

Also in this issue: "Huntsville's Ladies of The Night"

The Diary of Mary Chadick

by Charles Rice

"Truly our town is full of the enemy," wrote Mrs. Mary Jane Chadick in her diary on April 12, 1862. "Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it."

Mary Jane Chadick was the wife of Rev. William Davidson Chadick of Huntsville's Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Living in the city throughout the four long years of war, she diligently kept a diary of all that transpired under the Union occupation. It remains as a priceless record of those trouble-some times between 1861 and 1865.

Mrs. Chadick was born Mary Jane Cook in 1819 in Massachusetts. Her father, David Cook, a Rhode Island-born machinist, had brought his family to Steubenville, Ohio, in the early 1830s. Some ten years later, they moved south to Lebanon, Tennessee. It was there that Jane Cook met her husband, a 32-year-old widower with four children. Jane was already 30 when she married on December 5, 1849. She would have five children of her own

A few years after their marriage, Rev. Chadick was sent to Huntsville, becoming minister of the beautiful Greek Revival-style church built by architect George Steele on the corner of Lincoln and Randolph streets. (It was torn down at the turn of the century and re-

placed by Central Presbyterian.) The Chadick family would make their home in Huntsville for many years to come.

Mrs. Chadick began her informative diary the day the Union Army occupied Huntsville. She probably intended it to be read by her husband, who was then away in the Confederate Army.

Rev. Chadick had gone to war in April 1861, first as chaplain of the 4th Alabama Infantry Regiment. A veteran of the Creek Indian War of 1836, he had picked up a musket at Manassas and fought through the battle as a private. Chadick resigned his chaplaincy in the fall of 1861 and returned home to help raise an infantry battalion. Huntsville's Nicholas Davis became lieutenant colonel and W. D. Chadick the major. Davis soon resigned due to poor health and Chadick took over command.

Three days before the Battle of Shiloh, Chadick's 1st Alabama Battalion became part of the 26th Alabama Infantry Regiment. Chadick as the senior officer should have become colonel. However, the position was given to John G. Coltart, whose own 7th Alabama Regiment had refused to reenlist under him. Chadick was incensed, but he agreed to serve as lieutenant colonel.

As it turned out, Chadick did lead his regiment at Shiloh. At the first enemy fire, most of the officers fell wounded, including Colonel Coltart. Chadick's horse was hit, and he dismounted to fight on foot. A minie ball tore through his clothing, but the fighting parson remained unhurt. Five days later, Ormsby Mitchel's army marched into undefended Huntsville.



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"They entered at daybreak," said Jane Chadick, "first taking possession of the railroad and some 15 engines. The southern train was just coming in, having on board 159 Confederate soldiers, some wounded, going to their homes, and others, who had been on furlough, returning to their regiments.

"The train endeavored to make its escape, but was fired into by two cannons. One of the fireman was seriously wounded. All aboard were taken prisoners. The well soldiers were confined in the depot house, and the wounded remained in the cars.

"The telegraph office and post office were next seized. Many wounded soldiers quartered in town and many prominent citizens and refugees made their escape during the day. Among them was the secretary of war, Pope Walker, the Hon. John Bell and others. There was a great deal of excitement and consternation among the citizens, as it had not been generally believed that the enemy would come here." Huntsville's worst nightmare had come true.

Jane Chadick would chronicle Huntsville's trials and tribulations over the next four months of occupation. It was Mrs. Chadick and her friends who tended to the sick and wounded Confederates, most of whom had not eaten for some time. "We found them still on the cars," she wrote, "in a very uncomfortable position, and many of them suffering dreadfully, having no nourishment in two days!" The Huntsville women returned with enough food for all.

"Some of the Federal officers informed us that their wagon trains would not be in for two days (so forced had been their march), and that they would have to tax the citizens for food for their own men." Thus the Huntsville citizens were forced to stretch their limited resources to support the soldiers of both the rival armies.

Mrs. Chadick faithfully recorded life under Ormsby Mitchel's heavy handed rule. She described the daily humiliations, the suffering, and occasional loss of life. She also told of General Mitchel's. rage against Captain Frank Gurley and his daring band of Confederate horsemen.

"General Mitchel has been in a rage all the week," she wrote on April 28, 1862, "on account of the cutting of the telegraph poles and lines, the tearing up of the railroad tracks, firing into the trains, and holds the citizens responsible for the same, having had 12 of the most prominent arrested. It is probable that the work of our cavalry has annoyed him excessively, as they are constantly picking off his men."

The hostages were incarcerated in the court house until they agreed to sign a statement condemning guerrilla warfare in principle. Once they had finally done that, General Mitchel seemed to be satisfied.

Ormsby Mitchel was indeed an odd individual. He was obviously incensed because the people of the South did not welcome him as a conquering hero. "General Mitchel complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the 'cold shoulder' by not having received them into their social circle!" noted Mrs. Chadick on May 12. "Some of the Unionists gave a picnic and invited two of his officers, who accepted and went. The next day he had them arrested. Some folks were malicious enough to attribute it to



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jealousy, because he was not invited himself."

On June 12, Mitchel's family arrived, and the Union commander's social pretensions became even worse. "Furniture, bed, table linens and piano were taken from the hotel to furnish the Lawson Clay house for their reception," said Mrs. Chadick. "The statuary and pictures were also taken for that purpose from the [Meredith] Calhoun place." General Mitchel clearly believed the old adage about the spoils belonging to the victor.

Ormsby Mitchel ruled Huntsville as an absolute dictator. To the people's relief, however, he was recalled to Washington on July 1, 1862. Mitchel had to answer to charges that he had taken advantage of his position to speculate in cotton. His superior, General Don Carlos Buell, also accused him of

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536-9558 810 Wellman Ave. losing control of his men, permitting them to commit atrocities against civilians with impunity. Huntsville breathed easier once the arrogant Ohio astronomer was gone.

General Mitchel's family remained behind for a time, hoping he would be returned to command. "The Mitchels are left here in the care of Mrs. Judge Lane," wrote Jane Chadick. "They seem to be enjoying themselves in the enemy's country. Yesterday, they took a trip to the mountain. Dashed by here in two carriages, with Kate Lane and Mrs. Clemens, right in front of the funeral procession of a poor soldier who was shot on picket duty." It seems the whole Mitchel family had a knack for earning people's dislike. Fortunately for Huntsville, however, General Mitchel never returned

It is the little details Jane Chadick preserved that make the war come alive to us. On August 6, 1862, for example, she described an incident involving Matthew Steele. a son of the Huntsville architect. "Matt Steele was arrested yesterday on the charge of pulling [George S.] Wilson, the tailor's, whiskers, for being civil to a Federal officer. Gen. Rousseau treated it as a very grave offense and an insult to the U.S. government, and asked him 'if he did not think it was a very cowardly act.' Mr. Steele replied that he thought it was, as Mr. Wilson did not resent it."

Unlike Ormsby Mitchel, his successor, Major General Lovell H. Rousseau at least possessed a sense of humor. Mrs. Chadick noted, "The trains were again fired into last night, between Elkton and Pulaski. Gen. Rousseau declared that he intends to make Drs. Ross and Ban-

nister [of First Presbyterian and the Church of the Nativity] run the trains, as they are prepared to die, and his men are not."

And then on August 31, 1862, the Union troops suddenly with-drew from Alabama.

"Awoke a little after midnight by the sound of heavy tramping of feet, the sound of voices, uttering the most dreadful curses, the rattling of wagons in the street," wrote Jane Chadick. "Sprang out of bed and looked through the shutters to see what it meant, when, lo and behold, it was the Lincoln army making their anxiously wished for exit from Huntsville. Could hardly believe it, so joyful the thought.

"All the children were up and in a state of great excitement. Joined them on the back porch to look at lurid glares of fires burning in different directions, fearing they had set fire to some parts of the town. Learned since that it was corn, meat and other articles being destroyed to prevent them from falling into our hands.

"This is like the Sabbath morning we once enjoyed, except that there is a perfect rush by the Negroes to the different camps to bring away their plunder, and the people cannot suppress their joy."

Later that day, Frank Gurley and his men entered the city. "A perfect crowd of ladies and gentlemen rushed to the square to greet them, and Capt. Gurley was literally crowned with wreaths of ivy and flowers." The day of deliverance had arrived.

Regrettably, Mrs. Chadick ceased her diary with the Union retreat. Thus the events that occurred over the next ten months went unreported. Rev. Chadick had resigned

his army commission because of crippling rheumatism and returned home, and his wife obviously felt no need to keep her diary. However, Chadick would soon accept a position as a colonel on Governor John G. Shorter's staff.

Huntsville's halcyon days of freedom came to an abrupt end in the summer of 1863. Union cavalry began a series of raids through North Alabama, frequently entering the still undefended city. Jane Chadick took up her diary once more.

General David Stanley's cavalry came first Stanley's main purpose seems to have been to round up all the black men they could find for forced labor.

"Such a scene!" Jane Chadick wrote one Sunday morning in July. "While the Negroes were all assembled at church, the Yankees surrounded the building and, as the men came out, seized them. Such a scare as it gives them. Some got away and succeeded in hiding from their pursuers. Others were run down by those on horseback. The black women were running in every direction, hunting their husbands and children. It is really heart-rending to a looker on. These are their friends—the Abolitionists!"

Several more raids followed, and in late August Mrs. Chadick herself became a target. Federal troops appeared at her door and demanded to search her house. "For what purpose?' I asked. 'For soldiers, madam." The Yankees had come seeking Colonel Chadick. "I told him that I did not know upon whose information they were making the search, whether white or black, but was happy to inform them that my husband was safe over the

river some 10 days since. 'My authority, madam, was white. We don't take black,'" replied the Union officer. The men in blue then left, taking Mrs. Chadick's horse with them.

Jane Chadick then went to seek the return of her animal. When she failed to obtain satisfaction from a Captain McCormick, she approached the Federal commander, Colonel Edwin McCook. "The colonel received me politely, and said, 'Mrs. Chadick, I have this moment received a note from Captain McCormick, asking me to come and look after your horse, and if it is in my power, I will restore him to

you."

In the course of their conversation, McCook mentioned that he was from Steubenville, Ohio. Mrs Chadick told him she had lived there herself. "What was your name before you were married?' he asked 'Miss Cook,' I told him. 'Not Miss McCook?' he asked, and said that he expected I dropped the Mc when I came South. I laughingly repelled the charge, and he resumed the questions.

"'Did you have three brothers, Dave, George and Pard?' I nodded. 'Did you not have a sister, Jane?' I replied that was my name. 'I thought your countenance was strangely fa-



miliar to me. When a boy, you kept me from being put in jail, and I have never forgotten you.'

"I remembered him well," continued Mrs. Chadick, "but had forgotten the circumstances. He soon recalled it to my recollection. A funeral procession was passing, when several little boys, himself and one of my brothers among them, got into a fuss and made a great noise in the street. It was near the jail. The constable came out and was going to shut them all up in it, to frighten and punish them. I was looking out of the window, saw it all and went to the rescue. The boys were crying and thought they were all disgraced forever, and, with difficulty, I begged them off."

"McCook also said that I had whipped him once when in a fight with my brother, and that I was the only Rebel that ever had whipped him. Too, that I should have my horse, and expressed much regret that my house had been searched, and said that he supposed it was some staff officer who had taken it upon himself." Friends could indeed turn up in the strangest places.

After McCook's cavalry left, Mrs. Chadick and her family decided to leave Huntsville to escape further Union raids. Fortunately for history, however, she was unable to locate transportation for her household goods. Thus the return of the Union Army in October 1863 found her still in Huntsville dutifully keeping her diary.

Alexander McCook, now promoted to general, appeared at her home to search for her husband. "I came in person that you might not be rudely treated in any way," he explained. That night Union troops surrounded the house to watch for Colo-

nel Chadick, who by good fortune had already escaped. However, young Susan Chadick took fright and went to her room to load her pistol. Somehow, Sue managed to shoot herself through the hand, adding to the confusion of the day. Furthermore, the Union troops, it turned out, had now come back to stay.

"The conduct of these Yankees is shameful," she wrote. "They are constantly firing in the streets, endangering the lives of passersby. One of them shot a citizen [Reuben Street] so that his arm had to be amputated. In some instances, they have entered private houses, taking clothing, blankets, food, et cetera." One suspects the Union troops sent to garrison Huntsville were not exactly the best the Union Army had to offer.

The Union soldiers also resumed their practice of impressing black Southerners. On November 16, 1863, noted Mrs. Chadick, "the Yankees came into town in considerable force, took up all the able-bodied black men to fight for them, telling them they wanted them to go and hold Nashville, while they went out to fight our army."

In reality, even the more populous North was tiring of the war and finding it difficult to recruit enough soldiers. The North decided to solve the problem by forcing Southern black men to join their army. Many of the ex-slaves thus merely exchanged one master for another -- and the new one did not particularly seem to care if they got killed.

Huntsville would remain in Union hands almost continually through the end of the war. Jane Chadick faithfully continued to write everything of note in her diary. She described the smallpox epidemic in 1864, and often expressed her sadness at being separated from her husband. "He came to the river at Whitesburg and sent word across under flag of truce that he was well," she noted on March 27, 1864. "Only 10 miles rule between us, and yet I could not see him!"

