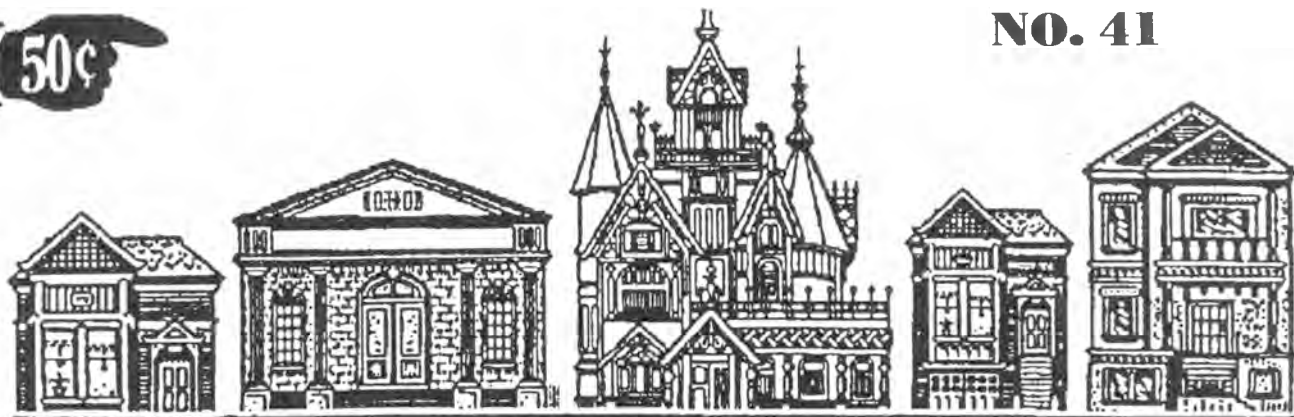


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NO. 41



Old Huntsville

Freedom

by

Thomas Frazier



In 1863, the Union Army began recruiting ex-slaves in Huntsville. These men, many of whom were slaves the day before, furnished a desperately needed source of manpower to fill the ranks of an Army whose ranks were thinned by almost three years of bitter warfare.

The story of these black soldiers, and the tragic consequences of their enlistment is one of the untold stories of our history.

Also in this issue: "The Legend of Rube Burrow"



Freedom

John was afraid.

Afraid that his master would catch him and return him to slavery or that the patrollers would catch him and lock him in a jail where he would be flogged for running away.

But his biggest fear was running into some roving band of Confederate guerrillas, who, if they guessed he was on his way to Huntsville to join the Union army, would summarily execute him on the spot.

Lying hidden in the heavy foliage next to the road while waiting for another group of strangers to pass, he let his thoughts wander.

Yesterday he had been a slave on the Jackson plantation in Limestone County, laboring as a blacksmith. Though only 25 years old, he had been married twice. The first marriage, to a woman on a nearby plantation, had ended abruptly when her master sold her out of state. His next marriage had produced no feelings of endearment and it was with no remorse that he left her behind when he decided to run away.

The Emancipation Proclamation, a document freeing all slaves in the rebellious territories, was almost a year old when John heard of it. The Union government, while giving lip service to the document, had proved strangely ambiguous about enforcing it. There were many cases where runaway slaves had been returned to their masters by the northern troops.

Strangely enough, though Huntsville was occupied, most of the outlying plantations continued the practice of slavery.

John had dreamed about freedom all of his life and when he heard that the Union army was recruiting black soldiers, he quickly made up his mind to enlist. Along with two others he began the trek to Huntsville.

A recruiting office had been opened on the north side of the courthouse square. Townspeople, already incensed that the Yankees would have the gall to enlist Tories, scalawags and other traitors, were now horrified when they learned that blacks were to be enlisted also. Every day the opposite street corner on the square, known as "Secesh Corner," would be crowded with people jeering at the ex-slaves waiting to become soldiers. Now and then a detachment of Yankees would wade into the crowd and, amid loud curses and occasional pricks of the bayonet, cause them to disperse.

The small group of black, would-be soldiers however, stood resolutely at the door of the office waiting for it to open. Regardless of the taunts or threats, they were determined to wear the blue uniform and earn their freedom.

Official documents show that



Old Huntsville

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John was enlisted as a member of the 110th U.S. Colored Infantry on Dec. 30, in Huntsville. As John, like all the other ex-slaves, had no last name, he was enlisted as John Jackson, that being the surname of his master.

Of the almost 4000 black troops from North Alabama that enlisted in the Union army, records show that fewer than 75 could sign their name. The rest simply made their "mark" on the enlistment rolls.

After a short training period at Nashville and Pulaski, Tenn., John Jackson and 450 other black troops were assigned to protect the railroads in and around Athens, Ala. These railways were essential for the Union's supply and communication lines, a point that the Confederacy was well aware of.

The North had made it a point to garrison North Alabama with ex-slaves from this region, and the South, fearing that this action would inspire other slaves to take up arms, retaliated by treating captured black soldiers as runaway slaves.

A fact often ignored by modern historians is the treatment of black prisoners of war when they were captured by the Southern troops. The South refused, for the most part, to recognize them as soldiers. When captured they were treated as runaway slaves and often times sold back into slavery, if they were lucky. Many times they were simply killed.

In the spring of 1864, General Nathan Bedford Forrest had attacked and captured the Union stronghold at Fort Pillow. In the ensuing bedlam hundreds of black soldiers were brutally murdered, some with their hands raised in surrender. Though it was later proven

that the Southern troops acted without Forrest's consent, the massacre had the effect of terrorizing black troops everywhere.

About six months later, when Forrest and his army appeared on the outskirts of Athens, John Jackson and his fellow black soldiers knew they could expect no mercy.

Every soldier in the garrison knew it would not only be a fight for their freedom, but for their very lives, also.

They spent the day and night of Sept. 23 reinforcing their already strong position. The fort they were defending consisted of earthen works, 180 by 450 feet, surrounded



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by palisades and a deep ditch. It was considered by many to be one of the strongest forts in the area.

Early the next morning, while the ground was still wet with the night's dew, the Confederates began bombarding the fort with artillery. The cannonade lasted for almost two hours, with about 60 shells being aimed at the defenders.

Inside the fort little damage was done, although one man was killed and several wounded. Jackson was one of the men wounded, suffering a minnie-ball to his leg.

When the shelling ceased, Forrest sent an emissary, under a white flag, demanding the fort be

surrendered. The commander of the Union fort, a Col. Campbell, refused, whereas Forrest asked to speak to him in person.

Forrest told Campbell that he intended to take the fort and he had the men to do it with. Telling the Union officer that he had nearly ten thousand troops besieging the fort, Forrest invited him to ride around his lines and see for himself.

However, Forrest had less than half that number of troops, but was able to maneuver his troops in a manner that made them appear greater in numbers.

Returning to the fort, Campbell ordered it prepared for surrender. As

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UAH Committee Seeks Feedback On Possible Master's Degree In Liberal Studies

A committee is considering the question of whether the College of Liberal Arts should initiate a graduate program in liberal studies at UAH. Brian Martine, Chair of the Philosophy Department, is heading the committee (whose other members are Philip Boucher, Andrew Dunar, Carol Farr, Jerry Mebane, and Richard Moore) and would like to hear from members of the community interested in a program of this sort.

Graduate programs in liberal studies offer interdisciplinary academic study of central topics in literature, history, philosophy, art history, and related fields. The primary goal of such programs is to promote reflective discussion of the ideas and values of the liberal arts tradition. The master's degree toward which a graduate liberal studies program leads is not a professional degree designed to prepare students for further graduate study or to provide accreditation for a profession. Rather, it would be a degree pursued by people interested in a general study of the liberal arts for its own sake.

If you believe that you might be interested in such a program, please fill out the form below and send it to Professor Brian Martine; Dept. of Philosophy; UAH; Huntsville, Ala. 35899.

I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN A GLS PROGRAM AT UAH.

Name-----

Address-----

Academic Degree(s)-----

word of the surrender swept through the garrison, the officers and men of the Union's 110th Colored Infantry became outraged, with many refusing to give up their arms. Some officers had to threaten to shoot their own men in order to disarm them.

The black troops, many with tears in their eyes, demanded that they be allowed to fight on rather than surrender to Forrest and the Confederates.

With the flag lowered and their guns taken from them, the black troops finally had no choice but to surrender.

The officers of the garrison, well aware of the fate awaiting the black troops, later wrote an angry letter to their superiors in Washington condemning Campbell for the surrender.

Jackson, limping painfully on his wounded leg, was marched with the others out of the fort, where the hungry and ragged Confederate troops waited. Immediately, the gray-clad soldiers fell upon the prisoners, robbing them of their clothes and rations. Any black who dared protest was beaten.

The prisoners were lined up on Browns Ferry Road, where with two columns of mounted cavalry guarding them, they began their painful trek back into slavery.

After a three day march through the Shoals and Tuscumbia, the prisoners reached Cherokee Station, a railway depot about eight miles this side of the Mississippi line. Almost starving, and suffering from wounds and exposure, the prisoners loaded aboard dilapidated cattle cars.

Jackson later recalled that the only food they had to eat was the scraps that had been left in the cars

from feeding cattle.

Upon reaching Meridian, Miss., the prisoners were separated, with the white soldiers sent to a Confederate prison at Cahaba and the white officers sent to Enterprise, Ala. to await exchange. The blacks were loaded onto another train.

Despite the fact that Forrest had given his word to treat the captured blacks as POWs, many cruelties were perpetuated. Although there are no reports to describe what happened, there are numerous records of blacks being captured in other battles and sold back into slavery, or in many cases, executed.

Of the almost 450 black soldiers that had been captured in Athens, less than two hundred arrived

in Mobile, their final destination. No one has ever determined what happened to the others. Somewhere, on the trek from Athens to Mobile, almost 250 blacks disappeared from the face of the earth.

At this time, Mobile was under siege by the Federal fleet and all the blacks, freedmen and slaves alike, had been pressed into service, working on the fortifications. With the arrival of "Forrest's Niggers," the impressed workers were returned to their masters while the newly arrived prisoners took their place.

For the next several months, the prisoners, many still wearing the remnants of their blue uniforms, were subjected to the harshest forms

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of cruelty. While the ordinary slave had his master to protect him, the prisoners had no one. With their blue uniform and their black skin they seemed to represent everything the South lived in fear of.

One captured soldier, a Private Howard, later told of the men being whipped whenever they faltered in their work, often by their own fellow prisoners who were ordered to administer the lashings. With the diet of mule meat and corn meal they were being fed, few of the prisoners were in any shape to resist.

Often the prisoners were forced to line up for inspection by plantation owners who were looking for their runaway slaves. If the master recognized any of them, they were immediately returned to him where they would be cruelly whipped or beaten as an example to any other slave who might have ideas of running away.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox brought to an end the Civil War, but ironically, John Jackson and his fellow prisoners would continue to toil as slaves for another three months. The

Union officer who took charge of Mobile, fearful of a black uprising, couldn't decide what to do with them!

When finally released, Jackson, though still crippled from the minnie-ball in his leg, was sent to Nashville and reunited with the remnants of the 110th Colored Infantry, which was once again sent to Huntsville for garrison duty.

While at Huntsville, the regiment was mustered out and Jackson returned home. Upon arrival he discovered that his wife had married another man, so he married the widow of one of his companions who had enlisted with him.

Although John was now a free man he was still shackled by the name of his former master, Jackson, a constant reminder of his life as a slave.


One of the few good memories he had as a child was that of the daughter of his master who had always treated him kindly. She had married a Dawson, and to honor her, John also took the name Dawson.

John Dawson settled on a

small piece of land just a few miles from the plantation from which he had fled. For the rest of his life, until he died in 1905, his proudest possession was a discharge paper attesting to his service in the United States Army.

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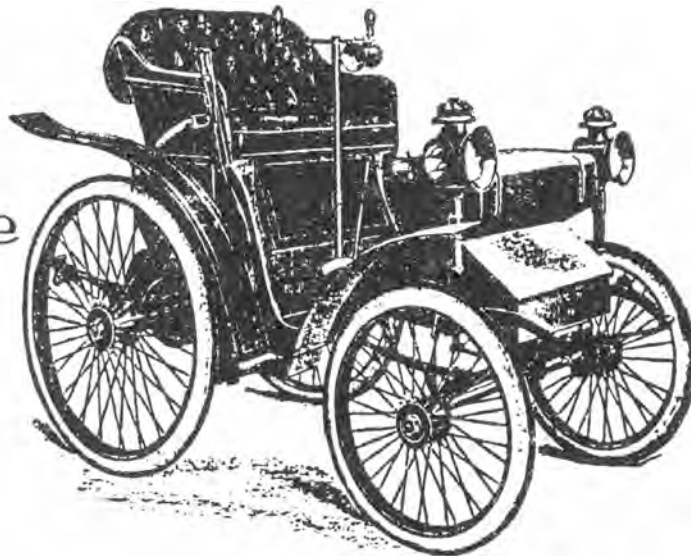


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The cargo on the train that slowly pulled to a stop at the railroad depot, that spring morning of 1904, contained a revolutionary invention that would forever change the way Huntsville lived.

Crowding around the boxcar, the people anxiously awaited the unloading of the freight. When it was finally manhandled off the train, the assembled throng gasped with amazement. No one had ever seen anything like it!

Sitting there in the middle of the road, gleaming in its shiny black paint and hand-rubbed leather upholstery was a 1904 Oldsmobile, the first automobile to ever arrive in Madison County.

