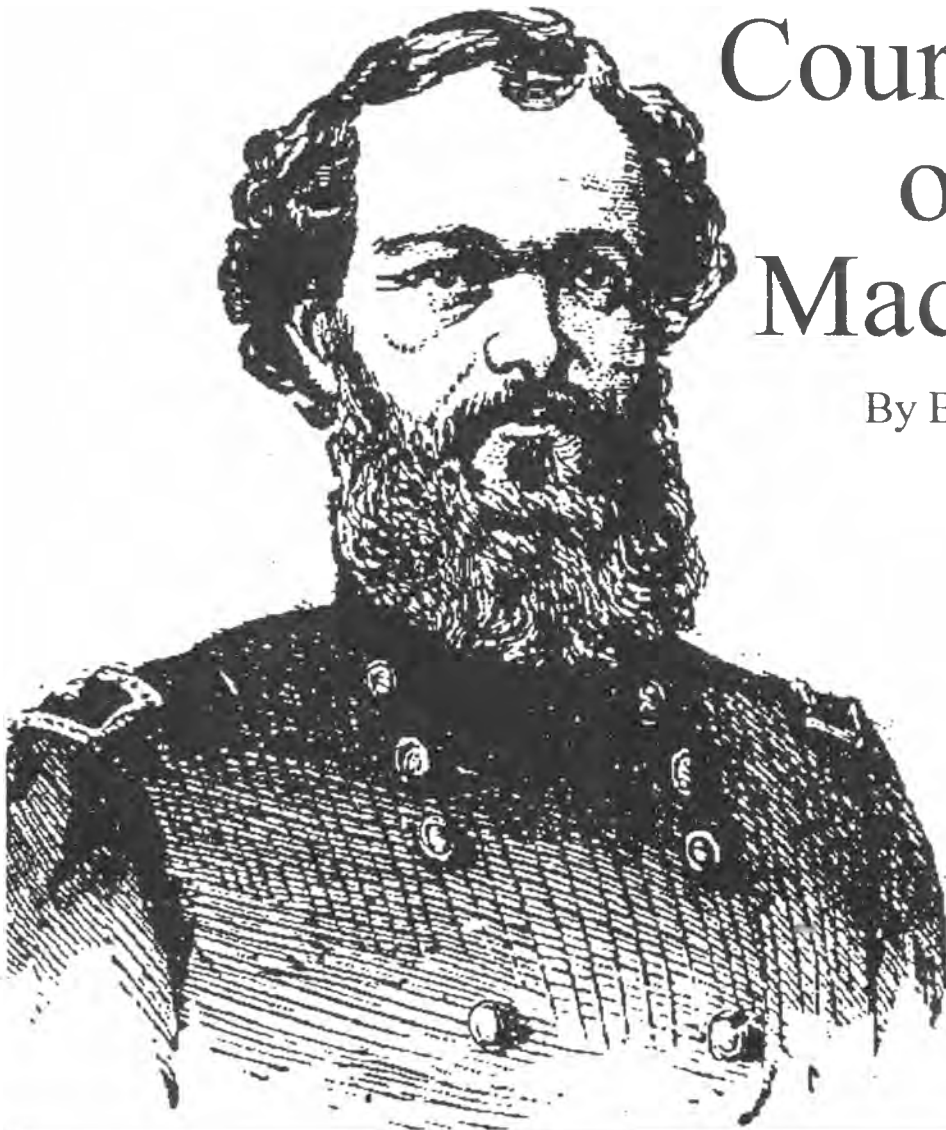


50¢

NO. 35



Old Huntsville



Court Martial of the Mad Cossack

By Billy Joe Cooley

"I close mein eyes vor von hour." With those words Col. John Turchin turned his troops loose to pillage, plunder and rape in a manner unheard of in the annals of Alabama history.

He had been an officer in the Russian Imperial Army, trained to win wars regardless of the cost.

Little did he realize that such a reckless philosophy would later place him on trial in the Madison County Courthouse.

Also in this issue: The Way It Was



Court Martial of the Mad Cossack

The crowd hissed and booed as Colonel Turchin, surrounded by an armed guard, was escorted into the Huntsville courthouse.

A Russian emigre, he had offered his services to the Union and became the symbol of all things considered despicable by the people of North Alabama.

Brigadier Gen. James Garfield, presiding officer of the court martial, made several attempts to start the proceedings, but his demands for silence were repeatedly drowned out by the ugly scene from outside the courthouse. Finally, angrily, he ordered the guards to clear the entire block surrounding the building.

The crowd, prodded by bayonet tips, grumbled, but slowly dispersed, making sure their utterances reflected their condemnation of the beast who was standing trial.

Peace finally restored, the crowded courtroom's attention centered on the presiding officer. It was Garfield's first time to preside at a court martial and he found the assignment distasteful.

Curtly ordering the clerk to read the charges, he seemed in a great hurry to complete the entire affair with haste.

"How do you plead?" He asked the short, heavy-built man in the defendant's chair.

Col. Turchin, a haughty figure in his full spit-and-polish parade attire, jerked himself erect in a military manner reminiscent of his Prussian background. Delaying his response long

enough to assure that he was the center of attention, he barked in a loud and commanding voice:

"Nyet guilty!"

He had been named Ivan Vasilvetich Turcheninov at birth, in Russia, and had pursued a military career before emigrating to America in 1856, with his wife Nadine, a dark-haired beauty.

The outbreak of the Civil War found America's union army woefully short of trained officers. Through the efforts of his friend, George McClellan, Turchin was commissioned a colonel in the Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

From the beginning of his American military career, Turchin had trouble obeying orders. Openly contemptuous of his commanders, he constantly reminded all within earshot that, "The way to win wars is by fighting, not pulling garrison duty guarding potato patches!"

In addition, while wives of military men were forbidden to follow their men on military maneuvers, Turchin's wife accompanied him on his various campaigns. This caused considerable consternation among his junior officers and animosity among the other wives. He even had a uniform altered to fit Nadine, who often rode alongside her husband at the head of the column of troops.

On April 11, 1862 General Mitchell captured Huntsville in a surprise raid. After securing the town as a base of operations, he sent various units into the surrounding areas to occupy and guard them from Confederate forces.

Col. Turchin was sent west toward Tusculumbia and Sheffield to block the movements of Confederate units. One of these rebel units was under the command of young Col. Ben Hardin Helm, a longtime thorn in the Union's side.

A brilliant officer of the Confederate army, Helm was, ironically, President Lincoln's favorite brother-in-law.

Turchin quickly realized it would be impossible to conquer the Shoals area without maintaining a permanent garrison there. He would occupy a community one day, but as soon as he left, the citizens would, once again, defiantly raise the Stars and Bars.



Old Huntsville

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After weeks of fruitless maneuvering and being taunted by Confederate sympathizers at every turn, Turchin's patience wore thin. He knew these people were aiding the rebel cause while at the same time asking for union protection, but army regulations forbade him from taking any action against the citizens.

By May 2, 1862, when the 19th Illinois marched into Athens, Turchin was ready for revenge. What happened next became one of the bleakest episodes in Alabama's history.

After assembling his troops in the middle of downtown Athens, Turchin sat on his horse and stared at the soldiers for what seemed an eternity. Finally he spoke in his heavily accented voice:

"Men, I close mein eyes vor von hour." Dismounting, he turned his back on the troops and walked across the street to the hotel.

At first the troops remained in formation, confused at what they had just heard. Finally, a grizzled old sergeant who had served with Turchin on earlier campaigns, let out a loud whoop and hurled a rock through a store window.

"Come on boys," he yelled, "the town belongs to us!"

Instantly the soldiers, a normally well-disciplined unit, became a wild, lawless mob. Surging through the streets surrounding the square, they demolished doors and pillaged stores and homes to their frenzied delight. Residents who tried to resist the intrusions were cruelly beaten and, in many cases, the women raped.

One squad, which apparently included a demolitions expert, took safes from the stores and blasted them apart in the middle of the street.

Within minutes the streets were littered with confederate money, bonds and stock certificates. The only valuables the Yankee soldiers were interested in were union greenbacks.

Had the scene not been so horrible, the townspeople might have laughed at some of the incidents unfolding before their eyes.

Three of the Yankee soldiers, in a drunken craze, plundered a woman's wardrobe and paraded up and down the main street wearing petticoats. Other soldiers, heeding the proverb

that "an army travels on its stomach," chased chickens and turkeys through the streets.

Meanwhile, Col. Turchin availed himself to the best room in the hotel, puffed a cigar and calmly read from a book on European history. His solitude was interrupted by a knock on the door.

It was the colonel's adjutant. "Sir," he said, "the hour is up."

"Are the men done?" Asked Turchin.

"Well, sir, they are scattered all over town."

Taking a long draw off the cigar, Turchin reflected on what course to take next. If he did not stop his men now, what other atrocities might be committed?

His next comment shocked no one who knew him: "Let the men continue."

At the outset of the looting, several townspeople had mounted fast horses and rode to Huntsville to seek protection from Gen. Mitchell.

At first Mitchell refused to believe the reports, but as word of more atrocities were received hourly he be-



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came alarmed. Quickly he dictated a telegram to Turchin, demanding to know the cause for the accusations reaching Huntsville.

"Isolated incidents," replied Turchin. "I have everything under control."

Although Turchin may have tried to stop the looting in the days that followed, the situation had gotten out of control. The crimes continued.

Over the next several weeks Gen. Mitchell repeatedly admonished Turchin to bring his troops under control. It was to no avail, however.

Official correspondence makes it evident that Mitchell tried to give Turchin a chance to bring his command to order, but reports of incidents continued to flood Mitchell's office for several weeks.

Finally, an exasperated Mitchell sent Turchin the following dispatch:

"I would prefer to hear that you had fought a battle and been defeated in a fair fight than to learn that your soldiers have degenerated into robbers and plunderers."

A few days later, court martial charges were filed against the man

who had become known as the "Mad Cossack."

The court martial began on July 7 in the Athens courthouse. Twenty separate charges of rape and pillage were filed against Turchin. As presiding officer, Gen. Garfield was so shocked that he wrote his wife:

"I cannot sufficiently give utterances to my horror of the ravages and outrages which have been committed. There has not been found in American history so black a page as that which will bear the record of this campaign."

The townspeople of Athens made no secret of their hatred of the accused. Within two weeks Garfield was forced to move the trial to Huntsville, hopefully to a more impartial atmosphere.

A recurring bout with jaundice had so weakened Garfield that he had to be carried into the Huntsville courthouse on a stretcher. In less than a month he had lost 43 pounds. His ill health combined with having to live in the midst of Confederate sympathizers, caused his attitude toward Turchin to slowly change.

Though never a friend of the South, Garfield's bitterness toward

the rebels seemed to increase every day of the trial. A few days earlier he had written: "Until the rebels are made to feel that rebellion is a crime which the Government will punish, there is no hope of destroying it."

Now, as he listened to Turchin's testimony, he felt he had found a kindred soul.

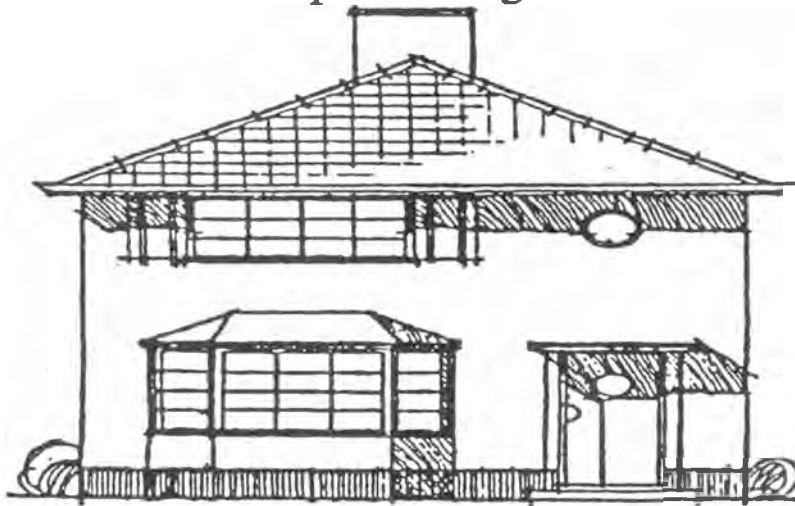
"Since I have been in the army," testified Turchin, "I have tried to teach these rebels that treason to the United States was a terrible crime. My superior officers do not agree with my plans. They want the rebellion treated tenderly and gently. They may cashier (discharge) me, but I shall appeal to the American people and implore them to wage this war in such a manner as will make humanity better for it."

The trial lasted thirty-one days. Toward the end Garfield began to sympathize with Turchin, saying "It would be good to have a few towns in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio suffer the same treatment."

Regardless of personal feelings for the defendant, the court was forced to find Turchin guilty because of the overwhelming evidence. The man now known as the Mad Cossack was found guilty of nineteen of the twenty charges

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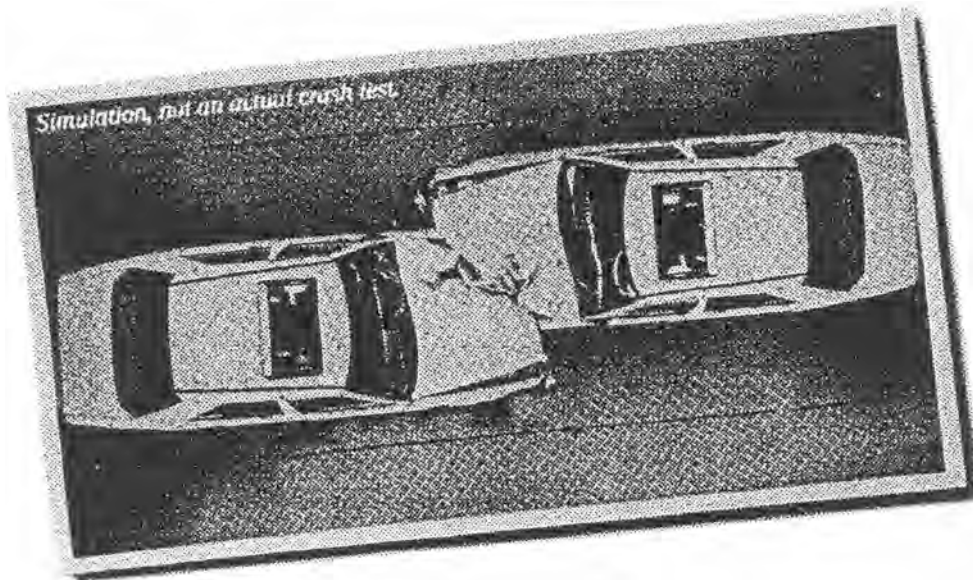
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and was ordered dismissed from service.

Despite the findings of the court, Garfield recommended that Turchin be granted clemency.

Weeks later the dismissal came to President Lincoln's attention.

Lincoln was keenly aware of the publicity his "southern in-laws," Ben Helm in particular, were generating in the Washington papers. Already, one New York paper was editorializing that Turchin had been dismissed because of his pursuit of Lincoln's brother-in-law.

Col. Turchin's wife, the elegant Nadine, who was now in Washington, made sure the president read these editorials.

A short while later Turchin's dismissal was overruled by Lincoln, who also raised him to the rank of brigadier general. However, the rank and file of the Union army never respected him, and Turchin finally resigned in disgust.

Ironically, his nickname "the Mad Cossack" became prophetic. He died in 1901 as a raving maniac in an insane asylum in Illinois.

As for Lincoln's brother-in-law,

Ben Helm, he died heroically on the field of battle leading his Kentuckians at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Lincoln reportedly wept when he heard the news. Helm's widow and children, Confederate to the core, were taken to Washington and became residents of Lincoln's White House. Such furor arose over Mrs. Helm's constant outbursts against the Yankees, however, that Lincoln was forced to send her across the line to her old Kentucky home, along with her children, who had unnerved the White House staff by raising a Confederate flag on the presidential lawn. Helm's son had also raised eyebrows by running through the White House yelling, "Hoorah for Jeff Davis!" and arguing with Lincoln's son over who the real president was.

Despite his sentiments that other towns deserved the same treatment as Athens, Gen. Garfield, upon returning to civilian life, entered politics and was elected President of the United States.

He didn't get many votes in Huntsville or Athens.

The End

Wildcat Caught on Keel Mountain

Taken from 1915 Huntsville newspaper

Revenue Officer Bennet found a wild cat still on Keel's mountain last week and caught two persons, a man named Atchley and a woman, Mrs. Pearl Conley at work making the sparkling dew. Conley, husband of the woman, made his escape. After destroying the still and emptying beer, singlings, etc. on the ground, the officer brought the prisoners to Scottsboro and placed them in jail. In a trial Saturday before Judge of Probate James B. Hackworth each were given a fine of fifty dollars and cost amounting to \$96.66.

The place where the still was found was an ideal spot near a large basin surrounded by huge frowning cliffs, a narrow passage way leading directly under a large bluff quite a distance and emerging into a room thirty feet in circumference. The operator of the still then made an excavation in the wall and placed the still of "effervescent joy" back in this receptacle and unmolested for some time was monarch of all he surveyed until in an evil hour the dreaded Revenue arrived and destroyed his playhouse.

Scottsboro needs more concrete walks if she keeps up with her other many strides of forward progressiveness.

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Straight Talk

Charles O. Shepherd was a well-known figure in 19th century Huntsville. He was an educator by profession and was a member of the faculty at the Green Academy, the famous boys' school that was burned by Union troops in November, 1864. By that time, however, Shepherd was far from Huntsville serving with the Confederate army. He volunteered in the fall of 1861, enlist-

ing in a Madison County company called the North Alabama Cavaliers.

Shepherd remembered his military service in a 1909 letter to the son of an old comrade. In it he did some straight talking about an "unmitigated scoundrel" named Warren Reese.

Dear Willie:

Our company was organized in September, 1861, at Byrd's Spring, four and one half miles west of Huntsville by the election of D.C. Davis Captain, C.O. Shepherd 1st Lieut., Fearn Erskine 2nd Lieut., Robert Law 3rd Lieut., and H.A. Skaggs Orderly Sergeant. We remained in camp at Byrd's Spring until the 1st of November when we were ordered to join Forrest's command at Hopkinsville, Kentucky. We reached Hopkinsville about the middle of November and were enrolled in Forrest's command as Company I. Forrest was then only a Lieut. Colonel, and was afterwards made full Colonel at Corinth, Mississippi.

At the fall of Fort Donelson, most of the Company were captured and remained in prison until the summer of 1863. We were reunited once more in Huntsville and remained there until September '63, when we were ordered to report to Gen. Joe Johnston at Dalton, Georgia. He sent us to Gen.



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Wheeler at Tunnel Hill, Ga., with whom we remained until the close of the war, when we surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina in April, 1865.

Gen. Wheeler had our escort company. The notorious Warren Reese of Montgomery, Alabama, I expect you have heard of. He appropriated my company, for Davis had resigned, and I was captain of a second escort, and used the two companies numbering about 200 men as an escort or body guard until January, 1865. Then out of the two escort companies (mine and Reese's) and the fragments of other commands decimated by death and sickness and without officers, Wheeler formed the 12th Alabama Cavalry Regiment, of which he made Reese Colonel and Pointer (one of his staff) Lieut. Colonel. It was a rascally piece of business and I protested against it and never did forgive Wheeler for it. I told him that Reese was a contemptible horse-jockey and tinhorn gambler, and would desert before the war was over, which he did less than six weeks after his

appointment. Poor Pointer, I liked him. He committed suicide in New York City about a month ago, driven to it by poverty. He had the same opinion of Reese I had, that he was an unmitigated scoundrel. We were enrolled in that regiment as Company I, and your father and I surrendered with it at Greensboro, N.C. in April, 1865.

Give my love to Henry.
Yours truly,
C.O. Shepherd

Helen Keller Visits Huntsville

11 April 1914
Huntsville Democrat

The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Child Received in Huntsville.

Helen Keller, the famous deaf, dumb and blind daughter of Capt. A.H. Keller, of Tusculumbia, is expected in our city on this afternoon's train to visit her relatives, Capt. and Mrs. George P. Turner. The ladies of our city have arranged to give this wonderful child a reception at the Opera House on tomorrow, Thursday evening. A program has been arranged of a musical and literary character for the occasion and the small sums of .25 and .15 cents admission will be charged. The proceeds are to be used for the Helen Keller fund for educating children afflicted like herself. She is now educating a little boy and the interest on her fund will educate, we hope, many more. Assistance from the South would be a tribute to Helen and appreciation of her efforts.



NOTICE

The subscriber having sold out his stock of goods and intend leaving this for the eastward in a few days earnestly requests all those who are indebted to him, either by note or book account, to come forward and settle previous to his departure, as no longer indulgence can be given for old standing accounts. And all those having claims against him will please present them without delay for settlement. -- Joshua Falconer, Huntsville, Ala. from 1893 newspaper

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The Death Of My Grandfather

by Nell Rutledge Porter

The corpse of my grandfather, Alvis Flax Rutledge, was found face down in the Elk River. He was not found for some days. He often fished there but somehow, they just didn't look there. They found where his heel had dug the earth away as he fell. Also, his fishing pole was nearby.

He was down in the mud of the flowing river. It was the month of November, 1920, and when he was lifted up those nearby said that he looked like a much younger man. Nothing had molested him, except the fish had nibbled his fingers a little bit.

Our family could not believe this tragedy could have come to them, and were left numb with sorrow. We could not look into the future and see the perils that lay just around the corner.

Someone lifted me up to see Grandfather and he seemed to be reclining in his bed, and his hands were concealed by his side. I wanted to see his beautiful long, tapered fingers - he was a musician - I guess the first sinister feeling that I ever had was remembering about the fish eating away at his nice fingers.

I did not shriek or cry, as some did. I wondered what sad thoughts inhabited their minds, and I wager that they were not pleasant. My little 1-year old sister was on my mother's lap and I remembered that she was very active at a young age and Grandfather called her his ground squirrel. It is kind of funny, the different thoughts that come into your mind at a time like this.

Grandfather was buried in a cemetery near where the accident occurred. I am glad that I did not conceal my emotions that day, I am just not an emotional person. I was six years old that December.