Her writings provide us with a moving account of a Southern



woman's life during this trying period in our nation's existence. It is a side of the war seldom mentioned in the history books

In early 1864, the dreaded General Sherman arrived and began stockpiling military stores for his Atlanta campaign. A fortress was built on Patton Hill (now called Echols Hill) to command the city and the surrounding countryside. Once again, the Union soldiers began rounding up black men to do the work for them. By now, it is surprising they found any left in Huntsville. The city was slowly being turned into a Union Army stronghold.

Nevertheless, the Confederates still managed to keep the Union occupiers from becoming too complacent. "Our troops are fighting the Yankees at Indian Creek, have torn up the railroad below and are thought to be advancing on Hunts-

ville," wrote Mrs. Chadick on May 17, 1864. It was Patterson's cavalry raiding the Union supply depot at Madison. Roddey's cavalry also spooked the Federals in late June, but did not approach the city. Then in September, Bedford Forrest raided west of Huntsville, capturing Athens and the forts guarding the railroad as far north as Pulaski, Tennessee.

"A Fed said yesterday that Forrest was a dashing-looking officer and the most taking one in his ways he had ever seen," wrote Mrs. Chadick. "It is plain the enemy fears him."

Forrest did send some of his men under General Abraham Buford to threaten the Huntsville garrison. On the night of September 30, 1864, Mrs. Chadick and all of Huntsville had a considerable fright. "It was Willie Harris come to tell us that Gen. Buford had de-

manded an unconditional surrender, and that Gen. Granger had replied that he would 'burn the town first, and that he would fight him there, or in the [sic] fon.' Granger sent word to Mrs. Toney that he would give all the citizens two hours to get out of the town. Horrible! Now, what is to be done."

The next morning, the panic continued. "Cannons are booming from the fort. Some of them are making the children cry, and all begging to go. So we packed them into the wagon with a lunch and a few things, and sent them out to old Mrs. [George] Steele's under Jennie's care." Jane Chadick decided to stay and tough it out. Firing continued around the city until about 9 a.m. And then the Confederates disappeared.

"It is now generally understood that the whole thing was a feint on the part of Gen. Forrest to



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enable him to get 200 wagons, which he captured from the enemy, across the river," she wrote. Huntsville had survived its closest call of the war.

Then in November, it was the Yankees turn to panic. General John Bell Hood and the entire Confederate Army of Tennessee was marching west just across the Tennessee River. The Union garrison quickly began preparing to flee.

"They say that Hood's whole army is at Decatur, and Forrest in front of them," wrote Mrs. Chadick. "They were burning the papers belonging to the provost marshal's office in the courthouse yard, and there was a great stir among the enemy generally. It is said that Rebel cavalry are hovering in the neighborhood, and that seven Negro soldiers were killed today near the house of Charley Strong."

By Sunday evening, November 27, 1864, Huntsville was once again free. Colonel A. A. Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry entered the city the following morning, joined

by part of Mead's Battalion under "Bushwhacker" Johnston.

Two weeks later, a friend came to visit Jane Chadick. He said, "Mrs. Chadick, here is something at the gate that you love very much." It was W D., home at last. "After an exile of 14 months, he is once more permitted a short repose in the bosom of his family," she wrote. "Our joy is too great, too great for expression. We can only thank God for bringing about this happy reunion and enjoy it deep down in our heart of hearts."

Alas, Hood's army met defeat at Nashville and Southern hopes were dashed. Union cavalry reoccupied Huntsville on December 21, and Mrs. Chadick's husband was fortunate to escape. The brief Confederate interlude had come to an end.

"Just at daylight, the Yankees burst in upon the waking inhabitants," she wrote. "O, their appearance was more like imps from the bad world than like human beings. They broke open stores, rifled private houses and cut up generally.

"At Mr. [Benjamin] Jolley's, who has always been a good Union man, they took everything that they could lay their hands upon. Children's clothing, jewelry, hoop skirts, going into the rooms where the young ladies were not yet out of bed. Billy [Mrs. Chadick's stepson] went up town, and they took his hat off his head and ordered Mr. Donegan to take off his boots, which he positively refused to do, and they had to pass on."

Soldiers also came to search Mrs. Chadick's home, supposedly looking for firearms. Instead, they stole all the food they could find. Adding to Mrs. Chadick's worries was the fact that her 16-year-old stepson, Edward, had run away to join the Confederate Army.

Eddie had enlisted in the "Jordan Life Guards, made up of most of the nicest boys in Huntsville." Thomas Jordan was the captain. The company was with Roddey's cavalry when they were attacked at Indian Creek on December 23. Captain Jordan was captured along with 48 other Confederates, but Eddie got away safely. "The wounded men were badly cut up with saber cuts, as it was a hand-to-hand fight, and the enemy says that the young Rebels fought bravely."

"What a contrast between this and a New Year's morning five years ago, before the advent of this miserable war!" she wrote on January 1, 1865. "Then the house echoed with many voices crying to each other, 'I wish you a Happy New Year!' But, this morning each child seems to know and feel by common consent that there is no happy new year in store for us, and all such expressions are hushed.



"When each day brings with it such terrible and startling events, what may be the record of the coming year? I dread to think of it. It is a sad day for me from many causes. Separated from my husband under the most trying circumstances, for I know not how long a period, with the cares of a large family upon my hands with prospects most gloomy. I am just recovering from another one of my nervous attacks, which are becoming more frequent of late"

The long years of war were finally taking their toll upon her. As if there were not enough to worry about, she soon heard that Eddie had been captured at Mount Hope, Alabama, and sent to Camp Chase prison in Ohio. She received a letter from him one day. "He says that he never knew before what a good home he had, and promised to be a better boy, if spared to return to it!"

The war was becoming increasingly vicious around Huntsville. One night four Union soldiers forced their way into Mrs. Chadick's servant's quarters, put a pistol to the servant's head and threatened to kill the woman if she made any noise. The thieves "took all my milk, three hams and dried beef and bottles of wine, my silver castor and everything eatable they could find." They also robbed the black servant of what little she possessed.

"We citizens are beginning to find it difficult to procure provisions for our table. Everything in the country has been taken, and the country people have not enough for themselves." And still the Yankees continued to steal from them. However, there was one Yankee she came to be very grateful for.

Samuel W. Fordyce was a 25-year-old Ohioan. Stationed in Huntsville the previous year, he had evidently taken a liking to 24-year-old Susan Chadick. Fordyce had resigned his captain's commission and returned to Alabama. "He is singularly handsome and gentlemanly, has bearing, and is highly popular with both friend and foe," wrote Jane Chadick. "He is ever ready to do citizens and all a favor."

Fordyce furthered endeared



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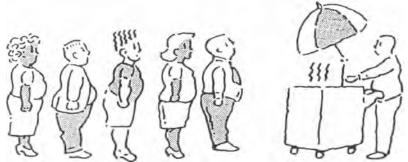
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himself to the Chadicks by going to see young Eddie at Camp Chase. He gave Eddie "an entire outfit consisting of a suit of gray, a pair of boots, two shirts, two drawers, two silk handkerchiefs and four pairs of socks and \$50 in money!" This is a specimen of noble generosity in an enemy, if such he could be called." she wrote. Another ex-Union soldier who had been well treated when a prisoner by a Chadick cousin accompanied Fordyce. He provided an additional \$120 for Eddie's use at the prison. Mrs. Chadick was delighted to find that there still were decent people left in the North.

Then in April 1865, the end came quickly. Richmond fell to Grant and Lee's army was cornered and forced to surrender. Lincoln was murdered by Booth, and Joseph Johnston surrendered the Army of Tennessee to Sherman in North Carolina. The war was finally over.

Eddie Chadick was released from Camp Chase on May 12. Still, Rev. Chadick had not appeared. "What then keeps him from returning?" she wrote apprehensively. "Perhaps he is ill."

At last, on May 26, 1865, Jane Chadick's ordeal ended. "Sue came in and said, 'Ma, Eddie has come and is on his way here in the omnibus!' It was no surprise, as we were looking for him; but we were not looking for W. D., who got out of the omnibus at the same time, to our very great surprise. The meeting was one of great joy, mixed with sadness. When we thought of the painful weeks and months of separation, borne of patience and fortitude for the sake of the cause, and then the unfortunate result! He was surrendered by Gen. Dick Taylor and was paroled in Memphis, returning home by way of Nashville. He there met Eddie and thus they came together."

Mrs. Chadick concluded her diary with that happy reunion. "The war being over and the dear ones returned, there will be little more of interest for these pages. Therefore, you and I, dear journal, close friends as we have been, united by every bond of sympathy, must part. We have shared each other's gladness and wept each other's tears. Whenever my eyes rest upon you, it will be with feelings of gratitude and affection for the consolation you have afforded me in these days of trial. Farewell!"

Oh, and remember Samuel Fordyce, the ex-captain from Ohio? He married Sue Chadick and settled in Huntsville. In 1876, he relocated to Arkansas, where he became president of a railroad. Fordyce later moved to St. Louis. After her husband's death, Jane Chadick resided there with him. Fordyce himself explained the peculiar situation. "I was in the Federal service during

the war," he said, "and have been in the Confederate since."

The End

HARD TIMES,

The Civil War In North Alabama

The preceding story was taken from an upcoming book by Charles Rice, entitled "Hard Times, The Civil War in North Alabama," soon to be published by "Old Huntsville."

Charles Rice has become known as one of the foremost experts on the Civil War in North Alabama. He has several books on Asian nightlife to his credit besides editing "The Sword of Bushwhacker Johnston." Mr. Rice is a Vietnam combat veteran and a former Peace Corps Volunteer.

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A Yankee Writer Home

Bellefonte, Ala. Aug., 23, 1863

Dear Parents

"Away down in Alabama," you exclaim as your eye catches the heading of the letter. Yes, we are away down on Alabama and right glad of, at last, finding a resting place, after a long and weary march of six days from Tullahoma.

On Sunday afternoon the 16th our quiet meditation was suddenly interrupted by an order to be in readiness to march in two hours. Long before that time had expired everything was in readiness and at 4 p.m. we started on our way rejoicing in the direction of Winchester

The men were never in better spirits since we left Camp Butler or Green River; they acted like so many school boys just let loose from school. Every little occurrence that could be construed into something funny, provoked a roar of applause and laughter, like that you would hear at a political meeting when the speaker relates a funny anecdote. One unlucky fellow whose eyes were evidently not gazing upon the way he should go stumbled and fell as we marched out of camp. This was ridiculous in the extreme and of course had to be announced in the usual noisy manner.

We marched that evening eight miles before encamping. Early next morning we moved out again and



100 Jefferson Street 534-5681

reached Winchester about noon. It is a beautiful village, laid out with great taste, and pleasantly located in a fertile and productive country. It forms a striking contrast with the old fashioned, dilapidated towns we have been accustomed to see in Kentucky and Tennessee. There was but one objections to the country, the scarcity of water. In the march of 30 miles south of Tullahoma we did not see a single spring.

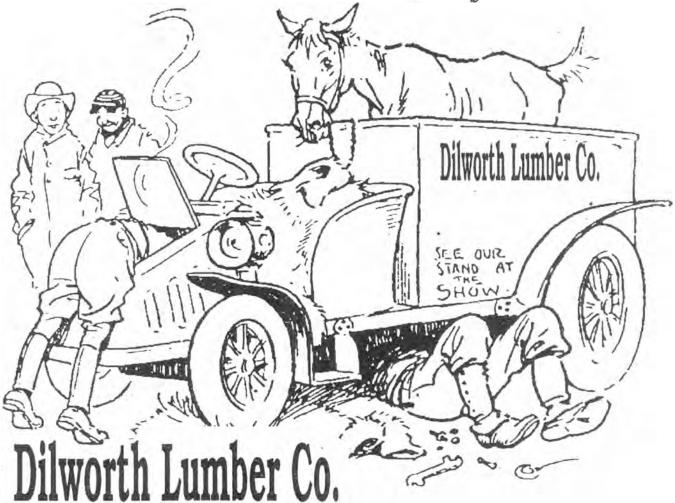
During the afternoon of the 18th, we reached Larkin Creek in

this state. Here, our route for ten miles lay along the course of the stream. The road crossed and recrossed, and in many places followed the bed of the stream for a couple of rods. There were no bridges of any kind and the men on foot had to follow the road, wading through the water which was in many places almost waist deep.

with six miles of water to navigate. We were in a deep valley shut in on all sides by frowning mountains, and

as the moon did not shine, we would pick our way up out of one ford. and scarcely before we had set our feet on dry land, splash, splash, we would go plunging again into the water, there to be stopped in the middle of the stream by the sudden halt of the team in front standing there until some wagon was lifted out of the rut. We would again The nightfall found us, still stumble on to plunge in more mud holes, or wade through more water. It was about midnight when we encamped, when almost every man

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415 Church Street 539-4123 Complete line of building materials and fast delivery weary as he was, threw himself on the ground in his wet clothing to steal a little slumber. I knew not a single man who was taken down from the effects of that soaking.

On the morning of the fifth we again, moved off and reached the foot of the principal mountain about noon. There the road ascends the side of the mountain almost perpendicularly. Yet up thus place we were to drag all our wagons. From 10 to 12 mules were hitched to each wagon, and as many men to push behind --knapsacks, blankets and shelter tents were all carried by the men and yet it required twenty-four_ hours hard labor to draw the teams of this brigade to the top. Our brigade was the first to ascend, and as soon as we reached the summit which was at noon on the 20th, we moved another eight miles further and encamped, being still on top of the mountain. It is there 10 miles wide and comparatively level.

