early keel

and steamboat men who knew John Ditto personally, Capt. Tom Miller, and Jesse Allison. These men told me much about Ditto's Landing in 1807 and 1809, and the first steamboat over the shoals in 1828. She sank on Bird Iron shoals two miles below Ditto's Landing in the early 1830s, was raised and rebuilt into the steamboat Enterprise at John Ditto's boat yard on the river bank below the present ferry boat landing today.

Ditto's Landing road was an important thoroughfare and much traffic was engaged over it, taking all products from Huntsville to the river to be shipped south. Flour was a big item shipped in via Ditto's Landing road. There was an inspector kept at Ditto's who in those days was called a flour inspector, really was a surveyor of customs in a simple way. Hunter Peel's map of 1825 shows the Ditto's Landing road, which is now called the Whitesburg Pike, since the landing took that name about 1833.

The End

"But honey, if we buy a 4-wheel drive, we can go the grocery store if we ever have a blizzard." overheard at Mullin's Restaurant

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Automobile Facts

Every seventh family in the United States owns an automobile, according to figures recently compiled by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. There are now more than 3,500,000.

Of these New York with 269,105 has more autos than any other state, and Nevada with 3,900 has the smallest number. Alabama was thirty-second on the list, having 19,977 cars at the time the statistics were made.

From the Guntersville Democrat, 1917



News From 1879

Arrests

Officers Street and Kennard of our City Police have shown commendable vigilance and energy in making two arrests yesterday. They arrested Frank Feltz, charged with breaking into the house of Julia Lee, and stealing \$2.50. They also arrested a man calling himself by several aliases, among them Washington Wiggins and George Tait, who was offering a mule for sale at a very low price. When questioned, he gave conflicting accounts as to his possession and ownership of the mule and was properly arrested, to await further information. If anyone here or hereabout has lost a mule, he had better examine the one Wash. or George offered for sale.

Colored Soldiers' Bounty

Mr. A. B. Casey, Paymaster U.S.A., expects to visit Huntsville on October 22, 1879, to pay Colored Soldiers' bounty under act of March 3, 1879, and will pay to the party named in the certificate, and not to any claim agent, attorney, transferee or assignee.

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Old Bread Recipes

Southern Split Biscuits

2 medium potatoes
 1/2 cup melted butter
 1/2 cup melted shortening
 2 tbl sugar
 1 tsp salt
 1 cup milk
 1/2 yeast cake
 1/4 cup lukewarm water
 2 eggs, well beaten
 6 cups flour melted butter
 Peel and boil potatoes til thor-

oughly cooked. Mash fine with table fork or ricer. Add 1/2 cup melted butter, lard; then sugar and salt. Next add milk and yeast which has been dissolved in the warm water. Add eggs and blend thoroughly. Add flour to potato mixture, about 2 cups at a time, beating vigorously after each addition. Put dough in well-greased covered bowl and set in warm place. Let rise til double in bulk, roll out to desired thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter. Place one on top of another after covering the

bottom one with melted butter. Press together firmly. Allow to rise in warm place til light. Place on greased shallow baking sheet. Bake in 350 degree oven about 15 minutes or until golden brown.

Rich Loaf Bread

4 cups sifted flour
 3/4 cup milk
 2 tbl sugar
 1 tsp salt
 3 tbl butter
 1 yeast cake
 3 eggs

Sift flour before measuring. Scald milk, add sugar, salt and butter. Cool to lukewarm; add yeast and beaten eggs. Add half of the flour and beat for 3 minutes. Add rest of flour, half a cup at a time and stir after each addition. Knead, shape, allow to rise til light, and bake.



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The Bravest Battles Ever Fought And The Ladies Who Fought Them

by Virginia C. Clay

Originally Published in 1896 by The Huntsville Advocate

No women ever lived who possessed a more enduring, braver spirit than our true-hearted Southern women. Reared as they had been in the lap of luxury, with never a thought for the future, save one of perhaps more joy in their homes and less of the cares of life, they developed in a few months into providers and protectors of their families, and faithfully were the duties discharged. We doubt if in the ranks any truer patriots fought for their country's weal than these women who remained at home and reared, fed, clothed, taught, and instilled principles of right into the minds of the children left in their care.

"Write something about the styles of war, and how the women who stayed at home obtained the material of the garments," is what the ladies of the U.D.C.V. requested me to do for the monument paper, and that is what I have endeavored to do, by gathering up information here and there from those brave women who have worked with a will and won the battles of life at home during the war. Some became almost hysterical as they recalled the trials they endured, others laughed and made others laugh at the absurd makeshifts they had for styles in dress and bonnets.

One lady, who, in spite of the cause being numbered among the lost, is still as staunch a Southern "Secesh" as of yore, says: "We had no styles; we dressed in whatever we had as long as it lasted, and when those clothes wore out we wore rags. Some of the women would buy goods from the Yankees, but I wouldn't. My dresses were cut up for the children, and ma made caps for the boys out of scraps of broadcloth or

any woolens about, and they were pretty caps too."

The ingenuity of the women was brought into active play, and a marvelous energy as needlewomen developed.

"When our clothes began to give out past patching or repairing, then we had to look about for more to cover our nakedness," said one lady. "I remember that we had some fine white blankets and ma had them dyed and made a nice suit of clothes for John, my brother. The greatest trouble we had was getting shoes. I remember that John had a calf, and when he had it killed he took the hide out in the country and a slave dressed it for him. It was enough to make him a pair of shoes, and the scraps left were enough to make me a pair of

slippers, and I made them myself using some old soles. I learned to make a lovely hat out of straw, by plating it, and not only made them for myself and other girls but used to make them for the young men who visited us. We also made pretty hats and bonnets out of shucks and made flowers out of shucks, too, and made them pretty and very becoming. Sometimes the ladies from the country would trim the hats in natural flowers - crepe myrtle being a very popular flower, as it kept fresh longer and was such a pretty color."

One lady, relating her experience, says she well remembered one lady who was fond of wearing in her bonnet, in the spring time, fresh hyacinths; they looked so fresh and lovely when she first came in church, but as the sermon progressed and the warm weather ditto, the flowers had a very dejected appearance and, finally, ere the benediction, wilted and dropped over her forehead. The final death of these flowers was always a source of amusement to the grown people and children who were in neighboring pews. Bonnet and hat boxes of pasteboard were highly valued as the foundation for hats and bonnets, and old silk dresses or scraps of silk and velvet were cherished as a treasure trove."

I have gleaned information from everybody I could, but the stories are very similar; some are bitter, others

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cheerful, and still others are merry, in relating their experience. Miss Laura, whose retina always receives bright impressions of life, said:

"Oh, yes, I can tell you an incident. Once during the war Mrs. Frank Mastin came out in a lovely dress that excited the admiration of all her lady friends. You remember how grand she always looked, anyway. Well, she looked even grander and more aristocratic, it seemed to me, than she ever did, with this beautiful dress on. Of course, everybody was anxious to know how she procured such a treasure, and it finally got out that she had made it out of an old dimity bedspread."

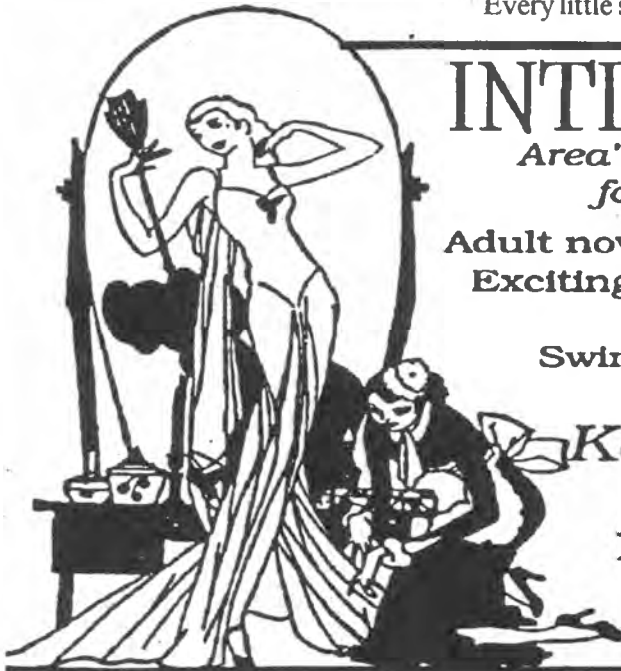
Miss Mary Ann says that her father was provident and they did not suffer as much as others did. When the rumors of war first reached here, her father laid in bolts of dry goods, calico, domestic, linseys, and homespun. She remembers that the last year of the war "Miss Maria" made Mamie a dress of a brown wool window curtain with a yellow border. The skirt and waist was made of the brown and the sleeves of the border. "No, it was not pretty, but she wore it with aprons and was glad to have a good warm dress to keep her comfortable in the winter. The hardest time we had was in getting shoes. Mr. Schander would not touch a pair without a bushel of wheat, even if the material was furnished. We had no wheat and had to go without."

Mrs. Gus Martin tells me that she wore a homespun dress of gray and black that was woven by a country woman and looked like silk at a distance. It was woven in waves, like watered silk, and trimmed in black, and "I was as proud of it as if it had been silk. Our hats were pretty, and we platted the straw and made them ourselves."

"I never shall forget a dress I made my little girl once," said a merry, happy-hearted mother of a large family left in my care. "Ma sent me some dimity curtains with broad stripes, alternating in yellow and blocks of purple. Well, I made her a dress and was proud to have her little hide covered. When I carried the child down to see ma, dressed up in her new frock, ma fairly shouted with laughter and said, "Why, Mary, she looks like a little monkey! What did you use it this way for?" For the first time the extremely ludicrous sight struck me, and I joined in the laugh with keen enjoyment. I had a quantity of fine imported silk hose as part of my wedding trousseau, and as the last and hardest part of the war approached, I cut them down for the children, and they looked right cute in their homespun dresses, petticoats made of Mackinaw blankets, brogan shoes and fine silk stockings and quaker bonnets made of pasteboard and covered with any old scraps of silk or colored goods we could muster up. Every little scrap of woolen goods was

carefully picked to pieces and spun into thread and knitted into socks or gloves.

Mr. W. T. Bennett, of Gurley, says: "Oh, we managed to get along somehow. The women took in sewing for the Confederate soldiers, and we carried the work to town. The work was given out and returned to the store now occupied by Schiffman. The clothes were cut out, and all the scraps were tied up with the garments, and sometimes the ends of goods would be about a yard in length. Mother used these scraps for the children's clothes, and many a nice little coat or shirt she has made for us out of scraps. All the Confederates' clothes had to be made with the fingers, too; no machine sewing would be accepted. There were inspectors who examined every garment with the greatest care and passed judgment on it. Those who did the sewing were paid in cloth for their work and were glad to get it. Father made our shoes, and many a night has he sat up until midnight sewing on shoes, after working in the fields all day. I remember that my brother came home on a furlough once, and he had only one shirt to his back, and that was ragged. Mother had but one silk dress, and that was a black one, but she cut that dress up and made her soldier boy some comfortable shirts, and he went back to the army pretty comfortable. Once Mr. Allen Sanford came to me and told me that all his slaves had left him and he had nobody to pick his



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cotton. He told me that he would give me half if I would help him pick his fields. Well, we picked that cotton and took it to town and sold it for \$500 to old Josh Beadle--one dollar a pound--in good Confederate money. I spent it before I left town, in luxuries, such as coffee at \$1 a pound, sugar at 50 cents a pound, a sack of salt weighing 160 pounds for \$160, a pair of boots for myself for \$10, and a hat for \$10. That was about all I got for myself. I tell you, it was hard work getting that cotton to town, the roads were so bad. It took two steers and a horse to haul it, and we had to camp out all night.

"Mother raised a few sheep, and carded, spun and wove the wool for clothes. We children had to pick the wool before it was carded, and I hated to do it so bad that I would plow in the pouring rain, with the water following me in a stream in the furrows, just to keep from picking wool."

Lace curtains were a valuable acquisition to toilets, and many a party dress was constructed of both lace and muslin curtains and looped with natural flowers and evergreens and were very attractive and pretty.

Mrs. Albert Jones, in telling of her experience, says "we refuged in Ar-

kansas during the war. We had all our negroes with us and were trying to get over the line into Texas but were stopped and remained in Arkansas. We, in some way, succeeded in getting several spinning wheels, and would pick the cotton out of the field, and all of us learned to spin and made the women slaves spin and weave it into good strong cloth that lasted longer than any domestic we buy now. We used walnut and hickory for dye and set it with alum and they made beautiful and rich colors. "What did we do for our shoes? 'Made them ourselves; a pair of soles would outlast several tops. I once made a pretty pair of shoes out of some old curtains and old left-over shoe tops. I even put in the eyelets and they were neat and fitted me comfortably. Oh, of course, we had a hard time but managed right well to keep our servants and ourselves clothed."

Oh, I don't remember that we had such a hard time. I had a lovely time. Our boyfriends were too young to go to the war, and they gave us as nice a time as they could. The girls of our set were the sweetest people you could ever know.

The boys had a debating society one night, and Willie Erskine asked me

to go and one of the other boys asked Mary Bradley. The subject for debate was, 'Was Brutus Justified in Stabbing Caesar?' We had a good time at the society, which met at the Masonic Hall. But as we were going home, I to spend the night with Mary, we walked home with Annie Pope, and like all boys and girls, found that the nearest way home was the longest way round. When we reached the corner of Mrs. Todd's house a sentinel said: 'Halt!' Well, we heard the command with a feeling of terror, but halted. It was then 10 o'clock, and we had no permit after 9. In spite of our tears and protestations, promises of good things to eat and calls from Mrs. Bradley, who stood at her gate, we were marched up to the jail, where superior officers gave us permission to return to our mothers, with a lecture on being out so late. It taught us a lesson, and we never tried the experiment again.

Jennie Watkins gave a party once and I never had as good a time in my life. For refreshments, she had popped corn, candy, sealy barks, and walnuts. For entertainment, we danced square dances, and the girls danced together. It was not respectable for girls to dance the round dances "with the boys," so we girls danced the hop polka, schottische, mazurka and waltz. I just know that girls now never have half as good a time as we had then. Ladies used to send to Nashville for dry goods, whenever they got the chance, and had the money. Mother bought me a pretty gray calico, which she paid \$1 a yard for. I was delighted, and helped to make it myself. I scalloped and overcasted it in red cotton, the collar and cuffs, and that calico was the nicest dress I had for a long time, and I took the greatest care of it.

The boys had a military company, called the 'Huntsville Cadets,' and the girls used to call them the 'Huntsville Chaps.' When the boys decided to go to the war, or their age admitted them, the girls made them a beautiful flag, and embroidered the stars on it. Ned Mastin was the captain and Ben Patterson the color bearer.

The day the presentation was to take place was one of excitement for us. The girls represented the seceding Southern States. It seems a long time ago, now, but we were just as patriotic

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When the news reached town that Frank Gurley was going to pass through, the whole town turned out to see him and his company. Jennie Sanders and Mary Russell made a wreath of flowers, and as he rode down Commercial Row stopped him at the corner of Franklin Street and threw the flowers over his horse's neck. They seemed to think that was the zenith of their patriotism. The soldiers appreciated the attention, and each felt himself a hero, as the sweet smile of some girl was wafted his way.

The End

A Flying Snake

A few days ago a lady living in the southern part of the city reported seeing a flying snake near her home. At the same time there was a statement from an aged woman, a soothsayer, who predicted that in a short time the air would be full of flying serpents. Yesterday we were met by a friend, who inquired in an excited manner if we had ever seen a snake that had wings, and "flew through the air with the greatest of ease"! From his statement we learn that while two boys, named Remington and Jenkins, the former from this city and the latter from Atlanta, were hunting in the woods, a serpent was seen approaching them about four feet above earth. Jenkins took off his hat and throwing it over the snake, ended in capturing it. It is over one foot in length, spotted, and has wings the size of a man's hand. The boys have the serpent preserved in alcohol.

