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NO. 36



OLD HUNTSVILLE



A Man Named Sam

by Thomas Frazier

Stroll across the green lawns of Oakwood College and you will see faces all around you, eager for an education.

But if you could travel back in time 175 years you would have seen the face of another man on these same grounds, slaving in a cotton field, who was destined to change the history of America.

Today, books are being re-written to include this famous man as a part of Huntsville's glorious history.

Also in this issue:

Brahan Spring Park, monument to a swindler



A Man Named Sam

His name was Sam. No middle name. No last name. Just plain Sam. For any traveler passing by the cotton fields on the outskirts of Huntsville there was nothing to distinguish him from countless other slaves.

Simply another faceless slave, bent over in the hot sun picking cotton. A human chattel worth about five hundred dollars on the open market.

But if the traveler had paused in his saddle long enough to take a good look at this particular slave, he would have seen the face of a man destined to become one of the most controversial people in our country's history.

Sam, this faceless slave, would ultimately embroil our nation in a legal battle that would accelerate us into our most terrible war.

Hundreds of thousands of people would be killed, brother would fight brother and our country would forever be changed because, in part, a black man who was a slave in Huntsville wanted to be free.¹

Although historians can not agree on Sam's exact year of birth, most agree that it was probably around 1795. He was born in Southampton County, Virginia, on a plantation near Edom, owned by a planter named Peter Blow.²

Peter Blow actually owned two plantations, one near town and the

other, a large spread of 860 acres, about twenty miles away near a community called Sweet Gum.³

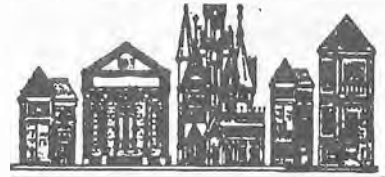
As was common in the days of slavery, Sam was raised on the same plantation where his master lived. This was not an act of kindness; it was pure economics. Small slaves grew up to become adult slaves, and adult slaves were worth a lot of money. Infant mortality among slave children was high, so Blow, like most other planters of that day, kept the infants near the "big house" so he could constantly monitor their health.⁴

At the age of eight or nine, Sam was sent to Blow's other plantation. This farm was a typical cotton plantation, which meant that everyone had to work in the fields. Though children of that age were too young for much physical labor, they were none-the-less valuable at many chores.⁵

Southampton County had been the site of several small slave uprisings, and Sam undoubtedly heard stories of them as he labored in the fields. Many of Sam's fellow workers were from Africa and it was their stories of a long-lost freedom that inspired many of the young blacks. Ironically, on a nearby plantation just seven miles from where Sam labored, another slave also grew up listening to the same stories. This slave, named Nat Turner, would also end up in the history books.⁶

Peter Blow's father had been moderately successful as a cotton grower and plantation owner. Unfortunately, by the time Peter inherited the land, the already poor soil had been depleted by years of continuous cotton growing. In 1814, 1815 and 1816 young Peter had to borrow money to keep the plantations going. Not only was the soil practically useless by now, the price of Virginia cotton had plummeted to an all time low.⁷

To compound the problems, Peter had acquired a habit of excessive drinking. Normally a well-spoken,



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quiet man, he became abusive when drinking. Unable to see his own faults as a poor businessman, he blamed his financial reversals on those around him, including his slaves.⁸

By early 1818, Blow's creditors were demanding payment. He reasoned that the best thing to do was to go somewhere and start over again. He had been hearing reports of new land down in a territory called Alabama. This land was supposed to be reasonably cheap and fertile for growing cotton.

With a decision made, Blow began to sell off his Virginia holdings. Along with the land he sold many of his slaves. Most of the money went to pay off creditors. He had no feelings for Sam the slave and therefore made arrangements to sell him also.⁹

When Sam's mother, Hannah, heard of the impending sale she implored Blow not to go through with it. Hannah was Blow's house servant and had been given to him by his father. Blow reversed his resolution to sell Sam, most likely because he realized he would need field hands when he got to Alabama.¹⁰

Books of Huntsville's early history are full of descriptions of new settlers migrating to Madison County. In one instance, probably typical of the Blows, a writer tells of a family moving from Virginia with "the husband walking in front of an ox-pulled cart heavily laden with all sorts of household goods. Following the cart came the slaves, herding all types of fowl, milk cows, goats and other farm yard beasts."¹¹

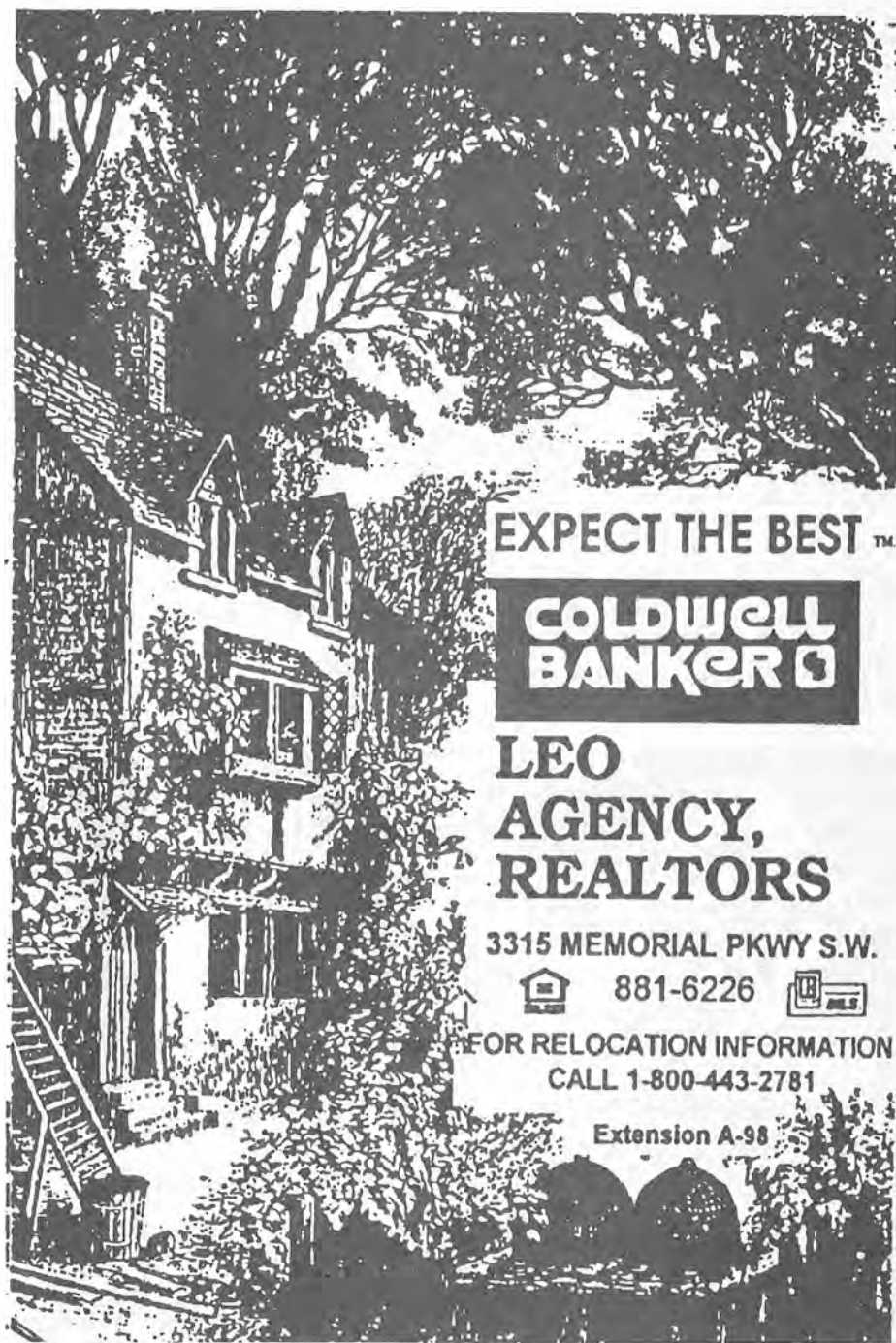
On Oct. 5, 1819, Peter Blow purchased a quarter section of land from the United States Land Office for his new plantation in Alabama.¹² Immediately, so as to be ready for the next planting season, he started Sam and the other slaves to clearing the land and erecting crude shelters against the oncoming winter.¹³

Ironically, this quarter-section of land is now the home of Oakwood College, one of the most prestigious black colleges in the United States. When Oakwood College was founded some of the students were housed in old log cabins that were originally slave quarters. Tradition has it that these cabins were some of the earliest buildings built on the grounds. If so, it is quite likely that some of the colleges students were housed in buildings that

Sam helped build.¹⁴

Though now in a new land, Peter Blow's fortunes and disposition had not improved. He had not calculated how much time nor money it would take to start a new plantation. His disposition was probably not helped any by Sam.

The slight-built slave had become "careless in dress, had a swaggering walk and a tendency to gamble," none of which endeared a black slave to a



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white master.¹⁵

Whether it was the alcohol that Blow was consuming in prodigious amounts or Sam's troublesome behavior that caused Blow to begin to whip him, no one knows. Taylor Blow, Peter's son, in an interview with *The St. Louis Dispatch* many years later, stated that one of his earliest memories was being forced to watch while his father whipped Sam.¹⁶

During this time Sam met and began courting a young woman who was a slave on a nearby plantation. They were soon married.¹⁷ Whether they were legally married or merely "jumped over the broomstick" is not known. All records and memories of this marriage are lost in the mist of time. Nothing indicates what her name was or whether their union produced children.

Most slave families were close and there is no reason to believe that Sam's was any different. When one of his younger brothers died, Sam for some unexplained reason, perhaps affection, began using his name. Now, instead of Sam, he insisted on being called Dred.¹⁸

(It's quite possible that the original Dred is buried in an unmarked grave somewhere on the grounds of

Oakwood College.)

By 1821, Peter Blow finally realized he was not cut out for the life of a cotton grower. A few miles west of Huntsville, in Florence, fortunes were being made. The new town had attracted investors such as Andrew Jackson, James Madison, John Brahan and LeRoy Pope. The more Blow heard about the new settlement, the more he became determined to move there.

Short of cash, as usual, Blow borrowed \$2,000 from John Jones of Huntsville until he could sell his property. As security he put up his land and slaves. Fortunately for Blow, a buyer by the name of James Camp soon came along and purchased the land for \$5,000, enabling him to repay the loan.¹⁹

While Blow was preparing to move, Sam, now known as Dred, was caught in a moral dilemma that had faced his people since the beginning of slavery: Obey the law of the land; move with his master and leave his wife, or...? There was no other choice. Some historians have claimed that Dred tried to run away during his sojourn in Huntsville, but no proof was ever offered.

In the end, Dred moved to Florence with his master, Peter Blow, and

his wife remained in Huntsville. They would never see one another again.²⁰

At first, prosperity smiled on Blow. He gave up the idea of being a cotton planter and opened a hotel bearing his name in Florence. The Peter Blow Inn was evidently a leased building, since there is no record of purchase.

Judge William Basil Wood, Lauderdale County's first historian, recalled Dred's presence in Florence.²¹

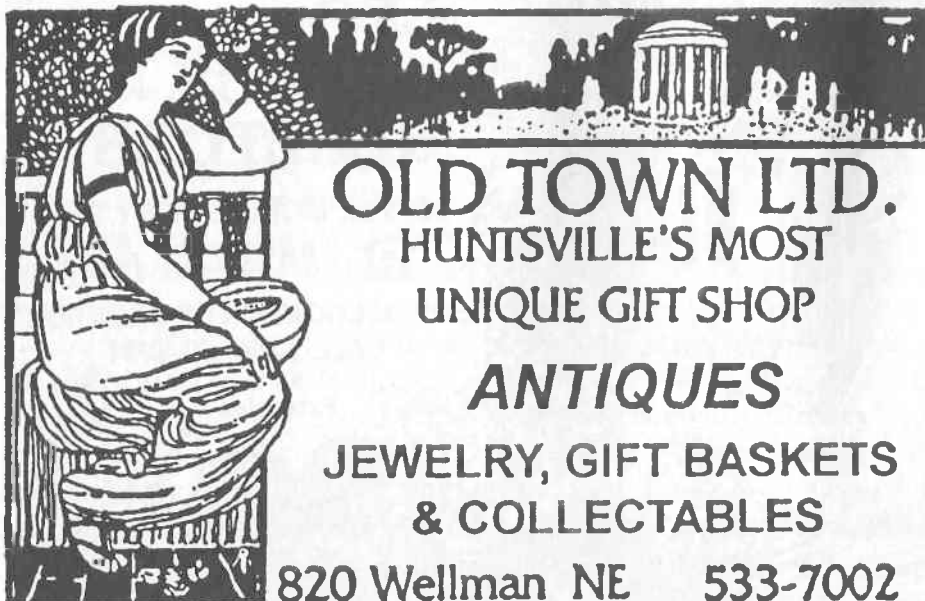
In his 1876 memoirs, Judge Wood identified the inn as one of Florence's early hotels and wrote that Dred served in this establishment as the hosteler, or keeper of the horses for the guests.

Taylor Blow, Peter's son, held a deep affection for the slave now known as Dred. Though much of this affection probably stemmed from the natural relationship that occurs when two people grow up together, one must wonder how much of it was caused by mutual disliking of the elder Blow's drinking and abusive nature.²²

For the first time it appeared that Peter Blow was going to be a success. His inn had become a popular gathering place for travelers and by 1827 he had grown prosperous enough to buy two town lots in downtown Florence. The first was purchased Feb. 28, 1827, from the trustees of the Cypress Land Co. Less than a month later he bought the adjoining lot from Patrick Andrews. Today a parking garage and a church occupy the lots.²³

Florence, like other boom towns, began to temporarily decline after its first spurt of prosperity. By 1829 Blow had decided to again seek his fortunes elsewhere. This time his sights were set on St. Louis, Mo, the great gateway to the west.

At 53, he no longer had the grandiose visions he had as a young man. Now he was satisfied to become the proprietor of a mens' boarding house called the Jefferson Hotel. He still



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owned five slaves, including Dred, and employed them in his new business.²⁴

Within two years Blow had run up large debts and was forced to close the hotel. Though the town was full of single men looking for a place to sleep, he just was not a business person. Suddenly, on June 23, 1832, Peter Blow took sick and died.²⁵

When his creditors heard of his death they all demanded payment from the estate. The slave named Dred, being probably the most valuable property that Blow had owned, was seized and sold to satisfy the creditors' claims.²⁶

He was purchased for five hundred dollars by Dr. John Emerson, who was about to enter the military. Over the next decade Dred traveled with Emerson, as his body servant, to numerous outposts throughout the west. At one such post, soldiers after observing Dred's small build (he was only 4 feet 11 inches) began to jokingly compare him with General Winfield Scott, a veritable giant of a man who stood well over six-feet. The nickname stuck and Sam, the slave who had changed his name to Dred while living in Huntsville, became known in our history books as Dred Scott.²⁷

In 1846 Dred Scott filed a petition in the Missouri court at St. Louis. In his suit, Dred maintained that as he had lived in states and territories where slavery was illegal, he was therefore no longer a slave. This case would drag on in court for almost 10 years, capturing the imagination of every man, woman and child in the country.

The decision handed down by the Supreme Court, called the Dred Scott Decision, ruled against Dred and served to inflame the already hostile tension between the North and the South.

Most historians agree that the Dred Scott Decision helped to put the country on the collision course that led to the Civil War.

Dred Scott died on May 4, 1858 in St. Louis.²⁸ On the preceding day in a town 120 miles away, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas resumed their arguments of the Dred Scott Decision in the fourth of their historic debates. Lincoln's arguments in this debate was a major factor in his winning the presidency of the United States.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Within several months of the court's decision, Dred Scott was purchased by Taylor Blow and awarded his freedom. During Scott's 10-year court struggle, Taylor had been one of his biggest financial and moral supporters. Again, in a story full of ironies, Taylor, though he supported Scott, did not believe in abolition. During the impending Civil War he was a staunch Southern supporter. Maybe the ultimate irony of this story is the fact that while Dred labored in the cotton fields, a young man by the name of LeRoy Pope Walker also lived in Huntsville. Years later, Pope would become Secretary of War for the Confederate States of America.)

Additional Note: Old Huntsville normally does not reference stories with notes but because of this story's impact on Huntsville and the Tennessee Valley we are making an exception. We apologize to our readers who detest footnotes, but we hope you will understand.

1. The fact that Dred Scott lived in Madison County is well documented. Among the many references are the Dictionary of American Negro History, Dictionary of American Negro Biographies and The Dred Scott Case by Fehrenbacher.

2. History of Southampton Virginia. Also Southampton Co. Land Records.

3. Land Records of Southampton Co., Virginia.

4. The Blow Family and Their Slave Dred Scott by John A. Bryan, Missouri Historical Society.

5. History of the Dred Scott Case by Walter Erlich.

6. Slavery in Antebellum Virginia Kenneth Uptain. Also Southampton Co. Land Records.

7. The Day of Cotton by A. Howard. Also Southampton Co. Court Records.

8. Interview with Dred Scott for The St. Louis Dispatch, 1856. Also, interview with Taylor Blow on file at the St. Louis Historical Society.

9. Interview with Dred Scott for The St. Louis Dispatch, 1856, also Southampton County Land Records.

10. Interview with Dred Scott, 1856, on file at the St. Louis Historical Society

11. The Old South by Louis Renfro.

12. Valley Leaves, March, 1989, Huntsville, Ala.

13. Here common reasoning is used. There was no one else to build the cabins or to clear the fields so the slaves had to do the work. It would be unthinkable to imagine that a healthy slave like Dred Scott did not help with

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the work.

14. Madison Co. Land Records, Oakwood College Archives.

15. History of the Dred Scott Case by Walter Erlich. Though Erlich probably did not know it at the time this reference to Scott pertained to his sojourn in Alabama as contemporary sources clearly stated that this description of Scott was prior to his first marriage.

16. Interview with *The St. Louis Dispatch*, 1869.

17. In many interviews with Scott, he always acknowledged the fact that he had been married once before "while farming in Alabama." Madison County was the only place he worked on a farm in Alabama.

18. *Valley Leaves*, March, 1989, Huntsville, Alabama. A special word of appreciation for Norman M. Shapiro, of Huntsville, who in two paragraphs re-wrote the history of Dred Scott. Until Shapiro's article appeared, explaining how Sam acquired the name Dred, historians had reached the heights of absurdity in trying to stretch and bend their theories to fit

the story. Hopefully before the next historian writes a book about Dred Scott, they will read Shapiro's article.

19. Madison Co. Court Records.

20. Interview with Dred Scott, St. Louis Historical Society.

21. Historical Address of the Hon. William B. Wood, July 4, 1876, at Florence, Alabama.

22. Interview with Taylor Blow, 1857, *The St. Louis Dispatch*.

23. Tennessee Valley Historical Society, Vol 8, 1980. Article by William Lindsay McDonald, A Renowned Slave in the Early Life of Florence. Also see Lauderdale Co. Deed Records for February and March, 1827 and February, 1831.

24. The Dred Scott Case, Fehrenbacher.

25. Probate Court Records, St. Louis Missouri.

26. Probate Court Records, St. Louis Missouri.

27. The Dred Scott Case, Fehrenbacher. Also History of The Dred Scott Case by Walter Erlich.

28. Historians, for well over a hundred years have debated the actual

date of death. For some reason none of them checked with the local St Louis newspaper which clearly stated that on May 5th the famous slave Dred Scott had died the previous day of Consumption.



Rules for Bathing in the early 1800's

1. Bathe one hour before breakfast, or what is much better, one hour before dinner.

2. The stomach should always be empty when we bathe.

3. Never take the cold bath when the temperature of the body is below the natural standard.

4. To prepare the tepid bath, which is the best in a warm climate, the rule should be this: Bring the water to that temperature which feels neither hot nor cold to the arm, or some part of the body usually covered, and after entering the bath raise its heat to that point which imparts the most agreeable feeling.

5. We should take exercise before and after the warm bath; the importance of this is every day evinced where bathing is practised.

6. After leaving the water, the body should be briskly wiped with a coarse towel, and immediately covered with sufficient clothing to excite or preserve the healthy temperature.