George Cooper, its proud owner, had purchased the car while on a trip to Cincinnati, Ohio, for the exorbitant sum of almost four hundred dollars. The tool box accompanying it had cost an additional one hundred dollars and contained, among other things, a shovel, an ax, a red flag and one hundred foot of rope.

The company had offered to send an instructor with the car to teach its owner how to drive it, (for only \$45 extra) but Mr. Cooper had

declined the offer. After all, a machine had to be easier to drive than a pair of ornery mules!

Sadly to say, if Cooper had taken them up on their offer, the first

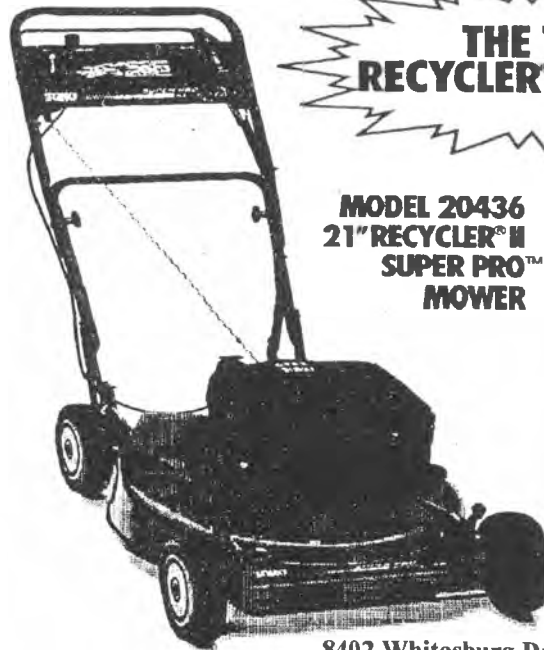
automobile ride in Huntsville history would have been longer than 15 feet and would not have ended by crashing into the side of the depot. Of course everyone agreed that the floor board was dumb place to put the brakes!

Luckily no serious damage was sustained and Cooper eventually learned how to drive it before selling it two years later to a Mr. Liles of Gurley.

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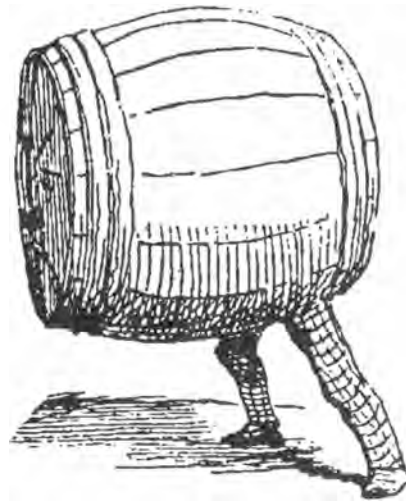


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In A Barrel



One of Huntsville's unique attractions in the late 1940s was, believe it or not, a dry cleaning establishment. Owned by a Mr. Johnson, the Grand Shine Dry Cleaners offered on the spot dry cleaning and pressing for the individual with a busy schedule.

Unfortunately, many of his clients were farmers who only owned one suit, and it was the one they wore to town to do their shopping. Many of these farmers wanted to have their suit cleaned while in town, but, not having another change of clothes, were forced to hide in the restroom while the employees hastily dry cleaned the suit.

In an effort to rectify the problem, Mr. Johnson acquired a large barrel which he placed in the front lobby of his establishment. The front of the barrel was fitted with a hinged door allowing customers to enter, where they could remove their clothes and wait for them to be cleaned.

It also gave the customers a chance to converse with other people who had business in the shop.

The price was 50 cents a suit, or 65 cents if you used the barrel.



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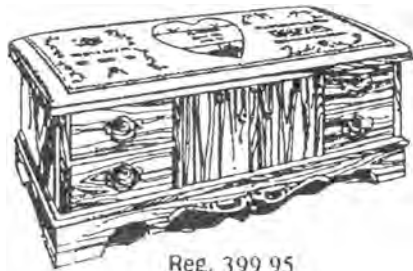
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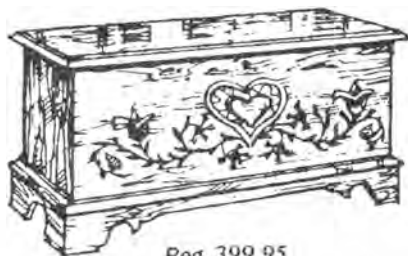
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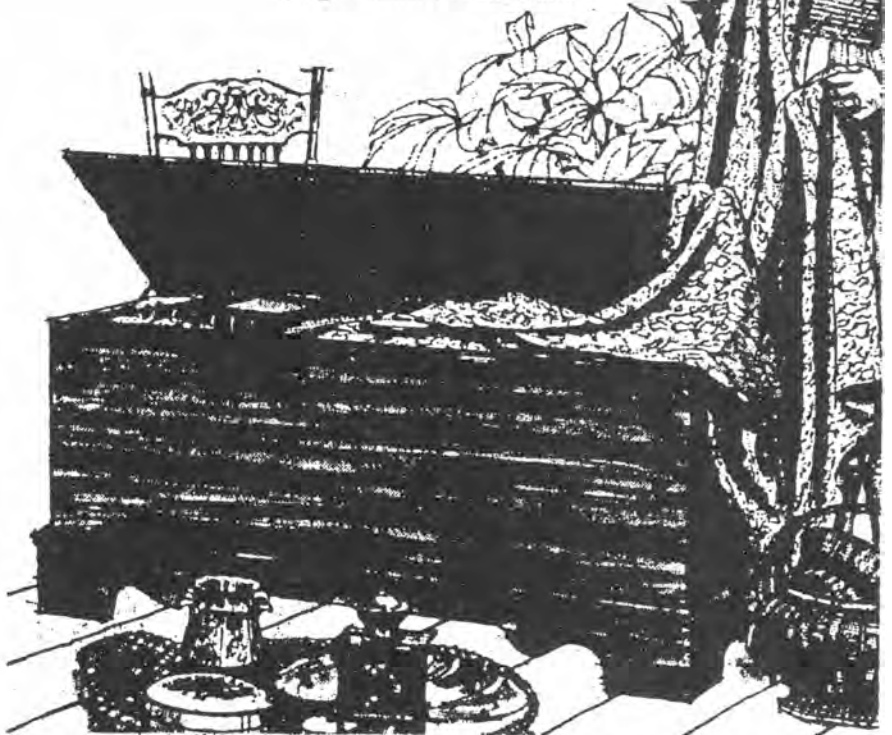
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They Feasted on Van Buren

George Steele had an unusual history, one that reflected credit on his name for ambition, energy and thrift. He became a famous contractor, architect and builder. Though his original stated idea was to build a "Fancy Farm" at the foot of Monte Sano, he instead constructed a fine mansion of three stories, set among a grove of towering oak trees that afforded an expansive view of the mountain.

It was here, at Oak Place, that Steele loved to host grand and glorious feasts. Definitely the most memorable affair ever held at Oak Place came about as a result of a United States presidential election. During the 1840 race, Steele picked out a splendid ox to roast in honor of Steele's favorite to win, Martin Van Buren. Steele even named the ox after Van Buren and invited many friends to join in the celebration. Unfortunately, Van Buren was defeated.

Not to be daunted, Steele kept the ox on a fattening diet and four years later Van Buren had grown into such luscious physical proportions that he was slaughtered for a great feast given at Oak Place in March, 1845 to honor the trium-

phant election of the new President of the United States, James K. Polk.

Four thousand citizens from Madison and adjoining counties and states with pleasure accepted the generous and courteous invitations, and feasted on the Van Buren ox, stall fed and roasted whole.

All kinds of vehicles, from the lowly ox cart to the elegant carriages drawn by dashing teams were brought into requisition to bring the poor, the rich, the high and the low, all welcomed alike.

Long tables were arranged

under the majestic oaks. On the center table, was a magnificent cake pyramid, four feet high, surmounted by a figure of President-elect Polk. This pretty conceit in confections, Capt. Steele had ordered from Nashville, sending his own team to insure its safe delivery.

The barbecuing was the work of Mr. Smoot, an artist in that line, and Van Buren went through the barbecuing process for twenty-four hours. With his handsome horns, highly polished - he presented a very luscious spectacle, stuffed with turkeys. There were pigs and lambs barbecued, hams boiled and their accompaniments in jellies, sauces and bread without stint; ice cream and cake, and immense cutgrass bowls of syllabub.

Every man present received a hickory cane cut from Monte Sano, and the most prominent citizens were presented with canes highly polished by the well known slave, Charles Peck, and adorned with silver ferules and heads of gold or silver, engraved with the name of re-

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ceiver and date.

Matthew Weaver Steele, the young son of the host, gave the address of welcome and Clement Claiborne Clay, the young lawyer and future statesman was the orator of the day.

After the speech-making, feasting and handshaking, a string band of the best picked banjoists, guitarists and fiddlers, from the plantation slaves, in happiest mood, played the Reels, Jigs and other dances, and in the grand old rooms, aristocrats and Democrats cut the pigeon wing, sang Auld Lang Syne and danced the Old Virginia Reel in gayest mood.

Now, many years late, with the memory of that fabulous festival growing dim, Huntsville has still to see another gathering as lavish as the one that George Steele put on at his splendid home, Oak Place.

Modern Day Tips



Your car's value is diminishing every day, so check and make sure that you're not paying more than you should for collision coverage on your car insurance.

Some coupon tips: Only clip for products you normally buy; try to shop at stores that double or triple your coupons; file coupons by product with those that expire soonest at the top.

To get the most out of your microwave, use shallow casserole dishes when cooking - more food surface is exposed this way, reducing cooking time and energy costs.

You CAN get rid of that annoying junk mail - to get your name removed from the mailing lists, write to the Mail Preference Service, Direct Marketing Asso., P.O. Box 3861, New York, NY 10163-3861.

Lighting tips - Install light dimmers to save money and create a more pleasant atmosphere. When possible put your lamps in corners so that the light is reflected off two walls instead of one.

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Almost Famous



It was an old dilapidated nightclub on Holmes Avenue. The air was thick with cigarette smoke and fumes of stale beer. There were only a few people sitting around the tables, bored to death, while on the small stage was an old gray-haired man, trying to coax one more song out of his memory, as his knurled fingers gently stroked the strings of a guitar.

The old man had been almost famous at one time. Years earlier he had been known as "Crying John," a name he had acquired because of his soulful renditions of the Blues. But with the new popularity of the radio, time had passed him by.

Now he was just another broken down old man, playing in clubs for whatever tips people might decide to give him.

No one really noticed the stranger when he slipped in the door and pulled up a chair at a table in the back shadows of the room. He sat there for almost an hour, listening to the old man and drinking, never saying a word.

Finally, when the old man was done playing, the stranger invited him to set at his table and have a drink. They talked in voices so low that no one else in the room could hear them. Not that anyone cared, of course. The old man had long ago

become the butt of all the jokes told in the bar.

When it was time for the old man to begin playing again, the stranger joined him on stage. With the old man taking the lead, the stranger hesitantly began to follow.

Slowly and awkwardly at first, they began singing the songs of the cotton fields and of the poor people. Their songs told of empty whisky bottles, and heartbreak, and lost loves.

Two men; one, an old broken down shell of his former being, and the other, a tall, young gangly lad, together on the make shift stage, staring into one another's eyes as

they blended their voices in perfect harmony while singing the songs that most people had forgotten.

When they finished the last song the stranger told the old man it was time for him to leave. They stood there silently for a moment, and then the stranger reached out with his arms, and embraced the old man.

After watching him leave, the old man paused, wiping a tear from his eye, and then slowly picked up a handbill the stranger had given him. Carefully he smoothed the paper and with a piece of old scotch tape, stuck it to the wall behind the stage.

Once more, he stood back and looked at the stranger's picture on the handbill and read the words, "Hank Williams - Appearing in Concert."

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Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. More Than Conquerors - Local Author Kay Cornelius' Inspirational Historical Romance set in Huntsville During the Civil War (\$4.95).

2. Mid-South Garden Guide - The Best Handbook for Zone 7 (That's us) Gardening (\$14.95).

3. True Tales of Old Madison County - Reprinted by the Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$5.00).

4. Best of Alabama - Guide to Attractions, Lodgings, Restaurants and Events, by Lee Sentell (\$14.95).

5. Alabama Trails - Hiking Trails and Maps from Mentone to Mobile, by Patricia Sharpe (\$17.95).

6. Alabama Trails - Hiking and Backpacking North Alabama, by Richard Huey (\$10.00).

7. The Sword of Bushwhacker Johnston - The Civil War in Madison & Jackson Counties (\$19.95).

8. Historic Limestone County - Stories and History by Robert Dunnivant, Jr. (\$9.95).

9. Stories of Scottsboro - Powerful retelling of the "Scottsboro Boys" Rape Trials, by James Goodman (\$27.50).

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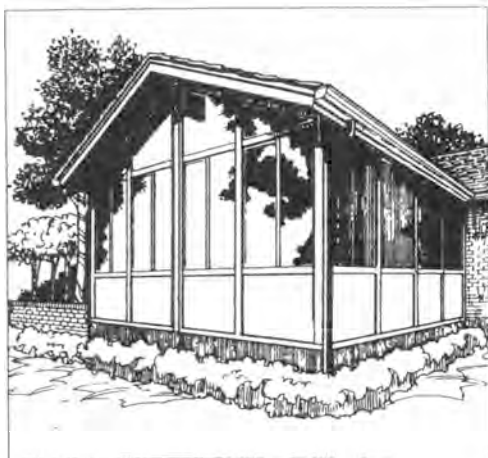
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Frustrated Warriors

by Charles Rice



On February 15, 1898, the battleship *Maine* blew up in Havana harbor, Cuba, with a loss of 266 American lives. Rightly or wrongly — mostly likely wrongly — the Spanish government was held responsible for the disaster. Public opinion, flamed by fabulous and often fictitious newspaper accounts of

alleged Spanish atrocities, demanded the United States declare war. A reluctant President William McKinley was virtually dragged into the conflict by hotheads in Congress.

