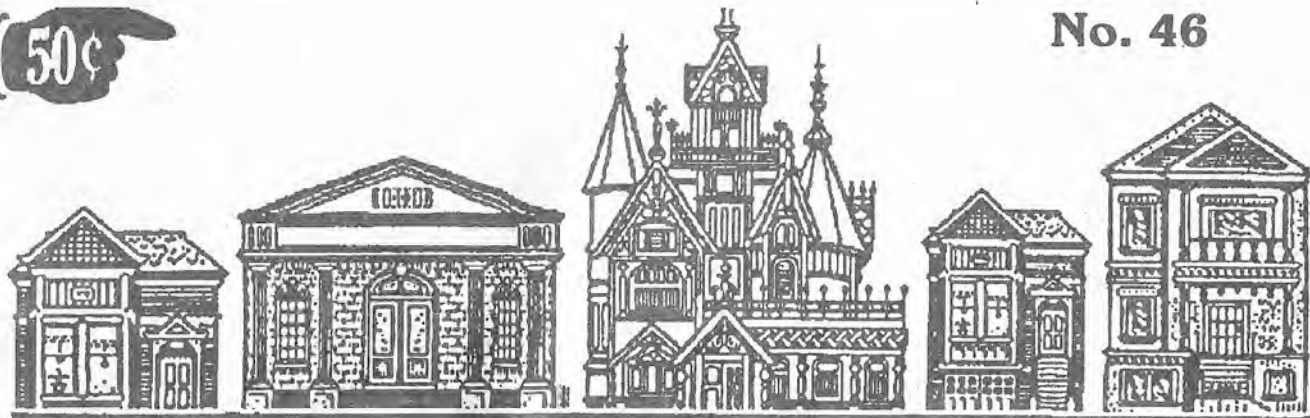


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No. 46



Old Huntsville



MURDER

Of The Huntsville Beauty Queen

She was young, vivacious and beautiful. She had everything going for her until she made one fatal mistake.

She fell in love with a married man and one dark, stormy night, in 1937, she paid the ultimate price!

Also in this issue: "Incident at Paint Rock Bridge"



Murder of the Beauty Queen

At the sound of the car horn blowing, young and vivacious Flossie Putman, who had been a beauty contest winner at the age of 16, jumped to her feet. Glancing in the full length mirror standing in the hall, she checked her makeup and shapely figure one last time. Her mother, sitting in a chair and watching, was agitated that her daughter was going out again. It seemed to her that Flossie was always on her way to another date.

"Going out again tonight?" asked the mother. "Who are you seeing now?"

"My number one boy friend," replied the daughter gleefully. "The one I really love."

"Please don't stay out too late, honey," the mother pleaded.

Flossie kissed her mother on the cheek lightly, and pausing only long enough to tell her not to wait up, dashed for the door.

Mrs. Putman watched as her daughter departed. Her whole life was wrapped up in Flossie, an only child and her

sole support. Mother and daughter lived in a modest house on O'Shaughnessy Avenue in the village of Dallas, a cotton mill section at the edge of Huntsville.

As darkness closed over the hills and valleys that night of April 30, 1937, angry clouds were gathering on the western horizon to swoop down on Huntsville and the surrounding countryside in one of the worst storms ever experienced in the community. Within an hour after the daughter's departure from home, lightning flashed and thunder cracked with a fearsome fury. This was followed by a gale of hurricane proportions and then rain came down in torrents. As the storm increased in violence, Mrs. Mae Putman, alone in her house, felt worried about her daughter for the first time in her life.

Flossie, however, was safe from the elements of the night. She was comfortably seated in a darkened corner of the White Castle, a popular road inn four miles north of Huntsville. Opposite her sat a companion and on the table between them were two glasses filled with whiskey.

The popular tavern was almost empty of patrons on this stormy night. Besides Flossie and her date, there were only a few others present. No one paid any attention to the young couple until they began arguing in loud voices. The man seemed to be doing most of the talking, his voice thickened by the whiskey he had already consumed. As suddenly as the argument had begun, it ended, with the couple leaving the bar holding hands.

For the next hour the remaining patrons of the tavern continued to drink and talk as the storm raged outside. Two of



Old Huntsville

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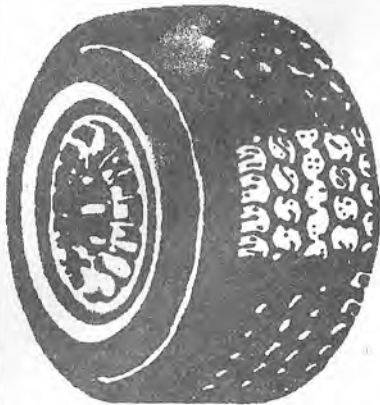
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the customers were preparing to leave when suddenly the door flew open and Flossie Putman, her face and clothes splattered with blood, stumbled through the entrance.

The patrons anxiously gathered around the young girl offering to take her to the doctor, only to be met by a curt refusal.

"Leave me alone," Flossie cried angrily. "Please go away."

Just then the door opened and the girl's escort walked in. He, too, was splattered with blood and appeared to have been drinking heavily. Grabbing Flossie by her arm, the man angrily ordered her to leave with him. Neither spoke a word as they left.

Through a window those in the tavern saw the couple climb into a pickup and drive away.

The following morning, when Mrs. Putman realized her daughter had not returned home, she became scared. She began calling her daughter's friends only to be told that they had not seen her. One of them did tell her, however, that the man Flossie had been seeing was named Jim.

Mrs. Putman next notified H.C. Blakemore, Huntsville's chief of police. Anxiously she told the Chief of her daughter dating someone by the name of Jim, and of her concern.

Recalling the fact that Flossie had joked about getting married, Blakemore said there was nothing he could do in case of an elopement, but he would do what he could.

Blakemore began searching for the man who had been with Flossie's the night she had disappeared. Finally after much hard work, he was able to narrow the list of possible suspects

down to five whose first names were Jim. Four of the suspects were able to give alibis for the night Flossie disappeared. The fifth, James McNally, lived only a short distance from Blakemore's home. McNally was married and was known as a devoted husband and the father of eight children.

With attributes such as these, Blakemore was at first hesitant about even considering McNally as a suspect. Despite his personal feelings, the Chief nevertheless decided to question McNally.

During the course of the

next several weeks, Blakemore visited McNally's residence several times, only to be told each time by McNally's wife that he was not home. Finally Blakemore demanded an explanation as to why McNally was never home.

Obviously worried, the woman said Jim had disappeared. "I know I should have reported it sooner but I kept thinking that he would come back."

The woman said she had not seen her husband in almost a month.

Upon questioning the

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woman, Blakemore was able to establish that McAnally had disappeared the same night as Flossie Putman. Now the investigator was faced with two mysterious disappearances instead of one. As rumors begin to spread across Huntsville, the general feeling was that McAnally had abandoned his wife and children and ran off with the attractive Flossie Putman.

The whole case had stalemated when Mrs. McAnally appeared at headquarters one day, three months later, to tell the Chief that she had heard from her husband. He was working in Texas, had a good job and was about to send for her and the children.

"Did he say why he left so suddenly without telling anyone?" Blakemore asked.

"He just said that he had an unexpected job offer and he wanted to make sure it worked out before telling anyone." The look on her face showed that even she knew it was a flimsy excuse.

Then, as the woman was leaving the office, Blakemore said he would like to talk to her husband about the disappearance of Flossie Putman.

Indignantly, the woman replied that Blakemore was mistaken in his assumption that her husband had anything to do with the Putman girl. "My husband has never been unfaithful to me."

"Mrs. McAnally, I'd like permission to search your place before you leave for Texas."

Upset by the thought of police prowling about her home, and certain that her husband was in no way connected with the disappearance of Flossie Putman, she refused. She could not understand the Chief's attitude nor his request as she

stalked out of the office.

The state of Alabama had a peculiar outlook regarding searching of private property, regardless of the nature or seriousness of the case involved. A legal search could be made only with the consent of the resident or with a warrant sworn out in his name whenever the consent was refused. When a search was made with proper warrant, should the officer fail to find what he was looking for, the resident had recourse against the officer and superiors in the courts of the state.

So Chief Blakemore refrained from searching the McAnally home and premises. He had no proof of his vague

suspicions. Jim McAnally had turned up alive and there was the possibility that the girl whose name had been linked with him, might likewise be located. Until he had proof that the girl had not merely run away the police official had no intention of subjecting himself to a costly damage suit.

There were many conflicting and baffling possibilities in the events surrounding that stormy evening. Had the Putman girl dashed into the roadhouse that night because she was fleeing the man who tried to kill her? If so, why did the man follow her into the bar where other people were bound to see him. And why did she leave with him again?



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Every promising trail the investigating Chief followed seemed to lead to Jim McAnally, and then dissipate into thin air. Especially intriguing was his mysterious departure from home at the time of the girl's disappearance.

Surely Jim McAnally was not the "number one boy friend" mentioned by Miss Putman or the one to whom she referred in jesting about an elopement. What attraction could there be in an insignificant married man of 41 years for the attractive and popular beauty with countless admirers? Yet, there seemed to have been innumerable clandestine meetings between the two.

After months of diligent work Chief Blakemore believed the girl might be dead, the victim of a jealous suitor. But his investigation along those lines was stalemated until some evidence of the body, or the murderer could be located. To hunt for one involved dangerous financial risks and to look for the other was a colossal undertaking, with the name of Jim and a general description that might fit hundreds of men the only clue to his identity. Where to look for either was a mystery as dark as the stormy night into which the girl and her friend had disappeared.

Months and then years passed. Finally the summer of 1939 rolled around with still no trace of the missing Flossie Putman. In the long span of time the city of Huntsville had practically forgotten the former beauty and many changes had occurred in the lives of the principal characters of this strange drama.

Chief Blakemore had resigned his position as head of Huntsville's law enforcement body and had been elected sheriff of

Madison County. In his new capacity he had not forgotten the baffling Putman mystery, now more than two years old. The McAnally home was now occupied by the owner's father and mother who had moved in when McAnally's wife and eight children left for Texas.

Reports from Texas told of McAnally's success. He had acquired half ownership in a garage and had purchased a home for his family.

Blakemore never heard from Jim McAnally though he still wanted to question him in regard to the missing Flossie Putman. He also still wanted to search the house in which McAnally had resided while in Huntsville but his repeated requests had been met with stern refusals from the new occupants. There was strong resentment of any thought anything could be wrong. And a search was still impossible with the meager information available.

On the morning of Aug. 13, 1939, Sheriff Blakemore received in his offices at the county courthouse a visitor with what appeared to be an important bit of information. This visitor was a neighbor of the McAnallys in West Huntsville.

"For the past few days," the man said, "my dog has been acting strangely around the McAnally house. He has been digging under the kitchen in the rear. I watched him again this morning through the fence. He digs a while, sniffs the hole he is making and then digs again. I am sure there is something buried under that house."

Sheriff Blakemore decided to act immediately, to risk his judgement against a possible

lawsuit. After obtaining a search warrant and accompanied by two deputies armed with shovels and digging irons, he went to the home which had previously been McAnally's residence.

There he saw where the dog had been digging but the opening was too narrow to permit the entry of a human body. The sheriff and his deputies then entered the kitchen and their attention was immediately drawn to a section of the flooring which had a



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different appearance from the remainder of the boards. The elder McAnally explained this section had rotted and he had repaired it several days after his son went to Texas. Sheriff Blakemore ordered his men to remove the boards.

Directly beneath the floor was a mound of earth, large and oblong in shape, which had partly caved in. The aged occupant of the house, still unaware of the purpose of the unusual procedure but asking no questions, explained that his son had started to excavate for a cellar with the intention of installing a furnace but had abandoned the plan just before he went away. The sheriff ordered his men to start digging.

Four feet down in the earth, which was loose and easily removed, Deputy Smith struck something hard with his shovel. Reaching down, he brought to the surface a small shoe, almost disintegrated, which contained the bones of a human foot. The officers continued their digging with renewed vigor and soon uncovered the skeleton of a woman. The shoes, and a few fragments of clothing remained among the bones. These were carefully removed to a mortuary, where an hour later Mrs. Mae Putman, torn with grief, identified the bits of cloth and leather as part of the dress and shoes worn by her daughter the night she disappeared.

Flossie Putman's strange disappearance was solved.

A long distance call to the sheriff's office in McKillney, Texas requested the immediate arrest of Jim McAnally. Within an hour a call came from the Texas city stating they had arrested James McAnally.

When McAnally was returned from Texas he was brought before Solicitor Jeff D. Smith and Sheriff Blakemore for questioning. The man had made no statement since his arrest and the officials expected a continued denial of the murder.

Sheriff Blakemore addressed McAnally. "Jim," he said, "it looks pretty bad for you and we want to hear your story of what happened that night."