7. We should never remain long in the water; from ten to fifteen minutes is sufficient.

8. Every second or third day is often enough to take the bath.

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<p style="text-align: center;">Timing Belt Replacement</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Install New Timing Belt • Set Timing • Check Valve Adjustment <p style="text-align: right; font-size: 24pt;">\$86⁵⁰</p> <p style="font-size: 8pt;">Parts Extra Most 4 Cyl. Cars</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Brake Special</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Turn Drums & Rotors • Repack Wheel Bearings • Metallic Pads Extra <p style="text-align: right; font-size: 24pt;">\$49⁹⁵</p> <p style="font-size: 8pt;">Front or Rear (Most Cars)</p>

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Chocolate Coating for Dipping Candy can be made by melting a cake of chocolate in a double boiler, but do not let it boil. When melted, add a lump of paraffin the size of a small walnut,

half as much butter, and a few drops of vanilla or almond flavoring.

A Hatpin can be used for dipping cream candies quickly into the chocolate and slipping them off onto waxed paper.

To Thin Chocolate that has become too thick, add to it a little coconut oil. Don't use water as it will cause the chocolate to grain.

To Make Coffee Sugar place coffee beans in a covered container with lump sugar and leave until the sugar has absorbed the coffee flavor.

A Marble Slab is recommended in the making of candy. One side should be kept exclusively for fondants and the other side for taffy. For fondant the surface should be dampened with cold water. Butter or grease should never touch this side. The other side for taffy should never be dampened but rubbed with butter or grease.

By Joan Hutson, from her book "Heirlooms from the Kitchen"

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husband never gives me
Godiva Chocolates until the
day I've started my new diet?
Cathy Worthy

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The Tale the Candlestick Told

by Margaret M. Uptain



On April 11, 1862 Union General Ormsby Mcknight Mitchel led his men in an invasion of North Alabama. Huntsville was completely caught by surprise and captured without a struggle.

General Mitchel and his men were hated with a vengeance because of their cruel and arrogant behavior so it was surprising that romance and love could come to pass in such an atmosphere of war and hatred. But they did. This is how it began.

One sunny afternoon Union troops came marching down Randolph Street. Their laughter and the jingle of

spur and sword offended the ear of a certain young woman who watched them through the curtains of her window. Suddenly she grabbed up a small Confederate flag and ran out to stand near the street. Defiantly she waved the red flag with its white crossed bars at them.

At first they were startled by her act of rebellion but then someone laughed and soon all of them were laughing. Someone reached a long arm out and snatched her little flag from her, flinging it to the ground.

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She stood straight and proud, cheeks tinged a high pink, eyes sparkling with her anger. She made a pretty picture for she was a lovely young woman and admiration shone in many a Yankee eye.

"Your flag, Miss."

The masculine voice brought her eyes to the face of the young Union officer standing before her. If love at first sight is really true then it was certainly what happened between this southern belle and the Union officer, Colonel Dewent Cliton Ruggs, from Arkansas. The young woman was my great-great aunt, Mary Rose Toney.

Their romance was certainly a secret affair. Mary could not find the courage to tell her parents—or anyone. It was the worse thing that could happen in 1862! A southern lady and a Union soldier—in love!

So she wrote it all down. Every night she put in her diary how her romance had fared that day. She kept her diary hidden in the hollow base of a silver candelabra.

But the day came, all too soon for

the young unhappy couple, when the Union troops withdrew from Huntsville and Mary's lover had to leave with them.

The Yankee soldiers stole many things from the homes of Huntsville and one of them strode arrogantly into Mary's home and took with him the silver candelabra.

Colonel Ruggs wrote to Mary and she was unable to keep her secret any longer. Her father threatened to drive her away. Her mother took to her bed, and her sister treated her with cool disdain. But Mary waited for the war to end. She knew her Colonel would come for her then.

The years passed and now it was 1922. In New York City a young man was browsing in an antique shop when a candelabra caught his eye. Beneath its tarnish he could see its possibilities and, on impulse, he bought it. Taking it home he spent a long time cleaning it. He stood back admiring his handiwork. It was a beauty! Picking it up he gave the base another rubbing. Suddenly there was a click and a small door

opened in the side of the base and he could see there was something inside. Carefully he worked it out and unfolding the papers saw at once it was a diary—a civil war diary!

After reading it over several times it dawned on him that he didn't know how the damn thing ended! Did they ever get together again? Was he killed? Did Mary Toney marry someone else?

Months passed and the romance of the diary nagged at him. The time came when he had to make a trip south on business. He made it a point to go by way of Huntsville, Alabama. On Randolph Street he found a family who knew the Toney family. He was told they now lived in Madison, a small town ten miles from Huntsville.

There he found my great-grandfather, Harris Toney, brother to Mary Rose Toney. Yes, he told the excited young man, Mary certainly did marry her Yankee despite all the wrath and scorn of family and friends. They moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. Yes, the years had broken down the ill feelings between the two families. Colo-

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nel Ruggs became a deeply respected member of the Toney family.

The young man left completely satisfied now that he knew how it all ended. But he did not offer to return the candelabra to its family and, of course, Harris Toney did not ask for its return.

Editor's Note: We thought that our readers would be interested to know that the home this romance took place in is 413 Randolph Avenue, and the home is still standing.

Golf is a lot like taxes. You drive hard to get to the green, and then wind up in the hole.

George Ortlip
Retired

Grandma's Favorite Remedies

How to stop smoking:

When tempted to smoke, eat an apple or an orange instead. Drink freely of water and eat fruit and vegetables, and the smoke will begin to taste bad. Continue doing so and living well, and soon the appetite for smoke will lessen and finally disappear. Find a strict vegetarian who smokes, if you can.

Do not attempt to "taper off," it usually results in a long period of agony and fails at last. Remember what tobacco does to you.

How to get rid of that Head Cold with Hot Chicken Soup:

Soak a handful of rosemary tops



in warm water til soft. Combine with a pint of hot cider, 1/8 tsp. of cayenne pepper and 1/8 tsp. ground ginger. Drink the liquid while hot.

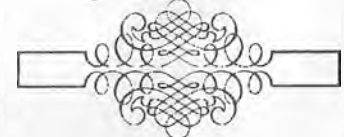
Make a tea from ginger and honey. Make a thyme tea for sore throats.

Use a mustard foot bath to clear a clogged head. Add one tablespoon dry mustard powder to a foot bath of 2 gallons hot water. Soak feet in the bath for 15 minutes.

Fill a shallow bowl with honey and add 2 cloves. Make 6 cuts in a lemon and soak it overnight in the honey. Squeeze the remaining lemon juice into the honey and take teaspoons of the mixture when needed to relieve symptoms.

If you can't sleep, try this:

Take 1 tablespoon of honey every evening at dinner time, and you should have less trouble falling asleep at night. If a spoonful of honey doesn't do the trick, try a mixture of 3 teaspoons of apple cider vinegar and 1 cup of honey. Take 2 tsp of the mixture as you are getting ready to go to bed. If you still can't sleep after an hour, take 2 more teaspoonfuls of the mixture.

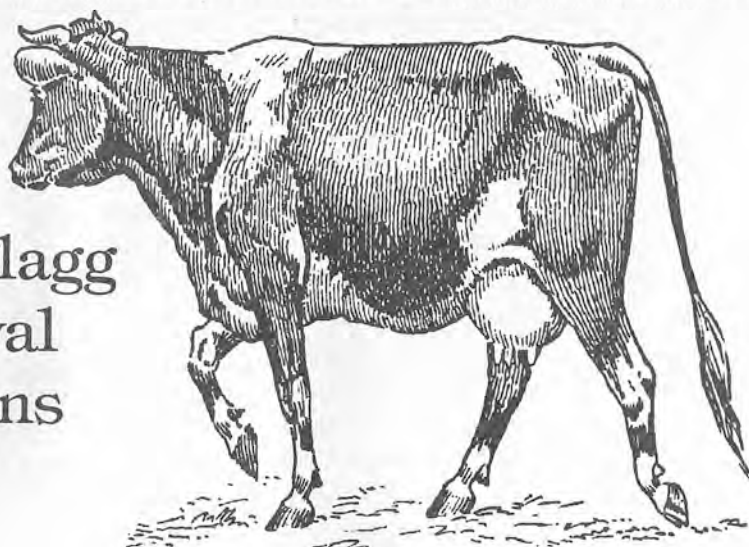



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Lily Flagg Festival Returns

The Hearts of Huntsville Association (HOHA) is proud to sponsor the second annual Lily Flagg Festival to be held Saturday, October 9, 1993, from 10:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. on the Courthouse Square in Downtown Huntsville, Alabama. HOHA is a group of merchants and citizens dedicated to the preservation and improvement of Downtown Huntsville.

Once again, Borden/Meadow Gold Dairies has generously agreed to bring their famous cow Elsie and her son Beaugard, as well as the Borden Good Food Train, for the enjoyment of old and young alike at this family-oriented festival. There will also be a chili cook-off, a farmers' market, arts and crafts, live bands and many zany contests for folks of all ages.

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W. STEELE

Army of the Potomac Camp Bee
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1861

Dear Brother,
Events have transpired within the
last month so rapidly and changeful that
I have had no chance to send you any-

thing more than verbal messages, and
our whole Brigade since the memo-
rable 21st has been in such an utter
state of disorganization that even now
I cannot be as full as I desire. Lit has
been promoted to rank of Major and
assigned to duty in the Ala 12th Col.
R.T. Jones - his company was pained

to give him up yet felt that the promo-
tion was honorable and that he ought
to accept - he left today surrounded
by those who stood by him in the storm
of battle and bid a sad adieu. Of course
I follow - for to tell the truth the com-
pany led by such officers as Sale and
Spragins, will be a mere cypher - they
have nonmilitary or civil sense and nei-
ther of them display gallantry or *true*
courage in the hour of battle. Of course
they are rec'd by the men with distrust.

Tracy acted throughout the day
with marked coolness and courage and
his voice was constantly heard above
the din of musketry and the thunder of
artillery exhorting his men to do or die.
I had all confidence in him and I think
he was the star of the Reg't on that
bloody day. Of the battle you have
heard all from various sources and from
those who have visited the field - I will
not attempt description. I was cool and
collected - loading and firing with care
and precision, yet expecting every
moment to be struck down. Most who
fell of our company were of my pla-
toon and very near to me - the field
after battle baffles description, for I as-
sure you that I have never read of such
- God forbid that you may ever see the
like. I send you as relics some balls
(minie musket) canister, fragments of
shells &c. They fired Round shot 6 s
and 12 s - Belgian fuse spherical shells
- Parrot shot and shell for rifle cannon;
Read shell for same; leaded minie solid
conical shot for same; together with a
perfect storm of canister - they fired
no grape.

Read's shell is a failure - it is a
percussion shell but nine of ten fail and
then the metal is so badly disposed that
it is not at all to be relied on. I had one
for you but gave it to Mr. Watkins who
will show it to you. The Parrot ball and
shell are beautiful but must be very
expensive - the shell is percussion.
Sherman's Battery is composed of the
most beautiful guns both rifle and
Howitzer that I ever saw - the R. Is-



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land battery is perfect. We took them in such a dreadful charge that not a piece was spiked.

It is useless to speak of the courage of Southern soldiery. There was an Englishman who was taken but afterwards released on application, who was a witness of the Inkerman battle of the Crimea and the dreadful fight at Solferino - he saw how the Ala 4th stood the murderous fire poured upon it and says that nothing in History will show such obstinate resistance.

I will draw you a map of the battle as far as the left wing is concerned - in fact *the* fighting was done on the left and some other time will give you details. I lost all my baggage, shirts, pants, coats in fact my valise with everything I had and I am now dirty and naked. I have sent to Winchester for some few underclothes and hope soon to be better supplied. Of course we hold our Qr. Master responsible for such loss - for it was his duty to see that our wagons promptly brought up the rear when we were on force march from Winchester, but you know what sort of man he

is and I have nothing to say.

I send to Robert 1 copper cent, that was given, together with a Catholic Medal, to me as a memento of the gratitude of a poor wounded prisoner who had his right leg entirely shot away. I gave him water and food and carried him a bowl of chicken soup - he was of the 69th N.Y. He was not a Catholic but says he found the Medal which was doubtless lost by some of his men. The copper was all the money he had, and I wish you to impress upon Robert and all your boys, the lesson of Mercy and Charity - the medal give to Sue. Say to her that her note and little gifts came like manna - for I had no handkerchief and no socks - the soap is acceptable and when I get a towel will use it. It has rained on us for several days and we are in a horrible condition.

Say to Fearn, Geo. and Robert, that had they been here I could have given them a wagon load of pistols, guns, swords, knives, belts and in fact anything in the killing line. I want to get you a Sharpe's Carbine or Rifle.

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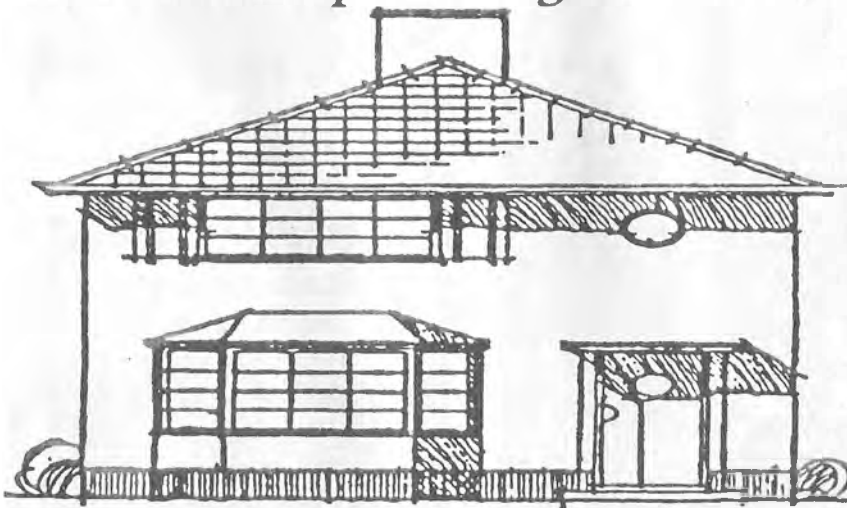
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It's always easy to find the people who aren't able to count to twelve. They're usually in front of you in the express checkout line at the grocery store.

Barb Eystone, housewife

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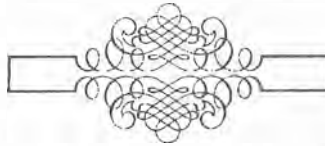
FRONT

Most all the guns used by the enemy were minie muskets, and a splendid weapon it is. I could send you some shell and shot but they are so heavy that I dare not tax our friends with their care. I will write to Sue in a day or two.

Camp rumor is that tomorrow we receive marching orders for Wheeling. I can't say what truth there is in it, but I suppose we shall move from this. I hope we will soon have an honorable peace and do sincerely trust that you

will not be called out. Love to Mother, Sister K. and all. Tell little Sallie that she must get well soon as I am going to write her a long letter. Lawrence is now well and has left with Lit. You will hear from me should we move so that you may know what course we are going.

Yr. aff. Brother John



Bits and Pieces of Madison County History

by James Record

The largest family owned, non-franchised fast food server in the United States - The Krystal - in a sense began in Huntsville because a Madison Countian, Joseph Glenn Sherrill of Gurley, was a cofounder. With Rudy Davenport Jr., they opened their first restaurant at the corner of Seventh and Cherry Streets in downtown Chattanooga in October, 1932, where there is still a Krystal. The Krystal is known for its small square hamburger with a steamed-in onion flavor. Sherrill's father, Sam, had founded the Nu-Way Restaurant on the North Side Square in Huntsville. Aided by his son Glenn, they introduced a square .5 cent hamburger, and this later became a Krystal. You don't order a hamburger from Krystal, you order a "Krystal."

In 1976, Krystal formed Dalvco Food, one of the largest Wendy's franchises in the nation. Krystal also acquired "Po Folks" family-style restaurants, in 1982. In 1983, Krystal introduced a new Krystal logo, a bold red and white version of the original Crystal Ball that once adorned every Krystal store front.

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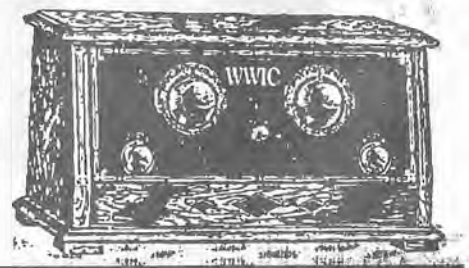


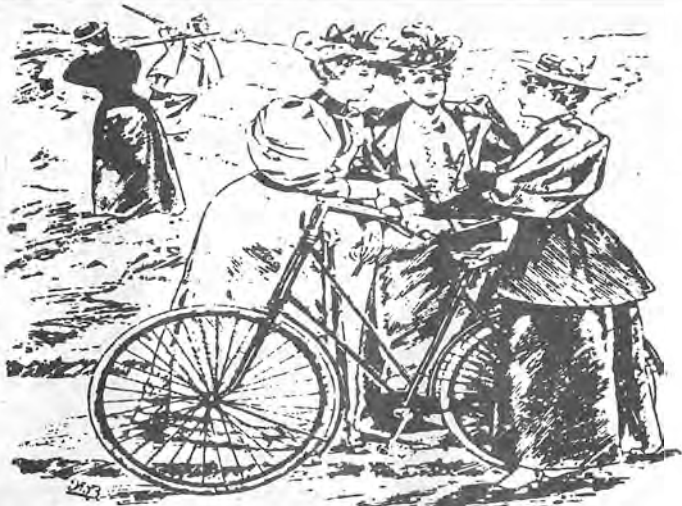
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THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN ALABAMA

Submitted by Susan Trentham

The Woman Suffrage movement started comparatively late in the South. In New York the first Women's Rights Convention was held in 1848, and in the West women were allowed to vote shortly after the Civil War. But throughout the South agitation for equal suffrage was virtually nonexistent before about 1890, and it was not until 1910 that the crusade attracted widespread attention.

The root of the woman suffrage movement in Alabama reaches back to the Reconstruction era. National

records reveal that the society had an appointed representative at Huntsville in the 1870s, a Mrs. Priscilla Holmes Drake. No extant facts indicate her inchoate work, and it is perhaps safe to assume that she accomplished very little in the state. Judging from occasional contemporary editorial comment, sentiment was almost unanimous in opposition to Mrs. Drake's struggle to win voting rights for women.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century a change in attitude could be observed, however, for in 1892 the first

woman suffrage association in Alabama was organized in Decatur. During the next few years similar groups were established in Verbena, Huntsville, Gadsden, Calera, probably Montgomery, and possibly elsewhere. In 1893 a state organization was brought into being with Mrs. Ellen Stephens Hildreth, a kindergarten teacher who moved from St. Louis to Decatur, as president, and it became affiliated with the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

The work of these early Alabama suffragists was very limited. Newspapers in Columbiana and Decatur regularly granted the organization space during 1893-1894, but no Alabama journalist is known to have come out openly for equal rights. Public lectures

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in Huntsville and New Decatur in 1895 by two nationally known suffragists, Susan B. Anthony and Carrie Chapman Catt, attracted only local attention. Interest in suffrage increased in 1897 after Alberta C. Taylor of Huntsville visited Colorado where women were allowed to vote. Taylor revived the organization in Huntsville, which elected one of Alabama's most distinguished women, Virginia Clay Clopton. President. Clopton had married Clement C. Clay, United States Senator from Alabama, in 1834; after his death she married David Clopton, chief justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. She was author of *A Belle of the Fifties* (1904), a reminiscence of Washington society in the decade before the Civil War. Unfortunately, the activity of this organization was still limited because of the strong anti-suffrage sentiment that still existed in the state.

Frances Griffin of Verbena became the state president in 1901, and under her leadership the organization became slightly more active. Griffin was educated at Judson College and

taught school in Montgomery. She left her career as a school teacher in 1885 to work for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. By the 1890s she added suffrage to her interests and was soon in great demand as a speaker and organizer.

The climax to this brief era of activity came in 1901, when the Alabama Constitutional Convention met in Montgomery. Delegate Benjamin H. Craig presented a resolution providing for woman suffrage in the new organ. A public hearing was given to the women on June 10, 1901, and Miss Frances Griffin ably presented the women's views.

In her half-hour speech, she based her argument on the abstract principles of justice, namely that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. She stated, "Now comes the declaration that women as well as men belong to the 'governed,' and upon that belief, I ground my demand to the application of the principle to citizens regardless of sex." The condition of woman had changed, she said,

from being that of a ward of the state to being "an agent of intelligence where she touches the Government all the way along her life, and the Government touches her." Griffin believed that women should have a voice in the adoption of laws and the appropriation of taxes. In short, she argued that men and women should be equal in the eyes of the law.