The wave of patriotism that swiftly swept across the nation was unmatched since the start of the

Civil War, and men both young and not so young eagerly rushed forward to volunteer. Attempting to salvage something from the situation, President McKinley called Alabamian Joseph Wheeler to the White House and asked him to lead the invasion of Cuba. Wheeler, a 62 year old former Confederate general, protested that he was too old for active duty. However, McKinley argued that he needed the Confederate hero as a symbol that North and South were now united. Little Joe finally accepted and put on his uniform once more — only this time in a less familiar shade of blue.

Alabama would recruit two white infantry regiments and one black infantry battalion for the Spanish-American War. To their disappointment, however, not one of the Alabama patriots, black or white, would ever fire a shot at the enemy. In fact, the closest the Alabama sol-



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diers succeeded in getting to the fighting in Cuba were the debarkation camps of lower Florida.

There was understandable dissatisfaction with this, since despite President McKinley's good intentions it would be mostly northern troops who would fight under General Wheeler, while Wheeler's own Alabamians were left behind. "It might have been an accident that the six regiments selected to suffer at Miami came from Southern states," wrote Sergeant Moses Koenigsberg of Mobile. But some of the Southerners wondered. In fact, the title of Koenigsberg's wartime book said it all: *Southern Martyrs*.

Northeastern Alabama provided three companies for the Alabama white regiments. A fourth company became part of the black battalion.

First to arrive at the Mobile troop rendezvous was a newly formed company from Decatur, haphazardly thrown together at a meeting on April 29, 1898. The would-be soldiers elected Osceola Kyle as their captain, and he promptly telegraphed Governor Joseph Johnston that night to offer their services. Called the "Joe Johnston Rifles," the company, 76 strong, arrived by rail at Mobile on May 1 and were mustered into the Army twelve days later. They became Company E of the 1st Alabama Infantry Regiment, with Osceola Kyle appointed major and W. E. Wallace replacing him as captain.

Next to reach Mobile were the "Huntsville Rifles," a militia unit that had succeeded the old "Madison Rifles" of Civil War days. R. L. Hay was their captain, but he soon resigned and was replaced by H. C.

Laughlin. The Huntsville men arrived on May 3 and were mustered in as Company F, 1st Alabama Infantry.

The third white unit from northeast Alabama was a roughneck assortment who called themselves the "Jackson Volunteers." Wrote Sergeant Koenigsberg, "Attired in jeans and homespun, the Jackson County volunteers appeared at the Mobile rendezvous as one of the most realistically volunteer commands that reported there." Circulars had been posted across Jackson County inviting patriotic citizens to gather at Scottsboro for a meeting on April 30. The company was then formed with Charles Quintard Beech chosen captain. The men from "High Jackson" became Company I of the 2nd Alabama Infantry Regiment. The "Jackson Volunteers" acquired something of a reputation for rowdiness and had more court-martials than any other company in their regiment, but this was only in keeping with their rustic character.

The African-American company, organized jointly by Captain John Sheffey of Huntsville and Dr.

Andrew Boyd of Scottsboro, became part of the Third Alabama Volunteer Infantry (Colored). The black Alabamians, too, would be denied service overseas.

The Alabama white regiments were soon sent on their way to the camp at Miami. However, the Florida site was by no means the pleasant resort city of today. In fact, it was little more than a sandy stretch of beach front studded with palm trees and sharp-pointed yucca plants. The Southern regiments were assigned camping grounds with little thought of sanitation.

The camp site had previously been declared unsuitable by army inspectors, but the Army had gone ahead and stationed the troops there anyway. Not surprisingly, many of the men would quickly fall prey to disease. The carelessness of the green soldiers made the situation even worse, since they simply dumped their refuse in convenient low spots not far from the wells where they drew their drinking water. "Had the troops at Miami been commanded by a wise and firm officer," wrote Sergeant Koenigsberg, "with any ordinary knowledge of



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sanitation, there would have been no reasonable complaint."

Within weeks of arriving in Miami, however, the death toll in the camp would climb to more than twenty. Most deadly was the dreaded typhoid fever. The Alabamians were "so far removed from the theater of active operations that they were not even issued ball cartridges," noted Sergeant Koenigsberg. Yet they suffered their casualties just as much as the soldiers at the front.

The war with Spain lasted less than three months. Nonetheless, it marked the beginning of United

States as a world power. America emerged from the war with an empire stretching from the Philippine Islands to Puerto Rico, and the country would never be the same.

This was little consolation to the three men from Jackson County and the one from Decatur who died of disease in the camps of Florida. Probably hardest to bear for Alabama's frustrated patriots was the fact that they had not had the opportunity to prove themselves in battle. It is hard to feel like a hero when you didn't even get to fire your weapon.

Nevertheless, Alabama's

Spanish-American soldiers clearly earned our respect and gratitude. They had stepped forward eagerly, willing to give their very lives for their country. They had suffered silently with patience, while the eyes of America turned elsewhere. The Alabama volunteers had done all that the Army asked of them.

What more can a grateful nation expect of its young men.



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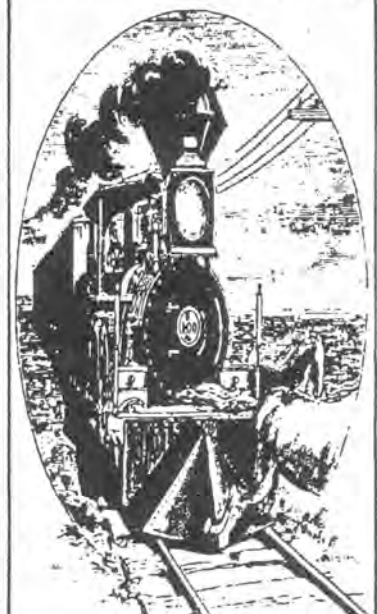
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Happenings in 1907 Huntsville

John T. Howland is visiting his brother, Charley Howland at the McGee Hotel.

James Murphree will leave for Cincinnati next week to purchase the fixtures for the new Henderson National Bank. The fixtures will be mahogany and marble base and mosaic tiles.

Mr. John Sutherland, about 50 years of age, died yesterday from hydrophobia. He was bitten about six weeks ago and was sent to Atlanta. He died in awful agony, six men being required to hold him.

Children will not be allowed in the pool rooms in Huntsville. Mayor Smith has given instructions to the police on the enforcement of the city laws and minors will not be allowed to enter pool rooms in this city. Proprietors will be required to remove their curtains so that people can see in as they pass along the street.

Renters of the stalls in the city market have been notified that they must keep their stalls clean.

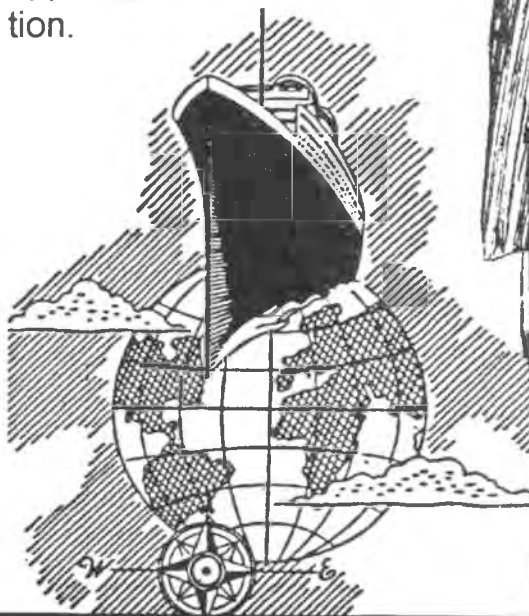
How long a minute is, depends on which side of the bathroom door you're on.
Ron Eyclstone, engineer

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Short & Sweet, Southern Style

Gingersnap Parfaits

1 1/2 c. whipping cream
 2 T. powdered sugar
 1 c. gingersnap crumbs (use about 8 cookies)

Beat the whipping cream and sugar in a chilled medium bowl til stiff. Layer the crumbs and whipped cream in 4 parfait glasses, starting with the crumbs and ending with the whipped cream. You'll make about 4 layers of each. Refrigerate at least 5 hours, but no longer than 24 hours.

Coconut Meringues

4 egg whites
 1 1/4 c. sugar
 2 1/2 c. coconut
 1/2 t. vanilla
 1/4 t. salt

Preheat oven to 325F. Lightly grease a cookie sheet. Beat your egg whites in a deep glass bowl until foamy, beat in sugar, continue beating until stiff and glossy. Do not underbeat. Fold in the remaining

ingredients, drop mixture by heaping teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart onto your cookie sheet.

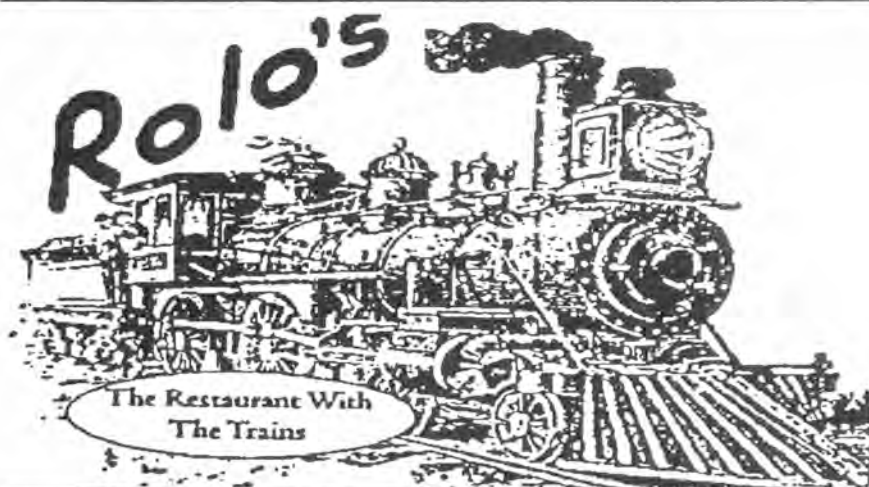
Bake for 20 minutes and light brown. Immediately remove from the cookie sheet and cool. Store in a tightly covered container.

Chess Pie

Pastry for a 9-inch one crust pie
 4 eggs
 1 1/2 c. sugar

1/2 c. butter, softened
 2 T. yellow cornmeal
 2 T. half and half
 2 T. lemon juice
 2 t. vanilla
 dash salt

Preheat oven to 325F. Prepare your pastry, or thaw one out. Beat the eggs, sugar and butter for 3 minutes in a medium bowl on high speed. Beat in the remaining ingredients, your mixture will look curdled. Pour into pie plate, lined with the pastry. Bake for one hour



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or til set, cool for 15 minutes. Refrigerate til chilled.

Strawberry Cream

1/2 c. powdered sugar
1 quart fresh strawberries, sliced
1 c. whipping cream
2 T. powdered sugar
4 tablespoons orange-flavored liqueur

Sprinkle 1/2 cup powdered sugar on the strawberries, and stir gently. Refrigerate 2-4 hours, covered.

Beat the whipping cream and 2 tablespoons of the powdered sugar in a chilled medium bowl until stiff, fold in the liqueur. Fold this mixture into the strawberries.

Apple Crisp

4 medium tart cooking apples, pared and sliced
1 c. dried apricots, chopped
3/4 c. regular flour
3/4 c. brown sugar, packed
1/3 c. chopped pecans
3 T. butter, softened
whipping cream

Place the apples in an ungreased square pan, 8x8x2 inches. Top with the apricots. If the apricots are dry, cover them with boiling water and let stand for 3 minutes, drain. Mix remaining ingredients, except for the whipping cream, and sprinkle the mixture over the apples and apricots. Bake at 350F for 35 to 40 minutes, serve warm with whipping cream

Try this with chicken:

8 boned,skinned chicken breasts
1/2 c. olive oil
1 c. flour, seasoned with salt and pepper (or use Kentucky Colonel flour)
2 bunches green onions, chopped

Wash, pat dry chicken. Heat oil in pan. Dredge chicken in flour. Cook chicken over medium high til done, 5 - 10 minutes. Add chopped green onions last few minutes with the chicken.



Starting with this issue we will be profiling some of the pets currently available for adoption from the Greater Huntsville Humane Society. This time we are focusing on three special cats who need good homes. If you are thinking about giving a home to a cat or dog, please consider those at the Humane Society instead of a pet shop or breeder. The shelter is located at 2812 Johnson Rd. S.W.. Or call them at 881-8081.

"Blessings," is a bluecream female Manx with green eyes. She was thoughtlessly shot in one eye with a BB gun and taken to the shelter. She has fully recovered but now needs a loving home.

"Clyde," is a young male classic tabby who is also without an owner. He loves to play indoors or out, and will provide some special person with years of companionship.

"Logan," a beautiful short haired gray and white male, was abandoned when his owners moved away. He is a gentle cat who deserves a kind and caring family.

The Penny in the Parking Meter

by Bob Cochran



My family moved to Huntsville from Birmingham in September, 1956, when my dad got a job at the Army Missile Command at Redstone Arsenal. Because the population of Huntsville was booming at that time, we lived in an apartment on Harrison Avenue for several years.