Calmly, and without any outward sign of remorse, McAnally began to tell his story of what had transpired that night. He admitted to being out that night with Flossie Putman, whom he said he had known about a year. He told how they rode around for hours talking and drinking whiskey.

When the storm was at its peak, he said he parked the pickup truck off the New Mar-

ket road. It was here, according to his story, that the girl fell out of the truck and cut her face.

"The next thing I remember," he continued, "a man was shaking me to wake me up and get out of his way so he could drive into his home. After moving the car I tried to arouse Flossie and she didn't answer. Well, the woman was dead.

"I didn't know what to do so I went home, took the body out of the truck, and carried it into the house, placing it in the closet in the downstairs room. I then fell asleep,

"I was wakened soon after daylight by my wife and children moving about in the house. I thought of the body, and knew I had to dispose of it. So I told my wife to take the children and go to the home of my parents.

"I had planned to dig a basement and had actually started it.

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So after the family left, I removed the floor in the kitchen and deepened the hole. Then I placed the body in it and covered it up, nailing down the floor tightly. When my wife and children returned at 11 o'clock they were none the wiser. I left the following morning and finally landed in Texas. You know the rest."

Though the story sounded feasible, it was a lie. Medical evidence had already shown that the girl died from a gunshot wound.

The trial began Nov. 1, 1939. McAnally offered a plea of not guilty because of insanity. Solicitor Smith recounted the mass of testimony against the accused man and demanded the death penalty for a brutal murder.

Three days later a jury deliberated four hours and returned a verdict of guilty and fixed punishment at life imprisonment. Notice of appeal was filed at once but this was withdrawn two weeks later and McAnally was taken to prison.

Reprinted from 1939
Startling Detective

Strange Suicide In Marshall County

On Tuesday of last week, the body of Joseph Godsey was found in Marshall County, about four miles from Vienna, under circumstances that left no doubt that the deceased had come to his death by his own hands.

Godsey had taken his hoe that morning and gone to the field as usual. He hoed four short rows of corn and failed to come to dinner, but nothing strange was thought of his absence from dinner. About sunset a Mr. Saint went to the field to look after him and, finding his track, followed it across the field and found the body hanging to a limb just as he had hung himself, with hickory-

bark. He had deliberately tied the bark around his neck, gotten up on the fence and jumped off, breaking his neck.

Deceased was about 21 years of age and had recently separated from his wife of three years.

from 1878 newspaper

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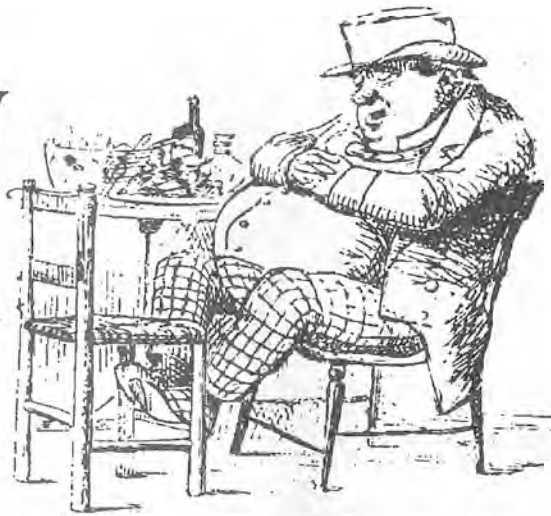
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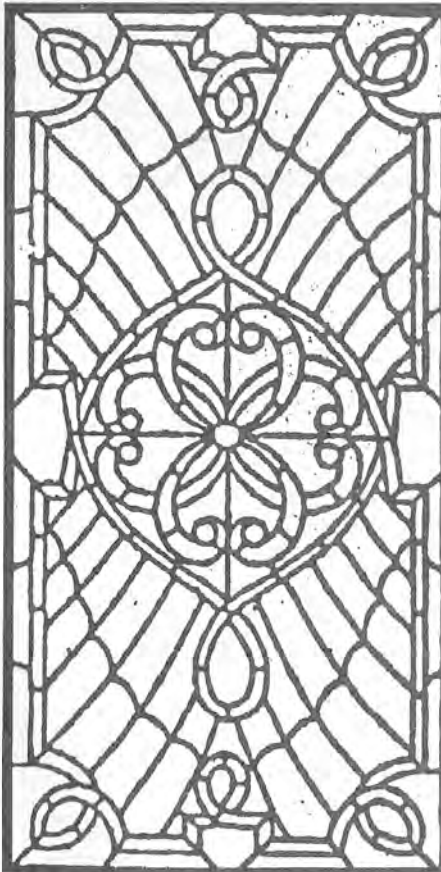
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The cress grew and spread, until now it is abundant enough to supply the whole town. It makes a delightful salad, and hundreds of families in Huntsville are using it. This cress is regarded as a great luxury in larger cities. It is usually grown in miry bogs and is not as pure and palatable as that to be gotten out of our big spring branch.

from 1878 Huntsville newspaper



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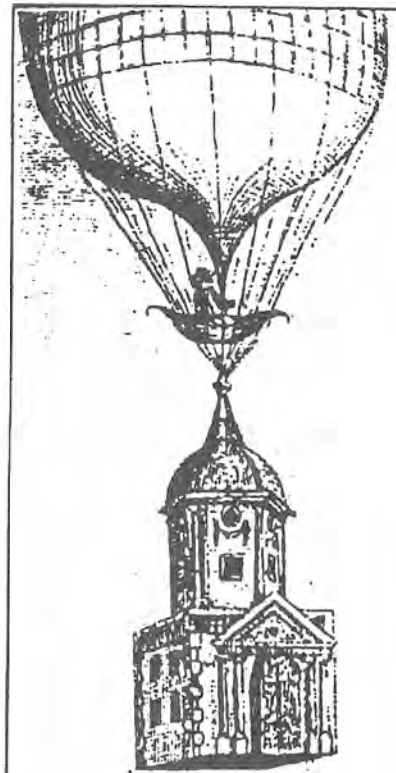
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Under The Shadow of a Brother-in-Law

The period following the Civil War was an era of wishful reminiscing. Families whose names and fortunes were intertwined with our country's history were reduced to the status of common laborers upon the collapse of the Confederacy.

For many of these people, the only source of pride left were their family names and the connections to other families they had built through marriages and friendships. While many people spent their whole lives boasting of their relationships, others, fearful of the consequences, remained silent.

Such was the case of David Humphrey Todd.

By the time David Todd moved to Huntsville in 1865, he had already lived an eventful life. Born in 1832, into a well respected Kentucky family, David was serving with the Kentucky Infantry during the war with Mexico, when he received word of his father's death from cholera. When one of David's brothers contested the probate of the Will, the once close family was torn asunder. Brothers, sisters, and cousins all refused to talk

to one another. Complicating matters even more was the fact that his half sister's husband, an attorney, was selected to represent the other heirs while another member of the family represented David and his brothers.

The Will was eventually settled, with his brother-in-law winning, but the family had suffered a split from which they would never recover.

Whether out of resentment

or longing for more adventure, when David received his discharge at the end of the war, he soon enlisted as a mercenary in an attempt to overthrow the Chilean government in South America. Not much is known about his exploits in Chile except that he barely escaped with his life by hiding on a ship leaving the country.

Strangely enough, though he spent the next several years in China, he was never able to escape the presence of his brother-in-law. As the years passed it seemed as if more and more people associated him with the young attorney who was gaining a national stature.

At the beginning of the Civil War David enlisted in the Confederate service as a Captain. By this time his brother-in-law had become one of the most hated people in the country so it is doubtful if David told anyone of his kinship. When David was erroneously reported killed during the battle of Vicksburg, it probably suited him well as he was finally out of the shadow of

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his notorious in-law.

David kept a low profile during the years after the war. He had married Susan Turner and was considered a leading citizen of Huntsville by all that knew him. His wife was a devout member of the Church of The Nativity and his home, on the northeast corner of Franklin and Gates, was a meeting place for many influential people of Madison County.

If there was anything odd about David Todd during these years, it was his reluctance to talk about his family. Even many of his closest friends knew nothing about him except that he was an ex-Confederate soldier.

David Humphrey Todd died August 4, 1871 at his home here in Huntsville and was most likely buried in the Turner plot at Maple Hill Cemetery.

Ironically, the best selling book at the time of his death was a book about his despised brother-in-law ... "The Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Man Arrested As Female Impersonator



Swore He Was a Woman But His Wife Knew the Difference

Marancy Hughes, of this town, was married in September last to a person who was known as Samuel M. Pollard. Her relatives opposed the match, but she eloped and was married without their knowledge. A short time after their marriage, Pollard confessed to her that he was really a woman; that she had had trouble with her relatives in the East; had lost her property and as-

sumed the disguise of a man for the reason that avenues for making money would be open to her in the character which would be closed to her as a woman.

Pollard has never given her any particular reason for doing her this great wrong, but is believed to have been actuated by foolish pride in appearing in the character of a married man. The victim was ashamed to acknowledge that she had been so imposed upon and shrunk from admitting the truth.

Pollard, without actually threatening her life, repeatedly intimated that it would be bad for Marancy if she exposed her, and she kept silence until a fortnight ago, when her aunt got a perception of the fact and questioned her closely, and she related to her the whole story.

The victim says that the woman's real name is Sarah M. Pollard, and that her trunk is filled with feminine apparel. A complaint was file yesterday by J.C. Howerton, accusing Pollard of perjury in swearing when he took out the marriage license that he was a male.

from 1878 newspaper



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C.O. Pike of Cullman came to Huntsville yesterday and bought a car load of horses which were shipped to Cullman this morning.

Mr. Pike collected the bunch that he needed within three hours, buying principally for the livery stables in this city. He found what he wanted and they were offered at fair prices which he paid. The average price of a horse was above \$100 each. There is a big demand for horses in Cullman County.

from 1910 newspaper

Will Tate fined for failing to connect

Will Tate, a colored carriage driver, was fined \$25 and costs in the police court yesterday for failure to make proper connection with the city sewer on Church Street. Mayor Smith announced that this is the first case of its kind that has come before him and that he intends to see that all persons follow the instructions of the law.

from 1910 newspaper

Attention: Confederate Soldiers

Woodville, Jackson County Oct. 18, 1878

Sir: the Confederate soldiers of the Eighth District will give their hearty support in the coming election to their old comrade, Col. Lowe. If they had no other reason for doing so, the following ought to suffice:

There is a man now in our neighborhood who went to Mr. Garth during the war to get a chicken to make for a Confederate soldier who lay very near to death's door. He secured the chicken - but not until he had placed a Five Dollar bill in Mr. Garth's grasping hand. This is a positive fact, and it can be substantiated by a sworn affidavit.

This may appear to be a very small matter to some people, Mr. Editor, but old soldiers - who stood shoulder to shoulder in times which tried men's souls - will not so regard it, nor look upon it as an offence easily condoned.

R. M. Erwin, John Wilikson
from 1878 newspaper



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A Handsome New Office To Be Built On West Side Square

Huntsville has her improvements too. General Admiral White has commenced the replacing of his building on the west side, Public Square, to the left of the steps leading to the Big Spring.

He will erect in its place a building containing desirable offices, fitted out in modern style and furnishing every convenience and comfort to be found in first-class city office apartments. The new building will be of brick, substantial and at the same time constructed upon a style that will

make it an ornament to that portion of our city.

It will be four stories high, seventy-five feet front and forty two feet deep - dimensions ample for the proper fulfillment of the plan as drawn. Workmen are busy removing the recent structure, which has stood for many years.

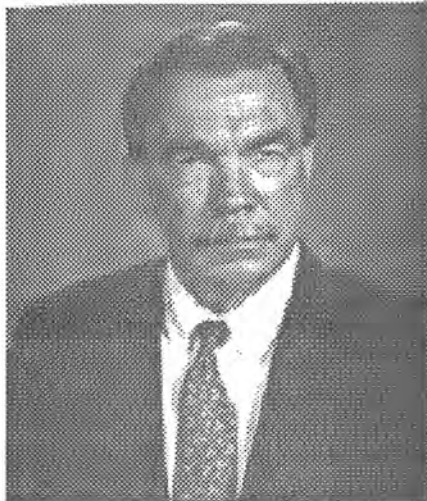
from 1878 newspaper

Deputy Beat In Gambling House

Clarence Jamar, formerly a deputy sheriff, was assaulted in a gambling house on Jefferson Street last night and beaten by four men in the employ of the house.

The gambling house which has been in operation day and night has now been closed.

from 1879 newspaper



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1. Railroad War - Nathan Bedford Forrest's Raid Through North Alabama by Bob Dunnivant (\$16.95).

2. 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).

3. Maps Of Old Huntsville - Reprints of 1861 and 1871 Maps (\$10.00 each).

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

5. Prize In The Snow - Children's book by Huntsville Times Columnist Bill Easterling (\$15.95).

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

7. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th Edition (\$10.00).