Griffin also argued that men and women were different. She said that women were asking for the ballot not because they thought men were unjust or unfair or that men were unwilling to speak for women. But women needed the vote because they should be able to speak for themselves. "Men," she said, "by their very nature never can speak for women. It would be impossible for all men to understand the needs of women and to care for their interests as it would be for all women to understand the needs of men and care for the interests of them."

In addition, she refuted the common arguments against woman suffrage. To objections that politics was

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Music - Pool - Darts - Fun - Friends						

too corrupt for women, her answer was that women would purify politics. To claims that women were not able to vote intelligently, she pointed out that a higher percentage of women than men had a grade school education, and that women were as capable of voting as recently naturalized citizens. She also added that women "neither steep themselves in tobacco nor besot themselves with liquor, so that whatever brains they have are kept intact." To arguments that women should not vote because they did not bear arms, her answer was that many men did not do so either, yet they could vote. Some men advanced the argument that voting would place an added burden on women. On the contrary, Griffin said, the "immense work in which women are engaged, in charities and reforms in the constant repairing of the damages of society, would be infinitely less, if they had some power to prevent the evil." Others suggested that only a handful of women wanted the vote. Her answer was "rights are not measured by the number who want them. So long as there is one woman who wants the right to vote, she is, according to the spirit of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, entitled to that right."

Griffin closed by pointing out that women needed to be able to protect themselves. They resented being classed with traitors, idiots, criminals, and children. She said that women want full justice before the law; they want equal pay for equal work. She stressed that there were some women who have no men to represent them. "I live in a household of women, educated women. My sisters are widows and I am an old maid; we have no representation at the polls. There is not a man on the face of the earth interested particularly in how the affairs of our household go. ... I should like to remind you gentlemen that so long as laws affect both men and women, men

and women should together make those laws."

At the conclusion of the speech, Griffin was warmly applauded by the delegates as well as the audience in the gallery. The press, however, refused to take her efforts seriously. For example, the June 15, 1901 issue of the *Huntsville Republican* commented, "No matter how modest a constitutional convention is nowadays some female suffragist will find it out and insist on making a speech." In addition, when the showdown vote was taken in August, the women were denied the ballot by an overwhelming vote of 87 to 22. But this was only the beginning.

Any more taxes and our
take-home pay won't be enough
to get us there.
Geraldine Miller



The Yankee Fisherman

One cold winter several years ago, a Yankee left home early one morning to go ice fishing. His luck was good that day and before long, he had caught a 200 pound block of ice. He took his trophy catch home to his wife who fried it. The fisherman and his wife both drowned.

Tom Cotton, retired Marine

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From the desk of James Record

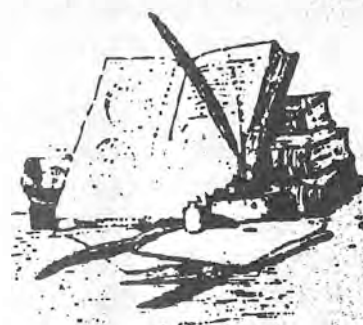
According to the Washington, D.C. newspaper, the *National Intelligencer*, issue of Nov. 14, 1823, "Mrs. F.T. Rose, sister of former President James Madison, died in Huntsville, Alabama, on October 4, 1823." This was also reported in Marriages, Deaths, and Legal Notes from early Alabama newspapers (1819-1893) H976 Huntsville Public Library Heritage Room, The Papers of James Madison, Volume 1, March 16, 1751 - December 16, 1779, edited by William O.T. Hutchinson and William M.E. Rashal, stated that the child of James and Nelly Conway Madison included James Madison (1723-1801) and Frances Taylor (1774-1823). Further stated was that she married Robert H. Rose (d. 1833) in 1800. Their eldest son was born either late in that year, or in 1801. Also stated was that the Roses' had seven sons and four daughters. The book, James Madison a biography by Ralph Ketcham, states that the four children born to Madison's

mother between 1766 and 1777 died in childbirth; her last child, a daughter Frances Taylor (1772-1823) was ten years younger than Sarah Madison Macon, who gave birth to at least nine children, seven of whom reached maturity. The book further states that Frances Taylor was called Fanny.

She was a playful child when her increasingly famous father, James, spent months at a time at Montpelier from 1784 to 1796, and during the 1790s when he was again home, she was a mature young lady, interested in music, something of a belle, and doubtless very much aware that her brother's stature in the nation had opened for her priceless vistas far wider than those customary for girls on Piedmont plantations. In 1800 she nevertheless married a local doctor, Robert H. Rose and soon she was raising a large family. She had at least ten children, of whom at least six reached maturity. By the 1790s James Madison, though childless himself, was surrounded by huge families of his brothers and sisters. They had altogether some fifty children, of whom over thirty survived to adulthood.

An attempt to find just when Mrs. Rose first came to Huntsville was unsuccessful although David Wigdon, Assistant Chief, the U.S. Library of Congress did say there was some evidence for locating her in Alabama less than two months before the *National Intelligencer* report of her death in Huntsville, so this seems to indicate that she was in Huntsville about August or September, 1823. No record has been located giving more information about her in Huntsville.

Most people like hard work,
particularly when they are
paying for it.
Calvin Jones



Scripture

"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a schoolmaster to a trembling boy. "Yessir," Answered the pupil. "Well what does the scripture say upon the subject?" "I don't know!" said the boy "Unless it is in that passage that says it is more blessed to give than to receive." from an 1877 newspaper

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Times Were Tough

By Don Wynn



When I was growing up, my Dad was constantly telling me and my brothers stories about how hard it was when he was a kid. They plowed their fields with mules, carried water from the well and had a coal stove to cook with and to heat the house. It was cold in the winter time and hot in the summer. Air conditioning meant opening the windows and doors. It must have been hard but I grew tired of hearing about it.

Now, I am telling my kids stories about my childhood. Momma didn't drive us everywhere we wanted to go. We walked a lot and rode bicycles when we had them. We only had one TV and it was a small black & white. For the first few years that we had a TV, we could only get one station which meant that we never argued about what we were going to watch. We were outside all day, every day. We did get to go to a movie every week or two to see Roy Rodgers or Gene Autry. They even showed cartoons before the movies in those days.

At the end of my speech about "hard times," I always tell my kids that we had to walk about 2 miles back and forth to school and it *was up hill both ways*.

She Worked In Ladies Wear

Unlike other Mata Haris of the Civil War era, Confederate spy Nancy Hart wasn't any cross-dresser. But that label certainly applied to the unfortunate Union man who held her hostage in 1861, threatening from time to time to let his troops have their way with her. Though Hart managed to escape unscathed, she never forgot her tormentor's face. The next time she met up with the miserable oaf, she tethered him to her horse, forced him to don one of her gowns, and paraded the corseted captive around town for hours.

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billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

BUDDY and Debra Sherrill who operate B&D Catfish Restaurant on Hiway 53 this side of Ardmore, host gospel quartets from time to time on their outdoor stage. Their latest was Aldersgate from San Antonio.

Barbara Poularikas and daughter **Natasha** are back from that many-moon vacation to Greece. Their arrival there coincided with the country's worst water shortage in history.

California native **Greg Carter** and his galpal, Ohioan **Lauren Wilson**, both pianists, sent special cards to their professor, on his birthday. "I wasn't surprised," said Frank, "I introduced them."

MADISON Academy grad **Billy Lones** got a deluxe haircut from barberess **P'Nut Wilson** the other day in Jackson Way Barbershop before heading off to Faulkner University in Montgomery. He's back every two weeks for a trim. Faulkner is where future pharmacist **Jeff Mercer** is be-

ing enlightened while galpal **Beth Hardin** waits in anticipation.

Adam Stermer, who has moved to Mobile to live forever has become a partner in a floor-covering business there.

Marilyn Horne is excited that her son, **Jimmy Odom**, is relocating from Tampa to Atlanta real soon. He's with Kraft.

A **BUNCH** of us, headed by tree surgeon **Bill Webster**, helped **Nora Berry** celebrate a birthday on Sunday, Aug. 29. She plans two a year from now on so the parties will be closer.

Alek Owen is only two months old, but brought ma and pa, **Tonya and Jeff**, to dinner at Ryan's the other night. That's where **Steve Berley** has replaced **Tim Barr** as a big boss of some kind. It's also where the industrious **Betty Hollingsworth** is an evening waitress. She also drives a county school bus and survives on four hours

of sleep a day.

Randy Sisk of Hazel Green had the good sense to marry **Kana Cantrell** of Huntsville the other day (Aug. 20). They're making their home in exciting New Market.

Barbara Atkins Reed was among the 300 gospel music fans who attended the reunion of legends at Pioneer Cafeteria in the B'ham suburb of Roebuck the other night. **Jean Miller**, who promoted it, even had **Charles Goodwin** and his *Cavaliers*, **Seals Hilton** and *The Harmonizers*, **Wally Varner**, **Keiffer Vaughan** and other greats of the past on the program.

HAPPINESS was all over the place at *Eunice's Country Kitchen* the other morning. **Rob Aldredge**, 5, brought his dad, lawyer **Daniel**, to breakfast. The dapper **Ryan King** of Dunlop fame brought pretty **Anne Hunt** to a farewell breakfast before she headed back to Longview, Texas. She was here a month. Celebrating at the next table were a large gang of kin-folks to the **Rev. E.P. Berry**. He received the Golden Eagle Senior Citizen of the Year Award (for ministry) in Montgomery on Sept. 19. **Gov. Jim Folsom** did the honors. Kin who attended included **Patty and Mike Montgomery** and **Jeff and Amy Williams**. Eunice's was also where **Dr. Charles Merryman** and his **Margaret** brought Temple, Texans **Mary** and



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Dr. Joe Ford to breakfast. **Manoler "Granny" Bobo**, 82, wearing a pretty bonnet, brought granddaughter **Pam Greene** to the roundtable, **Cricket Maddox** was their waitress. **Chris Turner**, manager at *Outback*, brought his ma and pa, **Jack and Mary Turner** of Winfield, to the famous breakfast table.

BLUEGRASS! This is the weekend (Sept. 17 and 18) for the annual Cahaba Bluegrass Festival which attracts thousands of musicians and fans to the corner of Pulaski Pike and Winchester Road. It starts at sundown Friday and winds down at about midnight Saturday. It is a most entertaining family-type event with proceeds going to Shriners Children's Hospitals. And no, you don't have to be a shiner to attend. Plenty of food, music and socializing. Some of the city's finest buckdancers, including **William McKinney** and **Mack Vann**, have been invited. William, if he makes it, will probably bring pretty **Regina White** with him.

Balladeer **Tony Barr** performs Friday and Saturday nights (6:30 to 9) at Heini's, corner Jordan Lane and Holmes Avenue. That's where we crossed paths with **Nigel Allison** the other day.

This is "Be Nice to **Doug Tucker Month**." He's the Scottsboro racing enthusiast.

JAZZISTS *Microwave Dave and the Nukes* are keeping their usual busy schedule. They'll perform Sept. 24 at French's Cafe in Scottsboro, then the Big Spring Jam on Sunday, Sept. 26.

Thanks to retired electrical whiz **Gordon Varner**, originally from Fort Meade, Fla., for buying a stack of back issues of Old Huntsville. They're avail-

able at Dilworth Lumber Co.

Bruce Bennett, a staffer at Marriott, visited his bartender brother **Brian** the other night in The Turning Pointe cafe, where drummer **Artie Dean's** newly organized *Mutual Admiration Blues Society* was making its debut. It also features sax great **Tony Rico**.

THE ABOVE mentioned musicians and a bunch of their friends and kin flocked to *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards* next day for a bit of pool shooting. Then came **Ray Kendrick** and pals, who occupied the next table. Several young people from First Baptist were there learning the fine art of straight-shooting.

Billy Hart and friends were among the traffic directors when **Marty Haggard** and **Doyle Brady** concerted at the original Flea Market property on U.S. 72 (right side) the other night near Athens. Later, our popular Okie pal, Muscogee's **Jason Wright**, joined the musicians for a tad of socializing in **Glenn Bracken's Gold Rush Lounge** (The Mall). **Gregg Davis** and **Clift Critelli** were also part of the whirl.

Young women in alluring clothes

and other interesting apparel model the latest at 9 p.m. on the second and fourth Tuesday nights of each month in the lounge at Holiday Inn, corner University Drive and Jordan Lane. It's coordinated by Intimate Lingerie, specialists in adult things erotic.

Rich Barnes headed up that gang of **Tony Mason** fans the other night at Bubba's. Joining in were **Donnie Roden**, **Parrish Dunnaway**, **Jeff Bechtel** and **John Sutton**. Fine singers, all. A large aggregation from UAH medical school showed up. Two of them, **Hardin** and **Frances Coleman**, are from Scottsboro.

The personable **Don Wong** and **Mary Wood** are among the regular personalities who gather at *Burrito Bandito*. The other day they were there having a pre-birthday bash for her. Then came **James Brock** who ordered "the whole enchilada." UAH English major **Stephanie Berry** settled for a burrito.

continued on page 48

Real executives will always talk golf at the office, and business on the golf course.

Jim Hutson, Golfer

Bubba's



534-3133



HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

If you are raising chickens, here's how to tell the males from the females. Hen's eggs which are nearly round invariably produce female chickens, and those which are long or pointed produce males.

A leftover baked potato can be re-baked if you dip it in water and bake it in a 350 degree oven for about 20 minutes.

Soup will slide out of the can

much easier if you shake it well, then open it at the bottom end.

If you are serving salad greens to a large crowd and need to dry them, the fastest way is to toss them in a clean pillow case and throw them in the washer for a few seconds on spin dry.

If you are beset with mice or rats, take a few corks and cut them up very fine. Fry them in a little butter or fat, place the fried cork while still warm at the places where rats visit, and leave no water within their reach. In a few days the rats will be gone, and this is safer than poison.

Flies are bad this time of year. To get rid of them, mix together half a spoonful of ground black pepper, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, one table-spoon of cream, and place it on a plate. Flies will be attracted to this and there is no danger of poisoning small children.

Red ants hate salt, and will never cross a line of common salt.

Take a few branches of penny-royal, hang it up or lie it on the bed, or carry a few sprigs in your pocket, and

fleas will never make an appearance.

If you've got stomach cramps, take a pint of warm water, sweeten it with molasses and put in a teaspoon of Cayenne. Drink freely, at the same time heat the feet by the fire if the nights are cool, or put them in warm water.

After your carton of eggs is empty, save it and punch a small hole in each holder, fill with potting soil and plant your seeds or small cuttings in it. You will have room for 12 seeds or cuttings and can move the carton inside and outside as weather permits.



Found on an Old Tombstone

James K.P. Martin
Born November 5, 1844
Died January 4, 1863

In a negro cabin at Parkers Crossroads from a wound received at that place December 31, 1862. He was most brutally treated by Yankees and Shamefully neglected by his own Southern doctors.

Before he had reached his 18th birthday he sealed with his own blood the devotion to a lost cause. To the youthful brave, a soldier's grave, a soldier's honored grave.

The Stone is now on the "Rudder Lot," Cedar Hill Cemetery, Scottsboro, Alabama

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Learning to Reach out and Touch

by Martha Boswell

On a Tuesday evening in a classroom devoted at other times to Sunday School or AA or Divorce Recovery, a group of people are assembling, collecting name tags, and opening booklets of training material laid out on the circle of chairs. There is a certain nervousness underlying the silence.

A HELPLINE training class begins with a group of people with little in common other than the desire to be of service and perhaps a sense that within themselves there is a power of caring, a healing receptivity, an ability to help sort things out.

The people coming here bring with them a mix of life experiences ... a young mother recently uprooted from another state for her husband to be employed in Huntsville's high tech community ... a psychology student ... a single man who just had his first brush with mid-life crisis ... a woman who has been sexually victimized and wants to help others ... a homeless advocate who wants to work on communication skills ... a retired businessman ready to work for different goals at this stage of life.

Looking through the training materials before the class starts provides information like what the schedule will be and what active listening means and what approaches to take with a potentially suicidal caller. There are other questions on people's minds which the training material doesn't answer — am I going to be good at this ... will I know what to do in a crisis ... is this going to be worth doing?

Someone breaks the silence by talking about the traffic or the weather or how it was hard to get away from work and get here on time. A few more people arrive, and the class gets underway.

"For most of us, what we are doing when we think we are listening," the speaker says, "is thinking of what we want to say as soon as the other person stops talking. When we actively listen, the other person is our focus — their feelings, what it feels like to live inside their skin."

Two hours later the first-night tension has eased. Small group practice exercises round out the evening's work. Groups of six or seven new volunteers pull their chairs into a circle and exchange introductions.

"What we are going to work on tonight is FEELINGS," the leaders says. "What we are going to start out with is very simple and basic but very

important. You may think you have the answer to someone's problem right from the start, but guess what ... they won't be ready to hear that if you haven't heard their feelings first."

The first task is giving a word or phrase to identify feeling states from what is stated or implied in a series of statements. The leader gives an example:

First person (in a trembling voice): "It's been pretty rough lately."

Second person: "You sound upset."

The exercise proves to be deceptively simple. Volunteers struggle to overcome the impulse to judge "I'd feel like saying, didn't you know better than to do that" ... to sympathize — "why that's a terrible thing for someone to do to you" ... or to want to rescue — "give me your number and I'll call some places I know about a job for you."

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The end of the long evening comes surprisingly soon. The young mother has been enlivened by time with other adults. The psychology student thinks it's great to have a chance to learn some things they don't teach in college courses. The single man sees how mid-life might be a time for seeing life opening out rather than closing in. The woman seeking to help other victims wishes for the thousandth time that there had been someone to listen

to her a long time ago. The homeless advocate hopes there will be more said about poverty and social issues. The businessman is keeping an open balance sheet — some good things here, but isn't all this feeling stuff just a little hokey?

All in all, a good start.



Earthbound

by Millie McDonald

As a landscape gardener, sometimes we become discontent with only flowers in our garden.

We see our neighbors with a large vegetable garden in their back yard, and we want a garden, too. However, our yard was not arranged to grow flowers and vegetables together, although at an earlier date it was our decision to plant a flower garden.

Don't lose hope. There is a solution to the problem. You can have a flower garden and a few vegetables as well.

Look over your flower bed. In the area where red or yellow flowers will bloom, plant a few bell peppers. The greenery will be striking.

In the area where azaleas are growing, plant a few onions. The onions will grow well and will act as a "filler" between the azaleas.

In other areas of your flower garden, you can plant carrots. The carrot tops appear fern-like and will add to the beauty of your flower bed.

These are just a few of the vegetables you can plant. Don't forget, herbs can be planted in a similar manner.

When the vegetables have matured, it will be fun to "harvest" the vegetables, while at the same time enjoying the beauty of your flowers.