Ten Dollar Reward

Ran away from the subscriber within seventeen miles north of Huntsville on the Meridian road on the 4th July, a negro girl named Sally, speaks English and the French language, twenty years of age, 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high, of a yellow complexion, full face and a pleasing countenance, had on when she went away a white cotton frock. She has all her clothes with her, and it is likely she may alter her dress in yellow calico. She wears a handkerchief on her head and has a scar on one of her arms, some marks of the small pox. The property formerly belonged to Mr. Loyd, who brought her from Pensacola, to which he expects she will aim to get back again. Whoever takes up and brings home the said negro or secures her so that I can get her again shall receive the above reward. -

Burwell Harton, July 13, 1817.

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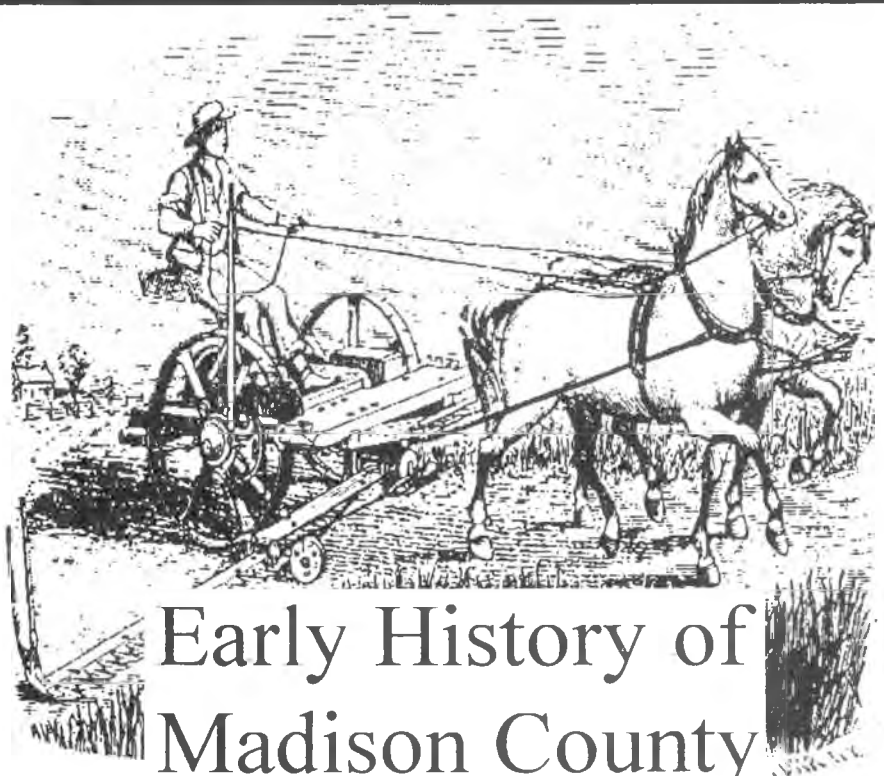
Huntsville, July 22, 1817.

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Early History of Madison County

by Hermon Humphrey, Esq.

(Taken from the Advocate, June 30, 1877)

The mountain fork of Flynt River runs through an interesting section of the country, and the country along its banks will next claim our attention.

The first mill ever erected on Flynt River was built by John Byrd in the year 1808. This mill stood just above the place where the lower Fennel mill now stands. The old fashioned mills

were very crude and simple structures. Expert mechanics and architects were exceedingly rare, and native ingenuity and experience supplied the place of science and skill. The mill house was universally constructed with logs and covered with split boards. The water wheel, to which the power was applied, was a simple bucket-rimmed breast or undershot wheel. The machinery and attachments were of the cheapest and most inferior kind; nevertheless, water power mills were a great improvement upon the family mortars.

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Soon after the Byrd mill was built Levi Hinds, the father of Mr. Levi Hinds and Mrs. Henry Rigney, both of whom yet live in this county, erected an excellent water power mill for grinding grain, at a point about one-half mile above the "Three forks of Flynt," and since known as the Glascock place.

In passing along the Winchester road, going towards New Market from Huntsville, you go immediately by the Glascock place, it is now an old deserted field with here and there a clump of small trees and briars. The only evidence of the former habitations once existing there is the scarred and broken trunks of several old pear trees yet standing and living. This place, nevertheless, has a history. Soon after the mill was built by Hinds, Glascock became its owner and also the owner of the lands adjacent. Two blacksmith shops were built and a large sawmill. A dry goods store was soon opened, also an inn or Tavern, a drinking saloon, a turning shop for lathe-work, a spinning factory and a school house. The place became quite a town and took the name of Manchester. It was a place of general resort for the people in this section of the county and a stopping point for stages and wagon trains.

Dr. Wm. H. Glascock was the main support of the village; he was full of spirit and enterprise and not without talent. In course of time he became interested in politics and neglected his profession, and being unsuccessful in his political ventures, finally lost his property and influence. In 1835 Dr. Glascock was a candidate for Congress but was beaten by Mr. Chapman, his intimate friend and adherent.

Gen. Benj. F. Ricketts was a man of some notoriety in that day. The gentleman was Major General of militia, and of a commanding and distinct appearance. He did much for the success of Dr. Glascock, his friend, but all in vain. Gen. Ricketts was killed in a difficulty with Robert Clopton. Dr. Anderson was another physician who did quite a large practice in

and around the town of Manchester.

The school at this place was taught for a long time by one Hefferfinger, and afterwards by Mrs. Barr. The tavern was at first kept by Jere Horton, and subsequently by Mr. Glascock.

When Manchester began to decline, the stage station was rumored thence to John Bell's several miles nearer New Market. Bell lived where Bayless now lives, a short distance from Locust Grove and McCrary's shop.

In 1819 a man by the name of Boshart built a grain mill where the Bell Factory now stands. In 1821 one Harlen erected the first thread factory ever built in the State, at the Byrd mill, before mentioned. He afterwards bought Boshart's mill, and about the year 1827 projected the enterprise known as the Bell Cotton Factory.

This establishment was formed by Patton Donegan & Co., and is now owned by their descendants. The institution was incorporated by an act of the State Legislature in 1839. It contains one hundred looms and three thousand spindles and requires over one hundred hands to keep it in full operation. The goods produced by this factory, such as sheetings, shirtings, checks and plaids, drilling, denims, twines and yarn are of excellent quality and finish, and command the highest

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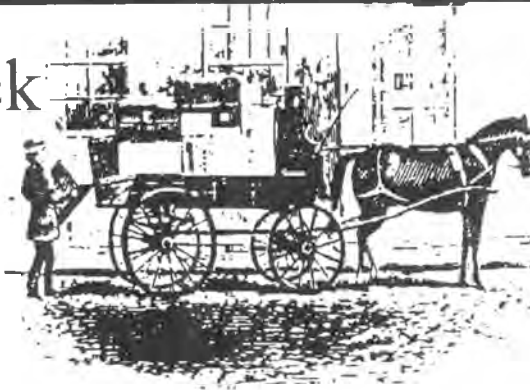
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A Look Back at Street Names



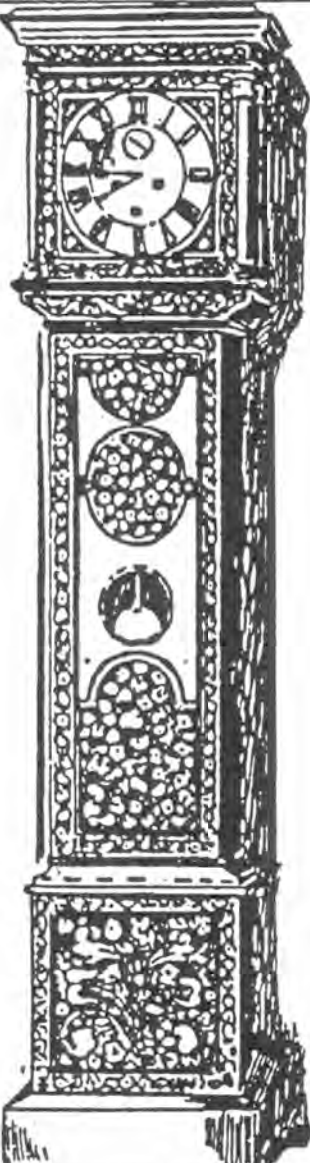
Like many cities, Huntsville has many of its roads, avenues, and streets named after individuals. Most streets in the original downtown plat of the city are named for early U.S. presidents (Washington, Jefferson) or for promi-

nent Huntsville families (Eustis). This trend continued with the additions of Lincoln and Madison streets and a multitude of streets named after early Huntsville residents (Bierne, White, Halsey, McClung, etc.).

As Huntsville aged, streets were named for various reasons. Typically, a street is named for a renowned person, but there are parts of the city named after movies (the Tara subdivision in southeast Huntsville is named after "Gone With The Wind"). Farther south there is the Camelot subdivision with all the streets named in honor of the principals found in that legendary story.

With the advent of the space industry boom of the 1950s and 60s streets were named after space programs, missiles, planets, and various high-tech sounding names. Fifth Avenue was renamed Governors Drive in 1956 in honor of the nine Alabama governors from Madison County. In the mid-1950s a bypass was planned for the city and was named to honor soldiers killed in World War II and now commemorates soldiers from all U.S. wars. Thus came into being Memorial Parkway.

Finally, Huntsville has its share of streets that are spelled differently from the way the street's namesake was spelled. Green Street was named for Revolutionary War general Nathaniel Greene. Leeman Ferry Road is named after a man named Lehman who operated a ferry on the Tennessee River around 1820. Sivley Road which runs along side Huntsville Hospital is named after the Sivley family that, according to old records originally spelled their name Sively.



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Funny Accents

by Henrietta Stiles

One of my earliest memories happened when I was about four or five years old. My Mama was shopping at the old Woolworth's that used to be downtown and she told me to wait for her outside. There was this other little girl that was waiting outside also. You could tell her parents must have been well off from the clothes she wore. She had the prettiest red ribbon tied in her hair. She also had a big bag of popcorn. I must have looked pretty hungry 'cause in a few minutes she offered me some. About this time Mama comes out of the store and sees me all friendly with this girl. Mama had a look on her face where I knew I had done something wrong.

Anyway, Mama grabbed me by my collar and yanked me on down the street, lecturing me the whole way. "Girl, what ever got into you? You trying to ruin my good name? That girl's granddaddy was a Yankee, a carpetbagging Yankee!" This was in 1939. One of the true ironies of Huntsville is how we can welcome strangers today with open arms and at the same time hold grudges against families for something that happened over a hundred years ago.

At the end of the Civil War Huntsville was destitute, with many prominent families reduced to poverty. It quickly became evident that if Hunts-

ville was to continue to grow, it must have outside capital.

In the 1880s, an organization by the name of North Alabama Improvement Company was formed, with Mr. Charles H. Halsey as manager. This company began a campaign of advertising the investment opportunities of the Tennessee Valley to northern investors. They were successful to an extent where they forever changed the face of Huntsville.

One of the first northern companies to settle in Huntsville was the

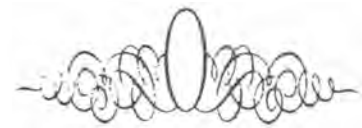
Chase Nursery Company. The Chase brothers, natives of Rochester, New York, purchased four hundred acres of land two and a half miles outside of town and soon had a thriving business.

Also established at this time was the Huntsville Wholesale Nursery. Mrs. Jessie Moss, a medical doctor from Ohio, saw the potential in Madison County for intensive horticultural growth, and was determined to start a nursery of her own. Within a short while the nursery was shipping a car load of stock every day to the north.

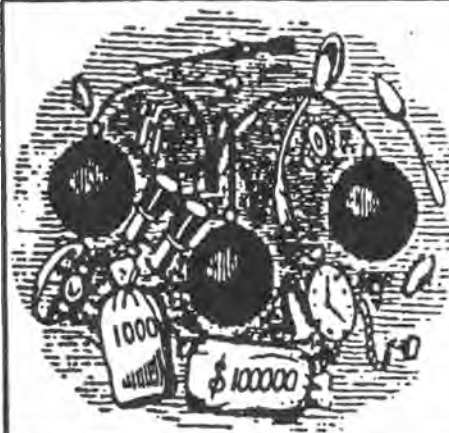
With the advent of the cotton mills came the largest influx of northern money. From South Dakota came W.S. Wells, T.W. Pratt, W.I. Wellman and James A. Ward. New York was represented by James O'Shaughnessy. Many streets in Huntsville today are named for these individuals.

The McGee Hotel, a popular resting place for travelers was owned by Henry McGee of Philadelphia, Penn. and a large percentage of the directors of local banks were from north of the Mason - Dixon line.

Before long, it seemed as if almost every business in town was controlled by some one with a "funny accent."



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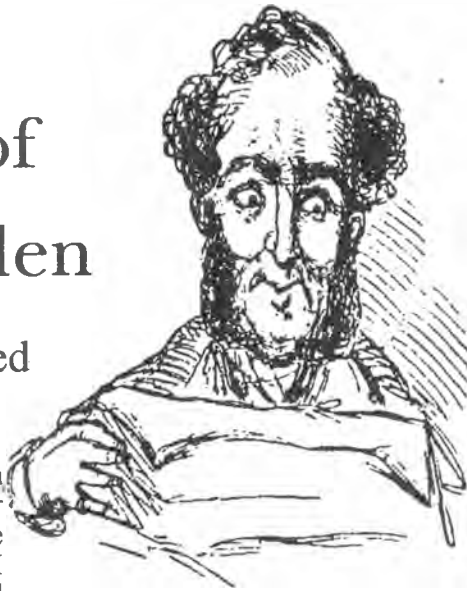


Memoirs of Dr. John Allen

(originally published
in 1911)

When the prison tunnel in which I was interested was near completion, on the day before the attempt to escape was to be made I removed the heel of one boot, and with my knife made a cavity in the thick leather large enough to hold a ten and a five dollar greenback bill, which my aunt who came to visit me while I was in the hospital with pneumonia had given me. The bills were folded or crumpled into the smallest possible bulk, which for better protection was enveloped in a bit of letter-paper, and the heel nailed again in place. When the attempt failed I had no need of the money, and I allowed it to remain undisturbed until I reached home some four months later. When the war ended a month thereafter this was the sum total of current funds in our immediate family.

All the railroads in the South

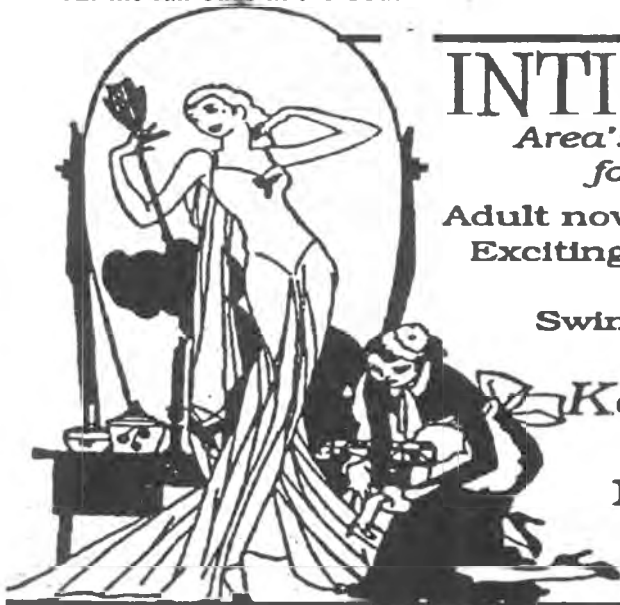


which could be operated were taken over and run by the United States government, which gave our family transportation to Decatur, Alabama, by train and thence up the Tennessee by steamboat to where Guntersville had been. With the exception of half a dozen dwellings, which were spared because they sheltered the sick or wounded too feeble to be removed, the village had disappeared. Nothing but tumble-down walls and a mass of brick debris was left of our home. The nearest shelter which could be obtained was in a log house on Sand Mountain, five miles from town, and in this my parents found a temporary abode. We were not wholly unprepared for the scene of desolation about us. As we came west on the train nothing but lonesome-look-

ing chimneys remained of the villages and farmhouses. They were suggestive of tombstones in a graveyard. Bridgeport, Stevenson, Bellefonte, *Scottsboro*, Larkinsville, Woodville, Paint Rock - in fact, every town in northern Alabama to and including Decatur (except Huntsville, which, being used as headquarters, had been spared) - had been wiped out by the war policy of starvation by fire. Farmhouses, gins, fences, and cattle were gone. From a hilltop in the farming district a few miles from New Market I counted the chimneys of the houses of six different plantations which had been destroyed. About the fireplaces of some of these, small huts of poles had been erected for temporary shelter.

Northern Alabama had paid dearly for the devotion of her people to the cause of the South. Nowhere in the Confederacy had such ruin been wrought, save in the path of desolation along which the march to the sea was made, or perhaps in the valley of Virginia, in obedience to the order to leave it so desolate that "a crow flying over here would have to carry his rations." Our county of Marshall had suffered in a double sense, being overrun for the last year and a half by bands of marauders who robbed the defenseless people of the little the two armies had left.

The story of one tragedy which was enacted on a small island in the Tennessee River may give an idea of the awful conditions which prevailed. Buck Island was then almost wholly covered with dense cane. Hither five men, noncomba-



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tants, had fled for a hiding-place, and had taken with them the few cattle which had escaped impressment. In the depths of the canebrake they had constructed a pole cabin for shelter.

A Confederate soldier named C. L. Hardcastle, wounded and on furlough, a relation or friend and neighbor, slipping in to visit his family, came to stay all night with the refugees. Toward morning they were aroused from sleep to find their cabin surrounded and themselves in the hands of the notorious Ben Harris and his band who had learned of their retreat and had come for their cattle.

Being a farsighted man and well known to the Rodens and their guest, Harris gave them five minutes for prayer, after which he made them stand in a row along the river bank, and, to make sure of a clean job, with his six-shooter he put a bullet through the hearts of five of the six and thought he had done the same with the sixth man. This man was Hardcastle, who told me that as Harris came down the line, placing the muzzle close to the left side of the chest of each victim as he fired, he made up his mind to drop quickly a little before he was shot, which he did, and the ball missed a vital spot. Feigning death, he was dragged with the other five bodies and thrown into the river, the current of which washed them downstream as they were sinking. Holding his breath, he floated under some driftwood lodged against a fallen tree and concealed himself behind a log.

The bullet had struck a rib and taken a superficial course. When the murderers walked off to round up the cattle he crawled out and into the cane, and in this way made this marvelous escape from death ...

I knew the men who were killed.

The war experiences of the home people were, however, not wholly tragic. There were occasional glimpses of the seriocomic in which the comical features predominated. Our natures are such that we love to turn away from sad things and forget them by laughing when we may. One of these experiences was Uncle Dan's retreat from Guntersville when the Union batteries first shelled this unfortunate village. Another, as the sheriff related it, was his narrow escape from the Fourth Ohio Cavalry when in 1862 it dashed

into the town early one morning, to the surprise of everybody but I have yet to tell how two young lads belonging to the same company surprised and captured themselves in the streets of their native village in 1864

The two actors were playmates of mine who were old enough to see service as "Home Guards" the last year or two of the war. They told it on themselves to me, and it was witnessed by several residents.

During all of 1864 and the spring of 1865 Marshall County was the scene of active hostilities, not only between scouting parties of regular soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies, but between bands of Tory marauders, who paraded in Federal uniforms, and small squads of Confederate home guards under partisan leaders. Some few of the Tories had been Union men all along, but were wise enough to keep discreetly quiet until the Federals occupied the country. Most of them were poor whites who had dodged conscription by hiding out in the mountains near their cabins when the Confederates were in control, and came into view as soon as the Federals appeared.

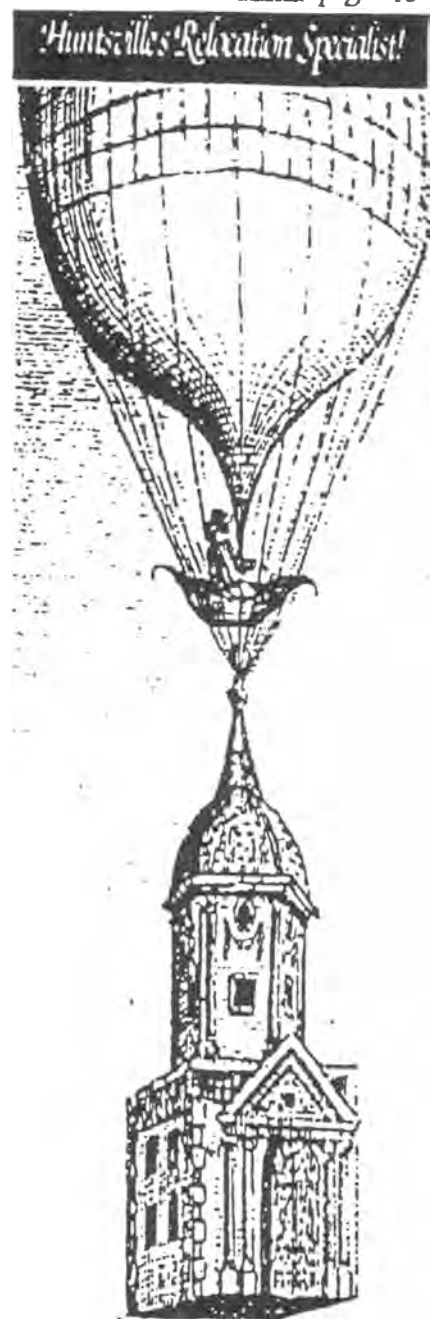
Some few were deserters from our army, but all were united now in their love of country by the cohesive strength of a desire to plunder the helpless.

As these men of the two sides had known one another before the war, it may be imagined that what is described as "feeling" ran about as "high" between them as it could run. Toward the last it was considered a waste of time to surrender, even if cornered without hope of escape. The recognized practice was to sell out as dearly as possible and keep shooting as long as a trigger could be pulled.

Ben Harris had led off in a practice of extermination (which put Cromwell to the blush). The conqueror of Ireland knocked only every tenth prisoner on the head, but Captain Ben overlooked none, and just to be sure that no detail was omitted he was his own executioner.

On the day in question Bent Adams, from a commanding eminence, scanned the valley and saw hanging on the clothesline in his mother's yard

Continued on page 48



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News Of The Absurd

There was once a governor of New York who was a transvestite. His name was Lord Cornbury, and he served from 1702 to 1708. He was a favorite of the Queen, and often appeared at public ceremonies in full drag - wearing a dress, silk stockings, and an elaborate hairdo. He let his nails grow long and customarily wore high-heeled boots. He remained governor until the American colonists, outraged by his behavior, forced his recall.