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

9. Antique Athens and Limestone County - A Photographic Journey 1809-1949 (\$19.95).

10. Alabama - The History Of a Deep South State (\$29.95).

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Heard On The Streets In 1880



Last Saturday night some malicious scoundrel killed a horse belonging to Mr. H.W. Helm, the well known blacksmith. The horse, a very fine one, was in the pasture bordering the spring branch, and was killed by being struck just above the eye with a brickbat. We trust the perpetrator may be discovered and appropriately punished.

Yesterday, in the Big Cove, a man named Stewart Wishard was shot and mortally wounded by a man named R.S. Buford, who was arrested. The trouble arose about a dispute in regard to crops. Wishard was cropping on Buford's place. It is thought Buford was justifiable.

We understand it is reported through the country that yellow fever is in Huntsville. This is untrue. There has not been a single case of yellow fever in Huntsville up to this time.

Mr. Timothy Murphy, of this

city, received a dispatch last Friday from Canton, Miss., conveying the sad information that his wife, daughter and granddaughter were all down with yellow fever. Mr. Murphy left on the next train for Canton, and it is reported he has been seized with the dread disease.

P.O. Since writing the above we have been informed that all of Mr. Murphy's grandchildren have the fever, and that one of them has died of the disease.

Appeal to Mothers - Clothing partially worn or outgrown, sheets or bedding of any description, remnants of calico or domestic, such as always accumulate in families - any of all these articles are earnestly solicited for the Orphans of the plague-stricken city of Memphis, and will be thankfully received and

immediately forwarded if sent to Mrs. S. R. Cruse, Adams Avenue.

Miss Kate Erskine will open a School at the residence of Mrs. S. C. Erskine, on Franklin Street, on Monday, the 2d of September. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Charles Rice, the one-eyed Negro from Mr. Frank McClung's place in Little Cove, was tried on a complaint before Justice Figg, last Saturday, charged with an attempt to rape Linda Beasley, aged 10 years. Rice was arrested after an investigation of the facts committed. He came from Jackson County.

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Ever The Gentleman


by Jim Hegney

Jefferson Davis was a man of many accomplishments. Distinguished Mexican War veteran, son-in-law of U.S. President Zachary Taylor, Senator from Mississippi, U.S. Secretary of War, and President of the Confederacy, Jefferson was above all a complete gentleman. He had treated his slaves with kindness, even allowing them to run their own affairs in a democratic fashion. Davis was also noted for his love of affairs of a somewhat different nature.

The handsome Davis' eye for the ladies was hinted at in

mid-19th century America, though he generally kept his liaisons discrete. Mary Chestnut hinted at them in her diary in the 1860s, and there are occa-

sional rumors of his love life in other contemporary sources. One time, however, Jeff Davis let down his guard completely. The incident took place on the Mem-



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phis & Charleston Railroad during a postwar trip to Huntsville. This time it actually made it into the national newspapers.

It was the summer of 1871 and the War Between the States had been over for six years. The Confederate President had been arrested at the close of the war and had been held captive in a veritable dungeon until his release was gained by prominent figures both North and South. No sooner had Davis been freed from his dreary prison cell than he began his journey back to Mississippi, where his wife, Varina, patiently awaited him. Surprisingly, Davis interrupted his return to visit some old friends in Madison County, Alabama. Davis left the train at Gurley's Tank (now the town of Gurley) and found a local Confederate veteran to guide him to his friends' home. The hugging and kissing that greeted Davis' arrival, wrote the veteran, beat anything that he had ever seen. The man's wife, a prominent local belle, seemed especially delighted to see Davis. Her husband, who had been imprisoned along with Davis, appears not to have objected (or perhaps suspected?).

Now, in July 1871, the Confederate President was on his way to Huntsville from Memphis. He had been staying at the Peabody Hotel. As the *Louisville Daily Commercial* reported it, "The distinguished ex-President and present insurance president was kind enough to honor with his protection and fatherly care the handsome wife of a gentleman who boarded at the Overton Hotel."

At 6.30 p.m. Davis and his companion boarded the M & C night train for Huntsville. Two hours later, the former President

directed the porter to prepare the sleeping berths. Davis told the man to ready the lower berth for the lady. He would gallantly take the upper berth. The Louisville paper noted the passengers were somewhat surprised that the famous gentleman wished retire so early, but no one said a word. "The lady retired to the lower couch," said the *Daily Commercial*, "and the form of the distinguished ex-President, partially disrobed, was seen to ascend in a dignified manner to the upper berth."

As the train rolled on towards Huntsville, however, "the curtains which hid the form of the distinguished ex-President from the gaze of his fellow passengers were seen to sway and bulge outward. A form descended cautiously from the upper berth, and dropped into the

lower one." This was, after all, the Victorian era, a many a jaw dropped in disbelief. Some inconsiderate individual actually scurried off to inform the sleeping car's conductor, a man named Hess.

Ex-President or not, the conductor had to maintain the Pullman Company's strict rules. He approached the birth and spoke quietly, but firmly, "Mr. Davis, you cannot be permitted to do this, sir. You must take another berth." Jeff Davis reportedly replied, "It's none of your business, sir. I decline to leave. I have paid for both these berths, and will occupy the one I choose." Hess continued to protest, but Davis would not be moved. "The lady discretely turned her face," said the newspaper, "and took no part in the discussions."

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Hess waited a full half hour for the Confederate President to return to his upper berth. But Davis did no such thing.

Finally, Hess notified the conductor of the train, a Mr. Miller. Hess and Miller then went to confront the aging Romeo. "Mr. Davis!" said Miller. "We can't allow this kind of conduct on this train. You must take another berth, sir, immediately!"

At last realizing the attention he was attracting, Jefferson Davis knew he had reached his Appomattox. He quietly surrendered, "in deep disgust," said the newspapers, and retired to spend the rest of the night alone.

The conductors later reported the incident to the assistant superintendent of the railroad, a Mr. Ryan. Ryan angrily passed the tale on to the Memphis & Charleston's super-

intendent. However, the railroad agreed that it was best simply to let the matter drop.

Davis and his companion continued on to Huntsville, and apparently nothing more was ever said about the incident. However, tongues must have wagged in our city, since the secret could hardly be kept once had it appeared in the papers. (Understandably, Huntsville's newspapers refused to carry the account.)

Speculated the *Louisville Daily Commercial*, perhaps Jefferson Davis "might have deemed it his duty as President of the Southern Life Insurance Company to devote his personal attention to the safety of the 'lady under his charge,' that in case of accident his insurance company might not suffer. Possibly the husband of the lady who was so kindly protected by the distinguished et cetera will view it in this light."

The lady's husband, however, had never really recovered


from his prison ordeal and spent most of his remaining years seeking solace in the bottle, which possibly explains his wife's conduct. The man died comparatively young not long afterwards.

Oh, the distinguished woman's name? Well, Jefferson Davis would never tell on a lady. And neither will I.

Gossip is like a grapefruit. In order to be really good, it has to be juicy.

Maddy Proctor, housewife

Preserve The Memories



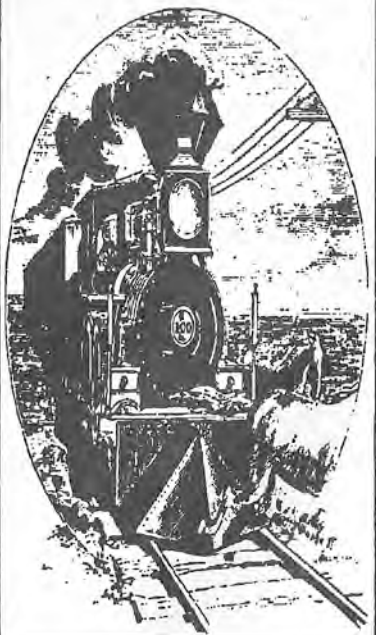
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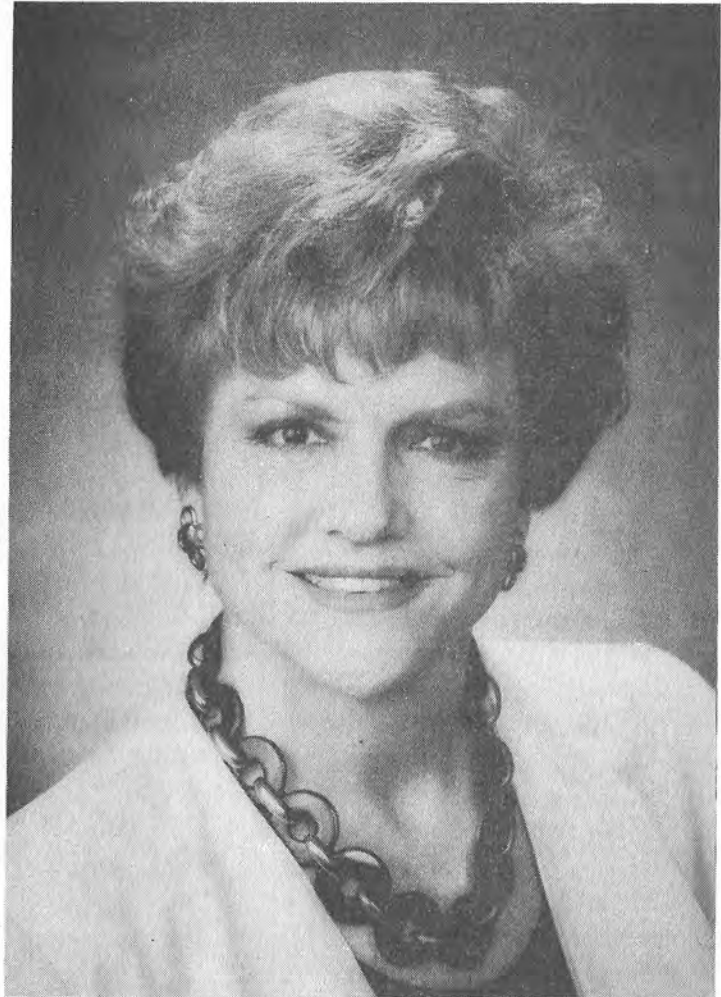
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The Spice of Life

Home-Baked Potatoes

- 2 russet potatoes
- 1 T. olive oil
- Paprika
- Rosemary
- Salt

Preheat your oven to 450 degrees, and scrub your potatoes well. Cut them into strips 1/4 inch wide and the length of the potato.

Spray a 9 x 13-inch baking dish with Pam, sprinkle with the olive oil.

Toss the potato strips and distribute the oil evenly, then sprinkle with paprika, rosemary and salt. (Try sprinkling on some Parmesan cheese, grated, for a change).

Bake for 10 minutes then turn. Bake for another 25 minutes, turning a couple of times. Pierce with fork to make sure strips are tender.

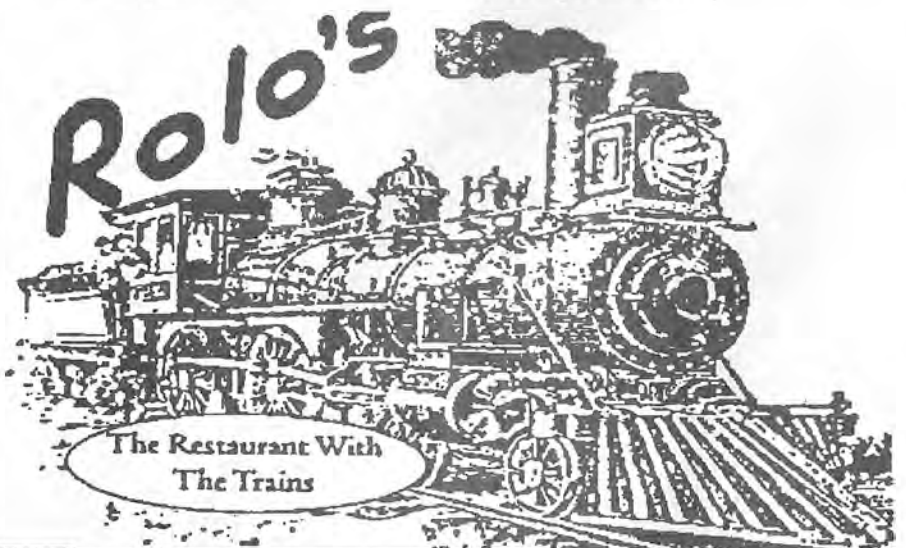
Sprinkle with freshly ground black pepper and serve hot with ketchup.

Green Beans and Toasted Almonds

- 1 lb. fresh green beans, trimmed and in 2-inch pieces
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 c. slivered almonds, toasted
- 1 T. sesame oil
- 1 T. rice vinegar
- 1 T. soy sauce

Steam your beans til just tender and set aside. In a large skillet saute your onion and almonds in the sesame oil til onions are transparent.

Add the vinegar and keep cooking til the almonds begin to brown, about 10 minutes. Stir in the soy sauce and green beans, cook another two minutes and serve with baked ham and home-baked potatoes.