From 1875 Huntsville Newspaper

Whiskey and Slaves

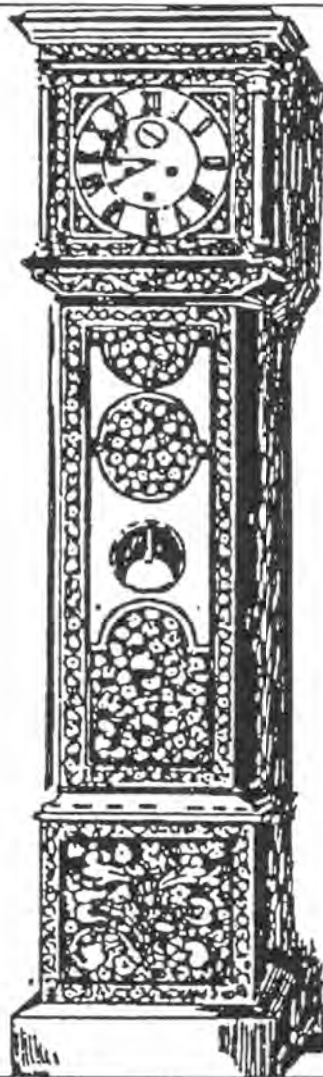
The subscriber has about one thousand gallons of good whiskey which he offers for sale on reasonable terms, either for cash or on liberal credit. Also, two or three likely slaves - girls, women, &c, all of which he will sell on accommodating terms by applying to him living in Giles County, Tenn., 3 miles south of Pulaski. -- E.J. Baily, July 1, 1817.

Slaves for Sale

The subscriber has for sale seven likely Virginia born slaves--consisting of men, women and girls. Apply at Mr. D. Rather's Tavern.

Also, an elegant Dearborn wagon and harness with a gig top.-- Clifton Steele, Huntsville, Ala.

Taken from 1817 Huntsville Newspaper



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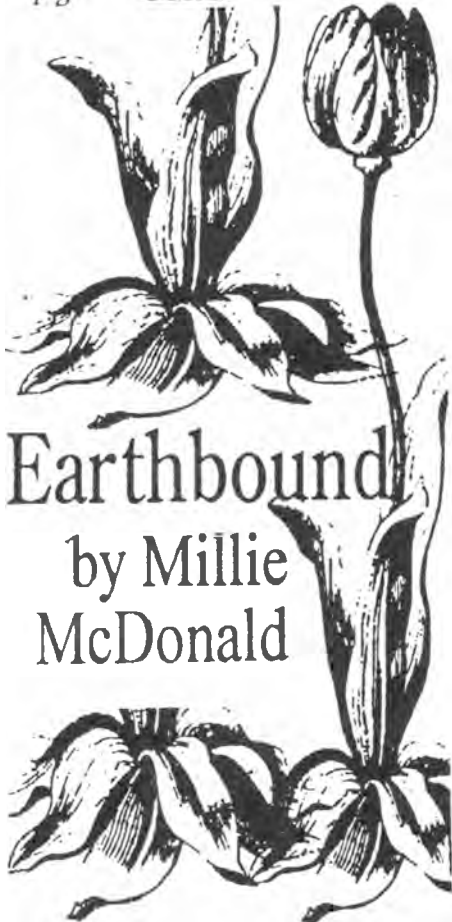
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Earthbound

by Millie
McDonald

A landscape architect is one whose profession is to arrange and modify the effects of natural scenery over a tract of land for aesthetic effect.

A landscape gardener is also one who becomes skilled in the development and decorative planting of gardens and grounds.

An amateur gardener usually has not had the opportunity to attend college and study horticulture to become a landscape architect, however, it is a relatively simple matter to become a landscape gardener if one is willing to learn the basic rules of gardening.

Study the soil and terrain of your property. Does the soil appear too sandy or contain too much clay? Contact your local county extension office and request the address of the nearest horticultural station that analyzes soil. The station will send you containers to place several samples of your soil to be mailed back to them. The station will then analyze the soil for you. You will receive a completed form which describes the condition of the soil, what it lacks, and recommendations to improve the condition of the soil. There is a small charge for this service.

After you have received this report and refurbished the soil with the recommended ingredients, it is time to make a diagram of the property on poster paper.

Draw your home and other buildings on your property, as well as the actual area you wish to plant. Also mark the areas showing the amount of sun and time of day the sun appears in the area. Make a notation of the water drainage on the property. Be sure any heavy drainage flows away from the planting areas.

Decide on the types of plants you wish to use - shrubs, annuals or sea-

sonal flowers. This is very important in planning your landscape. If you're not sure which plants will do well in your area, check your library for that as well as for plants that do well in sun or shade.

List your ideas in a notebook for future reference. Discuss your ideas with your local nursery. Look at other areas or neighborhoods that have beautiful yards. Study the seed catalogs to determine the plants you might like to use in your yard.

Since you have now determined the area you wish to plant, it is necessary to decide upon the number and

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type of plants needed to cover the area. You may want to get an estimate of the cost of the plants you wish to use from the local nursery.

Mark your chart with plant names that you would like near your home or along the edges of your yard. Remember that tall plants or shrubs should be planted in the back of the area to avoid shading smaller plants located in front of them. List the price of the plants in your notebook, so that you will know the exact cost of your landscaping job.

It is a good idea to work on one section of your yard; for example, start on the front yard instead of trying to work the entire area at one time. Buy your plants. Using stakes and twine, line up the area you plan to plant. Allow room for growth; however, do not leave too much room between plants, or there will be a "straggly" effect. Read the directions that accompany the plant.

You are now ready to get your hands dirty - this is the fun part. This is the method by which one becomes known as a landscape gardener.

A Bitter Legacy

No one in Huntsville, in 1902, was surprised when they learned the Rodgers and Ricketts families had been involved in a gun fight. The families had been feuding for years; so long that most people had forgotten what the feud was originally about.

The latest incident began when the elder Rodgers was accosted by members of the Rickett family while on his way to town. Harsh words were exchanged and both parties returned home to "gather their kin-folk."

Late that evening Jim Ricketts and Halbert Rodgers met on the banks of the Flint River. Both were armed with shotguns.

Hatred between the two families was so great that both parties immediately began firing.

The first blast caught Ricketts full in the chest and neck. A second later Rodgers fell to the ground grievously wounded in both legs.

Though Rodgers and Ricketts would live many years after the gun fight they would both remain crippled for the rest of their lives.

Jim Ricketts and Halbert Rodgers were both only thirteen years old.



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A TWIST! Greg Aweau, now of Hawaii, vacations in Huntsville. That's a twist. He was in The Vapors Club the other night, where he spent several year as the lights/sound technician. That's where bartenders **Ed DeSanctis** and **John Hanson** hold forth. It's also where waitress **Robin Gilliland** had a birthday date with **Don Fritz**.

When **Nick Droukas** moved his *Athenian Bakery and Restaurant* to Main Street South he inherited **Janice** and **Bob Langley**, a colorful pair, as regulars. That's also where **Elsie Olsen** and waiter **Demetri Cassimus** service customers. Our gang stops there for unusual coffees and tasty Napoleons, a French concoction inspired by customers **Helen Sockwell** and **Bill Kirk**.

Dr. Marx Pales, a musician's musician, will retire from his teaching duties at UAH on Sept. 30. "There goes my chances of becoming the world's greatest violinist," says he.

GOOD MORNING to **Marie Kruczek**, one of the excellent staffers at Pondersosa cafeteria, where we crossed paths the other night with

Calvary Nazarene pastor **Alan Howard** and wife **Nancy**.

Mary Drexler, a lovely local, brought **Jim Hardin** of Raleigh, N.C., on a round of merrymaking the other night, with **Paul Johnson** and **Juliana Yew** rounding out the entourage.

Finnegan's Pub is still a popular place to be with the karaoke crowd on Saturday nights. **J.O. Jennings** (you remember him as WBHP's **Jessie Oliver**) did a grand job of warbling **Jim Reeves** songs while **Sarah McLain** listened adoringly. Castner-Knot suit salesman **Jonathan Rosenblum** makes a fine **Randy Travis**.

ANTIQUES! **Carol Moore**, who deals in antiques while hubby, **Gen. Robert Moore**, advises, was in big conversation the other day with **Jane Mabry** of Antiques Etc. (Five Points) when we entered. They wanted to sell me.

THE CRAWLERS, the great blues band at Jay's Lounge, have a new CD on the market. It's called *The Crawlers* and includes **John Huber**, **Ray Brand** and **Bill Teichmiller**.

Tracie Anne Harvey and her co-

worker **Tommy Walker** are often part of the night scene at *Club V* after they end their shifts at Heritage Club around the corner.

Doug Clark and the *Hot Nuts* are interested in performing around here in mid-July. "We've got four nights open, so now we need a place to perform," says Clark via phone.

Randy Gillespie is still celebrating his birthday, although it was weeks ago. Longest party on record.

What a thrill crossing paths again with motorcyclist great **Richard Drake** after all these years. He was in **Floyd Hardin's** Jackson Way Barbershop the other day with sons **Duffy** and **Richard Alan**. Pretty wife **Monte** stayed home. Then came retired **Judge David Archer** with his pal **Luther Wikle** of *Smith & Lanier Insurance*. The affable judge has moved back to Las Vegas after a five-year stint in Niceville, Fla.

SWEETNESS! Some of the world's finest products come from this area. We recently discovered two of them: **Ramlyn Acres** brand of vidalia onions and peppers, made in Pulaski, Tenn., and a line of delicious jams and preserves from **Blueberry Hill Farms** in Winchester, Tenn. Both of these are topnotch. We heartily recommend them for your table.

The talented **Carlos Maddox**, with mom **Martha** and friend **Ginger Callen**, were part of the activity the other night in the amazing *Burrito Bandito*. Carlos is a staffer at the Space



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place. **David Pizitz** was there, too. He manages a *Boot Country* store in Chattanooga and will wed in July.

By now Cullman native **Steve Payne** and Tampa's **Donna Deans** are returning from their Hawaiian honeymoon, having wed May 27.

STRAIGHT-SHOTS! Pretty **Megen Stacy** and **Daniel Price** were making good shots the other night in *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards*. So was Decatur's **Mike Overall**, the Coca-Cola man. At the next table were Winn-

Dixie staffers **George Howard** and **Billy Eason**, who are Lee High students who regularly shoot pool at Johnny's. Other high schoolers in the place were **Jason Gurley**, **Brian Summers** and **William Hall** of Huntsville High. On the eve of her Gurley High school graduation, **Johnny Daversa** brought pretty **Wendy Whitlock** and her brother **Russell** to Tona's for serious billiards.

Tim Atchley has added DJ duties to his agenda at The Hop night spot. That's where we enjoy listening to *The Mersey Band*. They also have fine happy hour food as the weekends near.

Congrats to **Robin Lewter** of University Inn deskdom. She'll be a mom again in January.

Memphian **David Peeples** and some engineering pals gathered at Bubba's the other week to hear Lonesome Lovers do their fun music. They all came back on Thursday for the **Tony Mason/Tommy Sheppard** show, as did **Patrick Rentz**, **Colter Richard**, **Brian Bence**, **Donnie Roden**, **John Sutton** and **John McLauren**. That gang of Do-Do singers kept toasting the effervescent **Jayne Lowery** as "Tutu," the wonder woman. Athenians **Jeff Brown**, **Jody Stevenson** and pretty **Tony Watson** watched in amazement. **Allen Jenkins**


did a fine rendition of "Fire On the Mountain" while his lawyer pal **Danny Aldridge** played guitar and sang a couple of love ballads to pretty **Dana Lee Hall**.

BREAKFASTING! Race car driver **Greg Hannah** showed up at **Eunice's** breakfast table the other morning with **Kayron Meadows**, a Fort Payne cutie who moved here three years ago. At the next table were **Ed Starnes** and his **Rae**, who were on their way to exhibit his artwork in Parkway City. Scottsboro funeral magnate **W.A. Hinshaw**, who has an easy layaway plan for you, and his **Catherine** made their regular visit for ham and eggs. Meanwhile, Miss Eunice's surgery has mended nicely and she made a trip the other day to see grandson Stan graduate from Florida State, Tallahassee. She's even open again on Mondays.

This is **Be Nice To Rhonda Warren Week**. She's bound to win the Mother of the Year Award. Her handsome husband **Allen** is that renowned photographer at the *Huntsville Times*.

If you've wondered about bartender **Ricky Dale**, he's plying his trade these nights at Port of Madison in that

continued on page 30




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Diary Of A Confederate Soldier from Huntsville

Some of the incidents of the Civil War are extremely touching. We have before us the diary of a soldier of Huntsville, Ala., who was killed at Bull Run, which was taken from his pocket by a member of the New York Seventy-First Regiment.

His name was G. T. Anderson, and we learn from his posthumous record that on the 20th of April, with his brother Stephen, he "left home with a company of volunteers." He describes the parting with home and family and friends, and admits that he "hated to leave most awfully," but justifies himself by stating that his country was in danger. He mentions all that transpired the next day at Dalton, Ga., and tells us that the regiment to which his company was attached elected E. J. Jones, of Huntsville, colonel, and E. M. Law, lieutenant colonel.

May 5 he "woke up in Jonesborough, Tenn., about sunrise, saw lots of beautiful women, received a bouquet from a very nice girl, with a

soul-stirring inscription to it." This incident reminded him of home and his sister Pauline, concerning whom he has much to say. May 8 he "wrote home for the seventh or eighth time, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate States." Now the reality of his situation opened to him.

He "felt homesick," he says, "because he could not hear from home." At length he has two letters "from home." He has passed through Lynchburg, and in due time reaches Harper's Ferry. Here is his account of his first Sabbath at the Ferry:

"Sunday, May 19 - What a cold day for the 19th of May; everybody is acting as if it were Monday, all firing guns, cooking, playing cards, etc.; had a dress parade, Col. Jackson inspecting us. He is a large, fat old fellow; looks very much like an old Virginia farmer. Returned to camp, prepared and ate a scanty dinner. Had Episcopal service, and then a good old-fashioned sermon from our Pastor Chadick. Oh, how I loved to listen to him. Wrote a letter home; had another dress parade in the evening; rained all night."

This is not a bad fellow. All through his diary we find evidences of goodness. On another occasion we find that he has "finished the last chapter of the Acts," and that he has done little else than "read the Testament."

May 21 - he "received two letters from sister Carolina," and replied to them next day. We have a full view of this lad, for he records of himself now and then that he "feels very bad and unwell." He was greatly edified with Rev. Chadick's discourse Sunday, 27th, whose text was, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The duties of the camp

continued on page 24

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EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

A few peppercorns in your pepper shaker will keep the holes from clogging up, as well as give more of a pungent pepper flavor.

If you install a smoke detector, be sure and put one in your basement as well - a fire starting there may not trigger the other alarms in your home til it's too late.

So you went swimming and you ears are all plugged up? Here's a sure-fire way to unplug that ear. Tilt the ear with the water in it toward the floor, jump up and down on the corresponding foot - right ear, right foot, etc. Your ear will unplug immediately.

To keep that cheese block from hardening on the end - just butter the cut part.

Cottage cheese will remain fresher

'If you're seen smoking in here, you had better be on fire'

Sign seen at Harrison Brothers Hardware

longer if you store it upside down in your fridge.

To clean your cuticles - put your fingertips in a half lemon and wiggle them around for a minute or so.

When you try on shoes remember that heels shouldn't slip. Boots, however, should slip just a little bit.

To get soap scum off your fine jewelry, dip in a small bowl of rubbing alcohol and don't rinse.

To prevent mildew on your shower curtain, soak it in a solution of salt water before hanging.

Have ring around the toilet? Rub that ring with a section of fine sandpaper.

Eggs should be eaten, but not by the hens that lay them. Remove the tip of the beak once, and if that does not stop the trouble, then eat the hen.

When cutting marshmallows or dates, dip scissors into water first and cut them when wet.

Tablecloths and sheets should be folded crosswise occasionally. It will make them last longer.

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Diary

continued from page 22

now called him forth, and he tells us he "don't like to drill on Sunday a bit." His brother Stephen is attacked with what proved to be a fever.

"May 29 - I woke up and found it raining; Stephen has fever; cold day; drilled one hour, and I am now waiting for my breakfast; Stephen took the measles today; I moved him to a private

house and stayed with him at night; ate my supper with Mrs. Jordan; I intend to eat there all the time that she stays, if possible. Two companies of Virginians ordered off this evening for a fight somewhere."

We have him afterward in various moods. He is himself sick occasionally; but what with letters from home and the "prospect of a fight," and the recovery of Stephen, he becomes more cheerful.

"June 19 - Received a box of

cake and a pistol from home, with more letters; glad to get them at any time."

The regiment is withdrawn from Harper's Ferry. What follows will help to show at what time the reinforcements reached Manassas Junction.