When Jefferson Davis was captured by Federal troops in 1865, he was wearing his wife's raglan and shawl, that he had put on by accident in the dark of his tent just as he was about to make an escape. The cartoonists and illustrators in the North mercilessly pictured Davis fleeing in woman's garb.

Why did early farmers start painting their barns red? It is said that the color red absorbed sunlight extremely well and kept the barns warm during winter. The farmers mixed skim milk with rust shavings of metal fences and nails to get the red color.

A Chinese theory states that "tiredness" gathers around the insides of one's elbows and the backs of the knees. You should wake up the body by slapping both those areas when tiredness occurs.

In "The Invisible Man," the title character is supposed to be naked, but the footprints he leaves have shoe soles on them rather than naked feet.

When "El Cid" was filmed in 1961, about an 11th century Spanish hero, a costly crowd scene had to be reshot because one of the extras was filmed wearing sunglasses.

In 1940 a Tennessee paper boy was delivering papers when he was attacked and bitten by a neighborhood dog. The boy had the dog taken to the pound, and it was released to its owner a few days later. But the owner of the dog was so upset at this that she began harassing the paper boy with obscene

phone calls several times every day. She kept it up for 43 years. Finally, at the age of 85, she stopped calling him (he was now 59) only because she had suffered a minor stroke and was confined to a hospital room with no telephone.

It has been proven that during an average kiss, more than 250 colonies of bacteria are transmitted from one person to another. Good news is, most of them are harmless.



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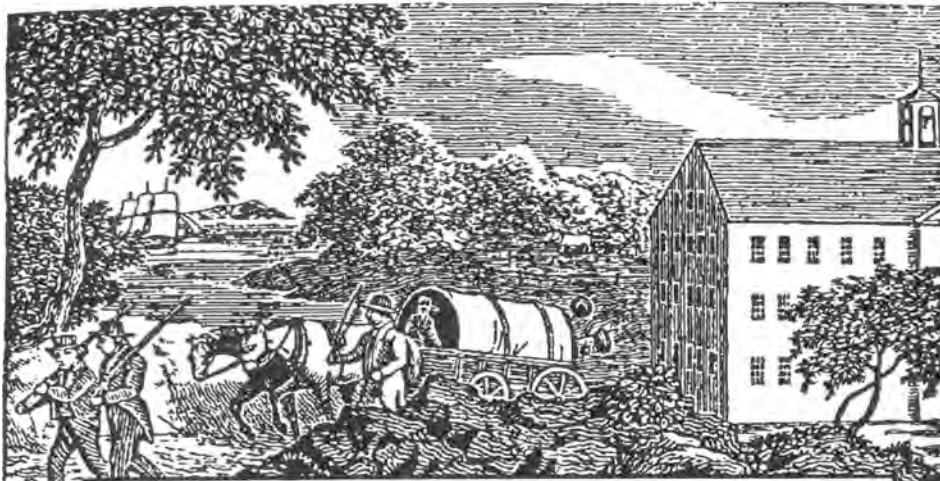
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Madison County In 1820

(taken from the "Alabama Republican," August 25, 1820)

By an article in today's Republican, our readers will perceive that the Census of Madison County has been completed. It must be highly gratifying to know that this small tract of about 22 miles square should contain an active and valuable population of almost as many thousands. When foreigners reflect that eleven years since, this little isolated neglected gore of land, which seems to have been ceded for the purpose of securing free access to the Tennessee River and surrounded on all sides but the north by an Indian wilderness, belonged to the Government and that in so short a time it should possess a population of 20,000 souls attracted by no other consideration than the advantage of sod and climate and stimulated only by individual enterprise, and when they compare the progress of this country with all other new countries, they will be enabled to form some faint idea of the real agricultural advantages of this portion of Alabama.

Statistical Report for Year 1819 (including the 1820 Census):

- There were 69,638 acres of land in cultivation in Madison County in the year 1819.
- 5,402 hands employed in cultivation; 11 acres of cleared land to each hand.
- 17,795 bales of cotton, each 250 lbs. net.
- 4,448,750 lbs. ginned cotton for exportation.

- 980 persons who raised cotton for exportation.
- 149 cotton gins; 149 cotton presses.
- 7,588 saws.
- About 825 lbs. ginned cotton to one hand.
- 20 grist mills.
- 20 distilleries.
- 6 tan yards.
- 1 carding and spinning machine, 312 spindles.

- 7 horse mills.
- 4 sawmills.
- 1 brewery.
- 38 retail stores.

The exports in cotton amounted to: \$444,875 at .10 cents per lb.; \$880,750 at .20 cents per lb.; \$1,412,187 at .25 cents per lb.

The cleared lands all taken together will make 9 miles and 8/10 square -- equals 96 square miles. Allowing Madison County to be 22 miles square, it contains 484 square miles, 96 of which or 1/5 part is in a state of cultivation. At present, there are 3 acres and 1/10 of cleared land to each person.

The Census:
 3,144 white males over 21 years of age.
 3,218 white males under 21 years of age.
 1,606 white females over 21 years of age.
 3,134 white females under 21 years of age.
 9,255 slaves.
 54 free persons of color.
 19,501 TOTAL

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HUNTSVILLE LANDMARKS

BY CLARENCE SCOTT

The Keller Automobile:

Fate Kept Huntsville from being the Motor City Instead of the Rocket City

After World War II, the nation's industrial direction quickly shifted gears to a peacetime economy in order to satisfy renewed consumer demands.

Hubert Mitchell, a native of Hartselle, saw a huge demand and small supply of automobiles in the United States. With longtime Studebaker auto executive George Keller, Mitchell planned to build thousands of cars in Huntsville. Only a cruel twist of fate kept Mitchell from realizing his dream of making Huntsville a major manufacturer in the automobile industry.

George Keller had come to Alabama from California where he had helped develop the "Bobbie-Kar." Mitchell seeing the opportunity to market a car around a big name in the auto industry, joined with Keller and named the product after him: Thus was the Keller born.

Redstone Arsenal supplied an abandoned airplane hanger, Mitchell supplied the start-up capital and production began on Huntsville's first and last home-grown car.

Keller soon sold almost half of the \$5 million stock offerings, sold dealership franchises to 1600 businesses across the country and was one day away from receiving essential financial backing from a major financial institution.

Mitchell's dream was on the

brink of coming true. Plans called for 16,000 cars to be produced in the first year and 72,000 cars a year after that.

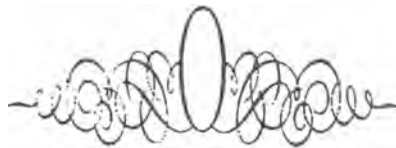
Unfortunately, cruel fate dashed all hopes of Huntsville's future as an automobile giant!

On October 4, 1949, the night before Mitchell and Keller were to secure financing for their enterprise, George Keller, 56, died of a massive heart attack in New York City.

Immediately, the stock was pulled from sale and the financial backers refused to invest in the Keller without a big name at the helm. Despite the fact that the Keller was, by now, well on its way to becoming a huge success, the fiscal conservatives felt that it was much too risky to invest in people who had never produced cars and who didn't have a "reputation." The Keller automobile was destined to go no farther than the 25 cars hand-forged on Redstone Arsenal.

Mitchell's efforts to replace the deceased Keller proved impossible. The Keller auto would never get the chance to compete against GM, Ford and Chrysler. Huntsville would not become the "Motor City" of the South... Hubert Mitchell's dream was gone.

As of 1988, Mitchell owned the only remaining Keller car, but had it for sale for \$75,000.



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Delivering The Mail

by Cathey Carney

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

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

Clarence was a familiar sight to all on his route. He knew all his mail recipients by name and would often carry candy to the young children along his route. The children especially liked to run alongside his buggy until he

would get out of their neighborhoods. On several occasions he had stopped to help people in distress, and was known to have a kind heart and a good sense of humor.

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

bama academy, located on Franklin Street.

Clarence became a mail carrier on June 1, 1917 after working for Chattanooga, Memphis and other Huntsville employers. He especially liked carrying the mail, he said, because he liked seeing the same people every day. The fact that ladies along his route often times would have pies and cakes waiting for him just provided an extra incentive. For all the eating he did, Clarence was a tall, slim man.

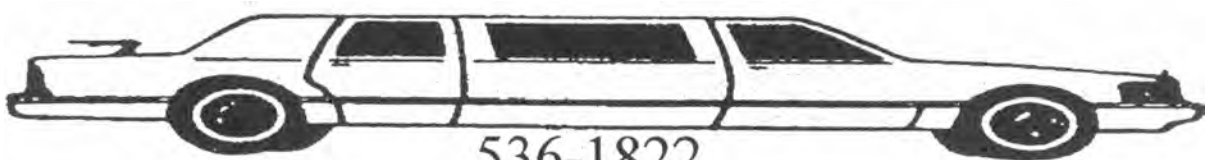
The last day that he served, January 27, 1948, was one of the most difficult he had ever experienced, due to the severe icy conditions of the Huntsville streets. His horse had gotten quite old by this time and found it very hard to maneuver the slick roads. There were very few days that Clarence was not able to deliver the mail to his customers. He had many friends, both black and white, among the people who knew him and respected him. Powers was recognized by the post office for all the years of dedication he had given by a dinner in his honor, and the gift of a beautiful pocket watch.

The new man who was to take over Clarence's route, when asked if he was going to use a horse and buggy replied he was going to use a "gas burner, not a hay burner!" Clarence Powers was 70 when he retired.

Upon his retirement, the horse and buggy were consigned to the county barn. Two months, a group of people led by farmer Ben Lucas bought the buggy and horse and presented it to the retired mail carrier in appreciation of his years of dedicated service. For several years thereafter Clarence and his horse remained a familiar sight to Huntsvillians.

The End

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billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

BLUES musicians sit in at the Gold Rush Lounge bandstand most nights as such standouts as **Charles Markham** and **Keith T.K. Peterson** host the laid-back entertainment. Mississippian **Clift Critelli** was harmonizing on harmonica when we entered the other night. Owner **Glen Bracken**, formerly of weathercast fame, keeps the place successful.

That was a swell bunch that kept bartender **Ed Killingsworth** busy the other night in Finnegan's Irish Pub. Swapping small talk were Space Center staffers **Bernd Knox**, **Brian Rogers** and **Chris Chappel**. Even **Sloan Shaw** showed up with his pals from Applebee's.

GUITARIST **Billy Lee**, with a bunch of electric musical gadgets, is entertainer these nights at Port of Madison lounge, off the lobby at Holiday Inn, Madison.

Dan Dixon has signed on as a waiter at Ponderosa on University. That's where we ran into gospel music fans **Bernice Matthews Baty** and husband **John** the other evening. **Val Harvey** and family and friends even showed up for the feast.

Brightening up Bubba's Cafe the

other night was a trio of sparkling celebrants, namely **Andrea Barnes**, **Russell Jackson** and **Alonna Wallingford**.

Gov. Folsom was in town the other day and sent Miss Eunice an autographed photo and a promise to grace her famous breakfast table again in a few days. Meanwhile, a hungry **Troy Taylor** showed up, as did **Mayor Hettinger** and his **Bonnie**. Then came **Drs. Bryce** and **Dolly Davis** with son **Ron**, who grew up on Eunice's food and as a result will make a fine missionary to the Ukraine, having recently graduated seminary. Artist **Helen Sockwell** sat at our table, making plans for a painting project. **Army Capt. Gary Potts** (**Gen. Billy's** son) and wife **Brenda** were having a last breakfast before moving to Leavenworth, Kan.

OUR BARBERESS galpal **Lois P'nut Wilson** of Jackson Way Barber-shop had a birthday July 25. "I'm this side of 30," volunteered she.

Ted Richard of Grant heads back to Santa Fe, N.M., any day now for further collegiate enlightenment.

NEXT COMES our annual trek to banjoist **Jim Connor's** estate at Sardis, where a hundred musicians and

guests are invited each August to play, sing and enjoy an old-fashioned dinner-on-the-ground. **Jim**, the only Harvard-educated man I know, is remembered from his musical days with **The Kingston Trio**.

BLUEGRASS! Mark your calendar now for Sept. 17-18. That's when thousands of bluegrass music fans and pickers gather for the annual convention at Cahaba Grove, corner Pulaski Pike and Winchester Road. This is where you make memories to carry you through the years. It starts at sundown Friday, but the largest crowd starts gathering at noon on Saturday. I'm to host it again this year.

Musician **Tim Gordon** had a birthday the other day, then headed to West Palm Beach to expand his career with former Huntsvillian **Kip Iies**.

STEVE SMILEY and the *Madison County Jamboree* have a grand bluegrass show monthly (Saturdays) on **WLRH Public Radio**. We guested with our weird humor the other night and the 50-seat auditorium was packed. **Bill** and **Kathy Jackson** were there with sons **Shayne Templet** and **Billy Jackson**. Pretty **Becky Clark** was holding on to **Shayne**. Her sister **Jennifer** kept an eye on everything. **Jack** and **Doris Lafayes** enjoyed the toe-tapping. **WLRH** volunteer staffer **Ed Felton**, a transplanted Floridian, takes a big interest in the on-air doings.

Huntsville musician **Mike Jones** drives the bus these days for **Hank Williams Jr.**

The talented **Frank Garcia**, gui-



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(Next to Joe Davis Stadium)



tarist, singer and concert violinist, brought wife **Annette** and their two offspring, **Brandon** and **Casey**, to *Bandito Burrito* the other night. It's a regular ritual for them. At the next table were the popular **Tony Probst** and **Tim Evett** of Madison. Pretty Redstone lifeguard **Ariann Dorland** was there, too, as was **Brian Collins**.

Helen Sockwell and pal **Bill Kirk** strolled in to Athenian Bakery at Main Street South the other afternoon, taking a break from the heat wave. Then came Grissom cutie **Nicole Mooney** and **Josh Lawler**.

When *Microwave Dave and the Nukes* are not on some faraway stage they play their brand of blues at the Turning Point, which is jointly owned by his wife **Libby**, **Bill Dirigle** and **Suzanne Britton**.

FIREWORKS on the Fourth of July were spectacular at Joe Davis Stadium. A choice view was secured behind Kroger's by pretty **Andrea Pressley** and collegian **Larry Frye**.

Sara Mills of Columbia, Tenn., started the summer right with a visit to niece **Carol Knight**, who operates **Moody's Grocery** on Oakwood.

Miller Beer boss-type **Ron Van Dusen** joined in a great political discussion the other day with Club V boss **Ron Jeffries**, master of pallaber. They

solved most of the world's woes.

STRAIGHT-SHOOTER! Our nephew **Ricky Hill** visited last weekend from Rosalie, atop Sand Mountain, and learned to shoot pool in *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards*. Weeknights this summer are popular among school-agers at Johnny's. The fact that smoking and alcohol are taboo there makes it very pleasant. On weekend nights when the parking lot is full, some of us park on the back side of the complex and walk through. Its lighted and secured.

Electronic sound whiz **Ray St. Clair** was part of the scene the other night at House of Mandarin, our favorite Chinese food emporium. There's now a Mandarin branch in Guntersville's Holiday Inn, operated by pretty **Mona Jackson** and offspring **Lisa** and **Michael Angelo**. An artsy bunch.

We joined some 50 others in having a grand time the other day at **Rita Otto's** big-yard picnic in our neighborhood, attended mostly by Butler High oldtimers. **Betty Mullins** of Rocket City Bonding Co. was there.

SINGING! **Barbara Atkins Reed**, who spun gospel records at WBHP in the 1950s, hosted an ambitious family/friends seafood dinner the other night. The next night she joined friends at an old-fashioned shaped-note

singing at Dean's Chapel (on the mountaintop, Highway 40 between Scottsboro and Fyffe). The singing is the third Saturday night in each month, 6:30 p.m. Our friend **Carlos Bailey**, who owns Word Popcorn Co., is always there. **Don Wynn**, who publishes one of our sister magazines, **Old Sand Mountain**, was there and will probably direct songs next month.

This is "Be Nice to Jack Robbins Week." He owns that music store out on Bob Wallace Avenue and, in the 1970s, headed Brotherhood, one of the south's leading rock and roll bands.

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in Town

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As soon as a man acquires
fairly good sense, it is said that
he is an old foggy.

Ed Franklin, Retired



Tinche's Mugging

by Jim Harris

We lived on the Houk farm in Harrison Cove which is located between Gurley and Maysville. There was another family - a young man, Tinche, and his wife - who were also tenant farmers, or sharecroppers as we referred to ourselves back before we became sophisticated.

Tinche was a real comic. He could tell some good stories of things he and others did while under the influence of the spirits. However, I never saw him drunk or even take a drink. He was fun to be around and loved to mimic people. His favorite targets were Mr. Kenneth Houk, the son (not the father who was a Primitive Baptist preacher, but that is part of another story) and another man who loved his liquor but unlike Tinche, he drank, it seemed, all the time. It may be that he worked more, but not neces-

sarily better, when he was under the influence. For example, one day we saw him plowing in a rainstorm. The following story is one of Tinche's best.

He went partying one cold night wearing his new overcoat. After the party and feeling no pain, he started for home taking a shortcut across a field. Somewhere between the road and the house was a fence, and when he got to it he was attacked. Somebody hit him but held on to his coat. Tinche would strike back or try to grab him and every time would get hit again. He tried to get away, but the man just wouldn't let go of his coat. He didn't remember how long the attack lasted, but he eventually fought free, got over the fence, and made his way home.

When he got inside the house and turned on the lights, his new overcoat was in shreds and he had a few cuts himself. The next day he retraced his steps to the fence and found shreds of his coat hanging from a strand of barbed wire.

In the dark, he had walked into that barbed wire fence. He thought he was being hit and his attacker just wouldn't let go of his coat. The truth is, he fell across the fence and his coat became entangled in the barbed wire. The more he fought the more entangled it became. He was fighting the fence, which just happened to be a single strand of electrified barbed wire, and it was alive.

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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

When you buy a dozen fresh eggs, don't throw away the carton they came in. Even though your fridge has an egg compartment, the original egg carton keeps eggs much fresher longer.

If your ring gets stuck on your finger, don't use messy grease or oil to get it off. Instead, soak your ring finger in a bowl of ice cold water for a minute or so.

Carry your umbrella with you even though it's not raining. Muggers rarely attack people carrying umbrellas, as it can be used as a weapon if necessary.

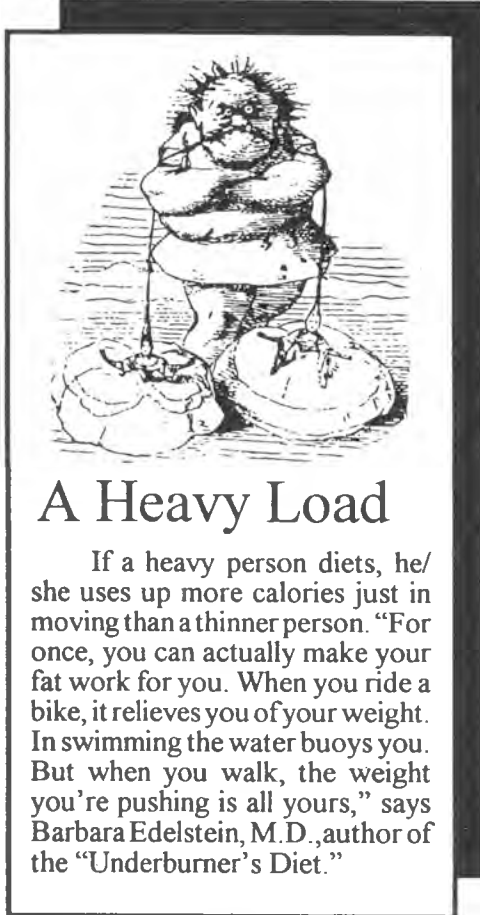
If you have a medical prescription to fill, don't ever do it in a hospital or medical center pharmacy. Prices will be much higher there.

If you have frequent back pain, never sit in one place more than 25 or 30 minutes.

Want to make your kitchen smell great? Heat up a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon in a pan.

If you have a smart mouse who knows what a baited mousetrap is, leave the baited trap unset for a few days, and let them feast. Then, set the trap.

Many squirrels are raiding your bird feeders this time of summer. Discourage them by applying a coat of petroleum jelly on the pole going up to the feeder, the jelly will cause them no harm but they won't be able to get a grip on the pole.



A Heavy Load

If a heavy person diets, he/she uses up more calories just in moving than a thinner person. "For once, you can actually make your fat work for you. When you ride a bike, it relieves you of your weight. In swimming the water buoys you. But when you walk, the weight you're pushing is all yours," says Barbara Edelstein, M.D., author of the "Underburner's Diet."