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Roasted Garlic

You can roast garlic heads whole, and use for a great spread on bread or crackers, or in salads. Can be stored in the fridge for a couple of weeks.

Take a firm, large head of garlic (elephant garlic is good for this). Place it in a small baking dish and drizzle with olive oil and a little salt. Bake in toaster oven or regular oven at 375 degrees about 25 minutes, or the cloves feel soft when pressed.

Savory Brown Rice

2 c. brown rice, uncooked
3 c. water
4 T. beef bouillon granules
2 T olive oil
2 t. garlic powder
3 fresh carrots, sliced
1/2 bunch green onions, chopped, tops and all

In a large glass microwaveable bowl place the first 5 ingredients and mix well. Microwave for 10 minutes on high, then cover with plastic wrap, microwave for another 7 minutes. Put on counter for about 30 minutes. Fluff with fork and allow to sit for another 30 minutes.

When ready, have your onions and carrots chopped and add to the rice. Sprinkle with soy sauce and some roasted sunflower seeds and enjoy!

Lentil Barley Soup

2 c. dried lentils
3/4 c. barley
8 c. vegetable stock

1 large onion, chopped
2 carrots, diced
2 stalks celery, sliced
1 t. each dried oregano and ground cumin
1/2 t. dried red pepper flakes
1/4 t. black pepper
1 1/2 t. salt

Put all ingredients except the salt into a large soup pot and bring to boil. Turn down and simmer, covered, for one hour. Stir occasionally until the lentils and barley are tender. Add salt to your taste.

Walnut Pie

3 eggs
1 c. dark Karo syrup
1 t. maple flavoring
1/4 t. salt
1 T. butter, melted
1 c. walnuts, chopped
2 shallow pie crusts

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Beat your eggs, then add all ingredients. Pour into the 2 pans and cook for 45 minutes. This freezes well.



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Pirate's Prize

by Venita Helton
of Huntsville
Alabama



From the time she was knee-high to a stalk of cotton, Huntsville native Venita Helton told stories. Some she told to stay out of trouble, others to amuse her family. Now she tells stories to amuse a larger audience.

"I mingle the elements of fact and fiction and spice them with fun," she says. "It's a challenge to place the characters I've created on the stage of history."

Venita's first book, *Sapphire* (Harper Monogram, June 1993), is a historical romance set in Pensacola during the War Between the States. *Sapphire* is a tale of the Confederacy's plan to launch a submarine and the Yankee spy determined to stop it. Venita's "kitchen chemistry" experiments with propulsion - it took a day and a half to clean up

after the explosion - coupled with a huge amount of on-site research give the story a riveting, unusual premise. "Even men liked *Sapphire*," she reveals. "One man wrote to say that it combined the suspense of Helen McInnes with the techno-thriller aspects of a Jack Higgins novel."

Pirate's Prize, released in August 1994, is set in New Or-

leans during the closing months of the War of 1812. Living in New Orleans for a few years gave Venita an understanding of the city's culture. Poignantly and humorously, she portrays those unique Southerners as only another Southerner can.

After publishing her third novel next year, a medieval set in England, Venita will return to the Old South for her fourth book. *Seize the Heavens*, a Civil War adventure, will feature a hero and heroine from Huntsville.

When asked where Venita Helton gets her inspiration to write, she credits growing up in Huntsville. "The Tennessee Valley has everything to excite the mind of a writer," she says. "Growing up here was an adventure. Touring the antebellum houses and churches of Twickenham; crunching through fall leaves at Maple Hill Cemetery to examine the markers; hopping along the cross-ties of Sulphur Trestle on the way to a battle site; slipping through fields of tall cotton searching for arrowheads; all these experiences distilled my love for the historic South and writing."

Her books may be purchased at most of the major bookstores in Huntsville,

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The Love of a Little Girl



that she had heard or knew the story.

When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected, empty lot, and kneeling down she piled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with her little hand. "This won't be so awfully big as the others, I guess, but maybe it'll be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here." Carefully she trimmed the sides with the stray grasses she plucked, murmuring on: "And maybe it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years, and

then maybe papa will sometime come back and..." But she paused as though it suddenly dawned on her young mind that he rested forever beneath the waves, and the teardrops that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses on the mound that she had built.

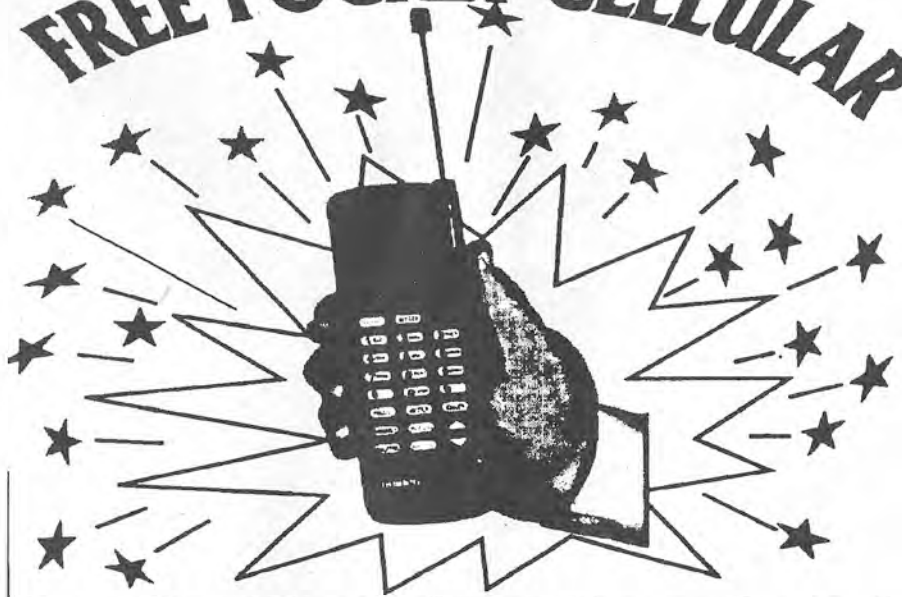
When the sexton passed that way later that night as he went to close the gates, he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound and the little bunch of flowers.

from 1878 newspaper

A little girl, with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great, dusty crowd moved out of the gates of the cemetery the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and gifts to honor the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes full of a faraway look of tenderness, until the last one had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had faded away.

Then she turned and vaguely scanned the mounds that rose about her, clutching still tighter the fast-fading bunch of dandelions and grave grass that her chubby hands held. An old man passed by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further, and when he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who died on shipboard and was buried at sea, there was only a teardrop in the child's eye to tell

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AN EDUCATED MAN

EUNICE'S breakfast tables were abuzz the other day with some exciting people dispensing memories and such. Our undertaker pal **Don Taylor** (Ardmore and New Hope) spoke of the days when he battled moonshiners as a revenuer. At the next table was **Ruth Weems**, whose excellent story "Contact?" had just been printed in the prestigious *Elk River Review* magazine. Then came **Suzanne Shrout** and her in-laws **Jerry** and **Linda Shrout** of Owingsville, Ky.

Johnny Tona's Family Billiards a smoke-free parlor, is where world champion **Nick Varner**, who is in the Billiards Hall of Fame, stopped in for an afternoon of pool-shooting on Wednesday. He invited his friend, **Johnny Tona**, to participate in the upcoming pool tournament which he hosts in his own Owensboro, Ky., parlor. Tona, himself, is a world-class shooter.

Our pal **Tom Kinney**, besides being a good writer, paints pictures which hang in art galleries everywhere. He will exhibit his art locally at Raddison Suites Hotel on Saturday, Nov. 19, from 1 to 9 pm. We'll be there, of course.

BANDITO BURRITO'S newest restaurant, across from Haysland, is attracting the same large crowds as the Governors Drive & Clinton location. **Tommy Joe Truehart**, a write-in candidate for everything, gets his nourishment at both places.

Those Wednesday afterglows (4:30 to 7) at *Richard's On the Square* have been attracting an interesting group of executive types, both men and women. It's part of a five-week experiment, with complimentary wine and light food, the brainchild of boss lady **Linda Allen**. Just another week or two will determine

whether it'll be extended. **Terry** and **Brent Durbin** were at the first such gathering, and you're welcome.

With elections right around the corner, there's a lot of hot air keeping the winter chill at arms length. Maybe we should hold elections in February, when we could use the warmth.

HELLO! Speaking of warm, we had a call yesterday from **Gary Bridge**, former Huntsville club owner, who's basking on the Jacksonville beaches. He sends his best, whatever that means.

Some of the more impressive local groups performing at this year's Big Spring Jam were *Mistaken Identity*, *the Crawlers* and *Microwave Dave & the Nukes*. And have you heard the latest recording by Ground Level Sound? It's a corker, with **Len Bullard** and his friends producing some fine melodies. **Bryan Moller** and pals from *Wings* showed up at the jam on their roller-blades.

Thanks to **Stanley Cottle** and the 13th annual Pickers Reunion at *Legends* night club for presenting me with that handsome plaque on behalf of



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Alabama's music industry. I'm grateful. **Floyd Hardin** insisted that I get a haircut in his *Jackson Way Barbershop* before accepting the plaque. I had planned to merely wash my hair in hot water and let it shrink, but that wouldn't do. Earlier in the day we attended the pickin' party hosted by pretty songwriter **Patty Trigg** at her impressive Lynchburg mountaintop log home. Patty, you may recall, is half of that *Elmo and Patsy* duo whose recording of "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" thrills the world each yule season.

HOG HEAVEN! Huntsvillians make up part of the crowd that enjoys *Herbert's Barbecue* (Franklin, Tenn. at I-65). The latest to visit were **Carolyn Mitchell, Preston and Edith James, Betsy Brower** and Hazel Green's **Rex Elledge Sr.**

Bartender **Fast Eddie** of *Finnegan's Pub* set a record when he parachuted from six miles up, without oxygen, on Sept. 3 above Memphis. He was telling **Bill "Buckshot" Lane** about it the other afternoon. "Interesting," said Buckshot, "My son **Bucky** is a sky man, too. He pilots American Airlines planes, then on weekends he flies Air Force fighters over Saudi Arabia."

Lynchburg, Tenn., was swarming with people, mostly Huntsvillians, on Saturday as Jack Daniel Distillery hosted its annual invitational barbecue cook-off. We used the trip to visit newspaper writer **Phil Smith**, former Huntsvillian, who now works for *Moore County News* and is mend-

ing from cancer surgery.

Stan Crosier, a Grissom grad who now studies at Calhoun, is the newest clerk at *Things Remembered* in Parkway City Mall.

Decatur's **Coary Goode**, hair fixer at Unique, did some fancy bar-room athletics after work the other day in **Glenn Bracken's Gold Rush Lounge**.

MIKE RICKLES of *Hill Manufacturing Co.* was part of the scene the other week at the Industrial Show. Yep, he still does song and dance stuff, as does wife **Angela**. Their son **Cole** is 18 months old. Time flies. It seems like just yesterday Mike was picking guitar and singing on my *Space Cadets* TV talent show. His sister, former Auburn beauty queen **Deborah**, is expecting to be a mother in January. Her husband **Kevin Heronimus** is elated.

This is "*Be Nice to Chuck and Bobbie Fender Month*." He's with WGSV Radio in Guntersville.

FAREWELL! Our friend, writer **Danny Beard**, who quit Huntsville News several years ago, died last week of a heart attack in Kansas City while on assignment for *The Anniston Star*. My cousin **Wilbert Haggard**, who was also my best boyhood pal, died last week. He spent his life making cast-iron skillets for *Lodge Manufacturing Co.* in my hometown of South Pittsburg, Tenn.

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When The Great War Came To Huntsville

by Judy Wills

Not since 1861 and the firing on Fort Sumter had Huntsville seen such activity as did the entry of the U.S. into World War I.

There were problems common to both wars. Both had been met with initial refusal to become involved, but as both warmed up, there was soon enthusiastic support for the war efforts, with scorn heaped upon the heads of those who were reluctant to enter the conflicts.

Conscription or drafting of



young men occurred in the first months of World War I and not until the second year of the War against Northern Aggression, as we called it in Alabama. The Conscription Act of 1917 called for all men between the ages of 21 and 40 either to register or be drafted. The Conscription Act of 1862 set the ages from 18 to 40. Both wars seemed to have

started with almost no preparation and in both wars there was concern with food shortages for the military as well as the home front. In both wars some made enormous profits while others fought and died.

On May 4, 1917 the *Huntsville Mercury* announced that soldiers were needed to man the 4th Alabama Infantry regiment. Once a regiment for the Confederacy, it would now be on the Union side in the "War to end all Wars." Examinations for the 4th Alabama Infantry were to be held at Mason's Feed Store, 218 W. Holmes Street, on May 23. Ser-

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geant J. T. Mason urged "Join now. Don't wait because the conscript man is surely to get you in two weeks."