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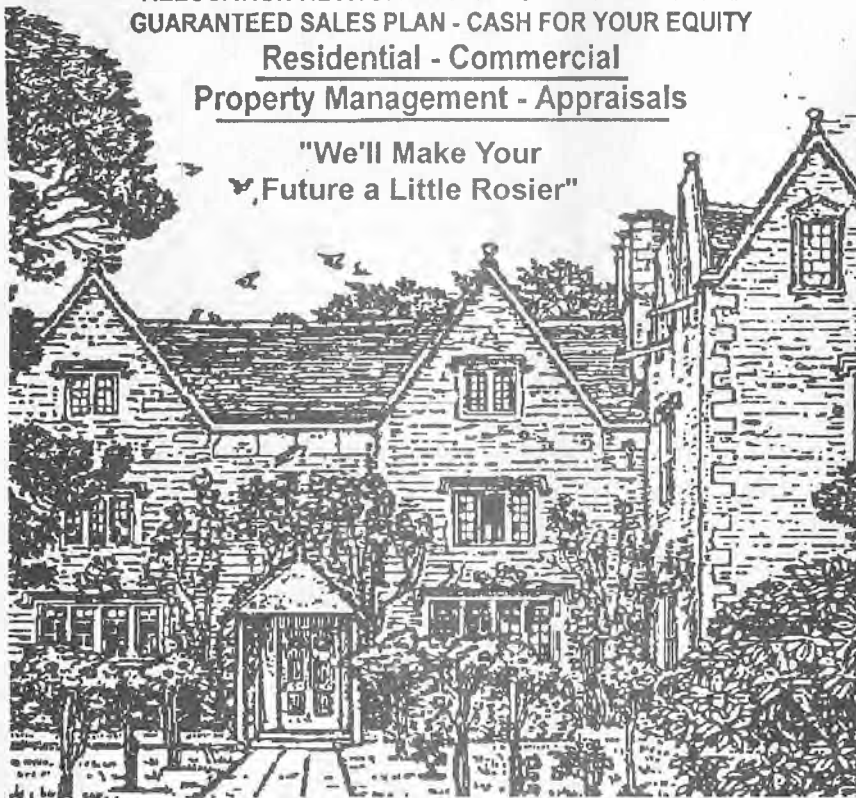
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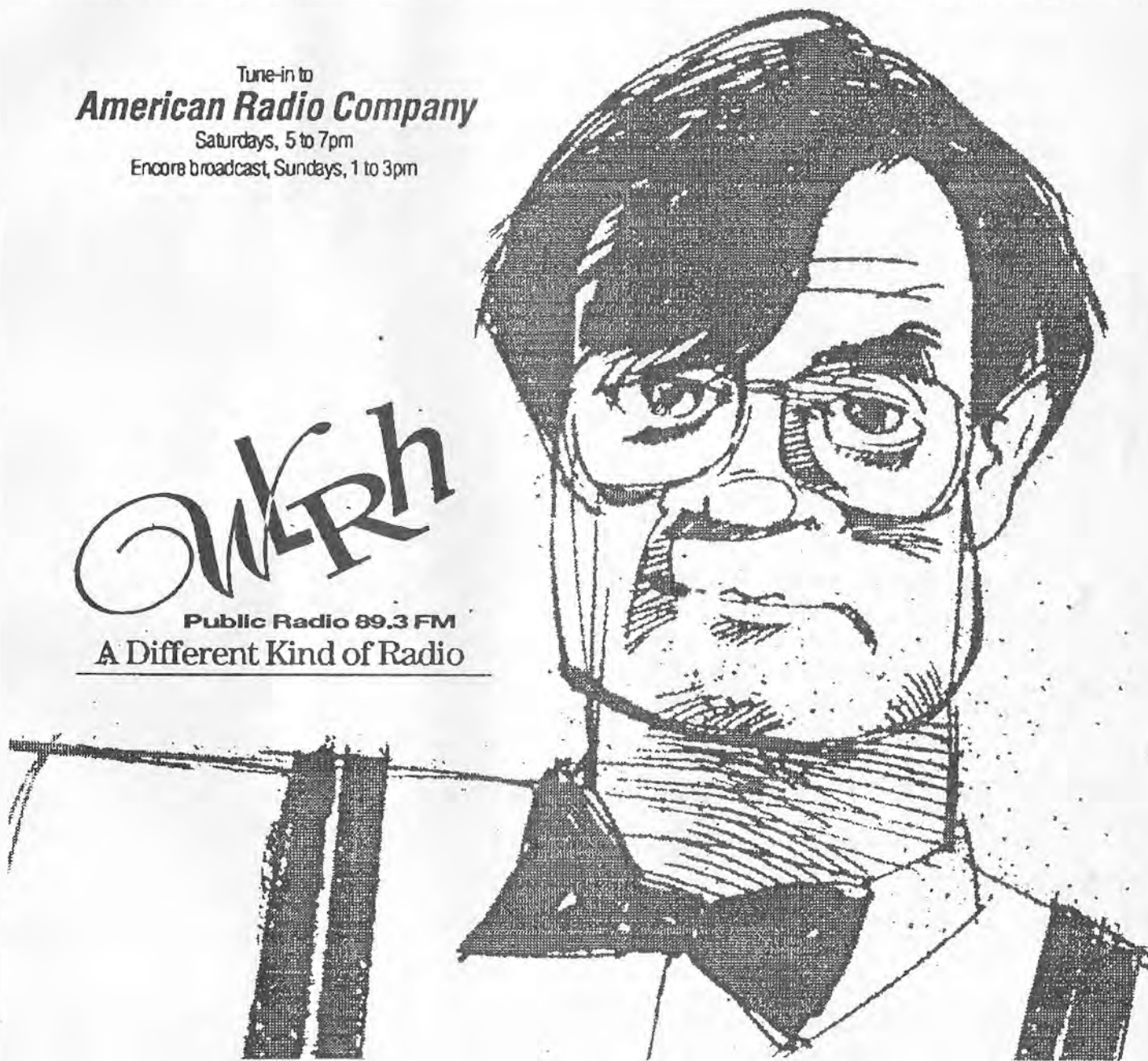
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Remembering When

by Billy Joe Cooley

"I got lost on my first day at school and stood in the Monrovia School yard screaming, staring straight ahead and not knowing that my brothers were standing on each side of me. Our principal, Mr. Wilburn Douglas, must have thought I was strange, indeed."

Clifford Hodges, 66, was telling

us about a few of the things that have made lifelong impressions on him. We were sitting the other day in his office at the pest-control company that bears his name.

"The first of each month our family would get into a horse-drawn wagon and ride to D.E. and J.O. Kelly's store in Jeff to get groceries. The Kelly's would give each of us kids a piece of candy and a soft drink. In those days we referred to soft drinks as 'dopes' or 'soda water.' We traveled over Highway 53, which was a gravel road then."

All the changes that have taken place since he was born on June 28,

1927, have been fascinating, he notes, especially the modern conveniences.

"Our windows had shutters instead of screens. And every Nov. 15 was hog-killing day across North Alabama. We had a large family so we usually killed eight hogs."

He recalls that several neighbors would bring their hogs to a single location, spending the day at butchering the animals.

"Growing up in Harvest High School where Mr. Eugene Smith was principal was a learning experience. He later tutored me for the tests I had to take to get my pest-control license."

Clifford, at 16, hired on as a ticket-taker and usher at Lyric Theater downtown. Then, at 17, became a soda jerk at Twickenham Pharmacy.

"I also plowed with mules on the Kelly Burwell farm, Rt. 1, Harvest. He owned the first car I ever saw. The first tractor I ever saw was owned by Walker Tuck, also at Harvest.

"I remember seeing deer penned in the yard of the old county courthouse and I hurried to become the first customer on the day the Gibsons brought their barbecue business here from Decatur. I still buy their barbecue regularly."

On Sept. 2, 1945 he opened his pest control company.

"On that day I also bought and framed a copy of *The Cleveland News* to remind me of what was going on when I went in business. The paper was full of postwar stories."

The End



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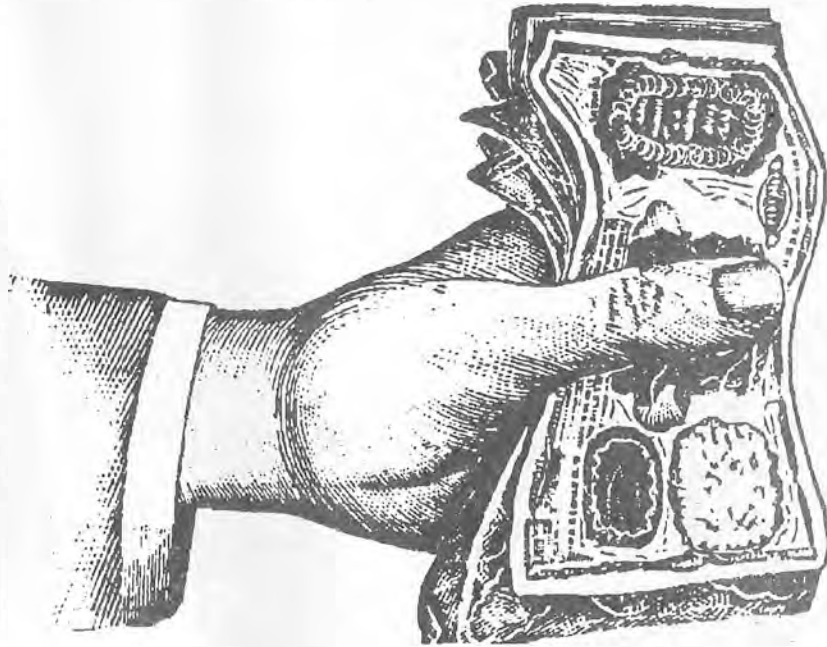
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Spicy Potato Pudding

- 4 medium sweet potatoes, unpeeled
- 2 cups water, divided
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup cane (or white Karo) syrup
- 1/3 cup butter, melted

- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
 - 1/3 cup all-purpose flour
 - 1/4 cup margarine, melted
 - salt to taste
 - 1/ cup milk
 - 1 tsp nutmeg
 - 1/3 tsp cloves
 - 1/3 tsp cinnamon
- Heat oven to 350, grease a 2-quart baking dish. Wash the potatoes, cutting out bad spots, and grate

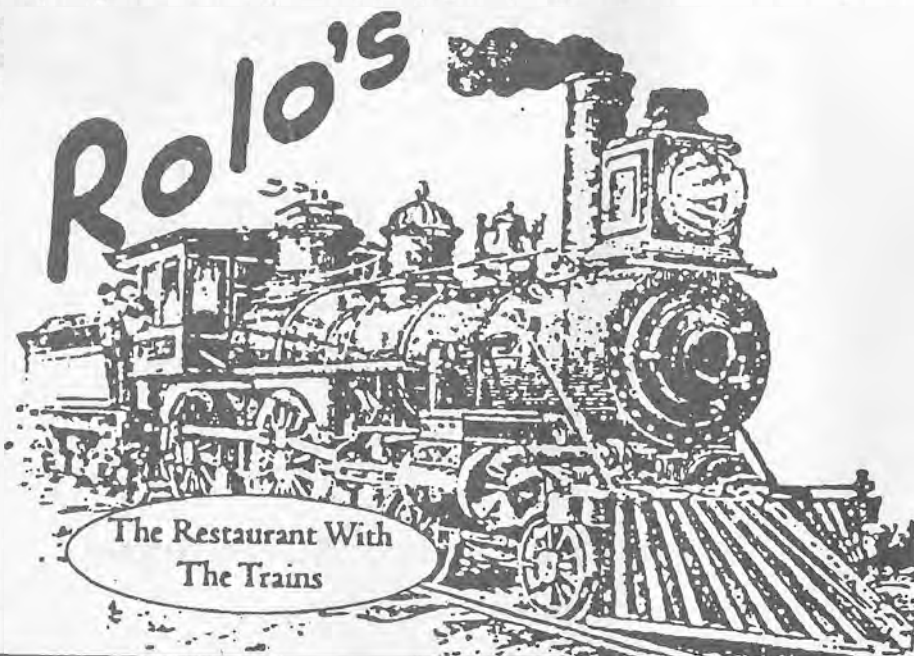
coarsely. Rinse grater with 1 cup water over the grated potatoes. Add eggs, sugar, syrup, butter, evaporated milk, flour, margarine and season with salt. Mix well, stir in milk, remaining water and spices. Pour into greased baking dish.

Bake at 350 for 45 minutes to an hour til browned. Stir every 15 minutes during baking.

Hearty Black-Eyed Peas and Rice

- 1 cup dried black-eyed peas, rinsed and drained
- 4 cups water
- 3 small vegetable bouillon cubes
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 tablespoon cilantro
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp pepper
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 medium scallions, chopped
- 1 tsp dried thyme
- 1 large tomato, chopped
- 1 cup uncooked long-grained brown rice

Combine peas and water in large saucepan, add bouillon and garlic. Bring to boil - reduce heat and stir in



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oil, cilantro, parsley, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes.

Stir in onion, scallions, thyme and tomato. Cover and simmer 15 minutes or peas almost soft. Stir in the rice, cover. Cook til rice and peas are tender. Remove from heat and let stand, covered, for 10 minutes before serving.

Black Skillet Beef with Cabbage and Red potatoes

6 cups water
1 pound beef, cut in thin pieces
8 red potatoes, cut in half
1 chopped onion, large
1 tbl chopped garlic
salt and pepper to taste
1/2 head small cabbage
2 large carrots, cut in thirds

Place a large black skillet on high heat. Add the water, beef, potatoes, onion, garlic, salt and pepper. Cook until half liquid is reduced. Add the cabbage and carrots. Cook 35 minutes or until cabbage and carrots are tender, serve hot with fresh baked bread and butter.

Fried Mealed Catfish

2-3 cups Crisco shortening
1 cup corn meal
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
2 tsp salt
1 tsp pepper
1/2 tsp garlic powder
1/2 tsp onion powder
1 pound boneless catfish
lemon wedges

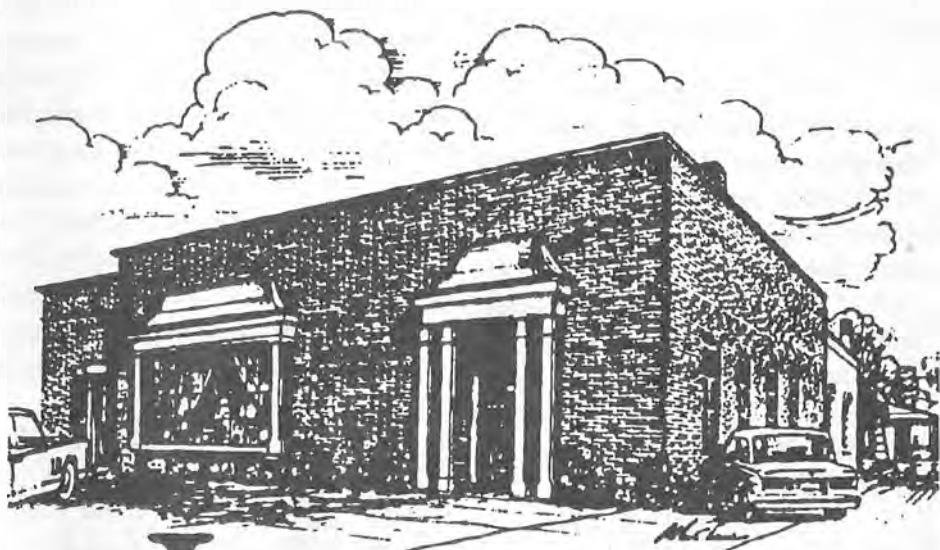
Heat the Crisco to 365 degrees in deep fryer or deep sauce pan. Combine corn meal, flour, salt, pepper, garlic and onion powders in paper bag. Put 3 or 4 pieces of fish in bag at a time. Shake until well coated. Fry fish until brown and tender. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

Lemon Basil Grilled Chicken

1/2 cup Crisco oil
1/3 cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
1 tablespoon dried basil
1 tsp grated lemon peel
2 cloves garlic, minced
1/2 tsp salt
1/4 tsp freshly ground black pepper
4 boneless, skinless chicken breasts (1 pound)

Combine the Crisco, lemon juice, vinegar, basil, lemon peel, garlic, salt and pepper in shallow baking dish. Add chicken, turning one time to coat both sides. Refrigerate for 30 to 45 minutes, turning once.

Prepare your charcoal for grilling. Grill the chicken 4 inches from the heat, turning once, 3 to 5 minutes per side or until just cooked. Don't overcook. Especially good with homemade macaroni and cheese and spinach salad.



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The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie M. Owens

We are all concerned with coping with stress because no matter what our age, or position in life, it is just a part of our every day living. Stress can be defined simply as any condition or situation that requires adjustment on the part of a person. It can be classified from the routine or mild situations, to the dangerous and more severe conditions of stress, which can have a very serious affect upon our physical and/or psychological well being.

Usually we think of stress as involving a negative situation, but this is not true. Positive occasions such as winning a lottery, buying a new home or going on a long vacation, can also

result in certain degrees of stress. As there are different kinds of stress, so are there different degrees within each kind. There is a mild, brief stress which you might experience when you have momentarily misplaced your car keys. Moderate stress may last a little longer and may be a little more difficult to deal with. (An example of this type may be overwork, or the temporary absence of a loved one.) Severe stress is more prolonged and very difficult to deal with. This type may be caused by chronic illness or death of a spouse, or the loss of a job and is more likely to cause serious problems.

Recent research indicates that stress may depress the body's immune system and make us more vulnerable to illness. During severe stress periods, or inappropriate responses to severe stress, it is possible that this condition can play a role in developing heart disease, asthma, ulcers, diabetes and other diseases. In addition, many people seek to relieve stress by turning to cigarettes or alcohol, or overeating, which can further endanger one's health.

Everyone has the potential to cope effectively with stress. If you can learn how to handle stress while retaining self-esteem and a measure of control, you will have mastered dealing with stress. Some people manage to appear easygoing and relaxed no mat-

ter what the stresses and pressures on them. For others, even a small problem becomes a major disaster, a source of constant worry or anger. Any substantial changes in your routine, whether for the better or the worse, will make demands on mental and emotional resources and cause a certain amount of stress. The important thing is to be aware of situations and conditions that cause the stress and take the steps necessary to avoid or minimize these events.

Talk about it to your friend or spouse. Recognize that some things cannot be changed. Cultivate an optimistic approach, and reduce your exposure to pet peeves. Keeping anger pent up adds to feelings of stress. Try to express it in a constructive way. Focus on the problems of others, rather than your own. If you have time on your hands, put it to good use by going out and doing some volunteer work, to keep yourself occupied. Exercise every day, if only a twenty minute walk or swim. Pay attention to signs of stress, and at such times, stop what you are doing for a relaxing, rest break. Also, do not let the demands of the day interfere with your mealtime. A regular, healthy diet is important.

Learning how to organize time to avoid feeling pressured can go a long way to relieving stress.

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How I became a Writer of Sorts

Personal confessions of
Billy Joe Cooley

Johnny Cranfield was always afraid of the dark. So was his dad for that matter.

"I'm afraid of anything I don't understand," the simple-minded Cranfield would say, passing his philosophy on to his son. "I reckon it's just human nature for us to shy away from the world's mysteries."

Work was also a mystery to the entire Cranfield family, so they shied away from that, too. They were always the first in line at the relief truck, a vehicle which brought commodities to the poor in South Pittsburg.

Two things that family wouldn't mess with were rattlesnakes and work. The nearest thing to exercise that old man Cranfield ever came was a good case of the hiccups.

With this knowledge, we knew that anytime we saw a Cranfield coming down the road, we were about to be panhandled for a dime or a dollar, depending on whether that particular Cranfield was thirsty for Coca-Cola or a drink of whiskey.

One day some of us were sitting around the Midway Grocery, swapping gossip and expanding on the truth, when Johnny Cranfield walked up.

Actually, he sort of mosied up. Johnny was not one to get in a hurry about anything. He took after his papa in that respect.

"Got a dime?" he asked. Nobody answered. We just kept talking as though we hadn't heard him.

"Boy, howdy! I shore did hear some powerful news this morning in town," Johnny said. That got our attention real fast. News was hard to come by that day.

"Fer a dime I believe I could get my throat wet enough to tell it to y'all," he said, shifting his eye to see who reached in their pockets first.

It was Grover Hartline. He shelled out the dime, explaining that the town gossip would be his exclusively and that the rest of us couldn't hear it without paying a dime apiece to Johnny, just as he had.

We all forked over. It was Johnny's richest day. Seven dimes, we figured. He told us an amazing story about a woman shooting her husband and throwing the pistol in the river.

"It happened early this morning on the other side of town," he said.

What we didn't realize was that Johnny had finally learned how to make money. He was sort of a news reporter after that, reporting to anybody who had a dime to pay him.

He started hanging around the police station late at night so he could load up with gossip about who got arrested for being drunk and whose wife were on the warpath.

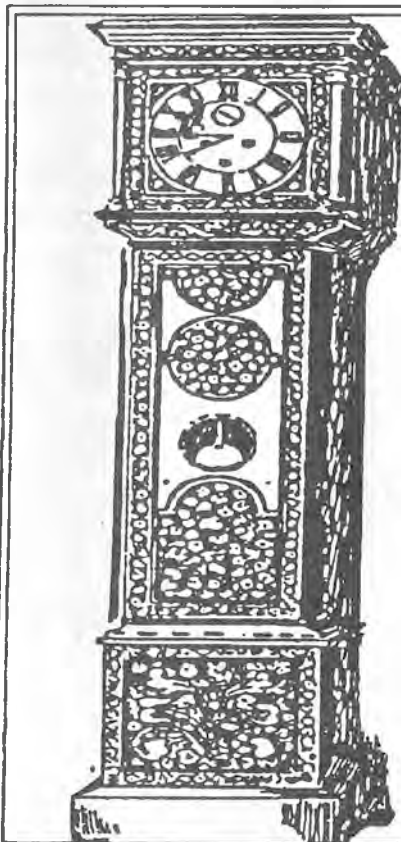
That was probably when I started taking an interest in the new game. I was about 12 at the time and had not realized that money could be made in news reporting. After observing Johnny for awhile, I discovered that I had been educated.