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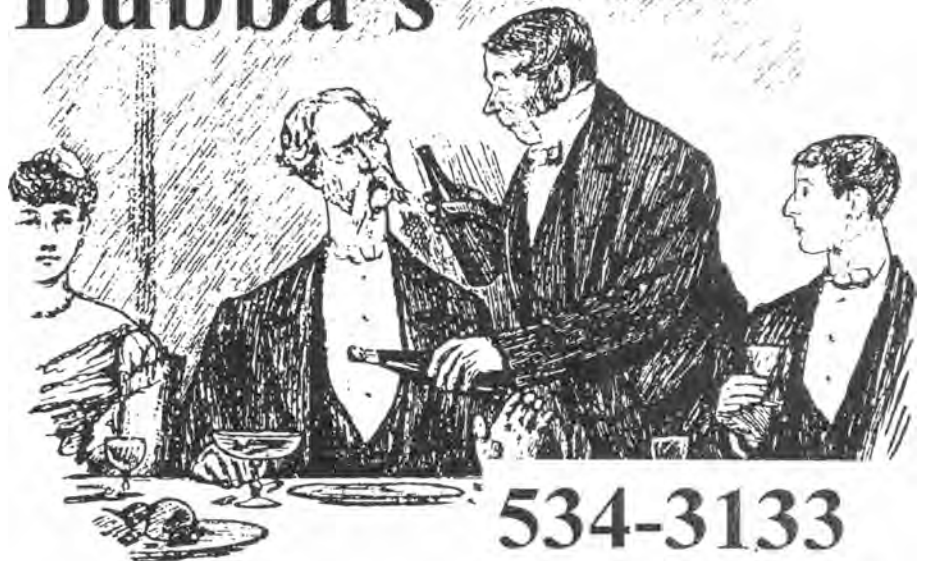
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Official Court Martial Records Of Col. J. B. Turchin

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 39 HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO

In Camp, Huntsville, Ala., August 6, 1862

By a general court-martial, which convened at Athens, Ala., on the 7th day of July 6, 1862, pursuant to special Orders, No. 93, of July 5, 1862, and which was adjourned to Huntsville, Ala., by Special Orders, No. 108 of July 20, 1862, from the Headquarters Army of the Ohio, and of which Brig. Gen. J.A. Garfield, U.S. Volunteers, is president, was arraigned and tried Col. J.B. Turchin, of the Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers:

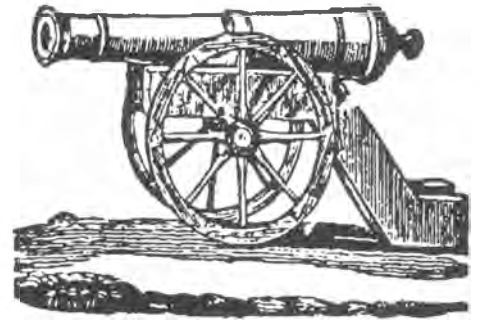
CHARGE 1. Neglect of duty, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Specification. In this, that the said

Col. J.B. Turchin, of the Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, being in command of the Eighth Brigade, Army of the Ohio, did, on or about the 2d day of May, 1862, march the said brigade into the town of Athens, State of Alabama, and having had the arms of the regiment stacked in the streets did allow his command to disperse, and in his presence or with his knowledge and that of his officers to plunder and pillage the inhabitants of said town and of the country adjacent thereto, without taking adequate steps to restrain them.

Among the incidents of said plundering and pillaging are the following:

A party entered the dwelling of Milly Ann Clayton and opened all the trunks, drawers and boxes of every description, and taking out the con-



tents thereof, consisting of wearing apparel and bedclothes, destroyed, spoiled, or carried away the same. They also insulted the said Milly Ann Clayton and threatened to shoot her, and then proceeding to the kitchen they there attempted an indecent outrage on the person of her servant girl.

A party of this command entered a house occupied by two females, M.E. Malone and S.B. Malone, and ransacked it throughout, carrying off the money which they found, and also the jewelry, plate, and female ornaments of value and interest to the owners, and destroying and spoiling the furniture of said house without cause.

For six or eight hours that day

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squads of soldiers visited the dwelling house of Thomas S. Malone, and ransacked it throughout, carrying off or destroying valuable papers, notes of hand, and other property, to the value of about \$4,500, more or less, acting rudely and violently toward the females of the family. This last was done chiefly by the men of Edgerton's battery. The plundering of saddles, bridles, blankets, &c., was by the Thirty-seventh Indiana Volunteers.

The same parties plundered the drug store of William D. Allen, destroying completely a set of surgical, obstetrical, and dental instruments, or carrying them away. The store of Madison Thompson was broken open and plundered of a stock of goods worth about \$3,000, and his stable was entered, and corn, oats, and fodder taken by different parties, who on his application for receipts replied "that they gave receipts at other places, but intended that this place should support them," or words to that effect.

The office of J.F. Lowell was broken open and a fine microscope and many geological specimens, together with many surgical instruments and books, carried off or destroyed.

Squads of soldiers, with force of arms, entered the private residence of John F. Malone and forced open all the locks of the doors, broke open all the drawers to the bureaus, the secretary, sideboard, wardrobes, and trunks in the house, and rifled them of their contents, consisting of valuable clothing, silverware, silver-plate jewelry, a gold watch and chain, &c., and in the performing these outrages they used coarse, vulgar, and profane language to the females of the family. These squads came in large numbers and plundered the house thoroughly. They also broke open the law office of said Malone and destroyed his safe and damaged his books. A part of this brigade went to the plantation of the above-named Malone and quartered in the negro huts for weeks, debauching the females and roaming with the males over the surrounding country to plunder and pillage.

A mob of soldiers burst open the doors and windows of the business houses of Samuel Tanner, Jr., and plundered them of their contents, consisting of sugar, coffee, boots and shoes,

leather, and other merchandise.

Very soon after the command entered the town a party of soldiers broke into the silversmith shop and jewelry store owned by D.H. Friend, and plundered it of its contents and valuables to the amount of about \$3,000.

A party of this command entered the house of R.S. Irwin and ordered his wife to cook dinner for them, and while she and her servant were so engaged they made the most indecent and beastly propositions to the latter in the presence of the whole family, and when the girl went away they followed her in the same manner, notwithstanding her efforts to avoid them.

Mrs. Hollinsworth's house was entered and plundered of clothing and other property by several parties, and some of the men fired into the house and threatened to burn it, and used violent and insulting language toward the said Mrs. Hollinsworth. The alarm and excitement occasioned miscarriage and subsequently her death.

Several soldiers came into the house of Mrs. Charlotte Hine and committed rape on the person of a colored girl and then entered the house and plundered it of all the sugar, coffee, preserves, and the like which they could find. Before leaving they destroyed or carried off all the pictures and ornaments they could lay their hands on.

A mob of soldiers filled the house of J.A. Cox, broke open his iron safe, destroyed and carried off papers of value, plundering the house thoroughly, carrying off the clothes of his wife and children.

Some soldiers broke into the brick store of P. Tanner & Sons, and destroyed or carried off nearly the entire stock of goods contained there, and broke open the safe and took about \$2,000 in money and many valuable papers.

A party of soldiers, at the order of Captain Edgerton, broke into an office through the windows and doors and plundered it of its contents, consisting of bedding, furniture, and wearing apparel. Lieutenant Berwick was also with the party. This officer was on the ground.

The law office of William Richardson, which was in another part of the town, was rifled completely and many valuable papers, consisting of bonds, bills, and notes of hand, lost or destroyed.

The house of J.H. Jones was entered by Colonel Mihalotzy, of the Twenty-fourth Illinois Volunteers, who behaved rudely and coarsely to the ladies of the family. He then quartered two companies of infantry in the house. About one hour after Captain Edgerton quartered his artillery company in the parlors, and these companies plundered

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the house of all provisions and clothing they could lay their hands on, and spoiled the furniture and carpets maliciously and without a shadow of reason, spoiling the parlor carpets by cutting bacon on them, and the piano by chopping joints on it with an axe, the beds by sleeping in them with their muddy boots on. The library of the house was destroyed, and the locks of the bureaus, secretaries, wardrobes, and trunks were all forced and their contents pillaged. The family plate was carried off, but some of the pieces have been recovered.

The store of George R. Peck was entered by a large crowd of soldiers and stripped of its contents, and the iron safe broken open and its contents plundered, consisting of \$940.90 and \$4,000 worth of notes. John Turentine's store was broken into by a party of soldiers on that day, and an iron safe cut open belonging to the same and about \$5,000 worth of notes of hand taken or destroyed. These men destroyed about \$200 worth of books found in said store, consisting of law books, religious books, and reading books generally.

CHARGE 2. Conduct unbe-

coming an officer and a gentlemen.

Specification 1. In this, that he, the said Col. J.B. Turchin, Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, did remain one week, more or less, as a guest in a public house in the town of Athens, Ala., and did fail to pay his bill for board, and did fail to compensate in any way the landlord of said hotel, J.B. Davison.

CHARGE 3. Disobedience or orders.

Specification 1. In this, that he, the said Col. J.B. Turchin, Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, in contravention of Orders, No. 13a, from the Headquarters of the Department of the Ohio, in the following terms to wit, "Peaceful citizens are not to be molested in their persons or property any wrongs to either are to be promptly corrected, and the offenders brought to punishment," did, on or about the 2d of May, 1862, march his brigade into the town of Athens, in the State of Alabama, and having had the arms of the regiments stacked in the streets, did permit his men to disperse and leave the ranks and colors and molest peaceable citizens in their persons and property, as shown in the specification to

charge 1, above, and did fail to correct these wrongs or bring the offenders to punishment.

Specification 2. In this, that he, the said Col. J.B. Turchin, Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, commanding Eighth Brigade, Army of the Ohio, while occupying with said brigade the town of Athens, State of Alabama, in contravention of General Orders, No. 13a, from the Headquarters of the Department of the Ohio, in the following terms, to wit, "If the necessities of the public service should require the use of private property for public services fair compensation is to be allowed," did, on or about the 2d of May, 1862, permit the officers and soldiers of his command to take provisions, forage, and other private property from the citizens of said town and country around the same for public services, and did fail to have fair compensation allowed to the owners of said property, either by money or by official vouchers in due form.

Specification 3. In this, that he, the said Col. J.B. Turchin, Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, commanding Eighth Brigade, Army of the Ohio, while occupying the town of Athens, Ala., with said brigade, in contravention of the spirit of General Orders, No. 13a, from the Headquarters Department of the Ohio, did, on or about the 2d day of May 1862, permit his own wife to be with him in the same town of Athens, Ala., and to accompany him to and from the same, while serving with the troops of said brigade in the field.

There were over two hundred complaints filed against Turchin by the citizens of North Alabama. The ones listed above are the only ones he was charged with.

If your parents did not have any children, there's a very good chance that you won't, either.

Dave Hawkins, Mgr.

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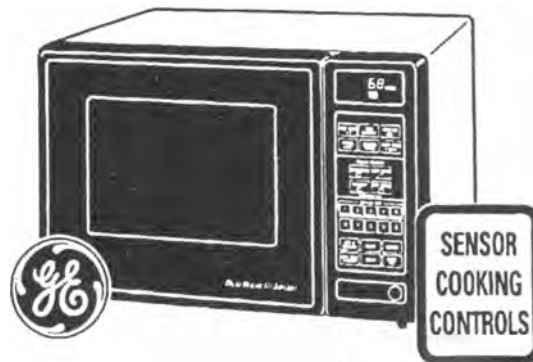
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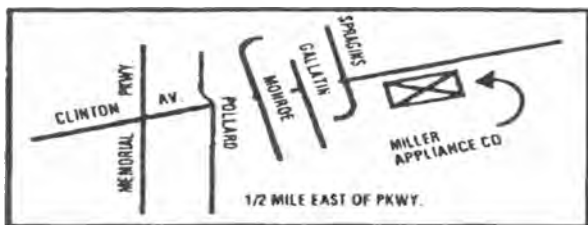
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French Fried Sweet Potatoes

Peel and cut 3 sweet potatoes into thin strips, to your taste. Fry in hot fat until crisp, brown and tender on the inside.

Drain on paper towels, sprinkle with salt or sugar, whatever your preference. Serve hot. This is great for breakfast as a substitute for hash browns or grits

Old Southern Beef Hash

2 cups cubed beef
1 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped celery
3 medium white potatoes, diced
2 tbl margarine
2 tbl flour
2 cups stock, or 2 bouillon cubes in one cup water
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp soy sauce
1/2 tsp garlic powder

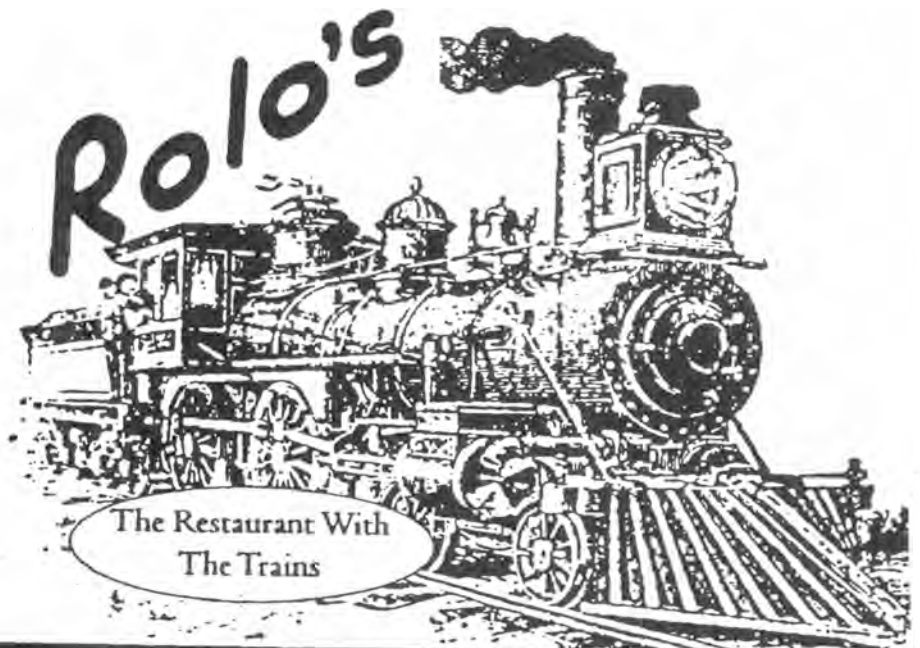
Cook meat. Saute onion, celery and potatoes in margarine til tender, but not browned. Add flour to thicken. When flour browns, add stock and meat. Cook til sauce is thick and potatoes are tender. Season with salt and pepper, soy and garlic. Over grits or over toast, this can be breakfast or lunch.

Blackberry Cobbler

3 cups fresh blackberries
1 cup sugar
1 tsp lemon juice
2 tbl flour
Butter to dot
1 egg, beaten
4 tbl butter, melted
4 tbl sugar
1 cup sifted flour

2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp salt

Mix berries in lemon juice, add sugar and flour. Spread over the bottom of well-greased deep dish pie glass and dot with butter. Combine beaten egg, melted butter and sugar. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, stir a little at a time into egg, mix til well blended. Spread this over the berries. Bake for 30 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Serve warm with homemade almond or vanilla ice cream.



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Sweet Potato Puffs

4 sweet potatoes
1 cup brown sugar
1/3 cup butter
1 cup pecans, ground

Boil potatoes til tender, peel and mash. Add brown sugar and butter and form into balls, like large marbles. Roll each ball in the nuts til completely covered. Place in a 250 degree oven for 30 minutes. Serve with ham or poultry.

Good old Southern Fried Chicken

In a brown paper bag mix:
1 cup flour
1 tsp paprika
1 tsp dry mustard
3/4 tsp nutmeg
1/2 tsp garlic powder

Cut a chicken up into serving pieces and drop each piece in bag til evenly coated with mixture. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. In a large skillet, melt a 3-pound can of vegetable fat and heat it up. When a drop of water sizzles in the skillet, it's ready. Drop in your chicken pieces and fry til golden brown, drain on paper towels. You can use the grease over again.

Fried Chicken Gravy

Put two tablespoons of the fat you used to fry chicken in a skillet. Add two tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon onion powder. Stir over medium heat til brown. Add salt and pepper to taste and 3/4 cup milk. Pour over chicken, rice or potatoes.

Eggnog Pie

9 inch graham cracker pie shell
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/3 cup sugar
1 1/3 cups milk
3 egg yolks lightly beaten
3 egg whites 1/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons dark rum
1/2 cup heavy cream

Combine gelatin, sugar, milk, and egg yolks in a saucepan. Over medium heat, cook til mixture comes to a boil and remove from heat. Chill for 20 minutes, stirring a couple of times. Beat egg whites into soft peaks and gradually add 1/4 cup sugar.

Beat til thick, add rum to the chilled egg yolk mixture. Whip the cream and fold it along with the egg whites into the egg mixture. Pour into the graham cracker pie shell and don't serve until you've chilled it for at least 3 or 4 hours.

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The Name Alabama

The State's name is from the designation given its greatest river by early travelers. An aboriginal people sometime between 1540 and 1700 arrived at a great river where they found a spot which was good enough to stop and make homes for themselves. The early comers called it the country of the Alibamos. Later the French called it the post at the Alibamo's, meaning their fort at the Alibamo town. Others called the river formed by the junction of the Coosa and the Tallapoosa, the river of the Alibamos. By a natural elimination, then this central Gulf country became

the Alibamo country.

A popular belief is that the name signifies "here we rest." This is a pleasing and extremely broad interpretation of the meaning of the word, but it is more nearly "vegetation gatherers" or "thicket cleaners." However, if these people found a place suitable to gather the vegetation, clear up the thickets, cut out the underbrush, make homes for themselves, then it was a place where they could rest. We can, at the same time, agree with Dr. William S. Wyman's theory that they were "mulberry pickers," especially is this possible as many mulberry trees grew in the Alabama river swamps and if they cleared out the underbrush, gathered the vegetation, then they must pick out the mulberry trees. If this country was good enough to stop in, then, broadly speaking, here they might rest.

The name is probably Choctaw in its etymology, but the Alibamos were likely a branch of these people, therefore, this is quite reasonable. The name is made up of the two words "Alba"

and "Amo."

Judge A.B. Meek is credited with having been the original writer to suggest the "Here we rest" meaning, though the Jacksonville Republican of July 7, 1842, in which the reference was used, credits this statement to a Mobile paper of a prior date. "Here we rest" as the motto of the State, is on the State Seal and is used on the Centennial coin issued in 1921.



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The Doctor

Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

Diabetes is a common disorder that occurs when your pancreas either totally stops producing insulin or does not produce enough of the hormone for your body's need. About 11 million people have diabetes in this country. There are two types of diabetes. Type I (also referred to as juvenile onset or insulin-dependent) diabetes and Type II (also called maturity onset or insulin-independent) diabetes. This disease is a serious but manageable health problem. The two types of the disease and its complications are responsible for about 334,000 deaths annually.

Diabetes is characterized by high levels of blood glucose because the body is unable to use it for fuel. Eventually, some of the excessive glucose will be secreted by the kidneys in the urine. Detecting glucose in the urine is a warning sign of diabetes, but other factors can also produce this symptom. A more accurate diagnostic tool is blood tests to measure the level of glucose.

In contrast to Type I diabetes, in which the pancreas secretes little or no insulin, patients with Type II diabetes often have normal or even high levels of the hormone, but for some reason the body is unable to use it. This fact may be due to a larger amount of insulin-resistant fat tissue on the body, since about 80% of Type II diabetics are overweight. Most cases of Type II diabetes can be successfully controlled by diet and exercise. To prevent complications, it is essential that the normal weight must be maintained for life.

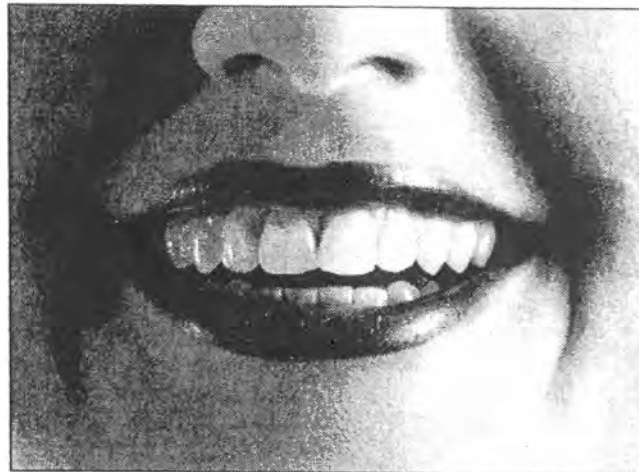
Diabetes becomes increasingly common with age. All forms of diabetes cause the same main symptoms.

You urinate much more than usual throughout the day and night. Microorganisms are attracted to the sugary urine and these can cause various complications, such as bladder infections. The loss of fluid can make you thirsty, and drinking sweetened beverages increases the amount of urination and makes your thirst worse. Your body cells don't get enough glucose, so you feel extremely tired, weak, and apathetic. Sometimes you may be unable to get up in the morning.

Older adults who are either overweight or have a family history of the disease, or both, should see a doctor for

any of the symptoms cited above. Unfortunately, no cure has yet been found for diabetes, and once the disease is discovered, you will have to have treatment all your life. Type I diabetes is treated with a combination of a controlled diet and daily injections of insulin. Type II diabetes can be controlled by diet alone in many cases. As long as you treat your diabetes sensibly, you can expect to lead a full and healthy life. Your best assurance for maximum health comes from your own responsible attitudes and from following the advice of your physician.

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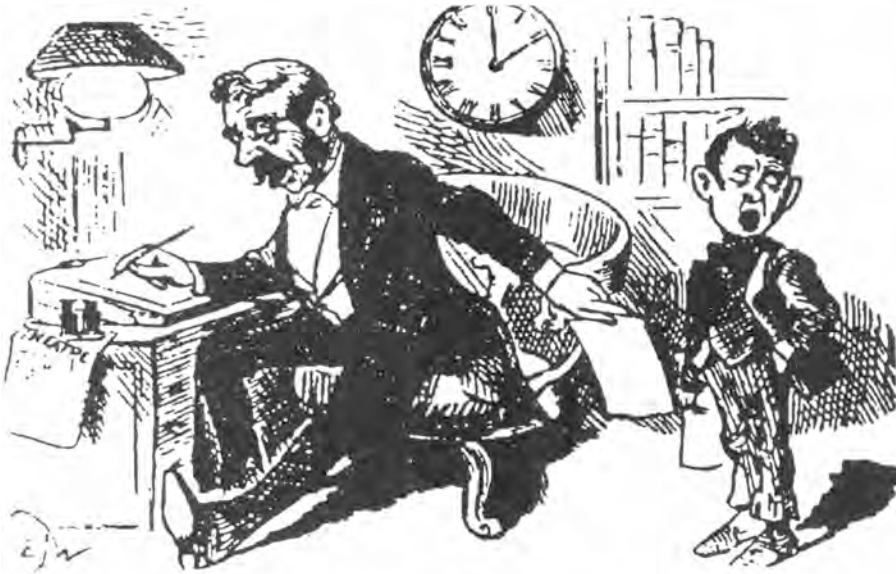
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Old Huntsville,

I am a long-time reader of "Old Huntsville" and I was thrilled when I saw all the publicity in the papers about your story on John Hunt. I was visiting

friends in Atlanta when I read it!

It makes me feel like he has come home. I know that sounds corny but it makes me feel so good that our founder lived and died here in Huntsville. I hope to hear much more about this in

future issues.

Regards,
Nancy Yarborough

Dear Old Huntsville,

Back in the early 40's my husband Floyd Hall and I lived on a small farm in the Big Cove area. A neighbor lived near by. At the time he was employed by Dr. W. L. Burritt on Monte Sano Mt. The doctor had several milk goats on his place, so the son of our neighbor wanted his dad to buy him a goat from the old doctor. Reluctantly the father said yes.