Though the country had been at war for a month, there was little progress in preparing to fight except for finances. One of the biggest media issues concerned perceived food shortages. The papers continually admonished the populace against wasting food. Daily the Agriculture Department cautioned the public with guilt-inducing articles such as this:

"May 7, 1917 - The waste of a single slice of bread might seem like a small thing. Many people throw away the heel of a loaf of bread, and sometimes a stale half or quarter loaf is thrown out or given to animals.

"Yet one good-sized slice of bread, such as a child might cut for himself, contains 3/4 of an ounce of flour. If every one of the 20 million homes in the country wasted one slice of bread each day it would be the equivalent of one million pounds of flour or 875,000 one-pound loaves wasted. This in turn would, in one year, waste 319 million pounds of flour or 1.5 million barrels of flour or 365 million loaves. It would take 470,000 acres to grow the wheat to make into flour to make the bread that would be wasted if each household wasted one slice per day."

This angered local farmers. Despite such touted shortages, wheat had actually dropped 21 cents per bushel. There were rumors that the government intended to regulate wheat prices. The newspapers grumbled that this business of the government taking over everything in sight was all right for war times, but this war would end some day.

Gill-Starling Hardware on

Jefferson Street had a quarter-page ad on page one of the *Mercury* warning that \$700 million worth of food every year is lost due to spoilage from the heat. The ad attributed to president Wilson the opinion that "This tremendous, unnecessary, and criminal waste is due to lack of proper refrigeration."

The store complained that many who made any attempt at all to preserve food, often bought cheaply constructed, poorly insulated refrigerators which not only failed to save food, but wasted ice as well. The remedy was to purchase a ten-walled Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. If bees take time to protect their honey in hermetically sealed combs and squirrels carefully lay away food for the future and even dogs bury bones, surely man could stop

the careless indifference of loss of thousands of dollars of food.

On May 8, the first Huntsvillians to be called to the colors were ordered to report to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia by 10:30 am the next day, May 9, for evaluation for Officer Candidate School. The locals were R.N. Lyle, Charles T. Landman, Harry C. Landman, W. H. Blanton, Homer T. Baker, and Joseph W. Hill. They were included in 269 men from various points in Tennessee. They were to be consigned to the different cantonments in which they would live until accepted or transferred into the regular service. There would be no more examinations for quite a while, but members of the Officers Reserve Corps would grade the men by conduct and the manner in which they absorbed instruction. Since only one man in four, 25



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out of each 100, would be accepted, the contest was expected to be fierce from the start.

On May 10, the *Mercury* lead article was titled "Making Oil Out of Soldiers." The *London Times* had published, a few days previously, a story that German dead were being "stripped, bound in bundles of four with iron wire, and shipped to a reducing plant where the fats and oils are recovered for chemical uses and the making of explosives. The bones are ground for fertilizer and pig feed."

The paper elaborated on the full utilization of the German soldier and Germany's use of him dead or alive. They found it incredible that a civilized nation would treat gallant soldiers in this manner, but the story supposedly was corroborated by articles in German newspapers as well as by members of the Diplomatic Corps who had been in Germany before war was declared.

Women were of little use to the editor of the *Mercury* and blacks fared even less well. Local women were urged to form

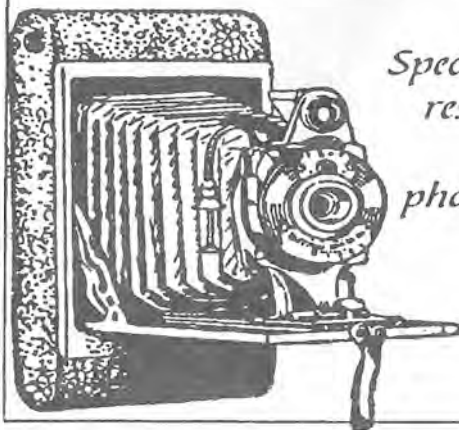
knitting groups to knit socks for the men in the Navy. The editor felt that the method that the women then used where each woman knitted for two hours a day was a large contribution to the war effort.

"Cooperation and organization are the biggest lessons the modern woman has learned. Women can work together to produce results impossible to individuals. If a group of women will devote two hours a day per lady, a group kitchen which would serve all the families of the group with nourishing meals would result in savings in time and money over the individual way. Women can thus accomplish infinitely more than by knitting two hours per day each. They thus set free their servants to work in knitting factories now clamoring for help or they can save enough money to buy machine socks.

"Community laundries serve the same end. A community sheep farm, where possible, would be a direct aid. It is not impossible for some woman's club to buy and install knitting

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machinery. If grandmother already knows how to knit socks well let her do her bit that way, but let us utilize granddaughter's ability to a much higher efficiency."

Perhaps he should have instructed the women in the efficient making of cloth too. America could not produce enough khaki material to make uniforms for the soldiers who would soon be called up. The men were told to be ready to bring their own uniforms or suitable civilian clothes to the training camps.

When Registration Day came on June 5 the paper reported that the Negroes had shown up for registration although it had been prophesied by some people that there would be trouble and that they would have to be tracked down.

Advocates of free speech in the House of Representatives won a notable victory. President Wilson had wanted the power to say what should and what

should not be published in the newspapers of the country. Representative Graham of Pennsylvania moved to remove all discretion from the President's hands in determining censored news. It passed by a vote of 220 to 167.

The Chamber of Commerce held an agriculture meeting in the Elks Theater. There was a short address on food production. It was hoped that all the area farmers attended. A list of foodstuffs for man and beast was compiled by the central committee which included corn, black-eyed peas, and short beans for table use; corn, soy beans, and velvet beans for stock use; sorghum and ribbon cane for syrup and forage; potatoes, both sweet and Irish; crimson clover for pastures. In the Fall, oats and wheat should be planted. The farmers hoped that they wouldn't have the Chamber coming out to breathe down their necks.

On registration day it was hoped that Madison County




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could furnish 4,000 potential soldiers. Registration was mandatory for all males from 21 to 31 years old. The paper reported that some of the slackers around Huntsville were beginning to develop such things as stiff knees, blindness, and the hearing of many was said to have been impaired.

Governor Bilbo of Mississippi issued a proclamation to the loafers, slackers, idlers, and parasites of his state to go to work, leave the state or take a licking.

"I will," he stated, "pardon every man who gets arrested for licking a man who has refused to work. I can assure you, we propose doing things in Mississippi in this hour of extremity, when people tell us we can't raise our own food."

When registration day finally arrived, a tent was set up on the Courthouse lawn. After patriotic speeches, the Red Cross served refreshments. It was reminiscent of a Fourth of July celebration. President Wilson's war message to congress was read and Miss Louise Darwin recited a sketch concerning the first American flag that floated over a land fortification. After half a dozen more speeches everyone stood and sang *America*.

No locality reported any trouble. It was apparent that practically every eligible man was registered. One or two delinquencies were noted but friends of the missing men were certain that they would get them in by nightfall.

Thus ended Huntsville's first two months of the "Great War."

Modern Day Food Tips



Tip from Lee Lanier at Hewlett-Packard - If you don't want your teeth stained by coffee my dental technician suggests using cream - this cuts down on the bad stains.

For making good rice everytime - use your microwave. Just put 2 cups of rice in three cups of water, 4 tablespoons of beef or chicken bouillon granules and a teaspoon of garlic powder in a glass microwavable bowl. Stir well, stick in the microwave uncovered, cook for 10 minutes on high. Cover with plastic wrap, back in microwave for 7 minutes and let sit on counter, covered, for 10 minutes. Uncover, fluff with fork and let sit another 30 minutes. Perfect!

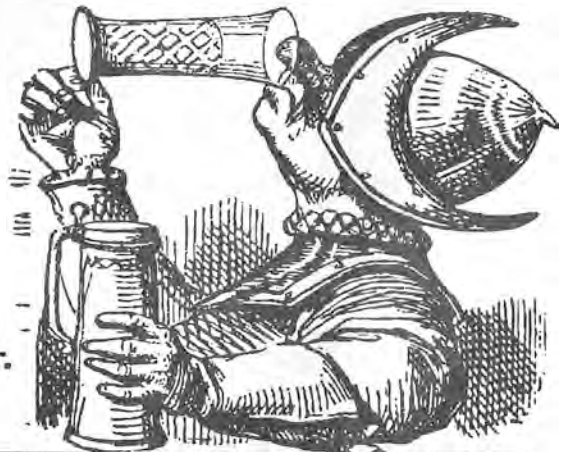
Many people like the V8 vegetable juice but it is too salty for most folks. I tried something the other day that turned out great. Take a small can of the V8 hot and spicy, mix it in a glass with 1 small can of the low sodium V8 and drink. You get less salt, but a slight hot taste that is really good! If you want to dress this up for night time, put a dash of vodka in it with a stalk of celery!

When you have eaten some food that doesn't agree with you (or beans that make you feel bloated) try whipping up your own homemade cure. Take a 6-oz. cup of water, add a teaspoon or so of baking soda and drink. It doesn't taste too good but does wonders for your system.

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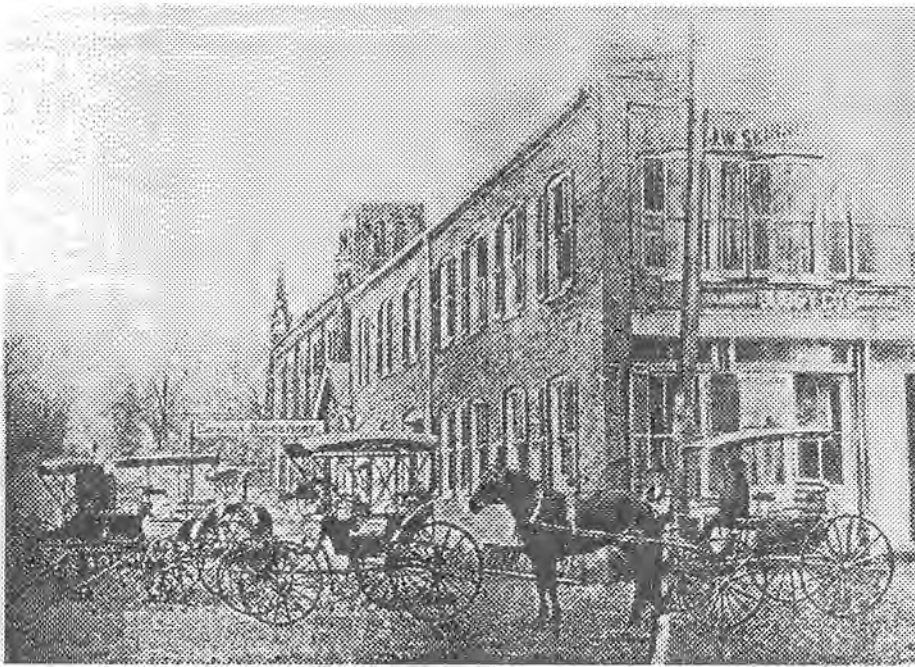
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Requiem For A Lady

She was once the Jewel of the South. The downtown area, with its stately buildings, and rich historical past, was the heart and soul of the Tennessee Valley's cultural, business and entertainment center.

President Andrew Jackson often visited the area, along with Davy Crockett, who later gained immortality at the Alamo. President Monroe was feted at an elegant banquet held downtown, while LeRoy Pope Walker, later Secretary of War for the Confederacy, practiced law in an office on the courthouse square.

Dred Scott, the slave whose quest for freedom ultimately embroiled this country in a civil war, undoubtedly walked the same sidewalks as Jefferson Davis who often visited the downtown area, staying in one of its stately hotels. General Sherman, the scourge of the south, visited Huntsville while planning his devastating sweep through Georgia, and James Garfield, who later became

president of the United States, presided at a court martial held downtown where he tried a fellow Union officer for the sack of Athens.

By the time Frank James, brother of the infamous Jesse James was tried downtown, many of the buildings around the old courthouse square had already taken on the patina of a timeless but graceful elegance. Though the area had been ravished by the Civil War, the merchants took great pride in their buildings. Many of the establishments boasted of fancy facades with intricate grillwork hand wrought by local blacksmiths. Peeling paint or rotten wood were items never seen by the thousands of people who everyday thronged the downtown area.

General Joe Wheeler reviewed his troops and was presented with a horse by the grateful citizens of Huntsville in front of the courthouse during the war with Spain. These were the same streets upon which soldiers had

marched off to fight in every war since Huntsville's founding. Many of the soldiers were sent on their way by their wives and girlfriends waving from the windows of the same buildings that still stand downtown today.

Part of what made the area a vibrant community were the people living there. Tallulah Bankhead, star of screen and stage, was born above the Schiffman building and Virginia Clopton Clay, known as the "Belle of the South," had an upstairs apartment on the other side of the square. John Beasley, Kenneth Howard, and Lem Hawkins, all names lost to history, and countless others lived and worked downtown.