On the 21st we began to descend and soon found ourselves in a rich valley along which we continued for 15 mile until we reached Bellefonte on the same day. The 1st brigade of this division arrived here yesterday afternoon and the 3rd brigade is expected this afternoon. Upon our arrival here the 34th was detailed by General Johnson as provost guards to the town, and Lt. Col. Van Tapsell appointed provost marshal.

Yesterday morning headquarters was moved to the court house and the Adjutant Office located in the room formerly occupied by the Clerk of Court. We found all of the records of the County (Jackson) scattered over the floor. The documents were dated as far back as

1820. About fifty large books, we reserved while the remaining books and papers were collected in one great heap and burned. There were not less than 3 bushels of marriage licenses and bonds signed by the Jeremiah's, and his X mark, and Elizabeth's, her X Mark. Not one out of ten could sign their own name.

Thus building is an excellent one for this country, it is built of brick, and 2 stories high. It is surrounded by a fine cluster of locust and altogether is a very pleasant place for persons who have within the last two years spent as little time within a house as I have

It is less than a mile to the bank of the Tennessee River from this place. There are plenty of Rebels just across the river and plainly seen by some of our men who went to the river to bathe.

> Lynnar S. Widney Sgt., 4th Illinois, Union Army

Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else get your way.
Billy Ringold,
Carpenter



Hints From Granny's Kitchen

If you're having a party and desperately need a large ice bucket for storing ice and many bottles, how about using your washer? Just fill it about a quarter full of cold water, add the ice and bottles to be chilled. After your party, when all the bottles have been removed and the ice has melted, just put your washer setting on "spin."

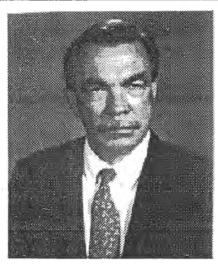
Finding spices is usually a hassle To make it easier, either arrange them alphabetically in your shelves or use a two-decker turn-



ing shelf tray, with the ground spices on one level and the dried herbs on the other.

To keep your freshly opened jar of mustard fresher longer, just place a thin slice of lemon on top right before you put the lid back on.

Try making ice cubes from your leftover tea. You would probably throw it away anyway, and this will keep your tomorrow's tea from being as diluted as it would with watery ice cubes.



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Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- 1. The Way It Was The Other Side of Huntsville's History. Rich and bizarre stories of Huntsville's past by native Huntsvillian Tom Carney (\$15.95).
- 2. Mid-South Garden Guide The Best Handbook for Zone 7 (That's us) Gardening (\$14.95).
- 3. Huntsville Heritage Cookbook 95000 copies in print (\$14.95).
- 4. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th Edition (\$10.00).
- 5. True Tales of Old Madison County Reprinted by the Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$5.00).
- 6. More Than Conquerors Local author Kay Cornelius' inspirational historical romance set in Huntsville during the Civil War (\$4.95).
- 7. Chilton County Peaches Cooking * Storing * Canning * Freezing * Recipes (5.00).
- 8. The Sword of Bushwhacker Johnston The Civil War in Madison & Jackson Counties (\$19.95).
- 9. Coldwater Indian Artifacts Price Guide by Doug Puckett of Sheffield (\$19.95).
- 10. Antique Athens and Limestone County A Photographic Journey 1809 1949 (\$19.95).

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The Fiction of History



The Pilgrims did not land at Plymouth Rock and no, George Washington was not the first president!

Sounds preposterous? No more than our own history right here in Huntsville.

The belief that the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock rests solely on the recollection of a ninety-five year old man, 120 years after the event. Thomas Faunce told a crowd that his father, who arrived in America three years after the Mayflower, had once pointed out to him the rock as the place where the

pilgrims had landed

There is no other evidence for the tradition.

Unfortunately, as the Coast Guard has pointed out numerous times since, the current would have made it impossible for a small boat to land at that spot. Ironically, Plymouth Rock never entered our history books until the 1800's when it was used to advertise soap.

The first president of the United States was not George Washington. In 1781, Maryland finally signed the Articles of Confederation and the union between the

thirteen states became an actuality. John Hanson, the man who signed for Maryland, was immediately elected president. His formal title was President of the United States.

Even George Washington, himself, addressed Hanson as President of the United States. When Washington won his victory at Yorktown, Hanson sent the general a letter of congratulations. Washington wrote back at once, addressing the letter to the president of the United States.

Incidentally, many history books from the early 1800's also list Hanson as the first president.

Another great deception that has been foisted upon the American people is the celebration of the 4th of July as our nation's Independence Day.

Independence from England had been declared two days earlier on July 2, 1776.

Our second president of the United States of America, John Adams, in a letter to his wife, pre-

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YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS AND HAMPTONS

Gibson's

dicted that "the Second day of July, 1776 will be the most memorable Epocha, in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated, by succeeding Generations, as the great anniversary Festival."

To further undermine the real date, a nineteenth century editor, in publishing Adam's original letter, changed the date and had Adams informing his wife that "the Fourth of July, 1776," would be the great date in history.

Even the story of Bunker Hill is a myth. The famous battle actually took place on Breeds Hill, some two thousand feet away. By 1893 so many people believed the story that the authorities changed the name of Breed Hill to Bunker Hill, in an attempt to correct history.

Probably the biggest hoax handed down in our history books is the tale about the Liberty Bell. It did hang in the statehouse but it was not rung upon the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The name, "Liberty Bell" was given it in 1839, symbolizing the hope for freedom of black slaves, not the independence of white Americans from Britain.

The accounts of slavery have become so twisted in our history that it is now hard to discern the truth from fiction. Thomas Jefferson kept a black mistress and actually had children by her. Richard M. Johnson, vice president under Martin Van Buren, referred to his slavemistress as his wife and attended official White House functions with her. When she proved to be unfaithful, Johnson sold her to slave traders from Mississippi and took her sister as his new concubine.

Adding to the confusion of black history is the fact that the first black commissioned officers were appointed in 1861 - by the Confederacy, in Louisiana. By war's end,

almost 93,000 blacks had served in the Confederate Army.

Another story that does not withstand the scrutiny of history is the battle of the Alamo. Contrary to popular belief, the defenders were not all heroes. Colonel Travis, the commander, had abandoned his pregnant wife and two year old child in Alabama, before ending up in Texas. In the oath he took, he lied, claiming to be a widower.

Jim Bowie was running from the law, and Davy Crockett had left his home in Tennessee where he had become a figure of ridicule.

There is absolutely no proof that the defenders of the Alamo fought to the last man. On the contrary, overwhelming contemporary evidence indicates that Davy Crockett and his Tennesseans surrendered, rather than fight it out hand-to-hand.

Incidentally independence was not the only thing they were fight-



ing for; they had also been promised large grants of land in return for their efforts.

Few people today remember that the song "Yellow Rose of Texas," was a song about Santa Anna's mistress. In the original version the chorus line was, "She's the sweetest rose of color, this darky ever knew."

In 1903, the Texas Historical Society decided to sanitize their history and rewrote the words accordingly.

Teddy Roosevelt never charged up San Juan Hill. The hill they captured was Kettle Hill and when they finally got around to San Juan Hill, the Spaniards had already fled

William Randolph Hearst, a publishing magnate and close personal friend who was aware of Roosevelt's political aspirations, ordered the name change in his newspapers. The reason he gave was, "San Juan sounds more heroic than Kettle."

Here in Huntsville, when they finally got around to writing a State Constitution (1819), it seems as if one of their biggest problems was keeping the delegates sober. They actually had to call the sheriff to remove some of the offending delegates.

No history book of Huntsville prints the fact that our Huntsville Hospital got its start from a bordello or that Brahan Spring park is named after a swindler. Also, the first voting rights demonstration in Hunts-

Money talks, but most often just says "Good-bye." Melissa Deavers ville occurred shortly after the Civil War when a group of ex-Confederate soldiers held a protest, demanding the right to vote from their Yankee occupiers.

Huntsville was represented at the National Confederate Veterans reunion, held in Richmond in 1909, by a black Confederate veteran. Regardless of what the Huntsville





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Utilities might tell you, the first electric service in Madison County was not installed in a home. The dubious honor went to a dance hall that happened to be located in a cave.

And no, John Hunt or John Ditto were not the first white men to discover the site of Huntsville.

In the early 1790s Georgia commissioned surveying teams who explored and mapped the area.

At one time it was illegal to drive a bicycle faster than 15 miles an hour on Huntsville's streets and not tipping your hat to a lady could result in a five dollar fine.

Strangely, it was also against the

law to hang anyone on a Sunday.

Last but not least, is J.F.K.'s historic visit to Huntsville while he was president. After stepping off the plane to much fanfare, he was hustled to a waiting car, while asking an accompanying aide, "Where am I?"



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Traveling Women

Part 1: In the Hotel

by Cathey Carney

If you are traveling for just a night or two, bring nutritious snacks with you. This will (1) help you eat more of the things you should eat when you're hungry and (2) keep down your hunger til your regular meal time. Small cans of juice are excellent, also.

Only stay in hotels with inside entrances or keycard-controlled main entrances. It will give you greater piece of mind and allow you to sleep alot better. Try not to stay above the 12 floor - most of the ladders on fire trucks go that height and no more.

Once in the hotel, DO NOT let anyone in whom you don't know. Even if they say they are with the hotel, call down to the desk and make sure. Many rapes have occurred because unwitting women let strangers into their rooms. Once you're in for the night, lock the bolt and make sure the sliding glass door is secure, if there is one.

Bring plenty to read with you. Also, bring your favorite bubble bath or bath oil - nothing like pampering yourself with a good book, a glass of wine and a hot bath to lounge around in. Even if you only take showers at home - really pamper yourself with a good bath before bed.

If you're into TV bring your TV guide with you - that way you can lay back and flip around til you find what you like. Fluff up all the pillows, get into something really comfortable and do your nails at the same time. You have plenty of time to let them dry and will be accomplishing something while you pamper yourself. Remember - the key word here is PAMPER.

In the morning when you get up, S T R E T C H yourself out of bed, like a cat. After you've been up for a little while, find a doorway that has a frame around it and hold on to the top of it. If you can, holding on the to top of the doorway, lift your legs off the ground and hang there for a minute or so for a good back stretch.

Another good exercise is to find a table or sink, stand about 3-4 feet from it, place your hands on the edge and slowly lower your chest to the table. It's like doing pushups, only you're standing.

Do about 10 to start out. Then you might consider getting on the carpet and doing about 25 stomach crunches (lay on back, knees bent and feet flat on floor, hands behind your head and just lift with the abdomen.)

(Next issue - Car Tips for Traveling Women - exercises you can do while driving, safety tips on the road, when NOT to stop, etc.)

Men who have pierced ears are better prepared for marriage - they've experienced pain and bought jewelry.

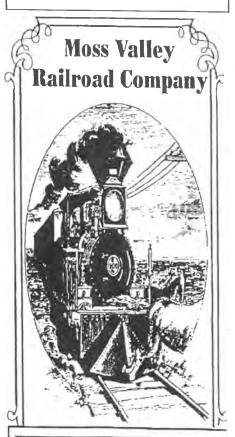
Lost

One Horse and Buggy, last seen on Montgomery Road, being driven by my mother-in-law.

Keep her and return the horse and buggy for reward.

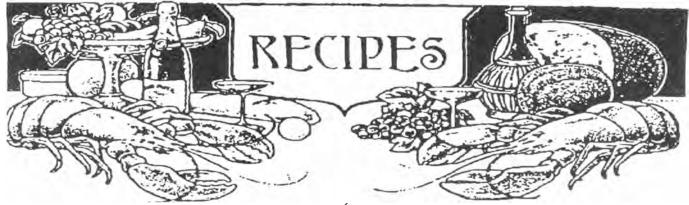
J.W. Higgins Birmingham, Alabama

from 1899 Birmingham newspaper



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Hot and Spicy

Garlic Oregano Bread

1 package dry yeast

1 c. cottage cheese, heated

4 cloves fresh garlic, pressed

1 unbeaten egg

1 T. oil

1 T. oregano

2 t. sugar

1 t. seasoned salt

1/4 t. baking soda

1 1/2 c. flour

Soften your yeast in 1/4 cup water and combine in a large mixing bowl all ingredients except the flour. Add the yeast. Add the flour and blend well. Let rise til double, stir down and turn into a greased casserole dish. Let rise 30 minutes, then bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

· Hot Beans

2 cans red beans, drained 1 small can chopped green chilies

1 small onion, chopped

1 tomato, chopped

1/2 t. cayenne powder

1/2 t. Tabasco hot sauce

1/2 t. ground cloves

Put beans in saucepan, add the rest of the ingredients. Mix well and heat slowly to boiling, reduce heat and simmer for about 30 minutes. Spicy!

Cheddar Garlic Spread

2 c. grated cheddar cheese

1/4 c. mayonnaise

1/2 t. cayenne pepper

2 cloves fresh garlic, minced

1 t. dehydrated parsley flakes Combine first 3 ingredients. Mix well. If more mayo is necessary add it. Refrigerate for awhile to allow flavors to blend. When ready to serve spread the mixture on French bread and broil til the cheese is melted. Garnish with parsley. Try it with rye crackers!