After bringing the goat home, his father's goats would not accept the new one. He told his son "You will have to take it back. We can't keep it." The broken-hearted youth came to our house and asked my husband to help him take it back to Dr. Burritt's. My husband and the boy loaded the goat in our car which was a 1938 Plymouth Coupe. They put the animal in the trunk, took it back on the mountain and when they were getting ready to leave Dr. Burritt and the boy were walking to the car. The doctor put his arm around the boy's shoulders, and said "Son, don't worry, there comes a time in

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every boy's life at one time or another when he wants a goat."

The boy looked up at the old doctor with big tears falling on his cheeks. He replied, "Thank God I've had mine."

(A true story that happened in 1941 from my own experience.)

Mrs. Alice Armstrong Hall
Clinton Ave., Huntsville

To all my friends!

I really do enjoy reading the "Old Huntsville" books. They bring back so many memories of my childhood in Dallas Village. So many people you write about that I know. Dallas Village was my home for many, many years and I loved every minute of my time spent there.

Thank you so much for such a wonderful job you are doing in giving all us readers so much enjoyment in reading material!

One happy reader - Ruby Crabbe

Old Huntsville Magazine

We are enjoying your magazine so very much. The articles, household tips, and especially the recipes are wonderful.

A letter in your No. 34 issue from Mr. H.P. (Bud) Darstein offering to share his candy and cookie recipes was of great interest to me. Since I have retired, I have been making candy and cookies to share with shut-ins and friends during the holiday seasons.

I certainly appreciate Mr. Darstein's offer to share his recipes and would love to have copies of them.

Reader in Tucson

(Editor's Note: We will forward your letter to Mr. Darstein and probably run some more of his recipes in future issues.)

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Stop Living Out Of A Glass!

by John E. Hoar,
D.M.D., P.C.

If you're one of the 40 million Americans who have lost some or all of your teeth, you probably know the agonies of living out of a glass. The inconvenience, embarrassment, and discomfort of full or partial dentures seem like a daily punishment. Until now! Everyday, hundreds of men and women are discovering the many benefits implant dentistry has to offer.

Dental implants are artificial substitutes for natural tooth roots. They make it possible for people who can't wear conventional partials or dentures to have attractive, stable teeth. The implants are attached to the jawbone through a surgical procedure performed in the office. The procedure is painless, with most patients reporting only "minor discomfort" the days following. The implant posts provide comfortable, stable

supports on which artificial teeth can be anchored. Temporary teeth are worn during the "healing phase," and while the permanent ones are being made. At no time does a patient have to go totally without teeth! During the two (2) weeks following implant placement a softer diet than usual is advised, but there is generally little disruption of normal activity.

"They have turned my life around" is probably the most common feeling patients have towards their implants. Many of the benefits are physical ones: improvement in chewing, speaking and appearance. Other benefits are social and psychological: like eating out with friends and experiencing renewed self-esteem and confidence.

You are not alone if you are plagued by loose upper dentures that you keep getting re-lined, or if you have lower dentures that move around and cause constant irritation. These are common problems and it's never too late to improve your situation. Join the millions of people who have already turned their lives around and rediscovered their lost smiles through implant dentistry. Suffering with partials or dentures is a thing of the past. People today want to live life to its fullest. Don't let a denture problem get in your way of living today and stop living out of a glass!

NO REPRESENTATION IS MADE ABOUT THE QUALITY OF DENTAL SERVICES TO BE PERFORMED OR THE EXPERTISE OF THE DENTISTS PERFORMING SUCH SERVICES

Anderson Hammer Walks Out Second Floor Window

Was Taking a Somnambulist Stroll and Awoke on the Pavement

Anderson Hammer of New Hope walked out of a second story window in the Tulane Hotel on Washington Street early Sunday morning while asleep and was seriously bruised about the head and body. Hammer had retired only a short time before and after about an hour got up and walked about in the room, finally going to the front window, out of which he stepped and tumbled head first to the concrete pavement. There were several contusions on his head and bruises on his back and side, but he was able to take a train for Hobbs Island today. The doctors say that if he had been awake and fallen in this way, he would probably have been killed. Hammer is subject to somnambulations and has been known to take nocturnal rambles before, it is stated.

Huntsville Democrat, 1913

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He has had about three years experience in Mr. Halsey's first-class carriage factory. - Moses Clay
1891 Huntsville newspaper



Stump Brings Memories

by Malcolm Miller

I was walking through the tall grass when I stumbled over it. Just an old rotting, decaying tree stump. It was a huge thing, maybe three feet across, and as I stood there looking at the old stump my mind started to wander back to my boyhood days and the mighty oak tree that once stood tall from this very stump.

You see, this old stump was all that remained of the place where I spent about seven of the happiest years of my life. Under the outstretched branches of this mighty oak tree stood the farm house that was my favorite of all the tenant houses we lived in when I was growing up. It wasn't particularly a good house, certainly not by the standards of today; but to me, an eight-year-old, it seemed like a mansion. I still recall the shiny white doorknobs on the doors. To me this was really something, because all the houses we had lived in up until that time had either wood buttons or latches to keep them closed.

But this house, like all the others

I lived in back then, had a tin roof over it. And the sun beating down on it all day in the summer would drive the whole family out under the branches of the big tree where there seemed to always be a little breeze blowing. It was under this very tree I sat for hours listening to grown folks tell of faraway places they had been.

I recall my Uncle Curt telling of the time he spent in Texas, and how the real cowboys weren't like the ones we had seen at the picture show in town. I heard them talk with worried tones at the beginning of World War II. You see, for a couple with seven sons, two of which were already in the army, my parents had much to be concerned about.

It was under the branches of this mighty oak that I first learned to play

the guitar. One that my brother Frank had ordered from Sears and Roebuck; and when folks, even today, ask me why I play the guitar upside-down left-handed, I remind them that when you are only one of seven sons in a family, you just don't go stringing up guitars to suit yourself.

That old tree stump, rotting away though it was, seemed to be there as a last reminder to me of another day and time -- a time when folks seemed to really care more for one another. Neighbors were neighborly, friends were friendlier, and pot wasn't something you wanted to smoke. No sir, it was most likely something that sat under the foot of the bed to save a trip to the outhouse on those cold winter nights.

My, how times have changed since that old stump was a tall oak tree.

The End

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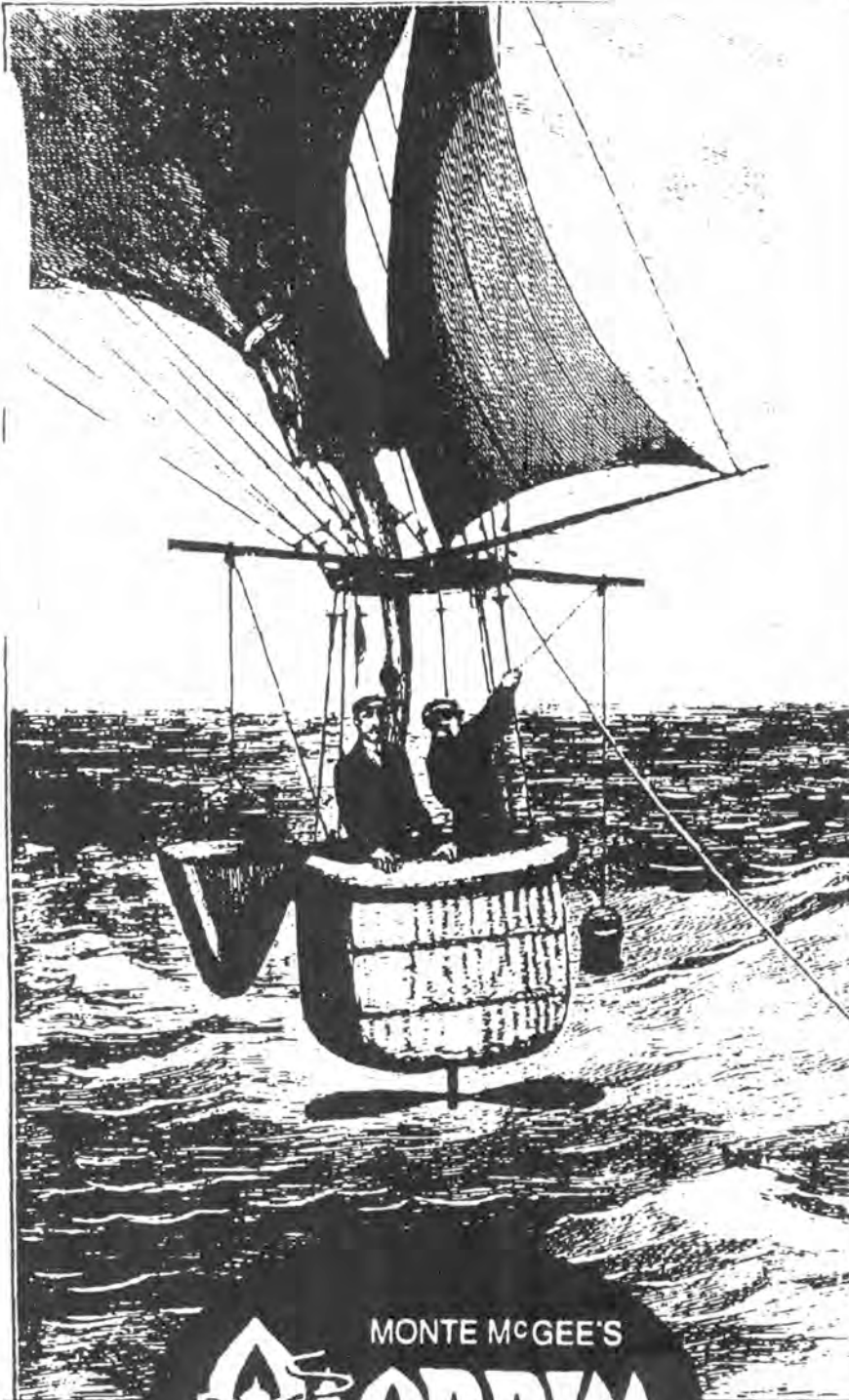
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Grandma's Kitchen Tips

Mix three pounds of margarine with one pound of butter and see if anyone can tell that you don't have four pounds of butter.

To strain any kind of liquid, just put a wad of sterile absorbent cotton in a funnel and pour the liquid through - it will come out clear as a crystal.

Add a quarter cup of grape juice to a cup of lemonade for a refreshing summer drink.

A teaspoonful of ground mustard dissolved in your dishwater will take away strong odor of fish and garlic and will remove stains from your hands.

When you've burned two pieces of toast and have no more bread, just rub them together and the brown will disappear.

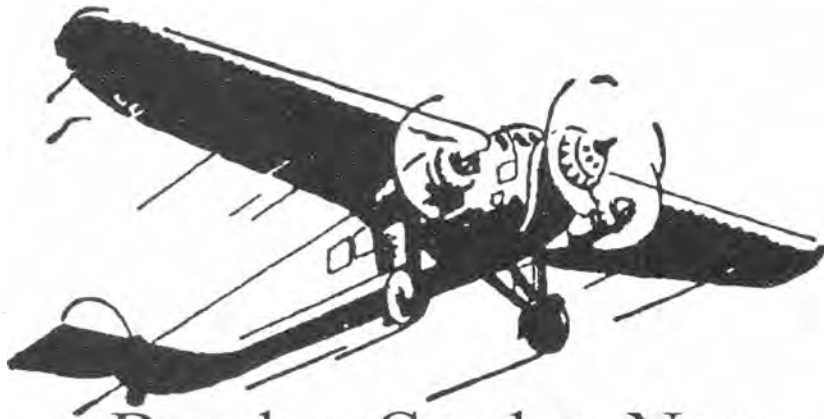
If you've added too much salt to a stew just throw in a raw Irish potato, it will absorb the excess salt.

New taste for brownies - add four crushed peppermint sticks to the recipe.

Keep ground coffee in your freezer - it will stay much fresher.

A piece of charcoal in your fridge will keep strong flavors from mixing.

— Grandma —



Bomber Crashes Near Monrovia!

by CHARLES R. WELLS

On an early summer morning in June of 1944, I decided to go fishing. With Mama and Daddy's permission, I found my fishing pole, dug a can of worms, got my new (to me) bicycle and got ready to leave. I had celebrated my fourteenth birthday about three weeks earlier (June 2nd), and Daddy had scrounged together enough money (\$6.00) to buy me a Hienz 57 used bicycle. By this, I mean it had oversize handlebars, no chain guard, a 26-inch wheel in the back and a 24-inch in the front. I was always going downhill. I rolled up my right overall leg to keep it from being caught in the sprocket and headed over to one of my favorite fishing holes on Indian Creek.

After traveling about three or four miles, I had gotten to the hill on the west side of the creek and the north side of 72 Highway. I was pushing my bicycle along a cow path that ran about halfway up the side of the hill. As I was nearing the highway, I heard a huge explosion to the south and looked that way. It appeared that the whole end of Rainbow Mountain was gone. There was fire and a lot of smoke, and I could see trees falling from the sky.

I looked up and saw a plane (B-26 Marauder) coming toward me. It was on fire and smoke was coming out of the cockpit and the bomb bay doors. It was losing altitude rapidly as it passed over me and headed toward a cultivated field at the top of the hill. Its nose was down at a very steep angle and did not flair out before impact. Upon im-

mediately, I guess a freckled face, barefoot boy dressed in overalls, carrying a fishing pole in one hand and a can of worms in the other and holding on to a weird-looking bicycle could not tell them anything they wanted to know. I was not questioned then or later. An article in the *Huntsville Times* stated that the only witness to the crash was a Negro woman who could not tell them very much.

Besides myself, the McMurtrie family, working in their field across the highway, were also witnesses to the crash. For whatever reason, none of us were ever questioned about the crash.

I had seen the plane many times before. Almost daily, depending on the weather, it would come over the farm several times -- always approaching from a southeasterly direction, pass over and then go on to the southwest. A few minutes later, we would hear the report of exploding bombs dropping on a mock village on the Arsenal. Sometimes it would be flying low enough that we could clearly see the pilots. We would wave and sometimes they would wave back or dip their wings to let us know that they had seen us.

The crash site is now occupied by Huntsville Memory Gardens. Perhaps a fitting tribute to the three men who perished there.

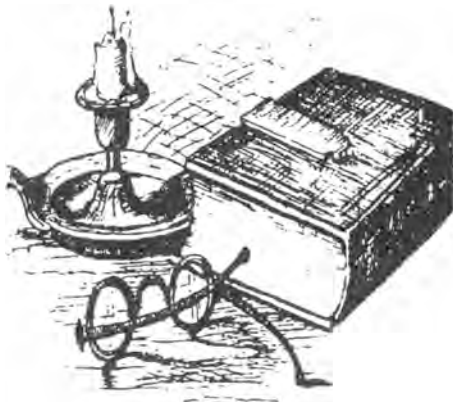
... pact, the nosewheel collapsed, the nose of the plane dug into the ground, the tail went up into the air and a matter of seconds later, it blew up. The pilot had apparently dropped part of his bomb load on Rainbow Mountain. I made my way closer to the crash site. The pilot must have radioed the base that he was in trouble because only minutes after the crash, the area was crawling with MPs, police cars and ambulances. Within minutes, they had formed a circle of guards around the site. There were several planes flying around the area. Curiosity seekers began to gather on the highway but were not allowed to approach the crash site. No one questioned me as to what I may have seen. I was told to leave the area



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From The Desk Of James Record

John Hix inaugurated the cartoon feature, "Strange as it Seems." He died in 1944, according to the *Birmingham News* article of September 22, 1948, which also stated that Ernest H. Hix edited the cartoon feature but was killed in 1948 in a single-engine plane accident when the plane in which he was flying crashed shortly after taking off in Prescott, Arizona. His funeral was held in Hollywood, California.

The *Birmingham News* issue of July 17, 1931, stated that John Hix was born in Huntsville, Alabama, on June 17, 1907. He and his family moved soon afterwards to Greenville, South Carolina. There, as a lad, he worked on the *Greenville News*, first delivering newspapers and later developing as a cartoonist and caricaturist of local subjects and personalities. At age 19, Hix determined to try his fortune in a larger city and selected Washington, D C. It was the first of a series of lucky offers that here he met Avery G. Moses, Jr., the managing editor of the *Washington Times*. Moses liked the lad and respected his talent. There quickly appeared "Hicks by Hix." This was in print only briefly before a syndicate grabbed for the series.

After two years in Washington, he went to New York where he associated himself with the McClure Newspaper syndicate, and under the auspices of that organization, he launched "Strange As It Seems." Before another two years had passed, Hix was a top-

notcher in his profession. His strip in 1931 appeared in 150 newspapers and, as the only one of its kind, ran in a four-color weekly Sunday page. The Hix cartoon feature was read by more than 15,000,000 people each day.

The *Birmingham News Age-Herald* issue of Sunday, August 20, 1939, had an article, "When the Stars Fell" by Clint Bonner, which said, "John Hix, an Alabama lad who made good in a big way ... Before he was 22, his cartoons were being read all over the nation. At 25 he saw them reach around the world. At 32, he headed an institution with international distribution through radio, newspapers and moving pictures. At 16, he was cartoonist for a South Carolina newspaper. After drawing his cartoons he said that his work had circulation by delivering his newspa-

Continued on Page 63



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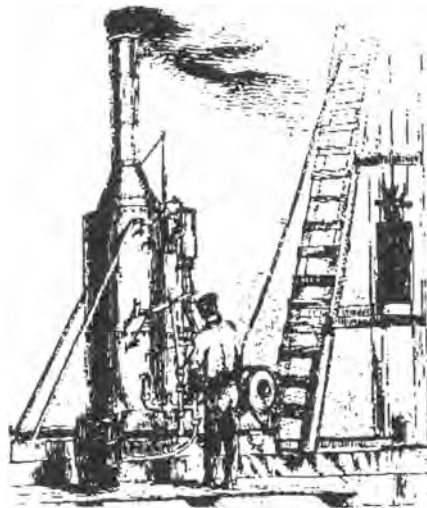
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A History of Huntsville's Waterworks

By virtue of its establishment in 1823, the Huntsville Water Works has the distinction of being the oldest public water system in the United States west of the Appalachians. Drawing water from the Big Spring, and in recent years from other sources, the system has served Huntsville continuously for 150 years.

The earliest record on the water works was made February 15, 1823. On that day Hunter Peel, an English civil engineer who came to Huntsville in 1816, executed an agreement with the Board of Trustees to furnish the town with water. Peel believed that a water system with a reservoir of water on the Public Square would serve two purposes. It would be of great convenience for public use and it would also greatly improve the town's ability to fight fires.



As set forth in the contract, Peel was to supply residents "with good spring water to be conveyed in hydrants into a reservoir on the public square." Under the franchise Peel was given exclusive right to convey the water "provided always that he shall within one year from this date cause good spring water to be conveyed in strong hydrants (cedar log conduits) iron bound at their juncture, to a waterproof reservoir of good thick plait, containing at least 1,000 cubic feet (7,500 gallons) to be

by him built on the public square of said town."

LeRoy Pope, original purchaser of much of the land on which Huntsville is located, owned the Big Spring. On April 14, 1823, Pope executed a contract with Peel granting him the right to erect a dam across the stream from the spring and to construct there a house "not exceeding thirty feet long by twenty-four wide to house the water works." Peel, who was county engineer at the time, formed a partnership with James Barclay, a machinist, and Huntsville's first water works was underway.

Peel and Barclay's first water plant consisted of an awkward looking wooden self-propelled turbine wheel turned by the spring flow which pumped water through cedar log pipes to the reservoir on the Square.

The first cedar log pipes used were very crude. They were up to fourteen feet in length and how they were hollowed out is still a mystery. The cedar pipes apparently used after 1827 were all bored with an auger.

Peel and Barclay apparently experienced difficulties in keeping the system operating and there were ex-

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tended periods when the reservoir remained empty. Dissatisfaction with Peel's operation resulted in his losing his franchise which was granted to a Joshua Cox in 1825. Cox's operation of the water works was no better than Peel's and in 1826, he sold the system to Thomas A. Ronalds of New York. Ronalds hired Sam D. Morgan as supervisor and commenced a significant improvement of the facilities. These improvements included a new dam, engine house, new cedar log pipes, and a more powerful pump. In 1828, after much agitation, the town council contracted with Ronalds to construct, adjacent to the courthouse, a new larger reservoir at a cost of \$900. The new reservoir was a wooden tank 18 feet square and 10 feet high, with a capacity of 24,300 gallons. It was enclosed by a two-story brick structure, the upper portion of which was a meeting room for the town council. In addition to providing the new reservoir, Ronalds agreed to erect fire plugs at each corner of the public square "for the exclusive use of the fire engines of said town with three and one-half inch pipes (made from cedar logs) leading from the reservoir thereto, such fire plugs are to be kept in such good order and repair that

a plentiful supply of water can at all times be had therefrom for the extinguishments of fire."

Ronalds and Morgan operated the water system until 1836. At that time, Dr. Thomas Fearn and his brother George Fearn, who was on the town council, acquired the water works. In a contract executed with the Aldermen of Huntsville, Dr. Fearn and George Fearn agreed to completely rebuild the water system. The improvements included the installation of an iron pump at the spring and cast iron pipes, 5" in diameter to the four corners of the public square. This marked the first use of cast iron pipe in the water system. The Mayor and Council agreed "to construct within five years, a reservoir upon some suitable site to be provided by them so as to admit an elevation of water therein forty feet above the surface of the public square." The reservoir was to be sixty feet by sixty feet and ten feet deep, and the City agreed to construct an iron main of five inch diameter to connect the reservoir to the water works pump at the Spring. In 1842, a new reservoir was constructed on a lot 150 feet square situated between Echols Street and McClung Street. The reservoir

was dug 10 feet deep and was 70 feet in diameter. It had a capacity of 28,523 gallons of water. The elevation of the new reservoir and the new five inch main made possible a great expansion of the area which could be adequately served with water. In Dr. Fearn's waterworks account book of 1842 were listed a total of 111 customers. In 1843, William W. Pope, son of LeRoy Pope, who had acquired ownership of the Big Spring from his father, deeded it to the City for \$1.

Dr. Fearn continued to operate the water works and in 1854, the city council named a committee of three to inquire into the propriety of purchasing the water works from him. As a result of this study, in 1858, the city purchased the water works for the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in ten equal annual installments.