After finishing fifth and sixth grade at Blossomwood School, I attended the old Huntsville Junior

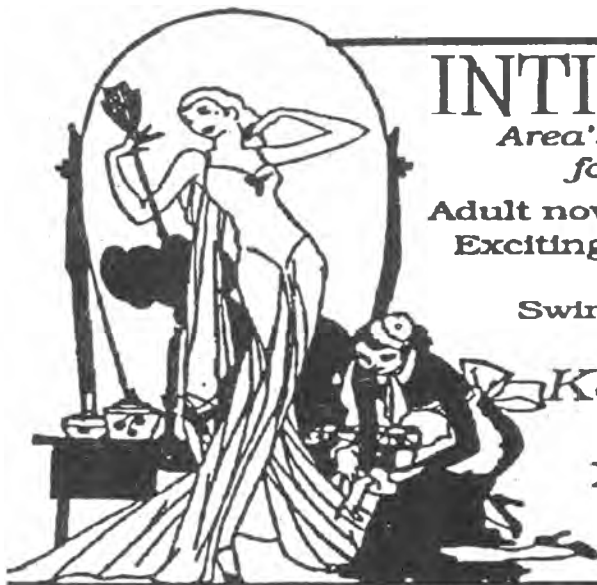
High on Randolph Street. Sometime in early 1958, I discovered the fun of collecting coins. At first, I just went through my folks' change, and they let me keep Lincoln pennies I needed to put in the holes in a couple of coin albums I bought at the old Grand newsstand by the Twickenham Hotel.

I later became a charter member of the Rocket City Coin Club, and the members told me how I

could buy a \$50 bag of loose pennies at the bank, go through them and replace the ones I wanted, roll the coins and trade them back in. Even with all these opportunities, I was still lacking a few of the "rare" coins - one of them being the 1914-D ("D" for the Denver mint, where the coin had been made).

In the fall of 1959 I was attempting to make the Huntsville Junior High football team. Of course, we practiced after school. I don't remember the reason now, but my mother had told me that, instead of me walking the 6 or 8 blocks home, she would pick me up in front of the City Drug Store on the Square about 5:30. So after practice, I walked up to the Square, bought a 3-scoop ice cream cone, and waited for her. I must have been early, or she was (as usual) late, but after I finished the cone, she still hadn't arrived.

The parking meters around the Square at that time had a little window in them, and the last coin that had been put in the meter was visible in the window. Just to pass the time, I started walking up the East Side Square, glancing in the win-



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dows at the coins. I hadn't even made it to the old Goldsmith Bank Building on the corner when fortune smiled on me for the first time that day!

There in the parking meter window was a 1914-D Lincoln Cent! The chance of such a coin being there was infinitesimal, but what luck I had that the front of the coin, showing the date and mint mark, was showing, instead of the back of the coin - which, on all of the Billions of Lincoln Cents minted up to that time (1958) were Exactly The Same!

After I caught my breath, I had to think how I was going to get my hands on that coin! My mother pulled up a few minutes later, and I told her what had happened. She told me that I should remember which meter it was in, and that we could contact the Police Department the next day to see when it would be emptied. Then, I could ask whomever at the Police Department if I could go through the coins from the parking meters, pick out the one

I wanted, and buy it.

I didn't want to hear any of that. I went into the City Drug Store and asked the man behind the counter if he knew when the meters were emptied. That's when fate smiled upon me for the second time that day!

The man may have been Tom Dark, I don't remember. He thought for a moment and told me that the meters would probably be emptied that day! He said that the policeman usually came by about 6 p.m. I went back outside and told my mother that I wanted to wait, and at the same time made sure I had some money in my pocket - in case the policeman wanted a "finder's fee."

She said "OK," and headed home. I sat on the curb by that parking meter, determined to stay as long as it took to get that coin. About a half-hour had passed by when I saw a policeman riding a motorcycle with a white box coming around the Courthouse. I saw him park the motorcycle over on the south side of the Square, about in

front of the Harrison Brothers Hardware Store. My first reaction was to run over to him and tell him what I wanted, but I decided to wait - kinda "be cool," y'know.

He emptied all the meters on the South Side Square, and then started walking over towards where I was sitting on the curb. The events that took place next were almost anticlimactic as far as the story goes, but I can remember them like it happened five minutes ago.

He said "Hello, what'cha doin'?" Even though it was a warm day, I was shivering with excitement. I told him that I was a coin collector, and that there was a penny in the meter that I really would like

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to buy from the City for my collection. I suppose my answer caught him off guard, because he had a puzzled look on his face. He said, "Fine, but which one do you want - I've got hundreds here!" I pointed at the parking meter in front of me and said, "I want that one, the penny in the window." He had a special key in his hand, more like a wrench. He inserted the tool into the meter, turned it a couple of times, and then took the bottom part off. He dumped the contents into my hand, probably no more that 25 or 30 coins. I nervously looked through about two-thirds of them before I found my prize. "This is the one," I said. I handed him back the others, dug into the pocket of my jeans and handed him a penny to replace it.

I've always hoped I was polite enough that day to thank him, and I'm sure I did - over my shoulder, as I headed home! The old Elk's Theatre was a blur, as was the church on the corner as I turned right and ran toward McClung Hill. I raced down Adams Avenue, turned left onto Locust, over to California and down towards Hermitage Street. I passed Colorado Street, which was still a dirt road at that time, and the homes of my friends Elvis Larkin and Raymon Wilensky. I knew I would see them at school the next day, and I couldn't wait to tell them what I had found.

There was a large vacant lot on Hermitage Street at that time facing the homes where my friends David Holmes and "Buster" Uptain

lived. We played ball in that lot for several years; several homes occupy the space today. At the west end of the lot was the house where another friend, Freddie Atkins, lived. His father drove a bus, and he occasionally showed me coins he had picked out of the fare box; I'd have to show my penny to him, too.

We lived in a second floor apartment, and I'm sure I was hollering all the way up the stairs. This whole trip couldn't have taken five minutes! My mother was in the kitchen, but she stuck her head around the corner to look down the stairs as I was coming up. "Did you get it?" she asked. "Yeah, I did!" "And it only cost me another penny," I yelled back.

When I showed it to her, she said that it was "real nice." I'm sure she was happy for me, but to her it was just another penny.

I had the fun I expected the next day, showing my prize to my friends and some other coin collectors at school. After a while, my interest in the 1914-D waned slightly, as I concentrated on the other dates and mint marks that I needed to complete my set. I eventually completed the set, but I did have to buy one coin, a 1909-S with the designer's initials ("VDB," for Victor David Brenner) on the back. It's the only coin rarer than the 1914-D.

I wound up selling my collection of Lincoln Cents in late 1968, so I could pay the tuition for my last year at Auburn. But I held back the 1914-D as long as I could, hoping I could keep it. But I couldn't, and sold it for \$50; quite a healthy profit, even in 1969.



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Just a Memory



It was in the middle of a cold January night when he was dumped unconscious at New York's Bellevue Hospital. No one particularly noticed him or cared about his condition, which was obviously very serious. He was just another bum from the Bowery, the residue of the human debris that any large city seems to spawn.

With dirty clothes, a week's growth of whiskers and in an alcoholic stupor, there was nothing to set him apart from the hundreds of other derelicts the hospital saw each month. As was customary in these type of cases, only rudimentary care was provided. The major concern was his throat, which had been

slashed by another skid row bum, who was trying to steal his shoes.

The year was 1864, and though millions of Americans had marched off to war with his words on their lips, he could not now even afford another bottle of the cheap whiskey he had sought solace in for the past six years. Earlier that morning he had been found sprawled unconscious in the alley behind a cheap rooming house, from which he had been evicted the week before.

It took an orderly and four aides to hold him down while the doctor tried to sew up the gaping wound in his throat. Afterwards he was carted unceremoniously to the

end of a dark hall way where he laid for the next three days, begging and pleading for another drink.

The man, like hundreds before him, died, with no one to care for him or even to remember his name. A faceless, nameless soul caught in the quagmire of time.

Incredibly, a friend came and claimed his body from the hospital morgue. All of his earthly possessions added up to thirty-eight cents and a scrap of paper that had penciled on it the words, "Dear friends and gentle hearts." Although some people have claimed that the words were the beginning of a letter, the most common theory is that they were the title for a yet unwritten song.

For you see, though this man died as just another "Bowery drunk," he had once thrilled the Southland with songs such as "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," and "Oh! Susanna."

His name was Stephen Foster and he was a great American songwriter.

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AN EDUCATED MAN

Owens Cross Roads policemen **Mark Adams** and **David Martin** joined paramedic **Melissa Bozeman** for dinner the other night at Ryan's. At the next table was Buckhorn athlete **Brandon Story**, who had brought his aunt **Linda Potter**. Across the aisle were **Bill** and **Betty Reavis** (and scads of guests) helping son **Keith** celebrate his 21st birthday.

Lorney Laakkonn tells the gang at Moody's Grocery that his secret for staying trim is to go dancing every night.

Finnegan's Irish Pub has been the gathering spot for March, of course, where Wynson Gallery's **Scott Wise** was king of the karaoke singers the other night. That was the place to be on St. Patrick's Day (and night). Everybody you know showed up. First-timers included **Susanne O'Callaghan** and hubby

John Walker. Her son **Tim O'Callaghan**, a first cousin to the singing **Glaser** brothers, also added glitz to the place. And have you noticed how trim **Finnegan's** boss lady **Ellen MacAnelly** manages to stay these days?

Chris and **John R. Jones** had joined **Dorothy** and **Dr. John Moorman** for lunch at Harvest Time Restaurant during our visit.

Louisianan **Mike McDonald**, who once drove a Greyhound in Boston, has moved to Scottsboro to escape city noises and be near his main interests.

Sunday dinner bigshot **Kevin Lineback** brought **Carol Lee** and **Theresa Hammonds** and his nephew **Nick Lineback** to breakfast at Eunice's the other day. His brother **Kurt** has opened a restaurant in Hazel Green. **Robert Reeves**

celebrated his latest birthday with a breakfast at Eunice's. **Randy Foxhoven** and **Karrie Lee** were at the next table. Then entered Hazel Green's **Wiley Foutch** with his kids. Since his arsenal layoff he keeps **Michael, Lewis, Steven, Jessica** and **Tara** while wife **Angie** works elsewhere. **Sandy Meighen, Terri Phebus, Betty Daley** and **Jane Brown** made up the rest of the gathering. **Tasha Miskelly** and **Mike Izzo** came in with baby **Brooke**.

CONGRATS to **Earl Lamb** on Tunlaw Road. His daughter, **Sherree Freeman**, sent him a \$60 set of *Sons of the Pioneer* tapes. Four hours of listening. Meanwhile, car repair expert **Vance Morris** is sending similar sets to a dozen friends and kin.

David Peebles and **Wendy Snow** brought pals **Ravi Kolli** and **Richard Eddy** to Bubba's the other night for a bit of socializing while **Tony** and **Tommy** performed.

Good morning to house painter **Binky Isbell**, who also tends bar at Brody's in Madison. He and wife **Libby** stayed up late Saturday (1 a.m. Sunday, actually) to watch my comedy skit on **Doyle Brady**



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Chuck Davis expects a business boom in fence repairs now that spring has sprung.

WELCOME BACK! Electronics whiz **Gary Wright**, who left here a couple of years ago to live forever amongst the Californians, has returned to become an engineer at WHNT-TV (Comcast 9).

Wedding bells will chime this summer for Regal Nissan's **Bill Mashburn** and **Laura Mackentepe**. They'll depend on **Monte McGee** and her crew at Aladdin Travel Agency for honeymoon planning. We suggested beautiful Hobbs Island, but they didn't think that idea was a bit cute. Monte, meanwhile, has started teaching travel agent classes, in case you want a fun career.

Lawyer Earl and **Cathy McNeal** brought son **Davis** into **Floyd Hardin's** Jackson Way Barbershop on Saturday just moments before **Dehaan Gates** entered with sons **Stewart, James** and **Shaun**. Hair flew all over the place. Dehaan and his brother operate **Gates Auto Repair**. **Thad Harbin** of **Peggy's Log Cabin** was getting a fine haircut in the next chair. Circuit Court Clerk **Billy Harbin** came in, heard one of my stories and promptly summoned me for jury duty. That's where I spent last week, in case you missed me.

Randy Gillespie's birthday gathering April 10 attracted lots of pals. Even **Charlie Byrd** showed up, making plans for another trip to London

Then it was off to *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards* where **Carter Wilson**, **Stan Gillespie** and **Stan** and **Lavern Deming** were shooting fine pool. Radio tycoon **Arnold Hornbuckle** of WAHR showed up, but his foot was broke so he just observed. **Scott Bence** and brother **Brian** showed up, as did **Bradley Holland**, **Donnie Helums** and **Terrell G. Miller**.

When Huntsville Chefs Association held its annual awards banquet

the other night at the country club, honors were heaped on **Harry Burt** and **Clift Critelli**, who were credited with single-handedly preparing the fine banquet. "Best I've had in years," said the honest and vicacious **Jeune Blackmon**. Hundreds others among us agreed, including **Clift's** ma and pa, **Jerry** and **Nancy**. Meanwhile **Jeune's** son **Michael** was celebrating his 30th birthday with old friends **Laddie Ratliff** and **Rowdy Owens**.