"Sunday, July 7 - We were ordered to fall back to our old position near Winchester; some of the men thought it was a retreat and began to grumble; the general ordered a note to be read to his command, in explanation of his conduct; we started in an awful hot day; I fell out of the ranks, went off the road some distance, and got a splendid dinner from an old lady and two young ones - splendid milk, butter and bread - and I did ample justice to it; she upbraided us for leaving her to the mercy of the Yankees; I straggled into camp at sunset, completely exhausted, and went off to bed without supper.

July 10 - Received a letter from home, all well; have struck our tents and are lying around here waiting for orders; don't know what it means; a huge columbiad came up a few moments since to be placed upon this hill; that looks as if we were going to fight here; the militia and prisoners are engaged in throwing up breastworks and planting cannon for the defense of this place; the Yankees are advancing and seem determined to make an effort to drive us out from here, but I think they will fail; they outnumber us, can't outfight us; received orders to strike tents this evening, which we did, but a rain coming up, we pitched them again for shelter; expected all day for enemy to advance upon us.

July 14 - Struck tents again this morning at daylight, I suppose, to deceive the enemy as to our force, etc.; drilled two and a half hours on battalion drill. Read twenty psalms; helped draw provisions, cleaned up my pistol, loaded it and looked over a new paper; have now just completed writing a letter home; I wonder why "Chadick" did not preach.

July 18 - Received orders to strike tents and cook two days' provisions preparatory for a march; this was done and we lay around until evening before receiving orders; received them at last and went through Winchester; stopped in town until late, and bid farewell, I suppose for the last time to Winchester, about 5 o'clock; Six Kellogg

continued on page 26



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Big Snowball Battles At Rison School

by Ruby Crabbe

Watching the snow cover Huntsville this past winter brought back the memories I have of the snowball battles I had at Rison School. One snowfall, one snowball and one particular day I'll never forget.

If Mr. Fain could be here I'm sure he would say he never forgot that day either. The day started out just like any other snowy day. Nothing unusual about a knock down, dragout snowball fight between the girls and boys at Rison School. But this one particular day proved otherwise. Both girls and boys had their schemes all worked out - throw the snowball, then run back inside the school building. Thinking I was going to out-smart those boys I stood just outside the building but in the shelter of a big tree. No one noticed how busy I was behind that big tree! I was rolling up the biggest snowball you've ever seen. I rolled that snowball, patted it, and rolled it again. Ice water was running out of it and I guess you could call it an ICEBALL instead of a snowball. I said to myself, "the next boy who stepped out of the school building would feel the impact of that hard ice ball!"

Wasn't long before I saw a foot, then a leg, then I threw that iceball with all the strength I had in my throwing

arm. Too late I saw Mr. Fain as he stepped directly in front of my speeding iceball. He hit the ground so hard that the little satchel he was carrying flew open and the papers inside were snatched up by the wind and scattered here, yonder and everywhere! I stood rooted to the ground in horror! I didn't know if I should run, go see about him, or just stand there like a frozen dummy.

Every time Mr. Fain would try to get up his feet would slip on that hard frozen ground and down he would go again. When he finally did manage to stand he looked around and all he saw was one lonely figure standing there - me. All my buddies had suddenly disappeared into thin air. I felt like a soldier who had been abandoned in war by his buddies. When Mr. Fain got through yelling at me he told me to go home and write 250 sentences: "I must not throw snowballs."

Being very clever, I had my friends help me write those sentences. Next morning found me in his office, and with all those 250 sentences. He checked them out and then said, "Go home and write me 500 sentences, 'I must not throw snowballs.'" Next day he checked those 500 sentences out, sat there for the longest time before he spoke. Somehow I had a gut feeling he

knew I had only written 250 sentences and the carbon paper I had used for the other 250 sentences. I could swear he had a twinkle in his eye when he said, "Go home and write me 1000 of those same sentences." I knew right then there was no way I could outsmart Mr. Fain.

It took me a long time to write those sentences, but I'll guarantee one thing - I wrote every one of them myself. I just knew by the time I got all of them ready it would be time for another good snowfall. The snowball I hit Mr. Fain with was the last snowball I ever threw while attending Rison School. Mr. Fain never forgot that particular day because years and years later, when my children were going to school at Rison, and when the ground was white with snow, he told them all about "almost getting killed with a snowball."

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Diary

continued from page 24

marched nearly all night; slept about two hours; found ourselves on the road at daylight, the 19th, weary, indeed; rested awhile and then marched to the Shenandoah; rested there about five hours, waded the stream and pitched out again to the relief of Beauregard, who they said was pressed by overwhelming odds; arrived at Piedmont Station about one hour after dark, completely worn out; went to sleep, but was aroused by a rain in a few minutes; crept under a shelter of wheat, but got wet, having left my coat in the wagon; dried myself, procured a shawl from Uncle Washington, and slept until after midnight; was roused by orders to "fall in;" did so, and crowded on board the cars for Manassas, where we arrived about 10 o'clock a.m. of the 20th; rested awhile, bought some butter and prepared to eat, having not eaten for two days, received orders to march again and said we were going right into the fight; heard a good deal of bragging about the fight of the 17th, though it was not much of a fight; moved about

two miles and bivouacked in the woods, where some bread and meat soon reached us, and we walked right into it like starved hounds eat, now and then all day; slept a little, and slept well at night; got up a little after sunrise on the 21st, broiled my meat and ate it with some old crackers full of bugs; expecting orders to march every moment; will get them, I think, for it is Sunday; we will fight, I suppose, before another week.

This closed the diary, and a few hours later the writer lay a corpse upon the battlefield. - George Anderson, Company 1, Fourth Alabama.

The End

Bill Clinton does not discriminate. He makes everyone mad equally.

Bumper sticker seen on University Drive,



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A Sad Accident

From 1897 newspaper

On Saturday morning last, Miss Nancy Rogers, daughter of the late Benj. Rogers, residing two and one half miles north of Maysville in this county, left home on a mule to attend preaching at Maysville. Some hours after, the mule was seen grazing in Perry L. Harrison's cornfield which lies between two roads to Maysville, one a broad public road, the other a more private road. She probably took the latter because more shady, and, hence, the riderless mule was not sooner seen. Inquiry was made in Maysville whether she had been there, and no one had seen her. Search for her was then begun by a hundred or more persons (it is said), through the field and elsewhere till a late hour at night and renewed Sunday morning. About 12 a.m. she was found lying in the cornfield with her skull broken over the left eye and unconscious. She was removed and doctors sent for. Dr. Fleming Jordan performed the operation of trephining and said she might recover if inflammation did not set in.

Two men were arrested on suspicion of assault with intent to rob her, and one of them having told the searching party that there was no use in looking for her in the field strengthened the suspicion, as she was found there; and there was talk of hanging him. But the doctors and others concluded from the nature of the wound and the vicious traits of the mule and its tracks that Miss Rogers had dismounted and the mule got away and jumped over the fence into the field and when Miss R. walked behind it to catch it, it kicked her. So, the men were discharged.

Yesterday, we learned that Miss R. was still unconscious and had only spoken once, exclaiming, "Oh, Lord!" She exhibited restlessness but hopes were still had for her recovery.

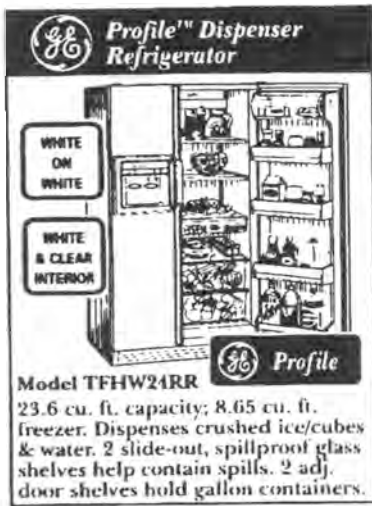
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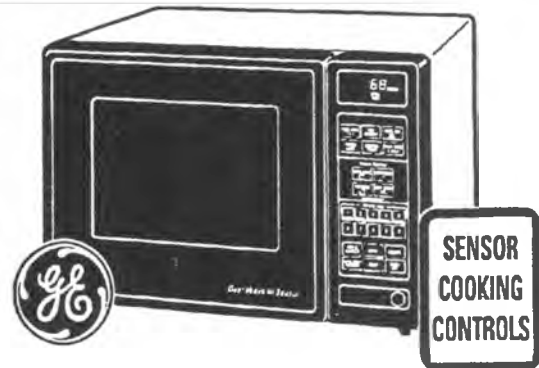
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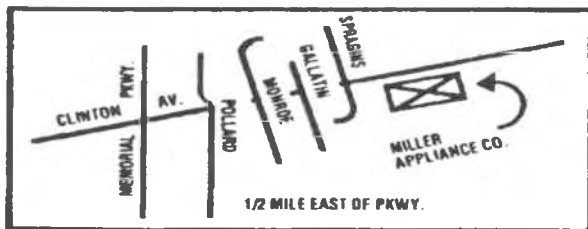
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Sweet Southern Puddings and Sauces

Angel Food Pudding

- 2 egg whites with pinch of salt
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1 tbl flour
- 1 cup English walnuts chopped coarse
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1 cup dates cut fine

Beat eggs whites stiff; sift flour and baking powder with sugar; add to beaten eggs gradually; add fruits and pour into a buttered baking dish; place dish in hot water with several thicknesses of paper in pan of water; bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes, or until firm; cool and serve with whipped cream.

Date Whip

- 2 cups dates, pitted
- 1/3 cup water
- juice of one fresh orange
- 1 cup diced marshmallows
- 1 cup thick cream
- pinch salt

Mix cream, marshmallows and salt; let stand one hour. Stew dates slowly in 1/3 cup water til tender. Set aside to cool and then cut into small pieces; add orange juice. Whip cream mixture stiff and fold in the dates. Fill Charlotte glasses and serve.

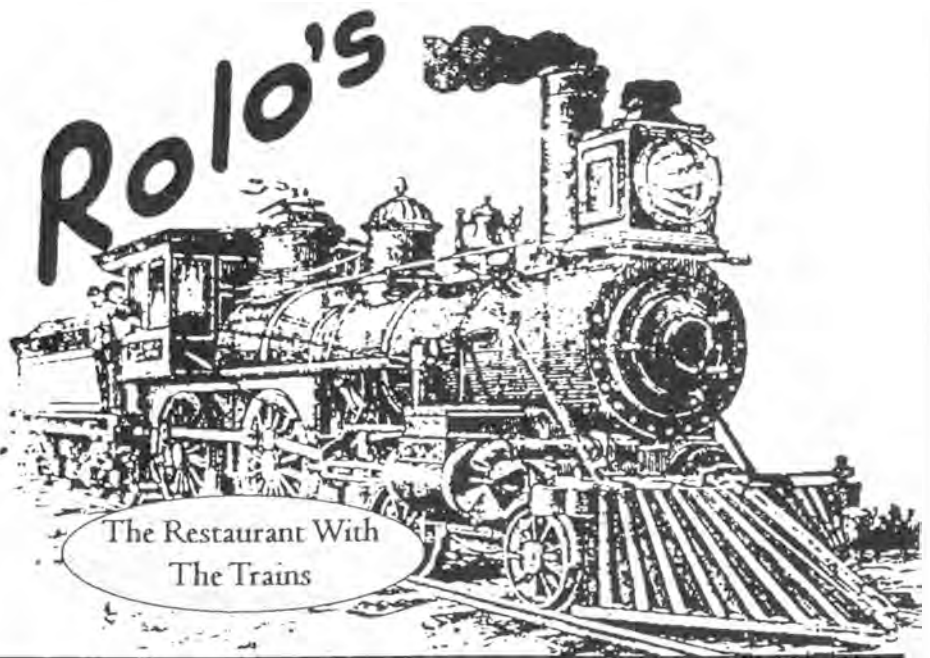
Cottage Pudding with Brown Sugar Sauce

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups flour
- 4 tbl butter
- 1 egg
- 4 tsp baking powder
- 1/2 tsp salt

Bake in deep layer pan in moder-

ate (325) oven til firm, about 35 minutes. Cut in cubes and serve with the following sauce:

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 4 tbl flour
- 2 tbl butter
- 1 tbl sweet spiced vinegar from sweet pickles
- 1 tsp vanilla
- Mix flour with sugar. Over this



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pour hot water, add other ingredients. Cook til clear and thick as sauce. Serve over the pudding.

Floating Island

Make a boiled custard of 1 pint milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 3 egg yolks, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and lemon juice mixed.

With three egg whites, make a meringue - using 3 tablespoons sugar and a pinch of salt. Heat milk in double boiler, drop meringue by spoonful on top of hot milk, cook, turn over when done, lift carefully onto a platter to drain and continue until all is cooked, color pink the remaining half and finish cooking.

Now make a boiled custard of the milk, sugar and egg, adding that which has drained from the meringue. Let it get cold, place the meringue in a glass dish and pour over the custard. Serve very cold in Charlotte glasses.

Put gelatine to soak in cold water. Take half of the sugar and burn in a dry frying pan to a golden brown, add boiling water and simmer til caramel is melted. Add the gelatine, melt thoroughly, cool, add lemon juice. Beat egg whites stiff and dry, add the remaining sugar, beat two minutes. Add cold caramel, continue beating until quite stiff, pour into mold to get firm. Make a boiled custard sauce of the three yolks (follows) and serve over the top.

Boiled Custard Sauce
 1 pint sweet milk
 1/2 cup sugar
 3 egg yolks
 1/2 tsp vanilla and lemon juice mixed

Heat the milk, add sugar and cool slightly. Add yolks and flavoring, and let mixture get cold. Pour over top of Caramel Sponge molds.

thick. Turn into a buttered pan. Make meringue of the whites of eggs and 4 tablespoons sugar. Put on top and bake in 350 oven 40 minutes and lightly browned.

Old Tyme Chocolate Sauce

1 cup sugar
 2 squares chocolate melted
 1 tsp vanilla
 1/2 cup milk
 2 egg yolks or 1 whole egg
 pinch salt

Melt chocolate mix with two tablespoons sugar; add a little milk to mix to paste. Beat eggs and add to chocolate; add sugar and over all pour the hot milk. Cook in double boiler until it will coat the spoon and be glossy; add vanilla and salt. Serve over pudding or ice cream hot or cold.

Caramel Sponge

1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup boiling water
 3 eggs
 1 tbl gelatine in 1/3 cup cold water
 2 tbl lemon juice

Kiss Pudding

1 quart sweet milk
 6 tbl corn starch
 1 cup sugar
 4 eggs

Scald the milk, mix corn starch with a little water, add to milk with sugar; add beaten yolks and cook til

Federal aid to education should begin with teaching arithmetic in Washington.

Dave Hawkins

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Billy Joe

continued from page 21

town's Holiday Inn. That's where musical genius **Tim Gordon** performs nightly on his many instruments.

Karl Peterson tends bar these nights at *The Corner* on Bailey Cove Road. His guitarist brother **Keith** ("T.K.") plays there one night a week, when he's not the regular entertainer at **Glenn Bracken's Gold Rush Lounge** in The Mall.

DOG DAYS? Arab's **Bradley Wisener** came to Huntsville parties the other night after being bitten on the arm by a dog. Everybody signed his bandage. With him, but not bitten, were **Chris Hunt** and **Jeana Porch**. They topped the night off at Club V.

James A. Trott III and his pretty **Missy Pickens** made up part of the Huntsville Blues the other night, as did **Mark Haymes** and his brother **Lee**.

They were part of the gang at Kaffeeklastch.

Meanwhile, Finnegan's Irish Pub was the place to be for the singalong crowd. **Chuck Cook**, a New Jerseyite, and **Mike Pascal**, a Connecticut yankee, took time out from their moving chores to join the festivities.

RADIO ADVERTISING whiz **Jim Hutson** is back in town and has joined the staff at WAHR (99.1). He's been promoting radio in the southeast for years.

Sanford McLain, one of the owners at Vapors Club has added some bigtime bands to his roster, *Shyanne* is just finishing and, on Sunday, June 27, the popular Virgin Records band *Brother Crane*, which has a top hit in the charts, will do a special show. Master musicians **Glenn Maxey** of Huntsville and **Damon Johnson** of Geraldine are in this group.

Travelers **Chuck** and **Annelie Owens** have returned from another of

their famous globe trotings. This time they frolicked for a month in Germany and Ireland.

SUMMER LIGHTS festival in Nashville was again the South's biggest party of the season. We joined the likes of **Webb Wilder**, **Jacky Christian**, **Tammy Wynette** and pretty **Martina McBride**, who will be the next female country sensation, no doubt. Even **Jeff Madison** of WDRM's (100.2) night staff will be quick to agree.

