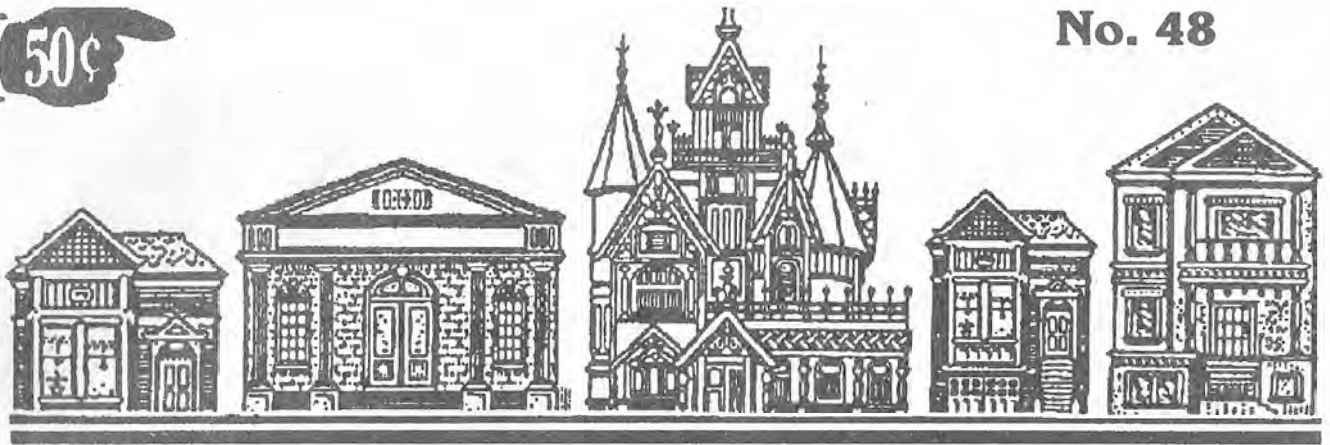


50¢

No. 48



Old Huntsville

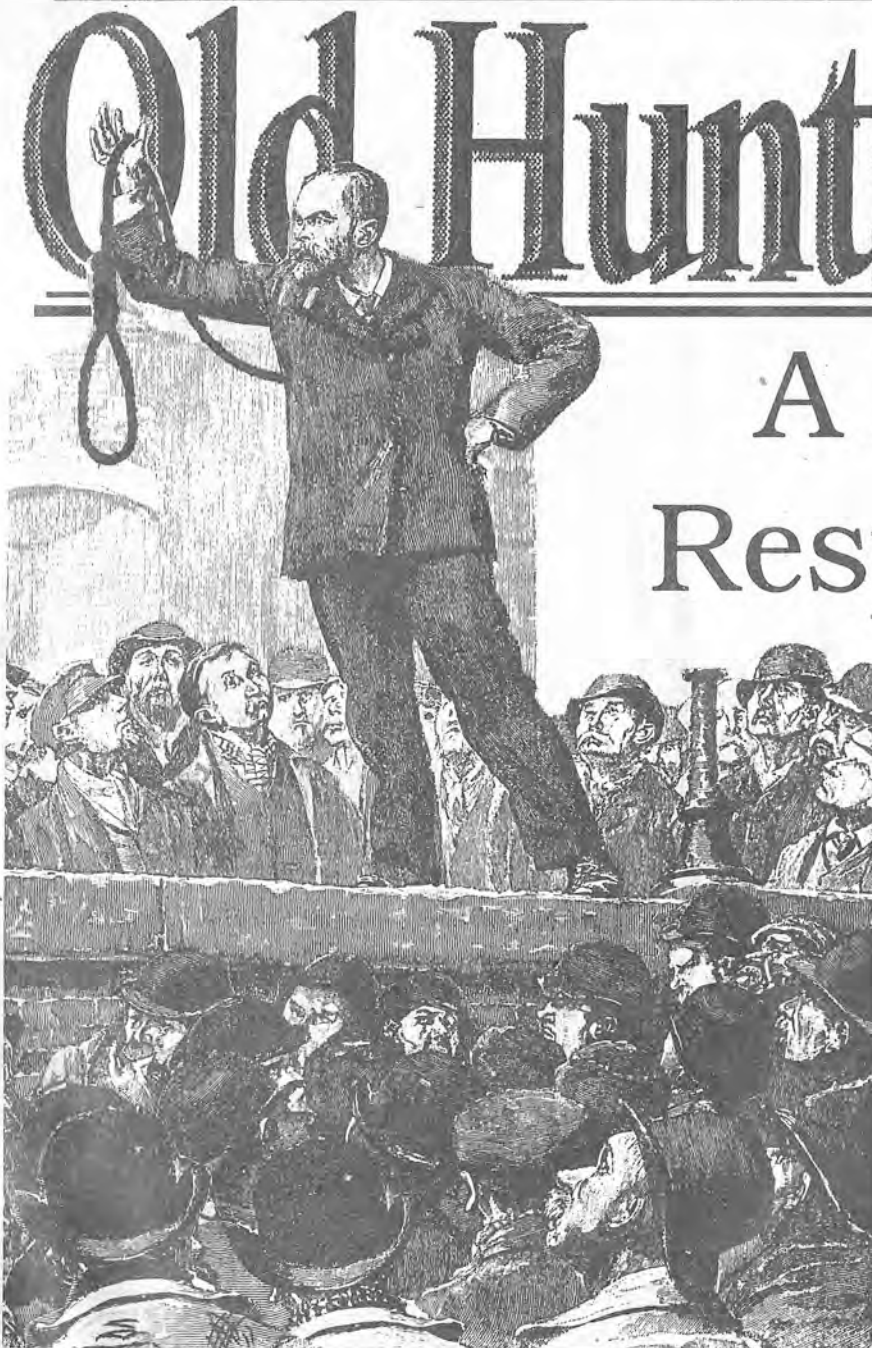
A Highly
Respectable

Mob

by Fred Simpson

In the Spring of 1878, three Huntsville men stood accused of murder when some local citizens decided to take the law into their own hands.

Their dark deeds would capture the front page of every newspaper in the country!



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: BROTHERLY LOVE

A Highly Respectable Mob

by Fred Simpson

"There comes a time when men must take the law into their own hands. Even our founding fathers did not intend for us to waste our money on trials for murderers such as these."

Judge E.C. Betts paused, wiping the sweat from his forehead, as he watched the unruly crowd that had gathered in the courthouse.

An unidentified man in the back of the room seemed to express the sentiment that was on everyone's mind when he suddenly shouted: "Enough foolishness! Hang 'em all! Hang every one of them now!"

Several blocks away at the city jail on Clinton Avenue, the three accused murderers, Mike White, Ephrain Hall and Ben Evans, paced anxiously in the narrow confines of their cell as they listened to the angry crowd. Suddenly Evans, who had a reputation around town as a hellraiser, dropped to his knees and began praying in a loud, scared voice.

The other two, surprised by Evans' unexpected behavior, questioned him, saying they did not realize he was so religious.

"I ain't," replied Evans, "but this seems like a good time to start."

The trouble had begun in the early spring of 1878 with reports of cattle-rustling. Farmers

were used to losing an occasional cow to wild dogs or wandering vagrants, but now it appeared that there was an organized band stealing the cattle.

Searches failed to turn up the cattle, so suspicion quickly focused on the local butcher, Mike White, who was widely known as an unsavory character and owner of a slaughter yard on what is now Oakwood Ave.

Adding more fuel to the controversy were accusations by George Schoenberger, another local butcher, who openly accused White of receiving the stolen property. Rivalry between the two slaughter yards had always been intense, but no one expected it to develop into open warfare.

Schoenberger had risen early to get his meat to the market house before it opened. Along with his helper, a man by the name of Huddleston, he had already loaded the wagon and pulled out onto Meridian Pike, across the street from where Lincoln school is now located, when suddenly the night air was shattered by the sound of gunshots. Schoenberger made a move as if to stand up, but immediately fell lifeless back into the wagon.

Huddleston turned to see where the shots had come from just in time to see two shadowy figures disappearing into the darkness of night.

The sound of the gunshots alarmed the people living nearby. L.M. McCravey, who lived across the pike, was awakened by his wife and immediately went to investigate. Within minutes he was joined by other men.

The roster of men making up the crowd could have been a "Who's Who" list of Huntsville personalities. There was Milton



Old Huntsville

Published By

Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville Ala. 35801
(205) 534-0502

Publisher

Cathy Callaway Carney

Senior Editor

Billy Joe Cooley

General Manager

Clarence Scott

Staff Historian

Charles Rice

Special Assignment

Stefanie Callaway

Sales

Clarence Scott
Rob Zimmerman

Distribution

Golden K Kiwanis Club

Copy Boy

Tom Carney



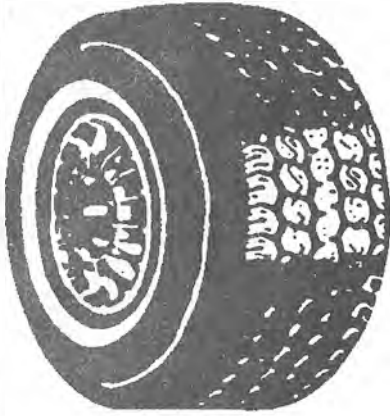
All material contained within is copyright 1995 (c) and may not be copied or reproduced in any form without written permission from

Old Huntsville, Inc.

All opinions and views expressed in this publication are probably our own.

TOP LINE

TIRES



AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

- COMPUTER BALANCING
- COMPUTER ALIGNMENT
- FULL BRAKE SERVICE
- C.V. JOINT REPAIR



• NEW TIRES



ONE OF THE BEST PRICES IN TOWN
LARGE SELECTION
COMPUTER BALANCING

FREE ROTATION, REBALANCING & FLAT REPAIR ON ALL NEW TIRES PURCHASED



CARS - PICK-UPS - VANS - DOMESTIC & IMPORTS

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT
ORANGE BUILDINGS



2 LOCATIONS - LOCALLY OWNED



534-7102

MON - FRI 8 AM - 5:30 PM
SATURDAY 8 AM - 3 PM

539-1221

2121 MEMORIAL PARKWAY SW
(ACROSS FROM SERVICE MERCHANDISE)

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

Humes, a former state legislator; Percy Harrison, county tax collector; George Gill, John Patton and Hermon Humphrey.

The men at the scene listened to Huddleston's story of what happened. Huddleston pointed out to the group where the assassins had stood when they fired the shots that killed Schoenberger. Quickly, the self-appointed posse spread out across the nearby fields and began searching for signs of a trail.

The sun was just beginning to rise, allowing the men to see tracks on the ground still damp from the previous day's rain. By this time a vigilante mood had descended upon the searchers. The trail led to the home of Ben Evans, an employee of Mike White.

Although Evans loudly proclaimed his innocence, the crowd pushed him aside and searched the house. One of the searchers turned up incriminating evidence in the form of a gun that had recently been fired. More searching turned up evidence implicating Ephrain Hall, another employee of White.

Both suspects were taken into custody and tied securely with a length of rope. Several members of the mob suggested another use for the rope, but fortunately, a Huntsville city policeman happened on the scene. After quickly sizing up the mood of the mob, the policemen placed both men under arrest and started back toward town.

By this time, Huntsville was beginning to awaken and crowds had started gathering on the streets talking of the murder. With such prominent men involved in making the arrest, no one doubted the guilt of the ac-

cused.

Early that same morning, Britton Franks, the Madison County coroner, summoned a grand jury to enquire into the cause of Schoenberger's death. Ironically, the men selected to serve on the jury were the same men who only hours before had tracked and arrested the accused killers.

Under a harsh and sometimes threatening interrogation, confessions were obtained from Evans and Hall. They also admitted that their employer, Ben White, had hired them to commit the murder, threatening to

expose them for cattle stealing if they refused.

Indictments were quickly returned against the men and a deputy was sent to arrest White. In fear of further inflaming the local population, it was agreed to keep the coroner's report a secret for the time being.

In the meantime, a citizens meeting had been scheduled at the courthouse to deal with the matter of cattle rustling.

J. Withers Clay opened the meeting by suggesting that a committee be appointed to help the courts deal with cattle rustling. When a discussion of the

Quality
Professional
Dry Cleaning &
Laundry
Service

Since 1926



SANDERS

1215 JORDAN LANE 837-6072
7538 MEM. PKWY. S. 828-0106

killing of Mr. Schoenberger was brought up, Judge Betts spoke of the tardiness with which justice was meted out to the offenders. The blame, he explained, lay in the indifference of the people. It was apparent to everyone present that the judge was proposing a lynching.

Though several people spoke out strongly, pleading that the law be allowed to take its course, a vigilante committee was quickly appointed.

The excitement seemed to flame stronger every minute. Many of the very best citizens from town and country were open in their expressions favoring the immediate punishment of those said to be connected with the murder.

About three o'clock, the courtroom again was packed with people who demanded that the verdict of the coroner's jury be read aloud.

Judge William Richardson arose and addressed the crowd on behalf of law and order. He advised them to counsel well among themselves and let the law have its course.

The crowd would not be put off, however. Angrily, they demanded the verdict be read. The demand was met. In perfect silence the crowd heard the opinion of the coroner's inquest.

The reading of the opinion shocked the crowd and there was much discussion about the situation and what was to be done. The excitement continued and before an hour had passed the crowd made its way from the courthouse to the jail at Clinton and Green. A police officer named Hardy climbed atop the jail fence and warned the mob that there were fifty men inside the jail who would not allow

them in. Slowly and reluctantly the crowd dwindled.

Although Huntsville appeared quiet for the next several days, there was a huge tide of indignation stirring. The secret vigilante committee headed by George P. Beirne quietly went on with their plans.

On Wednesday morning hundreds of horsemen gathered in the northern part of the county. In a scene highly reminiscent of the Civil War, the horsemen formed their ranks into columns and started toward town.

Judge Richardson and Mayor Davis heard of the approaching band and went out

Meridian Pike to meet them. Standing in the middle of the road, Judge Richardson pleaded with them in the name of law and order to disperse.

Without pausing, and ignoring the judge's pleas, the horsemen moved past him on either side, flowing down the pike and into town.

Some estimates placed the number of men at 350, and not a man was disguised!

As the crowd neared the jail they were greeted by citizens who had gathered on the streets, encouraging them in their actions. The guards at the jail, seeing the number and mood of the approaching men, decided that dis-



We make all your travel wishes come true.

MONTE MCGEE'S
ALADDIN
 TRAVEL AGENCY
 205-882-0233

FAX 882-3667 - 1900 Golf Rd. SW Huntsville, AL 35802

**Call about our Cancun, Mexico and
 Carribean specials for \$369.00**

cretion was the better part of valor and hastily deserted their assigned posts.

Several of the vigilantes seized a fence rail and battered the jail door. Each blow of the battering ram was accompanied by shouts and when the door finally gave way, a mighty cheer arose from the crowd.

The three accused men were quickly seized and bound with a length of rope. The vigilantes used every precaution to see that none of the other prisoners were allowed to escape or to be disturbed.

Surrounded by guards on foot and on horse, the prisoners were marched down the street, past the courthouse and down the hill to the Big Spring. A tremendous crowd, which some people estimated at being in the thousands, followed.

A large willow oak about five hundred yards down the Big

Spring branch, close to the site of the present day Von Braun Civic Center, had already been selected as the place of execution and another crowd of people was there waiting. The leaders of the mob had even arranged for a minister, the Rev. E.D. Gordon, to be present in case the accused chose to seek heavenly solace before paying for their crimes.

Also in the crowd were newspapermen from surrounding communities, as well as most of the officials of the Huntsville city government.

While the vigilantes occupied themselves with placing the ropes over the tree limbs and securing a wagon to be used as a platform, the accused passed the time answering questions from the assembled reporters.

Mike White stated to the newspaper men that, "I was

born in Rochester, New York. I came here in 1860. I was a good Confederate soldier. I am thirty-seven years old. I have no children. I saw my wife this morning in jail. I have no messages to send. Mr. Edwards will look after things. I feel badly."

"Do you know who killed Mr. Schoenberger?" asked one of the reporters.



Unique Jewelry
for that special
someone

Tanner's
Jewelry

880-7026

7540-D So. Pkwy.



ASSOCIATED NURSES & LULLABYE, Inc.

"Serving Huntsville since 1963"

Specializing In:

"Private Duty"

- *Nurses
- *Nurses Assistants
- *Babysitters
- *Maids * Visitors

Personal Needs

**Baths - Meals - Laundry - Shopping -
Cleaning**

24 Hour Service - Locally owned and operated

837-1290

Licensed, Insured and State Registered

"I did not kill Mr. Schoenberger," White replied.

Again he was asked: "Do you know who killed Mr. Schoenberger?"

This time he refused to answer, turning his head to look away from the inquiring reporters.

Ephraim Hall was cold and unrepentant. "I have already told as much as need be told," he said. "We were all in it."

Ben Evans, who had all along shown contrition, talked freely:

"We were all in it. There isn't any use to tell anything but the truth. I know I am going to be killed."

At eleven minutes before three o'clock the three men were put on a wagon. Black cloths were tied over their heads before the rope was placed around their necks. There was a momentary distraction when White insisted on keeping his hat on.

At nine minutes to three the horses were whipped and the wagon moved from under the trio. White and Evans died comparatively easily, but Hall struggled for several minutes before finally succumbing to death. The crowd, many of whom had spread picnic blankets under the trees, eagerly watched and cheered.

After the bodies had swayed in the gentle breeze for seventeen minutes, a physician approached and examined the men, before pronouncing all three dead.

A gentleman who seemed to be in charge of the posse, mounted the wagon and spoke to the crowd. "Now, men, go to your homes in perfect order and peace. There is nothing more to be done." The crowd quietly dispersed.

After swinging for two hours the dead men were cut down and carried to local funeral homes.

Oddly enough, many of the same people who had attended the hanging, and cheered its outcome, also attended the funerals.

The lynching made news throughout the country. Not only was the crime notable for the public officials involved, it was also the first time an insurance company brought a lawsuit against the city.