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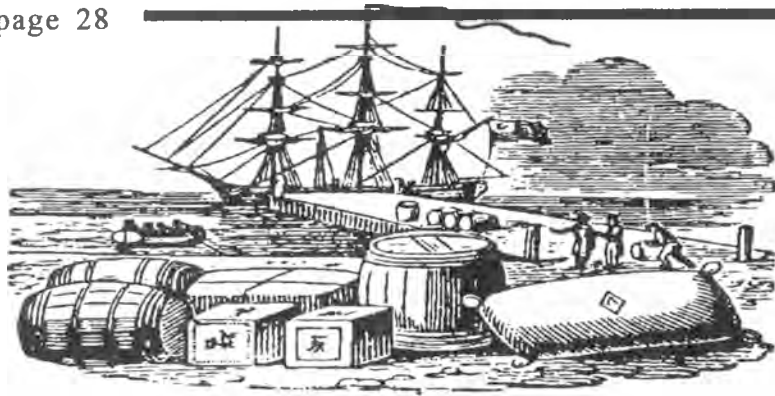
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Transportation in Early Huntsville

As did the ancients, so have all races throughout every age depended upon their waterways for transportation.

Being settled before the day of railroads, Huntsville and Madison County also had recourse to the rivers and larger streams, with which this territory is so abundantly supplied for commercial intercourse with the outside world. Almost contemporaneously with the production of cotton in the county, Flint and Paint Rock rivers were used to transport this commodity to the New Orleans market.

Flatboats or barges were loaded with cotton and floated down these streams to the Tennessee River, and there reloaded onto larger boats, which proceeded to New Orleans. Oftentimes these river barges, when discharged of their cargoes, were reloaded with provisions and supplies for the settler and then poled or pushed back up Flint and Paint Rock rivers to the starting point.

Those sections of the county not contiguous to either these streams, hauled cotton by wagon to Ditto's Landing and Triana, upon the banks of the Tennessee, where it was stored on large flatboats to await the coming of the freshets, usually in the spring. It was necessary to hold the cargoes till the river rose, in order

that the boats might be floated over Muscle Shoals. Pilots were taken on at Ditto's Landing or Decatur, and remained with the crew till the rough waters at the shoals had been passed. For which services they usually received from \$175.00 to \$200.00. After crossing the shoals, these river navigators would leave the boat to proceed on its trip to New Orleans, and walk back to the shipping point, from whence they had embarked. Usually two trips a year were made by each pilot. The expense to the freighter of porting to market a cargo of cotton, consisting usually of four hundred bales, was approximately \$600.00. The carriage charge to the shipper was from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per bale, and he assumed all risks of loss by water. This river navigation furnished the only means of transportation until the coming of the railroads to this section many years later. These were the boom days for Triana. Many cotton freighters maintained offices there. Judging from the many firms engaged in this business, competition was very keen. Nor was the local market alone, relied on to supply the freight, as appears from of the advertisements in the local papers of that day, for instance:

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All such notices were published in connection with the cut of a somewhat pretentious steamboat loaded with cotton. However, cotton was not represented by bales of the present type, but by great oblong bags such as are now used for uncarded wool.

"All roads lead to Rome." This was equally true as to the Tennessee River. So, also, many roads tapped Flint River. These were the days when transportation by rail was not dreamed of; when navigable streams in proximity to a town gave it supremacy, and lasting supremacy, as then thought, over all other towns not so situated.

The feverish speculation in land having subsided, there followed naturally in its wake development of the county's resources, and internal improvements. Great was this activity. By 1828 the county had become a perfect network of roads, connecting on all sides with those from other sections of this and the adjoining State of Tennessee. This would seem to indicate that its citizens fully appreciated the commercial supremacy Huntsville was surely destined to exercise, by virtue of its nearness to the river; not to mention the certainty of transportation on the Big Spring Canal; and to this end had made ready. Nor were all these highways unimproved. Many of them were "toll or turnpike," built by stock companies, chartered by the Legislature. Notices similar to the one here set out, were published in

the papers not infrequently:

"I shall petition the next Legislature for leave to make a turnpike road from Huntsville to Beaver dam fork of Flint on the Meridian road, and to receive a toll that shall be a fair compensation for my expense and labor--J. Renn."

Leading thoroughfares were from time to time designated by the Federal Post office Department, as post roads or mail routes, and by virtue of such selection became the main ways between the "great centers of population."

The earliest establishment of any comprehensive system of these post roads leading to and from Huntsville as a center, was on July 16, 1822, when R.J. Meigs, jr., Postmaster General, issued an order creating the following routes:

From Huntsville to Triana, Mooresville, Cottonport, Melton's Bluff, or Marethon and Courtland to Russellville, three times a week, seventy-seven miles. Leaves Huntsville every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at one p.m. and arrives at Russellville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at eleven a.m.; and vice versa from Russellville to Huntsville.

Leaves Columbus Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at one p.m., and arrives at Huntsville, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 11 a.m.

From Huntsville by Hillsboro and Hickory Flat to Winchester, Tennessee, once a week (a distance of fifty-two miles).

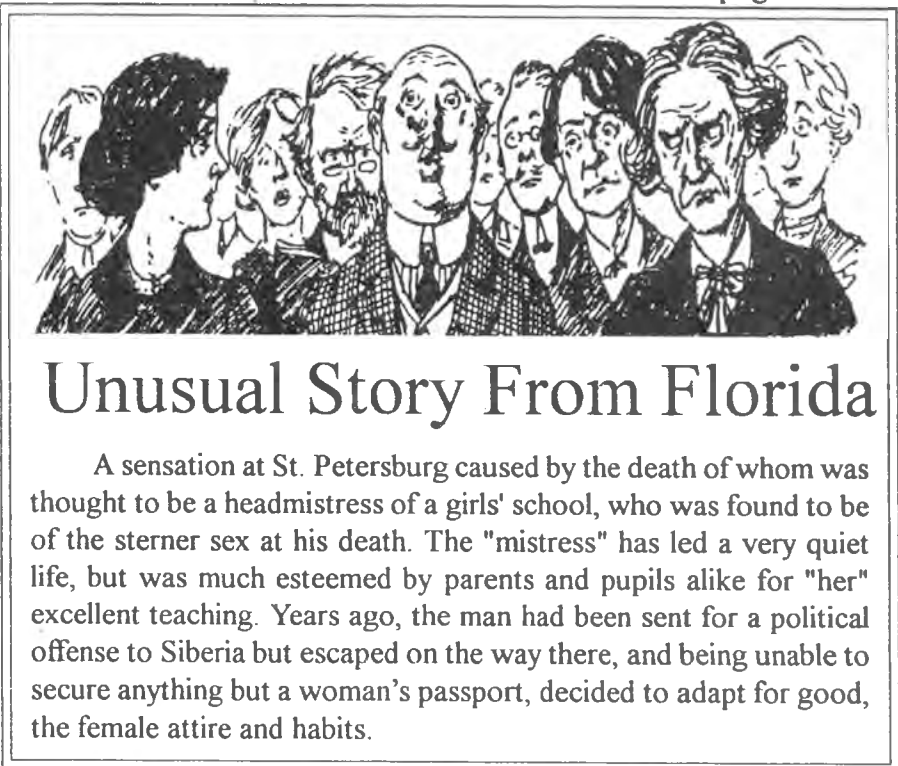
From Huntsville to Jackson Court House, once in two weeks, forty-six miles.

From Huntsville to Bennett's Store, once a week, fifty miles.

By the end of 1825, Blount

Springs--famous as a resort until a few years ago--had become very popular with the leaders in the social life of Huntsville. To meet the increasing demand, a weekly stage was run between the two places by L. Morgan & Sons.

Travel in these early days was either by horseback or stage. Hotels or inns generally were provided with stagecoaches or hacks, for the convenience of their guests and the public at large. Much publicity was given through the press, of possession of such coaches.



Unusual Story From Florida

A sensation at St. Petersburg caused by the death of whom was thought to be a headmistress of a girls' school, who was found to be of the sterner sex at his death. The "mistress" has led a very quiet life, but was much esteemed by parents and pupils alike for "her" excellent teaching. Years ago, the man had been sent for a political offense to Siberia but escaped on the way there, and being unable to secure anything but a woman's passport, decided to adapt for good, the female attire and habits.

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Why The Frogs?

by Jo Shaffer

If you have ever been on Clinton Avenue in downtown Huntsville and happened to glance skyward, you might be in for a surprise. Sitting straight and rigid on the seventh floor ledges are the Green Frog sentinels of the Terry-Hutchens Building. Many people who have lived in Huntsville for years have never noticed them. Who put them there? And why? Speculations abound, and theories run the gamut from period architectural practices to legends of the Big Spring.

Huntsville's first skyscraper, located at 102 Clinton Avenue and completed in 1925, was designed by the Chattanooga firm of B. F. Hunt. It was built in the popular Gothic Revival style of architecture, which in Europe often included the use of gargoyles. These fierce-looking creatures served the dual purpose of scaring off evil spirits and providing downspouts for rainwater. Our local weather patterns support



the idea of a need to rid flattop buildings of excess water, but — Evil Spirit in Huntsville? Did the Big Spring inspire stories of even bigger mosquitoes? Perhaps one misty moonlit night our green self-appointed voyeurs crawled from off their lily pads and from under fallen logs in nearby Big Spring, and climbed to their observation posts perched high atop the building to begin their watch over the growing, stretching young city.

Recollections provided by Dr. Eleanor Newman Hutchens illuminate not only the history of the building but of early Huntsville as well. The office building's first major tenant was the Tennessee Valley Bank, which occupied the ground floor until President Roosevelt closed all banks in 1933. When insolvency prevented its reopening, the State National Bank moved in and remained under the watchful

eyes of the frogs until about 1941. Competition from the newly-built Central Bank office building along with the relocation of doctors' and medical offices nearer to Huntsville Hospital drained many tenants after that time, leaving the anchored amphibians to watch over a downtown area that had now spread further and further away from its center.

Like a gangly, awkward teenager, Huntsville grew, and many downtown businesses moved to the suburbs, yet the mysterious frogs stood fast over their diminishing post. Shopping malls drew people away from the downtown area. The frogs and the reasons for their being grew more indistinct. People forgot why they were put there, or

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never heard the legends in the first place.

Grant Heath has occupied the ground floor space in the building for the past 17 years at the Kaffeeklatsch, where he roasts coffee beans in a machine built in 1929. Sipping a cup of steaming cappuchino, he'll gladly tell you about the tragedy that occurred ten years ago. It seems one of the frogs must have just had enough, and after decades of remaining steadfast on his perch leapt to his death, shattering into pieces on the sidewalk below. As his comrades kept their places, he was the only casualty; no one was passing underneath at the time. But his empty ledge is a stark reminder of the price of progress, and the things that get left behind as we move forward in time.

We can only speculate as to the real reason the green frogs were placed there. We tend to be a society quick to scrutinize and dissect too many things. This we do know: they came from a time of innocence — a time of beauty that is gone forever. But fortunately we can still appreciate the charm they bring to the downtown area of Huntsville. Why the frogs? Should we really ask? The fact that they are there should be enough.



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If you want to preserve your fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they will wear. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floor. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

To prevent fleas this summer, take a few branches of pennyroyal and hang it up or lay it on the bed; or carry a few sprigs in the pocket, and the flea will never make its appearance. This simple remedy has never failed of its desired effect.

Common salt provides a complete barrier to the hated red

ant. Just make a barrier of it to the place the ants want to go, and they will never crawl over it.

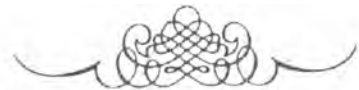
To keep a mahogany table beautiful, do the following. Take a little cold drawn linseed oil and put it in the middle of the table. Rub well with a piece of linen (never use wool). Take another piece of linen, rub for ten minutes, then take a dry cloth, and rub it quite dry. Do this every day for a month, and your table will acquire a permanent and beautiful lustre, unattainable by any other means, and equal to the finest French polish.

month, you can be sure that it will rain 15 days during the month.

After soaking some greens in the bathtub, I was sure the stains would never come out. So I tried cream of tartar and peroxide, and you would be amazed at how quickly the stain came out.

Give your ferns a bath once a week - they love the humidity. Also, to keep that rich dark green color, mix a teaspoonful of household ammonia added to one quart of water for the bath.

If it rains on the first day of the



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A Unique New Plant

A number of Huntsville ladies are growing onions around their front door steps and in their flower beds and that is the ending of an interesting tale.

Several weeks ago an old German man worked the town, selling "Royal Brazilian Pinks" which he claimed to have brought from the horticultural gardens of the Emperor of Germany.

The "Pinks" were marvels of beauty, according to the German, whose name was Shaeffer, and most of the ladies he spoke with bought them eagerly at exorbitant prices.

As the seeds were delivered the purchasers were told to plant them at a date far enough in the future to allow Mr. Shaeffer time to work the town thoroughly and make his departure for other parts, where

ladies were waiting impatiently for his "Royal Brazilian Pinks."

The husbands of some of the ladies suggested at the time that the seeds bore a marked resemblance to onions, but they were derided by their better halves and it was recommended that they talk about things they knew more about than "Royal Brazilian Pinks."

Since the seeds have come up, and not only look like onions, but smell and taste like onions, the joke is turned and some of the ladies have even tried to bribe their husbands into silence by promising to do without an Easter bonnet next year.

From 1907 Huntsville newspaper



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A Letter Home

Editor's Note: This article originally appeared in an 1861 issue of The Huntsville Democrat. It was written by a local man who had joined the Madison Rifles, a company of local volunteers who fought for Dixie.