Speaking of parties to be remembered, that was a fine family-type get-together at **David and Janet Milly's** boathouse property Memorial weekend on Guntersville Lake. All their *Theatrical Lighting Systems* employees were there.

If you talk about things you know nothing about, people may think you're running for public office.
Ron Eyestone



It's Time For A Change



Jean's On Franklin

801 Franklin St. ♡ 539-4871 ♡ Monday-Friday, 9:30-5:30 ♡ Saturday, 9:30-5:00



The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

That time of year is finally with us, when we head for the beaches or lay out around the swimming pool. The tendency seems to be to get out in the sun after the long winter and get a good healthy tan. It doesn't always work that way.

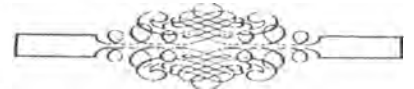
We should realize that the sun can be most dangerous. Too much exposure can cause serious burns, and possibly lead to skin cancer. Ultraviolet radiation is primarily responsible for the sun's effect on your skin. One way to minimize the danger caused by exposure to the sun is by the use of sunscreens. Whenever you are in the sun, you should be sure to use one that is appropriate for your type of skin. These sunscreens work by absorbing ultraviolet rays, or by physically preventing them from ever reaching your skin by blocking.

Sunscreens are labeled according to their degree of effectiveness with a "sun protection factor" or SPF. If your skin is dark the likelihood of getting sunburned is rare, and you can probably do with a SPF-2 sunscreen. However, dermatologists recommend a sun protection factor of 15 for maximum protection. Most forms of skin cancer are preventable and a sunscreen with an SPF 15 should do the job for most of us.

If you must sunbathe, do so sensibly. For example, when you are ex-

posed to the sun for the first time of the season, limit your time to not more than about 20 to 30 minutes. This time can be increased each day until you start to tan. Be sure to use a sunscreen, and avoid exposure in the sun during the mid-day hours between eleven in the morning, and two in the afternoon. Once your tan is started, use plenty of suntan oil or lotion to soothe your skin. If you do get a sunburn, you should protect the skin,

even while in the water swimming, by wearing clothing, or applying a sunscreen or sunblock. You should not sunbathe again until all signs of the sunburn have disappeared. You can take aspirin to relieve discomfort. If your sunburn doesn't soon improve, consult your physician.



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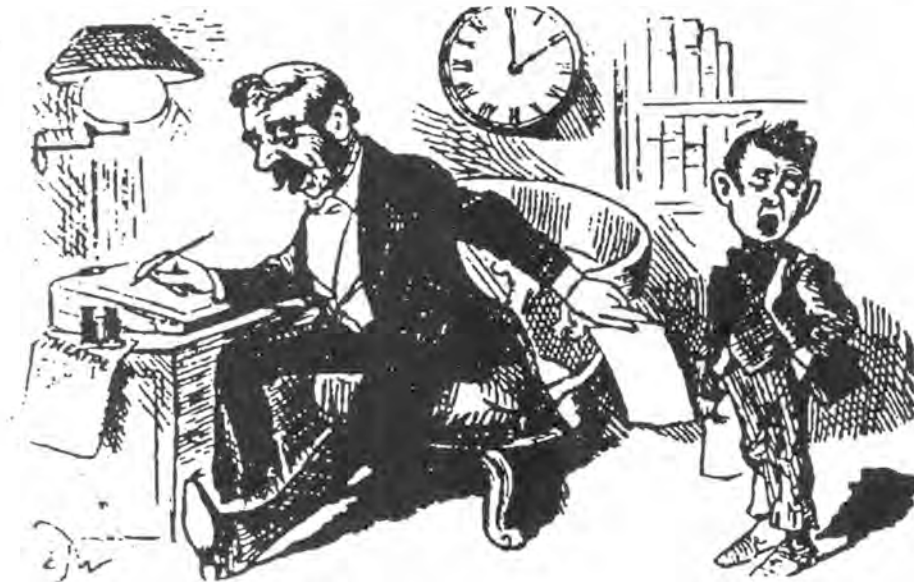
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

It was with a great deal of interest that I read and re-read the article "Life on the Old Plantation" by Charles R. Wells in issue 32 of "Old Huntsville." Although the article is a fond recount of events which I am too young to remember, I would like to set the record straight on one misleading geographic fact. The area referenced by Mr. Wells, which is west of Huntsville along Highway 72 West/University drive (old Athens Pike), is actually composed of three large farms.

One of the farms is indeed the "Beasley Farm" and lies south of Hwy. 72 down to a bluff overlooking Indian Creek. During my lifetime, the area beginning with the southwest corner of Rideout Road and Hwy. 72 and running along 72 to the present entrance to Research Park West has been known as the "Moore Farm."

This farm may indeed have once been the eastern portion of the Beasley place, I am not familiar with the Moore farm history. I am, however, quite familiar with the third farm along Hwy. 72 West, the "McMurtrie Farm." Being a forth generation heir/resident who presently still lives on our family farm, I have a researched abstract deed which traces our land beyond that time described by Mr. Wells.

Our farm began where the cur-

rent Holderfield Furniture store is, on either side of 72 and ran to the end of where the car dealerships are on the south side and where West Ridge is on the north. Our farm ran north to Old Monrovia Road and south for several acres, originally covering 200+ acres before being bisected by Athens Pike (Hwy. 72).

Our family cemetery remains on the property today (north side, behind Regal Nissan) and McMurtrie Lane bears the family name on the south side. Over the years the family farm has been developed by Holderfields, Farmers Tractor, Hill

Crest Motel (the old Green Lantern), and West Park, a private industrial development. Currently two family members retain title to parcels of land on the south side of 72, none on the north.

Although the Beasley farm does exist, it did not run along Hwy. 72 but behind our farm. Thank you for indulging my family pride and allowing me to set the record straight.

Jimmie Parvin
Huntsville, Al.

Dear Old Huntsville,

Here's an idea for those who have fresh basil and don't want to stuff any more pesto into their freezers.

Use your blender to puree the fresh basil with a little water, then pour the mixture into an ice cube tray. Freeze this until solid, then pop out the cubes and store them in a plastic bag in your freezer. Basil ice cubes can be dropped into soups or sauces to imbue them with that fresh basil flavor.

Mrs. J.R. Starkey
Cullman, Al.

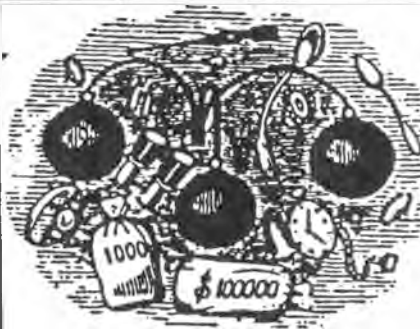
Dear Old Huntsville:

I am renewing my subscription again. I very much enjoy "Old Huntsville," especially articles and stories by Billy Joe Cooley. I love the recipes, old remedies and helpful hints. It's a truly interesting and enjoyable magazine.

Dorothy L. Brown
Huntsville, Al.



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HUNTSVILLE LANDMARKS

BY CLARENCE SCOTT

Monkeynaut Miss Baker, Huntsville's First Lady In Space

On May 28, 1959 two monkeys (a squirrel monkey named Baker and a rhesus monkey named Able) were strapped into the nose cone of a Huntsville-built Jupiter ballistic missile and blasted into a fifteen-minute suborbital space flight to test effects of this new environment on mammals before man would risk himself in his quest for the stars.

Although both monkeynauts survived the historic flight, Able died soon after re-entry when medical instruments were being removed from his body. Miss Baker, the sole survivor, would go on to live an incredible twenty-five more years while becoming one of the world's most famous and adored monkeys.

Miss Baker was born in a Peruvian jungle in 1957. She was taken from her habitat shortly thereafter and was subjected to an intense pre-flight program to condition her to being strapped into a miniature couch during her flight for mankind. She was a spunky little squirrel monkey all her life. Her first response to humans after the flight was to bite her handler. Her last act before her death in 1984 was again to bite her handler.

In between she became the cornerstone and prime attraction of the Huntsville Space and Rocket Center. She was in no small way responsible for the museum's growth and popularity

that today has reached international proportions. Miss Baker was beloved by children all over the world and in her lifetime received thousands of letters and appeared on twenty network news shows over the years. Typical letters to Miss Baker usually inquired of her health and would ask her if she needed or wanted a new friend. Children also were curious if Miss Baker saw any Martians while in space and one child wrote and wondered if she had seen Jesus during her celebrated journey.

The care, love and attention Miss Baker received from the Huntsville Space and Rocket Center was outstanding and deeply felt. The little monkey (14-ounces) was under meticulous medical care during her entire life in captivity. Besides her Huntsville veterinarian, the Yerkes Primate Center's monkey specialists in Atlanta were always on call in case of any dramatic change in Miss Baker's condition.

Unfortunately, nothing is forever and in the late fall of 1984 Miss Baker passed into legend. Her death was mourned worldwide for she was the little squirrel monkey that blazed a trail into space that men and women would later follow. Her tombstone at the Space and Rocket Center reads:

MISS BAKER
SQUIRREL MONKEY
BORN 1957
DIED NOV 29, 1984
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AND RETURN ALIVE
MAY 28, 1959



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Olabelle's Ashes go to Opryland

by Billy Joe Cooley

"No, I don't want to be buried in the ground," said 75-year-old widow Olabelle Gold as she swapped small talk with serious-minded Charlie Rice, her friend of many years. "I'm gonna be cremated and have my ashes scattered across Opryland."

"Well, yes, I guess cremation is the way of these modern times," Charlie agreed.

"But, I can't decide whether to have them grind me up or chop me up. They don't just burn you whole, y'know," she added mischievously,

looking him straight in the face for some indication that he was believing her cock-eyed theory.

"No, I didn't know," Charlie said, believing every word of it.

The conversation was taking place on the bank of the Flint River at Bill Webster's crab-boil and outing last month. Several distinguished guests had gathered at Bill's house on the site of the old Bell Factory, where thread was made for many years.

City Councilman Bill Kling, who

is always glad to hear wisdom from the elderly, caught part of the conversation, dipped himself a bowl of gumbo and pulled up a chair. So did Dr. Preston Farish, former member of the city school board.

"Why, Lordy no," lied Olabelle. "It'd take forever for them to burn an entire body. They just grind you up or chop you up like you'd do barbecue."

Webster's son Jed, an observant young man, spoke up: "Me and my brother Perry were passing the graveyard the other day and saw a mighty big tombstone with your name on it, alongside your husband's name."

"That's right, I've seen it, too," spoke up David Wright.

"Well," explained Olabelle, "Don't put much stock in that."

"You mean you don't want to be laid to rest beside your husband?"

"That's for sure," she said. "He's always griping and complaining and being the perfect dirt farmer. John won't take me anywhere, just wants to dig in the ground even though I've begged him for years to take me to Opryland. Oh, no! All he wants to do is hang around the house and dig in the ground."

Bill Webster, being the fine host that he is when he's not being a tree surgeon, interjected a sensible question:

"That gravestone already has your names on it, and your birthdates. Are you just gonna demolish the stone?"

"Oh, goodness no," she flipped back. "That'd be a waste of money. It's a huge gravestone, so I'm having it engraved with a proper message for future generations.

It'll read: "John's here, but Olabelle's gone to Opryland." That should explain it.

"Surely you don't mean that," said an astonished Charlie, who has been John's friend since childhood.

"I sure do," replied Olabelle, casting a playful wink in our direction.

"Actually, I may even have John cremated. I could mix his ashes up in some marijuana and smoke him. Who knows, he might provide me with a grand and glorious time at last."

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New Market, Its Beginning

by Hermon Humphrey, Esq.

(taken from *The Advocate*, 1877)

The first settlement made where New Market now stands was that of two brothers, George and Jacob Broiles. They came to this county in the year 1806 and selected that spot as a home. They at first employed themselves in deadening timber and clearing land and in the course of a year or two had a pretty little farm.

Settlers came in rapidly, and other industries than farming were demanded. George Broiles built the first blacksmith shop in that part of what is now Madison County. Being a capital smith, his services were worth a vast deal to the pioneers. Plows, axes, hoes, and the various other necessary farm utensils were made by those early smiths, who worked with no other tools than the simple anvil, hammer and tongs, found in the frontier shops. In the year 1808 the first tan-yard ever established in the county or state was begun by one Trump, in the vicinity of Broile's farm. This was of great use to the country.

The hides of their beef cattle were a dead loss to the settlers before the opening of this enterprise. Leather was very costly, owing to the great distance the wagons from Baltimore were required to haul it. The process of tanning in those days was the same as that followed by the country tan-yards of the present time. Lime and water were used to clean the hides from the hair and grease, and common red-oak bark furnished the tannic acid that changed the fleshy fiber into leather.

The method of obtaining tan-bark proved very destructive to the forest timber in the county. The largest and straightest of the red oaks, which are the monarchs of our forest, were cut down in the spring "when the sap had risen" and entirely stripped of their rough coats of rich bark, and left naked to wither and rot in the solitude of the wilderness. One could not help feeling something akin to sympathy when looking at the prostrate, naked, bleeding body of the fallen giant veiling himself with his foliage of withered, crumbling leaves.

Many of the trees that were cut down for tan-bark were split into rails for farming purposes. The trunk was cut into sections ten feet in length and then split by means of wedge, glut and maul, into pieces of the required size. As the land was more extensively cleared up, rail making became an important part of the work of the farmer. This was another use to which our finest forest trees were put. All over the woodland you could hear the clang and ring of the axes chopping their way through the huge bodies of the trees; ever and anon the crack of breaking splitters, limbs and twigs, and then the fearful thunder of the fall.

From the year 1808 up to the year 1818, the first inn or tavern in this section of the country was kept by one Rowan. The old-fashioned inns were the place of most importance in the country, as being the places of general resort and sight-seeing, and frequently formed the nucleus around which saloons, then called groceries, and blacksmith shops and muster grounds, were established. Of these inns we shall yet



have something to say.

One George Smith bought the land extending from what is now the main street in New Market (the Huntsville road) eastward to the old Indian boundary line and built the first store house in the village; next came one Moses Poare, an old soldier of the revolution, and built a cabin where Dr. Tallafarro now lives. Fred Jones made a settlement at the Berry (Fagun) Spring, and did a good service for the county by planting out an orchard of fruit trees, the first ever planted in the county of Madison. His experiment was eminently successful and showed to the settlers that fruit

would grow and ripen lusciously among the delightful hills and vales of North Alabama. After this, all the old settlers had a score or more of fine fruit trees and revelled in the luxury of delicious peaches, pears and apples. It is greatly to be regretted that this branch of profitable and pleasant industry is neglected by the farmers of the present day.

Dudley Day established the first saddler's shop, and for a long time supplied the wants of the community in this line; many of our early saddlers were fine workmen, and experienced men pronounce some of the old coun-

try-made saddles superior to those of the present time. One James Browning opened the second store in the town of New Market but was unsuccessful in business and soon closed up and betook himself to other business.

About the year 1818, at the instance of George Smith, a man by the name of Burns was employed to survey the land now forming the site of New Market and to lay it off in lots of various sizes. This was the first establishment of the town. The lots were put upon the market and sold as represented in the reported survey. Inducements were offered to persons who would permanently reside there and to mechanics and artisans. A number of settlers came in and purchased lots on the easy terms of credit, then customary, and began improvements.

After a short time it was discovered that the lots did not hold out with the reported survey, and quite a number of the buyers at the sale became dissatisfied and relinquished their purchases. Many left this section of the county altogether. Good surveyors were scarce in those days, and much trouble resulted from the incorrect plots and inaccurate lines established by unskilled individuals. County surveyors in subsequent years were compelled to do a vast deal of tedious and difficult work in order to accurately fix permanent landmarks for future use.

About the first of the year 1819, New Market received a very useful citizen in the person of John Miller. This gentleman was the ancestor of the Miller family now owning property in and around New Market. Miller bought the inn and other property of Rowan, and built the first mill ever erected in that neighborhood, at a point near the spot where Davis' and Rogers' mills now stand. The "old mill race" was constructed by him.