On July 1st, 1859, an ordinance was adopted by the town council "to establish a tax for the use of water from the Water Works of the Town of Huntsville." The rates for residential users were based on the valuation of the house. "For each dwelling valued at no more than eight thousand dollars, the water tax shall be twelve dollars and fifty cents annually." For commer-



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cial users, specific annual rates were set forth.

During the years of the Civil War and the Reconstruction days, there was very little expansion or improvement in the water system. However, by 1887, Huntsville was beginning to grow and it was apparent that the water system would have to be expanded and improved. After securing the permission of the State Legislature, the city in March of 1887 sold \$15,000 in municipal bonds for the purpose of expanding the water system, and embarked on the greatest expansion program ever undertaken up to that time. The report of the Water Works Inspector in 1887, gives an interesting accounting of the customers being served: 591 hydrants, 162 water closets, 63 baths, 24 urinals, 87 sprinklers, and 7 soda founts; a total of 934 services.

As part of the effort to attract a major new industry to Huntsville, in 1891 the city agreed to provide free 500,000 gallons of water per day for 10 years to the Dallas Manufacturing Company.

The "Huntsville Daily Mercury" on December 21, 1892, had this comment, "The Board (of Aldermen) has now provided well for our citizens, and no more 'kicking' will be heard from patrons who have complained of being unable to get water early in the morning. The chairman of the Water Works Committee was instructed to employ an extra man for work -- keeping the machinery (pump) at work constantly till the new standpipe is erected." This incident pointed up the critical need for more storage capacity than the old dug reservoir of 1842 provided. Early in 1893, a new standpipe (reservoir) was erected on top of Echols Hill on land donated by Col. W.H. Echols. This new reservoir had a capacity of 600,000 gallons.

The increased pressure and volume of water provided by the major expansion of the early 1890s made possible some interesting new uses of water from the system. At least one barber shop used a water motor for propelling the ceiling fans back and forth. A similar fan was used in the Monroe home on Greene Street. In 1904, the W.L. Halsey Grocery Company installed an elevator powered by

water and in 1913, the printing presses in the Monroe Printing Shop were water powered. These uses were economically feasible only because the water used was sold on a flat rate and not metered.

The contamination of the water supply from the spring first became a matter of concern in 1898, with an outbreak of typhoid fever. It resulted in the paving of the Public Square as a means of some protection to the underlying stream of water. After frequent typhoid outbreaks, in 1914, the Water Department installed its first chlorinator. This was a very inefficient device and was of little value in purifying water pumped into the city's mains. In 1917, a severe outbreak of typhoid resulted in a survey by Dr. Carl A. Grote, Huntsville's first Health Officer. Open toilets located over rock crevices behind the old Market House located on the southwest corner of Clinton and Washington Streets were considered to be the cause of the pollution, and a new sewer line was installed. An efficient drip-type chlorinator was installed in 1918, after which typhoid resulting from contamination from the city's water system became virtually nonexistent.

Although chlorination of the water had effectively eliminated the threat of typhoid, the fear of pollution of the water supply continued to be a source of concern to health authorities. In 1950, the city was ordered by the State Health Department to look for another source of water other than the Big Spring. After investigation by the Alabama and U.S. Geological Survey, it was determined that the Dallas Well and Lincoln Well, located about a mile northeast of the Big Spring, actually were tapping the same underground source, which fed the Big Spring. The two wells were acquired in 1955, and pumping from the Big Spring was discontinued in 1957.

An interesting economic aspect of the city's operation of the water system is the fact that for some 30 years prior to 1950, the revenues from the sale of water was the biggest single source of income for the city's General Fund.

By the early 1960s because of Huntsville's enormous growth, it be-

came apparent that sources other than wells must be used to meet the city's water needs. In 1964, a water purification plant was constructed near the Tennessee River. The plant which was enlarged in 1967, can purify and pump into the city water system 18,000,000 gallons daily. By 1973, on the 150th anniversary of the establishment of this historic old water system, it had become one of the country's finest, with 652 miles of mains and a storage capacity of 32,000,000 gallons.

The End

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Engineer

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Perpetuating The Myth

by Judy Wills

If you watched Ken Burns' well executed, but historically shallow, docu-drama on the Civil War, you were probably led to believe that the bloodiest war in the history of this country was about slavery.

On one side was the degenerate and slothful South. It was ready to go

to war to protect the God-given right to sit on the verandah, attend nightly cock fights, and never to miss a Sunday horse race, where, horror of horrors, gambling took place and right out in the open at that.

On the other side was the honest, hard working, upright, church-attending, abolitionist North which fought for four long and bloody years, at the cost of 300,000 Union dead, to free those poor benighted slaves from the hateful South.

Slavery was part of the disagreement between South and North, but four out of five of those hungry, shoeless Confederates who lived on parched corn and hardtack didn't own slaves. It stretches credulity that they would follow real "slave drivers" like Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson who marched his men up and down the Shenandoah Valley, thirty miles a day, back over the footprints that they had left two days before, just to preserve an institution in which they had no interest.

The North wasn't fighting to abolish slavery either. A great many of them truly believed that the Union had to be preserved. Some New Englanders really did oppose slavery. We know it because of the inflammatory literature that they wrote. We also know it because it was the churches of New England who financed John Brown's attempt to cause a slave rebellion that they knew full well would have resulted in many deaths in Virginia and Maryland. After all, Brown had a proven track record in Kansas. That's why they called it "Bloody Kansas."

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land promised land to men who would join the army, but if a man had a farm or job in the Midwest, he didn't fight to free the slaves. If he had come for a better life, he certainly didn't want a freed Southern slave coming North to take his job.

Men fought then for the same reasons that they fight today: pay, excitement, or even the thrill of wearing a pretty uniform and having a brand new rifled gun instead of an old shotgun to shoot with.

Billy Yank probably didn't need to worry about his job. When canals were dug in New Orleans, the slaves were considered too valuable to risk catching all the fevers that abounded, (tertian, quantidian, and quotidian, just to start the list). Irish laborers were used instead, and it was the Irish who died in the swamps of Louisiana.

Slave children under the age of twelve, who were excluded from work by law, looked on as the Irishman worked. So, too, did the adult slave who had finished his assignment for the day and was able to take the rest of the day off.

Laws similar to "le Code Noir" of Louisiana were passed all over the South for the protection of the slaves. For example, it was illegal to manumit (free) slaves over the age of 45. Obviously, this was to ensure than an unscrupulous owner didn't get most of the working life out of a slave and then cast him aside in his old age.

Few people outside the South, and not many in the South, are aware of that a sizeable portion of our population consisted of "free blacks." These were individuals who had been born of free mothers, or who had been freed, or who had saved their money and bought themselves out of slavery.

Since a child inherited the status of its mother, if the mother was free, the child was too. Free black women were probably the most instrumental in freeing other women so that their children could be born free.

Sometimes a slave holder freed his servants at his death. Take a look at steamboat passenger lists from Savannah or Charleston to Boston or Philadelphia to see who went North to be educated and to live.

Many persons in the South just didn't believe in slavery. Robert E. Lee

inherited slaves from the Custis estate, but he liberated them before he went off to war. Ulysses S. Grant owned slaves, but he didn't free them until the upcoming Emancipation Proclamation forced him to. Stonewall Jackson, for several years, was the owner of two slaves -- a man and his wife who had begged Jackson to buy them because they knew he would be good to them. Jackson carefully kept an account of the wages that would have been paid to white workers, and when the couple had worked long enough, he freed them. His faithful servant and friend, Jim, was lent to him when war broke out; and when Jackson was killed, Jim simply attached himself to another officer and kept on fighting the Yankees.

Slaves often had their own garden plots and the right to sell the produce they grew. Sometimes slaves elected to buy their way out of slavery, but then they were on their own. Since our forefathers did not believe freedom worked for everyone a law was passed in the 1840 Alabama legislature to permit a free black to sell himself back into slavery.

Not only did slaves have gardens, but they were apprenticed in trades that they used to earn income, and some chose to buy freedom. Some of them became wealthy enough that they became the moneylenders to the white planters and acquired estates and slaves of their own. In Madison County, Alabama, in 1830, only 17% of whites owned slaves, but 46% of free blacks were slave owners.

Male slaves had more choices of trades than did the females. While the men learned to become bricklayers, bakers, barbers, saddlers, and even more profitable positions such as jewelers, women became cleaners, laundresses, midwives or herbal doctors. Jane Minor, a slave of Petersburg, Virginia, nursed so many prominent citizens through an epidemic that she was given her freedom in gratitude. With her skills, she earned enough income to buy the freedom of sixteen other women and children.

Free blacks tended to stay in the South, and there were twice as many free blacks in the South as in the North. In Petersburg, Virginia, one-third of all blacks were free. Because of property laws that gave the husband control

over the wife's property, both wealthy white women who had been widowed and free black women tended to stay unmarried. As time went on, widows were less willing to accept the conditions laid down by men. If a husband had left the wife less than her legal 1/3 of the slaves or directed her to sell slaves that she wished to keep, she could renounce the will and apply to the court for a re-division of the estate. One free black woman, Maria Matthews, was disinherited in favor of her daughter, so she renounced the will.

In Louisiana, there were probably more wealthy free blacks than in any other state. Cyprian Richard paid \$225,000 for an estate and ninety-one



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slaves. His home was in one of the better sections of town, and he even belonged to the local Turf Club. Perhaps as many free blacks owned nearly 100,000 slaves. There was a black man in Charleston, South Carolina, who bought himself a wife. When she wouldn't behave, he sold her and made fifty dollars profit on the deal.

The free black slave owners had a vested interest in preserving slavery. When war broke out, the free blacks of New Orleans declared their allegiance to the South and organized themselves into the Louisiana Native Guards. Union General Benjamin Butler, after he captured New Orleans, "put them in their place." He made them into Federal "troops" and put them to work digging fortifications and all of the other manual labor that he didn't want his white troops to have to do. It should be noted that not all of these black ex-Confederates were willing to trade their gray coats for Yankee blue.

Yes, slavery was a cruel institution but it should not be used as an excuse to rewrite history to fit the current "political correctness."

Try to imagine what the movie, "Gone With the Wind" would have really looked like if the author and excellent historian, Margaret Mitchell had had her way with the producers of the movie. A hint ... Tara was probably a large two-story log cabin.

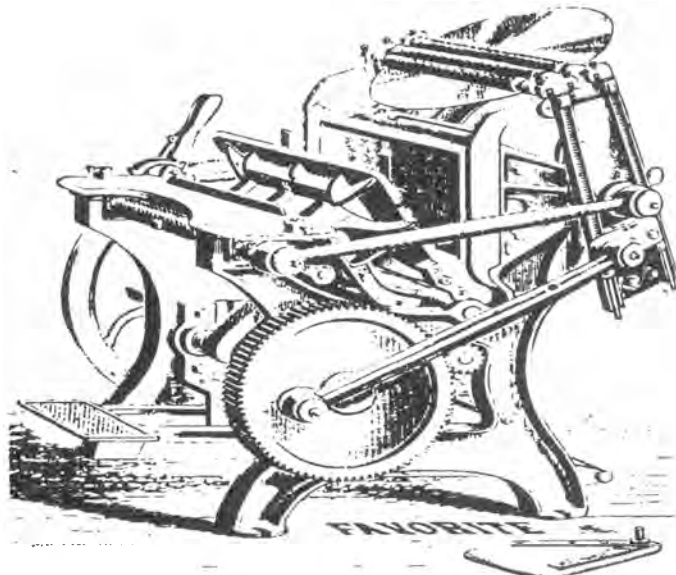
The End

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Sold Out!

My mother always told me that patience wasn't my greatest virtue, and mothers are usually right.

I recently subscribed to *Old Huntsville Magazine*. In the past I would pick one up at a store every month, but a subscription seemed much more conventional. Since this was the first month of my subscription I wasn't sure exactly when my magazine would arrive. I noticed the new magazines were out and watched my mailbox anxiously for my copy.

On Friday I still hadn't received my copy of the magazine. I drove to the Walmart on North Parkway and walked to the machine. I put my fifty cents in and tugged on the door and nothing happened. The door wouldn't open. Well heck, I could afford to pay a dollar for the magazine. I inserted fifty more cents, the door still wouldn't budge. There I was fighting with this dumb machine when this man walked up. He gave me a strange look and told me that if I left my name at the front desk I could get my money back. Seething with frustration I snapped "I don't want the money, I want the damn book!" Embarrassed by my outburst I returned home.

Saturday morning I went to the farmers market. As I was putting my

purchases in the car I spotted an *Old Huntsville* stand. I hurried over eager to buy a copy. As I neared the machine I realized that the darn thing was empty. I kept my calm, after all my copy was sure to be in the mail today. Unfortunately it wasn't.

That night I decided to again try my luck at this wild goose chase. This time I went to the Kroger's on Oakwood. I had seen copies there earlier. As I neared the stand a sense of horror overtook me. The machine was empty. In my anger I gave the machine one well placed kick. An elderly lady turned, looked me straight in the eye and said, "You're too old to be acting like that!" Ashamed I retreated to my car to plot. I was now determined not to fail at my task. I told myself that I could not go home without a copy.

I headed for Bruno's. At last!! A machine complete with a dozen or so copies. With extreme care I put in my quarters and opened the door - Success!! I finally had a copy of *Old Huntsville*! Gleeefully I rushed home and read the treasured literature from cover to cover.

Monday I received my copy of *Old Huntsville* in the mail.

Thank you.

I would sign this but I don't want my grandson to know that his grandmother kicks machines.



Homecoming

by Billy Joe Cooley

When folks around South Pittsburg can't find anything to talk about these days, they turn to the subject of Jerry Lee Kilgore and his bird problem.

A few weeks ago, when the weather was cold, Jerry Lee kept a dozen or so red birds and blue birds well fed in his huge back yard.

He would go down to the picture show late at night and get all the leftover popcorn, put it in a garbage bag and haul it home, sprinkling it across his yard so the birds would have special treats next morning.

He did the same with leftover cornbread from cafes around the area, especially in deepest winter.

But, as one could expect, pesky blackbirds started recognizing Jerry Lee's backyard as a good thing for freebies and pushed their way in, thus pushing the pretty redbirds and bluebirds out.

Jerry Lee has always been a hard worker and didn't take kindly to the black demons flocking to his yard. He much preferred the beautiful color birds.

Somebody gave him the solution: bring a bunch of pigeons to the neighborhood.

He went to Chattanooga, rounded up a half dozen pigeons and brought them home. Behold! He was just in time. The yard was full of blackbirds. The pigeons flew in on the unwanted birds, pecked, flogged and generally made life miserable for them. The blackbirds took flight.

Then the pigeons became pesky.

The color birds wouldn't return to the yard. Jerry Lee, now confronted with a new problem, consulted his city cousins about how to get rid of the pigeons, which by this time were attracting other pigeons.

He decided against poisoned corn and other drastic measures. He thought about using roman candles to "fireball" them out of the area. He thought better of that, however, remembering how such a tactic against crows had caused a neighbor to lose a haybarn to flames a few years back.

Traps proved useless. The pigeons were wary of objects they didn't understand. Meanwhile, neighbors complained that the pigeons were "blessing" their car windshields and window awnings.

Something had to be done, so he took his .22 rifle and started shooting one afternoon, picking the pigeons off one at a time as they poked their strutting bodies into view.

That's when it happened. One of his bullets ricocheted, striking his car's gas tank and setting off an explosion that could be heard all the way to town, more than a mile away. Unfortunately, the car was parked in the carport and there weren't enough unfrozen water pipes in the area to extinguish the blaze.

His family managed to escape the fire. So did the pigeons. And that's the truth.

The End

Just Cichlids

In sheer numbers, no other animal tops the fish in U.S. popularity polls, from family living rooms to executive offices, from class rooms to hospitals, more and more hobbyists are discovering the joys and benefits of keeping fish.

No group of ornamental fishes arouse such strong emotions among aquarists as do Cichlids. Their many partisans praise their intelligence, brilliant colorations, ease of maintenance and highly evolved parental behavior.

Just Cichlids is the largest retailer of African Rift Lake Cichlids in the Southeast.



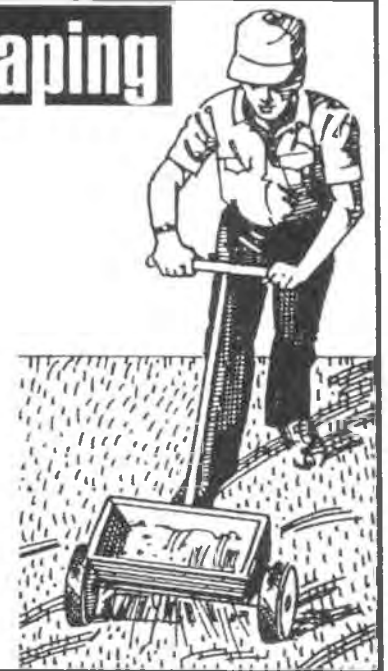
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Letters To The Penny Pincher

Dear Penny,

Instead of buying expensive bathroom and kitchen cleaners, buy a bottle of Pinesol or something similar. Put an ounce in a spray bottle and fill up with water!

Mary Dersch, New York

Dear Penny,

Choose holiday or birthday to give gifts to family members that are truly needed - washing machine, trip to see your sister, fix something in the home, furniture, etc. Since it is not too romantic to get fencing for an anniversary, send a card that says "I'm so glad to be fenced in with you!" Make it fun!

Henry Urban, New York

I have my car financed with a commercial bank. One day my loan officer mentioned that since rates were down I should think about refinancing. I inquired about the costs to refinance and was very surprised to find out there were NO refinancing costs. I saved \$17 a month and with 34 months left to go saved a total of \$578!

Alfred Lay, Tennessee

To your readers:

There are a lot of scams out there that take advantage of the unwary person who is trying to find opportunities to earn extra money. I recently saw an ad for a course that will help a person

pass the postal exam. But when I called the Post Office I found there were no jobs available. The money for the course would have been wasted. There is a similar ad for airline jobs, where again there are few, if any, openings.

Penny Brukl, New York

To the Pincher,
Often times when a child travels by air with an adult there are discounts based on age. But did you know that if a child travels alone there are even greater discounts? Airlines don't advertise these, so be sure and check if your child is going to be traveling along or alone.

Cathey Carney, Huntsville

Dear Penny,

I re-use envelopes regularly. When I receive a return envelope I don't need to use, I mark out the address on the front, turn it over, write the address and my return address on the back and affix the stamp.

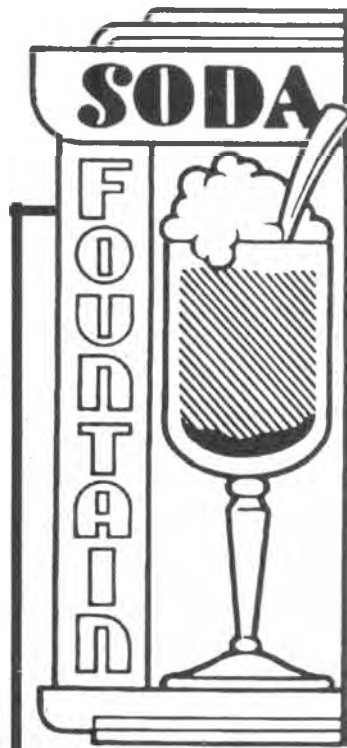
Howard Kuhnle, Buffalo

Here in Pennsylvania we can save money if we use our appliances in off peak hours. I recommend that others check with their local utility company to find out if they have a similar program.

David Mantell, Pa.

Dear Penny,

If you don't want to buy a new dust pan, make a free one from newspaper. Tear one page out of the newspaper. Wet a two inch strip down one side. Place the wet side against the



Payne's Soda Shop

"The Way It Used To Be"

On The Square in Scottsboro

floor beside your pile of trash. Sweep the trash onto the newspaper, fold the paper up and throw away.

Jl

Dear Penny,

Buying Wheat Thins in the store can get pretty expensive. Make your own! My kids love these, and you can flavor them with onion salt, sesame seeds, poppy seeds, or any other seasoning you like. They are great for company, and what a conversation piece!

1 3/4 cup whole wheat flour

1 1/2 cup white flour

1/3 cup oil emulsified in a blender with 3/4 tsp salt and 1 cup water

Mix dry ingredients, add oil/water/salt mixture. Knead as little as possible. Make smooth dough then roll as thin as possible on un-oiled cookie sheet (not more than 1/8"). Mark with knife to size of crackers desired, but do not cut through. Prick each cracker a few times with fork. Sprinkle lightly with salt or onion salt as desired. If using sesame or poppy seeds, mix them into the dough, as they will fall off the finished cracker. Onion salt can also be mixed into the dough. Bake at 350 until crisp and light brown, (about 30 or 35 minutes).

Stephanie Goepfert,
Huntington, NY

Dear PP,

I am an avid auction fan. I have found out the hard way that the best way to make sure you get that treasure you're bidding on is to bid early. As the session continues, more bidders will show up, getting caught up in the excitement and fever of fast bidding. Also, they will figure that if several people like an item, it must have some hidden value. Try to catch a good buy before too much money competition builds up.

Also, I tend to go to garage sales rather than flea markets. At garage sales the people are trying to sell all their items, usually at any price. No one likes to drag it all back into the garage. A flea market seller, however, just packs it up for the next day.

Julia - Atlanta, Ga.



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Continued from page 15

something white, which signal meant "the town is clear." Had it been red or blue Bent would have rested content upon the distant height. As it was, he rode into the village, and, sitting on his horse (for in those perilous days nobody dismounted in town) was conversing with his mother at the gate. Tom Anderson, a member of Bent's squad, had from another hill also read the signals, and he cautiously rode into the suburb. Having been successful as scouts, these two enterprising youths had acquired and, as it was a frosty morning, were wearing each a warm, very blue Yankee overcoat. As Tom's horse turned the corner of Main Street, some three hundred yards off, and he saw a lone Yankee or Tory - I wasn't sure which - in the road ahead of him. His first impulse was to turn and run, but Bent was too quick for him and ran first. Neither of these two men was a coward, but the circumstances fully justified what Sheriff James Swiver called "quick action" and the practice of that discretion which ancient Falstaff declared to be "the better part valor." Bent didn't know how many more Yankees were coming round the corner following their leader, and felt sure it was better to gain the other side of the Long Bridge, a mile away, and find out there than to take the foolish risk, allowing a whole squad to get right on him at full speed before he started. Therefore he wheeled and ran as fast as his steed could go.