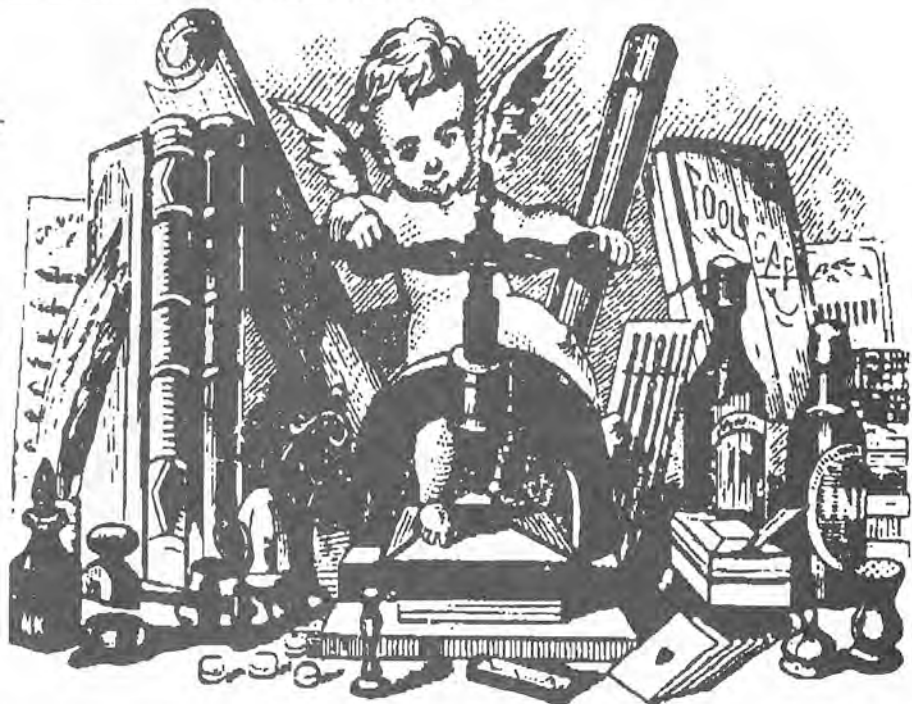
The New York Sun, in an editorial, offered the following comments:

"The prominent citizens of Huntsville, Alabama, who lynched Mike White, might, perhaps, have hesitated to commit that crime, if they had known that White's life was insured for

\$10,000, and that the insurance company would sue the county for the amount. While human life is held cheaply in Huntsville, currency is scarce, and valued in proportion to its scarcity. Beside, insurance companies are notoriously long-winded in litigation, and the lynching of White will probably prove to have been a costly amusement. The next time a highly respectable Huntsville mob proceeds to lynch a man, they will, no doubt, find out first whether his life is insured."



Traffic lights are always green when you're not in a hurry.



ALLIED PHOTOCOPY

Quality Reproduction • Black & White or Color
1821 University Drive • 539-2973

WANTS TO FIND HIS FOLKS

I wish to learn of the whereabouts of my folks. My father was named Dickson; brother name Edmond Anderson; sisters named Polly, Dinah and Rachel Anderson. Sister Polly married a man by the name of John Anderson.

I came from South Carolina when I was 19 years of age and stayed 2 or 3 years in Green County, Alabama, then went to Lee County Mississippi, near Carona. I left there the 2nd year of the war and went to Corinth, from there to Cleveland, Tennessee, where I joined the Federal Army and served three years and have been in Huntsville since I was mustered out.

Write Milton Anderson at Huntsville, care of the *Journal*.
1900 newspaper

NOTICE

I desire to find my mother and sister, who used to belong to Mr. Angelo Steele. My mother's name was Sarah Steele and my sister's, Harriet Steele. I was carried from Huntsville to Canton, Mississippi during the war and have never seen or heard from them since until my return to Huntsville on August 20th in search of them. I have learned that my mother married a man at Bridgeport, Alabama by the name of Jolly who has since died.

Write me at 1237 Ferrett Street, New Orleans, Louisiana where I now live or leave notice with the Editor of this paper and I am greatly obliged.

from 1896 Huntsville newspaper

The Way It Was

The Other Side of Huntsville's History

Discover Huntsville's rich and often bizarre past in a book destined to become a collector's item. *The Way It Was* is guaranteed to make you laugh and cry as you trace the history of our fair city.

Read about the people who built Huntsville, and share their loves and agonies. From the poor dirt farmer who struggled to buy his wife a new dress, to the tenant farmer who was elected to the office of sheriff as a joke.

Truly a masterpiece! No other book captures the heart and soul of Huntsville in the manner of *The Way It Was*.

Now Available

Old Huntsville Magazine

716 E. Clinton Ave.

Huntsville, AL 35801

534-0502



Receive your
own subscription
of

Old Huntsville

For subscription information call 534-0502, or write Old Huntsville, 716 East Clinton Avenue, Huntsville, Alabama 35801.

Only \$15 per year!



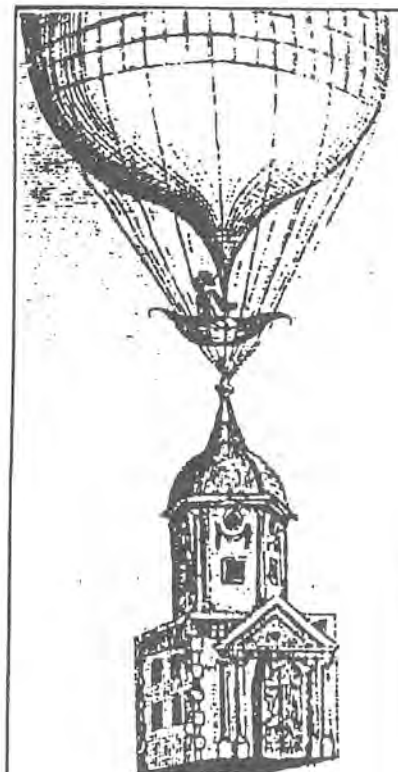
Residents of Owens Cross Roads Arrested for Bigamy and Adultry



Buck Esslinger, a farmer of Owens Cross Roads, and his wife Molie Esslinger, were arrested yesterday and brought to Huntsville, the former on a charge of living in adultery and the latter on a charge of bigamy. Warrants for the arrest of the couple were sworn out by John Roan who claims to be the first and present husband of the woman. Roan claims that the woman has a suit for divorce pending in the chancery court and that although a decree of divorce has never been rendered, his wife married Esslinger and has since lived with him.

The defendants were arrested by Deputy Constable Ferguson. They were arraigned before Justice Vaught who fixed their bonds at \$250 in the case of Esslinger and \$1,000 in the woman's case. Both succeeded in finding sureties.

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper



For Results,
Call

Angie
Jones

Your Relocation Specialist

Remax
Huntsville

1-800-239-4749
533-3313
882-0748

A UNIQUE DINING EXPERIENCE

Cafe III



With this Ad
Buy
1 Dinner
Get \$5 Off
2nd Dinner

721-9156

(MON - SAT 4 - CLOSE)

Greek - Italian - American Cuisine

4925 UNIVERSITY DR. HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

GALLERY SHOPPING CENTER (NEXT TO Q-ZAR)

Historic Civil War Sites In Downtown Huntsville

Huntsville Depot Church Street

Built by the Memphis & Charleston Railroad in 1860, the historic depot saw the departure of many Confederate soldiers for the war. Ironically, it would also serve as a prison for others. A major target for the Union Army, the depot and machine shops were seized by the 4th Ohio Cavalry on the morning of April 11, 1862. The 159 unarmed Confederate soldiers captured aboard a train at the depot were temporarily imprisoned in the building. Union troops later made their living quarters in the depot, writing their still legible names on the walls.

On April 11, 1864, an artillery caisson blew up while a Union battery was crossing the railroad tracks, killing six gunners and injuring several others. This accident probably accounts for the impression of a cannon ball in the Church Street wall of the depot.

The Memphis & Charleston never really recovered from its wartime losses and eventually sold out to the Southern Railroad. The Huntsville depot is now a city museum. The brick freight depot just north of the

tracks also dates to the war. It is one of the oldest railroad buildings still in use in the world.

Calhoun House Site Northeast corner Eustis and Greene Streets

Meredith Calhoun's impressive three-story home stood on this spot until early in the twentieth century. The large residence was taken over by General Mitchel as a hospital in 1862. It was thereafter used as a hospital through most of the remainder of the war. It was later purchased by the U. S. Government to house the Federal court. In 1884, Missouri outlaw Frank James was tried in this building for the robbery of a Muscle Shoals Federal payroll. Huntsville's LeRoy Pope Walker defended the former Confederate guerrilla, and the Huntsville jury refused to convict the brother of the recently murdered Jesse James. The home was torn down in the early 1900s. Occupied for many years by a grocery store, the site is now the parking lot for the YMCA.

First Presbyterian Church Corner of Lincoln and Greene Streets

Early in the war, Huntsville women met in this 1860 church's basement to make uniforms and knit socks for the city's soldiers. In a well-known incident of the 1862 Union occupation, Rev. Frederick Ross allowed Samuel Coltart to hide his mule in the furnace room to keep it from being stolen by the Yankees. During the solemn church prayer meeting that followed, the mule joined in by braying! Dr. Ross was later arrested by the Union troops for offering prayers for the success of the South. The church originally had a tall steeple, which blew down in a postwar storm and was never replaced.

Church of the Nativity Corner of Eustis and Greene Streets

Completed in 1859, the beautiful Gothic Revival structure is said to owe its continued

Linda's
Printing Services

- Commercial
- Social
- Continuous
- Ad Specialties

534-4452

existence to a pious Union officer. According to tradition, General Ormsby Mitchel ordered the church to be turned into a stable. When the nameless Union officer raised his eyes over the chapel doorway, however, he read the inscription: "Reverence my sanctuary." Tinged with guilt, the Northern soldier disobeyed his orders and stabled the horses elsewhere. Bishop Henry C. Lay of Arkansas often preached at this church before being arrested by Mitchel as one of the 12 Hostages.

LeRoy Pope Mansion
403 Echols Street

Built by early Huntsville developer LeRoy Pope in 1814, this lovely dwelling was the wartime home of Dr. Charles Patton. Echols Hill was in those days known as Patton Hill. The Union Army erected a large fort on the hill top, blasting deep into the bedrock. The fort's outer rifle pits stretched almost as far as Eustis Street. Union General

Edwin M. McCook, Mrs. Chadick's old friend from Steubenville, Ohio, made his headquarters in the Patton home in the fall of 1863.

First Alabama Bank
Corner Madison Street and Fountain Row

Designed and built by local architect George Steele in 1835, this striking Greek Revival structure housed the Northern Bank of Alabama during the war. It was taken over as local headquarters by the Union Army Quartermaster Corps. Long called the National Bank of Huntsville, it is now the First Alabama Bank. Unfortunately, the interior of the building has been completely modernized.

Brigadier General James A. Garfield presided over the court-martial of Colonel John B. Turchin at the antebellum courthouse, torn down in 1914. Thus the future President must surely have visited the bank building.

Schiffman Building
Corner Franklin and Eustis Streets

This three-story structure is apparently the only antebellum building remaining on the courthouse square besides the First Alabama Bank. In early 1863, Huntsville women were paid to sew pre-cut Confederate uniforms in this building--then Herstein's clothing store. The current facade was added in 1895. Screen star Tallulah Bankhead was born in an upstairs bedroom of the Schiffman Building.

The Grove Site
Corner Franklin and Eustis Streets

A beautiful Federal-style mansion, The Grove was built by the Manning family and was the wartime home of Bartley M. Lowe, father of Sarah Manning Lowe, a teenage Huntsville diarist. John Hunt Morgan's cavalry camped among the trees, and Nathan Bedford Forrest stopped by the house for tea. Ormsby Mitchel also pitched his tent at The Grove before moving to the McDowell House on Adams Street. The many shade trees soon fell victim to Union soldiers' axes, being used for firewood. The Grove was torn down shortly before the First World War. The site is now occupied by the Mental Health Center.

Camp Jones
South of West Clinton Street, west of the von Braun Civic Center

One of two training camps established by Alabama Governor A. B. Moore in 1861, Camp



Instant Credit! Free Delivery!

**Accessories,
TVs,
Stereos,
Appliances,
Carpet,
Jewelry
Gift Items**

**Free
Parking!**

DOWNTOWN!

100 Jefferson Street 534-5681

Jones stood in a wooded area along the Big Spring Branch. The 19th Alabama Infantry Regiment was formed here. However, its first colonel, Joseph Wheeler, moved the training ground to Camp Bradford to keep his soldiers away from the temptations of the city.

*McDowell House,
517 Adams Street.*

William McDowell, a wealthy Huntsville merchant, was one of Mitchel's 12 Hostages. He was also held hostage for Christopher Sheets of Winston County. General Mitchel made this home his headquarters, working from a desk in the front parlor. Union General John Logan also made the McDowell home his headquarters, though Logan actually resided next door at 603 Adams Street.

McDowell's home was known to generations of Huntsvillians as the "backwards house." Supposedly, McDowell had entrusted the plans of his house to a builder, while he and his family went to Europe. When McDowell returned, he found the contractor had built the house facing the rear of the lot instead of Adams Street. The house has been greatly altered and enlarged in recent years.

*Weeden House
300 Gates Street*

Built about 1819, the house was purchased by Dr. William Weeden in 1845. It was home to the famous Southern poet-painter Maria Howard Weeden and her brother, Colonel John D. Weeden of the 49th Alabama Regiment. The Union Army forced the Weedens to move out

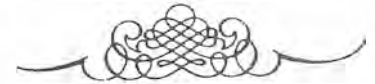
of their home, taking it over for officers' quarters. The antebellum front porch was removed when the house became a public museum in the 1970s.

*Beirne House
300 Williams Street*

This beautiful home was built by Thomas Bibb, second governor of Alabama, as a gift for his daughter. During the war it was the residence of George P. Beirne, another of Mitchel's 12 Hostages. The house was frequently occupied by Union officers, and reportedly was used as headquarters by both General Don Carlos Buell and General William Tecumseh Sherman.

*Mastin House
310 Williams Street*

Francis T. Mastin came to Huntsville as Aide-de-Camp to General Andrew Jackson in the Creek Indian War. He built his home in 1823. The adjacent (now connected) building to the west was the residence of Mastin's four sons. Union soldiers occupied the house and grounds during the war. Directly to the east stood the home of LeRoy Pope Walker, Confederate Secretary of War. However, Walker's house was destroyed in an accidental fire in early 1862.



ANTIQUE

**Are Just a Matter
of Time . . .**



LD TOWN LTD.

***Huntsville's Most
Unique Gift Shop***

*Antiques, Jewelry, Gift Baskets,
Collectibles, and Much More*

Take a Little Time – Stop in and Browse!

**820 Wellman N.E. -
Huntsville ~ 533-7002**

Experience the Excitement of New Orleans

Without Leaving Huntsville

7 - 8 Social Hour

8 - 9 Dinner

*9 pm - Presentation
of the Dogs*

*Lovett Blues Band will play
all night for your listening and
dancing enjoyment*



1995 Annual Dog Ball

Friday March 3rd. at the VBCC Exhibit Hall

Invitations to be Mailed out in February 1995 - \$30 per person

*For Your Personal Invitation, please call the
Greater Huntsville Humane Society at 881-8081*

Big Bargains In City Property



There are just as many letters in the word "present" as there are in "success"; the magic seven. "Tomorrow", has eight, one over the line. Improve the present by buying your home and stop paying rent.

\$5,500 2-story, 7 room brick Smith residence on Randolph Street, large lot.

\$5,080 The old Gordon property on Lincoln Street opposite Presbyterian Church, large lot and brick house.

\$4,800 2-story, 8 room brick residence on Randolph Street, lot 108 x 200 feet.

\$2,000 Buys 17 lots in Gist's addition on Patterson Street

\$2,750 4-room tenant house on Adams Ave., with large lot, 3-4 room tenant house in rear.

\$2,600 Buys a nice 5-room cottage on East Holmes Street, hot and cold water.

\$2,350 One 2-story, 7 room house on Maiden Lane - large lot.

LOTS - 3 vacant lots 120 x 140 feet on East Holmes Street, \$350.00 each.

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper



Personal Injury

No Fee Is Charged
If No Recovery

Divorce & Custody
Criminal Cases

DUI Etc.

32 Yrs. Trial Experience

DAVID L. (Dea) THOMAS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
301 FRANKLIN ST.
536-0732

Alabama state bar regulations require the following in all attorney's ads: "No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."

Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Hard Times - The Civil War In Huntsville And North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$15.95).

2. Railroad War - Nathan Bedford Forrest's raid through North Alabama by Bob Dunnavant (\$16.95).

3. Mountain People - The Real People Who Settled Alabama by Steve Maze (\$12.95).

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

5. 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).

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

7. Handbook Of Alabama Archaeology - Arrowheads (\$17.95).

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

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

10. Salvation On Sand Mountain - Snake Handling And Redemption by Dennis Covington (\$20.00).

Shaver's Bookstore
(205) 536-1604

2362 Whitesburg Dr.
Whitesburg at Bob Wallace
Huntsville, Ala. 35801

Doing Battle With The Devil



Claude Berry was a preacher man.

An old fashioned, hell-fire, brimstone, "you're going to Hell" preacher.

Claude worked as an automobile mechanic during the week, but Sundays were set aside to do battle with the devil. His battleground was an old dilapidated frame building, with its paint peeling, and with an old faded picture of Jesus hanging behind the pulpit, held in place by two rusty thumb tacks.

The religion he preached was as old as the red clay foothills surrounding the church. Accept the Savior, go to church every Sunday, and reap your rewards in the afterlife. Unfortunately, his preaching alone was not enough to attract members to his dwindling flock.

Every week he counted fewer heads in the congregation. Especially disappointing were the young neighborhood lads, who refused to attend services.