There were but few mills in the county during the first ten years of its existence. These were at such inconvenient distances from many settlers that it was better for them to make their own meal at home. This was accomplished by mortar and pestle. The mortar was made by cutting off the end of a log about two feet in diameter, forming a block three feet in length. This was placed to an upright position and a fire kindled on the end. In this way the



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concaiving of the mortar was formed. A small, well seasoned ash or hickory maul constituted the pestle, and then the "homegrist mill" was completed. When the rich kernels of Indian corn had been well beaten and sifted and were made into ash-cakes or Johnny cakes, it was found that the natural sweetness of the grain still remained to give its delicious flavor to the bread. A person who has never eaten an ash cake made of beaten meal can form not even an approximate idea of the true excellence of cornbread.

John Miller built the first framed house ever built in New Market, and perhaps the first in the county of Madison. This was the large framed building where Dr. Hall now lives. Most of the homes built in the early days of our county were like the pioneer house of John Hunt, heretofore described. These spacious log houses, with wide halls, were convenient, comfortable and safe. Many persons now remember with unfeigned pleasure the old style country homes of their friends and relatives. The music of the rain on the board roof, the daylight smiling you awake through cracks and crannies, the fresh air whispering health to your cheek, the grand old fireplace and jam, with half a cord of wood in its great black jaws blazing, sparkling, crackling; the lid ovens, the pewter spoons, all tell of a rural simplicity contentment and happiness long since departed.

George Smith built the house in which Mr. Greenlee now lives. About the year 1825 W.D. Hayter and John W. Estell opened the third store house. In 1833 Staples and Patrick came to New Market with a stock of goods and did business in a house they had erected on the spot where Laxon's store now stands. Holden and Echols built the Criner store and sold goods there in the year 1834. The same year, William Mill built a residence near the Miller house, and on the north side of the creek. He also built the second blacksmith shop ever opened in the town, at the place where Turner's shop now stands.

A man by the name of Drake first lived where A. Hambrick now resides and had a shop near the large gate. Drake lived here but a short while, and when he left John Williams built the house near the well and dug the well on Mr. Hambrick's lot, and established

workshops along the front part of that lot. About this time Dr. Humphries came to New Market and opened an office. The offices of physicians in those days were well supplied with drugs and medicines, and filled the place of regular drug stores. Dr. Norris and Dr. Cabaniss arrived soon afterwards. These gentlemen were the first physicians who established themselves at New Market.

The first machine shop belonged to Messrs. J. and D. Sibley who built and lived where Turner now lives. The shop was situated at the north end of the bridge. The first drinking saloon stood where Dr. Hall's store now stands and was used by one Ab. Brown. The first tailor's shop was opened by Joseph Brown. The first house of worship erected in the village was a union church, built by the Cumberland Presbyterians and Methodists jointly and stood where the brick church is now situated. The Baptist denomination built the church they now use. Fum and Hackney were the first dancing masters.

Much more could be written about our beloved town and its stalwart citizens of yesteryear but it will have to wait for a more able pen than mine.

Perhaps someday, someone will finish the task.

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Puttin' Food On The Table

by Cecil Mae Mitchell Carroll

These days people often assume there was always a wide variety of food on the farm. This is an error born of our familiarity with a worldwide transportation system and electric refrigeration. On the farm without electric power there was no way of keeping food cool. Fresh meat had to be eaten within a couple of days. Milk would sour overnight. Fresh vegetables and fruit were available only for the short time of their particular season. Oranges were a special treat for Christmas, shipped by train from Florida. Vegetables and fruit for the rest of the year were either canned, preserved, or dried.

The problem of food variety was compounded at our farm because, looking back, I can see that neither Mamma nor Daddy were good managers. Both of them worked hard and with a family of eleven children they certainly needed to work hard. But Daddy was always intent on making a money crop, growing cotton even when there was not a good market for cotton. He farmed as had his father and his father before him, without considering the changing world.

Of course there was a need for a money crop because we had to have money for clothing, food staples we couldn't grow, and farm equipment.

Especially there had to be money to pay the rent on the farm. After I was 16, Daddy bought a farm but each year he had only enough money to pay the interest on the loan. Once, Daddy did raise some peas because a portable pea thrasher was brought to the house to thrash the peas. There were many more peas than we could eat, so I suppose he sold the rest. Usually, however, cotton was the only money crop. So, like it or not, Daddy was locked into a system where each year he had to, with back breaking labor, raise enough cotton to obtain money to stay even with his obligations.

One problem was that the price of cotton fluctuated rather wildly and sometimes it was hardly worth picking. Once, just before World War 1, cotton was only three cents a pound. That year Daddy was renting the farm from his father and he had to borrow money to pay the rent. There was a jingle that summed up the situation.

“Ten cent cotton and twenty cent meat ...

How in the world can a poor man eat ?”

It would be nice to say that Daddy was able to overcome all adversity and make a success of farming but, after Mamma died, Daddy seemed to lose heart. During the Great Depression of the 1930s he, like many other farmers, didn't make enough to pay the interest on the farm loan and the bank foreclosed. Daddy was able to make a meager living farming until all the children left home.

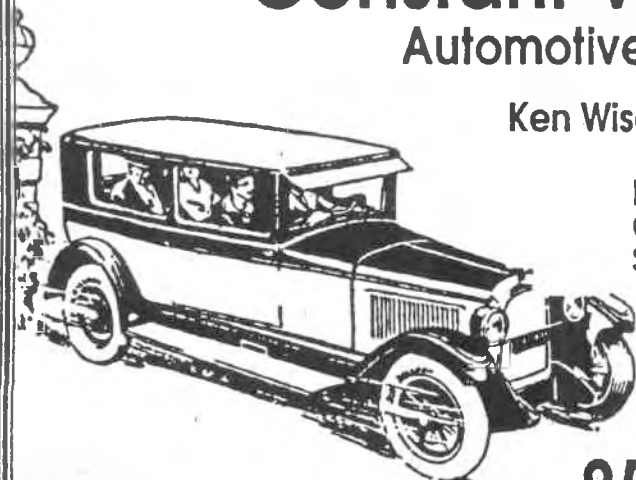
When Daddy died of a sudden heart attack in 1944 while he was visiting me in Birmingham, his entire estate was the money in his pocket, just barely enough to pay the emergency room bill. In the larger sense Mamma and Daddy were a great success; they raised eleven children who all were hard working, honorable members of society. I don't think anyone could achieve higher honor than that.

After the money crop, the next concern was food for the livestock, hay and corn. The garden to grow vegetables for the family was considered to be the job of the women and children. Outside of plowing it in the spring, Daddy more or less ignored the

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vegetable garden. Daddy never seemed to realize that with only about an hour's work each week he could have had a large productive garden. The money saved by the better garden would have been more than the tiny loss on the money crop.

Vegetables that could be preserved for the winter had to be a first consideration. Of course we ate the fresh vegetables in season, but often the time span when they were ready was fairly short. Turnip greens, poke salad, and radishes were the first fresh vegetables of Spring and we were all hungry for fresh greens.

I should point out that 'poke salad' was the old English terminology where 'salad' means green leaves. The leaves of the poke-berry plant are poisonous, as are the berries of the plant. In the spring the young tender leaves were picked and then boiled in water. The water was discarded, new water was added and the leaves boiled again. This process was usually repeated three times so as to leach out all the poison. You may be assured that if you just took the fresh leaves and ate them with a salad dressing you would become deathly ill.

English peas and onions were in season soon after the turnip greens. During the hard times after the Civil War Grandma ate dandelion greens but we never ate them at our house.

There was home canning to put up surplus vegetables but, since there was no pressure cookers, the effort to sterilize the canned vegetables was a hit or miss affair. At least half of the home canned vegetables spoiled.

Sauerkraut was made by putting shredded cabbage into a large stone crock; a layer of cabbage and a layer of salt. Water was added to cover the cabbage and a stone was placed on the cabbage to press it down below the water level. A cloth was placed over the crock. I always liked the homemade sauerkraut.

Pickles did not spoil as often as the other vegetables because they depended on the liquid to prevent the bacteria from growing. We used pickled cucumbers and beets. Pickled peaches were a great favorite. We made our own pepper sauce by soaking little red peppers in vinegar. The peppery vinegar was used to spice up the greens.

Onions were tied by their tops into strings and peppers were threaded onto strings. The strings of onions and pep-

pers were suspended from rafters wherever they could be protected from the elements.

Dried fruits and vegetables were a staple for out-of-season use. Dried beans and peas were a big item. The peas and beans were allowed to dry on the vines. I hated to pick the dried peas - mostly whippowills and black-eyed - the pods were hard and cut my hands. I was really delighted when we got a hand pumped pea thrasher. Of course dried corn was a mainstay for both man and beast, we ate the ground corn meal as bread and the livestock ate the kernels from the cob.

Potatoes were an important crop. We ate fresh potatoes all during the growing season and then stored them for the winter. Potatoes were plagued with potato bugs. The potato bugs crawled on the leaves of the potato plant and ate the leaves. The plants would soon die if the bugs were not removed. If we wanted potatoes to eat then the bugs had to be removed, so we removed the bugs by hand.

We did not have a root cellar to store potatoes for the winter. Daddy dug a hole in the garden and the potatoes were placed on a bed of hay

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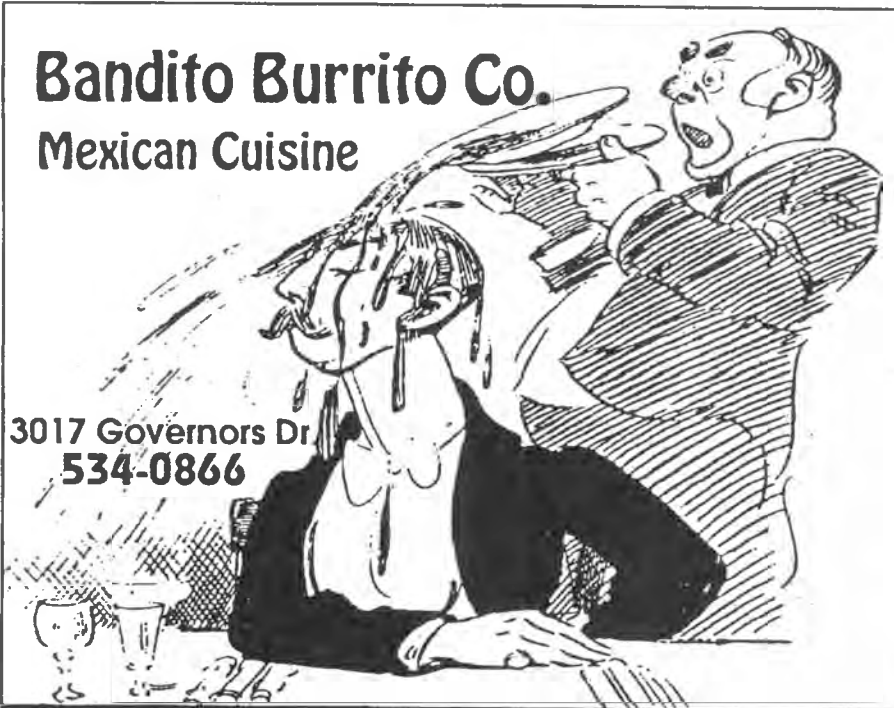
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or corn shucks and covered with sacking. Then the potatoes were covered with about a foot of dirt. This was enough so they could keep cool but would not freeze. This kept the potatoes fairly well, but it was a chore to replenish the potato bin.

I should point out that there was no straw for stock bedding or insulating potatoes. Straw is the stems of wheat after the wheat is thrashed. Wheat was not considered practical for our area and we raised no wheat, and thus we had no straw. The flour for our biscuits was purchased from the store.

Corn was picked from the stalk after the corn had dried and, still in the husk, it was placed in the corn crib.

When we wanted corn for meal, we opened the small door and raked out about a hundred or so ears. The husk was stripped from the ears and the kernels were broken from the corn cob by twisting the ear with one hand while holding it with the other. Your hands had to be tougher than the corn to shell corn this way. When we finally got a hand cranked corn sheller I thought I had died and gone to heaven. The kernels were put into a bag until we had about a bushel of shelled corn. The shelled corn would then be taken to the grist mill and ground into corn meal. The word 'grist' is another old English word, it simply meant 'grain'.

Corn was also used to feed the stock animals. Then we just removed the husk and let the animal (pig, horse, cow, mule) eat the kernels from the cob. They were able to crush the kernels with their teeth and the corn was a treat. The left over corn shucks were used the way wheat farmers used straw. Sometimes mattresses were stuffed with corn shucks. The corn shuck mattresses were noted for the loud rustle every time you shifted position in bed.

Peaches and apples were sliced and dried in the sun on flat surfaces. Often the dried slices were strung on strings and suspended from rafters in the house.

Apples were stored in barrels and would keep for several months if the barrel was sorted through ever so often to remove the bad apples. The variety of apples that seemed to keep the best

continued on page 49

The Last Slave

The following interview of Tom Moore was conducted by Kenneth Marsh in 1948. Shortly afterwards Tom Moore died at the age of 105. At that time he was the last surviving person in Madison County to have been born into slavery.

"If my body had to suffer all the misery that my eyes have seen I would have been dead a long time ago. I don't remember too good the things that happened yesterday, but the old things, the things that happened when I was young, I remember good."

"I was born on April 28, 1843. Mr. Ben (Benjamin Tyson Moore, his master) wrote the date down in an old family bible. My mama, she was bought in Mobile when she was a little girl and brought to Mr. Ben's place. Mama said they paid \$700 for her. I never knew my daddy, don't even know what happened to him."

"Mr. Ben, he was a cotton man. The first thing I remember is pulling bolls. After all the cotton was picked, we'd go thru the fields again and pull all the cotton bolls that had opened late. That winter, when it would get cold, we'd sit in front of a fire and pick the cotton out."

"I remember we had this boy on the place, his name was Buck, and he kept running off. The paddy-rollers caught him clear up next to Nashville one time. His mama did the cooking for the big house. When they caught this boy they brought him back and tied him to a big tree out next to the cabins. When Mr. Jim started whipping this boy they had to lock his mama in the smokehouse, she was carrying on so much.

Before then, sometimes if we went to the door of the kitchen, she would give us a bite of whatever she was cooking. After they whipped her boy and we saw the look in her eyes, we never asked for no food that she fixed

for the white folks!"

When the war (Civil War) came along all the men got ready to go off and fight. Mr. Ben, he sent me and my uncle to take care of his kin. It was just like we were in the army. We took care of the horses, cooked for them and fixed their clothes and stuff. 'Course we didn't have to put up with all that marching back and forth and yelling.

"After bout a year the war heated up real good and the Captain sent us back to Alabama. He had this big red horse that he had took from a Yankee soldier and we rode that horse all the way back to Alabama, Yankee saddle and all!"

"We were working in the fields when we heard the war was over. Mr. Ben, he came out to where we were working and told us that he had orders to tell us all that we were free. He said that anyone that wanted to stay could but everyone else had to be off the place by sundown. Most everyone, after Mr. Ben left, just threw down their hoes and started walking to town."

"They had this place in town where all the colored folks had to go to, to get registered. We got there, me and Sally, my wife, and they asked us what my name was."

"Tom," I said.

"What's your last name?"

"Don't have none," I said.

"Who was your master", they asked me.

"Mr. Ben Moore."

"So they wrote me down as Tom Moore and I been a Moore every since then!"

"I took up with this Yankee soldier and started working for him. He was a good man and when he got out o the army he carried me home with him to Indiana. I lived up there for about two years working in a stable but I was miserable the whole time. You wouldn't think a man could miss cotton fields but I sure did. Finally I got Mr. Foster to write a letter asking (the Moore family) if I could come back home."

"I didn't wait for no answer, I just started walking toward Alabama. When I got here Mr. Ben, he told me that we could stay in the old quarter but he couldn't feed us. We'd have to take care of ourselves."

"It was too late in the year for anything but turnip greens. We lived most that whole winter on turnips and rabbits. Didn't have no gun, the Ku Kluxers wouldn't let us have none, we trapped the rabbits in boxes.

"Those were hard times and not just for the black folks. Everyday you could see men and women and children, black and white, walking down the road with no place to go to. The war just tore this country up good.

"I seen a lot over the years but times ain't really changed that much.



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"Trouble is, people ain't got nothing to be scared of no more. Everybody has to be scared of something, even if it is his wife or God or whatever.

"A man that ain't never been scared, he ain't lived much of a life."

Editors Note:

The farm on which he was born, off Pulaski Pike, was known as the Benjamin Tyson plantation.