That's when I went to the local newspaper and applied for work.

"What can you do?" chuckled the good natured publisher.

"I could do your job if you'd show me how," I replied.

I had arrived.



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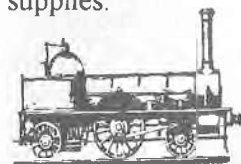
Train Arrives in Huntsville!

taken from 1855 Huntsville
newspaper

'General Garth', the veritable Iron Horse, made his entree into Huntsville on Saturday October 13 last in the midst of a delighted crowd of all sorts of people. He pranced along, puffing and snorting up to the Railroad Depot, where he neighed for joy and the noise raised emotions of pleasure in the hearts of all our citizens. In plain language the track layers reached the Depot and the Locomotive passed up to it at that time. Crowds of eager, curious gazers have been in attendance upon them during the past week, anxious in fact that the Railroad was coming and has come to town. A bright future, we think, is ahead for Huntsville, if our people will only properly use the advantages the road opens to them to draw trade, industry and population to it.

The passenger and freight train will commence making regular trips from Tuscumbia by next Monday. On the upper end the track layers are about two miles this side of Larkinsville. We hope the two forces will meet by 1st January next, and give us a railroad connection with Georgia, South Carolina as well as Nashville and East Tennessee.

Will not our Lincoln County friends join us here with either a branch road or turnpike? This is the market for their supplies.





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Old Huntsville,

We have 24 of the *Old Huntsville* magazines. We save every one. We bought several while visiting Huntsville, and my children have sent several. We plan to move to Huntsville when our lease is up, and really look forward to it.

We both love these books, and believe it or not, my husband is a full-fledged Yankee!

Ratha Brender, Lake St. Louis, Mo

Dear Old Huntsville,

We are glad you have completed

the search for John Hunt. We all owe thanks and gratitude to the early settlers, and we are all proud of our ancestors for our name and history of the settlement of this country. If you notice, our name is Sivley - it is on the Sivley road which ran all the way to the Sivley place.

We were very disappointed and somewhat angry when we learned that most of the Sivley cemetery was destroyed when the old air port was built. Only one marker was left - the others were pushed down into a ditch and covered over. We tried to replace the

markers in it. But thanks to the City of Huntsville, they are doing a good job of keeping it up. I imagine if those old markers were uncovered they would shed some more light on the early settlers.

Wendell Sivley, Hillsboro, Al

(Mr. Sivley is the Great-Great-Great Grandson of Jacob Sivley and Alcey Sivley, whose markers are in the cemetery.)

Dear Old Huntsville,

Thank you so much in sending me the *Old Huntsville Magazine* regarding John Hunt.

How fortunate that my cousin sent me the clipping from the Mobile newspaper. I was wondering to whom I should turn for this information, and here it dropped into my lap like magic.

It would have been interesting to have had this material to add to my thesis on the western migration prior to the Revolutionary War. But, as usually happens with teachers, the time and money for travel and research is best afforded AFTER retirement.

Good luck to you folks with your *Old Huntsville Magazine*. How fortunate is the community to have

continued on page 44

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Brahan Spring Park ... Monument to a Swindler

by Clarence Scott

He was an undisputed swindler who came to a disgraceful end, but Huntsville heaped honors on him by naming one of our largest parks in his name.

We, of course, have numerous monuments to the city's pioneers. The city itself is named after John Hunt, its founder. The Von Braun Civic Center

is named after Wernher Von Braun whose visionary foresight helped to make our country first in space exploration. We even have a community named for Lily Flagg, a prize-winning cow.

But one of the best known landmarks is Brahan Spring Park, used weekly by thousands of people who know nothing about the scoundrel for

whom it was named.

We have an old-time city council to thank for naming the park after John Brahan. They also knew nothing about the man. If they had, they may have questioned their own wisdom.

John Brahan was born in Fauquier County, Virginia in 1774. His father, an Englishman who had settled in Virginia, was killed during the Revolutionary War serving the American cause.

Brahan spent his early youth in the Old Virginia plantation environment. Though his family was impoverished when compared to their neighbors he nevertheless made influential friends who would serve him in good form throughout his life.

Brahan's first brush with the "fine art" of swindling came in 1808 when he convinced his friends to invest in a land company that he was organizing. The company would buy land around Nashville, Tenn., and, after a period of time, resell it for a large profit. He promised them riches, saying he'd do all the work if they just put up the money.

After collecting what he thought was a sum sufficient for his purposes, Brahan went back to Nashville, leaving his friends in Virginia thinking about the riches that would shortly be coming their way.

When almost a year had gone by without any word from Brahan his investors began to get nervous. "Please," they wrote, "let us know the state of our affairs." Still there was no word from Brahan or their money.

Finally in a state of exasperation they wrote Brahan to demand an accounting. "Our confidence in our joint venture has greatly waned since the last season. Please be so kind as to provide an immediate accounting of all sums invested."

Brahan wrote back explaining that he had bad news: "I am at a loss to explain the current market."

In other words, there was no

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money left.

Still, there was enough money for Brahan to construct a new home in Nashville and conduct an active social life. With his cultivated manners and fine clothes he projected an aura of respectability in the new frontier community. Among the new friends he made was General Weakly and Andrew Jackson who in turn introduced him to many other influential people.

With such people endorsing Brahan, it was fairly easy for him to gain an appointment to public office. One of the qualifications of holding an office of trust at that time was to put up a substantial bond to be forfeited in case of malfeasance. In May of 1809, Brahan was appointed Receiver of Public Monies for the Nashville land office. The bond was ten thousand dollars, which he did not have. Instead of declining the appointment, Brahan assured them that the bond was in the mail and then promptly forgot about it.

For some odd reason no one checked to see if the "mail" ever arrived.

Instead of settling down to earn a normal living, Brahan was still deter-

mined to make his fortune the easy way. His next victim was John Gachet, a friend of General Weakly, who Brahan persuaded to put up a large sum of money to speculate in land. Again, Brahan was going to do all the work and all Gachet had to do was to sit back and count the profits.

Of course there was no profit, no land and no money left. All Brahan could offer was another flimsy excuse about "market conditions".

Gachet was not as easy to put off as had been the Virginia investors. Not only was he persistent in his demands, he was also dangerous. Gachet had been involved in several "affairs of honor" and was widely known as a man not to be trifled with. Unless Brahan could do something quickly he would probably have had reason to be concerned about his life.

Unexpectedly, with all of Nashville waiting for the feathers to start flying, Brahan announced his engagement to Mary Weakly, daughter of General Weakly, who was also the close friend of John Gachet. Needless to say, General Weakly quickly smoothed over the whole unpleasant affair.

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Again Brahan should have been satisfied, but instead he began casting about for new ways to earn money. At about this time Brahan realized what a unique job he had. He was in charge of collecting and transmitting to the United States Treasury all proceeds from federal land sales. This put him in the strange position of collecting from himself for any lands that he purchased at federal land sales. All he had to do was to list the account as paid and delay transmitting his reports into the treasury department until he could resell the land and balance his account.

It was like putting a fox in charge of the hen house. Within a year Brahan was on his way to amassing a small fortune. But he had not yet learned the art of juggling books, so he stayed in constant trouble for his method of bookkeeping.

On March 26, 1810, the Secretary of the treasury wrote Brahan:

"Your mode of conducting the business of your office being different from that of all other land offices, and causing much embarrassment in this department, it becomes necessary to point out the deviations to you."

As his fortunes rose, so did his prestige in the community. He was appointed and elected to many offices including the state militia. During the War of 1812 he served under Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

Many of us who watched the old movie classic "The Buccaneer" remember Andy Jackson's soldiers firing from behind bulwarks built of cotton bales. Many historians claim that it was these cotton bales that saved the city from being overrun. What they don't tell you is that as soon as the battle was over, instead of returning the cotton to its rightful owners, General Brahan confiscated the bales and sold them.

After all, he was a family man now and was expected to provide a decent living.

Soon after he returned to Nash-

ville, land sales in Madison County were reaching new heights. Immediately he began speculating heavily again with government money. By now he had his art perfected. He would buy land, list it on his reports as paid, and wait three or four months before sending the money, thereby giving him time to sell and make a profit.

Madison County had become such an important part of the new territory that the decision was made to move the land office from Nashville to Huntsville. Of course Brahan raised no objection as it put him closer to his "investments."

Brahan selected a large section of land, later occupied by Merrimac Mills, and built a spacious home. By all outward appearances Brahan was a successful businessman. Appearances were deceiving, however, as Brahan's world was about to come crumbling down.

By 1818 land sales in North Alabama had come to a virtual stand still. As long as sales had been brisk, Brahan could buy land with government money. Then when someone else

bought land he would take that money and replace the federal money he owed. Of course the scheme depended on taking another purchaser's money to replace the first purchaser's money, and so on.

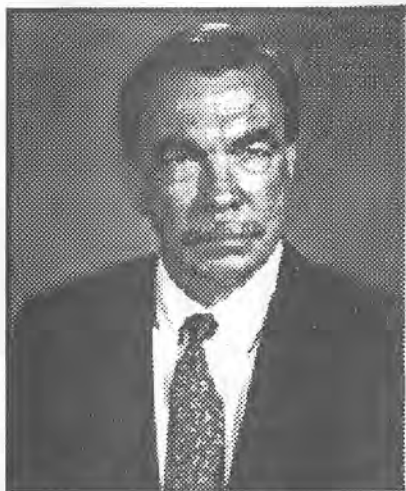
It was almost like using credit cards today to pay off credit cards. You may do it for a while, but eventually you get caught!

Brahan was determined to bluff it out somehow. When the treasury secretary wrote and demanded an accounting Brahan put him off with the excuse that he was overworked and needed a clerk to help him balance the books. Brahan was well aware that the treasury had never authorized the hire of secretarial help before.

Unfortunately for Brahan, the treasury approved the hire of a clerk.

The rest of the story can best be told by excerpts from the official records.

To John Brahan,
Having on the 8th day of December last, instructed the Commissioner of the General Land Office to inform



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the receivers and registers that a reasonable allowance would be made for clerk hire. I have felt some surprise at the delay which has occurred in the transmission of your accounts. You are now six months in arrears, and judging of the future, by the past, there is no reason to expect your accounts will be rendered more punctually during the ensuing, than they have been in the past year . . . I perceive by your return for Sept., that more than \$53,000 remained in your hands at the end of the month.

Wm. Crawford, Sec. of Treasury

John Brahan to the Secretary of the Treasury:

Receivers office Huntsville, *June* 1819

SIR, I have the mortification to inform you that there is a considerable deficiency in my cash account, the cause I can only account for in part, the business being large & the time to sell & receive being only two weeks at each sale. I was always fearful that in the hurried state of things that I should sustain considerable loss. I am now

convinced of the fact & beg leave to inform you that I am now closely employed in getting the books of the office up & as soon as that can be done, & I can procure & deposit the balance due to government, it will then be my wish to retire from an office of so much risk & responsibility as the one I hold. (It, in this circumstance has given me more concern than any occurrence of my life; & the deficiency shall be made up as quick as possible at any sacrifice. I think by the last of Septem.) I can make all s(square) at all events, & will do all in my power by that time. I have been in public service upwards of twenty years and this is the first time in my life that my accounts have ever exhibited any loss of public money.

I must therefore beg a little indulgence, to enable me to arrange the business as it is my determination that the government shall not lose any thing by me; even if it takes all I have to make good the loss -- property of all sorts is very low at this time, & I am well aware that I must make a great sacrifice to raise the money, but I shall not hesitate to do it.

I have the honor to be &c., John Brahan

The Secretary of the Treasury to John Brahan:

Treasury Department 12 August 1819

SIR. Your letter of the 28th of June last, but postmarked the 8th has been received.

The information which it contains has created no surprise. The withholding of your account and the retention of nearly \$80,000 in your hands from month to month could leave no room of doubt of the misapplication of the Public money to that amount. (Note: \$80,000 in 1819 would equal about \$12 million in 1993!)

It is now important to secure with as little delay as possible to the government, the repayment of the sum which has been applied to your private use. For this purpose I have requested a Gentleman of your acquaintance to call upon you to receive such security as shall be in your power to give. Considering the manner in which this demand has been created it is expected

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you will seize with avidity the earliest opportunity of repairing the injury which the government has suffered by your Acts.

I am very Respectfully Sir Your obedt serv',

(Signed) Wm. H. Crawford

The Secretary of the Treasury
To Obadiah Jones
12th August 1819.

SIR. The failure of the Receiver of Public Monies at Huntsville to render his accounts with punctuality, and the state of such as were rendered, excited well-founded suspicions that he had applied a large amount of the Public Monies to his private use. Recently his accounts have been rendered as late as the month of April last, and show a balance retained in his hands of nearly \$80,000.

A few days past a letter was received from Mr. Brahan bearing date the 28th of June last, but postmarked the 8th, in which he acknowledges a considerable deficiency in his cash account, and ascribes it in part to the extensive sales which had been made and the short time allowed for the public sales. He has not stated the amount of the deficiency, but from the amount which he has retained in his hands for the last 6 months as appears by his accounts when rendered, I am persuaded

it is not much short of \$80,000.

It is perfectly idle in Mr. Brahan to attempt to conceal the cause of the deficiency. It is perfectly known here and still better understood by him. It is all important to the government that this sum should be immediately secured, if he has property sufficient to do it. I have therefore to request that you will immediately after the receipt of this letter proceed to Huntsville and require of Mr. Brahan to secure to the United States the amount of the deficit. If deeds of trust which authorize the Trustee to sell the property without any judicial procedure, are recognized by the laws of the territory, they will be preferable to mortgages which require time and involve expense. It is presumed that Mr. Brahan will not hesitate to execute any instrument or Deed which you shall deem necessary to secure the debt to the United States. Enclosed I send you a certified copy of his last return, which will enable you to ascertain the balance due by him. To this balance you will add the amount of monies received since, which can be ascertained by reference to the Books of the Register -- from that sum deduct the sums which he has since paid, the difference will be the sum due according to his own statement. You will however avoid any expression in the writings which you may have executed

that will preclude the government from making such further demands upon him as shall be found to be due upon the settlement of his accounts.

A reasonable compensation will be made for the services which you may render, which shall be remitted in a draft upon the Huntsville Bank as soon as your account shall be received.

I am very Respectfully Sir Your obedt Ser'

(Signed) Wm. H. Crawford

General Land Office
Washington D.C.

Sir:

In answer to your note of this day, that John Brahan's commission was sent from the treasury department, April 10, 1809, with the form of a bond for \$10,000, which he was requested to execute, with one or more sureties: On the 12th of May, 1809, he acknowledged the receipt of the commission and promised to send the bond. No bond can be found in this office.

Very Respectfully
Josiah Meighs
Comptroller of the Treasury

EDITOR'S NOTE: It took the government almost twenty years to recover the money that Brahan had embezzled. Through the intervention of his friends he avoided being charged for any crime. Recently while researching this story, a member of the Old Huntsville staff talked to a Huntsville attorney about what would have happened if the same thing happened today. After much thought, the attorney replied, "He would either be in jail, ... or he would be in politics!" Maybe things haven't really changed that much.

Men have sight;
women have hindsight

Victor Hugo

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A Tale of New Market

People in New Market have noticed that one of its handsomest young men has suddenly grown bald, and dissipation is attributed as the cause. He went to a church social the other week, took three charming girls out to the refreshment table, let them eat all they wanted, and then found he had left his pocket book at home, and a deaf man that he had never seen before was at the cashier's desk. The young man with his face aflame, bent down and said softly:

"I am ashamed to say I have no change with me —"

"Hey," shouted the cashier.

"I regret to say," the young man repeated on a little louder key, "that I have unfortunately come away without any change to —"

"Change too?" chirped the deaf man. "Oh, yes, I can change a five if you want it."

"No," the young man explained, in a terrible penetrating whisper, for half a dozen people were crowding up behind him impatient to pay their bills and get away. "I don't want any change, because—"

"Oh, don't want no change?" the deaf man cried, gleefully. "Gleegeed to ye. Tain't often we get such generous donations. Pass over your bill."

"No, no," the young man explained, "I have no funds —"

"Oh, yes, plenty of fun," the deaf

man replied, growing tired of the conversation and noticing the long line of people waiting with money in their hands. "But I haven't got time to talk about it now. Please settle and move along."

"But," the young man gasped out, "I have no money —"

"Go Monday?" queried the deaf cashier. "I don't care when you go. You must pay and let these other people come up."

"I have no money!" the mortified young man shouted, ready to sink into the earth, while the people all around, and especially the three girls he had treated, were beginning to snicker and chuckle audibly.

"Owe money?" the cashier said. "Of course you do: \$2.75."



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"I can't pay!" the youth screamed, and by turning his pocket inside out and yelling his poverty to the heavens he finally made the deaf man understand. And then he had to shriek his full name three times while his ears fairly rang with the self-stifled laughter that was breaking out all around him; and he had to scream out where he worked, and roar when he would pay, and he couldn't get the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to see what the uproar was, and recognizing the young lad, made it all right with the cashier. And the young man went out into the night and clubbed himself, and shred his locks away until he was as bald as an egg.

from 1892 newspaper

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TRIANA

by Nancy Wilson

Dreams are the seeds of success. Dreams are the stuff prosperity springs from. Without the dream, the wish, the hope, and the will to dare and venture, life is static and without purpose.

Before 1800 the Cherokees and Chickasaw Indians had their own kind of dream. It was to roam the pleasant hills, make their villages beside a fresh cool stream, and live lives in peace and comfort. They found a place to have such a dream. They found a spot on a high bank close to a great river. The woods were full of game, the land was soft and rich, the water plentiful and cool. Here on this hill they built the largest village in this part of the state. It has been called many names: the Cherokee Old Fields, the Chickasaw Prairie. We have come to know it as Triana.

Travelers going to Mississippi and places south passed through this fertile area since 1805. They refreshed themselves at the great Rock Spring carved out of hard stone by the vanished sons of the forest. The water was like ice and clear as the summer sky.

Then on February 4, 1818, five

men began another dream. Triana was to become the largest port along that section of the Tennessee River. The ancient city of Triana, as it was called by then, was to rival Huntsville and other surrounding communities. The five men, Henry Chambers, Waddy Tate, William Adair, John Lindsay and Thomas Bibb had the idea that the site of Triana would be a most suitable place for a landing because it was the highest point between Chattanooga and the Mississippi River. So with this dream in mind, the men bought hundreds of acres of land and started their city.

First came the layout of the town. Along the river they set aside a 90-foot front. This was to be the heartbeat, the pulse of the city. There, they thought, people from all over the world would first set foot on the soil of this little metropolis.

Next they laid out streets. All leading to the great wharf of course. There was First Street, Second Street, Third Street, etc.? Even a Market Street. All were carefully planned with an exactness that would not interfere with congested traffic later. (Would that our Huntsville fathers had been so thoughtful.)

Then the next great step: lots for sale. You can imagine the advertising stunt put on to lure homesteaders and business people to this Utopia, this planned city of dreams beside the Tennessee.

The city was incorporated in 1819, and the city limits were soon expanded. It had a city council and a constable. And a law was passed saying no one could be taxed more than \$200 a year.

A canal was planned and built to connect Huntsville's Big Spring and Triana. Records show watching the cotton-laden barges going down the canal was a favorite outing of the people. It was not a very big canal, but it served them then.

The golden age of boom came in the 1830s. Lot sales brought over \$10,000. At its peak, population was over 1,000. Cotton shippers, warehousemen, merchants, farmers, all carried on successful businesses there. It was a time of great beautiful homes, prosperity beyond even the dreams of the original five. Families moved in, built homes, raised families. Triana had become a town.

The one estate with which I am most familiar is the Toney home. It was not as big as some, but not as small as others. It was just right. It was beautiful. The Toney's were business people. They had land, and they knew what to do with it. They made money off it. The house reflected not only wealth but the appreciation of wealth.

It was built soon after 1818 by William Adair, one of the founders of Triana. In 1837, it was bought by Edmund Toney who had come to Triana from Virginia. His brother John made the purchase for him. The Toney brothers later opened a business where they bought and sold cotton, shipped it, bought and sold land, and did a booming business in liquor sales until 1859 when it is recorded "liquor became a problem" and Triana went dry until 1866.