Seeing only one Yankee or Tory, and that one running away, Tom changed his mind and tactics simultaneously and, whipping out his six-shooter, he stuck the spurs to his charger

and began pursuit. For half a mile down Main Street the two horsemen sped, the women and children leaning out of the windows, not certain whether it was a fight or a horse-race. Tom's mount was so much superior to Bent's that by the time the latter was checking up to make a safe turn around the corner at Cornwell's store to get into the straight reach of roadway leading to the bridge the pursuer was near enough to begin to empty his army pistol at the fugitive, who, to avoid being hit, was now lying as flat on his horse's neck as his anatomy could be applied. Having made the turn with safety, Bent ventured to glance back, and, seeing only a single pursuer who had already expended four of his six shots without effect while his own battery was as yet intact, took his pistol out of the holster and eased up on his speed, determined to settle accounts at close quarters. A few moments later, pulling the reins and wheeling suddenly about, he was in the act of firing into Tom's chest at close range when Thomas, recognizing his chum, yelled out as loud and distinctly as he could shape the sentence, "Don't shoot, Bent; it's me!" and Bent, not yet lowering his weapon, replied, "Tom, you d-- fool! I've a great notion to blow your brains out, anyhow."



WANTED!

Will pay top dollar for books, manuscripts, artifacts, and memorabilia dealing with Huntsville's history.

Call Thomas Frazier 534-0502



More Omens and Old Superstitions!

Don't look at your neighbor through a piece of broken glass, or else a violent quarrel will ensue.

When a holly's branches are laden with berries, bad weather is in the immediate future.

If you have rats in a room, sprinkle holy water in three corners of the room, the rat will try to escape through the fourth corner.

If a bride breaks a dish at her wedding breakfast, it means very bad luck for the marriage.

Being followed by a large strange dog will bring you good luck.

Nightmares can be avoided by pinning your socks to the foot of the bed, by placing a rock crystal under your pillow, or by hanging a diamond on your left arm.

Friday is an unlucky day to get married, to sail, to begin a new job, to open a new play, to cut your nails or to change the bed linen. However, if you have a dream Friday night and discuss it the next day, it will come true.

One who sings on Friday is said surely to weep on Sunday.

Wearing leather will scare evil spirits away.

Visit with America's Favorite Humorist

America's Favorite radio humorist Garrison Keillor broadcasts his show live from the World Theater in Minnesota, replete with all the sassy wit, savvy music, and the News from Lake Wobegon that have made his show a national hit. Your old friends are there—with a dynamic lineup of special guests to keep the show at its crackling best.

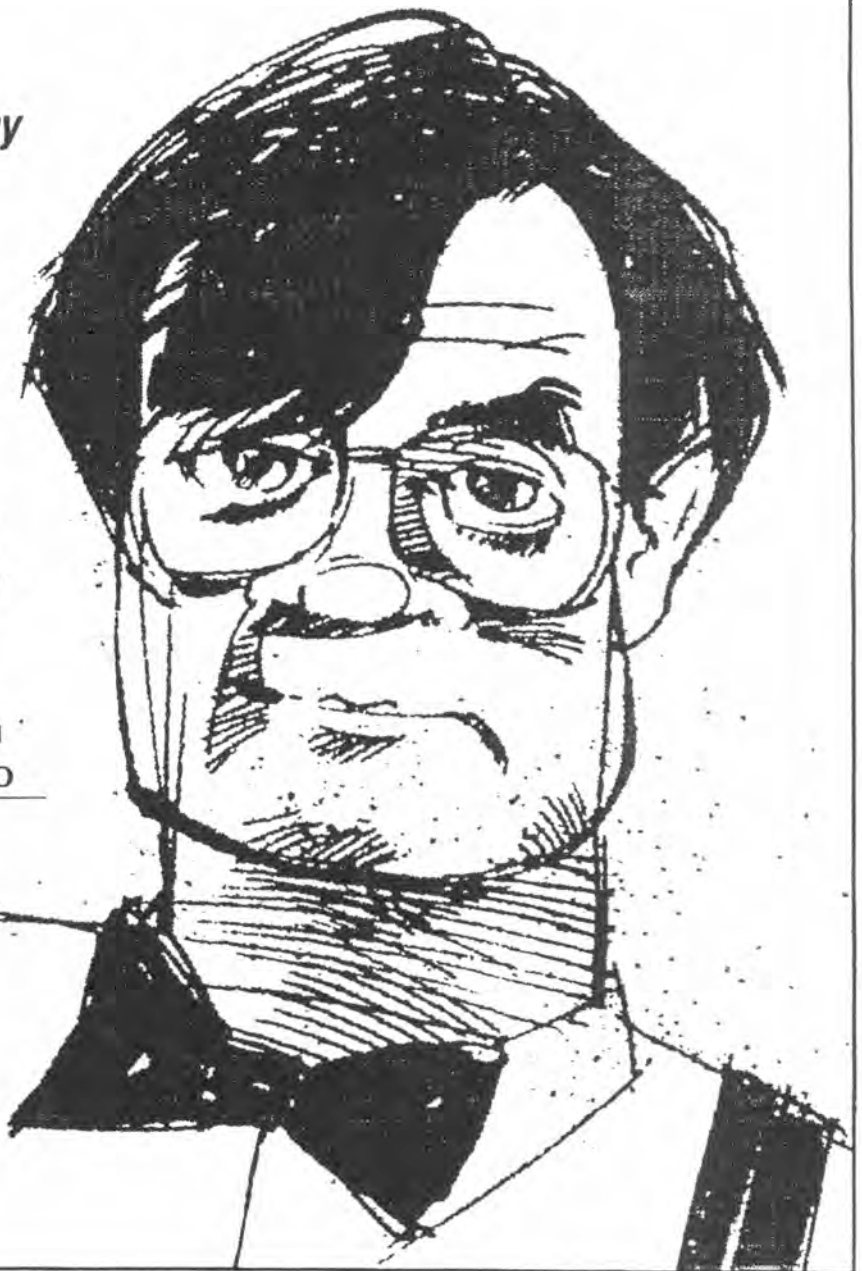
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Culture & other Classy Stuff

by Alberta P. Alberts



DREGGER CLASSICAL MUSIC COLLECTION IS BEING SOLD

Alvin Dregger of 610 Holmes Ave. NE, who founded the Huntsville Symphony in 1954 and was its principal cellist for many years, is selling his vast music collection.

"I have more than a hundred arrangements for string quartets, among other things," he says, "and I hope to find good homes for it all. It represents 80 years of classical music."

The collection is at his residence, near Five Points, where he has lived since 1918. Phone 536-2821.

RAILROAD ROUNDHOUSE FRIDAY NIGHT DANCES GAINING POPULARITY

As the second month of Friday night dances begin in the Railroad Museum Roundhouse, attendance continues to increase, says Mrs. Bianca Cox, the organizer.

The dances are from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. and feature the Richard Cox Orchestra, an 18-piece aggregation.

Admission is only \$5 a person and tables for 10 may be reserved.

Arrangements of musical favorites of the last 50 years comprise the Cox repertoire. Phone 539-6653 for more information.

PAUL WESTHEIDERMAN TO HEAD PRESERVATION OF UNPAVED ROADS

Huntsvillian Paul Westheiderman has been elected president of the National Association for the Preservation of Unpaved Roads (NAPUR).

The organization held its convention in Griffin, Ind., last month and

chose Kenneth Woods as its vice president. He is a frequent visitor to Huntsville, by virtue of an annual journey to his winter home in Fort Myers, Fla.

"Our country is fast losing much of its beauty to the ribbons of black asphalt which stretches from sea to shining sea," Westheiderman said.

"We need to scrape the asphalt off many of the side roads and restore them to their natural state."

BACKSTAGE OFFERS 'MAN OF LAMANCHA' IN GUNTERSVILLE

Nine performances of the popular play "The Man of LaMancha" are being presented at the Whole Backstage Playhouse in Guntersville through early August by that theater's house players.

Directed by Dot Moore, showtimes will be at 7:30 p.m. nightly on July 30 and 31 and on Aug. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, with 2 p.m. matinees on Aug. 7 and Sunday, Aug. 8.

General admission prices are \$8, with student and elderly tickets at \$6.

The theater is on Rayburn Av-

enue.

The orchestra, directed by Bob Larkin, is comprised primarily of Huntsvillians.

Cast as principal actors are Mark Webb as Don Quixote and Margaret Croft as Aldonza.

For more information phone Dot Moore at 582-4204 or the ticket office at 582-7469.

SOFTBALL SOCIAL SET FOR 'THE TRIBE' TEAM

A social will be held Saturday, July 31, for The Tribe, a local softball team sponsored by the Vieux Carre Lounge from 3 to 7 p.m..

The team recently won the state title and will play in the national tourna-



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ment Aug. 16-22 in Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love."

The social will be under a big top at the lounge. The following day, Sunday, Aug. 1, there will be a carnival on the club's patio, with a dunking booth, pump toss, darts and other games from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m.

'BREAKING BOUNDARIES' NOW AT ART MUSEUM

"Breaking Boundaries," depicting American puppetry in the 1980s is on exhibit through Aug. 15 at Huntsville Art Museum.

Another exhibit, "Encounters 23: Connie Boussom," is on display there through Aug. 23.

Admission is free.



Big Spring Park
Huntsville, Alabama

1993

Bianca Cox, Founder/Director 530-8653
FREE Monday night concerts

CELEBRATE SUMMER with GAZEBO CONCERTS eighth season of free musical programs in Big Spring Park. Bring a lawn chair and a picnic supper and enjoy the music.

- June 7 - Gazebo Pops Orchestra
- June 14 - 313th U. S. Army Band
- June 21 - Yesterdays (male quartet)
Rockel City Brass
- June 28 - Charlie Lyle Swing Band
- July 5 - Barbara Fraser (folk singer)
Rick Jobe and Tuxedo Junction
- July 12 - SouthWinds 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
Hoot'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.
Richard Cox Big Band
Bavarian Sauerkrauts Polka Band



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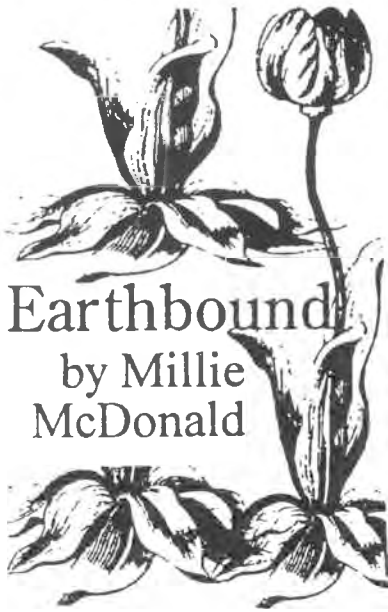
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Earthbound by Millie McDonald

I wonder if we ever consider the abuse we place on Mother Earth. We over-water it, use too many chemicals, over-plant it in one location, let the soil erode, never let it rest, and discard trash on it.

Restoration would be so simple if each of us who owned property would follow a few simple guidelines.

For example: Use less water and don't flood the soil. Check the chemical content of the fertilizer and the length of time the hazardous portion of the fertilizer will remain in the soil. Use natural compost (organic material) when possible.

Do not plant the same annual plants in the same area each year to prevent depletion. Let the earth rest, restore and rejuvenate itself.

If there is soil erosion, terrace the area, or use a bulkhead if you live near a river or lake. Do not litter at any time or any place. Trash spoils the beauty of nature and is a detriment to the environment.

Consider the earth as a breathing symbol of life and treat it accordingly. Our environment is so important today. Let's all do our part to preserve it.

A miser is a man who lives within his income. He's also called a magician.

John Lowell
Retired

The Color Paint You Use Can Affect Your Mood

The colors in your home can change your moods! If you are planning to do some painting inside your home, here are a few color tips you may not know about.

According to Richard Wurtman, Ph.D., professor of endocrinology and metabolism at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "Color, which is a form of light, is the most important environmental input after food in controlling bodily function."

Paint away, change your mood perhaps, but remember that each person has his or her own particular way of reacting to color.

* If you have a room that you do routine, boring tasks in - such as ironing or study - paint it blue. Cool hues (blue and green) make time seem to pass faster.

* If you have an area that you want to feel calm and efficient in, such

as a home office or study, use light blue or gray.

* If you want to feel stimulated, excited, full of energy and self esteem in a particular area, paint the walls primary colors such as red or yellow. Perhaps the kitchen or family room.

* If you are trying to stop eating so much, paint the room purple. This color discourages overeating. Cool shades of purple suppress appetite, slow muscular response and cause a tranquilizing effect. Depending upon your weight, you may want to add touches of purple to your dining room or kitchen.

* Flies hate pale blue. If you want to discourage flies in a certain area like a barn, porch ceiling and walls, slap on the blue. (Have you noticed that a lot of the old homes do have pale blue or green porch ceilings? Maybe that's why.)



NEW IMAGE
WALK IN OR APPOINTMENT
Ken Ward - Barber

900 Wellman Ave. 533-3787

More Recipes

Sweet Apple Fritters

Granny Smith Apples

1 cup flour

2 tsp baking powder

2 tbl sugar

1/2 tsp salt

1/2 cup milk

1 egg

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add milk and well beaten egg. Cover and place in fridge til ready to use. When ready to cook fritters, pare and core apples and cut in sections. Dip each section in the batter and fry in deep, hot fat til brown. Drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Other fruits may be used instead of apples. Serve hot with lemon sauce or more powdered sugar.

Caramel Custard

4 egg yolks

2 cups brown sugar

1 cup milk

2 level tablespoons butter

1 scant tsp vanilla
3 heaping tablespoons cornstarch
in the sugar

Cook in double boiler til thick, when cool, pour on a baked crust, and cover with meringue made from whites left from yolks.

French Fried Onions

1 cup flour

1/8 tsp salt

2/3 cup water

1 tbl olive oil

1 egg white, beaten

Large Bermuda onions

Sweetened ice water

Cut the onions in halves crosswise. Slice 1/8 inch thick, using only large middle slices. Separate rings and soak for 2 hours in sweetened ice water, using about 1 heaping kitchen spoon of sugar to bowl of water. Drain thoroughly and wipe dry. Combine ingredients for batter, beating until smooth. Add olive oil and fold in beaten whites. Dip each ring in batter and fry in deep hot fat to a delicate brown. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with salt.

Will Sell For Very Low Prices

We have just received and are now opening in our brick house (next door below our old stand at present occupied by Messrs. Moore and Jones) an assortment of goods which we are determined to sell very low, for fall pay, (for we intend to trust all good men) - - we will barter for all kind of homespun, beeswax and tallow. James White's iron works are now in complete operation & by the first rise of the Holstein and Tennessee rivers, we shall receive a large quantity of iron and castings and will always keep a constant supply on hand; our old friends and customers are particularly invited to call and see us. --

White and Read, Huntsville,
July 14, 1817.

The Mall The Gold Rush Lounge 584-2777

Glenn Bracken, proprietor

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The Way It Was

by Katherline Paul Jones

Mrs. Katherline Paul Jones spent many years of her life studying and copying for preservation the historical records of Madison County, as well as other counties in Alabama. Her husband was a direct descendant of Isaac Criner, who settled in the northeastern part of Madison County, probably early in 1804, before the coming of John Hunt.

My interest is in people, in tracing families, but to do that one must read all sorts of records naturally picking up impressions of the conditions under which they lived.

About 1805 Thomas Freeman and Pharoah Roach began to survey the land, but even before that people in East Tennessee had heard of this rich new country. John Hunt had come on a hunt and carried the word back. Judge Taylor tells of a personal interview he had with Isaac Criner who had come with his uncle Joseph Criner and another kinsman, Stephen McBroom, apparently early in 1804, as he told Judge Taylor that in the fall of that year Hunt and David Bean spent the night with them. Next morning, his uncle's wife baked bread for them, and they went on to Huntsville's Big Spring, built a cabin,

and then returned to Tennessee.

But before that and earlier in the year, Samuel Davis and some of his sons had been to the Big Spring, cut poles to season, then gone back to Tennessee for their families. A great-grandson of Hunt wrote that when Hunt went to build his cabin, he found a pole lean-to which he thought Ditto had abandoned. He built his cabin and went for his family bringing them in 1805. But almost surely, the lean-to was made of the Davis logs. When the Davises got back and discovered a cabin had been built of the poles they had cut, they were furious. Samuel Davis angrily said he would never live neighbor to a man who'd use another's logs, so they came back and settled near Plevna.

The family tradition of the Criners is that they went first to the Big Spring,

did not like the water, and so settled on Mountain Fork. Many years ago an old riverman said that, as a boy, he frequented Cooper's Tavern in Huntsville, where the "first comer" was often discussed. The general agreement was that Criner, Ditto and Hunt all came about the same time but that Hunt was a hunter, Ditto an Indian trader and riverman, and the Criners the first to clear and till land.

The first comers picked out a likely spot, built cabins and prepared to farm -- these were called their "improvements." Sadly enough, when the land was put on sale in August, 1809 (it had taken that long because the rattlesnakes were so numerous, surveying could only be done in certain months), many were unable to make the required payments and unable to bid high enough, so lost the land and their labor. Much land was bought by wealthy speculators, as is generally the case. The minimum bid allowed was two dollars an acre plus three dollars down for each quarter section, or five dollars for a section, to pay for the surveying. One-fourth of the price had to be paid in forty days with the balance in one, two, and three years with interest.

Everything shows that cash was a very scarce article in those days. Barter and promissory notes were usual. Most of the early lawsuits were efforts to collect past due notes, many of which had passed through several hands much like endorsing a check today.

Madison County of that day had not been a residence area for either tribe of Indians, Cherokees or Chickasaws, who claimed it, but was used as a hunting ground by both. The old maps all show the Indian boundary lines, and deeds mention them. Mr. G.W. Jones told that one man refused to give the surveyors a drink of water, so they told him they would run the line around him and leave him on Indian land ... and they did. He showed us the place, but I could not find it now (it is on the maps).

An effort was made to prevent squatting on Indian land -- soldiers were stationed here to remove those who did; but many, and the Criners were among them, when removed went right back. They had two cabins, one in Madison County proper the other east of the line, and merely moved back and

Wanted!

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forth. No effort was made to burn them out although history said that was often done by the soldiers.

The Indians here were never hostile, but they did pick up things left lying around. The Criner women had their loom in a shed as there was no room for it in the cabin and each night had to cut out what cloth had been woven that day. Now and then a settler missed a horse or two, but if he found his property and could prove it his, the chief always made the thief return it. One time the Criners tracked some of their horses to what is now Guntersville and got them back with no difficulty.

Since the Natchez Trace passed west of us and Muscle Shoals was the head of navigation on the Tennessee River, there were many white people around the Shoals and on the Trace long before a white man ever came here; but once started they came rapidly. In January of 1809, a census showed 2,223 whites and 322 slaves. All these had come into virgin land, rich and fertile, with towering forests so shading the ground there was no undergrowth. One could see a deer running for a quarter of a mile and drive a wagon anywhere under the trees.

Those trees would be priceless now, but the only thought then was to get them out of the way. Even many years later there were enough so that getting planks wide enough to make a coffin with no joints except at the corners was easy. The houses built in the 1820s and even later usually had panelling around the lower parts of the best rooms, the centers being of eighteen-inch wide plank and often window sills to match.

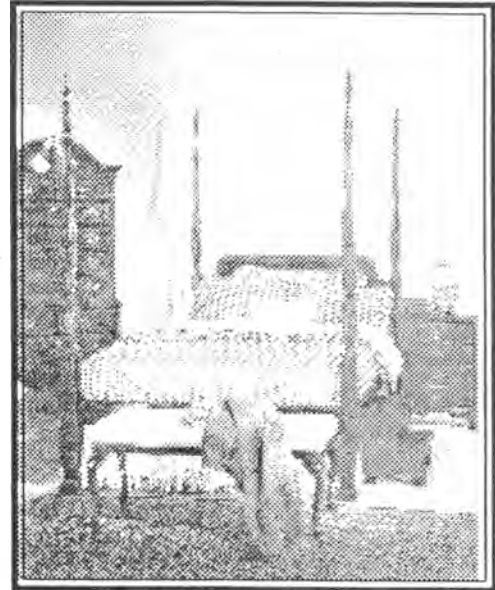
It seems that those who came first were preponderantly from Hunt's area -- the East Tennessee counties of Knox, Grainger, Hawkins, Anderson, Washington, and others near them although many were natives of Virginia or the Carolinas, states which a little later, along with Georgia, supplied most immigrants. These earliest were the true pioneers, with but very few slaves, doing most of their work with their own hands and very hard work it was to fell the huge trees and do all that needed doing with very inadequate tools. The cabins were necessarily small so that one wonders how such large

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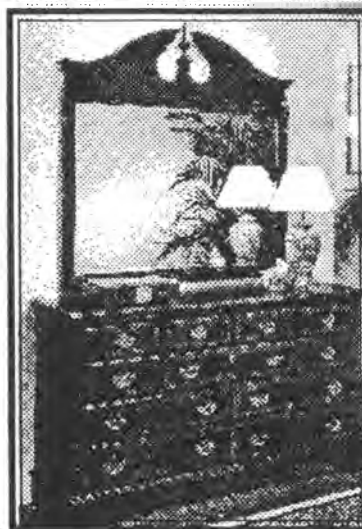
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families were raised in them. At least the children had plenty of outdoor playground.

Coming afoot, horseback, and with oxcarts they could bring but little with them. But slips of the creeping myrtle which blankets so many old graveyards were brought by the women who knew there'd be fresh graves to cover. There were doctors among the newcomers as old bills against estates show, but their skills were limited and their available drugs more so. They had emetics, purges, blisters, morphine, and little else. The sick and injured suffered; many died, numbers of them from diseases now all but wiped out. The hazards of child bearing were great and second and third wives common. Lack of knowledge of sanitation was one factor, and it coupled with lack of refrigeration made many infant and childrens' graves even without the recurrent epidemics of diphtheria and scarlet fever.

Judge Taylor said the locality of Huntsville was regarded as common property by the two Indian tribes, but by 1807 a few whites without hindrance had squatted near the spring, among them Stephen Neal, later the first Sheriff, Hunt's son-in-law Joseph Acklen, and the Morgans, later mer-

chants. By 1809 there was a settlement of several hundred within reach of the spring. There were no buildings on what is the square, a rough, rocky knoll sloping on every side and with a large pond at the northeast corner.