Very Old Health Remedies

*(Not recommended without your
Doctor's advice)*

For a toothache - Mix Rooster snuff with water and put it on the tooth that is hurting.

When a person sticks a nail in their foot, make a fire from old wool rags you have put in a bucket. The rags won't burn with a flame but will smoke. Put the foot over the top of the bucket and cover with a quilt. Let it smoke for several hours.

If you have a puny person in your family - file off some of the iron rim of your wagon wheel. It will be almost powder. Give a pinch daily - is a good tonic to build you up.

If you have a sty on your eye, rub it nine times with a gold wedding band, that belongs to someone else. Not your own.

If you have a fever blister, kiss the next red-headed boy you see (or girl) and it will go away.

If your dog has warts, just change his name and they'll go away. Certain people can buy warts for a penny each. The person that is selling the warts must promise to never rub them or look at them again and they will go away.

To prevent bug bites from getting infected, hold pins in the mouth when the insect bites.

String red corn like a necklace and put it around your neck to keep your nose from bleeding.





The C.S.S. Huntsville

by Tom Kenny

On the 1st of May 1861, Henry Bassett, Mobile shipbuilder, signed a contract to construct, at Selma, two iron clad floating batteries for the sum of \$100,000 each.

The *Tuscaloosa* was to be delivered on or before the 1st of July, 1862 and the *Huntsville* one month later.

Upon completion date both ships were only half-completed. This situation was brought about through the failure to deliver the iron plating, boilers and machinery by the supplier.

In December a quantity of iron plate arrived from Atlanta, but only enough to cover the *Tuscaloosa*. A month later sufficient armor was received to cover the *Huntsville*, but the boiler and machinery for the *Huntsville* was still missing.

Due to a falling river and the danger of the ships not being able to pass over the shoals, Admiral Buchanan ordered the vessels to Mobile.

In March the journey began:

The *Tuscaloosa* was able to proceed under her own power, but the *Huntsville* had to be towed by the magnificent steamboat the *Southern Republic*. The trip to Mobile took more than a week, due to snags and the problems of towing. Nights were spent tied up at landings along the route. The appearance of the *Southern Republic* towing a strange looking ship with her calliope playing "Dixie" drew crowds of people to the banks of the river from Selma to Mobile.

Once the ships reached Mobile, Admiral Buchanan personally super-

vised the job of getting them properly outfitted and ready for action.

The *Huntsville* and the *Tuscaloosa* were more like twins than sister ships. They were alike in almost every detail.

Under the Admiral's constant supervision the ships were brought steadily towards completion.

The Selma foundry was unable to supply the ships with guns. Buchanan got six guns from the army as temporary batteries. Two 42-pounders, two 32-pounders, smooth-bore and two 32 pounders, rifle bore. Later, two 7-inch Brooke guns were obtained from

Tredegar and another two from Charleston.

Although designed as an iron clad, she was only partially armored. A flat bottom, propellers driven by a high pressure engine taken from a river boat, and a common boiler. Casemate clad, with 2-1/2 inch iron plate and pierced for six guns. Speed 3-1/2 knots.

The gun deck, part of the main deck was located inside the casemate. The sleeping quarters were in the interior of the shield. Hammocks were slung between the guns and any unoccupied space.

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By Howard Johnson

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Living and working conditions on board the ship was nearly unbearable, particularly during hot weather and times of battle. Ventilation was nearly non-existent. The only sources of fresh air came from the gratings on top of the shield and the ports along the sides. There was a high rate of desertion, low morale and inefficiently among the crews. Brought about, no doubt, by the dampness, lack of light and excessive heat.

Lieutenant Jams Baker commenting on the habitability of the *Huntsville*, said, "She is terribly disagreeable for men to live on."

The Captains sent their men ashore, a few at a time, to exercise. The Naval doctors recommended that a whiskey ration be issued. The crews of the *Tuscaloosa* and *Huntsville* slept in cotton warehouses during the hot weather. This solved the problem when ashore

but heat and poor ventilation was a serious problem when the ships were under way.

Admiral Buchanan, who you might say was the father of the *Huntsville*, was a hard task-master towards members of his command and civilian workers.

"I spare no one if he is delinquent."

A number of workers at Selma went on strike and proceeded to Mobile in search of work and better wages. A squad of Marines met their boat, arrested them and placed them in the guard house. Buchanan threatened to turn them over to the conscription officer and they agreed to return to work. They soon forgot the Admiral's threats and continued to pursue their unreliable ways. Buchanan had them all conscripted and detailed to work under his orders.

The *Tuscaloosa* made her trial run during the first week of April, 1863 and the *Huntsville* followed two weeks later. Both ships were commissioned and were operational, but were not sent into the bay because of their slowness. Lieutenant J. Myers, CNS, was placed in command of the *Huntsville*.

On 16 July 1863, Admiral Franklin Buchanan, sent a letter to S.R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy.

"The vessels of the squadron are very short of their complements in consequence of discharges by medical surveys for disability and from desertions. Many of the vessels have not men sufficient to man their guns efficiently, and unless the Secretary of War permits the law to be carried out relating to transfers and the Army to the Navy, our vessels can not be manned. There are no men to be had at the conscript camps, as all the able-bodied men are at once sent to the various companies in the Army and are prohibited from joining the Navy.

I have succeeded in procuring partially crews for the *Tuscaloosa* and *Huntsville* from the New Orleans refugees, but there are only two or three seamen among them; the other are landmen, who, by constant training, have been made efficient at the "great guns." This is the sickly season here, and there is much sickness in the squadron among officers and men. In some instances, nearly half the crews of the vessels are sick with intermittent fevers, dysentery, and other diseases. The hospital and receiving ship are full, and in consequence of the increasing sickness on board the iron-clads, which are always damp and unhealthy, I have hired a cotton warehouse to transfer the crews to temporarily, with hope of checking the sickness."

Partial report from a Union spy sent to Headquarters, Washington, DC, by Major General S. A. Hurlbut, dated January 02, 1864:

"Force at Mobile, two regiments home guards exempts, Cantey's Brigade Cavalry, one battalion light artillery, heavy artillerists to man the batteries, two battalions marines, wooden steam-vessels of war *Gaines* and *Morgan* (twelve guns each, 30-pounder smooth bores); ram *Baltic* (unwieldy, one Blakely, two light columbiads, two brass pivot Parrotts); *Huntsville* and *Tuscaloosa* (four 30-pounders each on

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both sides, 11-inch Brook on pivot in bow and 11-inch Blakely on pivot astern, plated 4-inch slab iron); two floating batteries (four square sides, plated railroad iron, armed like last two named vessels, but armament not all in)."

Admiral Buchanan's apprehensions of being attacked while over the bar were shared by other Confederate officers. President Davis sent one of his aides to examine the situation and after a strong appeal from the aide Buchanan agreed to send the *Huntsville*, *Tuscaloosa* and *Baltic* to reinforce the wooden gunboats guarding the lower channels. He was against the idea of placing two floating batteries, too slow to move against the tide, into a position where it would be most difficult to recover them if necessary. His judgment later proved to be correct.

In a letter from Rear Admiral Farragut, U. S. Navy, to Brigadier General Asboth, U.S. Army, dated May 30, 1864:

"I am much obliged to you for placing the heavy guns on the Fort Pickens shore until this raid which the rebels appear intent upon has passed over.

I find all your news by the refugees true, except the number of the rams; they are not here. The *Tennessee* and *Baltic* are all the iron-clads they have here at present. I know they have two more, the *Huntsville* and *Tuscaloosa*, at Mobile, and three wooden gunboats."

On March 27, 1865, Spanish Fort was besieged by the Union force from Dauphin Island; four days later, Steel's troops reached Blakely. For nearly two weeks the two forts held out under heavy rifle and artillery fire. Naval support from the Confederate ironclads and gunboats was very effective. The Navy gave some support to Spanish Fort, but the ships were unable to operate in the bay and obstructions in the river prevented the vessels from moving into close range.

The *Huntsville* and *Nashville* were able to navigate the Tensaw River to a point half-way between the forts. From this position they shelled the Union troops on the left flank of Spanish Fort and on the right flank of Blakely. Steel's troops were severely mauled by the heavy fire from the gunboats batteries.

Steele in his official report stated:

"The enemy's gunboats *Huntsville*, *Nashville* and *Morgan*, took position in the Tensaw River opposite Hawkin's right, and with occasional intervals, kept up a constant fire night and day, which was very harassing and destructive."

Lieutenant-Commanding J.W. Bennett reporting to Flat-Officer E. Ferrand:

"As soon as I discovered the enemy gaining upon our position, I moved the ship close to the Blakely shore and rescued such of the garrison as were able to float themselves off. Learning from some one of the refugees that General Liddell was on the beach seeking to escape, I dispatched the gig, under command of Midshipman Carrall, to the point indicated, but, unhappily, before the boat could reach the shore the enemy's sharpshooters were at the water. It was inexpressibly painful to me to abandon the attempt of his rescue.

Afterward, we anchored at mouth of Tensaw River, being unable to pass its bar. On April 11th, got under way and anchored at head of Spanish River; received crews and material from the *Huntsville* and *Tuscaloosa*."

The capture of the two forts cleared the way to Mobile. At noon on April 12th. Mayor R.H. Sloug drove to the city limits in his carriage and yielded the city to advancing Union troops. The Mobile squadron had not surrendered.

After sinking the *Huntsville* and *Tuscaloosa* in the Spanish River, 12 miles above Mobile because they were unable to move against the current,

continued on page 63

About The Author

Tom Kenny is an archeological researcher and historian.

The author of more than 100 historical articles, now makes his home in Huntsville.

In 1991, after searching nearly three years, he found the site of the French Fort, Fort Orleans in Chariton County, Missouri. The location of this important old fort had remained a mystery for more than 250 years.

Plans are being considered to build a replica of the fort, near the original site in Brunswick, Missouri.

He discovered the remains of two old steamboats, the *Waverly* and the *George C. Wolfe*, in Bowling Green Bend of the Missouri River, near Dalton, Missouri, in 1987-88.

The University of Missouri at Columbia contains a large collection of his works and memorabilia in the Veteran Historical Manuscript. Records of nearly every steamboat sinking in the Missouri River from the beginning of navigation to 1900, covering an area from St. Louis to the Nebraska state line are included among his papers.

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Are You Pinching Pennies?

If you remember, last month we introduced a lady by the name of Jackie Iglehart, publisher of the "The Penny Pincher", and we are now running some of her letters in our column called "Letters to the Penny Pincher."

Well, there is some more news on that. Jackie recently was featured on CBS This Morning show with money editor John Stehr. There were so many additional requests for her newsletter that she and her staff are working around the clock to fill them.

From looking at the samples of the "Penny Pincher" Jackie sent us, I can promise you this is another publication to save, like "Old Huntsville." There are so many good ideas for saving money and stretching those dollars, you will be amazed.

Just to show you how you, too, can save \$\$\$, Jackie will send you a copy of her latest "Penny Pincher" for just the cost of a .29 cent stamp. Send your stamp to:

The Penny Pincher
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As you know, "Old Huntsville" endorses very few other publications. This one, we feel, you will find very valuable in the days to come.

Did you ever think that one reason money can't buy health is that so much of it goes to pay for sickness?

Diane Rodgers
housewife



Letters to the penny pincher

I am an almost retired farmer. We are saving more than ever before. One trick we use to save money is to always pay in dollar bills. We save all the change, which we never miss. It adds up to \$50 to \$60 per month. We use this money to put in an investment each month.

Ron Hampshire, Flint, Texas

Money is like water in a bucket. Many people have a lot of pin holes in their bucket and they don't know where all their money is going.

Marguerite Provost, Athens, GA

Oftentimes you can buy fabric at great prices. Our daughter is a seamstress, and I always wrap Christmas and birthday presents with fabric instead of wrapping paper. I decorate the package with lace, buttons, etc. instead of bows.

Beverly Polacek, Jefferson City, MO

Heat your water for tea or instant beverages just once. Pour it into a pre-warmed hot air pot or thermos to keep it ready throughout the day. Save fuel, time and energy.

Lynette Delacruz, Washington, ME

Coffee drinkers can reuse coffee grounds by combining once used grounds with fresh, allowing you to avoid any waste and enjoy the savings! PP

Wash laundry in cold water instead of hot since 90% of the energy your

washer uses goes toward heating water. Most laundry can be washed in warm water and lightly soiled loads can be washed in cold.

When buying by telephone, make clear exactly what you are ordering and how much it costs before you give your credit card number; watch out for incidental charges. Keep a complete record of details of your order including name of the person who took your order.

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Johnny Tona: A Champion, His Fiddle and Cue Stick

by Billy Joe Cooley

Practice doesn't necessarily make perfect. Perfect practice makes perfect.

At least one Huntsvillian does it masterfully with finesse and grace, which has been the hallmark of his life in two careers.

His accuracy is uncanny, which has kept him titled as Alabama's best for years.

When he looks down the pool stick as a hunter does his rifle, you can rest assured that Johnny Tona's shot will be pocketed in the proper hole. Not only has he consistently won the state's major pool-shooting tournaments, he always finishes in the top few at the

national tournaments. He is currently considered one of the world's best. It's a treat to observe him in his daily billiards ritual at his Family Billiards parlor in Marketsquare, the old Heart of Huntsville Mall.

A native of Gadsden, Johnny Tona grew into adulthood with a pool stick in one hand and a fiddle in the other. He early-on mastered them both, performing for many years on the famous Saturday night Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, while traveling to many cities during the week with some of the legends in country music.

Reminiscing between pool games, he is quick to relate some of the experiences he had "on the road." Famous entertainers from the past who liberally sprinkle his conversations include the country singing duet of Smiley and Kitty Wilson, humorist Whitey Ford, who was known professionally as The Duke of Paducah, and the comical singing team of Lonzo and Oscar. He fiddled for them all, plus many others.

A side note: at one point Johnny's troupe was managed by Col. Tom Parker, the man who later guided Elvis Presley to stardom.

Not along ago, at an honors function in Nashville's musicians union hall, I watched as dozens of country music

stars greeted Tona and talked of great times together. Several of the current stars were there, too, clinging to every word the "old-timers" uttered.

One of those who seemed closest to Tona was ragtime pianist Del Wood, whose arrangements of "Down Yonder" and "Alabama Jubilee" are still standard fare for traditional country gatherings. She died the following week.

Johnny, as a kid, was the marble-playing champion of Etowah County. his aim and accuracy were well-known, that being one of the foremost leisure activities of youths in those days.

"Then, one day dad took me to a pool room, but wouldn't let me play because I was underage. It was when I turned 18 that I became active in the game and learned the art," Tona recalls.

However, as the glitter of show business was so alluring and Johnny was so talented and available, he chose that route for 15 years of his life.

"While I was in the service during World War Two they sent me to the South Pacific. It was during that time that the musical *South Pacific* was first staged there. A two-minute intermis-

continued on page 58

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Happy Hour Music With T.K. & Guitar 5-7						
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Here Are Some Hot Weather Rules for Your Horse



possible. Do not turn the hose on him.

6. Saturday night, give a bran mash, lukewarm, and add a tablespoonful of saltpeter.

7. Do not use a horse-hat unless it is a canopy-top hat. The ordinary bell-shaped hat does more harm than good.

8. A sponge on top of the head, or even a cloth, is good if kept wet. If dry it is worse than nothing.

9. If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water; or give him a pint of coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or, if necessary, chopped ice.

1. Load lightly, and drive slowly.

2. Stop in the shade if possible.

3. Water your horse as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water in small quantities will not hurt him. But let him have only a few swallows if he is going to stand still. Do not fail to water him at night after he has eaten his hay.

4. When he comes in after work, sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth and the dock. Wash his feet but not his legs.

5. If the thermometer is 75 degrees or higher, wipe him all over with a damp sponge. Use vinegar water if

Granny's Favorite Kitchen Tips

Have a large group and want buttered corn on the cob? Get you a large pot of hot water and several sticks of butter. Let the butter melt, then dip in the cobs with forks and pull out slowly. The butter will stay on the cobs.

To keep a cauliflower bright white, add a little milk during the cooking.

When you are pounding meat to tenderize it, pound flour into the meat to prevent the juices from escaping.

Want to always have white sauce on hand? Do this. Blend together one cup of soft butter and one cup of plain flour. Spread in an ice-cube tray, chill well, cut into sixteen cubes before storing in a plastic bag in the freezer. For medium thick sauce, drop one cube into one cup of milk and heat slowly, stirring as it thickens.