Fort Morgan,
March 30, 1861

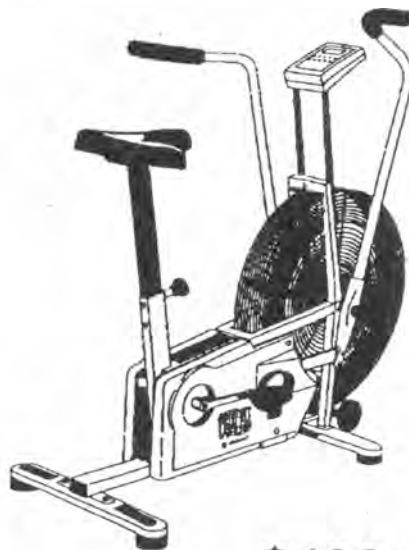
The Madison Rifles arrived here at 2 o'clock, on Thursday, aboard the regular Mobile and Fort Morgan packet, *Crescent*. The privilege of feeding us was transferred to two white barber-looking men and a very handsome yellow girl. They had a table set out on the lower deck, covered with ginger cakes - price, three for a quarter; biscuit and ham — one biscuit and a slice of ham, ten cents; cup of coffee, fifteen cents; small oranges, ten cents a piece; together with many other eatables at proportionate prices.

The first appearance of Fort Morgan, upon nearing it, is that of

a boundless waste of white sand, dotted here and there with Shrub Pine and a degenerate Palmetto. I shall reserve a description and partial history of this fortress for another letter, as my duties have so far prevented me from procuring information sufficient to risk assertion in relation to it. All that I can now say is, that there are about twelve hundred men here — all of whom are volunteers from the State of Alabama. There are about two hundred and fifty more troops ex-

pected here every day, who will complete the First Regiment of Alabama Volunteers. Col. Hardee, formerly U.S. army, and author of Hardee's Tactics, is in command here. He is a fine looking man, with a strictly military bearing. He seems to be about fifty years of age; hair slightly gray, and as he appears upon review, every afternoon, he looks every inch the soldier. I am unable to find out what other officers of the Confederate service are here, as frequently find myself in a wilder-

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ness of red sashes and epaulettes.

The Rifles are encamped upon the sand in the rear of the fort. We occupy seventeen tents, besides the officers' marquee. Each tent is occupied by six men, called a "mess," each mess is furnished with a large camp kettle, a camp frying pan, and each man with a tin plate, tin cup, one knife and fork — bone handle, an iron spoon, and a tin canteen to hold water in. The canteen is fixed for a strap, so as to be carried about the person, and they see constant service too, as the hot sun over head and the heated sand under foot, are well calculated to engender a pretty constant thirst.

A part of the time since we have been here, one man in each mess has acted as cook and dish washer, whilst the rest of the mess bring wood and water; our meals are now all cooked by four or five detailed every day for that purpose; and as the tents are called by numbers, the men come forward and get their half-cup of coffee, half cup of peas, and vinegar, if we choose it;

by the by, our mess bought a cabbage head today, and we must draw a pint tonight.

As yet, we wear the clothes we left Huntsville in; our uniforms are promised very soon. We have been furnished each with two mixed jean outer shirts, two flannel undershirts; one grey and one white, two pair of drawers, and two pair of socks.

There are no fruit or vegetables grown here, on account of the sand. Oysters can be bought here for \$1.50 a barrel, in the shell, and our camp now presents quite an interesting scene, as I sit looking at a party of the Madison Rifles, assembled around a large fire, with bags of oysters around them, — some stewing them in their tin cups, some roasting them in the fire, and others eating them out of the shell.

Sunday, March 31, 1861

This is Sabbath morning, and soon after cannon fire this morning, I discovered (for it was a discovery) many of the soldiers reading

their Bibles, some, collected in squads, whilst one read aloud to the rest. Some have gone fishing, whilst the air is laden with the shouts of some 200 men in the Gulf, sea bathing. This is the greatest luxury of camp life, and partaken of by all but a very few, who are scared off by the fear of sharks, and the sight of porpoises, which appear in droves all along the coast. Some are off gathering shells, of which there are countless numbers of beautiful colors and kinds; many are off in the shade of pine trees, talking of home and their sweethearts.

Many amusing little scenes come off in our camp life, which have much pith and point in them to us, and would not be devoid of mirth to you at home, were I at liberty to call the names of the parties.

The end

If polls are so accurate, why are there so many polling companies?
Joe Broome

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Horrible Halloween Crash Kills 7 Youths

By Billy Joe Cooley

It was early halloween night, 1937, and the city fell into a different kind of shock as word spread across town that seven of the county's most popular and fun-loving young people had been killed in a one-car wreck on narrow U.S. 72 highway going toward Gurley.

A man named Pylant, walking along the road on the far side of Chapman Mountain, had come up on the wreck, which had occurred just minutes before. The road wasn't heavily traveled in those days.

The wreckage had come to rest in a field, just off a curve near the bottom of the mountain.

Pylant flagged a passing car and hurried across the mountain to a Fifth Street cafe at the edge of Huntsville, where he would notify authorities.

"I was talking to some other guys in the cafe when this car came sliding up and young Pylant jumped out and rushed in, yelling that a terrible wreck had just happened on the far side of the mountain," recalls Jodie Gray of Kildare Street.

"I jumped in my car and hurried in that direction, other drivers were following," said Gray.

But Gray, who was first on the scene, wasn't prepared for the sight that greeted him. Bodies were strewn over a wide area.

"The first body I saw was that of my own brother, Mack. His head was sticking out the window and squeezed against a tree stump," said Gray.

"Then I saw the body of his wife Irene. A few feet from her was the bodies of my sister Fanny and a young man named Slaton."

The body of a pretty girl named Vivian Elledge had been thrown from the back seat, as had that of her boyfriend, Leighton Preston.

The Huntsvillians had been headed for Chattanooga, where one of them had relatives and where they had planned to attend a street dance and other halloween festivities.

Authorities, after examining the wreckage, theorized that the driver of the car, a man named Osborn, had been speeding along the crooked mountain road and that Irene Gray, who was seated in the front seat between her husband and Osborn and who had a fear of fast

driving, had reached over and turned off the car's ignition.

"It was a type of Ford that when the ignition switch was turned off, the steering wheel would lock," recalls Jodie Gray. "Of course, Irene wouldn't have known that."

The seven young victims had hundreds of friends, many of whom still speak of the night of horror.

"I still have unnerving remembrances of that tragedy," said county official Billy Harbin as he and Jackson Way Barbershop owner Floyd Hardin recently recounted the incident.

"Hardly a week goes by that somebody in the barbershop doesn't bring up the subject of that wreck," says Hardin.

"Thousands of cars a day travel up U.S. 72 and there's probably not a driver in the bunch who knows about the wreck," says Hardin. "One thing's for sure, though: I always slow down and remember."

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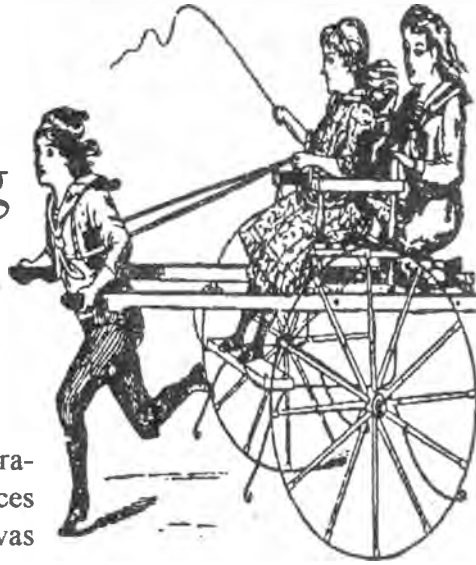


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Down The Whitesburg Pike

by Jack Harwell



Roads between cities have traditionally been named for the places they lead to. Meridian Street was once called Meridianville Pike, because that was where it went; the same idea held true with Athens Pike, which today is part of Holmes Avenue. In the same way, Whitesburg Drive, the old Whitesburg Pike, once lead to the town of Whitesburg, on the banks of the Tennessee. The town of Whitesburg no longer exists, but the road that leads there has been around, in the same location, for nearly two centuries.

Like many cities in the early 19th century, Huntsville was dependent on water transportation, for both passenger and freight traffic. Railroads were not yet common, and overland transport was limited to what a good team of horses could carry. Only boats could carry goods in the amounts needed to support a growing community. So providing an efficient and reliable route between Huntsville and the Tennessee River was a priority for

the city's founders.

One attempt at a city-to-river route was the Indian Creek Canal. This project was part of the "canal craze" that swept the country in the 1820s. The idea was to take boats from the head of the canal, at Big Spring, to the river port of Triana, where cargo would be transferred to riverboats for the trip to New Orleans and other markets. A few small boats did make the trip, but the canal soon proved impracticable. In time, it would be abandoned completely in favor of the overland route to the river at Whitesburg.

The road from Huntsville to Whitesburg was already well travelled by the time the Indian Creek Canal was opened. Even before the area was known as Whitesburg, a trader named John Ditto was operating a trading post on the Tennessee River at the mouth of Aldridge Creek. The road to Ditto's Landing, as it was known, became well travelled after public land sales be-

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gan in 1809, for it was the only route by which land purchasers could reach their claims in the southern part of the county. One of those who bought land along the road was Joseph Acklen, son-in-law of John Hunt.

The opening of public lands in North Alabama attracted many adventurous souls from the eastern states. Many came to farm; the area's suitability for farming was already well known. Others, though, saw profits to be made in the new western lands. One of the latter was a wealthy Virginian named James White. White came to town not long after the land sales began, and went into business with one Alexander Gilbreath. They set up shop in a building at what is now the corner of Gates Avenue and Fountain Row. This is believed to have been the first business in Huntsville.

White and Gilbreath did so well with their business, they decided to expand. In 1820, they began distributing their goods through John Hardie's store at Ditto's Landing. By that time, White owned considerable amounts of land on both sides of the river. Eventually, the community at the landing became known as Whitesburg in his honor. The town of Whitesburg was incorporated by the state legislature on December 23, 1824. It included the area where Ditto Landing marina and park are located today. A post office was opened there in 1827.

Whitesburg was a busy place in the 1820s. In addition to his business with Alexander Gilbreath, James White also owned an ironworks and a salt firm in east Tennessee. He shipped his products to Hardie's store by way of the river. But cotton was the main business

in Whitesburg. Cotton from all over the county was brought there and loaded on flatboats for the trip to market. Sometimes shoal pilots would board the boats also, to guide them past the treacherous Muscle Shoals. In a letter written in 1820, Hardie noted that each riverboat carried 250 to 350 bales, each weighing about 300 pounds.

Before long, the Whitesburg road itself attracted the attention of private enterprise. Back then, highways were not the exclusive domain of the government which they have become today. Private firms would construct and operate roads, or pikes, and collect tolls for their upkeep. One such firm created the Whitesburg Turnpike in 1834. (The Meridianville Turnpike was opened that same year.) The term "turnpike" probably came from the turnstiles used at the toll gates to control traffic onto the pike. The toll

gate on the Whitesburg Turnpike, according to an 1850 map, was located just north of what is today the Airport Road intersection. The road to Whitesburg remained a toll road until 1895, when all turnpikes were sold to the county.

During the Civil War, a local Episcopalian minister, John Murray Robertson, was locked overnight in a chicken house at Whitesburg by Union troops. His crime was leading his congregation in a prayer for Jefferson Davis. It was midwinter and bitterly cold, but Robertson surprised and annoyed his captors by surviving the night. The frustrated Federals then took him across the river and released him.

Whitesburg Pike continued to be well-travelled even after the railroads took the freight business away from the riverboats. The northern end of the road connected



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to the southern end of Madison Street, as it does today. In the last century, though, that was the point where the traveller crossed over the city limits. Once you crossed Fagan Creek and started south on Whitesburg, you were out of town. The Fagan Creek bridge on Madison was one of the first bridges in Madison County.

In the 20th century, Whitesburg Pike changed along with the city. In 1919, two plaques were placed at the end of the street

near Huntsville Hospital. These plaques contained the names of the 48 Madison Countians who had died in the recent Great War. Forty-eight sugar maples were planted along the side of the street as part of the memorial. The maples were soon destroyed by traffic, and were replaced by American elms. The elms met the same fate as the maples, and were finally replaced by Chinese elms. These not only survived, but were supplemented by other trees planted along the street by local landown-

ers. The line of trees eventually stretched for more than five miles. Another sign of change came in 1924, when the first rural electric line in Alabama was strung along Whitesburg Pike from Huntsville to Lily Flagg.

Whitesburg Pike was unpaved as late as 1934. By then it was known as state highway 38, and crossed the river on the new Clement C. Clay Bridge. The bridge was named to honor the former state governor and chief justice, but due to its location came to be known as the Whitesburg Bridge. Whitesburg Pike was now part of the main highway to Birmingham, and would remain so until the completion of Interstate 65 in the 1960s. Eventually the road was widened to handle the increasing traffic, and then in the mid-50s, it was bypassed by Memorial Parkway.

Today, the road that once carried cotton to the river is no longer a major intercity route, except for that portion south of Weatherly Road that was incorporated into the Parkway. The original concrete pavement, laid before World War II, still carries northbound traffic into the city from Morgan County. At present, the city is considering plans to finally replace the old pavement with asphalt, which is easier to maintain. It will be just one more change for the old Whitesburg Road, which has seen plenty of change since the days of James White.