Lively Black-Eyed Peas

1 medium package dry blackeyed peas

1 medium onion, chopped

4 slices thick ham, chopped



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1/2 c. Dale's steak sauce

1 t. garlic powder

1 t. onion powder

1 t. Hot & Spicy Seasoned Salt Tabasco Jalepeno sauce

Soak peas for couple of hours, cook til done. Make sure you have at least an inch of water over the top of the beans when fully cooked. Add all ingredients except for the Tabasco sauce. Stir well. When serving, sprinkle with the green Tabasco sauce.

Homemade Teriyaki sauce

1 c. soy sauce

1/4 c. brown sugar

2 T. lemon juice

1 t. ground ginger

1 t. garlic powder

1/2 t. onion powder

Mix all ingredients in jar. Shake it to mix well and dissolve all the sugar. Let stand in sealed jar overnight.

Crunchy Chicken

2/3 c. French bread crumbs 2/3 c. grated fresh parmesan

cheese

1/4 c. minced parsley

1/2 t. salt

1/4 t. pepper

1/2 t. cayenne pepper

3 cloves fresh garlic, minced

1/3 c. margarine or butter

3 lb. chicken breasts

Mix first six ingredients together and set aside. In sauce pan melt margarine and garlic over low heat til margarine is melted and remove from the heat. Coat chicken breasts with the margarine, then thoroughly coat with the crumb

mixture. Place the chicken breasts, skin side up, on an ungreased cookie pan, mixing any remaining crumb mixture/margarine and sprinkling it on the breasts. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees. To make it crispier, cook for an additional 15 minutes

Broccoli Salad

2 bunches of broccoli

1/4 c. olive oil

4 fresh cloves garlic, minced

1/2 t. salt

1/2 t. oregano

1/4 c. red wine vinegar

Cut off tough ends of broccoli and discard, slicing remaining stems and flowers into bite-size pieces. Steam just til tender-crunchy, drain and cool. Toss the broccoli with olive oil, garlic, salt and oregano. Add the vinegar and toss again. Refrigerate about an hour, can be prepared one day in advance.

Be careful of men who are bald and rich - the arrogance of "rich" usually cancels out the nice of "bald".



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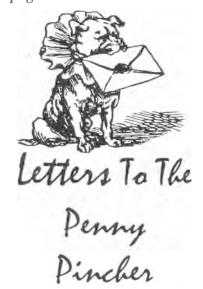
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I have been doing a comparison of all the dishwater soaps that are out there and found that even though I spent less money on off-brands, the one soap that suds up the most and therefore allows me to use less is Dawn. It doesn't matter what color - I get the green - but it definitely saves me money because I don't have to use as much as the other brands.

Jenny Brownlee, Madison

Most of the time if you pay for your life insurance and other premiums once a year instead of quarterly, you'll save money. Check with your insurance agent!

John Higginbottom, Insurance Agent

You can halve the time it takes to bake a potato by inserting an aluminum "nail" in the center - it conducts heat from the air outside the potato and cooks it much faster.

Barb Eyestone, Madison

I had some favorite leather shoes that got wet, creating ugly white stains on them. I was ready to throw them away and buy new ones when my neighbor suggested trying plain old white vinegar directly to the stained area. I did, the stains disappeared, and I just polished them as usual!

Johnnie Shelton, New Market

I have heard that windows are "holes in a house just waiting for the cool air to get out and the hot air to get in." What I have started doing is just closing the shades on very hot days. Between the blinds and curtains, I am able to save about \$30 a month, at least, on air conditioning!

Mamie Johnson, Huntsville

The other day I received a package in the mail that I had not ordered. I was perturbed to think that I had to pay to send it back, but found out that all I had to do is mark the package, "Return to Sender." The Postal Service will send a package like that back at no charge to you - and the original initiator will have to pay for the postage. If you have opened it, just keep it or throw it away - you still face no liability as you did not order it.

Ken Owens, Huntsville

An excellent way of inventorying your possessions for insurance purposes is to use a video camera, have someone videotape you as you walk through the house describing your belongings, where you bought them, the price and if possible, the serial number. This is invaluable in case of fire or theft.

Charles Schaeffer, Birming-ham

Letter from the Editor: A monthly newsletter that I have been getting for the past year is the "Penny Pincher, for people who want to save Dollars." It has ideas on food preparation, insurance savings, ways of making more money, hoaxes and scams to look out for, garage sale tips, etc. There is a variety of ideas and further reading with other 800 numbers and books available. If you would like to see a sample issue just send a dollar and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jackie at "The Penny Pincher."

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Wanted!

Old restaurant Menus, restaurant advertisements, and grocery store advertisements from pre-1960. *Old Huntsville* is preparing a cookbook to be released this year and these menus and advertisements will be used as illustrations.

Call (205) 534-0502 or write:

Old Huntsville 716 East Clinton Ave. Huntsville, Al. 35801

Grandma's Remedies

For nervousness - throughout the day, sip apple, pineapple, prune, grape and cherry juice. Drink them at room temperature, not chilled.

When you wake up in a sad state of mind and don't know why, wear bright colors to help cheer you up. The rose colors - pinks and scarlets - are good. Also effective is the orange family for a good picker-upper.

If you feel especially moody, drink peppermint tea. Drink it warm and strong.

According to European folklore, celery helps you forget your troubles from a broken heart and soothes your nerves at the same time. For a painful case of shingles, try a paste of Epsom salts and water. Place the paste directly on the affected area. Repeat as often as necessary.

The fastest way to do away with a blister is to have snail crawl over it.

If you are still young enough to have pimples on your face, try eating brown rice. It contains amino acids that are good for skin conditions. For blackheads, before going to bed rub lemon juice over the area. Wait til morning to wash off the juice with cool water. Repeat several evenings in a row and you'll see results.

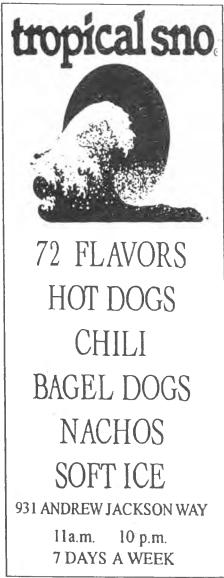
If you are prone to nightmares,



eat a small evening meal 2 hours before retiring. When you go to bed, sleep on your right side with your right hand under your head. Then tell yourself that you will have a happy dream.

To improve your memory, drink half a glass of carrot juice together with a half glass of milk, daily. Or try 4 whole cloves added to a cup of sage tea. Drink a cup everyday.

For a fever, bind sliced onions or peeled garlic to the soles of your feet. It may give you garlic breath. Or eat grapes throughout the day.





billy joe cooley

TWIN charmers Hannah and Kathryn Keller (11 months) brought mom Beth and grandmother Trudie Neese to dinner at Ryan's the other night. Brown eyes were flashing everywhere. Across the aisle was Dr. W.A. Criswell, pastor of First Baptist in Dallas. We had not visited in 30 years. The last time was when, as a reporter, I covered his evangelistic encounter crusade in Chattanooga (and coined a new word, feudologist, for World Book Remind me to tell you the story, sometime). Anyway, there he was in Ryan's chatting away with Dr. Walter Nunn and others.

Good morning to Susan Sansing Page, who manages Things Remembered in the big mall. She lunched the other day with her Parkway City counterpart, Karen Schumann.

"I ve just spent my day in Huntsville looking at roads and talking to people," said Montgomery's Jim Arnold, a state highway engineer, as we shot pool in Johnny Tona's Family Billiards. Lt. Shannon McAdams of the Army (ours) and friends were part of the crowd in the parlor. Then came a dozen or so young people to challenge their friends. Among them were Greg Lubecke and his fellow Brewer High grads.

BURITO Bandito is always an excellent place to cross paths. This time it was cute Lisa Watts who brought her mom, city employee Tommie Jean Sadler, for lunch. They looked like kid sisters. Meanwhile, another Burrito Bandito is opening on South Parkway, intersection of Whitesburg Drive.

Our annual get-together at the home of Tony and Faye De Loach was special again this year. It was birthday time for Joyce Wells. There were a couple dozen of us, including Edwina Ferguson Freeman and hubby Jim, Miss Eunice

of breakfast fame and Louise Penny. I spent a lot of time listening to Brown Harwell and wife Martha rehash their lifetime of adventure.

Hootie and the Blowfish is the band that'll rock the Vapors on Aug. 14. It's a hot new group from Columbia, S.C., whose hit "Hold My Hand" is on Atlantic Records.

BYRON HEADRICK was in the company of pretty UAH students Beth Putman and Dorothy Best when they came to Finnegan's Irish Pub the other night. That's where bosslady Ellen McAnelly is still glowing and perkier than ever after her trip home to Ireland Ken and Mollianne McFetridge were socializing there with pretty Terrilynne Buster, who had Missourian Jack Vines Jr. on her arm. Meanwhile, Grisson student Jay McFetridge is preparing for his 16th birthday on Aug. 18. The effervescent Mary Cox brought her Memphis son Adam and their pals Bill Sanders, Leah and Gordon Fogleman to the pub during the July 4th weekend. What a bunch of vankee-doodle dandies.

Clarence Carroll got a tasty ice cream cake for his 88th birth-



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day on the Fourth of July. He looks 58 and still cuts hair on Thursdays at Jackson Way Barber Shop. That s the day owner Floyd Hardin takes off each week.

AULD AQUAINTANCE! How nice to see Delicia Beal Fuller again after all these years. She and Ron Rodehorst were in Ruby Tuesday's the other day. At the next table was Paul Wright (one of the twins) with wife LeeAnna. It seems a lifetime since Paul worked at the Hilton and his brother David was a mechanic at Vance Morris Garage.

Tommy Trueheart is the *Ideal Party's* candidate. "I want to be governor or lieutenant governor, whichever pays the most and involves the least amount of work," says he.

Thomas Bennett and Renee Smartt made a handsome couple while shopping in the new mall last weekend. They joined Pulaski s Mark Ray for lunch.

BOB DAVENPORT, Evelyn Loehrlein and the kids, Mike, John and Jerry, were part of the scene around Eunice's breakfast table the other day. At the next table were photographer Charlie Scott, wife Anita and Atlanta friends Curt and Dawn Kier. George and Belgie Pierce were the next to enter, spreading smiles everywhere. Then came Harold Pizitz who is still mending from having a disc removed from his back.

Nathan Browning is back from Las Vegas, but didn't get rich. He's shaving ice again at Tropical Snow on Andrew Jackson Way.

Bosslady **Amy Seaton** and shaver **Bryan Misfeldt** did the work nicely during in Nathan's absence.

Journalist Don Chapin has returned from New York City, where he stayed a week at the Algonquin Hotel. He would have qualified for that hotel's famous roundtable of struggling writers and actors who later became legends.

BIRMINGHAM TV weatherman Dan Satterfield is joining WHNT-TV (Comcast 9) here, replacing Tim Simpson, who has gone home to Memphis.

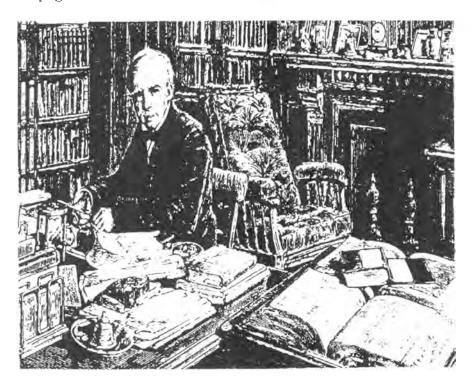
After being interviewed on Montgomery TV (Ch. 12) the other day, some of us stopped for lunch at Montevallo's Barnstormer restaurant, owned by Huntsvillians Sam Barnett and Adam Stermer. Then we drove on to Garden City to talk music with the legendary Roland Johnson, who had country hits in the 1950s on Brunswick and Decca records. He's been mayor of his town for many years, still sings, plays guitar and comes to Huntsville often.

Gospel music fans will want to attend the old-time celebrity reunion Sat., Aug. 20, in B' ham's Parkway Christian Fellowship Church, 9753 Parkway East in Roebuck (Exit 134 off I-59). Legendary quartets and individuals will begin concerts at 2 p.m., with dinner catered from 5 to 7 (\$10 for dinner and endless concerts). Be there early, since many of the oldtimers probably get out of breath easily. **Jean Miller** (205-991-9696) is putting it together.

IN THE GROVE! I'm adding this item last so it'll be fresh on your mind. The time has come to start planning for the big fall gettogether, where we sit back and enjoy our heritage while listening to the old-time music in Cahaba Grove, corner Pulaski Pike and Winchester Road. It's open, as always, to the public. This year it'll be Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16 and 17, starting at sundown Friday and ending when the last strands of fiddles are heard late Saturday night.







Memoirs of a Bishop

Recently discovered at the University of North Carolina are a set of manuscripts that tells an interesting story about a Huntsvillian's chance encounter with General Sherman

Reverend Henry C. Lay was the first rector of the Episcopal church in Huntsville and during the war served as missionary bishop with the Army of Tennessee during the Georgia campaign. While with Hardee's corps on Sept. 16, 1864, Bishop Lay wrote the following to General Sherman:

"The undersigned respectfully suggests to Major General Sherman that he greatly desires to enter his lines, spend two or three days at Huntsville, and return.

"His object is to visit an old lady who has been as a mother to him and whose situation is such as to require an interview. He is well aware how unusual is a request and urges it with great deference. He can only say that the permission, if accorded, shall not be abused by a covert word or deed."

The reply sent by Gen. Sherman said:

"Bishop Lay may come to Atlanta where the necessary papers will be given him to visit the city of Huntsville and return. I will not exact of the Bishop any specific promise, but will presume on his character to observe the war secrecy."