Downtown also had its share of human tragedy. This century was still young when a

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blood-crazed mob lynched an accused murderer on the courthouse lawn across from Harrison Brothers Hardware. A few years later, during the First War, crowds would gather on the north side of the square at the telegraph office in dreadful anticipation as casualty reports were received from the bloody battles of France. Harold Smathers suffered a heart attack when he saw his son's name listed in the window of the telegraph office as killed in action. The report later proved erroneous.

Horses and wagons that were once hitched to the fence around the square began disappearing and automobiles started taking their places. Once again the downtown area began changing as it struggled to keep pace with modern technology.

By the 1960s the downtown area had reached its peak. Farmers from miles around would bring their families to shop, and be amused by the constant stream of humanity that seemed

to swirl around the square.

Sidewalk preachers condemning the godless and old men sitting on the benches patiently whittling on a piece of wood, all contributed to the carnival-like atmosphere.

Unfortunately the same things that led to Huntsville's explosive growth also led to the demise of downtown. As the space program grew, bringing thousands of new people to Huntsville, it became more and more inconvenient for people to shop downtown. Businesses that had been located downtown for generations closed their doors and began moving to the shopping malls where there was adequate parking.

Oddly enough, though most people cite parking as one of the primary drawbacks about visiting downtown, the most efficient branch of Huntsville's city government is the parking ticket enforcers, who in one year alone issued more than 27,000 tickets.

With fewer people shopping downtown many of the busi-

nesses were forced to close and the buildings began a rapid decline. The once stately structures, instead of boasting of their past elegance, began to take on a seedy look, with peeling paint and broken windows. Other buildings were boarded up with sheets of plywood and allowed to deteriorate. Rather than fix the properties up, many of the owners took advantage of a legal loophole, deciding that their own personal profit margin was more important than the community.

Strange as it may seem, there is no city ordinance requiring the owners to keep their buildings in good repair. Though an ordinance was presented to the city that would allow the city to cite the property owners for code violations, it soon became lost somewhere in the never-never land of City Hall.

This is not to say that the city does not do a good job enforcing code violations. In the average year it writes between 5 to 10 thousand citations on resi-

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dential properties.

By the 1990s, the downtown area had become a source of embarrassment for almost everyone concerned. Many business owners took it upon themselves, with no guidance from the city, to renovate their properties. The staff of Harrison Brothers Hardware began sponsoring events around the square hoping to instill a sense of pride in the downtown area. A small group of volunteers, named the Downtown Pride Association, began making efforts to remove the graffiti from the buildings and to clean up the Big Spring.

In an effort to help, the city formed the Downtown Redevelopment Authority. Sadly to say, though it has spent hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars ... it has accomplished nothing!

It meets every month in a beautifully furnished room, has authorized almost forty thousand dollars on reports and another thirty thousand on travel expenses, and yet many of its own members admit they do not know what their goals are!

Although the city council has eliminated the DRA's appropriation from the city budget, they continue to receive almost \$50,000 a year in rent from property the city owns.

The talk goes on, the money keeps being spent, and parts of downtown Huntsville are still an eyesore.

Maybe it would be simpler, and more practical, to erect a marker downtown that would read:

"Here used to lie the heart and soul of a beautiful city, until it was killed by greed and petty bureaucracy."

Teach Your Children

Teach your boys that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet or white silk.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that it is better to be a poor man than to be a rich one on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precept by the example of those who are now suffering the torments of the damned.

Teach them to respect the weak and the helpless.

Teach them that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is the most disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothing is no disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is.

Teach your boys that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian one day and a villain six days.

Do all this and you will be sure to have brought them up in the way they should go.

from 1878 newspaper



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For healthy baby food, use your blender to puree vegetables and meats, put in ice cube trays and then freezer bags for use at a later date.

If your brown sugar is hard as a rock, just put a fresh slice of bread into the package and close securely, leave for a day or so.

Need to clean your stuffed animals? Just rub in some cornstarch, let stand for a few minutes, and brush off.

When it starts to get really cold and you find you can't get your key in the car door lock because it's frozen, just heat the key for a minute with a match or lighter, insert and gently turn to open.

If you need to wash some delicate material in the washer, just put them inside a pillow case that you're washing at the same time and secure with a safety pin. The delicate items won't get bounced around so badly in your washer and dryer.

If you're congested at night,

try propping up your pillows a few inches more than usual. Also, invest in a cool mist humidifier or warm mist vaporizer.

To clean your silk flowers, simply put about 1/2 a cup of salt in a medium sized brown bag, stick in your flowers with the salt, close bag, and shake vigorously. Remove and make sure all dust is off the flowers.

For a sore throat, add 1 teaspoonful of sage to 1 cup boiling water. Steep, strain and drink.

I know this has happened to everyone with a thin gold necklace. Whenever a knot appears in your necklace and you just can't get it out, try laying the necklace in a drop of vegetable oil and untie it with two straight pins.

A great memory-improving drink: half a glass of carrot juice together with half a glass of milk, daily.

For tired eyes, cut a cucumber into slices and lay a slice on each eye for about 15 minutes, (not on the eye itself, but the eye-

lid).

For shiny brunette hair, after shampooing rinse with apple cider vinegar. The vinegar will get any leftover soapy film and will add some pretty highlights to dark hair.

After applying makeup to your face, spritz with mineral water. This will help set the makeup.

For a great natural scrub on your face, mix together the following: oatmeal, a touch of honey, finely chopped almonds and water to make a paste. Apply generously on your face and let dry, about 40 minutes. Then rub off with circular motions towards the outside of your face. This will remove dead skin.

If you have put too much sugar in a main dish or vegetable, add a teaspoon of cider vinegar.

Chew a whole clove to sweeten your breath. This remedy has worked for the past 5000 years.

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Incident At Paint Rock Bridge

by Charles Rice

The year of 1864 was drawing to a close and mother nature had covered the North Alabama countryside with a rare blanket of snow. From his vantage point atop the little knoll above Paint Rock bridge. Second Lieutenant Samuel C. Wagoner gazed out across the pristine countryside.

Despite the icy air, the young officer felt cheerful and confident. The war finally seemed to be going well for the Union and perhaps by this time next year it would all be over. The inept Confederate General John Bell Hood had brought the gallant Army of Tennessee close to destruction at the Battle of Nashville only weeks before, and many a disheartened Southerner seemed almost ready to call it quits.

Wagoner, promoted from the ranks some months earlier when his regiment reenlisted, was temporarily in command of his unit -- Company G of the 13th Wisconsin Veteran Volunteers. His Colonel, William P. Lyon, had given Wagoner clear enough orders.

Camp on the hilltop, said Lyon. Fortify your position and defend the strategic Memphis & Charleston Railroad bridge. Most of all, insisted the Wisconsin colonel, keep a sharp lookout for raiding Confederate cav-



alry. Lyon had even sent Wagoner some 20 Union horse soldiers, hauling along with them a brass Napoleon howitzer manned by two gunners from Battery D, 1st Missouri Artillery, bringing the total strength at the bridge to about 110.

"I endeavored to impress upon his mind that he was liable to be attacked at any time," wrote Colonel Lyon, "and that the utmost vigilance on his part was required to save him from disaster."

But the lieutenant was not worried. The old man frets too much, thought Wagoner. Why, everyone knew the Johnnies had been driven clear across the Tennessee River weeks ago. Besides, Wagoner's men were veterans, except for the 30 or so "homemade Yankees" led by Captain John B. Kennamer of Marshall County, Alabama. Kennamer's men might not be the most disciplined of troops, but they were natives of the region and first rate scouts.

No, Wagoner told himself,

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the Rebs would not catch his boys napping.

Unfortunately for Lieutenant Waggoner, he was overlooking the bold partisan rangers commanded by Lemuel Mead. A Union colonel across the state line in Fayetteville, Tennessee, had called Mead's men "the most reckless and daring in the country," and he wasn't exaggerating. In fact, the Wisconsin lieutenant's laid back attitude had already drawn Colonel Mead's attention.

A resident of the nearby town of Paint Rock, Lemuel Green Mead was a 34-year-old lawyer. He had gone to war in 1861 as the captain of the "Paint Rock Rifles"--officially known as Company C of the 26th Alabama Infantry Regiment. He had led his men in some of the bloodiest fighting at Shiloh. But when Ormsby Mitchel's ruthless Yankees invaded North Alabama, Mead resigned his infantry commission and began raising cavalry to free his native land.

A dashing figure in his Confederate gray, the slender Mead wore a neatly trimmed beard

topped with a carefully waxed mustache. There was no mistaking the determination in his eyes, however, and Mead had already made life miserable for many a frustrated Yankee commander. Even now the canny partisan leader was planning a New Year's surprise for the overconfident lieutenant from Wisconsin.

Mead's own camp was hidden away in the hills above Boyd's Station (now Limrock) in Jackson County. Like John Mosby in Virginia, Mead kept his cavalry companies scattered for concealment until he needed them. Now sensing an easy victory, he hastily dispatched messengers to bring the boys together.

Colonel Mead's second in command, Rev. Milus E. "Bushwhacker" Johnston, described the situation at Paint Rock bridge. Ignoring Colonel Lyon's orders completely, Lieutenant Waggoner had allowed his soldiers to move into the existing buildings and make themselves as comfortable as they could. There had not been the least attempt at fortifying their position.

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"The end of the bridge juts out against a bluff, at a point of a spur of the Cumberland mountains," wrote Bushwhacker Johnston long afterward. "Near the end of this bridge stood several houses. The regular Yankee soldiers occupied the houses near the end of the bridge, while the homemade Yankees occupied the houses down under the hill, the two companies being situated but a few paces apart." The foolhardy lieutenant was simply asking for trouble.

Colonel Mead planned his attack carefully. His men would cross the mountains from the east and strike the Yankees just before sunrise on December 31, 1864, hopefully catching them still asleep. Due to the short notice and the difficult weather, most of Mead's messengers failed to get through in time. Undaunted, he decided to attack with whatever men showed up. "Our number did not exceed thirty-five," recalled Bush-

whacker Johnston.

It was freezing cold that memorable winter and the snow was about three inches deep. Interviewed in 1933, former Confederate Private Seaborn Keel still shivered when he remembered the event. Wrote Rev. Johnston, "Our boys took refreshments and rested the fore part of the night, for it was our intention not to spring upon our game until about dawn of day." When the proper hour had arrived, the little band of Confederates set off to attack three times their number.

"We ascended the rugged mountain on foot, as it was impossible for a horse to climb it," recalled Johnston. "Having reached the top of the mountain, we began the descent, working our way through dense growth, for the boughs of the cedar hung nearly to the ground." It was rough going, but the Confederates continued on.

"The loose rocks and rug-

ged boulders, with the snow clinging to the low boughs of the cedar, made it a cold as well as a slow march. But at last we reached a point as near as we dared approach the enemy without attracting their attention and called a halt, where we waited the appointed time. We did not have long to wait, for our calculation with reference to the time to reach that point was very accurately made."

The half-frozen Confederates found to their relief that they had not been discovered. Lieutenant Wagoner and his men obviously believed that no one would be crazy enough to be out on a night like this, not even those unpredictable Rebels.

Only one sentry was on guard, a less than attentive lookout pacing near the brass cannon and trying with little success to keep warm. The rest of the Union garrison was sound asleep in their snug log houses.

"A little streak of day hav-

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ing made its appearance in the east," continued Bushwhacker Johnston, "the command to move down the mountain was given in almost a whisper, and we began to descend, being very careful where we placed our feet at every step. Soon after, the final signal was given and the boys plunged forward eager for the fray."

The startled Union sentry fired one harmless shot and ran away in panic. Ignoring him, the Confederates "sprang at once to every door, and catching the enemy napping, they had their guns leveled on them almost before they knew what had happened." One or two of the Wisconsin soldiers grabbed for their rifles and got wounded for their troubles.

"I understand one was putting on his shoes when he was ordered to surrender, but he would not," wrote Corporal David S. Hurlbut of the 13th Wisconsin. "They fired at him but did not hit him, then a pistol was snapped but missed fire. He was finally caught, but escaped just at daylight." Most, however, including a chagrined Lieutenant Wagoner, meekly surrendered.

Few in number as they were, Mead's men had not been able to attack all the cabins at once. Awakened by the commotion, the Union cavalymen and one of the gunners fled into the darkness. So, too, did John Kenamer's homemade Yankees.

Mead's men had longed to capture the Alabama turncoats, but at least they had the satisfaction of knowing the local Tories had been forced to dash out into the snow clad only in their long underwear. Some of them ran for miles in this state of undress until they finally found the

courage to stop. "They had saved themselves by starting in time," said Johnston, "but the Rebs got all they had except their 'individual bacon.'"

Adding to the sweetness of the Southern success was the 12-pounder howitzer sent by Colonel Lyon. Realizing he could not carry his prize away over the mountain, Mead reluctantly ordered it rolled into the Paint Rock River, where it may or may not rest to this day. (The Union Army probably recovered it in 1865, but treasure hunters still occasionally show up seeking it even now.)