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Sue CROW, hair stylist



News Of The Absurd, 1901

on a bunch of crap shooters late Saturday night near the Rodgers stable and captured Jim Johnson, Tim Lightfoot, Step Lowe, Frank Reeder and Eli Brooks. They were all gathered around a blanket on a floor shooting craps. One made an attempt to pull a gun but was battered on the head and gave up the idea. They were "rolling Bones" as they called it.

A one-legged man attempted to take charge of the Southern Depot today and was arrested by the police. He was drunk and anxious to get a fight out of anybody. He refused to give out his name.

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman celebrated her 113th birthday at her home in Nashville, Tennessee. Aunt Betty, as she is called by her seven children, fifty-five grandchildren and three great grandchildren, has been addicted to the tobacco habit for the last ninety years. She says that smoking the pipe is partly responsible for her good health and long life.

A lady living in Birmingham went blind from sneezing. Mrs. Joe Jacks, wife of a doctor in that town, had a violent attack of sneezing. Mrs. Jacks was so exhausted by the violence of her sneezes and the prolonged period of attack that she fell asleep immediately after obtaining relief. When she awoke in the morning she was unable to see.

Officers Crunk and High and Deputy Sheriff Mitchell made a raid

Birmingham specialists who are treating Mrs. Jacks believes the violence of her sneezing caused a hemorrhage of the blood vessel to the eyes.

All ladies take heed!

Mrs. C.V. Lewis was taken to the hospital yesterday, the victim of an accident which carries a moral for other women. She was in her yard hanging out the week's washing on a line and pinning the clothes up with ordinary pins. These she carried safely in her mouth until she sneezed suddenly and swallowed at least a dozen of them. Since then she has suffered intense agony and at the hospital it was said she was in critical condition.

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing to subscribe to *Old Huntsville*. I am a resident of Dallas, Texas now but was reared in and around Huntsville. I'm visiting my mother here and my niece brought me two copies of your magazine and I couldn't put them down until I had read both copies front to back. I found it to be a very interesting magazine.

I would also like my name to be on the list for a copy of the book that you are publishing. Thank you in advance.

Mrs. Joe D. Smith,
Dallas, Texas

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

I am 89 years old and loved your story about Dr. Burritt. I remember him well and have only one thing to say. You told it like it was!

F. Cantrell
Fayetteville, Tenn.

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

I enjoy reading your magazine very much, please renew my subscription for another year. You are

my link to reliving fond memories of when I grew up in Huntsville. I especially enjoyed Clarence Scott's article on the "Bizarre Life of Dr. Burritt." Keep up the good work.

After revisiting Huntsville recently after many years, I had a couple of questions maybe you or some of your readers could help me with. There used to be a cross atop Monte Sano that was lit up at night and could be seen across town. Whatever happened to it, or is it still there? Also, I was looking for Meadow Hills Baptist Church on Blue Springs Road and saw there is a Seventh Day Adventist church meeting there. Can anyone tell me if the church moved and is under another name? I would really appreciate a response. Thank you so very much!

Dave Anderson, Renton, Wa.

Editor's note:

Yes, the cross is still there and you can still see it at night. But, readers, you will have to help with Dave's second question as I have no idea. If anyone out there knows, please write us in care of *Old Huntsville* and we will get the message to Dave.

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

I am an incurable quilter. I would enjoy seeing some articles on Depression quilts and patterns that were used in the Huntsville area. I know some beautiful quilts came from that area. Any articles that you can run would be well worth reading.

Sue Cordy, Louisville, Ky.

Editor's note:

Well, help us out here, readers. Does anyone have a history on

quilting in Huntsville? We would love to run an article on that.

We have found out, however, that Pat Kyser is a quilter who is of the new figurative design in quilt making. Her handicraft is on exhibit at the Huntsville Museum of Art until April 10 as part of the Encounter Series funded by the Boeing Company. Her quilts introduce intricate designs while preserving the traditional skills.

Dear Editor,

Does anyone know the story about the green frogs on top of the Terry-Hutchens building? Every time we have out of town visitors we take them downtown to show them the frogs. Also, there are sup-

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posedly owls up there as well, but we have not been able to find them. Please shed some light on this for me.

Sibyl Suermann, Huntsville

Editor's Note:

See article on page 32.

Dear Mrs. Carney,

Please send my Aunt Inez a gift subscription to *Old Huntsville*. We love Huntsville and visit every year to do research on our genealogy. Our people came from there in 1901 and we still have distant cousins in Huntsville. My Aunt's name is Inez Riggs.

Also, my grandparents lived on Clinton Street (now Avenue). My father's name was Clinton Stewart - I always wondered if he was named after that street. (Ha!)

Mary Sharp, Amarillo, Texas

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

Last year one of my cousins, who lives in Huntsville, sent me a copy of your article about John Hunt. I was quite skeptical, to say the least, having always accepted the prevailing theory that he left Huntsville within a few years of its founding. Never the less, I was intrigued.

I am a professional geneologist, specializing primarily in the mid-western region, including Missouri. I recently had the opportunity to spend several days in the Missouri State Archives researching the Herring family. A member of this family had married a Hunt so I also did research on that line. Among the papers I ran across was a collection (copies) of letters from John Hunt, Jr., the son of Huntsville's John Hunt. Remembering your article, I was fascinated

when I came across a letter where John Hunt, Jr. stated that his father died in Huntsville in 1822.

I am sending copies for your information. Congratulations, and keep up the good work!

Lois Younger, St. Louis, Mo.

Editor's Note:

John Hunt Jr. was a state legislator in Missouri and died during his term of office. He is buried on the grounds of the Missouri State Capital..

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

I heard a story that Will Rogers' ancestors were from

Guntersville, and that they were Indians. Is there any truth to this story? Also, if it is true do you have any information about the family?

Gerald Higgins, Huntsville

Editor's Note: Yes, Will Rogers was the great grandson of John Gunter, the founder of Guntersville, who had married the daughter of a Cherokee chief. The family was forced to move to Oklahoma during "The Trail of Tears" in 1837.

Look for an upcoming story in *Old Huntsville*.



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The Legend of Rube Burrow

He was one hell of a man. He stood five foot ten, weighed about a hundred and seventy pounds. Some people said he could lift a seven hundred pound bale of cotton without breaking a sweat. But it wasn't the size or the strength that made this man. It was the deadly six-shooter that hung at his side. Yes, Rube Burrow was one terror of a man.

A lot of folks said it was growing up poor that made him take up the life of banditry. He was born in a shack not much better than a lean-to on Dec. 11, 1854. His father was a dirt farmer, while his mother, some say, was a mountain witch. For a small sum, or maybe something in trade, she would recite incantations



that would, supposedly, cure cancers, tumors and lonely hearts.

While he was still a boy, Rube's reputation as a marksman began to spread. Even today there are folks in Lamar County who swear to the story of Rube going bird hunting one day with a pistol, firing 20 shots and killing 19 quail, breaking the wing of the last one.

At the tender age of 18, Rube Burrow left Alabama to seek his fortune out west. Finding a job was no

problem for the healthy lad, but by the time his brother Jim joined him four years later, Rube had grown tired of walking behind a plow. Searching for greater opportunities, they soon discovered that a person could get rich by investing in livestock. Only trouble was, the ranchers called it cattle rustling. Within a couple years Rube and Jim had formed one of the most notorious cattle rustling gangs in Texas.

Unfortunately, Rube's business venture also captured the attention of the local law. With authorities watching his every step, he found it increasingly hard to make an "honest" living by stealing cattle.

In 1886, Rube, Jim and two companions were returning empty-handed from yet another unsuccessful cattle raid. As they rode along dejectedly, Rube noticed tall spiralling plumes of smoke from an approaching locomotive. Suddenly spurring his horse, he called to his companions: "Come on, boys! We're gonna rob a train!"

They did, and the immediate result was three hundred dollars and a dozen watches. But the most important booty, for Rube anyway, was a pair of .45 calibre pistols which he used for the rest of his career. It didn't take the gang long to realize they had embarked on what could be a financially rewarding career.

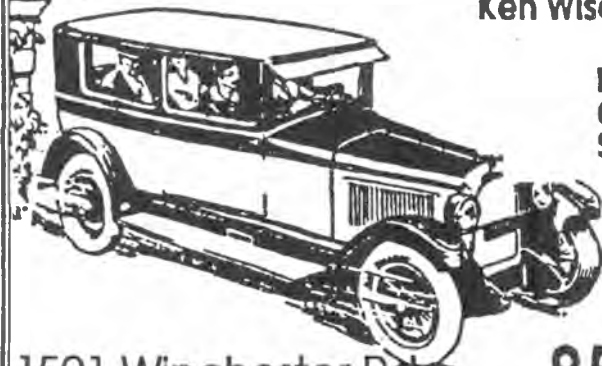
A month later they struck again. This time the take was \$2,275 and assorted jewelry. The Burrow brothers, having second thoughts about their new career, bought a small ranch with their share, determined to become law-abiding citizens.

No one knows exactly whether it was the money or the excitement

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that caused Rube to again don his Colt 45's and hit the outlaw trail, but in less than a year he had put his gang together again.

At this point he developed a technique for robbing trains that would become his trademark. Members of the gang would board the train at the station, and, using a gun poked in someone's face as persuasion, would convince the engineer to stop the train somewhere down the line, usually on top of a trestle. This prevented the passengers from getting off and attacking the robbers.

Such a robbery at Ben Brook, Texas, was so rewarding, the gang returned in three months to rob the same train again. Ironically the train was manned by the same crew. When the engineer looked down the barrels of the now familiar Colt 45's, he asked, "Well Captain, where do you want me to stop this time?" Rube grinned, and with his friendly Alabama drawl said, "Same place, sir, if you don't mind."

Some time after this robbery the Burrow brothers returned to Alabama for a visit. They were greeted in Lamar County as returning hometown heroes. They had made it big in the business world, which reinforced their public image. The Southern Express Railroad had already covered the whole state of Alabama with handbills offering a reward for their capture, but the reward went unclaimed.

People today, reading about this period of the South's history, must remember that this was shortly after the Civil War. Most of the people in Alabama were living a "hand to mouth" existence and anything resembling big business was sure to incur their wrath, as most

big businesses were controlled by the "Yankees." So when Rube and Jim Burrow came riding into town, they did not come as train robbers, but as conquering heroes who were still doing battle with the Yankees.

The fact that Rube gave a good part of his ill-gained loot to the poor of Lamar County also helped him image.

Within a few years Rube was known throughout the Southeast. He committed train robberies in Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas and

Alabama. But for every law officer on his trail there were twice that many people helping the Burrow brothers escape the Yankee infidels.

One of his narrowest escapes was a month after he had robbed the train in Duck Hill, Mississippi. He and his brother eluded capture when officers formed a net around their father's home in Lamar County.

Ducking out the back door in the nick of time, the brothers began walking south, then boarded a train at Brakes Gap, a few miles south of

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Birmingham. It was a day of torrential rainfall, later described as an ominous, gloomy Sunday. The engineer informed the conductor that the two brothers were acting suspicious, mainly because of the guns they carried in their hands. The conductor decided to wire ahead to Montgomery and alert police to the suspicious strangers.

When they reached Montgomery, the local gendarmes met the train. Under questioning, Rube told the police that they were lumber buyers who desired to spend the night in the city, if only the police would recommend a good hotel.

"Sure," said the policeman, "Right this way." Rube and Jim both began to get funny feelings when they saw the hotel looked just like a jail. And to make things worse, patrolman John Martin told them to "consider yourselves under arrest."

"I don't think so," shouted Rube while running for his freedom. In the melee following, brother Jim was captured while a reporter for *The Montgomery Advertiser* acci-

dentally caught a couple of slugs from Rube's 45. That was the last time the *Advertiser* gave the Burrows any good press.

The next day found Rube trapped in a Negro's cabin deep in a dismal swamp, where again he was forced to fight a fierce gun battle to keep his freedom.

After the posse had surrounded the cabin, Burrows was ordered to come out with his hands up. "You'll have to kill me first!" Yelled Rube as he made a dash for the safety of the swamp. Once again he escaped the long arm of the law, but it is still believed by many that loyal Southern citizens made up the posse and let him escape.

Deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, Rube made his way to North Alabama, spending the summer in Madison and Marshall counties. Here, many people believed, he made the acquaintance of "Devil" Monroe Evans, who supposedly joined him in several successful business ventures against the railroads. Unfor-

tunately, by now Rube's face was known throughout the South and before long he had come to the attention of the Marshall County sheriff. After a close call with a local posse, Rube, who was now known as the "Alabama Wolf," was again forced to seek healthier climates. (See related story on Page 50.)

Returning to Lamar County, Rube sat about forming another gang. Several weeks later the band robbed another train in Mississippi. Unfortunately, as the train rolled to a stop, the local law was waiting. Another furious gun battle, another mad dash to freedom and Rube Burrow had escaped once again. His companion, Joe Jackson, was captured and later jumped to his death from a third floor window of the Jackson, Mississippi jail.

Rube had begun to form a pattern by now. Rob a train, and make his way back to the safety of Lamar County. Once back there, he was forced to "hole up," as every law officer in the southeast was hot on his trail. Fast tiring of the slow life

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he was now forced to live, he soon hit upon the novel idea of using a disguise to enable unencumbered travel.

This may have been a good idea, except he had not counted on the slowness of Uncle Sam's postal service in delivering his "genuine ready made, store bought disguise, guaranteed to fool even your own spouse." Trudging down to the post office every day for several weeks irritated Rube, so he and the postmaster had words.

Finally, tiring of the slow postal service, Rube expressed his displeasure by pumping the postmaster's stomach full of lead. This proved to be Rube's undoing.