At that time, sisters, cousins, and aunts lived together until they married and had homes of their own. The Toney home was no different. But, soon the Adair-built Toney home was replaced by a larger one. It was T-shaped with a ten-foot-wide doorway. A great hall led to the rear with all the spaciousness one could dream of. A stairway of cherry wood led from the point near the door to the landing above. A wide brick walk welcomed the many friends who came, and huge oaks towered on each side. A great lawn played host to festivities. A lazy hammock was always in use on cool spring days. In the evenings when only the gentle and continuous breeze from the bountiful fields

disturbed the quiet, Edmund Toney and his children and friends would sit on the wide porch and watch faint lights - some from Triana, some from as far as Monte Sano - and the glow from Huntsville.

The War between the States came to Triana as to thousands of other Southern towns. John Toney died in a Federal prison, Harris Toney was captured at Port Gibson, William Hundley died while on patrol along the Tennessee, Dan Hundley was taken prisoner at Atlanta. Many came back to resume their fathers' work and marry (either by arrangement or choice) young ladies of Triana. Millers, Dillard's, DeLoneys, and Arnetts were among these Triana families.

The war took its toll in property, too. Once, a Yankee officer, Captain Carrigan, and his force camped on the Toney place. When they arrived they tore down two miles of board fence to make barracks for the soldiers. The commander became sick with typhoid, and Mrs. Toney took him into the house and nursed him. Even so, the house was sacked, as were many others. Valuables were damaged. Stock was taken. Slaves were stirred to rebel, though records show most of the slaves remained faithful to their masters and were rewarded for acts of heroism and courage.

After the war, Triana buckled down again to make its way and wait for the ships to come in. But cotton was growing faster than it could get to port. The canal from the Spring was too small. Plans were made to enlarge it - that would cure such ills. Widen, enlarge the canal, and while at it, improve navigation all the way to Muscle Shoals.

Only it never happened. Somewhere along the way, while they planned, someone else built a road that became known as the Whitesburg Pike. It was a road to the river directly from Huntsville. Put the cotton on a wagon

and take it to the river! No loading on barges, or hauling down a narrow, clumsy canal! This was the beginning of the end.

People began to move to Madison, to Huntsville, to be nearer their best port. Triana as a great city was fading into the mist, but Triana as the greatest farm land in the Valley suffered. It would have been very convenient for the farmers if their port was a few hundred yards from the fields, but this just wasn't so. And what really suffered was the living in Triana. The

social life became centered in Huntsville. The great balls, parties, and celebrations held by the Hundleys, Pickets, Herrings, Lyles, and McIntyres were soon gone. By 1880 the golden era was a dull glow in the memory of all who had seen the grandeur that was.

Some, then a few, stayed and made long journeys to Madison and Huntsville as were needed.

It would be hard to separate the families now. They intermarried, and so Triana life lives in the children of Mr. Lyle who married Miss McIntyre,

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Miss Toney who married Mr. Rowe, and three Toneys who all married three Hundleys. Then there were Berkleys, Richards, Jones, Tillinghasts, and the Cooks. All were destined to become happy ghosts whose voices may fill the soft air near the river in that era that is no more.

The fatal blow to Triana came when the railroad at Madison took the cotton straight to the river. The railroad was the last straw that broke the back of a dream. But the dream had lasted over 60 years. Although people moved away, the land stayed - rich and yielding over the years.

As late as 1921, a few clung to their homes. Caleb Toney died in that year. He was the last.

Then even the great house fell. Triana was no more. A few shacks. A small store. The population fell down to 50 people. If ever there was a ghost town, Triana was it.

Now over 70 years later, a new dream is beginning. Determined citizens have begun to build Triana again, not as a great seaport or thriving harbor, but as a community for their people. A place where they can live and work and be together.

Triana now has telephones, street lights, and a water works. The cemetery of Triana's first citizens has been carefully preserved. There is a recreation center and many new homes. Triana is growing again. Plans are being made to attract new industries to the area.

If the citizens can get backing and support, Triana will again be a living, thriving city. Some of the same names will build it up as they did a hundred years ago. The phoenix may rise from her ashes and fly. We can only wait and see. And, perhaps, if we can see our way clearly enough, dream a little with them.



Brandon and Otis



Brandon had recently moved into his first apartment and, like any other young man, was untidy in his household habits.

Mrs. Feinstein, his mother, didn't mind this at first. It gave her an excuse to visit and pick up his socks, pizza boxes, and whatever.

Then Brandon fell in love. With an overweight, sad-eyed, flop-eared basset puppy named Otis.

The first thing mama saw when she went to visit was an overturned garbage can in the kitchen. Dutifully, she picked it up and mopped the floor. She also left a note:

"Dear Brandon, Please keep your dog out of the garbage."

The same thing happened the next day. She left another note.

A few days later the same scene was repeated. Mrs. Feinstein, after mopping the same kitchen floor all week, was fit to be tied. "Brandon," she wrote, "Make your dog behave the same way I taught you!"

The next morning she returned and, to her amazement, found the trash can sitting upright in the corner.

Attached to it was a note instructing the dog in big block letters: "NO!"

Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. The Sword of Bushwhacker Johnston - The Civil War in Madison & Jackson County (\$19.95)
2. True Tales of Old Madison County - Reprinted by the Historic Huntsville Found. (\$5.00)
3. Historic Limestone County - Stories & History by Robert Dunnivant, Jr. (\$9.95)
4. Huntsville Heritage Cookbook - Silver Anniversary Edition. 95,000 Copies in Print (\$14.95)
5. The Mid-South Garden Guide - The Best Guide Available For Zone 7 (that's us) Gardening (\$14.95)
6. Treasure Hunter's Guide to Middle Tenn. & Ky. Antiques, Flea Markets & Junk Stores (\$10.95)
7. Alabama One Big Front Porch - Kathryn Tucker Windham's Classic Book of Tall Tales (\$14.95)
8. Wild Flowers of North Alabama - Over 100 Full Color Photos With Descriptions (\$15.95)
9. Glimpses Into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville & Madison County (\$10.00)
10. Trout Fishing in North Georgia - Complete Guide to Rivers & Public Streams (\$12.95)



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Letters

continued from page 32

people like yourselves with an interest in history and a means of doing something about it.

Willard Bangle
Mobile, Al

Dear Old Huntsville,

Recently I found myself stranded at the Huntsville Madison Mall. Not being "born to shop" I purchased a local newspaper and a copy of *Old Huntsville*, and settled down on a bench by a fountain. The newspaper I quickly finished; it covered the rapes, murders, child neglect cases, the bogus politicians, those things found in every newspaper. But what a delightful surprise your publication was!

I am the camp adjutant for the Lt. General Nathan Bedford Forrest Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and also the publisher of our camp newsletter. I respectfully request permission to reproduce from volume 35, the article entitled "Perpetuating the Myth," by Judy Wills. I also respectfully request permission to reproduce and condense the article in the same volume entitled "Court martial of the Mad Cossack." I would like to use these articles in a future camp newsletter. I am enclosing an older issue of our newsletter to illustrate the way they will be used. I sincerely hope you will grant my request.

Congratulations on a fine publication and best wishes for your continued success.

Gerald Porter, Ellisville, Ms

Dear Old Huntsville,

Wouldn't miss my *Old Huntsville*.

I use it in my 8th grade U.S. History class. They love the articles, especially the ghost stories. Thanks for all the work you do - let's see more ghost stories!

David McNutt, Salt Lake City, Ut

Dear Old Huntsville,

I wish to thank you for accepting my calls and speaking so helpfully with me concerning the article I was researching on John Hunt. A great help, also was the copy of the *Old Huntsville* publication which you sent to me.

The book on which I was working, *Alabama Tales: Anecdotes, Legends and Stories from the Past*, is completed and is being prepared for printing. At this time we project the mid or

latter part of October for it to be ready for marketing.

Thank you for your kindness in aiding my research.

Drue Duke, Sheffield, Al

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Letters to the Penny Pincher

Dear O.H.

Everyone knows what to do with small pieces of soap. However, if you use liquid soap for dishes, when the bottle is empty add 1/3 water to the bottle and it will give you about 6 more dish-washings.

I save all small jars and lids. I wash them thoroughly and use them for small nails, screws, and bolts as well as seeds. The lids can be nailed on the wall of a workshop and the jar screwed into them. Saves room and is convenient, as well as the fact that you can see what is in the jars.

If you get in the habit of turning on the cold water faucet first instead of the hot (especially in the kitchen), you will save on your utility bill.

Millie McDonald, Jackson, Tn

Dear Penny Pincher,

Having recently bought some new socks, I was wondering what I could do with the little hanger that the socks came on. I had just made some doll clothes and discovered they make perfect hangers for them!

Cynthia DiCarlo, Metairie, La

Dear Penny,

I save old throw rugs and use them at our back door so people can wipe shoes before coming into the house. A throw rug can be put over a car window in the winter so you don't have to scrape ice or snow off. I also put them around the stove when using an oven cleaner, as it helps preserve the floor from the cleaner.

Beverly Polacek, Jefferson City, Mo



Dear PP

One way to use old sheets is to tear them into one or two inch strips and make a braided or crocheted rug for the bedroom, bathroom, kitchen or by the front or back door.

Fran Scimeca, NY

Dear Penny,

I enjoy feeding the birds and found a fun and inexpensive way to make a bird feeder. This is a nice project to do with children. Tie a string around a pine cone. Spoon some cheap peanut butter into the pine cone and roll it in bird seed. Tie the pine cone in

a tree and watch the birds enjoy the treat.

Edwina Brewer, Moss Point, Ms

Dear PP,

Our whole family participates in saving money with coupons and various other ways. We put the amount of money saved in a cookie jar. The money is then used to pay for children's school lunches. Sometimes we even have a contest. The family member who saved the most for the month gets to choose how the family spends the money for a fun family outing.

Lynne Urban, Amityville, NY

Editor's Note:

To get a free sample copy of the publication, "The Penny Pincher," just send a .29 cent stamp to:

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Memories

by Nancy Wilson

Old friend, I salute you. And because it is time for reflection, I have taken a solitary stroll through your beloved streets, old and new, and felt, perhaps, as much as seen the patterns of progress that have transformed you from the Watercress Capital of the World to the Space Capital of the Universe.

You are no longer a quiet, unassuming Southern town snuggled between the hills, protected and secure. You are no longer a small, unnoticed

little place on the Southern Railway, proud of its cotton crop and Big Spring, whose most exciting event was the County Fair and most perplexing problem was would the Pinhook overflow again, Now you belong to the world. In your tiny unsuspecting bosom, a giant of steel and fire has grown. It has covered you, enveloped you, smothered you. It has a name. It looms over you with a boom and a cloud. It is called Redstone Arsenal.

Before the giant came, you claimed serenity if not success. Those who passed this way delighted in the hills, the Spring, the old and charming homes built before the war, and one small plot where Andy Jackson

camped. You ha
Huntsville, first capital of Alabama and the home of many governors. And in this place, so a marker declares, Alabama entered the Union in 1819. In the beautiful, old and peaceful Maple Hill rest the souls of great sons and daughters with proud old names that have made you grow and live. I've been told there was a time when the population of Maple Hill outnumbered the population of Huntsville proper.

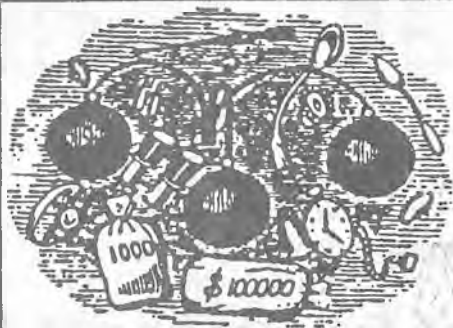
Then it came. Not in dribbles, but a deluge. You strained to keep it fed, housed, and warm. Your back was bent with the strength of it. I watched your bruises spread and become raw. I heard the ridicule. I listened to the rocket mongers sneer at inadequacies. They expected a miracle. They could not understand you were not ready.

Then I watched you climb off your knees and look the giant in the eye. You made the roar a lullaby. It forced upon you importance and prosperity. You have learned to wear the wreath of success with dignity. It is a different role you play now, but old friend, you have again a noble and just cause. Now they ride the concrete sinews of your heart to the giant's altar and lay upon it energy, time and pride. Now we move to the throb of motors and dream of the stars.

The path worn to the Spring a thousand years ago tremble against the rockets roar. The quiet, narrow trail marked by lonely hunters felt the scorch of oxygen and polymer. The deep green woods that calmed the timid deer gleam with fluorescent shouts: One Way, Do Not Enter. Your splendid shopping centers illuminate the Southern sky with multicolored neons. They flash in excited spasms.

The white fields are gone. You have thousands of new homes and as many new streets with sparkling new sewers underneath, but the soft white fields are gone -- the white soft fields that were rings of safety around you.

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The grind of gins no longer hail the blooms. The hum of mills no longer shouts its anthem. The dead roots moan beneath the Saturn's cry. The King is dead! Long live the King!

From the Mountain I looked down, over and across the Valley, trying to find familiar landmarks as in the years gone by. The bridge over the Tennessee, Russell Hill, the Times Building, and on a clear night, Decatur. They used to stand like sentinels guarding, assuring and comfortable. Now they are lost in the checkered maze of electricity. Now the sentinels are a test stand, a radar cup and a roar. Guarding, somewhat assuring, but not too comfortable.

Dear old town, you've come a long way and have done what you had to do. You've grown from cotton town to the Home of the Guided Missiles, from canoe to Saturn barge. You have more people, but fewer homefolk. You are richer but less charming. You are famous, but not as patient. You and your Redstone have done great things together. Your offspring will ride a comet's tail to glory, and all the world will dim beside your glow. Only fools like me will dare to wonder why.

Sure-Fire Ways to Lose that Extra Weight



Drink 3 full glasses of water before each meal - no way can you eat as much as usual.

Avoid fast food.

Stay off all scales.

Fill up your time - stay busy.

Eat 3 good meals a day, low on the fat and sugar.

Exercise a little - not necessary to do a lot - just stay with it.

Learn how to dance.

Eat your largest meal at lunch, and don't eat supper after 7 P.M..

Dip a banana in low-fat pineapple yogurt for a healthy snack.

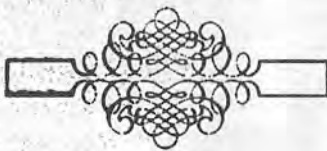
Find a picture of the grossest, fattest person you can in a magazine and put it on your fridge so you see it every day.

If you must eat a greasy meal, or a meal with meat, drink a medium glass of grapefruit juice afterwards - you'll be surprised at how good you feel.

Don't keep fattening snacks in your home - if you're hungry you'll rationalize why you should eat them.

Wear clothes that are one size larger than you are so it feels like you're losing weight, and keep telling yourself how thin you are.

If you feel like a comforting sweet snack when you're feeling blue, buy yourself a jar of vanilla pudding baby food instead of that large Baby Ruth candy bar - it'll remind you of your early days!



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LeRoy Gilstrap, who oversees the kitchen and has other duties at University Inn, was being the superdoorman at *Dewey's Lounge* the other night. Thursday nights are special as guys and gals do their struts.

ROSEMARY Adams, who wrote some of our favorite poems, was in Athenian Bakery & Restaurant the other afternoon. Waitress **Megan Sullivan**, a Grissom senior, was talking to favorite customer **Mike Patton** nearby. At the next table was **Mildred Saelton**, boss lady at Harvest Time Restaurant, with a bunch of her galpals.

Guitarist **Ted Louis** plays Tuesday nights at *O'Charleys*, then on Friday and Saturdays at *Sportspage*.

Sherry Winstead, whose Natural Health Concepts ad is elsewhere in this edition, is married to veteran bass player **Thom Winstead**, whom you remember from **Bettye Anderson's** classy *Inn Crowd* a few years ago. Sherry's motto at the health place is

"You'll be in your body for the rest of your life, so you may as well make it more comfortable." Profound.

VAPORS CLUB doorman **Wayne Mitchell** vacationed in Gulf Shores. His duties here were handled by **Edward Hopper**, who is also making plans for his 15-year Huntsville High reunion, to be Oct. 5. Vapors boss **Sanford McLain** has the group 4 A.M. on stage 8-10; *Axel Brice* 13-17; *Babe Blu* 20-23; *Every Mother's Nightmare* on Oct. 24.

MAKING MEMORIES

The rain poured on Guntersville and Sand Mountain as musician **Tom Swatzell** and I exchanged comical stories about mutual friends. We were en route to **Jim and Cindy Connor's** mountaintop estate at Sardis when the rain became so intense that we stopped for coffee at House of Mandarin, operated by our friends, the **Jacksons**.

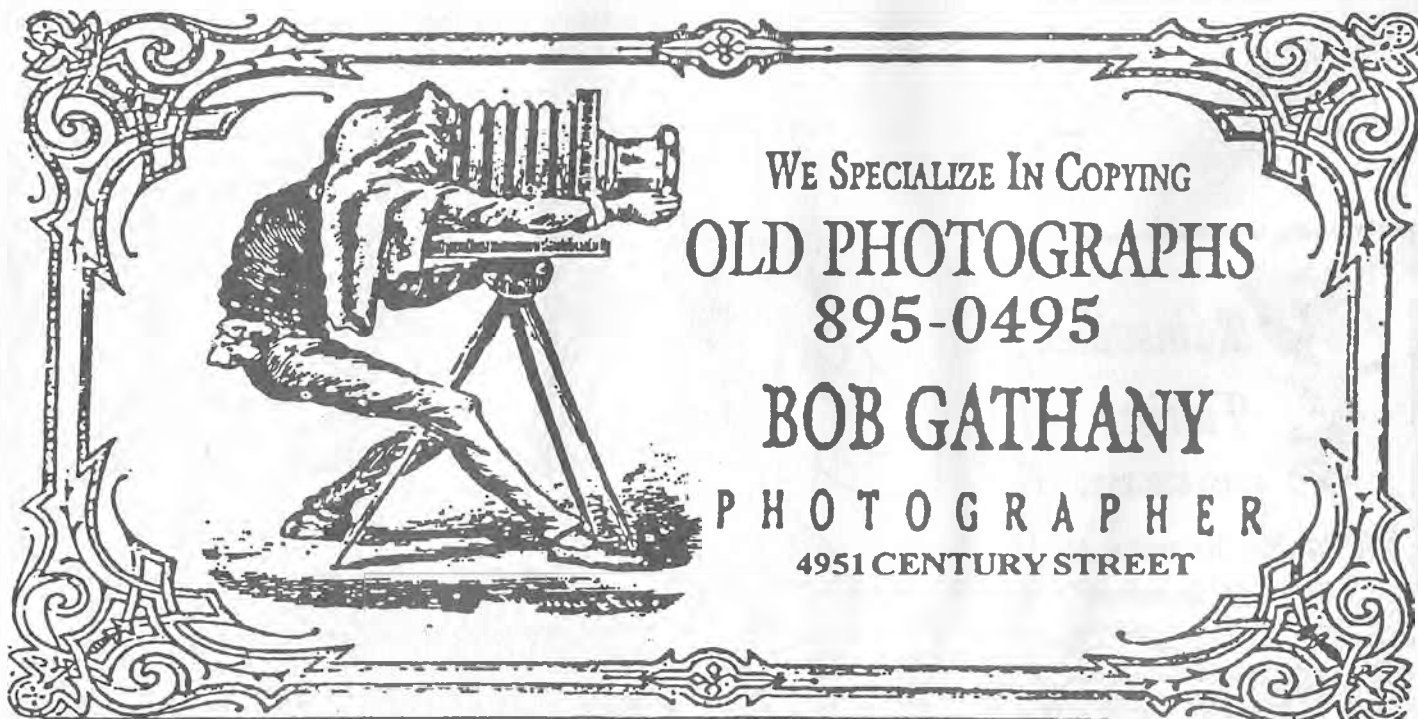
We swapped stories about **Wally Fowler**, the allnite singing man, guitarist **Chet Atkins**, Louisiana's **Gov. Jimmie Davis**, a long list of greats,

near-greats and neverwills.

An hour later the rain dwindled and we drove on, arriving in mid-afternoon to a large array of Connor friends and kin. This crowd gathers each summer for a day of singing, listening, playing music and updating each other on events of the year.

Connor, once a member of the Kingston Trio, is to the banjo what **Floyd Cramer** is to the piano. Swatzell, of course, is the dobro guitar master who writes those "how to play" books for *Mel Bay Publishers* and whose name appears weekly in the credits for "Austin City Limits," "The Texas Connection" and other TV shows originating in Austin.