As day had dawned, Colonel Mead knew he must not tarry. Union reinforcements could easily be sent by train from Huntsville or Larkinsville at any time. He torched the railroad bridge and began the difficult trek back over the mountain with his captives.

A few of the Union soldiers managed to slip away on the journey, but the exultant Confederates managed to hold onto the hapless Lieutenant Wagoner and 38 others.

The prisoners were carried across the Tennessee River at

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Guntersville and eventually delivered to the Confederate authorities at Rome, Georgia. They would spend the rest of the war as guests of the Confederacy.

An embarrassed Colonel Lyon reluctantly reported the Union disaster to his superiors. While he rightfully placed the blame on Lieutenant Wagoner's pigheadedness, Lyon simply could not believe a handful of men had carried off the Confederate coup.

"The attack was made by the combined forces of Mead and Johnston, and that of Whitecotton from the other side of the river," wrote Lyon, "amounting in all, as near as I can learn, to about 400 men, at 4 o'clock in the morning. The enemy came from the mountain east of the camp, and was first discovered by the sentinel at the gun. He fired, and gave the alarm, but before the camp could be aroused the whole force was in it, and the garrison overpowered and most of it captured. The

lieutenant and 37 men of Company G and I artillery man were captured. Nineteen of Company G, the other artillery man, the cavalry, and the home scouts escaped; but few of the later were in camp, the balance being absent on a scout."

When Lyon learned the true number of the attackers, he became even more convinced the incompetent lieutenant deserved a court-martial. "I spent considerable time with Lieutenant Wagoner," he said, "and gave him full and explicit directions to place the gun upon an elevation northeast of the bridge, to encamp his command near it on the same elevation, [and] to immediately fortify his position by throwing up a redoubt of logs, earth and rock on the summit of the elevation.. ."

Had Wagoner obeyed his orders, felt Lyon, he would have been able to hold off almost any number of attackers. Instead, Mead's men "burned and cut the bridge so that it fell into the river,

and they left the gun unspiked, but mutilated the carriage."

Added Colonel Lyon glumly. "I go there tomorrow, and will then be able to give an account of the loss of arms, camp and garrison equipages, &c."

A jubilant Colonel Mead, on the other hand, was basking in the glory of his latest escapade. He had gambled against odds and won one of his greatest victories with comparative ease. More importantly, he had boosted failing Southern morale by ending the disaster filled year of 1864 with an unexpected victory. It was a triumph that would be long remembered in North Alabama.



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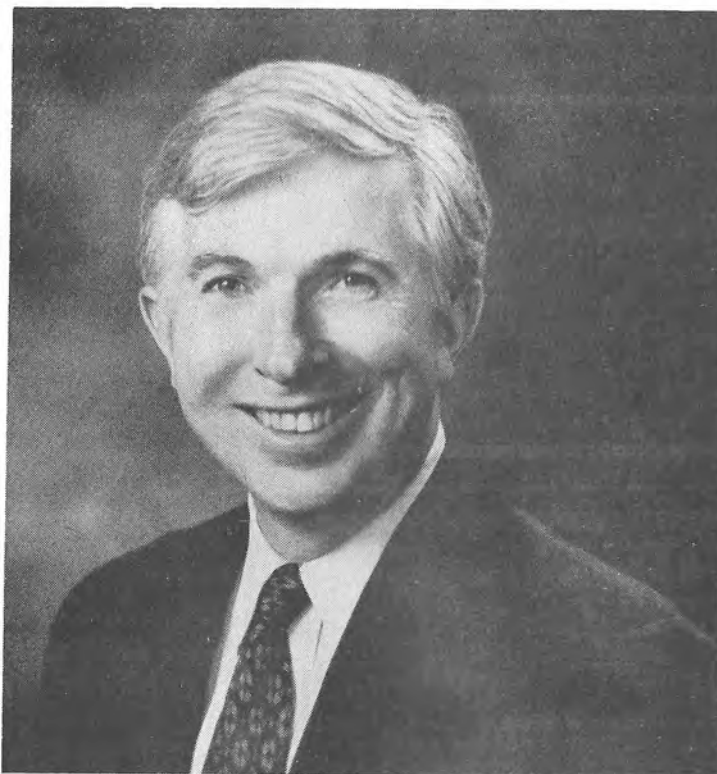
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- Spearheading the effort to keep our National Weather Service office and weather radar in north Alabama.
- Organized task force on drug and gang activity involving law enforcement and community leaders across north Alabama to fight crime at the grass roots level.
- Wrote and passed legislation to make the National Children's Advocacy Center in Huntsville, which Cramer founded, a National model for the Justice Department in the fight to end child abuse.
- Helped thousands of citizens across north Alabama cut through government red-tape to receive their Social Security and veterans benefits.

Paid for by Friends of Bud Cramer, Henri McDaniel, Treasurer



Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Do you know if *Old Huntsville* has stories about the Civil War that concerned the Scott family or their daughter that married Charles Phillips? Her name was Sara (or Sarah). I heard that the Scotts owned Huntsville at one time before it was a town. They owned three slaves (2 men and a woman). These people went in and took everything of value that they had. If either the magazine or the book tells about things like that I'd like to know.

June Philpott
Athens, Ala.

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

A while back I read in your magazine that some pennyroyal oil could help prevent fleas. My cat had them real bad this year and I need to find some because I don't like the chemicals that there are out there to get rid of them. My problem is, where do I get it? Any help you can give me would sure be appreciated.

Janie Brotherton,
Huntsville

Editor's Note:

Well, I'm almost afraid to do this because when I recommended that readers go to the Garden Cove to get wintergreen oil and vanilla oil they ran completely out. I have checked with Garden Cove and they do have the pennyroyal, and reordered the wintergreen and have lots of other oils. So go over there and try it out. (By the way, many people have told me that they tried the wintergreen oil on a cottonball in cars, bathrooms, etc. and it worked great).

Dear Editor,

I recently moved here from New York - sick and tired of snow and ice. The weather here is great. But the reason I'm writing - I'm retired and like to spend time in the library and bookstores just reading. Huntsville

seems to have some great history to it, and the more I read the more I seem to find. Often times I run across articles that to me are interesting but I don't know if anyone else would like them. Does your paper accept articles from readers that they have found? If so, I'd be more than happy to send you some of the stuff I've run across, maybe you could use it in your paper. Please write and let me know.

Ed Jarowsky,
Huntsville

Editor's Note:

We would LOVE any articles or information you find. We at *Old Huntsville* encourage people to share their stories and heritage with others. In hundreds of attics, storage cabinets, desks and basements there are old books, old records, valuable information that will just disintegrate with time if it is not found and used. We currently get let-



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ters and information every day - written and verbal - from people who don't want to see the rich history of Huntsville just die away. Anything you can send us will be much appreciated and used.

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

I've read the book, The Way it Was. It's a jewel. Somebody sent it to me and I haven't found out who sent it. I would really like to know. Evidently they had my book sent to me when they bought theirs. I would really like to thank them for it, whoever it was.

I was born and raised around Huntsville. My home was on New Market Pike (Winchester Road). My dad's name was Bob Brooks. Keep on writing.

Ocie Davidson
Hudson, Fla.

Letter to the Editor,

I was in my vet's office the other day and saw a paper that looks a lot like yours. It was called *The Pet Gazette* and had a bunch of good stories about animals and pets. What's going

on? I noticed that it's distributed by the Humane Society. Are there subscriptions for this? Please enlighten me.

Mark Steinbrock, Madison

Editor's Note: Yes, *Old Huntsville* is now producing a 24-page paper for the Humane Society to distribute. It will be coming out about every 6 weeks or so. But if you want information as to subscriptions, points of distribution, etc. you need to call Bob Hodges or Mary Vereen in care of the Humane Society. They are the folks managing this project.

Dear *Old Huntsville*,

Please renew my subscription for another year, I enjoy every word of it. I grew up near Huntsville, and I often see names in there my mother used to talk about. I like to read about my heritage. I have been away many years now, but this magazine brings it all back. Thank you.

Eunice Brock Carroll
Davenport, Fla.



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The House Guest



by Millie McDonald

The old house stood tall and stately on the hill. Three generations had lived in it and kept it painted and clean.

Whispers, passed down from one generation to another, said that the house was haunted by a restless ghost.

Mary and Jenny lived in the old house with their parents. Mary was nine years old and Jenny was eleven. Both girls believed the ghost stories and were careful not to go upstairs at night.

One evening, as Mary and Jennie started up the stairs to go to bed, just as they reached the middle of the stairs, a white silhouette floated down the stairs, disappearing in the shadows.

Both girls screamed and ran downstairs to their mother. Their mother tried to calm them, explaining that the ghost stories were not true, and to assure them, she took them by the hand and started back up the stairs.

When they reached the

middle of the stairway, a white blur billowed down the stairs again, disappearing like a phantom. Their mother began to laugh. It seems the "ghost" was caused by car lights that flashed through a hall window situated at the top of the stairs, casting a white shadow down the stairway and giving the appearance of a n apparition. Mary and Jennie accepted their mother's explanation with reservation. Both girls felt that an uneasy spirit lived somewhere in the house. Even after they both married, they visited their parents only during the day instead of at night, just in case a restless ghost was lurking in the recesses.

The old house still stands on the hill, well kept yet foreboding.

Some people still whisper that the old house harbors an unsettled specter that wanders through the house at night when everyone is asleep.

The End

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Hush, Willie and let me talk, because I want a home too. My name is Queenie and I have beautiful long black hair and a lovely patch of white on my chest. I'm only a year old and I weigh about 35 pounds. Daddy was a schnauzer and Mommy was a poodle. I think I inherited the best traits of each. I'm smart and I learn quickly. Take me, I'm

yours!

My name is Butterfly and I'm the real beauty in the group. I'm an adorable 7-pound papillon with chocolate-brown hair that is soft as silk. I prefer to sleep on the bed. I also want a home with no children and I really prefer women to men.

These dogs are a real stuck-up bunch. Anyone with sense knows that cats are much superior. Ginger, Cimmaron, Bishop, and George are our names.

I'm Cimmaron and I speak for the cats. I'm a 5-month-old female orange tabby. Ginger and I look almost alike except that

she is 2 1/2 years old. I'm more fond of playing tag and chasing bugs than she is. She likes to sit with our foster Mom and watch TV and purr.

Bishop and George are brothers. They have been declawed and neutered. They both get along with the rest of us.

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The Road To Huntsville

by Jack Harwell

The purpose of streets and roads is, put simply, to make it easier for people to go places. That fact has remained unchanged since the days of ancient Rome. When white men first came to where Huntsville is now, there were no roads here, the entire area was wilderness. But when Easterners began to come here in large numbers, roads were built to accommodate them. One of the first was Winchester Road.

While most of Winchester Road lies outside the city limits, it is still worth our attention for historical purposes, since many of the town's first settlers, including John Hunt himself, came down this road.

The road itself is named for Winchester, Tennessee, which was its original terminus. The city of Winchester is named for General James Winchester, a local Revolutionary War hero, and was created by the Tennessee State Legislature in 1809 as a polling place. But even before

Winchester existed, it was a point of entry for those footloose souls who were heading for the fertile lands of what was then called the Mississippi Territory.

John Hunt entered what is now northeast Madison County in 1805, and spent one night at the home of Isaac Criner, on the Mountain Fork of the Flint River.

Criner and his brother, Joseph, had built cabins on the river earlier that year. The next morning, Hunt left the Criners and headed south down an old Indian trail in search of the Big Spring, of which he had heard. Nothing was heard from Hunt for several weeks. Then one day he arrived back at the Criner home, headed north. He reported that he had located the Big Spring, and intended to return there with his family to make their home. That is how John Hunt came to Huntsville.

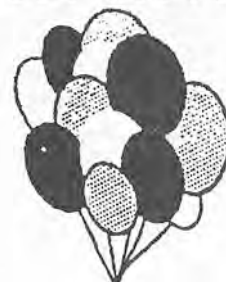
Although John Hunt is recognized as the first permanent settler at the Big Spring, he apparently was not the first to visit. His onetime host, Isaac Criner, had seen the spring, perhaps in 1804, didn't like it, and moved back to Mountain Fork. Samuel Davis came to the spring in late 1804 or early 1805, and decided to live there. He even erected the beginnings of a log home there before returning to Georgia for his family. Supposedly, John

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Hunt arrived after Davis left, finished building the cabin that Davis had begun, and moved in. His plans dashed, Davis decided instead to settle near New Market, and became a neighbor of Isaac Criner.

The road from Winchester to Huntsville was, originally, not a road at all, but rather a trail, as mentioned earlier. Primarily because there had never been any need for one. There was, however, a road from Nashville to Knoxville, and another from Nashville to Natchez, Mississippi — the Natchez Trace. Two military roads in Tennessee built in 1886 also came nowhere near Huntsville.