Claude pondered this problem for a long time, and then one day while sitting in front of the wood burning stove, whittling on a piece of cedar, he suddenly announced to his wife:

"We're going to build a brush arbor, and we'll have an old fash-

ioned revival meeting."

A brush arbor was a tradition unique to the southern Appalachian foothills. An open air structure, with pine boughs providing the roof, it allowed the breezes to take the edge off the summer heat.

Willing hands were soon dragooned to help build the arbor and word was spread throughout the community of the upcoming revival.

The day of the revival dawned with the promise of another sweltering day. Mr. Berry had barely started his preaching when several of the neighborhood boys wandered in. As they were about to leave, having satisfied their curiosity, their attention was drawn to three young ladies sitting on the back row.

The ladies, all strangers to the young blades, were young and very attractive. Needless to

say, instead of leaving, the young men quickly took a seat, hoping to catch one of the lasses' eyes.

The next day, the same scene was repeated, only this time the ladies were sitting in the middle row, and so were the young men.

By the end of the revival, the lasses were sitting on the front row, surrounded by a bevy of young men. Preacher Berry, now in his element, and with a captive audience, fought the devil with an oratorical style that sent chill bumps running up the spines of the young men. So impressive was his sermon that many of the boys, who had never before been inside a church, made commitments to a religious life.

The revival was a great success and as Preacher Berry later said, "I only had to pay those girls five dollars apiece."

SHAW INVESTIGATION AGENCY, INC.

Accident Reconstruction
Fraud
Drugs
Rape
Civil Rights
Accidents
Missing Persons
Domestic Relations
Workman's Comp

Internal Theft
Security
Medical Malpractice
Arson Defense
Background Checks
Product Liability
Sexual Abuse
Executive Protection
Confidential

Huntsville Office 107 Holmes Ave. N.E.

Patrick Taylor 533-1777 1-800-266-1777

Heard On The Streets, Huntsville 1907

An Affray at New Market

On Saturday last, at New Market in this county, a young man, George Norris raised a difficulty with another young man, Bud Powers, and the town marshal, William Mullins tried to arrest him. Norris drew his knife and resisted arrest. Mullins struck Norris with his stick; and a young man, William Fuqua threw a stone at Mullins, striking him on the head and knocking him senseless.

Attempts were made by other citizens to arrest Norris and Fuqua, but they drew their



revolvers and the citizens being unarmed, they made their escape. Parties have been out hunting them, but to no avail, and it is supposed they have left the country. Our informant says that new brandy made at stills near New Market is the cause of the trouble and is causing a good deal more of trouble in the neighborhood.

Boy Kills his Father

Near Huntsville on Sunday last, a boy killed his father. The

facts, as told to us, are that the boy left the house of his father, Hawk Houston, and went to the farm of Mr. Wm. R. Day, and Hawk went after him, and told him he intended to whip him, when he got him home. The boy got home first, and seizing a shotgun, fired the load into his father's heart. It is stated, almost incredibly, that the father, although shot and badly bleeding, drew a revolver and fired twice at his son as he ran off.

The boy escaped and at last accounts had not been seen in the neighborhood, and no one has pursued him.

For Sale - roller top desk - good as new, will sell cheap. Address H. R. Taylor, Huntsville, Ala. Box 512

Burglars Rob Cicero's Store

Once upon a time someone said, "When you do a thing do it

WE SPECIALIZE IN COPYING
OLD PHOTOGRAPHS
 895-0495
BOB GATHANY
 PHOTOGRAPHER
 4951 CENTURY STREET

well." Evidently burglars who last night ransacked John Cicero's store on the corner of Washington and Holmes Street believed in this teaching.

They entered through the rear door, but were not satisfied with merely breaking the lock. They took the entire door off and set it neatly to one side. Mr. Cicero early this morning reported the loss of more than 1,000 cigarettes, a batch of cigars, some boxes of candy and various other small items as well as \$6.00 which was in the cash drawer.

Charges against Edward Sweeney

Edward T. Sweeney, employee of a carriage factory here, is in jail on a charge of wife beating and public drunkenness. The prosecution claims that on last Saturday night, Sweeney went home in a beastly state of drunkenness. He committed an assault upon and choked his wife, Mrs. Maud Sweeney and she was compelled to flee, attired in insufficient clothing, from her home on Jefferson Street, to the home of J. H. Bryant in the southern part of the city.

A warrant was sworn out against Sweeney in justice Vaught's court and Sweeney is now in jail in default of bail in the sum of \$700.00.

Runaway Pony

Frank Pickard, one of the ad writers on the *Mercury*, and R.D. Carlisle figured in a dangerous runaway at the Southern Depot Sunday afternoon. Their horse became frightened at the

approaching train and overturned the buggy, but neither of the occupants were hurt.

Arthur Finley is taken to Asylum

Arthur Finley, a young man of Lacy Springs, Ala. was brought to the city early today en route to the Alabama Hospital for the Insane at Tuscaloosa.

Information Wanted:

Looking for Mrs. Frances W. Gerkin, a music teacher, nearly blind, who left Norfolk, Virginia some years ago and is reported to have been drowned while crossing the Tennessee River, near Ditto, four or five years ago.

Contact Walker & Old, Attorneys-at-Law, Norfolk, Virginia.

The Wisdom Of A Child

When Mr. and Mrs. Turis moved to Huntsville from California in the early '60s, the cultural shock was much greater than what they expected.

They were driving around one day, trying to familiarize themselves with the streets when their five year old daughter, Darlene, noticed a "Whites Only" sign on a laundromat and exclaimed:

"Isn't that a funny laundromat? They only take white clothes!"

Put Some Spice In Your Romance

Leather & Lace Lingerie
Cakes and Gift Baskets

Toys & Lotions

Body Massage

Photography

At Highway 72 and
Enterprise, just east of
Holderfield's Furniture

830-0069



Pleasures



Memories of Dallas Village

by Ruby Crabbe

What has happened to our beloved Dallas Village? Some people would say it changed its old coat and put on a new coat of prosperity. Somewhere between that change of coats a lot of the old landmarks of yesteryear have been destroyed.

The Dallas YMCA building was our gathering place for tennis, ballgames and movies. The old water tank between the YMCA and the textile mill stood

tall and lofty and to all us kids standing on the ground and gawking up at that tall tower we just knew the top of it was touching the stars. Half of the kids at Rison School had climbed to the top of that water tank.

You might say that was dangerous, and it was. Try telling that to a bunch of bullheaded kids. A dare was a dare and up that tower we would go.

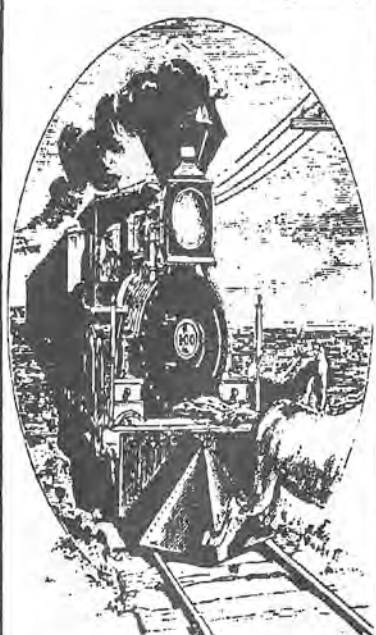
And the old nurse home located on the corner of Oakwood and 5th Street. Gone, but not be-

fore the needle in the nurse's hand had put many a memory in the minds of all the kids at Rison School. I declare, that needle looked 12 feet long when it was coming at me!

The old kindergarten building on Oakwood is also gone but not before the long wide porch had felt the feet of many kids as they ran across it to see who could jump the highest and longest distance from the porch on into the yard.

The old Durham building located on the corner of Humes Avenue and 5th Street. Gone, but not before the shoe shop manager in that building had nailed many thick soles to the bottoms

**Moss Valley
Railroad Company**



Model Trains & Accessories
NSCALE · HOSCALE · OSSCALE
Phone & Mail Orders
Mon. - Sat. 9am - 6pm 320 Church St.
(Located at the Huntsville Depot)
205 536-3303

THE CAT WITH A THOUSAND FACES

by SAMBO
with
Joyce Jones

The photographic account how Sambo, the Siamese, became a well known newspaper model--was insured by Lloyds' of London--has his protrait in the Madison County Courthouse--and how he worked to promote civic causes.

AVAILABLE NOW:
Send \$9.95 + \$2.00
shipping & handling to:

Sambo Books
1108 Harrison Ave. S.E.
Huntsville, Ala. 35801



of scuffed worn shoes. He put such thick soles on the shoes that us kids thought we were walking on stilts.

The open space between Rison and Stevens Avenue, and right beyond Dallas Village, was called the "old field" back in those days. The God-given earth of that field had felt many a pole and stake being driven into it so a tent could be erected to shield the many people who came to worship and to praise God. The old field was also used as a place to hide Easter eggs. The air was filled with the sweet voices of the children as they, one by one, found another egg for their basket. The old field is now filled with beautiful homes and the days of yesteryear are almost forgotten.

Gone are the days of the rolling stores, but the memory of those days will not ever be forgotten. Early mornings the clang of the Findley rolling store could be heard as it made its rounds up one street and down another. About everything a household needed could be bought from the Findley rolling store.

Later in the evenings a man - I never learned his name - would come through the Village pushing a wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow would be loaded with the best homemade hot tamales that ever hit the taste bud. When the man started back home his wheelbarrow would be empty, but many a belly would be filled.

The many memories I have of Dallas Village have been capped and put forever in a secret place in my mind. No one can take them away from me.



Plans for a Magnificent Ice Cream Parlor



Mr. W. F. Struve has made plans for establishing an ice cream and soda-water parlor in the Struve Corner on the northeast side of the square. His plans call for one of the handsomest establishments of the kind that can be made, including a beautiful onyx and silver soda fount, plate glass-lined walls and tile floors. Frank H. Newman, who occupies the store, will move out at once and the work of transformation will begin in a few days. This will require from thirty to sixty days.

1907 Huntsville newspaper

Service

534-2900

24 Hour Emergency Service

Sales

- * Business & Personal Systems
- * Networks * Corporate Accounts

Service

- * Most Brands * Computers
- * Printers * Terminals * Monitors
- * On-site/In-store
- * Maintenance Agreements

Support

- * DOS * UNIX/ZENIX * Networks
- * Extended Warranties

DAVTRONIX
Computers, Inc.

108 Clinton Ave., Huntsville, Ala. 35801

Repair



Sweet Decadence

Date-Nut Balls

- 1 c. chopped dates
- 1 c. pecans, chopped
- 1 c. sugar
- 1/2 c. butter
- 1 T. light corn syrup
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 c. rice krispies
- 1/4 t. almond extract
- 1/2 t. vanilla extract

Combine all ingredients except cereal and extracts in a deep saucepan. Cook for 8-10 minutes, stirring constantly. Do not overcook. Remove from the heat, stir in cereal and flavorings and set aside to cool. Mixture will be sticky, dust hands with powdered sugar and form small balls. Drop into a bowl of powdered sugar or finely grated coconut; roll until well-coated. Yield- about 5 dozen balls.

Oatmeal Raisin Cookies

- 1 c. shortening
- 1 c. white sugar
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 c. flour
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. baking soda

- 1 t. cinnamon
- 1 t. nutmeg
- 1 t. allspice
- 1/4 t. ginger
- 3 c. oatmeal
- 1/2 c. raisins
- 1/2 c. chopped nuts

Cream shortening and sugars; add eggs. Add flour sifted with seasonings, then add other ingredients. Drop by teaspoon or make little balls; put on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees til brown.

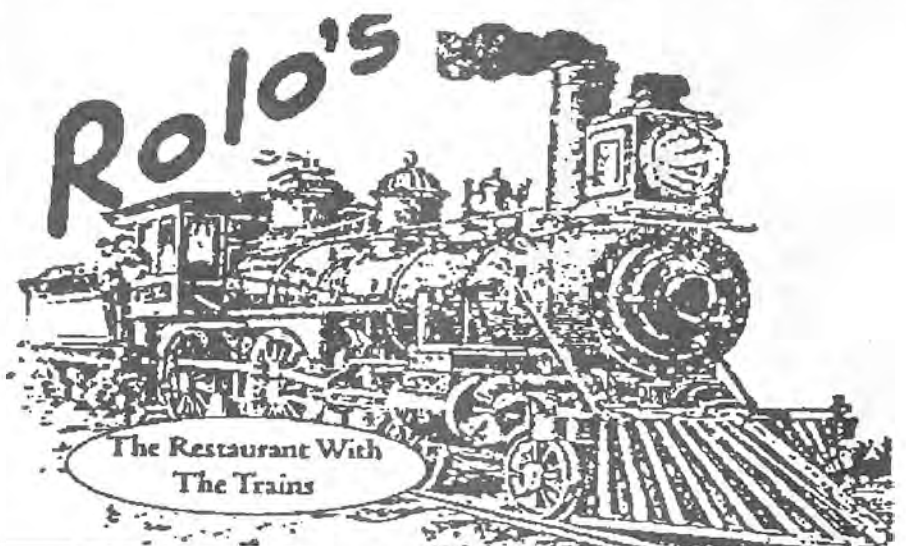
Cinnamon Nut Diamonds

- 1 c. butter or margarine
- 1 c. light brown sugar
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 egg yolk

Blend the above together til light and fluffy. Then add:

- 2 c. flour
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 c. finely chopped pecans

Mix well and spread in a greased jelly roll pan or cookie



Country Cooking - Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner
 6:30 am - 9:00 pm Seven Days a Week
 505 East Airport Road 883-7656

sheet with sides. Brush with slightly beaten egg white. Sprinkle with half a cup of finely chopped nuts, pressing them into the dough. Bake at 350 degrees for 25-30 minutes. While still warm, cut into diamond shapes by cutting in lengthwise lines at 1-inch intervals and then cut diagonal lines at 1-inch intervals to create diamonds.

Chocolate Macaroon Squares

1 14-oz. can Sweetened Condensed milk
 1 t. vanilla extract
 1 egg
 1 3 1/2-oz. can flaked coconut, divided (1 1/3 cups)
 1 c. chopped pecans
 1 6-oz. package semi-sweet chocolate chips
 1 box Duncan Hines Chocolate Butter Fudge Cake mix
 1/2 c. butter
 1 egg

Topping

In a large bowl combine the sweetened condensed milk, vanilla, and egg. Beat til well blended. Stir in 1 cup coconut (reserve 1/3 cup coconut), pecans and chocolate morsels. Set aside.

Base

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In a large bowl combine cake mix, butter and egg. Mix until moist, press into greased 13 x 9-inch pan. Spread topping over base. Sprinkle remaining 1/3 cup coconut on top.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30-40 minutes.

NOTE The center may appear loose after 30 minutes but

will set upon cooling. Cool completely, cut into 2-inch squares or even smaller if you prefer. Should make about 24 2-inch squares.

Chocolate Pinwheel Cookies

Melt: one square of unsweetened chocolate

Blend together: 1/2 c. soft margarine

3/4 c. sugar

1 t. vanilla

1 egg

Add:

1 1/2 c. flour

1/4 t. baking powder

1/4 t. salt

Halve the dough and add the melted chocolate to one of the halves.

Chill for several hours. Roll each dough half separately into rectangles on waxed paper, about 8" by 5". Then invert chocolate dough onto the white dough and gently press them together. Roll up like a jelly roll on

the long side, make sure the center is tight. Wrap and chill or freeze overnight.

Slice 1/8 inches thick. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes til only lightly browned.

Thanks to the members of the Hunt's Spring Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution for this tempting sampling of their favorite sweets.



Come Meet your Friends at Bubba's

108 Washington
 Downtown Huntsville

Next to Gorin's

534-3133

Fine Food and Drink



THE FABULOUS MONTE SANO HOTEL



M. J. O' Shaughnessy was a man of vision. He arrived in Huntsville from New York in the mid-1880s and in true entrepreneurial style backed the formation of the North Alabama Improvement Company. This company included a number of Huntsville businessmen and its goals were twofold--to transform Huntsville into an industrial center and to make Monte Sano Mountain into a health resort and vacationer paradise.

By 1886 the company had made a firm decision to build a huge resort hotel on the mountain. On February 16th of that year a site was selected on the northwest section of the mountain 100 yards from the edge of the bluff overlooking Huntsville on the present site of Old Chimney Road. (The chimney now standing was part of the hotel.) John Rea, the architect, had designed the 233-room structure in

the Queen Anne style encircled with broad porches on a 200 x 308 foot area. One week later 16 teams were busily hauling lumber, lime, cement and other materials up the mountain as construction got under way. The hotel would be lighted by gas and heated by steam. Drinking water would be pumped from nearby Cold Spring, and bath water would be forced up the mountain from Big Spring and stored in a ground reservoir north of the hotel. An 8000 gallon water tank and observation tower were to be built on top of the hotel from which guests could enjoy views of the distant countryside.

In late April 1887 furniture was being carried up the mountain by the wagon load. A highly regarded landscape architect, Major Schrimshaw, was summoned from New York and he soon had workers transforming

the grounds around the hotel into a veritable garden.

Twenty miles of bridal paths were built, and a driveway circled the town of Viduta. Terraces, walkways and lookouts were placed at prominent spots of geological wonder at various locations on the mountain. Markers pointed out Shelter Rock, Wildcat Glen, Hell's Half Acre, Brigand's Cavern, Vanishing Falls, Chalybeate Spring, Alum Spring, Magnesia Spring, Shelter Spring and Inspiration Point.

Local newspapers kept residents aware of construction progress. Extensive publicity was devoted to the hotel's opening on June 1, 1887, and the grand ball the following night.

Trains arriving in Huntsville were packed. A team-drawn bus seating from seven to ten persons met all trains regardless of time of arrival. A huge Tallyho,

with seats above its closed compartments, carried special guests. Six horses drew this carriage up the narrow, winding road. Several stops were made along the way to view the scenery. Nearing the hotel the guests were whirled through a gateway of rock bound flower beds and orderly lines of shrubbery to the hotel main entrance. There they were met by uniformed attendants who bowed to the guests and directed them through the double doors of colored glass panes into the lobby to the registration desk. The wall behind the desk showed "pigeonholes" for mail, and a call board listing 233 rooms. Alarms and speaking tubes were nearby.