When the Bishop was finally conducted to the commanding officer in Atlanta, his diary records:

"I found him most comfortably established in a fine house near the city hall. The furniture seemed to be that of the owners. There was a parlor handsomely furnished opening into another used as an office. General Sherman greeted me very

cordially. He was in slippers and easy in manners. He has that military sort of courtesy which puts one at ease."

The bishop was invited to remain for dinner - pea soup in tin plates and some roast beef and vegetables, no drinkables - and after dinner on the piazza there was an interesting conversation "of an hour or two." "To be sure," he quotes the general as saying, "I have made war vindictively; war is war, and you can make nothing else of it; but Hood knows as well as anyone I am not brutal or inhuman."

After recording many interest-



ing things in his diary, the bishop proceeds:

"He passed hence to speak of war in general. He observed that it was an artificial war brought about by the ambition of individual men; that it was impossible for two nations to exist side by side on this continent. The case was like the effervescence of a soda powder; agitation could be ended only by union. Of course, I dissented from those opinions and expressed the belief that the alienation between the nations was of slow growth; that the separation might by prudence have been deferred, but not prevented; there was a deep-seated alienation which would render it impossible for them to live together on terms of intimacy. All this be utterly denied. There was no real animosity, he said, and cited in proof of it the friendship which invariably characterizes the intercourse of pickets and others when they are permitted to converse ... It was of no force with me ... General Sherman insisted however that if the war were over, the past would be quickly forgotten and both parties would love and respect each other more than ever."

Here is a further unique view which the bishop quotes in the general's own words:

"But you made a great mistake in organizing a Confederacy. Had you clung to the Union and claimed to be legitimate exponents of the American ideas, the true representatives of the American Constitution, you would have had better success. As it was, you surrendered at once into our hands the most valuable of the common property - the memories and traditions, the flags and emblems, the songs and national

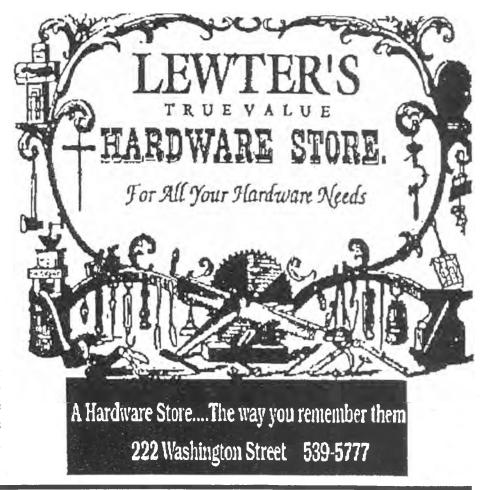
airs. These are invaluable in sustaining the popular enthusiasm. This war ought to be arrested. It is intensifying the greatest fault and danger in our social system. It daily increases the influence of the masses, already too great for safety. The man of intelligence and education is depressed in value far below the man of mere physical strength. These common soldiers will feel their value and seek to control affairs hereafter to the prejudice of the intelligent classes."

As for his personal impression of Sherman, Bishop Lay writes:

"His hair is (not unpleasantly) red; his forehead very fine, his eye clear and restless. His face is somewhat dyspeptic in its expression. He would be accounted ordinarily a kindhearted man; but when aroused, severe and utterly unrelenting. His

manner is very frank and outspoken." After a trying and eventful journey the bishop reached Huntsville, "and at last found my way to Mrs. Rice's, a Federal colonel occupying part of her house."

It may be recalled that it was in the home of Mrs. Rice that Lilie Bibb, afterward Mrs. William Greet, the 16-year-old granddaughter of Gov. Thomas Bibb, was held a prisoner for three months by this Union colonel for burning a bridge across Limestone creek. The bishop's stay in Huntsville was prolonged more than a month because of the broken lines and inability to use General Sherman's pass to make his way back to Atlanta via Chattanooga, but after reposing in a freight car loaded with oats for two days and two nights he finally made the last seventy miles. The End





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Young Girl Scalped Alive! Felt No Pain but Mother is Horrified. Doctor Saves Hair to Use as Wig.

While Emelia Grinnell, a young girl, was working last week in a shingle mill near here, under a shaft which was going at the rate of 200 revolutions per minute, her hair, which was very long, got caught in the knuckle joint, and in an instant was torn completely from her head. It took with it all the flesh and muscles, as well.

"From a line," says a local paper, "drawn around from each eyebrow, her skull was left white and bare, without a trace of blood or flesh." The strangest part of the accident is that she felt little or no pain, declaring that while it was being torn off all she experienced was a

tickling sensation of her head. She coolly walked out of the room and waited patiently for a buggy to take her home. Her only regret was the fright it would cause her mother.

The scalp, with its beautiful long locks of brown hair, was curled and entwined around the shaft at the joint, and when the mill was stopped it was taken down, but no one had the presence of mind to place it back on her head. It was nearly perfect, and the doctors have determined to tan it with the hair still on, so that when the girl recovers, it may be used as a wig. The case is one of the most remarkable on record.

from 1870 newspaper





The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie M. Owens

It is never too late to start exercising. People of all ages and physical conditions are finding out that regular exercise can make a big difference in the way they feel and look.

Active people have fewer problems in controlling their weight and they sleep more soundly and feel better about themselves. Even patients in hospitals are now routinely rousted out of bed as soon as possible to move about actively. Patients lying in bed for long periods are at risk of developing infection, as well as some degree of bone loss.

Exercise is one of the best ways to avoid many of the disorders associated with growing older. Some recent studies show that many problems thought to be chronic diseases of aging are really symptoms of non-use. Many aches and pains attributed to arthritis are the result of weakening muscles, a problem that can be successfully countered with strength training and other exercise.

Exercise is important in overall weight control thereby reducing obesity, a factor that raises heart attack risks. Lack of exercise can contribute to the development of various disorders. Anyone who has had an illness or injury and was forced to be idle for a time knows how weak their muscles become. Middle aged people with desk jobs who do not exercise are twice as susceptible to heart attacks as those who exercise regularly.

Within reason, the more you work your muscles and the more muscles and joints you use, the greater will be your physical gain. The bottom line is that the more active a person is, the better the chances are of staying healthy. Any physical activity is good. Working around the house, doing work in the garden, shopping, walking, swimming, or any exercise program is beneficial to a person's well being.

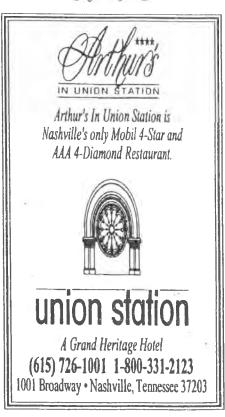
The question is how much time you are active compared to the time you are inactive. Many experts agree, regular exercise and good habits can help stave off many of the physical problems associated with aging. It is a good way of staying fit and *that* has become a priority for an increasing number of older people.

Walking is probably one of the best forms of exercise you can undertake. You can burn more calories by brisk walking than by jogging. Also, walking doesn't require any special equipment or learning skill, just a pair of good walking shoes. Start easy - walk a good pace for 10 minutes or so, then gradually increase both speed and distance as you feel more fit. Many people use shopping malls for their daily walking workouts. Malls are safe and are good places to socialize and meet friends sharing the same interest of being active and healthy. Hiking is one way for the whole family

to combine fun with exercise and cycling is an excellent activity to enjoy with a companion. Swimming is a good exercise to strengthen the heart, lungs and body muscles.

Certain groups should check with their doctor before embarking on a strenuous exercise program, including: People over sixty years of age; heavy smokers; those who are seriously overweight; those being treated for a long-term health problem such as high blood pressure, heart, lung or kidney disease, and diabetes. No one over the age of 40 should begin a vigorous fitness program without a stress test, to check for coronary artery disease. Choose the form of exercise that is good for you and that you can fit into your schedule. The goal is to develop a habit of physical fitness, and the enjoyment and satisfaction you feel will be an extra incentive.







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95 percent of all Americans lived on farms or in towns of less than 2,500 people.

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Most women married at 23 or 24 and most men at 26.

There were no right and left shoes - all were straight. Each person alternated his or her shoes from right foot to left foot daily so that they wore evenly.

About a third of the women who married were pregnant on their wedding day. They could expect to become pregnant every two or three years thereafter, having 5 to 10 pregnancies in a lifetime. So many young children died of disease or infection that a mother could expect to have three to eight surviving children.



Doyle Brady

The passing of a Huntsville tradition

by Billy Joe Cooley

"There are two things I've never had time to mess with," said Doyle Brady one night as he sipped coffee at The Kettle: "drinking alcohol or learning to play the guitar."

Country singer Doyle Brady lived a lot in his 57 years and, as Will Rogers once said, he never met anyone he didn't like. And everyone liked him. When he died of cancer last month he left, aside from his family, a world of friends. I am proud to have been among them. We traveled together a lot in recent years, he with his band, and me with my comedy routines. There were such towns as Branson, Mo., Greenville, S.C., Muscle Shoals, Nashville's Captain's Table and elsewhere. He was always invited back to those places and microphones were always open for him.

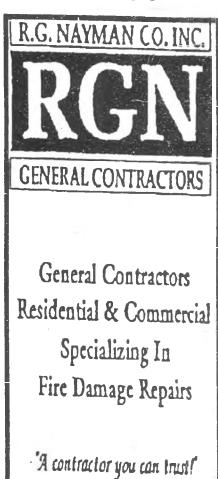
He even brought many name stars to town. It was Doyle who booked Billy Joe Royal, The Drifters, Percy Sledge, Pam Tillis, The Platters, Marty Haggard, Merle Kilgore and dozens of other entertainers into local bistros. In addition, his weekly television hour on WAFF (Comcast 11) and CHRM-17 intro-

duced still more legends to the Tennessee Valley.

He was the last singing partner of Grand Ole Opry's Dottie West and their last album was selling well at the time of her death in a limousine wreck in Nashville. Until then it appeared that the two of them were headed for national stardom as a team.

Doyle was born and raised in the northern part of Madison County, along the Tennessee border. With his clear, melodious singing he would probably have been a national favorite many years ago had he started earlier. He was 30 years old before he got around to taking music seriously, he often said. Before that he sang mostly religious music with his brother Carlton, who for many years has been to Southern gospel quartet music what Doyle was to country.

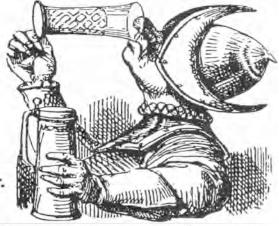
I could take this eulogy on for many pages and delight in reliving the memories, but suffice it to say that Doyle Brady will be missed greatly by those of us who knew him, both in person and in the TV audience



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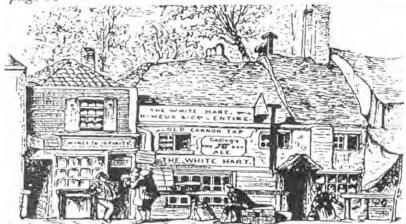
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The Father of Madison County

by Tom Kenny

In 1802, Isaac Criner, Joseph Criner, his uncle and Stephen McBroom his cousin, followed an old Indian trail from eastern Tennessee, and crossed the mountains into present day Madison County, near New Market.

After exploring the nearby countryside, Joseph Criner selected a site and the men constructed a substantial two room cabin.

The men returned to Tennessee for their families. In the spring of 1803 the group returned and temporarily lived in the cabin they had built for Joseph Criner.

Isaac, who had brought his mother Rebecca and brother Granville with him, built a cabin adjoining a spring near the mountain fork of the Flint River a few miles from the home of Joseph.

McBroom picked out a home site near present day Gurley. His cabin was the last to be built.

The Criners and McBroom were the first settlers of Madison County but they were not the first white men to set foot in it.

John Ditto, or Ditteau, had visited the Big Spring, and built a shack nearby but did not stake out a homestead. Ditto was a trader and a wanderer. In a short time he picked-up and moved near present day Ditto's Landing on the Tennessee River where he set up a trading post and

later established a ferry service.

Samuel Davis came to the Big Spring prior to John Hunt. He constructed a foundation for a cabin and left to bring his family to what he hoped would be their future home.

John Hunt had come down the old trail and stopped over for a spell at David Larkin's place below Salem town. He arrived at Criner's cabin and stayed there for a few days. During his visit, Isaac Criner gave Hunt a description of the Big Spring and directions on getting there. The next morning before Hunt left he was given a goodly supply of fresh baked bread, made by Rebecca Criner, Isaac's mother.

When Hunt reached the spring he found the foundation left by Davis. He built a cabin on the ready made foundation.

When Davis returned with his wife and children he found Hunt occupying his site.

This must have been an interesting encounter, but it appears Davis gave way to Hunt.

Isaac Criner later said Davis came by his place and was going to settle near present day New Market.

Isaac Criner's homestead was about a mile outside the boundary line of the land acquired by the Federal government from the Chickasaw and Cherokee Indians. It was situated on a narrow strip of land that was not acquired from the Indians until 1819.

Criner would often be removed from his home by the United States Army, and he would go over to land he held within the 1805 purchase and remain there until the soldiers departed.

About this time his cabin was burned by the Indians.

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He had built a larger log cabin near the site of his future plantation home. This construction may have disturbed the Indians and brought about the burning of the smaller cabin.