But that would change as more and more people moved into Madison County. In 1805, the year John Hunt arrived, several families followed in Hunt's footsteps, coming from Tennessee by way of New Market. These early settlers were pioneers, but

they were soon followed by a more well-heeled class, many of them slave owners, looking for an abundance of cheap land. By 1809 John Hunt's trail was one of the most heavily settled places in Madison County.

To accommodate the incoming flood of migrants, the trail was improved and extended through Winchester and McMinnville, connecting with the Nashville-Knoxville road near Sparta. It was called the Winchester Road, and still is.

Many of the people who traveled the road back then did so to reach markets in Huntsville and Winchester. But perhaps the most pressing need for the road came from one fact which, though meaningless today, was profoundly important to the people of 1810 - the nearest flour mill was located at Winchester. If you wanted bread, and didn't want to grind your own flour, you had to make the trip up the Winchester

Road.

As the population increased, more roads were built, some of them spurs of the Winchester Road. One of them, opened in 1821, went west to Athens. It crossed the Huntsville-Nashville road about 15 miles north of town. The town of Hazel Green grew up at that crossroads.

Another branch of the Winchester Road was created by Andrew Jackson in 1813. As he came through North Alabama on his way to fight the Creeks at Horseshoe Bend, he ordered a fort built near the Three Forks of the Flint, where Riverton is today. The fort was named Deposit, and was to be used, according to the general, "for keeping of supplies and ammunition," and he ordered a road built to connect the fort to Winchester Road. Apparently, Fort Deposit was intended only as temporary facilities, since it is



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not shown on an 1850 map of the county. Many Tennesseans came down Winchester Road about this time to join Jackson's force.

In 1822 Winchester Road was designated a Postal route by the Federal Government. It was common practice back then for the Post Office to so designate major thoroughfares.

Winchester Road continued to be a major artery between Huntsville and middle Tennessee for more than a century. During the Civil War, when Huntsville was occupied by Federal troops, a detachment was sent from Huntsville to Winchester to engage a unit of Texas Rangers that was reported in the area. The Federals failed to make contact with the Texans, and returned to Huntsville.

By the end of the 19th Century, the road was competing with the iron horse for traffic. The Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad extended its tracks to Huntsville alongside the road. The first trains ran in 1887.

Winchester Road remained the domain of the horse drawn wagon well into this century. One gentleman I talked to recently told me of arriving in Huntsville from Winchester in 1921. He and his family spent the night in New Market before making the long, dusty trip into town the next day. The road was paved in 1937, and suddenly it became easy to commute between New Market and Huntsville. A fact that would assume great importance during the Second World War.

Although Winchester Road has been around for over 180 years, it's only been a city street since 1963. In that year the city

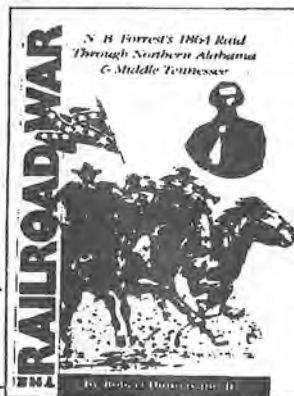
annexed the land around Alabama A & M University, and shortly afterward added the Winchester-Pulaski Pike intersection. It's been a long time since horses travelled this street.

The road follows pretty much the same path it took when John Hunt followed it on his way to the Big Spring. Of course the whole

thing is paved now, but recently there has been much discussion of widening the road because of all the people who live and commute along it — the same situation that existed in 1810. When you drive down Winchester Road, you're following the path of the pioneers.

The End

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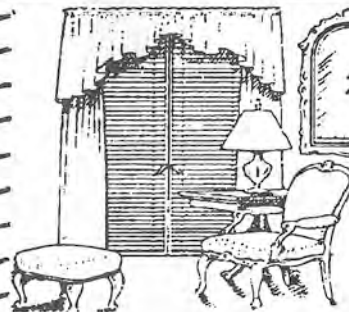
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The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

The prostate gland is located below the bladder and encircles the top of the urethra, which carries urine from the body. It is about the size of a walnut. An enlarged prostate can obstruct the flow of urine and this difficulty in urination, or pain or burning sensation when urinating, can be a symptom of prostate cancer.

This cancer is the most common cancer in men. This year about 200,000 men will be diagnosed with such cancer but only about 20% of these cases will be life threatening. If they live long enough, most men will have cancer of the prostate eventually, and many of them will die never knowing that they had it.

It is a known fact that more men die with prostate cancer than from it. Often, it is a slow growing cancer that remains dormant within the prostate causing no problems. In some cases (about 20%) this slow growing malignancy spreads quickly to an advanced stage.

There is no known cause for this development, but recent studies report that a fatty diet may make the difference. Among the men who got prostate cancer, those with the highest fat intake were nearly twice as likely to develop a more deadly form

of the disease than those with the lowest fat intake. A high consumption of fatty red meat was found to be especially ominous, nearly tripling the advanced-cancer risk.

Since the cause of prostate cancer is unknown, there are no guidelines for prevention, but men can minimize the risk through regular examination of the prostate by a physician.

Early prostate cancer produces no symptoms, so early de-

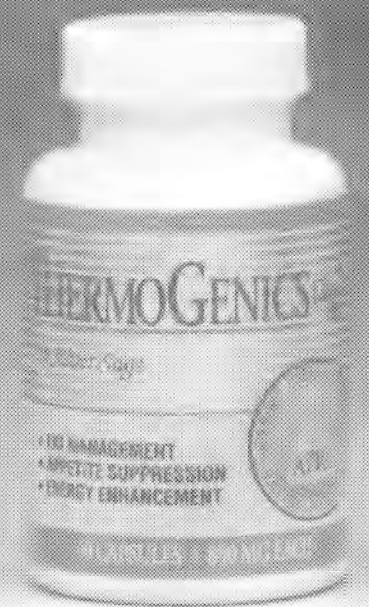
tection depends on these examinations which should take place at least once a year after the age of 40.

Also, early detection is possible by the prostate specific antigen (PSA) test. The level of this protein within the prostate gland is measured and a high level could be indicative of cancer. It also could indicate an inflamed or enlarged prostate, so the test can be misleading. Since surgery and radiation treatment can

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cause impotence and incontinence, a man with a cancer confined in the prostate gland does face a dilemma. His cancer could be confined to his prostate gland all his life so the question is whether he should do nothing, or have the treatment - risking impotence and incontinence. In this situation, doctors are not always in agreement as to the best approach. Some feel that treatment is best, while others suggest the more conservative approach of "watchful waiting."

The age of the patient is certainly important when considering the best course of action, but the final action can only be determined after due deliberation and counseling between the patient and his doctor.



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Never comb your hair after the sun goes down, or you will become forgetful.

If you kiss your own elbow, you will turn into a member of the opposite sex.

Three bad habits: drinking the glass, smoking the pipe and scattering the dew late at night.

A good laugh and a long sleep are the best cures in any doctor's book.

If you whip a child with the branch of a green broom plant, the youngster will stop growing.

Always cover your mouth when you yawn. This way you will keep evil spirits from entering your body.

If you want to have a keen memory, never read the epitaphs on the headstones.

A hypochondriac is one who's afraid he's sick and dead scared that he's not.

For a bad headache, sleep with a pair of scissors under your bed or, place two matches on your forehead in the form of a cross, or drink a little soda if your headache is caused by indigestion.

If you are plagued by rheumatism, try to get some turtle doves to nest near your home. They are thought to keep the rheumatism away.

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The Green Academy: Huntsville's Historic School

by Charles Rice



Huntsville in its early years was an unusual city — unusual in that it was largely settled by wealthy planters from Georgia and Virginia, who brought their developed culture along with them. And while Huntsville did have its brief frontier period, it developed into a sophisticated settlement much faster than its sister cities of the Tennessee Val-

ley.

A prime example of this can be seen in the once famed Green Academy, a private boys school that formerly stood on Clinton Street just east of Calhoun. This prep school was actually chartered by the Territory of Mississippi as long ago as 1812, just a half dozen years or so after pioneer settler John Hunt built his

log cabin at the Big Spring.

Huntsville's Green Academy did not actually open its doors to students until 1821, after Alabama had already become a State. However, the school quickly came to prominence as a center of learning in North Alabama. Virtually everyone who rose to prominence in those early years of Alabama's history had ties to the Green Academy. The education these men received was obviously more than adequate. Huntsville's Jones M. Withers, for example, would leave the Green Academy to accept an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Jones Withers later rose to the rank of major general in the Confederate Army. Former student John Withers Clay, son of Governor Clement C. Clay and brother of Senator Clement C. Clay, Jr., even managed to enter the University of

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Virginia at a very early age. He graduated from the university in 1837, when he was just 17. Clay went on to receive his M. A. there, the first nonresident of Virginia ever to do so. Many of Alabama's prominent 19th century political figures began their education at the little school on Huntsville's east side.

By 1859, the Green Academy consisted of a large one-story brick classroom building. The city map of that year also shows several smaller outbuildings. Some of these probably were dormitories for the students. The principals of the school during the years immediately prior to the War Between the States were Charles O. Shepherd and A. Erskine Russel, both members of prominent local families. The school's curriculum was designed principally for college preparation, though it was also meant to provide all the knowledge an educated young gentleman of the time might be expected to know.

A rare photograph was found about 20 years ago in the 1850s Dill House, located just north of the school. The photo shows a group of boys in antebellum clothing posing with their teacher before a one-story brick building. The bearded teacher clearly resembles Principal Charles O. Shepherd, and the faded photograph might well be the only picture of the Green Academy.

The Huntsville City Directory of 1859 describes the Green Academy thus: "It is situated on a beautiful eminence on the edge of the city. It is cool, shady and retired. It holds the same relation to the male portion of North Alabama that the Seminary does to the female portion."

In 1861, however, the tranquil life of old Huntsville suddenly came to an end. Alabama had seceded from the Federal Union and joined the Confederate States of America. Neither Huntsville nor the United States would ever be the same. When the fighting began at Fort Sumter in April 1861, the Green Academy realistically added military training to its studies. Even though the students were only boys in their early teens, it became clear that many of them might one day be called upon to defend their State from invasion.

One year after Fort Sumter, the Union Army marched into Huntsville — the first Alabama city to be occupied. All of the

city's schools were immediately shut down. General Ormsby Mitchel's invaders made themselves masters of the land, and the 2nd Ohio Infantry took up residence in the Green Academy. The regiment's officers, naturally, appropriated the buildings to their own use. The enlisted men had to be content with pitching their tents on the grounds. Many of the school's beautiful shade trees soon fell to the axe, sacrificed for the 2nd Ohio's campfires.

The men in blue also helped themselves to everything in the neighborhood that was not nailed down. Dill family tradition tells that the Ohio soldiers made short work of the family's chick-

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ens, even though one thief was caught by his officers and made to carry a heavy log across his shoulders the whole day. The Dills finally removed temptation from the enemy's midst by bringing the chickens indoors, keeping them in an upstairs bedroom — a situation that can hardly have been very satisfactory.

Even though the first Union occupation lasted only four months, the famed Green Academy would never reopen its doors. Charles Shepherd had already left the school to join the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861. Shepherd would finish the war as a captain in the 12th Alabama Cavalry. Many of the stu-

dents would also eventually fight for the South, despite their young age. Some, like 16-year-old James M. Mason, later a Methodist minister, would enlist in Captain Frank Gurley's cavalry company.

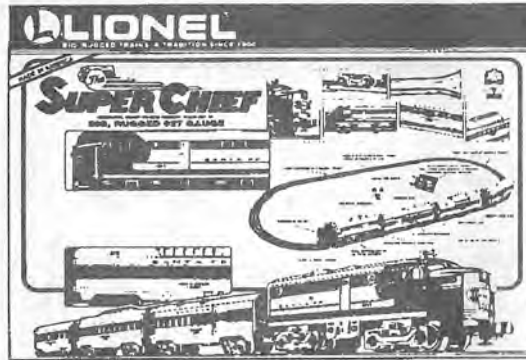
Not even the school's buildings would survive the war. In late 1864, General John B. Hood led the Confederate Army of Tennessee on its tragic march to disaster at the Battles of Franklin and Nashville. As Hood's Army approached Huntsville on the South side of the Tennessee River, the Union Army garrison was forced to abandon its year-long occupation of the city. On November 26, 1864, Union sol-

diers angry at having to give up their comfortable quarters set fire to the Green Academy. The school burned to the ground. By the war's end, the trustees were bankrupt and the school was never rebuilt.

In 1882 the City of Huntsville erected a new public school on the site of the old Green Academy. This was the original East Clinton School. Now in its third building, East Clinton School continues to educate Huntsville's children today. Fittingly, this plot of land has never been used for anything but a school ground. It seems an appropriate tribute to the famous Green Academy of long ago.

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