Jim and Cindy are always the perfect hosts and the annual "family reunion" brings out the best in friendship and food. Young **Matt Dowdy** handled the car-parking duties while his mom, gospel singer **Donna Etherton**, her husband **Marvin** and their friend **Vernell Clements** (they're known collectively as the Harmineers) joined the musical gang in the living room. The great **Billy Hudgins** and **Art Cole** also showed up to pick guitar and sing.



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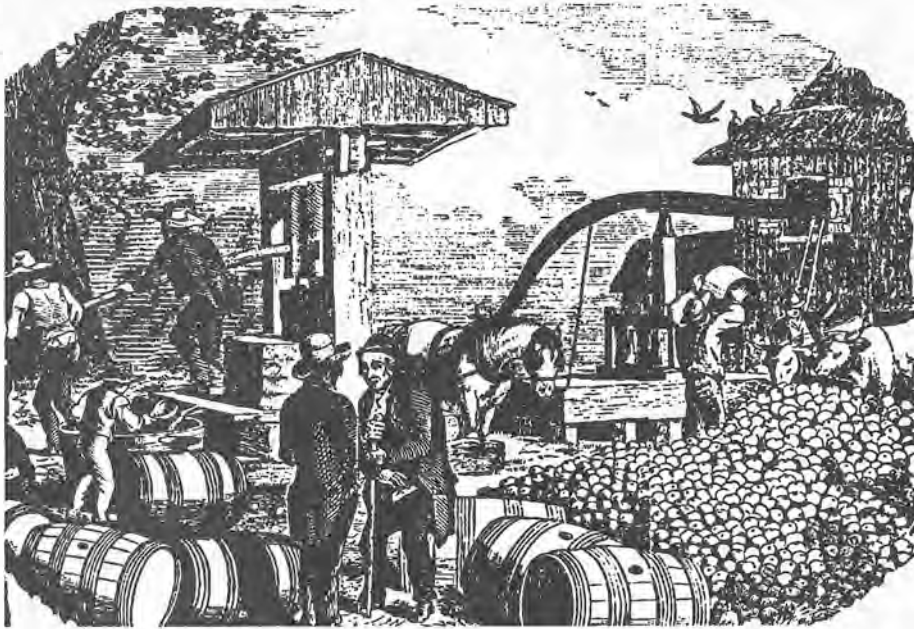
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The Freedman's Bureau

(Taken from *Early History of Huntsville, Alabama* by Edward Chambers Betts, originally published in 1909)

The Freedman's Bureau, ostensibly a labor and employment bureau, was established at Huntsville some time during the early part of 1865. At first these bureaus were conducted by the federal military authorities, but after the war their management was entrusted to "loyal Union men," "Carpetbaggers." These institutions, if properly conducted, might have been of inestimable worth to the nation as a whole, serving in a large measure to readjust the shattered economic conditions in the South. But such was not their pur-

pose, and as a consequence their presence threatened the very existence of civilization in the South, and for a time substituted Ethiopian for Caucasian supremacy. These, and many other such influences, created a pressing necessity for some sort of social regulator. And out of these conditions logically resulted the "Invisible Empire" whose mandates were executed by the Ku-Klux-Klan.

The veteran who wore the gray, after Lee's surrender, returned to his former home, neither ashamed nor afraid for the course so lately and vigorously pursued. He accepted the fortunes of war with heroic resignation and yielded his weapons of destruction without protest or shame, and returned

to the pursuits of civil life with that same determination and indomitable will and energy which had made of him such a formidable foe. He was in no wise daunted or abashed to find, upon his return, all his former slaves supported and protected in dangerous idleness, and incited to insulting behavior by the bureau; his plantation grievously suffering from protracted neglect, but worst of all, his house burned and no hand to assist in the erection of another. Stripped of every vestige of property and personal effects.

The former slaves, dazed and bewildered as they were by sudden emancipation from work and the necessity therefore as a means of support, to a freedman; a process of evolution wholly beyond their comprehension; deserted the plantation and flocked to the bureau or refugee camps; where they received, without charge, from the government, food, clothing, shelter and medical attention—from which the mortality was great. Thus supported in idleness and encouraged to laziness, the negro became a prey to all sorts of vagaries. They were lead to believe that when the war was over each would receive, at the hands of the federal government "forty acres and a mule," the property of the former master. Even to this day, there may, in rare instances, be found an old ex-slave who is still holding to the idle dream that this dispensation is yet to come.

There was usually great dispute between the slaves as to who was to get the forty acres upon which was situated the "big house"—the plantation home of the master.

So firmly had these fancies and the inclination to continue idle fastened themselves upon the subject, that even the bureau and military authorities became alarmed. To forestall the further spread of such demoralizing tendencies, the federal authorities, in 1865, issued an order requiring all negroes at Huntsville to go to work, or to be

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forced to do so by the troops.

In justice to the ex-slave, be it said, this dilemma was probably not wholly his own blame; for the bureau controlled every phase of life and activity in the community, and complete charge was taken of the negroes. Servitors by nature and training, they naturally looked to the "master" for direction. The activities of the bureau, instead of being an aid to useful employment of the ex-slave's time, were its worst hindrance, as we shall see.

Primarily, the conditions of labor under the old relation of "master and slave" did not exist. A new order of things was to be faced. Its solution was by no means an easy problem; for during the four years of war practically all commercial and agricultural activities had been suspended in the South. The men were off on the field of battle. The financial resources of the community

were exhausted. Federal currency was unknown, or nearly so. Confederate currency was little more than a mythical term to most of the inhabitants, and it was not legal tender in those sections controlled by Union forces, as was Huntsville.

Labor could only be employed under the supervision of the bureau. Wage scales were established and enforced by the federal authorities. Such a scale was put in force at Huntsville in 1864 by the "Freedman's Home Colony:"

"No. 1 Hands, male 18-40 years of age, minimum wage per month \$25.00. No. 2 Hands, male 14-18 years of age, minimum wage per month \$20.00. No. 3 Hands, male 12-14 years of age, minimum wage per month \$15.00. Corresponding classes of women \$18.00, \$14.00, and \$10.00 per month, respectively."

In addition to these minimum wages to be paid by the planter, he was required to take care of the young children of the family hired by him; to furnish without charge a separate house for each family, with an acre of ground for a garden, and without charge, medical attention for the entire family, and schooling for the children; to sell food and clothing to the employee at cost, and lastly, to pay for full time unless the laborer was sick or refused to work.


In view of the depleted economic and financial condition of the South, to hold that the ex-slave could only be employed on such terms and at such exorbitant wages to be paid in United States currency, was grossly unfair to both employer and employee. Such restrictions rendered employment practically prohibitive. So we are not surprised to learn that in 1864 only two hundred and five of all the ex-slave population of the county had obtained employment.

These labor contracts had to be in writing and receive the sanction of the bureau or military authorities and be witnessed by a "friend of the freedman." Either party breaking the contract was subject to trial by the provost-marshal or a military commission. The property of the employer was liable to seizure for wages.

So long as these institutions were administered by the military authorities no charge was made the freedman for preparing the labor contracts, and the negro thought the bureau his best friend. Later, at the close of the war, the bureaus were turned over to the civil authorities and "carpetbaggers" were put in charge. Then a fee of \$2.00 was charged the negro for each contract. This produced among them a revulsion of feeling. They became suspicious and distrustful of the bureau.

So strong and vindictive did this hate of the "carpetbag" agents of the bureau become among the negroes in Madison County, that on March 12,

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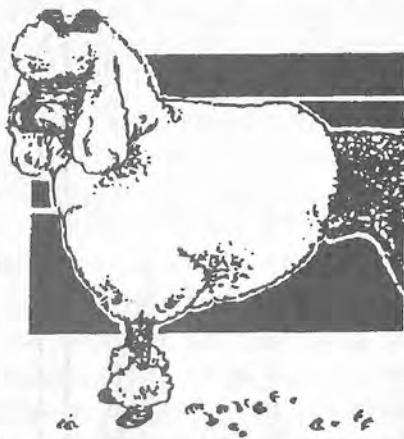
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1866, some negroes of Huntsville and vicinity tarred and feathered one of the bureau agents who had been charging them \$1.50 for each contract. The bureau authorities even went so far as to try title to and settle disputes over property, between slaves and their former masters. Many instances might be cited, but for present purposes, one such happening at Huntsville will suffice:



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General Thomas ordered a military commission to arrogate to itself authority to settle a dispute over the home of a widowed white lady, as between her and her former slave, with the result that she was turned out, and the negro given possession of the property.

On the slightest pretext the bureau authorities intervened. Many are the instances of persecution and injustice heaped upon the Southern whites by these alien and rapacious agents. Their prejudices were strong against the whites and in favor of the blacks. There was, however, no purpose of bettering the conditions of the negro, but solely to punish the whites. As they conceived it, retribution and revenge could be more smartly inflicted by forcing the former master to receive his ex-slave as a social equal and a political superior, than by any other means.

It was of common occurrence that prominent citizens, members of the proudest and most unyielding of all races, were arrested, placed in chains, in some instances, and dragged before the bureau agent, and there in the presence of their former slaves, humiliated, insulted and abused, all, for the amusement of the agents, and the damning effect it would have over the negroes. Even they were protected and incited to heap opprobrium on their former friends, their old masters. Nor were their outrages alone confined to this form of torture of the whites and protection of the blacks. The latter were shielded from all harm and permitted and incited to villainies and crimes with the approval of the authorities, provided, of course, these acts of wantonness were against Southern whites. Even the law itself was not permitted to take its course with negro criminals, as for instance: "In 1866, two constables arrested a negro charged with house burning in Tuscumbia, Alabama. Col. D.C. Rugg, the bureau agent at

Huntsville, raised a force of forty negroes and went to the rescue of the negro criminal." Coming up with the officers as they were about to board the train with the criminal, he said, "If you attempt to put that negro on the train, blood will be shed. I am acting under the orders of the Military Department. These men—the negroes—are not going to let you take that prisoner away, and blood will be shed if you attempt it." All this, in order that the culprit might be taken before the bureau agent and acquitted after a mock trial.

In conjunction with the Freedman's Bureau, schools for freedmen were operated. Shortly before the close of the war three of these schools were established at the refugee camps in the county. Two of them were in Huntsville; one being on Ex-Governor Chapman's plantation, which was confiscated to the use of negro troops early in 1862, as above mentioned. After the war, schools for the freedmen became very numerous. Another was opened at Huntsville by the "Pittsburgh Freedmen's Aid Commission." All these schools were taught by Northern whites. From this time forward, all sorts and kinds of missionary, educational and benevolent societies and commissions, financed at the North, and projected and authorized by Congress, began to operate throughout the South. The meager success and good accomplished by these institutions, but demonstrated the fallacy of wisdom, theoretically applied, at long range, and sense at short taw.

There was the wildest desire among the blacks, both old and young, to learn to read and write. The older ones wanted to learn to read the Bible. Little or no progress along purely educational lines was made by the pupil; which fact justly discouraged and dampened the ardor of the more conscientious of their white teachers. The number of negroes learning to read in

these schools was practically negligible.

In these schools, as a rule, reading and writing were not the essentials taught; but on the contrary, distrust and bitter hatred of the former master was hammered into the ignorant, gullible subject. The ex-slave was made to believe that it was a special charge upon his dignity, as a freedman to upbraid, shun, insult and degrade Southern whites at all times and to lose no opportunity of making himself offensive to his former master in particular. The excuse given the negro for these incendiary teachings was that the former master wanted to re-enslave them and was their worst enemy. Assurances were repeatedly offered, that the bureau authorities were back of them and would protect them in any sort of villainy.

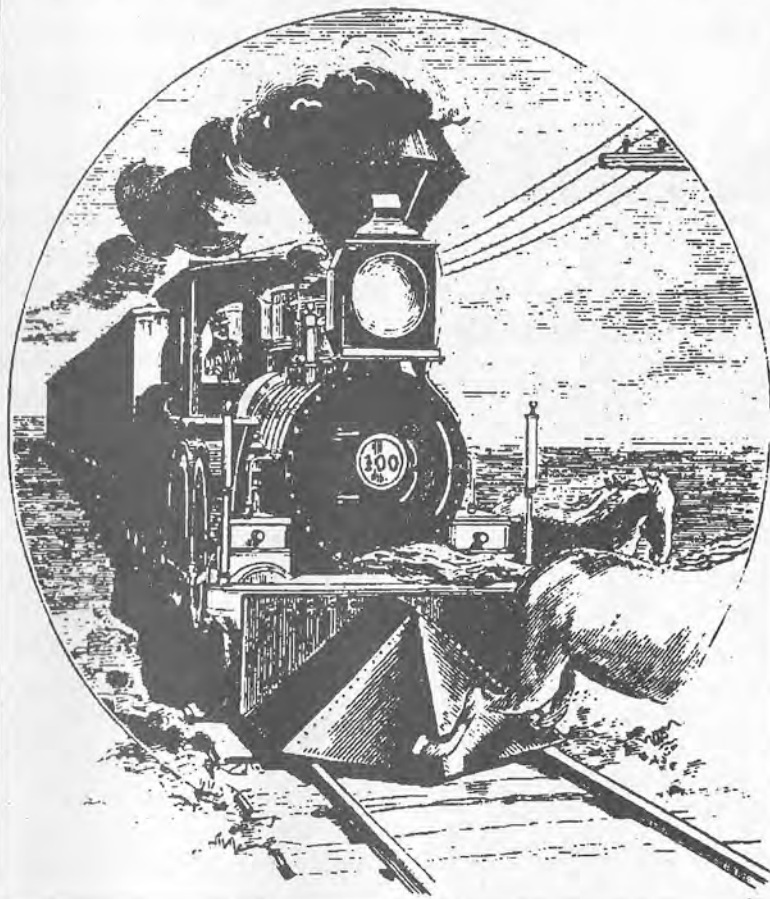
The former master returned to his home after the war, with love and compassion in his heart for the faithful old negro, who had protected and cared for his wife and family during his absence on the field of battle. Harm him! Such was not remotely in the thoughts of the Southern white. The dream of the former master to reward, protect and support these faithful negroes was blasted and could have no enlarged application, so imbued had they become with the false doctrine received in the schools. Much of the strife between the whites and the blacks after the war was fomented in these so-called schools; and schools they were, not of education, however, but of vice, hate and crime.

In November, 1866, Brevet-Colonel J.B. Collis, of the Volunteer Reserve Corps, was put in command of the bureau at Huntsville. Under his leadership the bureau branched out into politics, local and state, and was organized into some sort of a political "league." The membership consisted chiefly of negroes. Its purpose was to foist into position and power the "car-

petbaggers," "deserters," and "scalawags," and scum of the earth generally, with which Huntsville was infested. The leagues held secret meetings and pledged themselves and their membership to mutual protection. The negroes were especially suspicious

and distrustful of Southern whites who had become "deserters and scalawags." Their respect for these moral perverts was no greater than that held for them by the men who wore the gray. One notable instance of this distrust is to be found when the league at Huntsville

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refused admittance to one of its meetings in the court house, to a notorious "scalawag" of this community, who had formerly been a respected member of society. Little wonder that even the negroes were unwilling to align themselves with him, when we remember that he had represented Madison County in the Secession Convention of 1861, and was chosen to succeed Dr. Thomas Fearn in the Confederate Provisional Congress, and had commanded a battalion in the war for a short while; only for a short while, however, as his loyalty to his State and his people was of equally short duration. He went over to the enemy and after the war, embraced with alacrity the "carpetbag"

government and its principles and returned among his people to aid in the oppressions of reconstruction, and garner his share of its rich harvest.

Allied with the Freedman's Bureau were savings banks, authorized by act of Congress and styled "The Freedman's Savings & Trust Company." This act received Mr. Lincoln's approval on March 5, 1865. The main office of the bank was at Washington. During the early part of the Reconstruction period three branches were established in Alabama, at Huntsville, Mobile and Montgomery. Throughout the South many of the bureau agents were placed in charge of the branches. The fact that Lincoln had approved the plan and that it had the sanction of the federal government made the banks at once popular among the negroes.

A pass book was issued each negro depositor upon which was printed the rules and regulations governing. Also, they were decorated with catchy, high sounding phrases, as: "Step by step we walk miles and we sew stitch by stitch. Word by word we read books, and cent by cent we grow rich."

Six percent interest was paid time depositors. This benefit was featured

by printed matter on the pass book, illustrating how a saving of ten cents a day would amount to \$489.31 at the end of ten years. Only those negroes in and around Huntsville became depositors.

Though the system continued to prosper, and its business increased, in 1874 it failed, through the fraud of its managers and employees; entailing upon the negroes of the South a total loss of \$3,299,201.00, and upon those at Huntsville a loss of \$35,963.00. Lafayette Robinson, a negro, was cashier of the local branch when the system failed.

Through the collapse of this monumental fraud, the work of the federal government in gaining the trust and confidence of the negro race was largely undone. He believed the Freedman's Bureau had cheated him; and he became suspicious of all offers or efforts to aid him coming from the North, thereafter.

Men have become the tools
of the machines they built.

Ben Scott

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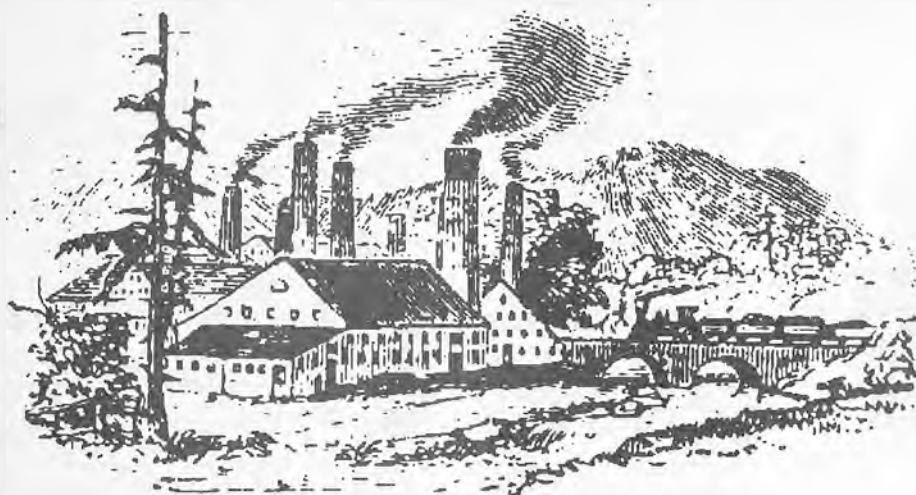
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Mill Strike

by Tom Kenny

In mid-July 1934, after months of mediation and agitation, nearly 4,000 Huntsville cotton mill workers went on strike, part of a nationwide strike that quickly ensnared the entire textile industry in America.

The walkout brought violence to the streets in the form of killings, kidnappings, assaults, shootings and bombings.

A cloud of fear hung over Huntsville like poisonous vapors seeping into the hearts of the populace. No man, woman, child; home or business was safe. Living here was dangerous.

Mill owners across the nation refused to negotiate, threatening to hire

strikebreakers to quell any riotous activity by the strikers.

Then on July 17, the Fletcher mill opened at the regular hour, 6 a.m., but closed within three hours. Noisy strikers were clamoring in the street outside the mill and it appeared that major violence would erupt at any second. Sensing the severity of the situation, the nonunion employees chose to leave their jobs rather than confront the unruly pickets.

Police and deputies armed with tear-gas, rifles and machine guns were called to the scene as the strikers grew more boisterous, but the crowd dispersed when the officers arrived.

Merrimac was the next mill to close as strikers, under the leadership of state union organizer Albert Cox, went through the building telling workers to leave. The mill emptied in min-

utes.

Lincoln and Dallas mills closed when the night shifts came off duty.

John Dean, representing the United Textile Workers of America, urged strikers to maintain picket lines and prevent the mills from running.

Carloads of strikers, armed with shotguns, pistols, knives, baseball bats and anything else that could serve as weapons, cruised the streets shouting and waving their weapons, intimidating anyone who might have had thoughts about going to work.

A meeting of the Dallas Mill workers was held at the old Methodist Church on Humes Avenue. Monroe Adcock, president of the Dallas local union, presided and urged that no destruction of mill property take place during the strike. He also asked that all union members refrain from using intoxicating liquors while the strike was in progress.

The following day reports of trouble sent police racing to the Admiral Braid Company. A crowd of a few hundred men had gathered outside the plant when it was reported that an attempt was going to be made to move a load of merchandise. The report was false and the crowd dispersed without incident.