Criner had a good, friendly relation with the nearby Indian tribes. His only problems were of a negligible nature such as petty thefts of anything not nailed down. Everything had to be brought into the cabin at night or it would not be there in the morning. Fortunately, Criner had the good sense not to shoot at prowling thieves.

Isaac Criner owned two slaves who were excellent carpenters. These men supervised and built his plantation house from yellow poplar wood. It was the largest house in the neighborhood and required a year to complete the work.

The larger cabin was moved back to make way for the new construction and was later used as slave quarters.

Seven rooms were laid out with four of the larger rooms making up the main part of the house. A dividing wall separated the two upstairs rooms. To go from one upstairs room to the other, it was necessary to come down to the first floor and then go up another stairway. This was devised to give the girls the privacy of one side of the dwelling and the boys the other.

Slave quarters were built at the rear and west side of the residence. Outbuildings consisted of a large smoke-house, a storage building and a big kitchen with a huge fireplace.

During the Civil War, the Criners received many frights from the Yankees. The worst of which occurred after a skirmish not far from New Market on the road between Hazel Green and Winchester. in which General McCook, a Federal officer, was killed while being borne along in an ambulance.

His regiment was enraged and began burning houses throughout the area.

The soldiers had taken the Criner's horses and their house was in line to be burned. Martha Criner took her father's Masonic emblem and went to the Union General and begged him to spare their homes and return their horses.

He agreed not to burn the house but said it was impossible to return the horses.

Then she begged him to give her only her horse.

The General laughed and said, "Why out of all that number you wouldn't even know your horse."

"Just watch me," she cried. Running among the hundreds of horses, she gave a whistle. Within seconds, a single horse detached itself from the thousands of others in the pasture and trotted over to where Martha stood

Martha rode the horse home. Isaac Criner lived 93 years. Some believed him to be 4 years older, setting his year of birth as 1779 but his good habits of life surely contributed to his longevity.

He used neither whiskey or tobacco, coffee or hot tea. His spring was about 200 feet from his front porch and every day his habit was to go to that spring, winter or summer, wash and bathe his face and head and return to the house before using a towel. Many times his hair would be frozen upon his head by the time he finished his morning ritual.

A true hardy pioneer type, though a clean one!

The End





When cooking rice, add a teaspoon of vinegar to the water. This will keep the grains whole.

Put soapy water and crushed eggshells into vases or bottles that are difficult to clean because the opening is too narrow. Shake well and rinse.

Wrought iron will clean up well with a drop of paraffin on a soft clean cloth.

A freshly cut sprig of pennyroyal placed in the room will keep away mosquitoes. (Can be found at several plant shops in the herb section, such as the Plant Shoppe across the street from Home Depot on University drive and Rideout Road.)

To keep your dog or cat fleafree, soak a string in pennyroyal oil and place it around the neck. Be sure that the animal can't catch the string on an object and choke.

Cayenne pepper, while good in

your Hot and Spicy recipes this issue, can also be used to keep away roaches, ants and other pests in your pantry. Just sprinkle in the corners and along the sides of your pantry.

Get rid of tar on your hands by rubbing them with lemon or orange peel and then wiping them off.

If you have some leftover potato water, drop your silver into it! Soak for 2 hours and use a soft brush and silver polish to remove any lingering tarnish.

To keep a crust from forming in your water kettle, keep a large marble or an oyster shell in it.

Clean that dust mop by boiling it in water to which you have added 2 tablespoons of paraffin and 1 tablespoon of baking soda.

Clean your varnished floors with cold tea to really bring out the shine.

Take plenty of Vitamin C the day after you go out on the town, especially if you have anything alcoholic to drink.

And to take care of that hangover, be sure and drink plenty of liquid when you wake up the next morning. The alcohol has dehydrated you, your brain has shrunk a bit and is pulling away from your scalp. That causes bad headaches. When you drink liquid the next day you are re-hydrating your body.

Herbs!

Dear Editors,

I just wanted to let your readers know about the upcoming event sponsored by the Huntsville Herb Society at the Botanical Gardens.

It's free admission, and some of the items offered for sale will be herb plants, honey, chutneys, jellies, mixes, relishes, vinegars, breads, cakes, herb wreaths, topiaries, tussie mussies and our cookbook "Some Like It with Herbs." All the proceeds will be used to continue the development of our Herb Garden.

Lucy Mize, Huntsville

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Secrets of the Ku Klux Klan

Huntsville, like much of the rest of the nation in the 1920s, was caught up in the fervor of the Ku Klux Klan resurgence.

Like any other secret organization, the Klan had its rituals, and most important of all an official handbook. This handbook was considered to be one of the best kept secrets of the Klan.

In Huntsville, a Klan member was actually forced to pay a large fine and sentenced to six months banishment for allowing his wife to glance at the handbook.

In an effort to keep "infidels" from learning the contents of the book, Joseph Simmons, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, issued the following "Imperial Decree" from his, "Aulic in the Imperial Palace in the Imperial City of Atlanta:

The Kloran is the book of the Invisible Empire and is therefore a sacred book with our citizens, and its contents must be rigidly safeguarded. The book or any part of it must not be kept or carried where any person of the 'alien' world may chance to become acquainted with its sacred contents as such.

Warning: A penalty sufficient will speedily be enforced for disregarding the decree in the profanation of the Kloran."

Six months later Simmons decided that a book as important as the Kloran should be officially recognized, so he applied to Washington for a copyright. Like any author, he forwarded one dollar and two copies of the book to the Register of Copyrights. And from that time forth *The Book of the Invisible Empire* was available to anyone who asked for it at the Library of Congress.

Ironically, even today, the book is still considered by the Klan to be a secret.





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Women Meet Grim Reaper at End of Ropes

Horrid Account From 1897 Huntsville newspaper

Swinging from ropes tied to a rail, supported by two trees, on the roadside a short distance from Jeff last Wednesday morning, were the two cold and wet bodies of Mollie Smith and Mendy Franks. The awful sight was seen by a passing mail carrier who gave the alarm and had the neighbors cut the ropes.

The hanging bodies gave indication that a dastardly crime had at last been solved.

In April of this year, Joshua O. Kelly, an esteemed citizen of Jeff, was taken ill and died in a horrible manner as a result of poisoning. The following day, as a party of eleven mourners were maintaining a vigil around the coffin, they too were seized by violent convulsions after drinking coffee served by a servant.

Several days later, it began to appear that there was a plot to murder the whole family. After breakfast that morning, the family and household servants became violently ill and showed every symptom of being poisoned.

The persons affected were fourteen in number.

From the first, suspicion was attached to the two women, Mollie Smith and Mendy Frank who were employed in the Kelly household. A close watch was placed over them.

Mollie Smith, the older of the two women, had been a servant in the household for some time and it was immediately noticed that she alone escaped being poisoned when all others were affected. At the time J.O. Kelly died, Mollie claimed to be sick also, but the physician decided she was shamming. Yet she found an opportunity the next day to poison the coffee of the sad mourners gathered around the departed's coffin.

The Smith woman was placed under a close surveillance and further efforts on her part to poison the rest of the family were unsuccessful. However, she persuaded the younger woman, Mendy Frank, who was employed as a household girl, to do the evil work for her.

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807-0-60 533-7569 GOLD Tuesday night, Mollie Smith was captured while making her way to Tennessee. She wore a pair of men's boots and was taking herself away from the neighborhood for good and all. The men who captured her took her back to the home of her partner in crime, Mendy Frank, and confronted them with their crimes

It seemed as if a crowd of men had been waiting for the first move to be made. It is said that men of all ages to the number over twenty crept out of every fence corner.

Mollie Smith was morose and refused to talk. Mendy made a full confession telling all the details of the crime and implicating another person. She said she had been persuaded to do the deed.

Mollie Smith, she said, poisoned the family the first two times, and after being placed under close watch, was unable to do anything more.

Mollie then persuaded Mendy to place rat poison in flour from which biscuits were made for breakfast. Mendy said the poisoning had been carefully planned. She threw the poison in the flour while carrying it from the back room to the kitchen.

Having heard the confession, the lynchers proceeded in their gruesome work. A large rail was placed in the forks of two trees, giving the rail a vertical position. Ropes were then tied around the women's necks, the end thrown over the rail and willing hands jerked the bodies into the air. In this position the bodies were left in the cold wind and rain.

The members of the mob who did the lynching are unknown. The stories of the scenes at the hanging

have been leaked out and are public property.

Jennie Burwell, a woman living on the Kelly place, has declared that she knew that Mollie Smith and Mendy Frank had tried to poison the family but did not care to tell on them. She was given three days to

get out of the country and left shortly afterwards on a west-bound train.

The residents of the community, both white and colored, are satisfied that the right parties were executed and that justice has been done.

The End

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Woman and Husband Reunited after Many Years Separation

A citizen of Limestone County, who is buying cotton in the city, related to a reporter yesterday an interesting story of the Enoch Ardin variety.

When the flowers were blooming in the spring of 1861, a young farmer named John Holland, who resided near the Mississippi line married Miss Lucy Brock, the

daughter of a well-to-do planter in that neighborhood.

The young lady's parents bitterly opposed the match and the young people were compelled to leave home to marry. Their honeymoon was spent visiting Holland's relatives and waiting for the father of the bride to forget his anger.

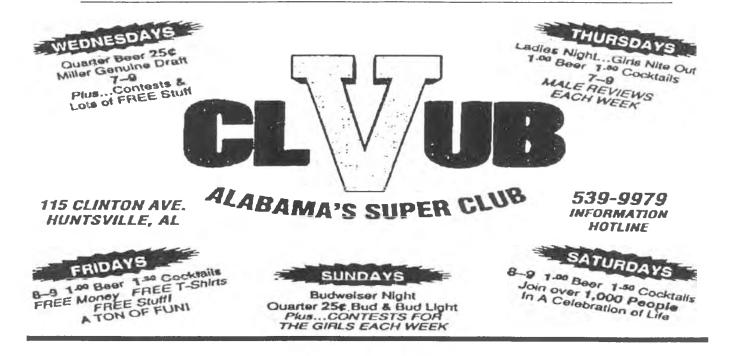
In the early autumn a regiment

was raised in that neighborhood and Holland was one of the first men to enlist. When it was known that her husband was among the battlefields of Virginia, Mrs. Holland's father relented and invited her to come home. She decided to accept the invitation and remain at her father's house until her husband should return from the war.

For several months the young bride heard from her husband at regular intervals, but when the spring had come again, his letters ceased and by and by news came that he was dead, killed in the battles around Richmond.

Soon after the news of Holland's death, Mr. Brock and his family moved west. They settled first on the Mississippi River, a short distance below Memphis, but a year later they moved to western Arkansas. They left few relatives or intimate friends in Alabama and in a few years their old neighbors had forgotten them, and no one knew their address.

Holland owned a small farm near the river and when the news of



his death was received his relatives took charge of the place.

About two months after the close of the war John Holland came back to his old home, to the great surprise and joy of his relatives and friends who believed him dead. He had only been severely wounded and taken prisoner, when it was reported that he was killed, and was a prisoner on Johnson's Island when the war ended.

Holland was unable to learn the whereabouts of his wife's family, and it was not long before a vague and uncertain rumor informed him that his wife was dead. He made every effort to find her or learn her fate, on receiving no news he at last believed her to be dead.

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He took charge of the little farm and in a few years was making a comfortable living. Two years after his return he married the daughter of one of his neighbors and the two lived happily together for twelve years when his wife died, leaving him four children.

When the Brock family went west they left some property in Alabama and about a year ago the surviving members of the family came back to the old homestead. Among those who returned was Mrs. Holland, now Mrs. Lucy Morris, a widow of five years with three small children. She had married in Arkansas, fifteen years ago and had been a widow five years. When she heard that her first husband was living she refused to believe it until Holland himself stood before her. When the two again stood face to face time had wrought many changes in their appearances, but the old love light beamed in the eyes of each. They are united now after all these years of separation and their children play together as happy as larks.

from 1893 newspaper

Newspaper Clippings

The city of Guntersville has a ladies' society called the "Sisters of Silence." It has two members, and they are deaf and dumb.

The local editor of the Florence paper fell asleep while crossing the river in a ferry boat the other day, and when he awoke he owed the company \$13.70, at .10 a trip.

A very wealthy farmer of Decatur has this Notice pasted up in his field:

"If any man's or woman's cows or oxens gits in these here otes, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

1893 newspaper

To err is human...to blame it on someone else is even more human.

Sally Lewis, fundraiser





The David Holmes Memorial

by Jack Harwell

When the city of Huntsville was originally laid out in 1810, it consisted entirely of what we know as the downtown area. It was five blocks long and four blocks wide, and took in an area of 60 acres. Although the city has changed considerably since then, the names the city founders selected for the streets are the same ones we have today. The

street names they selected were intended to honor men who had played a part in the founding of the nation, as well as those who were regional heroes.

One of the latter left his name to the street that, in 1810, formed the northern boundary of the town. Holmes Avenue was named for David Holmes, who was governor of the Mississippi Territory from 1809 to 1819. This territory in-

cluded nearly all of what are now the states of Mississippi and Alabama including the area where Huntsville is located. Holmes, like Washington and Jefferson, who also have streets named for them here, was a figure who was well known to the city's earliest residents.