A long south wing of the building was divided into the baths, barber shop, saloon and pool room. A separate house contained two bowling alleys.

A concert was given on July 1st and a few days later a ball was given which opened with a huge fireworks display. About 400 guests were present to hear Prof. Abbot's orchestra play. Dinner was served at midnight, and the ball continued. The huge dining room was "laden with everything to tempt the appetite."

The *Huntsville Mercury* wrote on August 24th that over 1000 guests had registered at the hotel since its opening. A profit was made the first year.

In 1889 a railroad line from Huntsville up the mountain was completed. Many local people paid the fare just to enjoy the ride and scenery.

Many prominent people signed their names to the register, including William H. Vanderbilt, William Waldorf Astor, Walter Damrosch, Jay Gould and Helen Keller.

In 1894 the hotel was

opened early in June and attracted in August one of its largest registrations. However, due to litigation among its stockholders it was not opened the following year. The hotel opened for its last season in 1900. Transportation and other problems accounted for its drop in popularity.

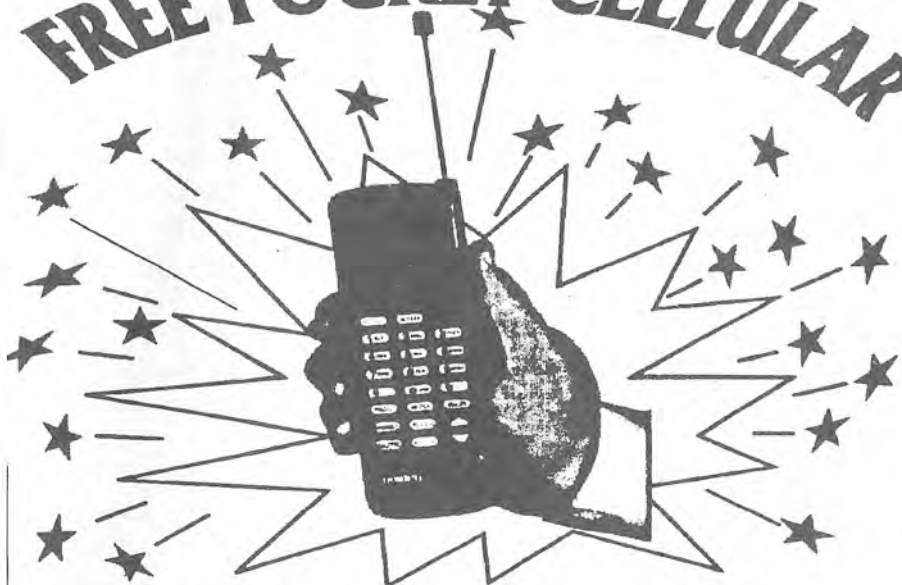
Efforts were made from time to time to revive the hotel to its early successful operation but to no avail. The hotel was later sold to Mrs. Lena Garth. In 1944 the executors of the Garth estate sold the hotel building, with its dust and cobwebs, for

\$9,000 for salvage. Later the land was sold as business sites for modern homes.

The only visible evidence of the hotel itself is the tall brick chimney on Old Chimney Road. This rustic monument stands as a reminder of the elegance and gay times that once surrounded it nearly a hundred years ago.

Nothing depreciates your automobile faster than your neighbor buying a new one.

FREE POCKET CELLULAR



For the First Time Anywhere!
Free Uniden Pocket Hand Held Cellular Phones*
 are Available from Traffic Jams

Feature: 99 NAME + 6 MEMORY STORAGE
 4 NAM - WEIGHT 13oz. - BACK LIT. - 10 HRS. STANDBY - RETRACTABLE ANTENNA



CELLULARONE
 Authorized Agent

2809 Newby Rd. Suite 106 • PHONE 536-7043

Off Bob Wallace Next To Ray Pearman *Some Restrictions Apply

New 1994
 Models

NiCad Battery
 plus charger



billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

hallway booths.

Meanwhile, Grissom grads **Steve Jackson and Heather Dilworth** (both now at Auburn) shopped the malls together. That's where we crossed paths with UAH stalwarts **Dennis Tobako, Todd Whetstone, Charles Pippin and Eric Artrip**, who spent hours in the food court.

B'ham man-about-town **Nicholas Ray** of Cornerstone Inc. brought a bunch of his co-workers to *Johnny Tona's Family Billiards* the other night. Meanwhile, Johnny, who is also a championship fiddler, has been highly honored in a new recording by a former music comrade, **Bob Jones**. The Etowah Music Co. has released "*Larry Garmon on My Left and Johnny Tona on My Right.*"

Barbara Reed is still glowing over the festive holiday spread at her house. She puts up 14 Christmas trees in her palatial manse. Most impressive. Daughter **Dawn Miller** and her hubby **Pat** hosted. Meanwhile, Barbara and friends trek regularly to those gospel quartet singings in Fayetteville. Also making that monthly to-do are

HISTORY BUFF Steve Lipincott is the newest staffer at Finnegan's Irish Pub. That's where **Ned Faduski** and pals gather to socialize. High Cotton landscaper **Byron Headrick** also tends bar there from time to time when lawn servicing allows time. **Trudi Kaiser** and **Howard Smith** celebrated and shared one of their wedding cakes at Finnegan's the other night. that's also where we crossed paths with **Judith Murphy** and her daughter and son-in-law **Beth and Scott Certain**.

Congrats to Comcast for adding The History Channel (Ch. 40) to its impressive roster.

Soprano **Pamela Dale** has returned to her San Francisco Opera Company post after several weeks here during the holidays. She made her first visit to The Mill (South Parkway), where staffers **Stephanie Luder, Sean**

Smith and Dennis Miller, made her welcome. She has some nice photos taken with **Placido Domingo**.

WELCOME to the world **Kimber Leigh-Anne Critelli, Lindy's** daughter. Her proud grandparents are **Nancy and Jerry**. Meanwhile, Kimber's uncle **Clift** birthdayed on Jan. 18. His wedding to **Gail Gallagher** will be in September.

Speaking of birthdays, country music legend **Bobby Stapler** had one on Jan. 4 and celebrated with a big to-do at his Sundown Club that night. Barkeep **Shelia Wooten** hosted. The Sundown is the only bistro in town that still plays nothing but traditional country music.

Brewer High grads **Nathan Byrd** and wife **Jean**, who wed in October, kept busy during the holidays in Parkway City Mall



HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of
FINNEGAN'S IRISH PUB

And Enjoy Your Heritage
South Parkway
(Next to Joe Davis Stadium)



Bill and Nona Kendrick and Wendell Hicks, Lois Kilgore with granddaughter **Julie**, and **Margie Moon**.

David Pizitz has become and insurance type and will probably get rich.

EUNICE'S Country Kitchen was where pretty **Jana Brazelton** brought her aviator beaux, **Ted Minkinow**, to breakfast the other day. At the next table were **Jim and Judy Wilson** with daughter **Juliana** and her intended, **Christopher Warren**. The wedding will be in June. Meanwhile, at the roundtable sat baby **Jake Morris**, who had brought mama **Terrie Vest Morris** and all sorts of kin to Eunice's. **Susan Kirkland** was among them. Husbands **Chad Morris** and **Jim Kirkland** stayed home. Meanwhile, Susan's college son **Chris Homrich** waited tables at Cullman's All-Steak on Main Street. As for Eunice, that famous biscuit queen was invited to inaugural celebrations in both Montgomery and Nashville. Intergraph lawyer **David Lucas** brought wife **Michelle** and daughter **Willoughby** to Eunice's Saturday, with friend **Elaine Hubbard** and pretty London visitor **Sara Ellecot**. I tried to get **Charlie Byrd** out there, he being a Londoner at heart.

LETTER CARRIER Loyd Dunn, wife **Bea** and son **Phillip** (of Bruno's) showed up for dinner the other night at Ryan's.

The Midnight Ramblers play Friday and Saturday nights at Cadillac Lounge in Madison Crossroads.

Overheard by barberess

P'Nut Wilson in Floyd Hardin's Jackson Way Barbershop: "The trick is to get older without getting old."

THE BIG WINDOW at Bandito Burrito is a regular community billboard of entertainment. Flyers, posters, etc. announcing all sorts of events. Meanwhile, the Bandito on South Parkway has restaffed with more friendly people.

Our gang went to the inaugural doings in Montgomery and, after seven major receptions and parties, my feet got tired of hauling my fat carcass around, so we called it a night. Everybody was there, it seemed. **David Milly**, bossman at Theatrical Lighting Systems (TLS) illuminated all the main events, including the group Alabama, which performed for the afternoon delights. **Phillip and Patrick Livingston** were there

from Alabama Outdoor Advertising. So were **Frank and Ruby Fletcher** and her sister **Faye Shelton**. Huntsvillian **Allan Davis** (an Auburn student) showed up with a crowd. **Helen Sockwell** was another Madison Countian making her presence known. **Ann Sauer**, publisher of *The Madison Globe*, joined Secretary of State **Jim Bennett** and myself in a stirring bluegrass rendition of *Amazing Grace*. Looking on were **Michael and Wally Kirkpatrick**, **Jim and Mary Haney**, **Albert and Shirley McDonald** and a whole slough of people you'd probably know. Advertising whiz **David Driscoll** was there with a bunch of democratic office holders. **Joan Keat**, **Jane Lasater**, **Peggy Barber** and **Pat Millirons** added beauty to the events. **Josh Scoggins** of Bessemer was there with his grandpa, an ABC bigshot. They're kin of Athenians **Terry** and **Deborah Grammer**.

Stressed Out?

You can relieve your stress by knowing which brain hemisphere the stress is in. If you feel depressed or emotionally overwrought, your stress is in the right hemisphere - the creative, emotional, holistic side.

So, to relieve it, switch to your matter-of-fact, logical left hemisphere by doing math, writing factual prose, or organizing something. The emotional right brain will calm down.



If you feel time-stressed and overburdened, your left hemisphere is stressed. Switch to your right brain by singing or playing a sport, or just trying to be creative.



Brotherly Love

by Charles Rice

Christian churches are supposed to be Houses of the Lord, places of sanctuary where one can go to escape the worries and woes of the everyday world. However, a Baptist Church in Huntsville's Lincoln Mill village became anything but that one strange September night some half a century ago. In fact, the sleepy little church suddenly exploded into a raucous free-for-all in which the women matched the men in ferocity.

The bizarre incident apparently came about at least in part over the efforts of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) to unionize the mill workers during those bleak depression years of the 1930s. Union backers felt the CIO would stand up for their rights and improve their standard of living. Union foes feared the Northern owners would re-

taliate by closing the mills and moving elsewhere, something the Yankee capitalists had already done several times in the South. After all, the New England mills had only moved to Dixie to escape paying union wages in the first place, and to most folks any

job was better than none in those days of massive unemployment in America.

The labor dispute seems to have spilled over into the church, where Rev. C. V. Headrick enjoyed the backing of the union. The CIO's opponents had become dissatisfied with their minister, apparently feeling he was meddling in matters that didn't concern him. There were other complaints against the preacher as well, but the union dispute obviously was the major grievance. Headrick's adversaries already had tried several times to have him replaced. On the night of September 3, 1939, their impatience finally got the better of them.

Rev. Headrick was presiding at a conference in the divided mill village church. William Adcock, the local CIO leader, was on hand to give his support to the clergyman, which can only have angered the union opponents. Near the end of the meeting, a woman member of the congregation at last rose from her seat and forcefully shoved the preacher out of the pulpit. Other women quickly intervened, and the Lincoln ladies went at it ham-

The Sundown Club

*Huntsville's Only Honky-tonk
Playing Traditional Country Music*



Fri-Sat-Sun

Bobby Stapler

&

The Alabama Dirt Band

Mon-Tue Karaoke

Free Food

Wed-Thur

on Sundays

Pat McQuiston

408 Oakwood Ave. 534-9275

mer and tongs -- kicking, punching, kneeling, slapping and pulling hair.

Not to be outdone by their spouses, the male members of the congregation promptly chose up sides and joined in the brawl. World War II was just breaking out in Europe, but a visitor at the Huntsville church might well have thought he was at the battlefield in Poland.

According to newspaper reports the next day, two men (Ingle Gant and Tom Bragg) were stabbed, while several others were taken to Huntsville Hospital emergency room with head injuries. A number of the ladies were somewhat bruised and battered, but none required medical attention. Only one person was arrested, Dillard Adcock, who had stabbed Tom Bragg before being struck over the head by Olen Graham. Labor leader William Adcock, Dillard's brother, had also been hit over the head with a heavy object, probably a chair.

Tensions obviously remained high and Christian behavior was clearly the loser that day in Lincoln Village. In fact, it was later learned that another fight had taken place nearby several hours earlier on Meridian Street. A union organizer named Pearson had called a nonunion worker named Sharpe a "scab" and several other uncomplimentary names. Sharpe took offense and attacked Pearson. An unamused Judge Price issued arrest warrants for both men.

All things considered, the Lord just might have preferred to look elsewhere on that incredible September day. Brotherly love was certainly lacking in that part of our always surprising city.

Words about Women

No woman can be a good house-keeper who does not hate dirt.

The devil sees to it that a scolding woman does not ever get hoarse.

When a man is hungry, you will never hear him complain that his wife is not a good cook.

Every woman who has a drunken husband knows that the devil is still loose.

God is always speaking to someone through a good woman's life.

It is hard for a woman to remember that economy is a virtue when she goes into a milliner's shop.

One of the richest possessions one may have is the memory of a good mother.

From 1906 Huntsville Newspaper



A Hardware Store....The way you remember them

222 Washington Street 539-5777



Depend

on

Benchmark

*We Take the Worry
Out of Home Mortgages*

Call us First for

**CONVENTIONAL,
FHA, & VA Loans**

B Benchmark
Mortgage Corp.

*Two Convenient Locations
to Serve You:*

917 A Merchants Walk
Huntsville, Ala. 35801
(205) 536-9370 ~ 1(800) 239-9370



Grandma's Home Remedies

A man once had a very bad bronchial cough. He tried everything for it, until one day when he tried chewing on a piece of ginseng root. The cough stopped, and didn't return.

An old remedy for curing Asthma is to swallow a tablespoon of aloe vera gel before each meal and one at bedtime. Do this for two weeks.

If you have cramps, rumbling in the stomach or general yuckiness, eat some plain yogurt. Make sure it contains "living" or "active" cultures--those are the ones that destroy the pain-causing bacteria.

In ancient Egypt, a male slave could be purchased for 15 pounds of garlic.

If you want good luck do the following. Next time you eat a banana make a wish, then cut a coin-sized slice from the end of the banana that was attached to the stalk. If you can find the shape of a "y" in the piece of banana, your wish will come true.

It is said that if you eat one kiwi a day you may decrease the

risk of a stroke by as much as 40%, regardless of other known risk factors. The kiwi is very high in Vitamin C and potassium.

When you have a painful canker sore, put a pinch of powdered sage on the sore. Also, drink sage tea, which you can get at most health stores.

To fight flu or low-grade infection mince a clove of garlic into a glass of water or orange juice and drink it down. Do it three times a day.

For sinus attack sufferers - try this: on a daily basis, eat fresh or juiced carrots and cucumbers, together or separately. Eat blueberries, too. These 3 foods have nutrients that can build resistance to sinus attacks.

To calm your nerves, prepare celery-seed tea by adding 1 teaspoon of celery seed to a cup of just-boiled water. Drink the tea, seeds and all, as hot as possible without burning yourself.

A lot of people report more energy after eating a handful of sunflower seeds. Try to avoid the salted ones, however.

"Yes, I do Make Good Biscuits."



On July 10, 1875 Mary McLeod Bethune was born to former slave parents in Mayesville, South Carolina. She was the fifteenth of seventeen children. She would become one of the most significant forces of her era in the emerging struggle for civil rights.

One day when Mrs. Bethune was traveling on a train during the early days of segregation, she was seated in what was called the "Lower 13", where any black traveler with a first class ticket was placed. It was also a time when there were those who would not call a black woman Missus or address her with re-

spect. The conductor came up to her and asked, "Auntie, can you make good biscuits?"

Mrs. Bethune said that she looked up and replied, "I am an advisor to President Roosevelt. I am the founder of a four-year accredited college. I am an organizer of women. I am the organizer and founder of the National Council of Negro Women. I am considered a leader among women. And yes, I do make good biscuits."

THE LIQUIDATION CENTER

Sterling Silver Jewelry As Seen On

QVC

Antique & Marcasite Designs

**LARGEST SELECTION IN
NORTH ALABAMA!**

**2422 Jordan Lane
Huntsville, Ala. 35816
(205) 837-3859**



REALTY

3609A MEMORIAL PARKWAY, S.
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801



PAT CASSITY

REALTOR GRI, CRS, LTG

OFFICE

(205) 882-2114

1-800-239-5476

RES. 534-9683

Beeper 720-1320

**Huntsville's
Old Town &
Twickenham
Specialist!**



Reminiscences of Mr. R. Harris

Originally published in *The Confederate Veteran*, 1905

In March, 1861, I enlisted in the first company to leave Jackson County, Ala., for the war. We were sent to Fort Morgan, and remained there several months under Gen. Hardee. While on outpost duty at night at Navy Cove, near Fort Morgan, I was shot at by one of a crew of blockaders who had landed to pick off some of our chain pickets or videttes. He missed me, and I brought my gun to bear on him instantly, but it failed to fire, and he escaped through the lagoon. I think this must have been the first shot fired on Alabama soil. I was mortified at the failure of my gun, but a few days after this the *Wildcat*, a small blockade runner, was grounded near this same point. Daylight showed Yankees to be on her, and several of us got a few shots at her from sand hills till we were shelled out of our position. We

could not tell the damage we had done till the second morning, then thirty-nine Yankees were washed ashore and buried by our men.