Judge Skeggs of Decatur, a great-grandson of John Hunt, wrote that Hunt kept a public house and knowing there'd be many mouths to feed at the land sale entrusted his money to LeRoy Pope to buy the quarter on which the spring is situated for him. Instead, Pope bid it up to ten dollars an acre -- far beyond Hunt's ability. Hunt would truly have killed Pope had not his friends got him out of Hunt's way.

On January 1, 1818, Anne Royall wrote: "The land around Huntsville is as rich and beautiful as you can imagine, and the appearance of wealth would baffle you. The town stands on elevated ground and enjoys a beautiful prospect. It contains 260 houses principally built of brick. It has a bank, courthouse, market house; there is a large square in the center of the town... and facing this are stores, twelve in number. The buildings form a solid wall though divided into apartments. The workmanship is the best that I have seen in all the states. Several of the houses are three stories high and

very large. There is no church -- the people worship in the courthouse."

There are no records here before 1809. Judge Taylor's daughter told me that couples wishing to marry used the Quaker (and frontier) method of declaring before witnesses they considered themselves man and wife and that after the county was established an Act was passed (I suppose by the Mississippi authorities) legalizing all such unions. One of our earliest records is of a marriage on August 29, 1809, between a couple whose descendant said they lived over near Elk River and rode horseback all day to get here to proper authorities.

Even in 1810 there was but one gristmill in the county, and for many getting corn ground meant an all-day journey, but soon mills sprang up along all the good watercourses. The first folk, after gathering their cotton, sat round the fire nights and handpicked the lint from the seed so that it might be spun, but by January of 1814 there were 18 cotton gins in the county. There was one, long abandoned, at my grandmother's, which I dimly remember. It ran by mule power; the little ginheads were about the size of one of today's small pianos, and ginning must have been a slow process indeed. Natu-

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rally, stills came in with the pioneers and are mentioned in many estates. One man willed "my still and tubs" to his wife.

How little these people brought is shown in the inventories of old estates. What was done about property of those dying before courts were set up here I do not know; perhaps the heirs settled it among themselves. One of these was Spencer Rice who died in 1808. His widow went back to North Carolina taking her two youngest sons with her. She soon died and the boys, unhappy there, joined a caravan of neighbors moving down and walked back to their older brothers' homes near New Market making the trip in less than two weeks. They were about ten and twelve years old.

When laws here were established, after the executor and administrator was named, men were appointed to appraise the personal property of the decedent down to the last pot, pan, or other small article; then a sale was held and what the family wished to keep, they had to bid on. Later a "years provision" was allowed to be set aside for the widow and minor children. One of these listed a tablespoon of pepper.

From the start, Alabama's laws were in some degree concerned about women; at least, no man could sell his homestead without her "without fear, constraint or threat" signing the deed, or later signing a relinquishment of her dower right. In a few cases, suit was brought and her right established.

But the poor married woman could not hold title herself; whatever she had before or inherited after marriage was immediately vested in her husband and subject to seizure for his debts. So, the careful father often left his daughter's heritage in the hands of a trustee for her benefit and after her death to go to the heirs of her body. Not only local men did that but we have transcripts of Virginia wills proving a family's slaves belonged to the wife and children.

Of course, schools were few. While many newcomers were well educated, there are many more papers signed with a mark than with the maker's signature. Where there were enough children, often someone, usually a preacher, set up a little private school; but for the children of the very

early years getting an education was a struggle.

In clearing the great forests, the trees were first girdled and let die. A little corn could be raised between them but not much. After a time the branches rotted and fell and had to be piled. When the trunks were felled, the huge logs, some so large a man could not see over them, were notched at about ten-foot intervals, a fire built, and a dead branch laid across it. As that branch burned out, another replaced it until the fire had burned all the way through. Enough of these "cuts" and the landowner sent out a call for a log rolling. All the able-bodied men about were expected to come and help, and the caller, in turn, had to help them with their logs. There were often forty or fifty men present.

First, the first cut above the one at the roots was turned at right angles, then several others rolled alongside for the base of the heap. Long dogwood spikes were inserted under the remaining cut logs, and at a word the men raised the log and walked with it to the log heap and slid it into place. There was quite an art in getting the handsticks placed so that the load was distributed fairly; this originated the phrase "to tote fair," and also probably the one about getting the short end of the stick, since if the men at each end of the stick were both strong, the stick was placed evenly. If one were less strong, the more able man was given the shorter end and so the heavier part of the load.

After all the logs were piled, they were set afire and illuminated the night. These log rollings were indeed hard work and with not even a rope and pulley to help. They worked from early morning till sundown, and the host always furnished supper, passed the jug, and frequently had a dance, or "frolic."

These men were skilled axemen; they cut the trees for their buildings, rived the boards to roof them, adzed the half logs for the puncheon floors. The roof boards were held down by weight poles, nails being too few and precious for such. Pegs were used in construction instead. Later the blacksmiths who came made the square ended hand wrought nails so common in my childhood in old fences and buildings.

The early settler usually arrived with dogs and gun, an axe or so, some iron wedges, and had or could borrow a crosscut saw. If he had only his wife for help, he had to use poles he could handle himself; if there were friends to aid, larger logs could be cut, notched, and put in place. Chimneys were stick and clay, window shutters of boards, and hinges made of wood.

These people were hardy; they had travelled long distances over new or no roads, through unbridged streams, often waiting for flooded ones to go down, and camping at night no matter the weather. Water had to come from a well the pioneer dug or more likely a spring often some distance away. Isaac

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Criner's was at the foot of a steep bluff, and until old age blinded him he washed his face in it every morning often returning to the house with icicles in his beard.

Washing was probably done as it was in my mother's childhood, in the after-war years -- with battlin' sticks and soft soap. The clothes were wet, soaped, and laid on a table or rock, and beaten with the sticks made like long, slender paddles, the blades about an arm's length and some three inches wide. There were no washboards. This battlin', Mother said, resulted in many broken buttons, the washer woman fought the dirt with such vigor. When I was small, the old paddles were still around the old home.

For the main necessities, bread and salt, the earliest settlers often had to go fifty or a hundred miles and at times do without. After corn was raised, each family had hominy. A mortar was made by burning a bowl shaped hollow in the end of a block of wood; and with that they used a large wooden pestle usually run by a sweep. The lye for making the hominy came from leaching wood ashes. Ash hoppers were v-shaped troughs of boards with a vessel underneath. The ashes were placed in the hopper, water poured on them, and as it seeped through and fell into the vessel, it leached the lye out. This was also used in making soft soap from waste grease -- a slimy, loathesome, ill-smelling stuff. Salt was first brought in from Nashville, but in a

few years was sent down from East Tennessee by keelboats and so more easily gotten from the trading post at Whitesburg. In fact, Mr. White was nicknamed "Salt White." Iron also came and other needed things.

For hunting, there were flintlock rifles. A supply of lead was hard to get but possible. Powder was scarce and dear, but the dirt in caves was worked for the saltpeter (Sauty Cave in Jackson County as early as 1812, records show, when Jackson County was still Indian land). ... sulphur was bought, charcoal burned, and gunpowder manufactured. When cattle became plentiful, tallow candles were dipped. Judge Taylor tells of taking a wick 20 or 30 feet long, dipping it into pine resin and beeswax, and wrapping it around a cob with the end pulled up; after lighting, it gave light for a good while.

Usually the boys in a family slept in the loft of the cabin or, in good weather, out under the trees.

Although life was hard, it had its pleasures. Horse racing was a favorite sport; Andrew Jackson raced his at the tracks at Buckhorn and at Green Bottom Inn among other spots, and it's said fought his cocks as well. Quite a bit of card playing seems to have gone on, and some of our very first citizens got arrested for gaming. Apparently "dancing frolics" were often held at private homes.

People then were much as people now. Some were honest, some definitely were not. Some were peaceful, some preferred strife. Some were good husbands and wives, some were not. Some seemed to have really enjoyed litigation; others preferred to settle matters their own way. These men had had to fight, figuratively and literally, to stay alive and were ready to do so again. The county was very well represented at Emuckfau, Horseshoe Bend, New Orleans, and in all wars since. Many of the early arrivals had fought in the Revolution.

An old court minute book of 1811 shows that most cases were for assault or riot. An amusing legal phrase concerns value: "did stab him the said Solomon with a large knife of the value of two shillings." "Did stab him the same Samuel with a large knife of the value of one dollar, in and just above the second rib on the left side." The testimony in this case might have been interesting as the jury found the defendant guilty but fined him only .25 cents. One wonders what the value of the weapon had to do with the case.

The men who settled our county worked hard, lived hard, played hard. They wore no man's collar.

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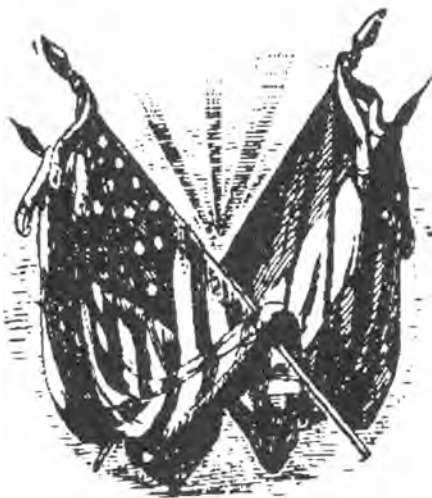
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Captured Flags to be Returned

Ohio Will Give Them
Back to Alabama

(Taken from a Huntsville News-
paper, 1909)

The annual meeting of the Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which will be held in Huntsville May 11-12 will be made notable by the return of two Confederate flags that were captured by Ohio troops in a raid near Selma during the latter days of the Civil War. The two flags will be brought back to Alabama by John A. Pitts, who was a private soldier of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, and Captain William W. Shoemaker of the same command. They will come as the representatives of the state of Ohio and they, with a squad of old comrades of the gallant Fourth will be the guests of the Egbert J. Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans.

Arrangements have been made to give the visiting Ohio veterans a most cordial welcome. They will be feted and made much of. The presentation of flags will take place in the Elk Theatre in this city on the night of May 12 and the address of the occasion will be made by Hon. H.S.D. Mallory of

Selma. Private Pitts and Capt. Shoemaker will make formal presentation of the flags and the speeches of acceptance will be made by Gov. B.B. Comer and Mrs. Charles G. Brown, president of the Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A confederate choir will furnish music.

The two flags were captured in a spirited engagement at Selma, Alabama, in the spring of 1865. The Fourth Ohio Cavalry was at that time serving under Gen. James Harrison Wilson on what later became known as "Wilson's Raid," when this distinguished officer led thir-

teen thousand union men in a campaign through the heart of the Confederate States, ending with the last battle of the war at Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865.

The question of returning the flags has been agitated in Ohio for some time past. The veteran fighting men of the state conceded that it is right that they should be given back to those who love them. The last Ohio legislature passed a resolution providing for the return of the flags after they had been held as trophies of war so many years and Governor Harmon



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most cordially assented to it. This has aroused much interest in Ohio and Alabama as well as it is certain to cement the cordial relationship between the two states.

Upon being informed that Mr. Pitts and Captain Shoemaker had been delegated to bring the flags back to Alabama, Commander Vaught and Adjutant Patterson of Egbert J. Jones Camp, United Confederate Veterans, addressed them a letter requesting them to be the guests of Egbert J. Jones camp during their stay in Huntsville. In replying Mr. Pitts said that he and Captain Shoemaker appreciate the courtesy of the invitation more than could be imagined, however, that the party would be composed of Maj. Goddard of Gen. Wilson's staff, Sergeant Richardson and Comrades Bramkamp and Quinton, all members of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry and perhaps others would volunteer to come and therefore he thought that the party would be so large that acceptance of the proffered hospitality would be an imposition.

The reply from the officers of Egbert Jones camp was:

"We are more than gratified to know of the number of your friends and old comrades be here but we cannot accept your declination and you must come. You and your party will have rooms at our best hotel and you will be the welcomed and gladly received guests of Egbert J. Jones camp and the citizens of Huntsville. The latch string to our homes and hearts you will find hanging on the outside and all we can do to make your stay pleasant and happy will be yours. You will find that we have recovered from the effects of our "little unpleasantness" near fifty years ago and that we have on hand a sufficiency to care for your party while here."

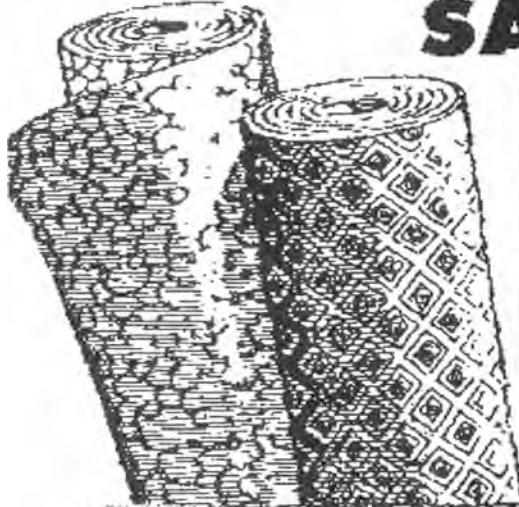
The proffered hospitality has been accepted as shown by the following from Mr. Pitts:

"I cannot help recognizing in your last letter a little of the old spirit of 1861-5 in my dear old Confederate comrades of your post, namely: 'Not to surrender at the first suggestion

from us.' Now since receiving this letter, I will most cheerfully accept your proposition for an unconditional surrender and I am quite sure my associates will gladly do what I order for the ever memorable occasion for the 12th day of May, 1909, and now give you the latest and final understanding of our movements. We will arrive in Huntsville Tuesday, May 11 at 2:10 P.M., ready to obey orders.

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Huntsville Man Lynched

(Taken from the New York Herald, July 24, 1909)

Huntsville, Ala., July 23 -- Elijah Clark, the man who yesterday assaulted Susan Priest, a thirteen year old girl, was taken from the jail in this city this evening and lynched near the spot where his crime was committed. His body was riddled with bullets.

Sheriff Fulgham defended his prisoner to the last, but a dense smoke from a combination of tar, feathers and oil, fired by the crazed mob, was too much for him, and he was dragged from the jail and placed under a physician's care. William Vining, an employe of the street railway company, who attempted to rush through the crowd and up the jail steps to assist the sheriff was shot and dangerously wounded. A crowd of one hundred and fifty men, principally employes of the big cotton mills at Dallas, a suburb of this city searched the woods all night for Clark who was identified at the time he assaulted Miss Priest, by her little sister.

No success attended their efforts, and early this morning Sheriff Fulgham started out with a posse, and before nine o'clock had captured Clark on Beaverdam Creek, ten miles from Huntsville. He was soon landed in jail,

and by one o'clock the news of the prisoner's capture was heralded to all parts of the city. A mob, composed of mill operatives and men of all callings, was soon formed and marched to the jail, where they stood for a time, apparently waiting for a leader. Sheriff Fulgham, quickly seeing that he had a

desperate crowd to combat, wired Governor Johnson the facts in the case. The governor responded to the effect that he had ordered the militia at Birmingham, Montgomery and Decatur to proceed with all haste to the scene. The sheriff then telephoned Judge S. M. Stewart, and asked for an immediate trial of the man, and the judge replied soon after that he had arranged for a special session of court at three o'clock before Judge H. C. Speake. The mob by this time had assumed alarming proportions, and the sheriff, thinking to quiet the storm, appeared at a window and announced that a special trial had been arranged for the prisoner, and that he would be brought before the court at three o'clock in the afternoon. This was greeted with jeers by the crowd of citizens and the cry "Revenge!" went up.

The outer door to the jail, a wooden barrier, was soon battered down, and the mob gained entrance to the first floor. Here they encountered the sheriff's wife, who pleaded with them to refrain from violence, and let the law take its course. Sheriff Fulgham, however, on hearing the door being forced, retired with his prisoner to the third floor, where he locked himself in with Clark. A large amount of tar, feathers and oil was secured and piled upon the cement floor of the jail, and a match applied.

Moody Monday's

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sound of Country
and Pop from the
past.

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A suffocating smoke arose, and spread quickly throughout the jail. The sheriff again retreated to the corner farthest from the fire, taking his prisoner with him. More tar and feathers were brought in and ignited. Fulgham was finally dragged from the jail in a semiconscious condition, and taken to the city hall, and doctors summoned.

The sheriff's departure was the signal for the mob to proceed to their work, and they quickly took complete possession of the stronghold. Fully an hour was consumed in breaking the lock to the cell in which the culprit was confined, but as soon as this was accomplished, two men secured Clark and quickly appeared with him on the front steps of the jail. A plow line was placed around his neck, and guarded by twenty heavy-armed men in fours, he was dragged out of the jail yard. The mob was followed by fully 1,500 people. The doomed man was taken before his victim and positively identified. The identification complete, the wretch collapsed, and had to be taken up and borne on the shoulders of his captors. The rope around Clark's neck was thrown over the limb of an immense tree by Miss Priest's brother. The victim was thrown across the back of a horse and the animal was led out from under him. The body was riddled with

bullets.

Just as the work was finished the Decatur militia arrived at Huntsville.

Ed. Note:

Later reports estimated that one person in five, living in Huntsville at the time, either attended or assisted in the hanging. Later, in a style reminiscent of today, when an investigation was held, no one could be found who knew anything.



A Huntsville woman recently gave birth to a child during her husband's absence, and just before his return the neighbors borrowed two other babies and placed them in bed with the little stranger. When the father asked to see his child, the coverlid was turned down, and although he must have been immensely surprised, he coolly turned to his wife and asked, "Did any get away?"

John Hix

continued from page 38

pers himself."

He got a personal kick showing the world things that it never knew, such as proving that George Washington was not the first president of the United States ... that he was not born on February 22nd ... and that there were only 44 states in the United States. He employed a special staff to read his more than half-million letters and mysterious packages personally. He kept the roads hot between his Hollywood studios and his three concessions at the New York Worlds Fair, where it was reported that his receipts topped \$7,000,000.

Many people consider Hix to have been the forerunner of Ripley's "Believe It or Not." The Huntsville-born Hix built his "Strange As It Seems" feature into one of the most looked-for daily newspaper attractions with the theory that "A thing removed from the preview of one's routine, reservation, or experience being interesting..."



1866 newspaper

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Note: Though purists insist that moonshine should be used to achieve the proper quality, we have found that vodka makes a good substitute. Especially since the possession of moonshine can land you in jail!

Coffee Liqueur

4 cups sugar
6 cups very strong coffee
1/2 vanilla bean
1 fifth moonshine
1 tablespoon Hershey's
chocolate sauce

Mix sugar into the coffee, bring to rolling boil, turn off heat and let cool.

Chop vanilla bean very small, keep little seeds. Place pieces in bottom of large glass jar and pour in moonshine.

Add cooled sugar/coffee mixture and chocolate, stir and cover container, let mixture rest for a month. Strain twice through cheesecloth. This will keep for several months in the pantry.

1 tsp chocolate syrup
1 tsp instant coffee
2 cups moonshine
2 cups heavy cream

Beat eggs til thick, slowly add the rest of the ingredients beating well after each addition.

Pour mixture into sterilized dark amber glass bottles and let it rest about a week before drinking. This mixture will keep up to 3 months in the fridge or 1 month in the pantry.

Liqueur of Old

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
tsp anise extract
1 pint moonshine

Combine sugar and water in pan and bring to boil. Let boil for 1 minutes, simmer for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Let cool.

Pour sugar syrup into sterilized quart bottle. Add anise and moonshine, shake. Let age in dark place for 2 weeks before serving.

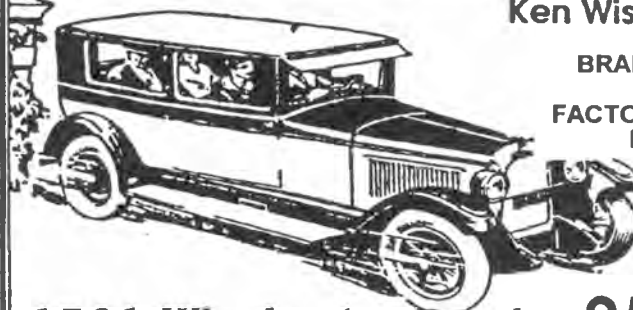
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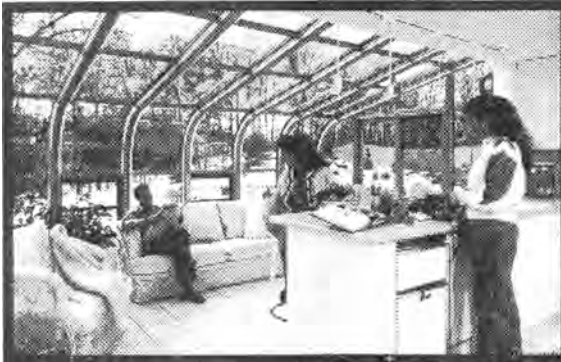
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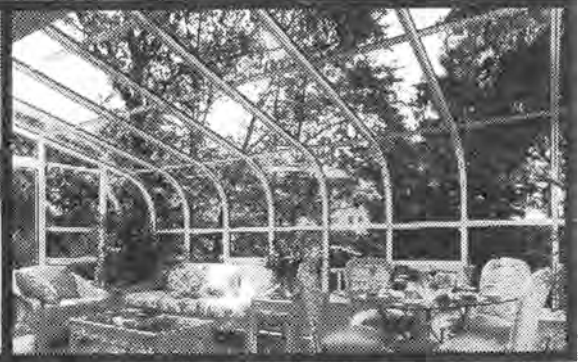
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There's no better place to view a better environment than a Four Seasons sunroom. It's the ideal way to make your home into an environmental, and design, impact statement. It adds gracious living space; space you can use to dine, exercise, garden, whatever you like.

And you'll be contributing to a healthier environment because our exclusive Sun Smart™ glass blocks out 98% of infrared heat in summer, keeping your home cool, and bug-free, while cutting air conditioning

bills. In winter, a Four Seasons passive solar greenhouse and trombe wall can provide as much as 65% of a home's space heating needs. This eliminates harmful greenhouse effect gases caused by oil, gas or wood burning furnaces.

Find out about Four Seasons sunrooms, a breathtaking home addition that will also help us all breathe a little easier. For more information and to arrange a Free In-Home Design Survey, call, write or visit us today. Convenient financing available.



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