To get a light and delicate crust on coated, fried chicken: add about 3/4 teaspoon baking powder to the batter and use club soda as the dipping liquid.

If you submerge a lemon in hot water for fifteen minutes before squeezing it, you will get almost twice the amount of juice.

Peaches ripen quickly if you put them in a box covered with newspaper.

Drive your creditors crazy;
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cards and then don't move.

Billy Joe Cooley

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Food

continued from page 40

was a small apple variety called 'Yates'. The Yates was a tart apple and I always liked them. Since all the family were staunch Baptists and opposed to drinking alcohol in any form, apples were not pressed to make cider.

Another way of preserving fruit was by cooking it with sugar to make jelly and jam. Pears were sliced and cooked in sugar to make preserves. Very tart apples, such as crab apples made the best apple jelly. Wild blackberries were used to make jam.

A standard sweetener on the farm was homemade Sorghum molasses. The molasses was obtained from the Sorghum sugar cane that was grown in the fields like corn. It was always a big time for the farm children when molasses was being made.

Molasses time was in September and it was especially a fun time for the children with nothing to do except to play and keep out of the way. And enough sweets to satisfy everyone.

The women of that day would have revolted at the thought of buying a dead chicken. The birds were small enough to be consumed in a single day so they were killed and eaten the same day. There was a reluctance to eat a young egg producing hen, so the prime candidates for the pot were the young roosters and old hens.

But chicken was an expensive treat on the farm, reserved for company and holidays. Anticipating the treat made it a pleasure for the farm children when the mother said 'Go kill us a chicken for dinner'.

If you think you would rather go hungry than kill and prepare a chicken, then you have never been hungry.

On the farm there was a direct connection between the live animals you fed and the dinner you ate. We didn't make pets of the farm animals, and most of them were not at all lovable. When I was about five we had a big turkey gobbler that would attack me every time I went into the yard. The turkey was as tall as I was and it would peck and hit me with its wings. It terrified me and I would run screaming into the house with the turkey flapping at me all the way.

By way of comfort, Daddy told me to pick up a stick of firewood and hit the turkey the next time it bothered me. The next time I left the house I was carrying a piece of split firewood. As soon as I was well into the yard the turkey came running toward me, neck outstretched and squawking at the top of his lungs. I swung the stick of wood with all my might and connected with the turkey's head. The turkey fell over backward, gave a few convulsive twitches and lay still with blood running from its head.

I ran screaming toward the house, sure that I had killed the turkey, but when I returned with Mamma the turkey had staggered to its feet and outside a bloody head seemed none the worse for wear. The turkey never attacked me again. It wasn't that the

turkey was a fast learner, it was just that nobody had ever before explained it like that to him.

Another source of food was from hunting and fishing. The larger animals such as deer and bears had long since been hunted out and the only game animals were rabbits, squirrels and Bob White quail. Since rabbits also ate the food that was grown for us, killing rabbits served to protect our food supply as well as to provide fresh meat. There was a hunting season, fall and winter, but a rabbit in a garden was fair game at any time. There was little concept of sport in either the fishing or the hunting, the idea was to obtain food and if there was a little enjoyment in the process that was a bonus.

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Culture & other Classy Stuff

by Alberta P. Alberts



GAZEBO CONCERTS IN FULL SWING

The impressive **Gazebo Pops Orchestra** launched its eighth season of the free Monday night concerts (7 to 8) in Big Spring Park on June 7, followed the next week by another orchestral delight, the 313th U.S. Army Band. See complete schedule on next page.

DANCES TO BE FRIDAY NIGHTS

Friday nights this summer, starting July 2, will be dance nights in the Railroad Museum Roundhouse. Richard Cox's Big Band will perform from 7:30 to 10:30. The cost is \$5 a person and tables for 10 may be reserved.

'FOREVER AFTER'

Madison County Marriage Li-

cence Clerk, **Muriel Knowing** says she issued 210 marriage licenses in May, down from May, 1992 when 212 were issued. Her most unusual issuance: "A 94 year-old man who married a spring chicken in her 70s." Honey-moon plans were not available.

'I DO' GIFTS

Sarah Shotts of **Lawren's** tells us the most popular wedding gifts for May were China & Crystal: "But, one man did buy a set of paper plates and napkins for his newlywed friends."

CITY HALL, HMA ART ON EXHIBIT

Impressionistic oil paintings by **Arnold Dwight "Bert" Corbin** are on display in the Mayor's Office Gallery, Municipal Building, through June 25 from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays. Free

Admission.

In addition, there are 56 American Impressionist paintings in the prestigious collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on view at the Museum of Art through July 18. Beginning June 20 HMA will display sets, props, photographs and puppets, created by a new breed of American puppetry artists. The exhibition is innovative and contemporary, influenced by both tradition and technology, and fascinating for adults and children. The puppets include characters by Jim Henson from his 1986 film, "The Labyrinth." Entitled "Breaking Boundaries: American Puppetry in the 1980s," this exhibition originates from The Center for Puppetry Arts in Atlanta. Both displays are free to the public.

ADVENTURE AWAITS ALONG THE AMAZON

Monte McGee of **Aladdin Travel Agency** just returned from the adventure of a lifetime in Iquitos, Peru. She and her daughter **Holly** joined an expedition of 20 for an exhilarating trip down the Amazon River. They experienced a world which most of us can only imagine.

Part of her notes on the expedition include such tidbits such as "... seven days and nights without electricity or running water ... meals prepared over wood fires ... bright blue Morpho butterfly flying free ... traded for dart blowguns at Yagua Indian village."

Unfortunately the Amazon rain forest is fast disappearing so persons with dreams of making this exotic trip should do it now.

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sents *Don Giovanni*, June 24 through 27 in the VBCC. The talent of the cast will make this the opera of the year for Huntsville opera lovers. Call 881-4796 for tickets.

BEREA HOSTS JULY FESTIVAL OF HUMOR

Everyone who loves to render or hear humorous stories, jokes or songs will feel at home July 16 and 17 when the Festival of Appalachian Humor is held on campus at Berea, Ky., College.

The agenda will include many noted southern humorists, such as West Virginia's **Jim Comstock**, North Carolina singer/writer **Billy Edd Wheeler**, Kentucky's **Loyal Jones**, Hee-Haw's **Roni Stoneman**, *Old Huntsville's* **Billy Joe Cooley** and Knoxville's **Sam Venable**.

Admission is \$6 and includes folk dancing after performances.

The event is sponsored by *August House Publishers* of Little Rock and the *Berea College Appalachian Center*.



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- June 21 - Yesterdays (male quartet)
Rocket City Brass
- June 28 - Charlie Lyle Swing Band
- July 5 - Barbara Fraser (folk singer)
Rick Jobe and Tuxedo Junction
- July 12 - SouthWind Players
The Associates (Ray Steelman)
- July 19 - HCC (music from The King and I)
Huntsville Concert Band
- July 26 - Pinhook Creek (bluegrass)
The Lifters (mixed quartet)
- Aug. 2 - Micro Dave and the Nukes
Barbershop Chorus (male)
- Aug. 9 - Metropolitan Youth Orchestra
- Aug. 16 - North India Folk Dancers
Hoof'n Holler Cloggers
Richard Van Valkenburg Band
- Aug. 23 - UAH Lab Band
- Aug. 30 - Shooting Stars
(women's barbershop quartet)
- Sept. 6 - "Big Spring Fling" 7 to 10 p. m.
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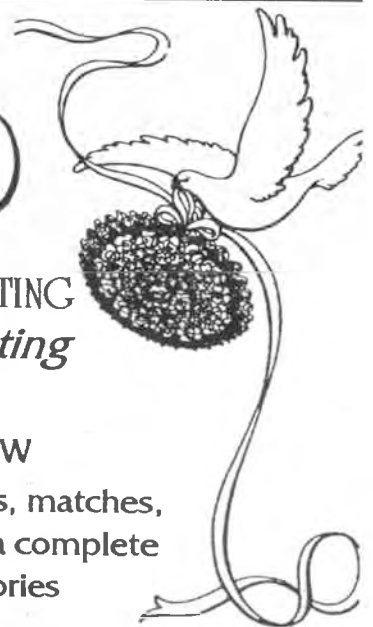
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Gerald Foster

Ott Talking Machine Co. is Growing

Roy F. Ott is Conducting Progressive, Active Sales Agency for Victor Machines

(Taken from The Huntsville Mercury, 1916)

The Roy F. Ott Talking Machine Company, Roy F. Ott, sole proprietor, is one of Huntsville's most successful business firms established in recent years.

Mr. Ott has been a resident of Huntsville four years and established his business in Huntsville about eighteen months ago. On account of the rapid growth of his business and a desire for a more convenient location, Mr. Ott was forced to move his business into its present quarters at Number 5, Post Office Row.

Mr. Ott has extended his sales on talking machines over the entire North Alabama section, making selling trips by rail and spending considerable time on the road in his automobile, selling to families throughout the section. He has just recently placed machines in the public schools of Huntsville and Madison and in the Huntsville Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Ott sells machines for cash, of course, but also makes a specialty of long time payments. He carries a complete stock of the latest Victor-Victrolas. Victor records and talking machine accessories and the completeness of his store would do credit to a business of this kind in a much larger city.

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I Lost A Friend

by Alice Armstrong Hall

My first friendship began with one of the dearest persons I've ever known. It began in the year 1935. My husband, Floyd, and I rented an apartment on the first-floor at 314 West Clinton Street in Huntsville. The house was large and spacious and the owner lived across the hall from us. Her name was Ms. Mattie Mullins. She was a widow, small petite, witty and very intelligent. She had a handicap as she had lost her hearing. However, she could read one's lips and she soon taught me sign language and we conversed very well. My husband was a foreman on the W.P.A. at that time and the city was working on Clinton Street. Since we had no children, I did not have much to do in the apartment and I wanted to be a good neighbor so I helped Mrs. Mullins do many things.

She asked me to take her shopping - she loved that. We lived only two blocks from downtown. We walked to go shopping. Her late father was a medical doctor which meant Mrs. Mullins was from a wellknown family. She knew almost everyone and they would stop to talk to her on the sidewalk uptown. Not being able to hear, she talked loud and the people standing on the sidewalk listened to the conversation. After her friends walked on she tried telling me the gossip of some persons, the skeleton in the closet (as she called it), etc., and how the people did laugh that heard her telling me the stories. I was embarrassed but all I could do was smile and walk on.

This lovely little lady and I had 4 o'clock tea each afternoon. When the daily paper was delivered in late afternoon we sat down and, due to her bad eyesight, I would read the headlines in sign language and if an item was of interest to her, she would ask me to read the article.

So many times each week, her niece and chauffeur would drive by and pick up Mrs. Mullins and take her riding. The driver being in uniform and driving a long black limousine, needless to say, looked very fancy to me.

Since she could not hear (I was

only 22 years old and wanted to learn to roller skate), I chose the long hall to learn. After holding on to the wall and falling once, I decided to stay with Lap and Ballroom dancing and I still do my dancing in 1993. I decided at 22 years old I was too old to roller skate for the first time.

Mrs. Mullins invited my husband and I for dinner at 6 o'clock p.m. She was a good cook and she only cooked her vegetables about 10 to 15 minutes. That was what her father had taught her to do. One of my favorites was grapefruit with red sweet wine poured over it and put under the broiler for a few minutes. How good that was and the aroma was so good in the house.

After about one and one-half years my husband and I bought our first home. I had a joyful feeling about my first real home but was very sad to leave my lovely friend Mrs. Mullins who died a year later at the age of 89.

Sign seen in Huntsville clothing store:
"Make sure the end justifies the jeans."



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Murder Stalks The Streets Of Huntsville

Grim Reaper Reaps Reward When Tempress Goes Too Far

by Fred Simpson

Murder was on everyone's mind in Huntsville in 1845 as word of a dastardly murder spread throughout the community,

A large plantation on the outskirts of town was owned by a Captain Elgin, a prosperous farmer and large slaveowner, known for being lenient to his slaves and letting them come and go as they wished after working hours. Most of the slaves respected Elgin for this practice and never abused it.

But one of his slaves, a big man named Martin, was not content on the plantation. His penchant for wanderlust would cost him his life.

Near the plantation lived a white woman of pleasure named Polly Roberts. Whether she accepted hard cash or just gifts for her charms is not known.

Martin, the slave, got acquainted with her and visited her on a regular basis. He soon became familiar with her daughter. Quickly Polly realized that Martin was infatuated with her and would do anything to stay in her graces. She began to work her magic on him by allowing him to catch fleeting glances of her scantily clad. She made vague promises about what she would do for him.

Teasingly, she told Martin that if he would steal things for her, she would let him have anything he wanted.

She started him off on his crime spree in a small way. First, she induced him to steal for her a few chickens, turkeys and other small items. Then she charmed him into stealing a washstand. After a period of time, Martin stole

more expensive items. It took little encouragement. He was off and running on his new career.

Polly persuaded Martin to break into a store and procure sugar and coffee for her. The five cellar locks that store owners Fackler and Miller had placed upon their business proved to be no obstacle for Martin in his haste to please Polly.

As Martin grew more adept at his work he began to commit crimes on his own initiative. While attempting to buy

some goods at McDowell's and Levrt's he became angry at the way he was treated and resolved to steal something in revenge. He hid in the store and after the clerks locked the door and went to supper he hunted in vain for money. He confined his loot to a dozen each of the fine silver pencils and pens, knives, silk cravats, watch seals, ribbon and related goods. He shared the articles with pretty Polly.

Polly quit the country life and moved into Huntsville, a growing city. She found a fenced two-story house on Madison Street, the "Georgia" neighborhood on the south side of town.

Martin still continued his intimacy with her and came into town when possible. But he grew tired of stealing for her as she did not pay him well except in vague promises of letting him have something. He would later claim that she began to harass him for money in order that she might purchase sugar and coffee. He told her he was unwilling to do so.

He tried to avoid her, but Polly knew how to use her feminine charms. Martin was soon back in her clutches. This time he broke into Graham's and stole 100 pounds of sugar. This kept



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her happy for a while.

Martin had stolen a bridle for Polly's daughter and now Polly told him her daughter wanted a saddle. He went to Dr. Patton's stable to find one, but could not do so. Just so the night would not be wasted, however, he stole a carriage cover and about 30 yards of cloth. Polly was adamant about the saddle and promised to give him a \$12 breast pen, an \$8 bracelet and money for the saddle.

He kept a sharp lookout for a saddle and finally managed to steal one from Robertson and Cross. Polly stashed it in her house until she could smuggle it out of town. Martin went with her.

Near Guntersville, in a community called Warrenton, the saddle was sold. She gave him a dollar and a breast pen as his part of the profits. Martin was enraged at his share of the profits.

Early on a Sunday morning he visited Polly, resolved that he would get his money and have nothing more to do with her. Unfortunately Polly's charms were again too much for him and it was not long before he began laughing, talking and playing with her. When he began to place his hands on her leg she became upset and kept knocking it off. Martin persisted in his amorous efforts until Polly, in a rage, stabbed him with a fork and ordered him out of the house.

Martin was furious and demanded his rightful share of their profits. He told her he would kill her if she did not pay him. Knowing that she had him ensnared by her feminine wiles, Polly only laughed and said she wanted him to steal some things from Mrs. Atwood's.

Sheepishly he backed down and told her he would be in the next day. However, that evening he really resolved to kill her. He knew that while she let others take liberties with her, she forbade his advances. She treated him badly, tantalized him, and made a fool of him.

On Thursday night just after dark, Martin stole for her the things she wanted from Mrs. Atwood's store. She had advised him to steal only white cloth as the clerks would not be able to identify it as easily as colored cloth. After stealing the goods, he went home for his dinner, then started back to

Polly's house with the goods. His mind was troubled. He had previously thought of "getting religion," but after thinking more and more, he was determined to kill Polly that night.

He thought about this as he walked into town. When he met a woman on the road he told her he would be at church that night. He stopped for a short visit at Billy Harris' house. No one would have suspected that murder was on Martin's mind.

Walking on down Madison Street below Polly's house, he started to enter the gate but was scared off when the dog began barking. After a short while he returned, jumped the fence and knocked loudly at the door.

Polly met him at the front door and immediately demanded to know if he had stolen the things for her. She spoke of leaving Huntsville soon and wanted him to get a good many things for her. He said he'd do so that very night and asked her to leave the door unlocked for him; she had often done so. He did not then know that a man named Davis, her beau, was asleep upstairs.