From Fort Morgan we went to Fort Gaines and on to Fort Pillow, where we were discharged at the end of twelve months, our

term of service. Most of the regiment reenlisted at once; but, determined to join the cavalry, I went to Corinth, Miss., where the battle of Shiloh was being fought; made my way to some Alabama troops, secured a musket, and took a hand in the battle. The next night I left on foot for home, and in a few days I was mounted and with Col. Starnes, who soon completed his regiment, the Fourth Tennessee. I became a member of company F, under Capt. F. Rice; the members were about two-thirds Alabamians and one-third Tennesseans. I was soon joined by my brother, Polk Harris, who had served in the Virginia army and had passed through all the battles from First Manassas to the seven days fighting about Richmond before he was seventeen years old.

We were on the move all through Middle Tennessee. Col. Starnes, with most of his regiment, went into McMinnville late one evening and found that a major commanding one hundred scouts had just left, headed for Murfreesboro. He called for

BANDITO BURRITO CO.

Mexican
Cuisine at its
finest served
with ice-cold
beer!

9007 S. Parkway
882-3007

3017 Governors Dr.
534-0866



COURTEOUS SERVICE!

a hundred volunteers to go with him, and we followed them all night, finding them at daylight at Readyville eating breakfast. William Whitworth and I captured the picket at the front gate of the Burton House (I think that was the name). Before our men could reach us we were discovered by a Negro boy, who ran around the house giving the alarm. About thirty men were here, and they rushed for the front and began firing before I could get to the end of the house. Whitworth fired from the side into the dining room, from which came screams: "We surrender." We captured eighty-seven of the hundred, only losing two horses killed, and no man hurt much.

I was with Bragg's march into Kentucky, and with the advance guard of Kirby Smith's Division, commanding five men in extreme advance. We were being bushwhacked every few hundred yards by citizens, several of whom we captured. One I got out of a hollow log, and Gen. Smith turned him over to his wife, who lived near by and came screaming and begging for his life, followed by ten or a dozen children. Both kissed the Bible that they would be noncombatants in the future.

Tom Hunt and I came upon four surgeons at a spring just outside of town with four young ladies, and we demanded their surrender. One of them requested that I bring forward my colonel for him to surrender to, as that was his rank; but when I replied, "No foolishness," he promptly surrendered. The young ladies were all pretty, and one of them abused us very much, saying if she had a pistol she would shoot me. I handed out one, and she grabbed at it and I believe would

have shot me if she had gotten it.

I was in various fights of the command up to Tullahoma, and was on the skirmish line and just in front of Col. Starnes when he was killed. We had ceased firing and he was hunting a position for a battery just behind the skirmish line. Several spoke to him of the danger, and when he turned to go back he was killed.

At Chickamauga I drew the first shot from the enemy. I had gone forward to the top of the hill and was peeping over a fence to locate the enemy, when I saw a gun glitter from behind a tree and a ball cut through my hat. Then the fight was on, and it continued until Sunday evening. I then went through the various battles from Mission Ridge to Resaca, Ringgold, and Kennesaw Mountain.

After Hood's retreat from Nashville I passed back through my home country in north Alabama, and saw how the Tory companies, as we called them, were stationed at almost every railroad station in the country and learned of their daily rob-

beries, murders, and abuses of the old men and good women in the country.

I felt sure then of our defeat, but went into the Federal lines, in command of a few picked and tried men in advance of Col. Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry. We had several engagements, and I was one of eighteen who fought eighty-seven in Wills Valley commanded by Hamlin and Springfield, and where we killed two and captured forty-seven horses.

The time from then till the close of the war I spent in the Federal lines with a small band of tired men fighting as we had opportunity--never from ambush, but always in the open and mounted. So far as I know, I made about the last fight of the war with five men against sixteen. Of these, there were two Indians, one Negro, and thirteen Tories of North Alabama. We charged upon them in close quarters, killing five and wounding two. Out of the six shots I made with my revolver, I think five struck home, and am sure that I was shot at twenty-one



R KANINE
PROFESSIONAL DOG TRAINING

IN YOUR HOME AT YOUR CONVENIENCE

- Non-Force Methods
- Behavioral Problem Solving
- Puppies Start Early

Call 205/233-6362 for your FREE Consultation
Certified Trainer • Member of National K-9 Trainers Association

times in close quarters.

Having learned that our commanders had surrendered and ordered all soldiers to do so, I sent in a note to Col. Evans, at Larkinsville, asking to surrender, and his adjutant assured us that we would be paroled as our command had been.

We were taken to Huntsville and allowed the liberty of the streets for a while, and were told to report at a given hour for parole. As I was passing along the street a finely dressed officer accosted me with: "Yes, you are whipped at last, are you?"

I replied, "No sir; we are more overpowered than whipped."

He then said, "We could have slaughtered all of you," to which I replied that I bet he belonged to the "bomb proof" department, and never fired a gun at the front and that if only I had the chance I would whip him.

He turned to two sentinels and ordered me taken to jail, but I was released within thirty minutes by a sergeant of the guard, who stated that he had heard all that passed between us and had reported it to the officer of the day, who ordered my release and had the other man under arrest. I am sorry I did not get the sergeant's name, but he told me that night that the man who had me arrested was a Capt. P. and that he belonged to the ordinance or quartermaster's department.

I am proud now of this united country. My grandfathers were revolutionary soldiers, and I had a son in the Spanish-American war, but I believe the volunteer army of the South, facing such insurmountable odds, were some of this country's most heroic soldiers.



Want Ads From 1902

Lost - On the square a stick pin with nugget of gold on one end. Finder will please return to this office or the *Democrat* office, and receive reward.

Lost - Buffalo lap robe, last Saturday, On Walker or Holmes streets. Finder return to the City Baker and receive reward.

For Rent - The corner store, McGee Hotel Block. This is one of the best stands in the city for any business. See Jones & Rison.

After January 1, 1902 - I will begin to close out my entire stock of old whiskies and brandies for cash only. Persons wishing to purchase a gallon or more of these fine goods should avail themselves of this opportunity. I have some goods that have been in stock over 5 years. Will positively allow credit to no one in the future. W. E. Everett, Propr. Huntsville Hotel Bar.

See J. M. Askin store on the east side of the public square, at Grayson Mercantile Co.'s old stand for your dry goods and groceries. At this store you can get goods ten per cent cheaper than at any store in Huntsville. All stock complete and everything is fresh.

For Sale - The Petty property on East Randolph Street. This is a good bargain for somebody and it is going to be sold on easy payments. - Boyd & Wellman.

For Sale - The Bone homestead. The beautiful two acre lot, lying west of White Street, between Randolph and Eustis streets, location high, healthy and ideal, is now in my hands for sale.
W. F. Esslinger, Attorney.

Wonderful Uses For Vinegar

The following works wonders as a polish for brass. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of salt in a cup of white vinegar and add enough flour to make a paste. Apply this mixture to the brass and let it stand for about 10 minutes. Rinse the object well with warm water and polish dry.

Clean out your coffee maker by running full strength white vinegar through a normal brew cycle - but don't go on autopilot and put in the coffee by mistake! Then run several cycles with plain water.

After running a pot of vinegar through your coffee-maker, pour it out over your rubber



drainboard. It will remove the soap scum and hard water stains. Then the vinegar running down the sink will keep the drainpipe clean and kill drain

odors as well.

Fresh water or alcohol rings on wood furniture can often be removed by rubbing with white vinegar mixed with an equal amount of olive oil. Rub into the grain and then polish well.

We all know what a pain it is when your shower head squirts water all over except where it's supposed to go, because of hard water deposits. To get rid of that, simply pour full-strength white vinegar into a plastic bag and tie the bag up over the shower head so that it is completely submerged in the vinegar. Let it soak overnight, then run the shower and rinse and scrub the head clean with a stiff wire brush.

Most of us would gladly pay as we go if we could catch up paying for where we've been.

EVERY MONDAY IS FAMILY NIGHT!



KIDS EAT FREE

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT!

One child 10 and under eats free from our new kids menu with each paid adult entree. Offer good for Dine-in only.

Gibson's

BAR-B-Q'S

3319 MEMORIAL PKWY., SW • 881-4851
Dine in or carry out & our famous breakfast

8412 WHITESBURG DRIVE SOUTH • 882-0841
Dine in or drive-thru & our famous breakfast

YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS AND HAMPTONS

Is Your Mind a Little Musty? Is Your Body a Little Rusty?

"Vintage" is fine when it comes to your antique furniture, but not so great when it comes to your education and personal skills.

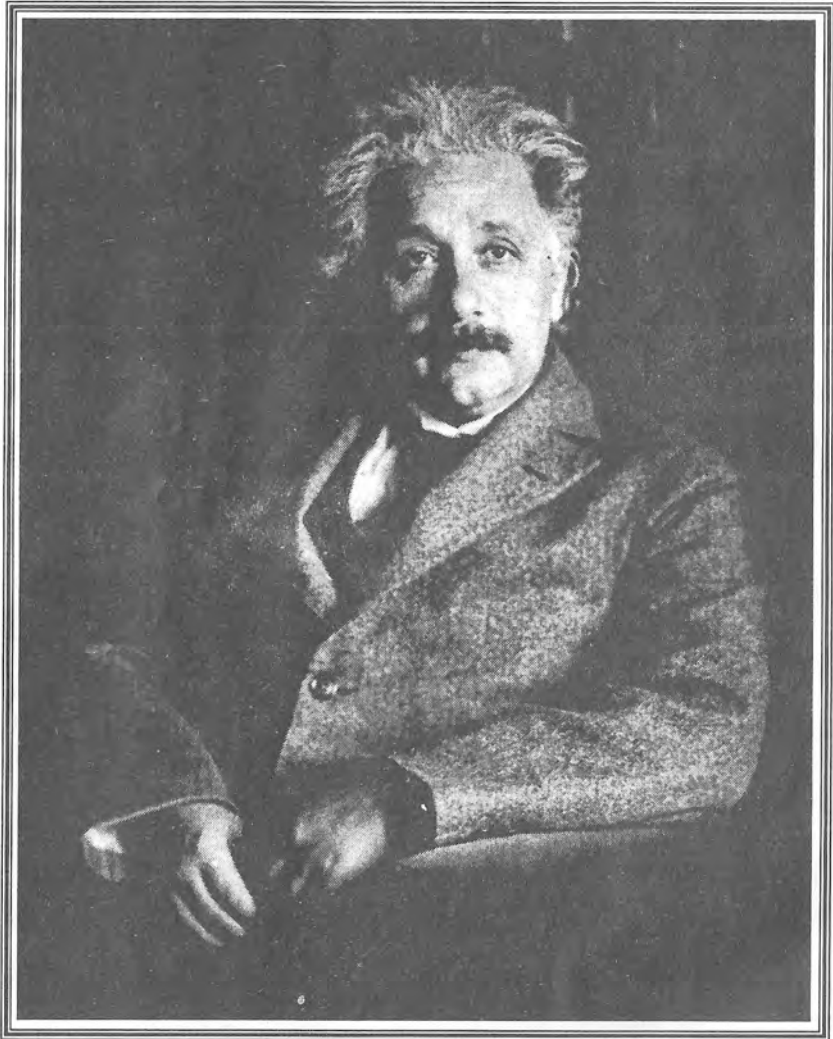
Short courses, seminars, workshops, in-house or customized training, certificate programs, and conferences designed for big thinkers like you.

Environmental Studies
Science & Engineering
Management Development
Computer Applications
Conferences
Self-Enrichment
Sports & Fitness
Kids' College
Academy for Lifetime Learning (ALL)

Learn during the evening or daytime, weekends or weekdays.
Registration is easy.

Call 895-6274 for a complete catalog listing all of our growing opportunities.

m057



The Best Minds Never Stop Learning.

UAH

The University of Alabama in Huntsville
Division of Continuing Education



Preserve your fine china plates and saucers from scratches by putting paper doilies between each one when you stack them.

Half a lemon in a cup of water before you eat breakfast will prevent a headache.

Turning saucepan handles away from the front of your stove will prevent hazardous accidents.

So you want to demonstrate growing plants to your children? Try this - get a bag of dried lima beans and soak 3 of them in water overnight. Plant in soil using a clear pot or glass, so that the beans are visible from the outside. Water and place in a sunny place. Growth should begin in about 24 hours.

Heat travels rapidly through wet materials, so don't use a wet cloth to handle any hot utensil.

When the fingertips of your black gloves are hopelessly shabby, renew them by applying

a preparation made of India ink and olive oil. It will blacken the cracked fingertips.

Rice has a better flavor if washed in hot water prior to cooking.

If you awaken at night, and can't get back to sleep, try drinking a cup of hot water.

To give clothes a delicate fragrance, sprinkle a few drops of your favorite cologne on the board before ironing.

Anything made with sugar, milk and eggs should never be allowed to reach the boiling point.

To thrill your kids at bath time, add a few drops of food coloring to their bath bubbles.

If you have a chenille spread that you would like to stay fluffy, wash them in your washer as usual, then hang them outside, folded in half inside out. The tufts will rub against each other and fluff them out.

A big blotter makes a good lining for a bureau drawer. It is practical and will retain the scent of your favorite cologne.

Squeaky floors can be made silent by dusting a little talcum powder between the boards.

Line your kitchen shelves with colorful oilcloth. It looks good and will keep a lot cleaner than paper.

To keep your linens white while storing them, wrap them in blue paper. The paper prevents them from turning yellow.

To remove a grease spot from your wallpaper hold a piece of blotting paper to it and iron over it for a few seconds.

Children will always act like their parents, in spite of every effort to teach them good manners.

Hi Fi Service

For expert repair of audio/video equipment

Factory authorized service
center for 22 manufacturers

1318 Putnam Dr.

722-9889



Moonshine Murder

by Jo Schaffer

September 10, 1927 dawned in north Alabama with the same oppressive mugginess of the hundred sultry days which preceded it. Rumors of a cold front headed this way were viewed in same way as the promises of Heaven -- too far down the road to really consider. Morgan County Sheriff B. E. Davis headed toward his office, using an old yellow handkerchief to mop the sweat from his brow. The heat just added to the pressures of taking care of his district. The Grand Jury was expected to meet in a few days to return nearly seventy indictments, which meant those suspects would have to be served

with arrest warrants. Hot temperatures fueled hot tempers, and Sheriff Davis knew he would have his hands full.

This particular Saturday already presented a tight schedule. Information had come to the Sheriff's Department regarding a fully functional moonshine operation about a mile east of the Decatur city limits. Hard times caused some men to seek solace in a bottle, and drove others to sell them those bottles in order to feed hungry families. No matter what anyone's personal feelings, the Volstead Act made liquor illegal, and it was up to his department to enforce the laws of the land.

Sheriff Davis handpicked the deputies he would use in the

raid to shut down the moonshiners. Chief Deputy Willoughby had served with him for several years, and was as fast on the draw as you could hope for under fire. Deputy Almon, whom he had recruited from Falkville, was known for his levelheadedness and devotion to his work. Deputy Turner was quick-witted and observant. And bringing up the rear would be his own son, Deputy "Bud" Davis, a promising young law enforcement officer.

At noon, the two squad cars parked about a half-mile from where the still was said to be hidden, and the five officers continued the journey on foot through a forest area congested with dense undergrowth. The plan

was to quietly encircle the still and descend upon the culprits, preventing their escape. If the element of surprise could be maintained, the felons would be handcuffed before they were able to offer any trouble. Davis gave the signal and the deputies began fanning out.

Just short of the agreed upon rendezvous point, Sheriff Davis heard noises and ducked behind brush for cover. A man appeared, striding through the woods directly toward the Sheriff's position. Suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks. His nostrils flared and his head cocked as if sensing trouble, and he charged off into the brush in the opposite direction. Knowing he had been spotted, Davis signalled his men to move in. Willoughby and Almon charged in from the right. Turner and Bud Davis came in from the left. With instincts bordering on precognition, Deputy Turner paused to assess the situation. At the same time, Willoughby and Almon came upon two other men. "Stop!" Willoughby called, "You're under arrest!"

The two moonshiners began running through the dense growth when one of them tripped on a gnarled tree root sticking up from the ground. "John," he called, "don't leave me!" Unexpectedly, John Jackson then turned around and started shooting at the pursuing deputies. Willoughby was quick to return the fire as Deputy Almon pulled his weapon. Willoughby watched in horror as Deputy Almon jerked upright, fired two shots, then stumbled forward, calling out "I've been killed," before he fell face first into a patch of wild honeysuckle. The volley of gunfire continued until John

Jackson fell to the ground mortally wounded as his partner ran on without him.

It wasn't until this moment that Willoughby felt the stinging in his kneecap: he had been grazed by a bullet. Ignoring the searing pain, he rushed to the side of his fallen comrade. But there was nothing to be done. Deputy Burns C. Almon, age 39, died in the line of fire that hot Saturday afternoon. So did bootlegger John Jackson, age 34.

Jackson's accomplice escaped into the forest. Sheriff Davis arrested his quarry, a man named Houston Black.

Deputy Turner went back to a farmhouse situated just off the main road to call for help. An ambulance was also summoned to collect the casualties.

Sheriff Davis walked up to Deputy Willoughby, looked him in the face, then sat down hard. "Son, that bullet liked to have killed you!" Willoughby did not realize until later that a black powder streak was etched across his forehead, indicating how close he too had come to death.

The next morning dawned with the promised cold front. Lowering skies and chilling temperatures greeted those who had gathered at the Herring graveyard, eight miles west of Falkville. It was estimated that 2,500 mourners braved the cold drizzling rain and blustery winds to pay tribute to Deputy Almon, who left behind a grieving mother, two sisters, and a brother. Across town a smaller service was held for Jackson, attended by his wife and four small children.

On Monday, the *Decatur Daily* carried an editorial that spoke of the lessons learned in the horrible tragedy -- namely,

that "crime does not pay." Yet high-sounding proverbs do not address the injustices often faced in life; Deputy Almon committed no crime. In upholding the law of the times, this brave officer lost his life for nine gallons of whiskey.