On July 30, special deputies guarded the Tennessee River Bridge between Decatur and Huntsville as rumors indicated that a motorcade of more than 500 striking textile workers



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from Huntsville were en-route to Decatur in an effort to urge the textile workers there to join the strike.

Earlier in the day, three union men were attacked on a street corner near the Goodyear fabric plant in Decatur. The aforementioned union local head, Monroe Adcock, was shot in the leg and Isaac Bullard and Burnice Rigsby were injured in an altercation with three unarmed men. Special guards were placed around the Goodyear plant.

Early Sunday morning, August 6, John Dean, leader of the strike in Alabama, was kidnapped from his room on the sixth floor of the Russel Erskine hotel by four men and taken at gunpoint to Fayetteville. During the ride he was beaten about the head with a pistol. His abductors, in a bizarre move, then registered him at the Pope Hotel there where he managed to, according to the porter, initiate a call to his friends in Huntsville. In less than an hour a dozen automobiles, filled with armed men, arrived in Fayetteville to rescue their leader.

Instead of returning to his hotel, Dean went into seclusion at the home of George Davis on F Street in Merrimac Village. Armed guards were placed around the house to prevent further kidnapping.

During the time of Dean's abduction 400 angry men, most of them carrying guns, gathered near the Russel Erskine Hotel. They had heard of the abduction and were seeking the men responsible. The mayor sent a large contingent of police to the hotel, preventing the mob from getting out of hand.

Strikers sat up roadblocks at each road leading into Huntsville. Automobiles going in and out of the city were stopped by strikers brandishing weapons who said they were looking for the kidnapped man, not knowing that he had returned and was in hiding.

The situation was becoming serious. Most of Huntsville's citizens were

afraid to leave their homes. Gangs of armed men roamed the town looking for would-be strike breakers and terrifying everyone with whom they came into contact. Sometimes as many as eight carloads of strikers would slowly caravan through downtown.

With strikers demanding that the city take action, Solicitor (district attorney) James Price announced that the Grand Jury would meet the following Monday and that a warrant had been issued in the kidnap case. Fearful that the crowd would take the law in its own hands, the sheriff refused to name the persons involved until the arrests had been made.

Monday morning found a large crowd assembled downtown awaiting the days events. In an act of bravado, Dean drove in from Merrimac and casually breakfasted at the Central Cafe downtown while armed bodyguards patrolled the sidewalks out front.

Meanwhile, the Grand Jury returned an indictment against James Conner, a mill worker. When word spread that the owners of the cotton mills might have been responsible for Dean's kidnapping, the pent-up fury of the strikers exploded.

Rumors that downtown stores were going to be dynamited caused additional deputies to be called in, but the day passed without incident.

Threats against the indicted Mr. Conner caused guards to be placed at his home. They were called off that same afternoon when it was realized that Conners had left town for parts unknown.

Cars were not permitted on streets where union leaders lived, unless permission was first obtained from the strikers. Armed guard was maintained throughout the night and augmented the following morning by additional strikers.

The Thomas plant, forced to shut down when the strike began, reopened next day with a limited crew despite

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threats from the strikers.

Before the plant could begin operating at full capacity it was invaded by a gang of strikers from Merrimac Mills and Erwin Mills, despite protests by the foremen. The workers were quickly assembled and ordered by their leaders to quit work and leave the building by the spokesman of the strikers.

William Fraser, manager of the Thomas mill, later identified the leader as Henry Parmlee, the union leader at Merrimac. Fraser said the strikers ignored the "posted" signs displayed at the entrance to the mill.

On August 13, the kidnap charge against Conner was stricken from the docket of the Grand Jury and a lesser charge of "Whitecapping" was entered. Whitecapping was defined as "an act to prevent and punish the formation or continuance of conspiracies and combinations for certain unlawful purposes." Trial was set for Nov. 28, but was continued until Feb. 19, 1935, when the matter was dropped.

Random acts of violence continued. Almost everyone was suspected of being a friend of the strikers or the mill owners.

On Sept. 3, three charges of dynamite damaged the grocery store of Mrs. R.W. Atkins on Pike Street in Merrimac Village. The explosion brought a crowd to the scene.

Shortly before daybreak, strikers were brought out of their beds by bugle calls and gunshots. Armed strikers rushed into the city from Lincoln Village after being told of trouble at the Fletcher mills. They returned home when everything was found quiet.

A group of young women decided to ignore the picket line and return to work, but they were pushed to the ground by the angry strikers. Ignoring the girls' screams of protest, the strikers produced a pair of scissors and proceeded to roughly cut their hair.

A short while later, residents of Lincoln watched the strange sight of four bald-headed girls being paraded down Meridian Street.

City officials asked that a federal mediator be brought in. Something had to happen. Huntsville could not continue living under a cloud of terror.

Judge Petree, mediator, and his

staff arrived in Huntsville and immediately went into a conference with union leaders. After the meeting at the Davis house, where John Dean had established his headquarters, Petree then conferred with the officials of the Erwin mill, which had been trying to reach an agreement for several days.

On Sept. 22, before the mediator

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could work out a compromise, the great textile strike ended. National Union leaders had reached a settlement.

Thousands of Huntsville textile workers responded to the union leaders and returned to work.

Peace had returned to Huntsville.

No charges were ever filed against anyone for the hundreds of acts of lawlessness committed during the strike. "It was," as one old-timer remembers, "As if Huntsville just wanted to forget."

The End

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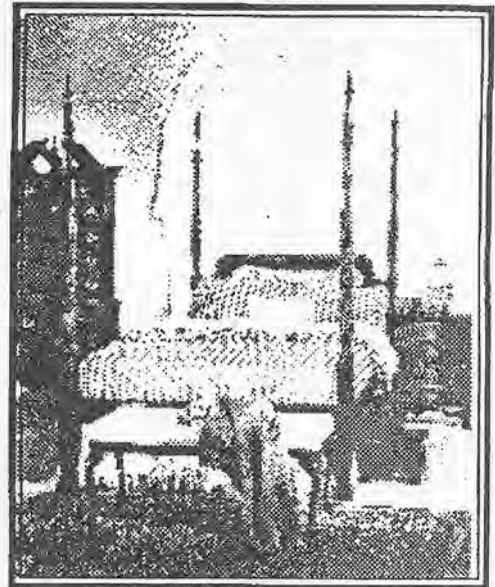
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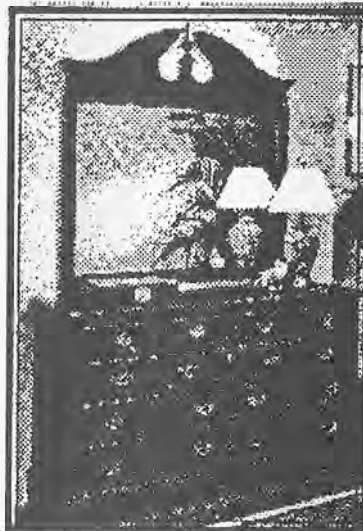
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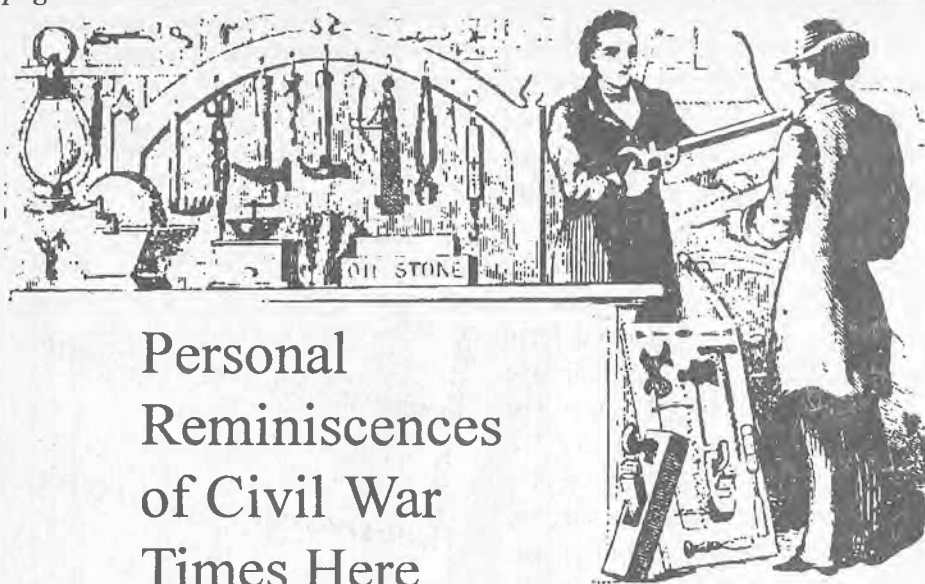
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Personal Reminiscences of Civil War Times Here

The following article was read May 9, 1911 by Mrs. Lila Greet at the Meeting, Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, U.D.C.

Recalling those four years of horror meted out to us by the enemy who were devastating our fair land. I wonder we did not succumb to fear and despair. Meager details of the battles reached us through the Yankees only and were invariably misrepresented. Often we were given statements of numbers slain without the names and were left in horrible suspense for months.

Huntsville was invaded by General Mitchel, April 11, 1862. Many citizens were refuging, having left their homes at the approach of the enemy. Gen. Mitchel's first act of oppression was to arrest twelve prominent citizens, namely: James Donegan, Robert Fearn, Dr. Banister, Rev. Mr. Robertson, Wm McDonald, Dr. Thomas Fearn, George P. Beirne, Alex Lacy, Samuel Cruse, Governor Chapman, Ed Betts and a man named Lumpkin, who was a negro trader. After the others were released Mr. McDonwell and the Lumpkin man were sent to the penitentiary in Nash-

ville and Judge Edward Betts was kept in jail here for weeks and was tried for his life, being saved by the evidence of a Col. Hickman, a Yankee sympathizer who testified to Judge Betts being an invalid and not at the time in Communication with the Southern Army.

Col. McDonwell's health was terribly impaired while in prison in Nashville. Indeed his death has always been attributed to peas and pumpkin in the pen.

Our Reverend and very dear old friend, Mr. Robinson of the Episcopal Church, who was ever more truthful and polite, enraged the authorities here to such an extent he was not only ordered out of the lines, but his grey hairs were insulted by his being sent across the river in a chicken coup.

The terrors of our situation were added to by the "homemade" Yankees and other camp followers who donned the blue coats and searched and robbed houses. One of these marauders was a man named Kinch Britz, a native of this country. He was the terror of the community.

He made his appearance one night demanding admittance at the front door of the Scruggs home near town where I was visiting. Not realizing my danger I threw open the door and defied him to enter telling him I knew he was nobody, but old "Kitchen Bricks" and I would have him arrested. After storming and threatening, he left saying we would see him again, but this was the last of the Kitchen Bricks for in an attempt to invade the Robinson home a few nights later he was killed by Doctor Mek Robinson. Every citizen breathed a sigh of relief when they heard of this demon's death.

We in the country always hid our valuables at the approach of the Yankees. Once when they came to our home purposefully to search for fire arms, my aunt, Mrs. Mills, stuffed all the knives, forks and spoons in her bosom, being a portly lady they pro-

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jected at all angles. Notwithstanding there being so in evidence she swore to the Yankees that there were no firearms and not even a silver spoon in the house. This being so absurd the leader winked at his companion and said, "Well, lady you are such a fine old liar we'll spare your spoons this time."

The climax of my war experience was reached when I went with the men who were deputized by Gen. Forrest to burn a railroad bridge near my home. With my own little brown hand I applied a torch. The burning of this bridge detained the supplies for a whole division of the Yankee Army.

Near the close of the war Miss Carrie Hentz (the governess in my uncles' family) and I were arrested and brought to Huntsville, where she was being tried as a Confederate spy. We were made to walk between two files of mounted soldiers several miles to the railroad station at Madison. We reached Huntsville about 12 in the night. We were taken to headquarters which were in Mrs. Rice's house now occupied by Mrs. Whitten. All night we listened to the tramp of the guard passing our door. Miss Carrie, being a very timid spirit and dreading very much some impudence of tongue on my part, spent the night imploring me to be silent, asking me questions and in the next breath telling me to shut my mouth.

Twice a day we were carried to the court house, and subjected to a rigid cross-examination. My appearance in the court room at the Calhoun building caused a ripple of amusement. Being a tall, leggy girl I was arrayed in my diminutive grandmother's black silk gown made parried waist and full skirt. My puppy having chewed up one of my shoes and one of my grandmother's, my feet were shod in a kid boot and a cloth gaiter. On my head was a Neapolitan skyscraper tied under my chin with a huge bow of royal purple.

Regardless of strict orders to hold no communication with the prisoner, I rushed up and embraced my poor old Uncle Elisha, whose hair had turned white and whose clothes had become ragged and unsightly from his long imprisonment in a filthy jail.

Before the end of my Uncle's trial and acquittal, I was stricken with typhoid fever and was removed from Headquarters in the Donegan carriage to my aunt's home, Mrs. Bradley. The Yankee doctor allowed dear old Dr. Sheffey to assist in caring for me during this illness and I am quite sure my only nourishment for six weeks was slippery elm bark which had lain in Cooper's drug store ever since the war had begun. I didn't fatten on this diet but got well enough to go back to my uncle's home.

One of the officers who accompanied me taunted me with our defeat, which he declared was an assured fact. I contradicted him flatly telling him as sure as there was a nose on his face it was not true.

This man's nose beggars description. I will say briefly that Cyrano De Bergerac's was classical symmetry in comparison.

Having a sense of humor Mr. Yankee replied, "Just as sure as it is a very defective nose, it is true."

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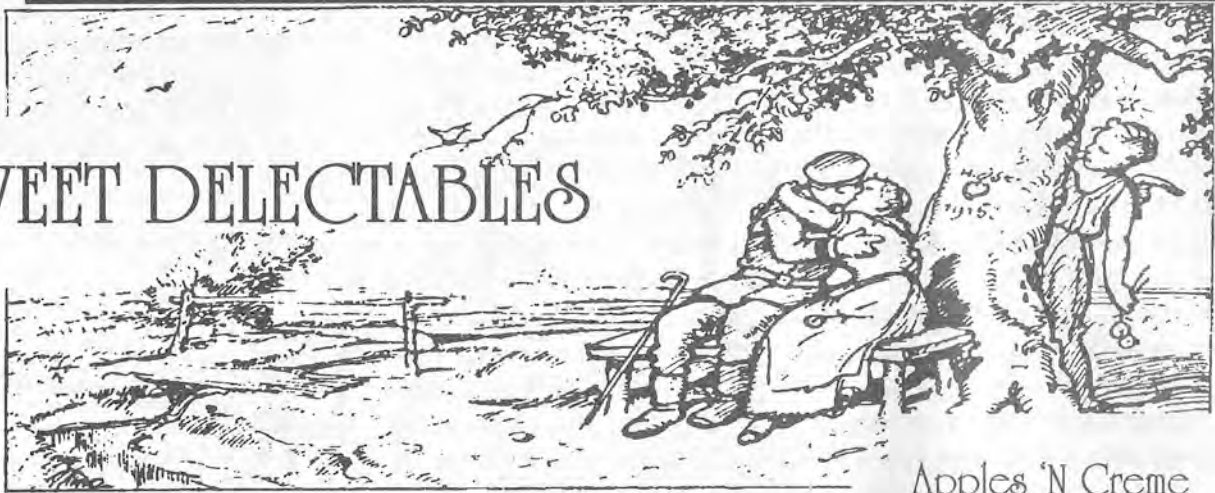
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SWEET DELECTABLES



Apples 'N Creme

- 4 small, sweet apples (like Rome)
- 3 tbl firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tbl plus 1 tsp margarine
- 1/2 cup evaporated skim milk
- 2 tsp vanilla extract
- 1/2 tsp ground cinnamon
- 1/3 tsp ground nutmeg

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees F. Take your apples and peel, core and slice them in 1/4" slices. Place the slices in a shallow baking pan that you've sprayed with Pam. Sprinkle with half of the sugar and dot with margarine. Combine the milk and vanilla extract, drizzle evenly over the apples.

Sprinkle with cinnamon, nutmeg and rest of the brown sugar. Bake uncovered for 30 minutes.

Brown Sugar Fruit Dip

- 1 cup plain lowfat yogurt
- 3 tbl brown sugar
- 1 tsp vanilla butternut flavor
- 1/2 tsp ground cinnamon

Combine all in a bowl, chill. Can be stored in the fridge. Use to dip fresh fruit in, or as a topping for desserts.



Mozzarella Bread Sweet pudding

2 slices of whole wheat bread, crumbled

1 sweet apple, small, peeled and diced

2 tablespoons golden raisins

2 ounces part-skim Mozzarella cheese, shredded

1/3 cup nonfat dry milk

1/2 tsp ground cinnamon

2 tablespoons firmly-packed brown sugar

1/2 cup water

1 tsp vanilla extract

1 egg white

1/8 tsp cream of tartar

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees F. In a bowl combine the bread, apple, raisins and cheese, toss to mix. In a smaller bowl, mix the dry milk, cinnamon and brown sugar. Stir in water and vanilla, stir until the brown sugar is dissolved. Beat egg white in separate bowl on low speed until frothy, add cream of tartar and beat til egg white is stiff.

Fold milk mixture into egg white until smooth. Pour over apple. Mix gently until combined.

Place all in a greased 4x8 baking pan and bake for 20 minutes. Serve warm.

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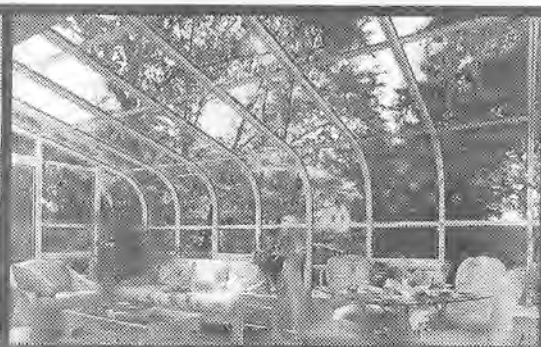
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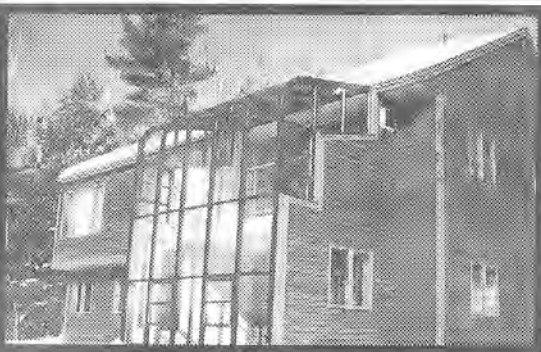
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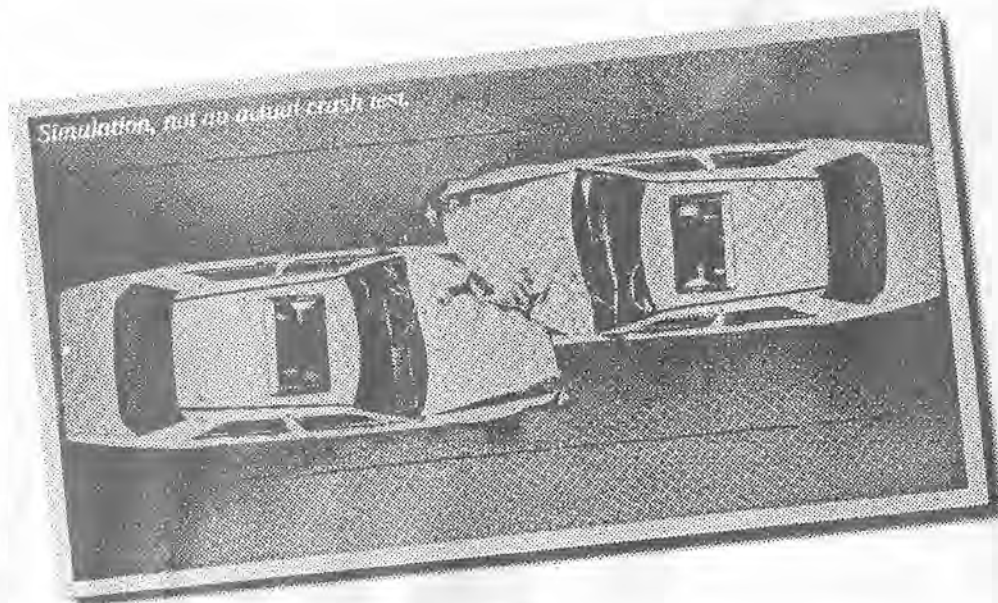
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