Martin was firm in his resolve to kill her that night. She had tantalized and humiliated him, and he was determined to take his revenge. Searching the neighborhood for a murder weapon, he found the spoke of a wagon wheel.

Grasping the makeshift club in his hands he went over to the next street to

keep from being seen and crossed back through the alley. It was too early to go back to Polly's house so he found a hiding place. Waiting in the dark silence he drifted off to sleep.

At about midnight he awoke. The streets were deserted, so he made his way cautiously to Polly's house. After knocking softly at the front door he was let in by an agitated Polly.

"Don't make a fuss," she said, "a man is upstairs. Have you got the things?"

He said yes.

"Where are they?" she asked.

"Outdoors in a big huddle."

She told him to bring them in.

"I will bring them in," he said, "but not until you light the candle." He wanted to see how to kill her.

Her expression was one of horror as she glanced up from lighting the candle and saw Martin swinging the heavy club at her. Crumbling from the cruel blows she appeared to fall lifeless to the floor. Quickly Martin ransacked the house looking for money and anything else that he might be able to sell. Though afraid, he was confident that the visitor upstairs had heard nothing.

He was busy gathering up his ill-gotten loot when he was startled by a loud moan coming from Polly's motionless body. She was trying to come to! Martin, deathly afraid now, grabbed his club and began swinging wildly at

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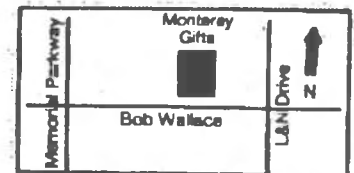
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the body on the floor. She continued breathing. He put the spoke on her breast and pressed down, but she would not die. Finally he placed the spoke across her throat and stood on it until she gasped her last breath.

He used the candle to set the clothing in the room on fire. It blazed brightly, destroying any evidence that might have been found. After a last careful look around, he left the house and fled to the country.

On Dec. 13, 1844, there appeared in the "Southern Advocate," a Huntsville newspaper, a notice of reward for the apprehension of the killer of Polly Roberts:

"\$750. Reward"

On Thursday night, Dec. 5, 1844, Polly Roberts was murdered in her dwelling in Huntsville, and her house set on fire by some unknown person. The Board of Aldermen offers a reward of two hundred dollars to any good citizen who will deliver the murderer and lodge him in the jail of Madison County to be dealt with according to law.

George P. Beirne, Mayor of

Huntsville

In addition, a citizens' reward of five hundred and fifty dollars is, offered to any person who will apprehend and deliver the murderer or murderers of Polly Roberts.

Cortez D. Kavanaugh, Sheriff

Suspicion was first centered on Mr. Davis, Polly's beau, who had escaped the blazing inferno. Fortunately, proof of his innocence was so strong as to convince all that while his presence at the house was interesting, there was no evidence of his being involved in the murder.

Suspicion fastened itself indelibly upon Martin. Many articles belonging to Polly were found in his possession. When Martin was arrested, he was told that the only chance he had for escaping the gallows was to tell all he knew about the matter. In a desperate attempt to shift blame, he concocted a story implicating John, a slave belonging to William Acklin. Authorities suggested to Martin that he turn state's evidence.

The fact that he implicated Hannah, John's wife, who lived in the

same lot where the murder took place, made his story even more probable.

The brutal murder, and the supposed connection of others in its commission, caused public feelings to be more than usually aroused.

Attorney William O. Winston was prosecutor. Sept. 9, 1845 was the date of the trial. At least two-thirds of the 50 prospective jurors would be slaveholders.

After the jury heard the evidence, it issued its verdict:

"Guilty in manner and form as charged in the indictment."

The jury also set the price that would be paid to Martin's master for the loss of his property: fifteen hundred dollars. (Circuit Court Minutes, page 373, 1845)

Martin's lawyer filed a motion for retrial, citing that the jury that had found Martin guilty was not properly impaneled. The appeals court ordered that the verdict be set aside, that the indictment and trial had been held for nothing. Martin remained in jail in close confinement, to await the action of a new grand jury and another trial. (Circuit Court Minutes, 1844-1845, page 389-390.)

At the next trial Martin and John were both found guilty and sentenced to death. The public mind was then startled at a new and totally different confession from Martin. He gave a full revelation of the whole matter, taking the entire blame upon himself, clearing John and also Hannah from all knowledge of participation in the crime.

On the day before Martin's execution, Captain Elgin, Col. McClung, and J.A.S. Acklin visited him in his cell and took rough notes of his confession, clearing up many of the burglaries leading up to the murder.

Martin recounted his many acts of thievery:

He stole \$3 from James Robertson; broke into Gormley and O'Neil's, but got nothing; stole \$12 from an organ woman driving with Mr. Knox; stole \$12 from old Mr. Mendadier; took bed and blankets from Capt. Martin's plantation; one stack of fodder each from his master and Mr. Patton, and broke into Betsey York's in search of money but got nothing.

He also broke into Mr. Curtis' and got window curtains and chickens; from

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Dr. Moore he took corn and saddle skirts; plates, dishes and chickens from Mr. Parson's.

"I accused John to increase the public prejudice against him. I also was willing to implicate Hannah in hopes it would increase my own chances of escape. My object was to escape, no matter who suffered, but all was in vain."

"I am now glad I failed. I desire to repair the evil I have done to John by this public confession of my sole guilt. John is innocent of the crime of killing Miss Roberts. I am the guilty one. I ought only to suffer death for the crime. I am willing to die for it as it is right I should do so, for I have been a grievous and desperate sinner. I desire the forgiveness of Mr. Acklin for the great evil I have done to him in this matter in accusing John and telling tales on him in regard to the matter. Whatever I have said in regard to him and John has been false, spoken from a desire to save my own life. Though I made almost all believe John was guilty, yet I could not fool Mr. Acklin. For he said, John was innocent all the time and he was right."

On April 10, 1846, a large crowd of all sizes, ages, sexes and complexions were out to see the hanging. Messrs. Walker and Laird of the Methodist and Episcopal churches attended Martin to the gallows and officiated in the services there performed for him.

His last look was taken of the sun, the sky, the green trees, and the as-

sembled masses. The sheriff adjusted the fatal noose, and Martin's body dropped and hung suspended.

Martin's trials were not yet over. The following article from the April 17, 1846 "The Southern Advocate" relates what happened next.

After the hanging, Martin's body was given over to the medical community. Many interesting scientific experiments were made upon Martin's body with a galvanic battery by the physicians of our town, assisted by Professor Batsford of North Carolina. Mr. S.N. Batsford who was at the time lecturing on electricity in Huntsville conducted a series of galvanic experiments upon the dead body.

The object of these experiments was not to gratify mere curiosity for indeed there was nothing at all pleasing in them except to the psychologist, and to him they were intensely interesting. The results are as follows:

"One pole of the battery was applied as near the origin of the principal distributed to the face as possible and the other armed with a copper plate placed with a wire was placed over the chest, the wire being forced through into the lungs.

"The result was laborious heavings of the chest and singular and expressive motions about the throat and mouth of a dying person gasping for breath in which motions have doubtless taken place but a few minutes before under the departing influences

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of life.

"The poles of the battery were changed to a lower extremity. The limber was convulsed to the very toes but the battery not being very powerful, these movements were not very accurate. The facial nerve was again brought into contact with one pole and by means of a damp sponge, the inside of the mouth, throat and tongue were connected with the other.

"The pole was now placed in a

small incision beneath the orbit in the eyelids which were half open. Contracted violently and continued to contract and release until the battery was removed.

"Mr. Batsford desires to thank the medical men for the promptness, skill and tact that they displayed upon the occasion and should be congratulated upon the entire success of this experiment."

The End

Johnny Tona

continued from page 47

sion spot required a fiddler. I auditioned and won the spot, but my commanding officer wouldn't sign the orders, saying I was needed more on my regular duty."

However, young Tona did do some professional performances in Boston during a War Bonds drive. He accompanied such movie stars as Veronica Lake and Pat O'Brien.

Returning to Nashville and the aforementioned career with the greats, in the late 1960s he decided to leave the hectic life of traveling with the road shows. He planned to establish a billiards parlor in Nashville.

"I came to Huntsville to buy some equipment, but while I was talking to the dealer he informed me that his own pool hall was for sale and that he was quitting the business.

"So I bought in Huntsville and that brings it up to date."

Johnny's establishment is popular with those who don't smoke, drink alcohol, gamble or use foul language during their play, because he allows none of that on his property.

"I love to play fiddle and shoot pool. That's why you can always find me here at the cue club during the daytime and fiddling on TV some nights."



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Mrs. Fisk, one of our unsung heroes

Last month we inadvertently ran a story, "Merrimac Mills," without giving the author, Mrs. Sarah Fisk, credit.

Our city's past would not be documented so well except for historians such as Mrs. Fisk, James Record, Frances Roberts, Charles Rice and Renee Pruitt.

Without their research over the years there probably would not be an *Old Huntsville*.

They are the true unsung heroes.



How to feed a sick cat

Sick cats should generally be fed what they really like to eat. If a cat loves fresh eggs, put a few drops of red wine in with the eggs to stimulate the appetite. Give her the usual food, whatever she is used to and can readily digest.

You can feed your cat small ground-meat meatballs by pushing them in through the corners of her mouth. Sometimes cats will get painful sores on the edge of their tongues which makes it difficult to intake food.

It is a good idea to add dextrose in the water of a sick cat as long as it does not give her diarrhea, this also stimulates the appetite. Stir one teaspoon of dextrose into one cup of water. Milk is not appropriate for sick cats. Give sparingly, if at all, to healthy cats as too much milk can lead to stomach and intestinal disorders and diarrhea.

From "Your Healthy Cat" by H.G. Wolff, DVM

A father to his 6 year-old:
 "Did you say your prayers before eating?"
 "Didn't need to," replied the kid, "Mom's a good cook."



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Tonics, Good for the body as well as the soul

by Cathey Carney

Dandelion Tonic - This is a good tonic for early spring. Pour 1 pint of boiling water over 1 ounce of dandelion flowers. Let steep covered for 10 minutes. Strain and sweeten. You can drink several glasses a day for several days, or as many as you can before the flowers are gone.

Tonic for Women - Mix 1/2 ounce each of strawberry leaves, plantain leaves, raspberry leaves and com-

frey leaves. Add ginger if desired. Mix well and pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 teaspoon of the herb mixture. Strain and sweeten if desired. Drink several times daily for about a week. This tonic helps to tone up the reproductive organs and increases the health of tissues relating to total health.

Thyme Cough Syrup - Pour 1 pint boiling water over 1 ounce of dried thyme. Cool to room tempera-

ture. Strain and add 1 cup of honey. Shake to mix well and keep refrigerated. Take 1 tablespoon several times a day for sore throats, colds and coughing.

Good tonic for Get Up and Go - Go to your local herbal shop and get some Angelica. When you get home add 3 tablespoons to 1 cup of boiling water, cover and steep for 10 minutes. This really perks you up. A very good expectorant to use during colds and to treat chest complaints. Aids in eliminating gas, so this can be used to treat colic and indigestion as well.

Watercress leaves, when adding two teaspoons to a cup of boiling water and steeped 15 minutes, is great when used several times a day for a week. An excellent blood purifier.

Happy spring tonic - Pour 4 cups boiling water over 2 tablespoons of marjoram. Let steep for 15 minutes, covered. Strain and sweeten. Up to two cups per day may be taken. Caution: this is strong stimulant and you should not exceed two cups a day.

HERE'S THE SCOOP!

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Sassafras Tonic - In the spring this tonic will thin out your blood and add needed minerals to your system. To make the tea, add several teaspoons of sassafras root or bark to about 2 cups of boiling water. Allow to steep 15 minutes. Strain and sweeten. Drink several cups per day for one week.

Tonic for your Heart - Anyone with heart problems should eat honey. Put one tablespoon of chopped ginseng and 1 tablespoon of cinnamon in 1 pint of honey. Simmer 30 minutes. Strain and take by the tablespoon several times daily. This will increase your blood circulation.

Editor's Note:

Herbs are available in two places in Huntsville, that I know about.

Try Mrs. Grady Reeves' shop on Oakwood near Andrew Jackson. It's called **Pot O' Gold**. Also, **Pearly Gates** across the Parkway from the *Huntsville Times* has many selections of herbs.



A very fashionable lady of Huntsville went to a party last week. She arrived there about the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until well after 12 o'clock.

From 1876 Newspaper

Make Your Own Herbal Soap

Place 2 tablespoons of finely chopped lemon verbena or lavender into 2 tablespoons warmed glycerin. Place in a warm place for several days.

Strain and finely grate 12 tablespoons of unscented soap or soap flakes and melt in top of a double boiler. Remove from heat and add the scented glycerin to the melted soap. Add 1 tablespoon of honey. Mix well and pour into greased molds.

Allow to set until the soap is cool and hardened.

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An Old Family Recipe For Chocolate Creams

Dear Old Huntsville,

Thank you for the letter about my gift renewal and the accompanying "Old Huntsville." I saw a letter in there from Janna Price asking for some candy recipes. Perhaps you can get the attached recipe to her, or perhaps you'll find it sufficiently interesting to print and she'll see it.

My mother died a couple of years ago, at 92 years of age. When she was thirteen, working in a candy factory in Buffalo, NY she learned to make these creams.

I strongly suggest that the first time you make these, start out small. ... I usually end up making fifteen or so pounds for gifts, along with 150 to 160 dozen cookies and other assorted candies. If the recipes are of interest to anyone, I'll gladly share them. It's a little early, but these make great Christmas gifts as well.

Incidentally, thank you for publishing "Old Huntsville." Although I'm not a native, I very much enjoy reading about this area.

Sincerely,
H.P. (Bud) Darstein

Chocolate Creams

- 1-2 medium white potatoes
- 4-8 tablespoons butter
- 2-4 pounds sifted 10-x sugar

Peel, cut up and boil potatoes as for mashed potatoes. **DO NOT ADD SALT.** Add butter and whip with an electric mixer. Continue beating and start adding sugar. This will turn watery at first, but continue beating and adding sugar until it gets to a consistency where it can be handled.

Divide into portions and add coloring and flavoring. Work with one portion at a time and keep the remainder covered or wrapped in plastic wrap. Roll into 1/2 inch balls and let dry on waxed paper for 30 minutes. Turn balls upside down and press to flatten slightly. Let dry again for 30 minutes, then dip in melted chocolate and let cool on waxed paper.

This can also be rolled out into a sheet about 1/4 inch thick and spread with peanut butter and rolled jelly-roll fashion and sliced for pinwheels. Store this in an air-tight container.

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CSS HUNTSVILLE

continued from page 45

Ferrand took the remainder of his force up the Alabama River and into the Tombigbee.

When it was decided to sink the *Huntsville* upon the evacuation of Mobile, Midshipman George A. Joiner was left in charge of the boat's crew that scuttled her, and was the last person to leave the deck after cutting the feed pipes of the boiler.

Commodore Ferrand was now closely blockaded in the Tombigbee River, and on the night of May 4th he made to Admiral Thatcher written propositions for surrender.


The two commanders met at Citronelle, a point about 25 miles above Mobile, and Ferrand's proposals were accepted on the same basis as granted by General Grant to General Lee.

Acting Fleet Captain Julian Myers gave Confederate seamen serving on the *Huntsville* a parole.

The war was over for the C.S.S. *Huntsville*.

The End Zone

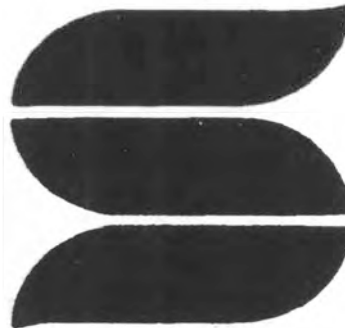
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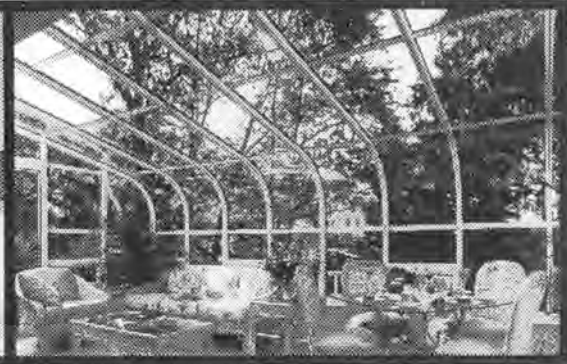


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