Our thanks go to the Morgan County Sheriff's Department for their assistance in putting together this story. Captain Price provided many details, and Sheriff Crabbe contributed technical information.

R.G. NAYMAN CO. INC.

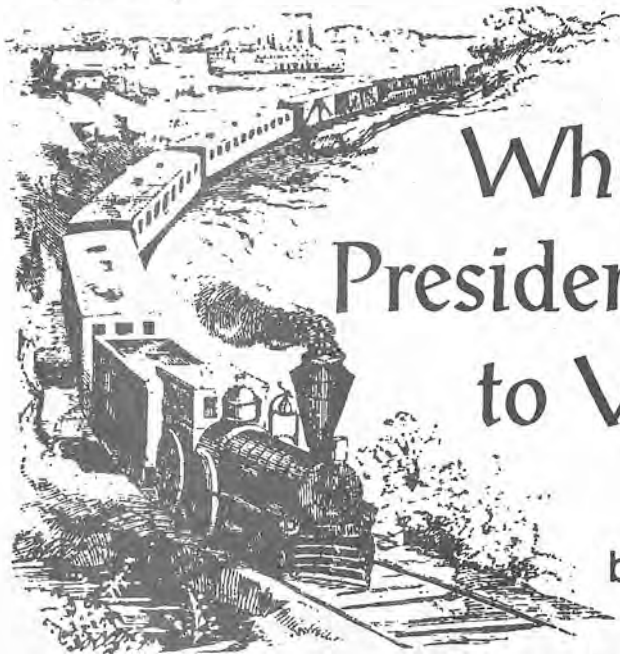
RG N

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

General Contractors
Residential & Commercial
Specializing In
Fire Damage Repairs

'A contractor you can trust'

533-9016



When a President Came to Visit

by Jack Harwell

It is one of the ironies of history that the monuments we erect to our leaders come to have less meaning than the people they are meant to honor. McKinley Avenue, in northeast Huntsville, is named for the man who served as the nation's 25th President, but the significance of this honor is lost to many people today. For William McKinley was one of the few Presidents to visit our city.

McKinley is one of the streets that originally made up East Huntsville, a large subdivision that was laid out near the Dallas and Lincoln Mills in 1892. It was originally called Melette Avenue, after Arthur C. Melette, who was governor of South Dakota in the 1890s. South Dakota was the home state of Tray Pratt, one of the men responsible for bringing the mills to town and reviving the local economy a century ago. Pratt was also one of the individuals who laid out East Huntsville.

Huntsville was a busy place at the turn of the century. New textile mills were running in East

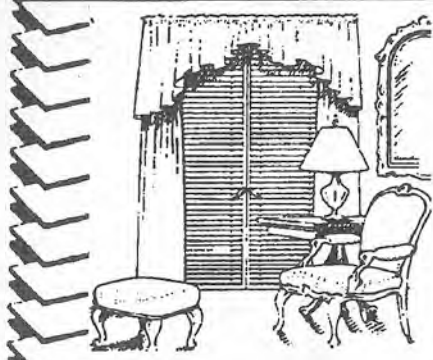
and West Huntsville, and the city was marching into the 1900s with enormous self-confidence. It was a reflection of the national mood of the time, for the United States was becoming a world power.

Having been preoccupied

with foreign policy during his first term, McKinley wanted to turn his attention to the nation. In particular, he wanted to visit the great cities of the South, and reaffirm his message of national reconciliation. This was a favorite theme of his. Although the Civil War had been over for 36 years, reconstruction was stilled marred by regional differences.

McKinley missed few opportunities to remind audiences that America was the great united nation its founders had intended it to be. In 1899 he had tried this approach with a group of Confederate veterans in Atlanta. Though respectfully silent at first, the old Rebels applauded the President loudly when he said that "sectional lines no longer mar the map of the United States." A suggestion in the same address that the North should help maintain Confederate graves received a thundering

THE BLIND FACTORY



PRESENTS

2 inch "Plantation"
Wood Blinds

The look of Plantation
Shutters at a fraction
of the cost!
(lifetime warranty)

Check Us Out

70% OFF with free installation

533-0000 (digital beeper) 517-3422

812 Wellman Ave.

(next to 5 Points Restaurant)

**FREE IN-HOME
ESTIMATES & INSTALLATION!**

ovation.

Thus, Mr. McKinley was eager to revisit what was once enemy territory, and remind people that the United States was truly united. His first major stop would be Memphis. To get there, he would follow the route of the Southern Railroad through northern Alabama. He was scheduled to reach Huntsville on April 30.

In the days before radio and television brought major world events into our homes, the contact people had with history was limited to what they could see with their own eyes. The idea that the President of the United States was coming to Huntsville created an enormous amount of excitement.

The night before the President's scheduled arrival, volunteers began stringing 200 yards of bunting along the platform at the railroad depot on Church Street.

The Presidential train was scheduled to arrive at 9:10. By eight o'clock, crowds had begun to form at the depot. Newspapers reports stated that the crowd had grown to 10,000 by 9:00. (This, at a time when the city's population was 8,000.) The crowd included a number of veterans from both sides of the Civil War. A local band provided music to set the mood.

The tracks coming from Chattanooga, then as now, passed the sites of the Dallas and Lincoln Mills as they entered the city from the east. As the train approached the mills shortly after nine o'clock, the whistle at the Dallas mill began to blow. It was soon joined by every other factory whistle in town. No one in Huntsville had ever heard anything like it. If the President had

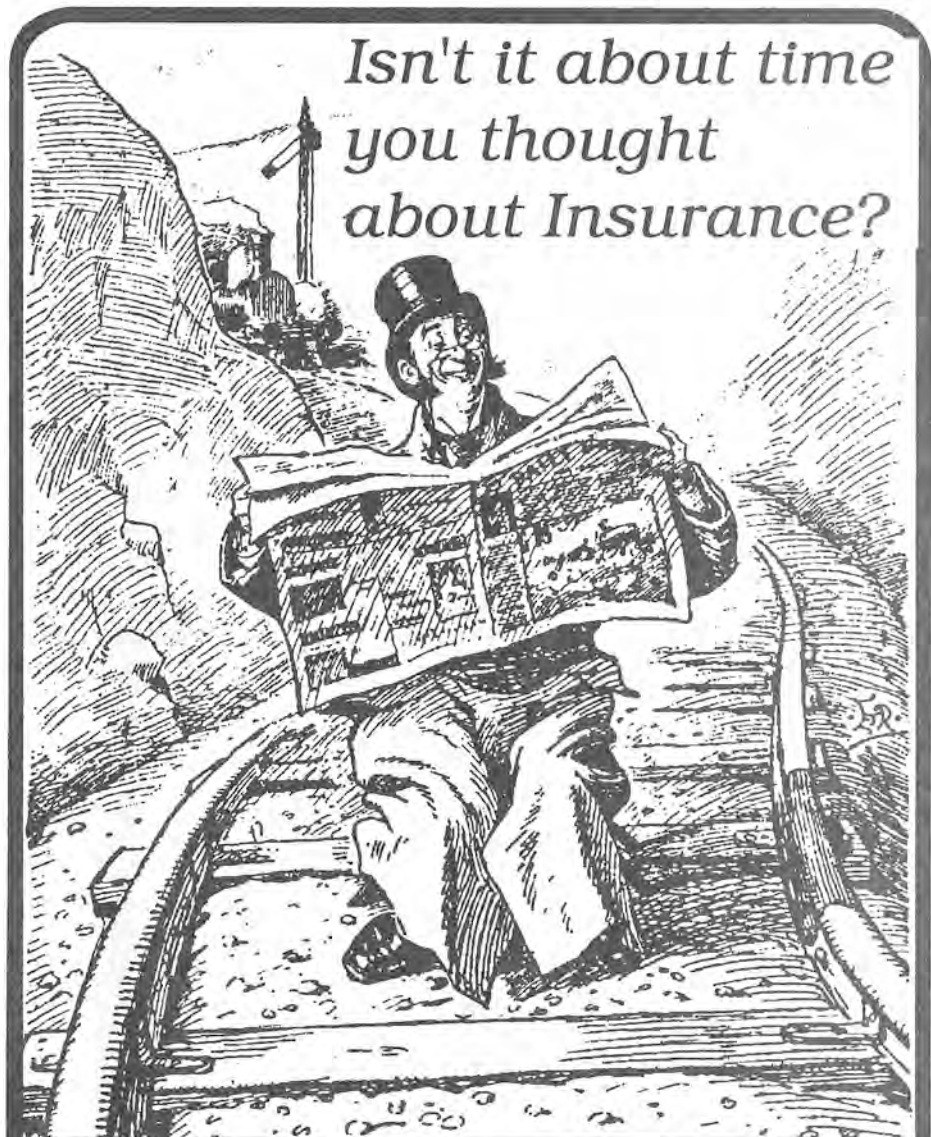
looked out the window of his private car, the "Olympia," he would have seen hundreds of mill workers assembled in the reservoir yard, waving and cheering.

At the depot, the sound of the whistles had brought the expectant crowd to an almost unbearable state of excitement. The people surged forward, straining to see up the tracks and catch a

glimpse of the train as it came around the bend across Meridian Street. Policemen struggled to keep everyone out of the path of the locomotive, now only seconds away.

Finally, someone shouted, "There it is!" The noise of the crowd almost drowned out the squealing of the brakes and the

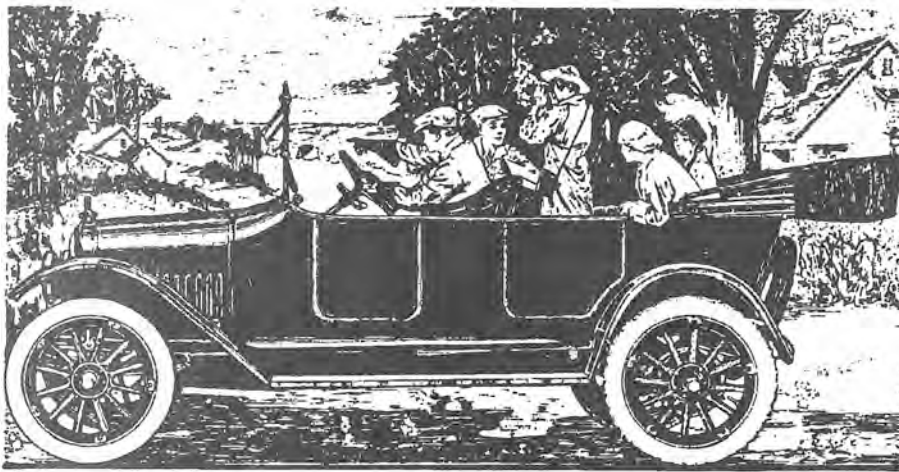
cont. on page 46



*Isn't it about time
you thought
about Insurance?*

Mullins & Co.

For all your insurance needs
1580 Sparkman Dr. 830-5584



Becoming A Huntsville Native

by Jack Harwell

If you spend any time at all in Huntsville, you're bound to come to the realization that this is not your typical Southern town. That's not necessarily a bad thing. Every city needs something to set it apart from the rest. And while our town has an unmistakable Southern soul, right down to the Confederate statue on the courthouse lawn, no one will ever mistake it for

Jackson, Mississippi or Charlotte, North Carolina.

What makes Huntsville so unique is the people who live here. A large number of them have chosen to live here, though born and raised in other places. From across the country and around the world they have come, for better or worse, to seek their fortunes in our city.

And everyone has a different story to tell.

My dad was born in

Pulaski, Tennessee, and graduated from high school there in 1949. All his family was in Tennessee, but like many people at that age, he was willing to travel over the horizon and explore unfamiliar territory. His cousin, a World War II veteran, was working at the old Huntsville Arsenal. So, in 1951, Dad made his first trip to Huntsville.

The town my dad came to all those years ago bears almost no resemblance to the city it would later become. Huntsville, in 1951, had a population of 38,153. The city directory that year boasted of the city's two hospitals with 175 beds. "Huntsville is not a boom town," the directory said, "but a community of prosperous and happy people with a background of culture and education, an ideal environment for pleasant family life."

Driving around town back then, you would have seen many of the same types of businesses that other towns had. Hill Chevrolet and Carlton Motors

The Mall **The Gold Rush Lounge** 584-2777

MORE BANDS

DANCE FLOOR!

LIVE MUSIC 6 NITES!

NEW LARGER SIZE!

MORE BRANDS!

CANS BOTTLES GLASSES MUGS

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Free Pool
Rock The Juke Box

Jim Cavender
Mark Smith
Acoustic Live

Local Bands
T.B.A.

Local Bands
T.B.A.

Smokin' Strings
Keith Peterson
and Danny Hall

Classic Rock
Nite Lite Band

Classic Rock
Nite Lite Band

were located in the same block of Green Street. If nothing there interested you, you could go up Meridian Street to Huntsville Motor Company and check out the new Studebakers. The Huntsville K-F Company and the Kaiser-Fraser-Henry J dealer were on Holmes Avenue, near where the WHNT studio now stands.

At night you could take in a movie at the Lyric Theater ("air conditioned for your comfort"), or go just south of town to the local "Passion Pit," the Whitesburg Drive-In, which advertised two shows nightly. And at Woody's Drive-In on Meridian Pike, you could see Ronald Reagan in "Bedtime For Bonzo" that summer.

The Huntsville Times on July 1, 1951, carried front page stories on the truce talks in Korea and the \$15,584,000 that the recently reactivated Arsenal was getting from the Army. The

Scottsboro Cleaners, with five convenient locations, promised in an advertisement, to clean and press mens' suits for 50 cents. Southern Furniture was selling Frigidaire 6 cubic foot refrigerators for \$199.95 (\$5 down). But with all the modern big-city conveniences, Huntsville in 1951, was still home to thirteen coal companies.

This, then, was the town that my dad saw as a boy barely out of high school. As he passed through town en route to the Arsenal, he drove by the Madison County Courthouse (built in 1914), city hall (where the annex is today), and the Public Library (in the same block). He saw the modest brick building that was Huntsville Hospital, and he drove right out of town, since the city limit was at Drake Avenue.

He drove down Whitesburg, finally reaching the gate on Redstone Road. And that was as far

as he got; the guard refused to allow him onto the base. Remember, this was 1951. We were involved in a cold war with the Soviets and in a hot war in Korea. And World War II had been over for only six years. Things were still tense enough for the military to be very security-conscious. The only part of Redstone that Dad was able to see was a sign that read, "What you see/What you hear/When you leave/Leave it here."

Dad's failure to get on at Redstone was disappointing, but not entirely unexpected. "They hired only veterans back then," he told me. "You couldn't get a job at the Arsenal if you weren't a veteran." So he returned to Pulaski, then later moved to Nashville where he got a job.

It was nine years before Dad returned to Huntsville. During that time much had changed in the world. The war in Korea finally ended with an armed truce.

You Gotta Be Kidding!

In one of the most unusual elections in Huntsville's history, the winner could not be found to be sworn in!

Erwin Wallace, in 1850, was running for the position of mayor, when sensing he did not have enough votes to win, decided to move to Mississippi.

When the votes were counted, Wallace was declared to be the winner, and a search party was formed to try to locate and induce him to return.



The 1951 Giants, counted out in July, passed into legend in September when Bobby Thompson hit the home run that was heard "round the world." Huntsville had changed too. The population had more than doubled. At Redstone, they were building missiles for space, and not just for defense. The Marshall Space Flight Center had opened in 1960.

My dad had changed as well. He was now a family man. With one child and another one on the way, he decided to return to Huntsville and give Uncle Sam another chance to make use of his services. It was not a decision made lightly. He had family and a good job in Nashville. But in Huntsville, he saw the opportunity to make a better living for himself and his growing family. So in the summer of 1960, he came back and tested for the Civil Service. This time he made it through the gate. He passed the tests and was accepted. We were on our way to Huntsville!

When we finally made the move, all our things were packed into a single moving van ("We didn't have all that much back then," Mom recalled nostalgically). My uncle, who already lived here, and my grandfather helped load the truck, and soon we were headed South.

Huntsville in 1960 was enjoying its notoriety as "The Rocket City." It was a Redstone-built Jupiter C, after all, that had propelled America into the space age two years earlier. And it was a Redstone, designed and tested at Huntsville, that was being readied to launch the first American into space. On the day we moved here, the front page of the *Times* carried a picture of three new air defense missiles; the

Nike Zeus, Ajax, and Hercules. The whole country had gone space happy, and Huntsville was leading the way.

Huntsville was also a city that was experiencing growing pains. There was finally a television station and the city's first shopping center, Parkway City, was open for business.

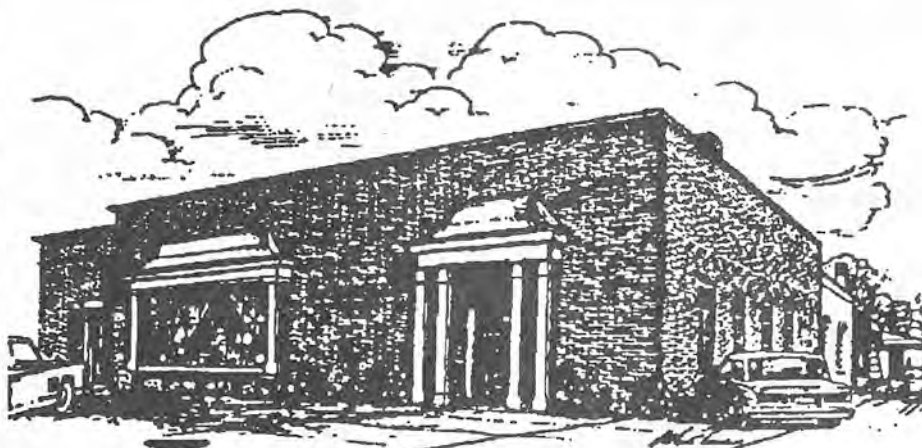
A few days after he went to work at Redstone, Dad had an unnerving experience. "I was driving past the rocket test stands, and of course I didn't know what went on there. Suddenly there was a huge explosion. I looked around and saw an enormous burst of flame. I thought some terrible catastrophe had happened."