David Holmes was born in 1769. Details of his early life are sketchy; even the location of his birthplace is uncertain. His father, Joseph Holmes, was a native of Ireland who emigrated to Pennsylvania and served in the American Revolution as a commissary; his mother was a native of Berkeley County, Virginia, now West Virginia. After the war, the elder Holmes moved his family to Winchester, Virginia and became a merchant. In addition to David, Joseph Holmes had at least two other sons. Hugh, the oldest, served for many years as a judge in Virginia, Hunter, who was younger that David, served in the War of 1812 as a major and

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was killed at Fort Mackinac.

After completing his primary education. Holmes worked for a while in his father's store. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar. His first practice was in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania but he later returned to Virginia. In 1796, at age 27, he was elected to Congress and served six terms. When James Madison was elected president in 1808, Holmes was his choice for governor of the Mississippi Territory. The territory had been organized in 1796, and was comprised of the area between the Thirty-First and Thirty-Fifth Parallels, (the borders of Spanish Florida and Tennessee, respectively), and stretching from the Chattahoochee River westward to the Mississippi, for which it was named.

The president's decision became effective on March 4, 1809 and Holmes began the long overland journey south to his new post. Holmes arrived at Natchez, the territorial capital, on June 30, 1809, Many in the territory were anxious at his arrival. His predecessor, Robert Williams, was a politically ambitious man who had made many enemies with his high-handed ways during his three years in office. By contrast, David Holmes was known to his friends as easygoing and charming, firm but moderate. He was a tactful man who could be forceful when necessary.

Holmes's strong will would serve him well, for the western territories in those days were both untamed and vulnerable. What would later become the states of Alabama and Mississippi was mostly a wilderness. Cities were few and far between, and travel between them was difficult. Huntsville was the

only town of any size in the northern half of the territory.

One of David Holmes responsibilities as governor was the establishment of local governments, and since Madison County had been recently established, one of his first tasks in office was the appointment of men to local office there. But Huntsville was 350 miles from Natchez, and it was not until late in the year that it had a functioning government. Among Holmes's first appointments, was LeRoy Pope as a justice of the peace.

The two most pressing issues during Holmes's term as territorial governor were the occupation of western Florida and the Indian situation. President James Madison had annexed western Florida in 1810. This included all the land south of

the Mississippi Territory to the Gulf Coast, from the Perdido to the Mississippi River.

Early attempts at occupying this area were unsuccessful; many of the Spanish occupiers refused to recognize the validity of the annexation The matter was finally settled when the Secretary of War ordered General James Wilkinson to occupy Mobile, which he did on April 15, 1813.

One of the first American civilians to arrive in Mobile was David Holmes, to set up a new government. Six years later, Spain would cede all of Florida to the United States. One of Holmes' greatest fears as governor was an Indian uprising. The Creeks still occupied much of what is now Alabama, and the Red Stick band of the Upper



Creeks, led by Chief William Weatherford, were determined not to live under white rule.

The whites were just as determined not to share their land with the Creeks, and confrontation was inevitable.

On July 2, 1813 a company of volunteer militia attacked a party of Creeks at Burnt Corn Creek, killing many of them. Five weeks later, on August 30, the Creeks attacked Fort Mims, on the Alabama River, and wiped out the entire garrison, as well as the settlers who had taken refuge there. If the frontier was unsafe for settlers, it was no less so for the Indians.

In response to the Fort Mims massacre, Governor Holmes organized the Mississippi Dragoons, a military force consisting of 200 mounted soldiers, and accompanied them to Fort Stoddard, ten miles downriver from Fort Mims, in October 1813.

By then the days of the Red Sticks were numbered. Several months later, in March of 1814, they were thoroughly defeated at Horseshoe Bend.

When the state constitutional convention met at Natchez, in 1814, David Holmes was elected its president. It was a symbol of respect to the man who, many felt, had seen Mississippi through the worst trials on the road to statehood. When Mississippi was admitted as the 20th state on December 10, 1817, Holmes' constituents honored him again by electing him as their first governor.

Holmes served one two-year term as governor, then was elected to the Senate in 1820. He left the Senate in 1825 to run for governor again, and was elected by a large majority. But his health was beginning to fail, and he served as governor for only six months before resigning on the advice of his physicians.

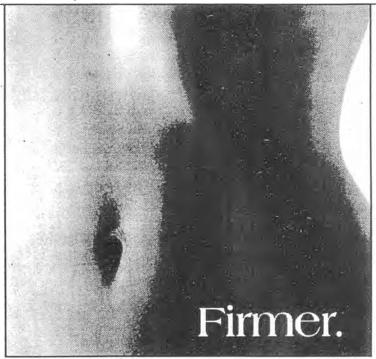
The following year he returned to Winchester, Virginia, where he died on August 20, 1832. Those who knew him could not praise him enough. It was said that he was the most successful governor Mississippi had ever had. One historian described him this way: "He had no enemies."

On February 19, 1833, the

Mississippi Legislature formally created Holmes County, named in honor of the governor. It lies in the central part of the state, on the highway from Jackson to Memphis.

But the people who live there, and in fact most Mississippians, may not be aware that another memorial to their first governor, visited daily by thousands, is located here in Huntsville





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Heroism From a Whiskey Jug

One of the Alabama regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the battles around Richmond.

The Alabamians, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing, to the utter mortification of the officers and

men, their flag which remained in the hands of the enemy.

Suddenly a tall Alabamian, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked a squad of Yankees, who had possession of the flag, with his musket, felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely back to his regiment.

The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades all greatly praising him for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergeancy on the spot, but the hero cut everything short by the reply:

"Oh, never mind, Captain! Say no more about it. I dropped my whisky flask among the Yankees and when I fetched it back, well, I thought I may as well bring the flag back too!"

As a nation we are dedicated to keeping physically fit and parking as close to the health club as possible.



Black

Fox

Looney

by Jo Ann Shaffer

Night at its blackest — hours before dawn. The raiders, having trekked silently through the dense woods from their mountain hideout, had just reached the cabin. Circling stealthily, they took their positions to block all exits. As they held their breaths, awaiting the signal from their leader, Black Fox whistled

sharply. With loud war whoops the party crashed through the brush and descended upon the cabin's sleeping occupants. Their yells were soon joined by screams of terror as the family was cruelly awakened. Once inside the home, torches brought to blazing life illuminated the dreadful scene. Three young girls huddled around their mother as she did her best to shield them with her arms and her nightdress. Her husband, angry and bewildered, glared first at the men, then at his rifle across the room. Black Fox nodded his head, and two of the raiders came forward with a rope. As they bound him securely, he began his plea.

"Bill, what are you doing? You can't! Bill, we've been neighbors for ten years. For God's sake, Bill, you've taught school to my daughters! Listen to me!"

"Shut up, Traitor, or I'll shut you up for good," replied the lanky,

bearded man known to enemies and friends alike as the "Black Fox." Alabama in the 1860s was a different place. Times were harder then than now. A man with a good rifle, a mule, and a sharp axe could carve out his place in the world. A woman with a spinning wheel, a loom, and a sturdy cooking pot possessed all the ingredients necessary for an "easy life."

North Alabama was not home to the vast cotton plantations of the south. In fact, slavery was so rare in Winston County that it wasn't even an issue — until time and events forced its residents to make a choice. Stand loyal to the Union, for which many had already fought under Andrew Jackson. Or join their neighbors in calls for secession.

After much debate by county residents, C.C. Sheats was elected as delegate to the Secession Convention where he cast his vote in favor of remaining loyal to the Union. Though overwhelmingly defeated. Sheats returned to Winston County undaunted by the actions in Montgomery. Union supporters from all over North Alabama gathered at the tavern owned by William B. Looney. The famed meeting at Looney's Tavern has gone down in history, where it was resolved that if, "a state can lawfully and legally secede or withdraw, being only a part of the Union, then a county, any county, being a part of the state, by the same process of reasoning, could cease to be a part of the state."

"The Free State of Winston" became their rallying cry. It was further resolved at this meeting that, although their loyalty belonged to the Union, they would not take up arms against their neighbors but



Across from Home Depot on University Dr.

would remain neutral in the Civil War.

William Bauck Looney was born in Morgan County in 1827. His father Moses had come to Alabama from Tennessee seven years earlier. Bill Looney grew up in the hills of Winston County, and knew the caves and forests as intimately as only a young boy could. With poverty as his companion, he learned to hunt, fish, and live off the land. When he grew up he became a schoolteacher. In these days before "pubic" schools, teacher's salaries were paid by the parents of the children whom they taught. Winston County was one of the poorest in Alabama at this time, and perhaps Mr. Looney found it necessary to augment his income. Cash poor families might barter the fees in the form of produce, baked goods, or moonshine. In any case, Bill became the proprietor of Looney's Tavern, situated about two miles north of present day Addison.

Bill Looney was among those who considered the seceding states rebellious. Although he had taken the position of neutrality, by 1864 he was no longer passive in his support of the Union. Severe hardships and deprivations had caused some of those serving in the Confederate States Army to desert. They were sheltered by men like Looney. Men who had been drafted into the C.S.A. but whose lovalties were elsewhere — these men were led to Union outposts where they could fight under the Union flag. When the Confederate cavalry was sent to track down the fugitives, Bill Looney was among those who waited in ambush to foil their efforts. Bill Looney was personally credited with having brought 2,500

deserters and conscription evaders over Federal lines. But that wasn't all

Travelling at night on foot, he made countless trips to infiltrate federate lines, and reported positions back to his superiors. A dispatch from April 27, 1864 read as follows:

Decatur, Alabama Brigadier-General Dodge,

Scout Looney came in last night, bringing 14 deserters from Winston County. He says that Roddey is at Sims' Mill, on Moulton and Danville Road. Patterson on Decatur and Moulton Road at Shoal Creek. Heard nothing of Polk's forces and nothing of any rebel forces coming this way from west Tennessee.

> James C. Veatch, Brigadier-General

Looney's actions became more brazen and his notoriety grew. Large cash rewards and a promise of discharge from armed service were promised to any in the Confederate Army who could put a stop to his

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marauding.

When John R. Phillips, Marion County Unionist, made a recruiting trip into Winston County, he teamed up with Bill Looney and his band of raiders. They met at Decatur, and headed southwest into the hills. Just west of Day's Gap, they crossed trails with Martin Stout, known to Looney as a Confederate sympathizer. Without a word, Looney drew his pistol and shot him off his horse. He continued his journey, leaving the dying man gasping for his last breath in the middle of the road

Further on, the group stopped at a river branch to rest, where they were surprised by a volley of fire.

Unprepared for the attack, the party scattered. Two of the recruiters were killed, and Looney left the others to fend for themselves. Knowing the area as well as he knew his own name, he headed straight through the forest to a friend's farmhouse to hole up for the night.

About midnight, a local contingent of the Home Guards pounded at the door demanding entrance. His friend went to the door prepared to send the pursuers on a wild goose chase. Before he could begin his story, Looney came into the room with a gun concealed in his coat. The farmer asked the trackers where they were from, and one of them replied, "We are from Hell!"

"Did you see Martin Stout?" replied Looney, "Because I just sent him there!"

With that he threw open his coat, exposing the loaded rifle, and began firing. His host seized his own firearm from the mantle and joined the attack. Within minutes, silence had reclaimed the cabin as the smell

of smoke and singed flesh rose in the air.

Having left his livelihood back in Winston County, Looney provisioned his army of Confederate deserters, draft dodgers, and Union sympathizers with what they could pillage from the properties of the "Rebels" — a title which was suitable for anyone who opposed them. Travelling on foot, they made nightly forages up to and into Decatur, where looting and plundering could be combined with scouting and spy missions for the Union troops stationed nearby. What they coveted they took; what they could not use they burned. Sensing victory, William "Black Fox" Looney gathered his spoils.

It was in the late summer of 1864 when Looney's raiders had targeted the cabin of William Eady. Leaving there with the bound captive just after daylight, they stumbled across the path of a black woman heading for the river to get an early start on her laundry. She screamed in horror at the sight of the band, and her cries elicited a barrage of gunfire from the riders. Struck in the shoulder by a bullet, the woman ran wailing back to her home, sounding a general alarm.

This alarm was heard by a passing battalion of Company L, the 5th Alabama Cavalry, at about 9 o'clock in the morning. Gathering



pertinent information, the Company began a 20-mile chase of the renegades. Once into the mountains, they came to the cabin where a woman and her three young daughters were in the yard, moaning and sobbing, for the husband and father who had been abducted hours earlier. Riding furiously in the direction of the raiders, they had not gone more than a mile before they found Mr. Eady's body stretched out in the middle of the road, with a bullet lodged just above his right eye. Looney had shut him up for good.

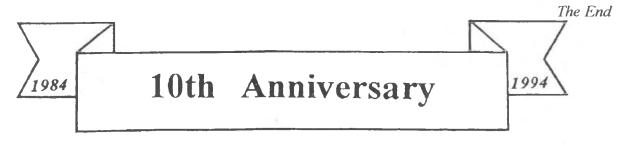
The 5th Alabama cavalry continued the chase, with an enraged Captain Patterson giving the order for a fight under the "Black Flag." This meant that no prisoners were to be taken, no quarter was to be given. When the cavalry caught up with Looney's forces, there were an even number fighting on each side. The conflict was ferocious: Confederates were fighting with the picture of the fatherless little girls

etched into their minds, battling the raiders who knew they were confronting the same kind of death they had imposed upon their victims. The battle raged hand-to-hand for more than two hours. Looney lost just over half of his fighters before he and the remainder disappeared into the forest. This was the last of Looney's raids into Morgan County.