If there were one man in Lamar County that had more friends than Rube, it was the postmaster. Within hours friends, relatives and townspeople of the slain postal worker had formed a posse and trailed Rube to his family's home. Once again a furious gun battle erupted and the house was surrounded. Loyal fans of the "Alabama Wolf" waited for Rube to make his escape. But it seemed that time had run out for the bandit.

After being captured, Rube was taken to the county jail in Linden, where he was securely bound with a length of rope and placed in a jail cell. The captors were awed by the famous bandit and gathered about him all night long as Rube joked and told of his exploits. As dawn approached, Rube asked the guards to hand him some cakes from his knapsack. Satisfied that the sack contained only food, the guards passed it to Burrow, who then asked that the ropes be removed so that he might eat. When they complied, he opened the sack, removed a cake and ate silently for a few minutes.

Then Rube reached into the sack again, but this time brought out two Colt 45's. The guards quickly agreed with Rube's suggestion that the time had come for him to check out of his present lodging.

But, instead of leaving town, he headed toward the sheriff's house. The bandit who had robbed so many people was furious that the sheriff, after arresting him, had the audacity to relieve him of his guns and other personal belongings. This spelled the final chapter in the career of Rube Burrow. As he approached the house he was met by

an onslaught of bullets, not only from the sheriff but other outraged citizens as well.

Dead before he hit the ground, his corpse signed the end of a lawless era in Alabama history. Train company officials, proud of the demise of their most famous adversary, took possession of the body and displayed it at all stops along the line. When the train bearing Rube Burrow's body reached Birmingham at three in the morning, more than a thousand people, had gathered to view the body of the slain outlaw.

The End

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The Buried Treasure of Rube Burrow

by Emmett Ashworth

All my life my late father, B.E. Ashworth, told me stories of the night Rube Burrow and his brother Jim visited my great-grandfather, Bud Ashworth at his home in Royal, Ala., about 15 miles south of Guntersville.

Along about dusk one evening in 1889, two strangers approached the house and asked permission to spend the night. As was the custom back then, they were invited in, fed a warm meal and given a place to sleep.

Later that night, the family was awakened by the sheriff at the front door, who loudly ordered that Burrow give himself up.

When Bud Ashworth went to the door to talk with the sheriff, the Burrow boys made a hasty exit out a back window. The next day, the sheriff and his posse caught up with the outlaws about four miles north of the United Methodist Church. They were too far away for the posse's shotguns to harm them, so everyone just stared and hoped nothing would happen. Suddenly, one man with a rifle started shooting at the Burrows.

Rube Burrow returned the fire and in the melee following, killed W.P. Woodard. The posse, after getting a taste of the Burrow's gunfire, decided the chase wasn't worth it and returned, chastised, to their homes.

The next day, the brothers were spotted walking into a heavily wooded thicket across from Grave's

farm, carrying what appeared to be heavy saddlebags. A witness later swore that when they exited the thicket they no longer had the bags.

Rube never returned to claim what he had buried in the thicket. Soon afterwards, before anyone could question him about the mysterious saddlebags, he was killed in a fierce gun battle.

All my life my Daddy was convinced that the saddlebags contained treasure from one of the Burrow's numerous robberies. Though we searched for years, no trace was ever found. Most people, by this time, had discounted the whole story, attributing it to mere folklore. Regardless of local beliefs, my father was so firmly convinced that it never entered my mind to doubt him.

Early one summer morning in 1991, an employee of Hiwassee Land Co. was clearing this particular land using heavy equipment. Often times he had found unusual

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objects buried in the ground, so it was not particularly a surprise when he encountered what appeared to be large pieces of leather. Turning his bulldozer off, the man climbed down for a closer look.

Entwined in the roots of a tree were the remnants of two saddlebags, bulging with gold and silver coins. Also found were the remains of what was once bundles of "Federal Greenbacks."

Though the claim was contested by many people, the court, after a lengthy court battle, awarded the treasure to the bulldozer driver.

And thus ended the saga of Rube Burrow's foray into North Alabama.

Emmett Ashworth is pastor of the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church, in Pleasant Hill, near Arab.

Good judgement comes from experience; but experience comes from bad judgement.



Cleaning Up

In the end, that dissolute section of the city that has become notorious in the courts of Madison County and of the beautiful and picturesque Huntsville will soon be nothing more than other sections of the city. All of its boarding house owners and boarders must be out of the city by next Saturday.

Acting upon instructions from Mayor Smith, the police have given notice to a large number of keepers of disorderly houses that they and all of their boarders must be out of the city by Saturday. They are given just that time to make their arrangements to leave.

There will be an almost general exodus of the "women of the town" and only those who have never given trouble to the police will be allowed to remain. Those who stay will be required to conduct their places in an orderly manner or they too will be given notice to leave. Mayor Smith will be commended for this move.

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The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie M. Owens

Normal hearing is taken for granted by many people, without realizing that it is a very complex process. In this country, 28 million people suffer from hearing loss. The ear is an organ which has three parts - the outer ear, the middle ear and the inner ear. The outer, or external ear, includes the ear which we can see and feel as well as the ear canal which leads to the eardrum. The small cavity which is between the eardrum and inner ear makes up that portion of the ear known as the middle ear. The inner ear consists of two parts - the Labyrinth and the Cochlea. The Cochlea is that part which plays a role in the hearing process, and the Labyrinth is associated with balance. The auditory nerve attaches to the Cochlea, and connects the hearing function of the inner ear to the appropriate part of the brain.

When sound waves enter the ear they are transmitted to the small

bones in the middle ear, then to the Cochlea in the inner ear. The Cochlea contains fluid and is lined with very sensitive hair cells which then transmits the sound waves to the auditory nerve and finally to the brain.

Disorders of the ear have various degrees of seriousness. Most disorders of the outer ear are skin disorders and usually not as serious as middle and inner ear problems. One common problem which can decrease hearing is wax in the ear.

This wax is produced to protect the canal of the ear, but it occasionally accumulates to such a degree that it causes blockage. It is essential that this wax be removed.

In the middle ear the most common disorders are infection and damage to the eardrum. Bacteria or Viruses which enter the middle ear either through a perforated eardrum or along the eustachian or auditory tube from the back of the nasal cavity, are the common cause. Some conductive hearing loss is a com-

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mon symptom in many middle ear disorders caused by infections, accumulation of fluid or pus behind the eardrum and sometimes damage to the delicate bones that conduct sound to the inner ear. With appropriate and prompt medical treatment, damage can be avoided. Sometimes surgical intervention is required.

As we grow older, the tiny hair cells which line the fluid filled Cochlea in the inner ear begin to deteriorate. This is probably because of life long exposure to noise, and as a result we do not conduct the sound messages as efficiently. Because this hearing loss is due to the deterioration of these hair cells in the inner ear, it is referred to as the sensorineural hearing loss. This damage to the Cochlea is irreversible, so prevention is very important.

This condition usually affects most people over 65. The degeneration process may start as early as one's middle thirties but usually does not become noticeable until the mid sixties. Men are more susceptible than women, probably because they have jobs that expose them to

high noise levels. Another cause of hearing loss is exposure to loud rock music over long periods of time. Some experts believe that some of the hearing loss experienced by older adults may be the result of circulatory problems such as heart disease, high blood pressure or diabetes, which diminish the supply of blood to the region. Also, certain medications, drugs and large doses of aspirin are associated with hearing loss.

Some good news is that recent research at the University of Washington in Seattle shows that it just may be possible to regrow delicate hair cells, resulting in the restoration of hearing. This research still has a long way to go to come up with something meaningful and positive as far as the human being is concerned. At the present time the hearing aid is the only solution to alleviate the loss of hearing. However this is not for everyone. Any noticeable loss of hearing should be called to the attention of your physician.

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The Children of John Hunt

John Hunt, Jr. was born March 8, 1781 in Sullivan County, a part of North Carolina's western frontier. Years later much of Sullivan County would become what is now known as the eastern part of Tennessee.

As a child he undoubtedly led a normal life, surrounded by numerous relatives and family friends. The most unusual thing about John was his passion for reading. A niece would later write that John, as a young boy, would accompany his friends on hunting trips, only to mysteriously disappear in a few hours. The friends would later find him sitting under a tree, absorbed in reading a book.

When his family moved to the site of present day Tazewell, Tenn., they quickly became prosperous through his father's land speculation and running a public house. On his 21st birthday he was selected to be a member of the first Grand Jury to meet in the newly formed county of Claiborne.

On Sept. 14, 1803, John married Rhoda Henderson. Rhoda was the daughter of Thomas Henderson, a close friend of John Hunt, Sr., who had also served in the Revolutionary War with him.

When John Hunt, Sr. moved to Alabama the following year, young John chose to stay behind. In 1817, John was elected as sheriff of Claiborne County, a position that his father had held years before. He would continue to be elected to this job until 1836 when he chose not to run for office again.

After receiving numerous letters from his children in Missouri describing the rich lands there, John decided that it was time for him to move also. In the spring of 1837, accompanied by his wife and sev-

eral of the children, John loaded his possessions in a wagon and began the long trek to Polk County, Missouri.

Many of his friends and relatives had preceded him, so upon his arrival he was automatically afforded a position as a leader in the community. This trust cumulated in him being elected as a state legislator.

As an active and forceful politician, much of his time was taken by the increasing tensions arising over the issue of slavery. Ironically, many of these tensions arose over a slave named Dred Scott, who had sued for his freedom. Scott had once been a slave in Huntsville, Alabama, the same city that John's father had founded.

On March 27, 1847, John Hunt, Jr., after a long period of illness died while attending a session of the state legislature.

As a sign of respect, the Missouri State legislature voted to intern him on the grounds of the State Capital.



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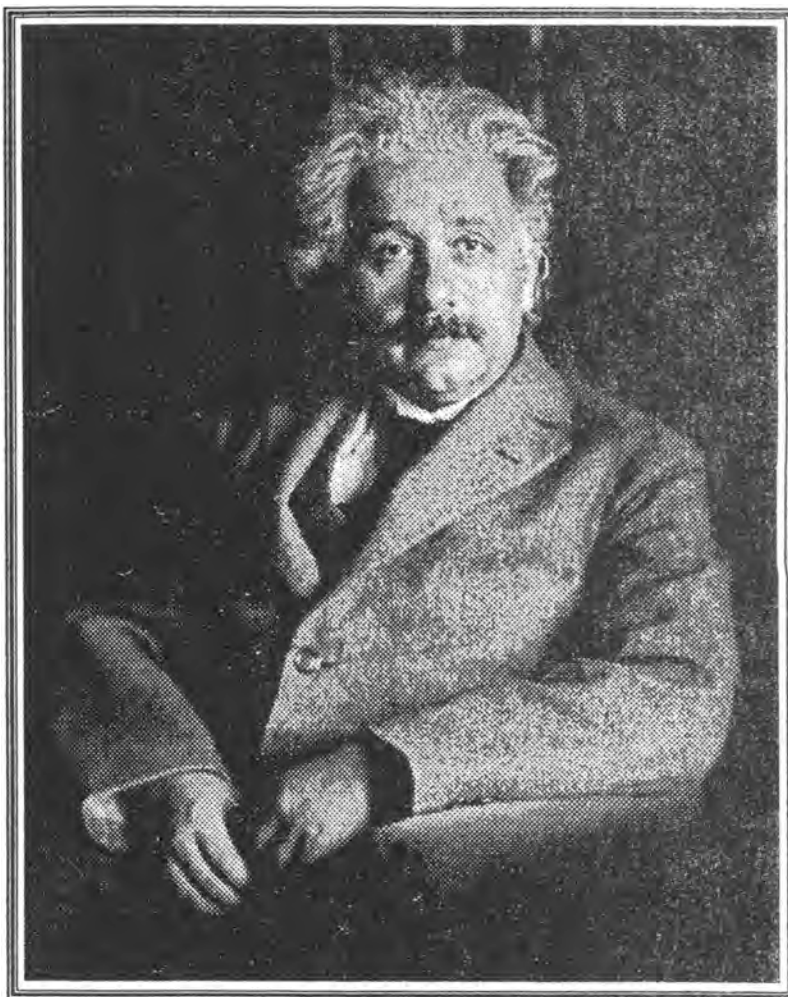
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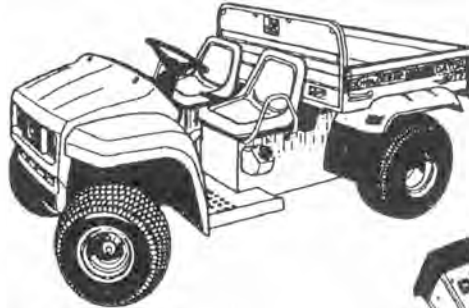
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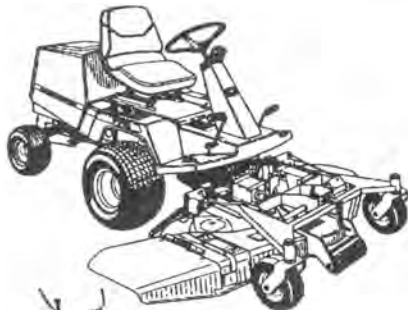
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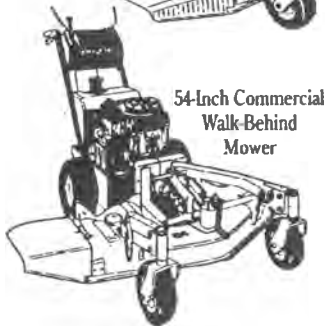
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