Mom heard the noise at

home and ran out into the yard (while holding me) to see what had happened. She thought of all the stories friends had told her about Huntsville being a potential nuclear target of the Soviets. "But everyone on the street was just going about their business like nothing had happened, so I just figured everything was all right."

Records show that a test of a Saturn H-1 engine was conducted in mid-December 1960 that lasted 1/1000 of a second. Of course, such information would be of scant comfort if you don't know what it is. But, like Californians who adjust to earth tremors, we adjusted to rocket engine firings.

The End



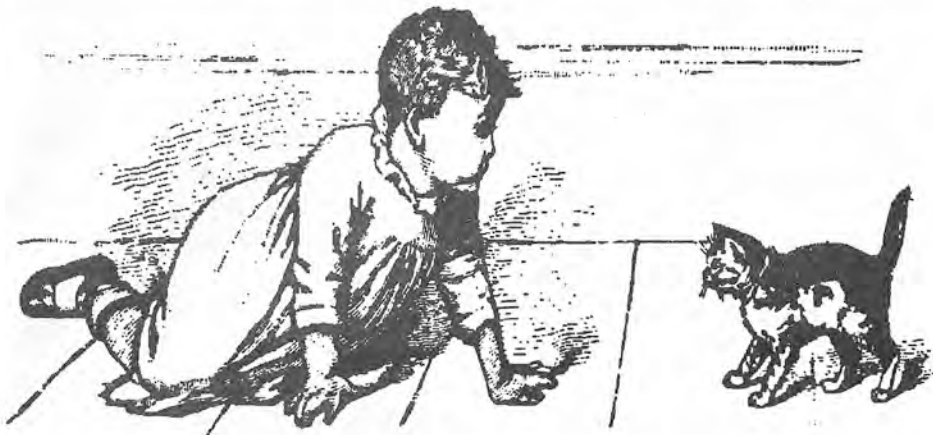
LAWREN'S

809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table
Linen, Cookware.

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and
Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal,
Fine Linens & Cottons for Bed & Bath.



Chessie Harris, A Living Legend

by Joyce Jones

Chessie Harris was eight years old when she made a promise to herself as she walked through a corn field near her home in Macon County, Alabama.

"When I grow up," she said to herself, "I'm going to help children. I'm going to help them smile and be happy. I don't want them to have sad faces like I see nearly everywhere."

Thus Chessie, a sharecropper's daughter, drew a mental picture of the long time project that would ultimately better the lives of hundreds of children, but would lead to her becoming one of the most honored women in the nation—with office walls covered with citations and plaques of recognition from local, state and national agencies. In addition, she was presented the President's Volunteer Award by George Bush—and was the honor guest for dinner at the White House.

Her dream of aid the unfor-

tunate took forty years to materialize. After much hard work, and many disappointments, she and her husband George opened the Harris Home for Children—the first of its kind in Alabama to care for orphaned and neglected black children.

Chessie grew up on a farm—attended Tuskegee Institute—and later, when her family moved north, she followed to live in

Cleveland, Ohio. Here she worked as a doctor's receptionist, and went to night school to finish her college degree.

She and George Harris were married in 1931. They bought a farm only an hour out of Cleveland. Every summer, they invited poor children from the city to come out for picnics and visits. At last, Chessie's ambition had a beginning.

In 1950, life for the Harris family took a sudden change. They moved to Huntsville, Alabama to work at Oakwood College, where their son, Herbert, was employed. George became Supervisor of lawns and gardens, and Chessie took charge of the cafeteria and other food services.

They had been in their new location for a short time when Chessie began to see obviously neglected children on many occasions. The sight of these pitifully thin and ill clad youngsters filled Chessie with sorrow.

In the poor housing sections of the town, she frequently saw kids poking around trash cans or bins at supermarkets looking for food. She saw little tykes who slept on someone's porch or at a service station.



Young Love

Artie Rice, 16, and Pearlle Engelbert, 13, were issued a marriage license by the probate office after obtaining the consent of the prospective bride's father.

The young couple have tried for a year to obtain the consent of their parents and only succeeded lately.

from 1907 Alabama newspaper

This kind hearted woman was shaken by such scenes. She knew that she had to do something. So, once or twice a week, after breakfast at the Oakwood cafeteria was done, she loaded into her car as many servings of biscuits, grits, sausage and bacon as she could carry. Then, she posted herself under a tall, oak tree on Church Street and waited for children to come eat.

After the boys and girls had devoured the food, she would tell them stories, a practice that they had never before experienced.

In time, she felt that simply feeding them was not enough. She and George discussed taking foster children into their small, frame house.

In June of 1954, they obtained a license from the Alabama Welfare Department. Their first child was a little girl who had been left in a vacant house by her mother. The first crib at the budding nursery was an old trunk.

Soon, there were three more neglected children occupying the cramped space. So, the Harrises moved into another house, and more children came to live with them.

A few years later, they bought a red brick house next door to their original home. More children came. It was not easy to feed and clothe the growing family on their salaries and the small amount of money supplied by the state and county.

But in 1960 they managed to obtain an increase in state and community help. With these funds, they were able to build new quarters behind the house. The Harrises became parents of as many as forty youngsters at one time.

So the very first home for neglected black children in Alabama was established, and Chessie's childhood dream had become a reality.

However, the task of

parenting was always demanding, and often frustrating, for many of the children came from difficult family environments—or from situations in which there was no family at all.

Now, hundreds of children (about 1300 to date) have come and gone from the security of the Harris home. Chessie remembers "I saw them as individuals, not as numbers." She recalls giving them baths, new experiences for some. They had "quiet times" and talks about the problems of growing up. The children were sent to school during the week and to churches on Sunday.

As far as Chessie knows, only a very small percentage of her foster children have ever been involved in any real trouble. Many have finished schools to become teachers, nurses, engineers, housewives and farmers.

Finally, increasing health

cont. on page 55

DISCOVER THE FLAVOR OF OLD MEXICO!

OUR MOTTO *"The Best Mexican Food In Town"*



EL MEJICANO RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

"SERVING HUNTSVILLE SINCE 1973"



Delicious Mexican Food In A Friendly Atmosphere
All Menu Items Prepared Fresh Daily
Banquet Room Facilities

- OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER -
DINE IN OR CARRY OUT

Closed Mondays

CALL...534-2371

2713 PATTON RD. S.W.
- BETWEEN BOB WALLACE & DRAKE AVENUES -



Antique Shopping Guide

BULLDOG ANTIQUE MALL

2338 Whitesburg Drive, S.E.
534-9893, Mon - Sat 10 - 5,
Sun 2 - 5 Antique & Vintage
Furniture, Collectibles, Flags -
Sales & Rentals. Lamp Shades &
Lamp Repair.

ANTIQUES, ETC. SOUTH

Parkway City Mall 533-
0330 Mon - Sat 10 - 9, Sun 1 - 6
Antiques, Books, Col-
lectibles, Vintage Furniture,
Glassware, Paintings, Toys,
Jewelry, Victorian dried flowers

PRATT AVENUE ANTIQUE MALL

708 Pratt Ave. (1 blk east of
Andrew Jackson)
536-3117 Mon - Sat 10 - 5,
Sun 1 - 5
Antiques, Fine Furniture, Ac-
cessories, Books, Artwork, Custom
Framing and a large selection of
Collectibles. 9000 sq. ft.

RED ROOSTER ANTIQUE MALL

12519 South Memorial Parkway
881-6530 Mon - Fri 10 - 6,
Sat 10 - 5, Sun 1 - 5
10,000 sq. ft. of Antiques &
Collectibles

LYDA'S ANTIQUES & GIFTS

3615 Hwy 72 East (approx
4 miles past Huntsville city lim-
its)

859-4046 Tues - Sat 10 -
5, Sun 2 - 5 (call to see if open
Sun)

Primitives, Collectibles,
Furniture, Old Tools, Toys, Etc.,
Cherry Reproduction Furniture,
New Dolls: Madam Alexander,
Barbie, and other Collectible Dolls

MARY'S ANTIQUES

505 Pratt Ave.
533-4972 Mon - Sat 9 - 5
Furniture, Books, Col-
lectibles, Jewelry, Glassware &
Gifts, Victorian dried flowers

OLD TOWN ANTIQUE MALL

820 Wellman Ave.
533-7002 Mon - Sat 10 - 5
Multi-Dealer Mall
Antiques, Jewelry, Gifts, Linens,
Gift Baskets, Furniture

HARTLEX ANTIQUE MALL

1030 Old Monrovia Rd.
830-4278 Mon - Sat 10 - 7
100 plus Dealers - Auc-
tions Every 2nd & 4th Sat. at 5
pm

GALLERY ANTIQUES & CLOCK SHOP

209 Russell St. (Five Points
behind Zestos) 539-9118

Mon - Sat 10 - 6, Sun 1 - 6
Antiques, Furniture, Col-
lectibles, Glassware, Clock,
Watch, Jewelry Repair

GREENLAWN INTERIORS

1216 Hwy 231/431 No.,
Meridianville 852-5232, By
Chance or Appointment. Wed -
Fri, 12 - 5, Sat 10 - 5, and by
appt. Furniture, Accessories,
Gifts, Phonographs, Records,
Old Post Cards and Collectible
Paper

Huntsville and Madison County

A President's Visit

cont. from page 39

hiss of escaping steam as the train came slowly to a halt. After a moment, the great man that everyone there knew but never expected to actually see, appeared on the platform, and the cheering began afresh. Congressman William Richardson waited for the noise to die down, then introduced the President to the people.

The President spoke only briefly; he had only a short time to devote to this stop, and much of that would be taken up by formalities. Nonetheless, he was interrupted by applause over half a dozen times. He spoke of old foes and new friends, of America's love of peace, and the recent war "to relieve the oppressed people in Cuba." After his speech, he introduced Mrs. McKinley to the crowd's obvious

delight. There were a few remarks by local officials, and the President was presented with a walking cane made of Shittim wood from Monte Sano (where it still grows), and a glass decanter of Big Spring water, with which he was invited to drink to the prosperity of the nation.

Finally, the President waved farewell and disappeared into the "Olympia" The train pulled out of the Huntsville depot at 9:30. The whole affair had lasted only twenty minutes, but thousands of people would remember for years the day that President McKinley came to Huntsville.

Ironically, this trip, for which McKinley had such great hope, had to be curtailed due to a minor illness not long after the Huntsville visit.

On September 6, 1901, President McKinley was shot twice by an anarchist white visiting the Pan American Expositions in Buffalo. Though seri-

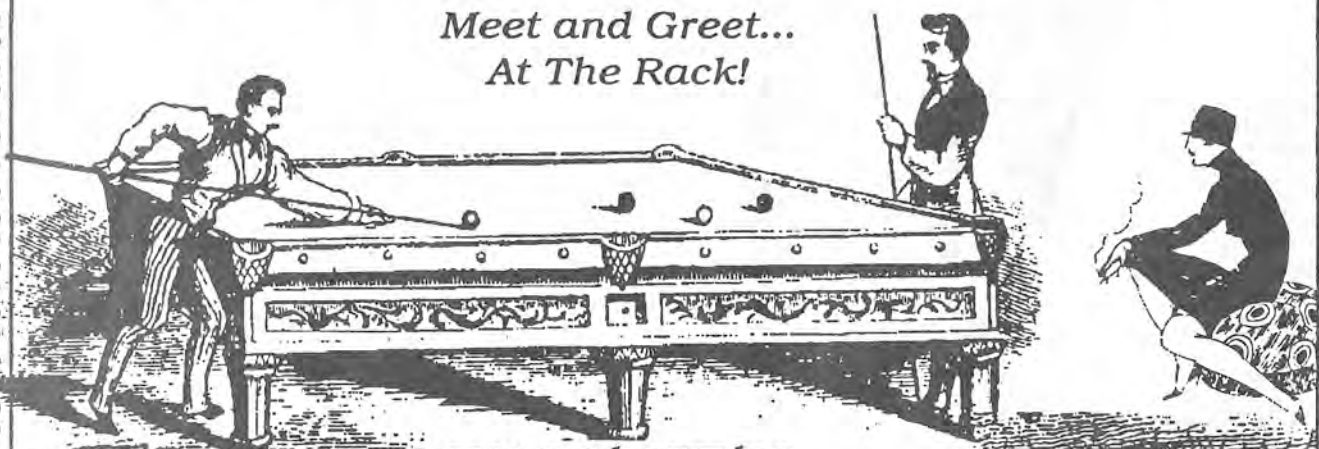
ously wounded, the President rallied a week later and appeared on the road to recovery. Vice President Theodore Roosevelt returned from his vacation, and Congressional leaders called for a day of national thanksgiving for the President's deliverance. But on September 13, he took a turn for the worse, and died the next day. It had been just 106 days since he had addressed the cheering crowds at the Huntsville depot.

William McKinley was greatly lamented by his countrymen, and the people of Huntsville were no exceptions. On September 17, the day of his funeral, memorial services were held in three Huntsville churches. McKinley was a very popular President, even for his time, and when an Indiana minister called him a "political demagogue" at a Sunday service, half the assembly walked out.

Later, Melette Avenue was renamed for the slain President.

THE RACK CAFE

Meet and Greet...
At The Rack!



2703 UNIVERSITY DR.

Billiards, Firewater and Fine Foods

It has been McKinley Avenue ever since. President McKinley's visit to Huntsville is nearly a century in the past now, but because the depot has been almost perfectly preserved, it's easy to imagine the scene that day in 1901, with the bunting and flags on the passenger platform. Passenger trains no longer stop in Huntsville, and the Dallas Mill that heralded the President's arrival with its whistle has vanished, the result of arson. Only the street that bears his name recalls the memory of the President who came to Huntsville on the train.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Editor

We travel to Huntsville from Tullahoma frequently and every time we visit we have to go by Mullins Restaurant on Andrew Jackson to eat and pick up the latest copy of "Old Huntsville." We would like to subscribe, so as not to miss any issues.

Frances Lewis, Tullahoma

Dear Editor,

I tried something that works and wanted to pass it along to your readers. When you brush your teeth, try mixing some cream of tartar with your toothpaste. This is an excellent whit-

ener especially for those who smoke, or drink tea or coffee.

Edna Ouellette

Dear Editor,

Even though I did not grow up in Huntsville, Grant is not too far away and when I read your magazine I can recognize names of people I knew or heard about, since I lived in Huntsville many years ago. Thanks so much for a great reading experience!

Ovida Campbell, Union Grove

Dear Editor,

We read your magazine every issue. My husband and I celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary on June 30, 1994. My husband's name is Walter Eaton and he is 80 years old. I am 78 and we were married on June 30, 1934.

Lillian Marie Eaton,
Huntsville

GREAT SNACK

Cut a Granny Smith apple into bite sized chunks. Put in a Ziploc bag and add a squeeze or two of fresh lemon juice and add 1/2 cup of seedless red grapes. Top with a dash of ground cinnamon. Great snack to take along!

MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

Stories from the hills of North Alabama

Our mountains were full of murderers and ministers. *Mountain People* tells the true stories of these saints and sinners who settled the hills of North Alabama.

These founding families suffered heartaches, Yankee invasions and death at the hands of their loved ones. Read about a ghost who returned to help his wife, the man who hid in a cave to escape the Civil War and the man who threatened to beat up the President of the United States for spitting on his boots.

Read about the young women who told invading Yankee soldiers "Don't Mess With Southern Women." These stories of real people are told as they actually happened.

This masterpiece by Steve A. Maze is destined to become a collector's item.

MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Clip & mail to: Old Military Gazette
324 CO RD 1855

Arab, AL 35016-9802

Price 12.95
Shipping 2.95
Make checks payable to
Old Military Gazette.

We shouldn't put off til tomorrow what we can do today, because if we enjoy it today we can do it again tomorrow.



Burnam's Pool

by Walt Terry

Back in the olden days of the 'twenties and 'thirties, Burnam's pool, located about where the Big Spring Lagoon is now, was about the only place in town to swim. Of course, there was Pinhook Creek, Fagins Creek and the like, for those who couldn't afford Burnam's twenty-five cents admission.

The pool was unique by today's standards. Its sides were wooden boards, its bottom was sand and mud. The men's bath house was wood frame with wood-slatted floors, as I remember. Available for the womenfolk were little wooden structures

that looked like connected out-houses.

In the center of the pool, at the deep end, was what looked like, to our youthful imagination, a super-tall utility pole. Way up on it, almost out of sight in an imagined stratosphere, was a postage-stamp size platform you could dive from if you were crazy enough.

A local "prize fighter," named Dummy Robinson used to do it. I thought for years that diving off that insane pole was how he had earned his name. At least, I thought that until I learned he was as deaf as the pole he dove from. Maybe there was a connection anyhow, in that he couldn't hear the warnings (from people

like me) who would not have plunged off that stupid perch for any fame or fortune imaginable.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnam were fine folks, he a lock and gunsmith, as I recall, and she the commander in chief of the pool. Her authority was indisputable and unchallenged. Once I heard of a small boy telling her that a lady floating around in an inner tube had one of her "things" hanging out. Turned out she was a local prostitute advertising her wares. Mrs. Burnam was quick to inform the "lady" that her pool was a respectable place and she would have to hang out somewhere else.

The Burnam's had two children, Emily and Jimmy. Jimmy was my age, Emily two or three years older and infinitely wiser about many things, like where babies came from and even how they got there.

The two often fought, as siblings will. Emily, older, stronger and a tomboy, was sometimes overly aggressive. In one of their battles, Emily called her brother a "son of a dog." I was standing nearby and very carelessly said, "Hey, Emily, you called your own mother a dog."

Later in my life I did some boxing, but I never came anywhere near as close to being knocked unconscious as I did that day.

"You stay out of this!" she yelled, and I still can't for the life of me remember whether it was before or after she hit me. No matter. I stayed out of it, not only for that time but for all time to come. I might have been stupid, but I was not suicidal.