After the War, it seems the Federal government tried to sweep Looney and others like him under the rug — spies can never be considered "trustworthy." In June of 1867, C.C. Sheats and other Unionists petitioned the United States government for a pension for William B. Looney. It reads, in part, "From the mountains of Alabama to the Federal lines at Corinth, Mississippi, and to Decatur, Alabama, the Rebel Army besides a large number of men who were never in the Rebel Army - were piloted by Mr. Looney. He brought into the Federal Lines over five hundred men who joined

the Union Army." It continues that Looney sustained injuries falling off a bluff during a "scouting mission," and was therefore unfit for manual labor. His previous professions do not indicate the need for a great deal of physical strength since bartending and school teaching are not usually considered "manual labor." Not many wanted to sit at his bar. Even fewer still would consider sending their children to him for education. Although on the "winning side" his credibility was lost among those who felt he had turned traitor against his Southern neighbors and brethren. The Petition goes on to declare that since his service to the Union Army was never compensated beyond a total of \$100 (not mentioning pillage and plunder) a pension of \$15 per month was being requested on behalf of Looney. The petition was approved at a reduced rate of \$8 per month.

So ended the saga of the "Black Fox."





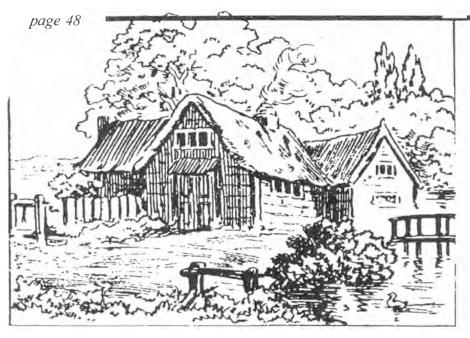
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Country home Charm on a Budget

In the most charming country homes, you may find an eclectic blend of Shaker, Late Victorian, and Early American Cottage in materials as different as wicker, golden oak and pine. Here are some more items to be on the lookout for when you're scouring those antique stores and flea markets:

Throw Rugs: A wonderful setting for a country home starts

with throw rugs - whether you like hooked, braided or woven rugs. The most beautiful are the primitive hooked designs whose makers were not famous artists but just found inspiration in everyday life. If you are lucky enough to find one of these masterpieces, you can hang it on the wall for a beautiful and unusual wall treatment

Quilts: A country home is not complete without homemade quilts in the bedrooms, and sometimes used as throws in the living room. The look of a room can change as fast as you change the quilt. You can hang them on the walls, cover the bed, use as a skirt for tables, frame them, or just display them on an old wooden drying stand.

Find your quilts first, then determine what color you want to paint your walls, if you're renovating. It's a lot easier to find that perfect shade of peach than to try to match the quilt to your paint.

Baskets: You can never have too many baskets in a truly country home. They are beautiful alone, or can be full of anything from potpourri to umbrellas, from candy to magazines, flowers, plants, bread, cats and dogs. You can find old, quaint ones or the newer ones. You can spray paint them or leave them as is. Baskets add much charm to any country home.

Wicker: Known in the old days as Wykker, Wyker and Wycre, this was a popular symbol of wealth even back in Chaucer's time. It can take many materials, from rattan, willow and straw, to bamboo - and takes many forms such as baskets, furniture, tables, boxes and decora-



tive accessories. Both natural and painted wicker give country charm homes the unmistakable aura of old money.

Gardens, Plants: The wealthy in the country almost invariably tended their gardens, whether it was courtyards, English gardens, huge old boxwoods, herbs or rocks. Even if you live in the city, your country home can have the look of a well-tended garden by bringing the outdoors in. Simple containers are best - put some hyacinths in a Mexican Copper pot, a stoneware pitcher can hold violets, or a child's painted wagon full of pots of daffodils.

Shaker furniture: This type of furniture is very plain, but beautiful in its simplicity. The Shakers were a religious sect that flourished in the belief that work was sacred, and they expressed themselves in incredible furniture design, chairs, cupboards, boxes, and wall pegs. If you are interested in this form of furniture be sure and get some books on it - you never know when you may spot a treasure at an out-of-the-way flea market or auction. The originals are very expensive, but reproductions are decent.

Art: Poor itinerant artists, often very witty and creative, pedaled their versions of everyday life in the forms of black "Mammy dolls," watermelon slices, tin and paintedwood animals, weather vanes, children's toys and sculpture. Exquisitely painted toy soldiers, tinware and large carved and painted wooden people and animals are some of the examples of folk art that represents country charm. Caution: It's really essential to educate your-

self in this art form if you are truly interested in collecting. There are a lot of reproductions out there that are mass-produced and have very little value. Go to folk art museums and antique shows and see what the best pieces look like. True folk art is not cute, and it doesn't look like something you may have seen last week in a craft fair.

Samplers: Originally, samplers were used in colonial America, in school or home to teach the alphabet or numbers - it was a way to teach young ladies the niceties of embroidery, spelling, arithmetic and religion. If you display an old sampler with a light, it can be a real conversation piece. Also, the older and more ragged, the better!

Your country home could in-

clude just one or all of these:

A couple of old rocking chairs.

A Welsh oak cupboard holding a collection of ironstone.

Art symbols of animal life, fruit or vegetables.

Country pine - as in an old kitchen table, a buffet, ladderback, chairs, etc.

A French cupboard holding jars of tomatoes, pickles, yellow corn, orange preserves, etc.

A stenciled English step stool to reach your hanging plants.

A wood-burning stove inlaid with Dutch delft tiles, with a brass bucket for holding the wood.





Seen and Heard on Huntsville's Streets, 1907

Two Men arrested at Southern Depot

Will Pylant was charged with drunk and disorderly conduct, and Jim Bowman, charged with trespassing. Both men were arrested at the Southern passenger depot last night by the watchman, Will Short. Bowman is a hackman and he was arrested after the officer had warned him to stay in line at the depot. Both men have been lodged in jail.

Thief Gets Nice Prize

Mr. J.J. Crittenden, who resides at Adams Avenue, has reported to the police the loss of a pocket book containing \$9. He claims that the wallet was left on a table in the front room and while the family was at supper a thief entered the home and escaped with the loot.

Detective agency will locate here from Nashville

A Banner reporter was informed Monday that a detective agency will permanently locate in the city within the next few days. Messrs. Corbett and Ladd of Nashville, who have been in the city for



the past month, are very much pleased with the location for a good detective agency. Mr. Sawyer of West Huntsville will be a member of the firm and only first class men will be employed.

For Sale - Nice rubber-tired buggy, harness and driving mare, perfectly gentle. For information, address 512, city.

Lost - A lady's bracelet, lost on the public square, finder return for large reward at the First National Bank. The bracelet has sentimental value to the owner as it was a gift from a departed grandfather.

Sometimes, someone needs to say No!

No - to reduced garbage collection

V, No - to the \$6,000,000 hotel subsidy

No - to cutting down trees in the

Big Spring Park

RE-ELECT BILL

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#4 City Council Vote Tuesday August 23

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Murder last Night

Charles L. Stanley, a commercial traveler, was killed here last night by Wesley Christopher. Christopher assaulted a young woman in an alley, and when Stanley heard her screams he ran to her rescue and was shot in the heart. Christopher was arrested and is lodged in the city jail.

New Drug Store Opens

The Graham Pharmacy, the pretty new drug store at the corner of Jefferson and Clinton streets, is the center of attraction to the ladies of the city today. The store is fitted out in elegant style in tasty antique oak fixtures and the decorations are beautiful. This feature was attended to by Oscar Brock, a Huntsville boy who has made a reputation for artistic work of this nature in Memphis. There were hundreds of sellers during the day and every lady

who went there was given an elegant souvenir for the occasion. One of the more popular of the souvenirs was a delightful miniature pin cushion.

Negro escapes at the door of the jail.

Leroy Jefferson, colored, was arrested at Meridianville yesterday afternoon for committing an assault on his wife. He was brought to the city by Constable Thomas Countess and as the officer was in the act of ringing the bell at the jail door the Negro broke away from him and ran. The officer set out after him but Jefferson easily outdistanced him. The escapee has not been seen since Sunday morning.

Crushed Rock on the Streets

Street Supt. Murphy has made a big improvement on the public

square by building up the streets with crushed rock. It is understood that quite a number of improvements will be made on the streets of the city during the summer. The rock crusher is kept busy from early morning until late in the afternoon crushing rock for the use of the busy Superintendent.

One-legged Man makes trouble at Depot

A one-legged white 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 his name.

Life is like a safe that has a combination, but the combination tion is locked inside the safe.





The theme of the wicked lady with the heart of gold runs through our literature from the Biblical Rahab, the Harlot, an ancestor of Jesus, to that friend of Rhett Butler's, Belle Watley, in *Gone With The Wind*.

Huntsville has its own version, but it was fact, not fiction.

Huntsville Hospital owes its existence to the generosity of the town's most colorful madam, Mollie Teal. She bequeathed her house, the most popular bordello in town, first to a friend, and then upon the friend's death to the City of Huntsville. It became the City Infirmary and operated until 1926 as a hospital. It was one of the most modern hospitals in North Alabama, even having its own School of Nursing. It remained in operation until Hunts-

ville Hospital opened.

Mollie became quite well off financially as a result of her "business." She bought the house at the corner of St. Clair and Gallatin for a mere \$300 and a few years later was able to mortgage it for \$1,900, a debt she soon repaid. It was an extravagant, well run house where a shot of whiskey could be had for 25 cents and the favors of an atten-

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tive lass would cost you \$5 for the night.

Part of the public's confidence in Mollie's probably was the fact that her girls had regular health inspections.

Miss Bessie Russell, for whom the branch library is named, was the widow of the physician who was charged with health inspections at Mollie's place.

Mrs. Russell remembered her mother talking about Mollie, saying "she was the most attractive person you ever saw." She always carried a parasol and when she took her afternoon ride in her long black carriage with the two black horses, she was considered, by most people, to be an extremely glamourous lady.

Mollie was an acute business woman who knew the value of publicity. One year, during the 4th of July parade, she dressed her ladies in their finest garb and joined the parade, to the delight of many onlookers. She was not on the official parade schedule, but as an observer later commented, "She did add interest."

Mollie's ghost was said by many to have haunted the hospital for years after her death. There was a screen door that had a habit of slamming and hooking itself shut. The long time employees joked that it was Mollie checking on the customers.

Another legend concerns her grave in Maple Hill Cemetery. Every since her death, almost a century ago, fresh flowers have been periodically placed on her grave. No one knows who by.

While Mollie Teal is the most colorful and the best known of Huntsville's "Fancy Ladies," she was certainly not the only one. Minnie Maples' establishment, though smaller than Mollie's, was equally well known around the turn of the century. She and her employees advertised their wares by dressing up and promenading on the city's

sidewalks. Heavily made up, wearing big flowery hats and exquisite clothing, they attracted much attention on their daily excursions.

May Wells, June Martin, Jewel Earl, and "Gashouse Carrie" were other prominent Huntsville madams,



but in the 1920s and 30s the best known was Hazel Battle. Her house was located near the present day site of Meadow Gold Dairy, and though illegal, had the reputation of being a well regulated house. The only disturbances were an occasional police raid when some of the girls would be jailed long enough to get their health checkups.

Many of Huntsville's outstanding citizens were regular patrons of the houses, as evidenced by an incident that happened in the late 1800s. One of the bordellos caught fire and the fire department quickly showed up and extinguished the blaze, which proved to be minor. Needless to say, the girls were so impressed by the brave, courageous firemen that they invited them to stay for a while and "relax."

And needless to say, when word spread among the volunteer fire department of the madam's offer, other firemen, even from out in the county, begin showing up, "to make sure the fire is out."

Unfortunately, the Huntsville Police Department chose this exact time to stage one of their raids. The firemen were promptly arrested and thrown in the calaboose. Furious, the volunteer firemen resigned, leaving Huntsville without fire protection until the matter was straightened out.

Some of the prostitutes married well. Miss Bessie Russell remembered that her husband was astonished at the number of young men who married women right out of the houses. Though "polite society" never mentions the fact, there are still several elderly matriarchs in Huntsville today who got their start in a much more colorful place than the Huntsville Country Club.

The End





It was a hot, sweltering summer day in New Market when a salesman walked up the drive to the home of Don Giles. Don's pa was siiting on the old porch, rocking and whittling on a piece of wood.

As the salesman walked up the dusty driveway to the porch, carrying a bulging briefcase, a large dog in the yard began to growl in a low, menacing manner. "Does your dog bite?" the salesman asked the old man.

"No, he don't," Pa said.

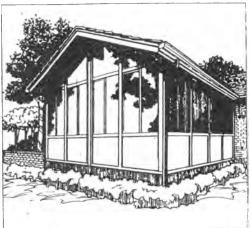
The salesman took a few more steps toward the porch and the dog suddenly tore off one entire leg of his pants. The salesman screamed, "I thought you said your dog didn't bite!"

The old gent looked up from his whittling and said, "Ain't my dog."

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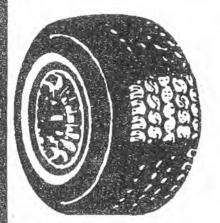
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539-1221

2121 MEMORIAL PARKWAY SW (ACROSS FROM SERVICE MERCHANDISE)

2525 OAKWOOD AV N.W. (CORNER OF OAKWOOD & PULASKI PIKE)