Emily forgave me. But she did me no favor when she invited me to go to the Lyric Theatre for the first Huntsville showing of

"Frankenstein."

Soon after we had settled into seats in the front row, an evil looking man in a black suit came on the screen. In menacing tones he said something like, "If anyone in the audience has a weak heart or a cringing fear of unspeakable monsters, he or she should leave now!"

Well shucks! I wasn't that interested in seeing the movie anyway. I got up to leave.

Only to be collared by Emily, who told me in no uncertain terms to sit my "you know what" back down in that seat.

Well, on that day my fear of the monstrous surrendered to my respect for Emily's left hook. I sat back down.

I'll never forget that head-on, if tremulous, confrontation with Frankenstein's monster - only one of many confrontations, some equally frightening, that I've since had to face up to.

And I'll never forget Emily, who played an important role in getting me started.

YOUNGEST VETERAN

W.E. Clutts of this County Claims the Distinction

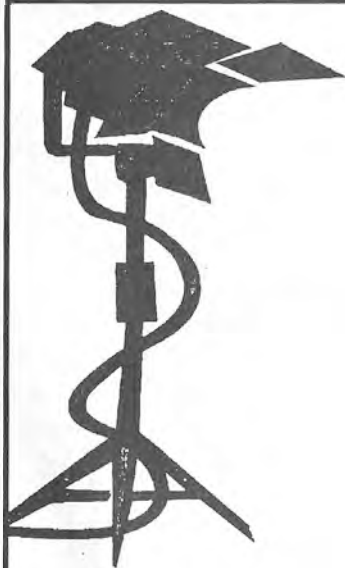
He is a few Months Younger than
John W. Mayhall who has
Given His Record.

A few days ago, the *Mercury* contained an item to the effect that John W. Mayhall, formerly of this city, now of Guntersville, makes the claim that he is the youngest surviving soldier of the Confederate Army.

Mr. W.E. Clutts, of Cluttsville has sent in a denial of Mr. Mayhall's claim and offers proof that he enlisted in the Confederate Army November 15, 1861, at the age of 13 years and four months. He was a member of Company K, Capt. John Gardinar, of the 49th Alabama regiment and served through the war. He was born July 16, 1848.

Mr. Clutts is anxious to have the matter settled as he believes that there is no younger veteran living. Mr. Mayhall, according to these dates, would be a few months older than Mr. Clutts.

from Huntsville newspaper, June 1, 1904



2nd Annual Huntsville Antique & Collectible Sale

- ▶ **When: Saturday, Feb. 11,**
9am-6pm and,
- ▶ **Sunday, Feb. 12, 11am-5pm or-**
- ▶ **By invitation Friday, 7-9pm**
- ▶ **Where: Old Huntsville Airport**
- Jaycee's Building

**Benefiting Family Services Center
& Huntsville Rehabilitation Center**



The Doctor Sez

by Dr. Annelie Owens

A recent survey shows that fully one third of Americans are overweight and this is up from one fourth about 15 years ago. Obesity has not been precisely defined, but if you exceed the "desirable" weight for your height and build by more than 20% you are considered to be obese.

For example: if you are a male, six feet tall and medium build, and you weigh over 200 pounds, you are probably obese, not necessarily, but probably. Similarly, if you are a female, 5 feet and medium build, and you weigh over 175 pounds, you are probably obese. Obesity should

be considered a serious matter by everyone because it seems to contribute directly to high blood pressure, which is, in itself, a risk factor in both heart disease and stroke. Also, diabetes sometimes seems to develop as a direct consequence of obesity and to disappear when excess weight is lost.

Obesity is associated with a wide range of other serious disorders including kidney and gallbladder. Losing weight is considered one of the best ways to control blood pressure without medication. The most obvious symptom of obesity is an increase in weight and the commonest reason for this is an increased amount of fat in the body tissues.

The basic needs of most people are close to an average of enough food to provide about 2000 calories a day for women, and 2500 for men. This, of course, will vary depending upon the age, and daily activities of each individual. If you eat more than you need for the energy you expend, your body stores the surplus in the form of fat, which

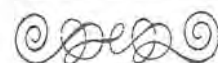
could result in obesity. In order to lose weight, you must somehow help your own body to use up more calories than you consume.

There are two ways which will help you do this. First, change your diet; second, exercise more. Just remember that crash diets or a few days at a health spa won't work if you are really serious about losing weight. Gradual weight loss is the basic idea, with such moderate exercise as 15 minutes of walking daily to help the process along.

Many people have discovered that shopping malls are safe and social places for walking workouts. Regarding your diet, it may help you to follow these rules: never eat anything except at meal times; eat with a knife, fork and spoon; and never finish a mouthful of food without pausing a chew it slowly and thoroughly.

Many Americans are starting to embrace the traditional diet of the people living around the Mediterranean Sea where they have the world's lowest rates of heart disease. Some experts credit the fish they eat, others the wine, and still others the olive oil. We are accepting the notion of olive oil as "the good fat."

Recently, scientists announced that they had isolated the human "obese gene." However, former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop contends that it is very likely that millions of Americans who are quite a bit overweight are that way not because some devil gene made them do it, but because they just plain eat too much and exercise too little.



Alabama Balloon Co.

7920 Logan Drive
Huntsville, AL 35802
Phone (205) 881-9188

A VALENTINES Balloon
is uplifting. Let us send your
Love Life Soaring!



Another Name For A Hospital

Brothers Billy and Charlie had a dream.

They wanted to build a hospital where patients could receive specialized care. That would also serve as a research and teaching center.

Such an idea in the late 1800s was considered absurd, to say the least.

For many patients of that era, checking into a hospital was equivalent to a death warrant. Unsanitary and crowded conditions, combined with medical practices, often bordering on

quackery, was enough to convince most people to take their chances at home.

Also opposing the idea were many prominent members of the medical community who distrusted the "new-fangled" ideas of the two brothers.

Huntsville was without a true hospital at the time. When several of the community's leaders heard of the idea, they immediately contacted the brothers who were living in Minnesota at the time.

Also in Huntsville's favor was the fact that the United States Surgeon General had recently declared the city as one of the healthiest places in the country.

In April, 1896, Charlie was induced to visit Huntsville. He took an immediate liking to the city and after extensive negotiations, purchased a parcel of land.

The land was expensive: \$2,500 in cash and another \$3,000 in bank stock.

Unfortunately for Huntsville, civic leaders in the brothers hometown also heard of their idea. By offering attractive inducements of land and money the brothers were persuaded to build their hospital there.

The brothers kept their land in Huntsville for several years before finally selling it.

Several years would pass before our city finally got a hospital. It is interesting to note, however, that if the brothers' dreams had worked out here, the hospital, instead of being named Huntsville Hospital, would have been named the Mayo Clinic.

The brothers, Charles and William Mayo, never returned to Huntsville.

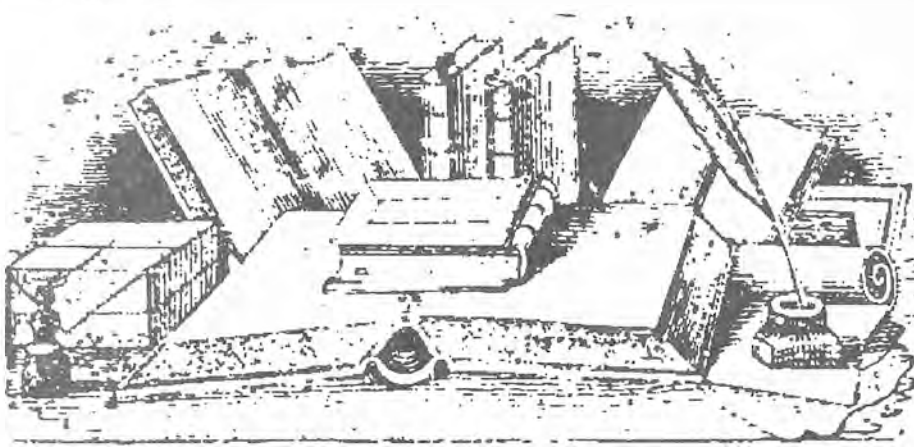
One of the STRONGEST banks
in America is right here
in Alabama.



Let Us Lend You Our Strength

FirstAlabama Bank

Member FDIC



Remembering Our History

When Kay Cornelius retired from 25 years of teaching English in middle and high schools in Tennessee, Madison County, and Huntsville, she rejected vegetating in a rocking chair in favor of pursuing her passion for history and writing. Combining the two, she has produced six inspirational historical novels and two major articles, most written in the past year alone, and she has no plans to quit any time soon.

Kay's approach to the past is simple and straightforward. "History isn't dry dates and kings and who won what battle; it's what happened to the people caught up in them," she says. A chance remark by a member of her husband's family that their ancestor's wife had died on the voyage over and been buried at sea led to the idea for her first book, *Love's Gentle Journey*. That story begins on a sailing vessel in 1740 at a time when many Scotch-Irish were leaving their homes in Ulster in search of a better life in the "American plantation," as the Colonies were then known. The book was published by Zondervan in 1985, and the editor asked Kay for

more.

Living in Huntsville and surrounded by its history, it seemed natural to Kay to write about one of the most dramatic and traumatic experiences that Huntsville has ever known — the Federal occupation which began on April 11, 1862, and which lasted off and on through the remainder of the War Between the States. Zondervan did not publish the book that grew out of that research, however, because by the time it was finished, they had a new editor who wanted no Civil War settings. Kay put the manuscript aside until after she had retired from teaching. Then she rewrote it several ways for submission to different markets. In April of 1993, Barbour and Company bought *More Than Conquerors*, and it was published in January of 1994.

Even though the manuscript had already been delivered to the publisher and nothing could be done to change it, Kay continued to research the period. General Ormsby McKnight Mitchel, who led his Ohio forces to occupy Huntsville, is a minor character in *More Than Conquerors*. However, the man inter-

ested her so much that in July of 1993, she and her husband, Don, made a detour in a planned vacation trip to visit the Cincinnati Historical Society Library, which contains many boxes of Mitchel's private papers. The General's handwriting was terrible and time has faded the brown ink he used to a light tan, but they were able to decipher many letters Mitchel had written from "Camp Taylor," his headquarters at Huntsville, to various friends and relatives in New York and Ohio.

Most interesting to Kay was

H.C. BLAKE INC.

**Plumbing, Electrical,
Heating,
Air Conditioning**



**SERVICE
IS OUR
BUSINESS
SINCE
1884**

**HALL B. BRYANT JR.
PROPRIETOR**

534-0781

a letter detailing Mitchel's account of how his son, "Ned" Mitchel, a lieutenant who served as his aide-de-camp, was taken prisoner in Pulaski, Tennessee by Colonel John Hunt Morgan and exchanged for a younger brother of Morgan's who had been captured in Huntsville.

In *More Than Conquerors*, written long before any of these real-life events had come to light, a main character is a Union major who is Mitchel's aide-de-camp. In a main plot development, he is exchanged for a captured Confederate officer. In real life, as in fiction, many of the northern soldiers fell in love with the South in general and Southern belles in particular, and returned after the war to become permanent residents.

Another trip took Kay and her husband to Hilton Head Island, S.C., where General Mitchel was finally sent in September following his recall from Huntsville in early July of 1862, and where he died of yellow fever the following month. Two books in the Hilton Head Public Library state erroneously that Mitchel died of malaria, but agree that he set to work to build housing for the more than five thousand runaway slaves who had congregated on the Island. The "town" he created, called "Mitchelville" in his honor, occupied the area of the present Shipyard Plantation. Another remnant of Mitchel's brief tenure on the island can be seen in the ruins of Fort Mitchel, located on the "heel" of shoe-shaped Hilton Head and named for Ormsby Mitchel.

Knowing Mitchel was the leading astronomer of the United States and that he had done much to spark interest in the

science of astronomy in America, Kay also discovered that Mitchel was widely respected in scientific circles, both in this country and abroad. In addition, Mitchel had quite a reputation as an orator. In the decade before the Civil War, he gave lectures on "popular astronomy" to packed houses in New York City. Among his listeners apparently was a young journalist named Walt Whitman. Kay decided that he must have attended Mitchel's lectures and that Mitchel was probably the "learn'd astronomer" in Whitman's well-known poem, "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer." Later readings of Whitman's biographies have confirmed that hunch.

Both Ned and a second son were with General Mitchel at Hilton Head when he died. His sons also contracted yellow fever, but survived. Among the papers Kay found in Cincinnati was an undated letter of recommendation which reads:

I knew Genl O. M. Mitchel well, both before & during the War. — He was an eminent scholar & the most enthusiastic Union man possible at the outbreak of the War in the West — He was a Brig Genl & Maj Genl. and was sent to the coast of South Carolina where he died of sickness caused by the locality — I should be pleased if his son should receive some of the rewards due his father.

W. T. Sherman
General

His son continued to serve in the Federal forces and was apparently at the Battle of Chickamauga, about which he wrote in one of the three "romances" he penned about experiences of northern soldiers in

MAKE YOUR VALENTINE'S HEART RACE!

Quality Bicycles

&

Fitness Equipment
from **Bicycles Etc.**
make it easier to enjoy the benefits of a healthy life-style...
You will feel better,
and last longer.

Now that will make
your Valentine's
Heart Race!



Bicycles Etc.

8100 S. Mem.Pkwy.

881-6947

Open 7 Days a Week

GIANT®

TREK USA
American Bicycle Technology

the South. One of them features an involved plot concerning Rebel "bushwhackers" and a Loyalist Tennessean. The book begins on the Meridianville Pike in Madison County and continues in the mountainous terrain from Huntsville to Decherd and Tracy City, Tennessee, where bands of pro-Confederate guerrillas made life miserable for the Union invaders. (In Mitchel's book, they got "Sweet Revenge" on them.)

Nothing much is known about what happened to Mitchel's family after the war.



We can help you create a

**Positively
unforgettable
wedding**

We will do the
planning, preparation,
and production.
You do the celebrating.

The Main Event

881-9400 or fax 881-9480

Papers in the Mitchel collection reveal that Ned was married twice and named one of his sons for his father. Another son seemed to have had trouble finding and keeping a job. These facts and many others appear in an article Kay wrote for the Winter, 1994, issue of *Alabama Heritage*.

She thought she had finished with General Mitchel when she completed that article, only to find when she began to research Howard Weeden that tradition has it that General Mitchel lived in the Weeden house when he first came to Huntsville. The McDowell House on Adams Street served as his headquarters, but apparently he occupied the house at the corner of Gates and Green streets until his family arrived and took over the Lawson Clay home. As a docent at the Weeden House, Kay has spent many hours there, not realizing that the man about whom she was writing had possibly stayed there.

When the Barbour editor who published *More Than a Conqueror* asked Kay to write more "Heartsong Presents" books for them, she returned to the Scots-Irish McKay and Craighead families featured in *Love's Gentle Journey*. "I had always wanted to see what happened to them," she says. The result has been a series of four

books, all written between July of 1993 and September of 1994, and collectively known as the "Frontiers of Faith" series. The first book, *Sign of the Bow*, takes place in western Pennsylvania in 1758, during the French and Indian War. The second, *Sign of the Eagle*, is set in Philadelphia and North Carolina in 1775. The third, *Sign of the Dove*, occurs in North Carolina in 1781-82. The last book in the series, to be released in January of 1995, is *Sign of the Spirit*, and takes place in Kentucky and the Indian nations in 1782. For each, Kay has done extensive research. Currently, Kay is continuing her study of the Kentucky frontier and also exploring the life of General William Moore, for whom Moore County, Tennessee, was named. She was instrumental in securing the new historical marker for him, which is now in place on the courthouse square in Lynchburg.

In addition to her continuing interest in Mitchel and Moore, Kay is currently reading about the 1811-12 earthquakes along the New Madrid fault that caused Reelfoot Lake and hard at work on a proposal for a "big" historical romance.

Kay's books are available locally at *Shaver's Books and Books-a-Million on Airport Road*, or from the author.

**BE A GOOD
NEIGHBOR**

Volunteer.

American Heart
Association



Cont'd from page 44

problems forced Chessie to retire as Harris Home Director. She was hospitalized in 1976, and again in 1979. After by-pass surgery she remained inactive for a period of time.

By 1982, the dynamo of energy had recovered, and was in good health. She became Chief Executive Officer for the Harris Family Foundation whose duty is to raise money by contributions for capital improvements.

Due to Chessie's influence, an emergency shelter was added to the Harris Home facility to take care of abused or neglected children overnight, or for a period not to exceed thirty days.

Although her activities at the Harris Home were largely advisory, Chessie developed other worthwhile projects—one of which provided transportation for the elderly.

Then, in 1988, she met with a real crisis. Her long time helpmate died. In addition to George, her husband, she also lost her eldest son a few months later.

However, in true Chessie fashion, she carried on her philanthropic enterprises.

Under her direction, a Community Service Center located on Pulaski Pike is now in operation. Sponsored by three Seven Day Adventist churches,

it offers a multitude of services, serving meals to the needy, providing necessary groceries, and offering counseling for family and personal problems.

On January 16 of this year, Chessie observed her 89th birthday. Is she thinking about retirement? Certainly not!

"Just wait until next year when I'll be 90," she exclaims enthusiastically. "I plan to have a big celebration and invite all the friends who have helped me through the years with the Harris Home and Harris Family Foundation. After that milestone is passed, I'll just wait with interest to see where I am needed, at least the next ten years."

Shavers Bookstore

2362 Whitesburg Drive



This is the most complete account yet written of the war in Huntsville and North Alabama. Enjoy stories of yesteryear by one of the regions foremost Civil War historians.

HARD TIMES: The Civil War in North Alabama

by Charles Rice



THE SALE

EVERYONE HAS BEEN WAITING ON

BUY ANY TWO ITEMS

at full price

AND WE WILL CHARGE YOU

FULL PRICE

FOR THE THIRD ITEM!

NO LAYAWAYS!

L. JOHNSON & CO.

DILWORTH LUMBER CO.

415 Church Street 539-4123

Complete Line of Building Materials