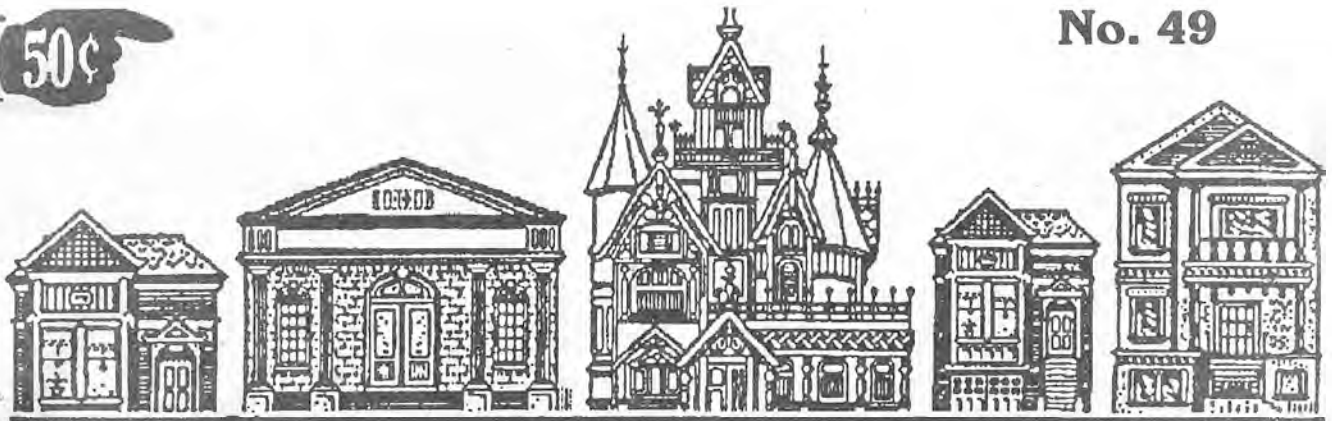


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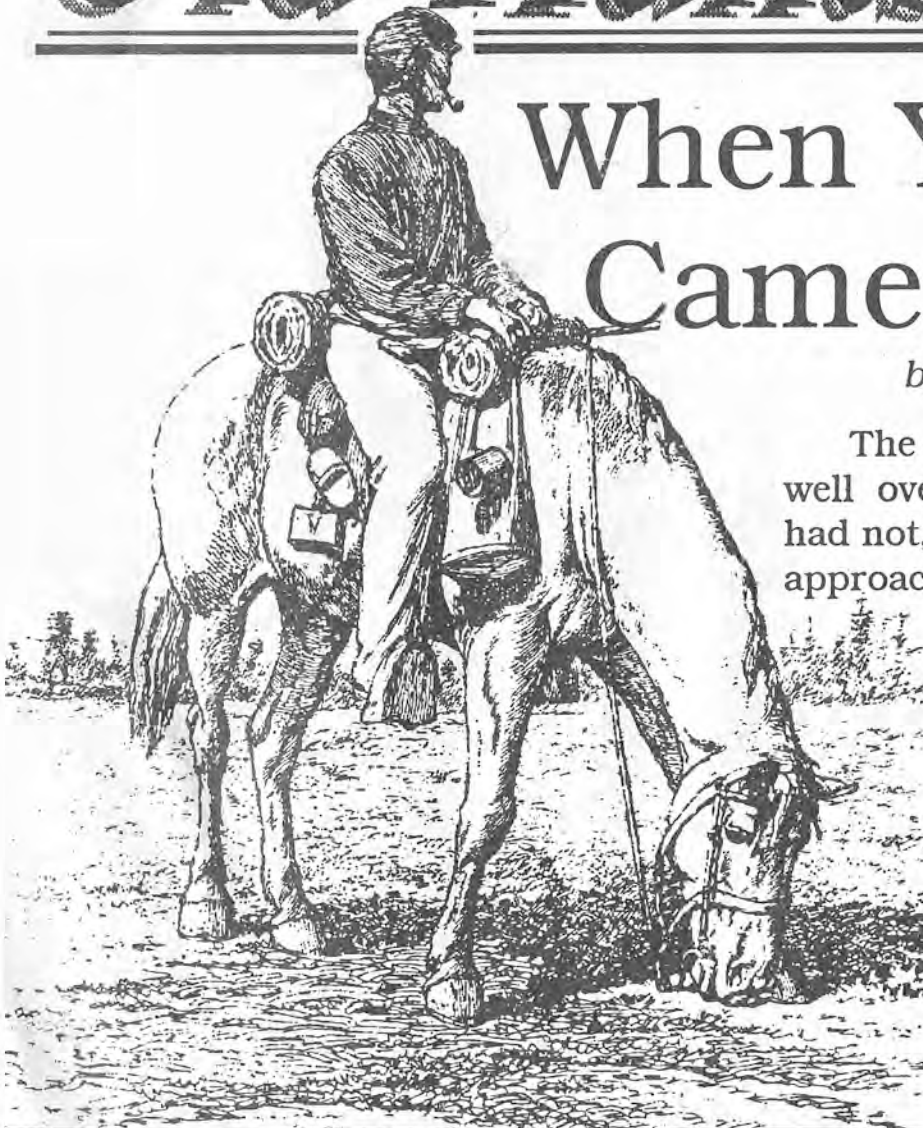
When Yankees Came Calling

by Edmund Talbot

The war had been going on for well over a year, and Huntsville had not, so far, felt the wrath of the approaching enemy.

This was to change, however, as the blue-coated Federals realized the importance of the city's railroad system.

For years afterwards, natives of Huntsville would remember an early morning of April, 1862, as the day the Yankees came calling.



Also In This Issue: Black Fox Of The South



When Yankees Came Calling

by Edmund Talbot

"War is hell," supposedly said General William Tecumseh Sherman. That Union officer had plenty of reason to know, since he had been largely responsible for making it such to the people of the South. Despite all the present day talk of heroism and glory, our War Between the States was in truth nothing but an absolute disaster for the entire country.

Ironically, much of the old Confederacy had only tried to leave the Federal Union with a great deal of reluctance. North Alabama in particular had entered into secession practically kicking and screaming.

In fact, all of North Alabama had virtually rejected secession in the 1860 Christmas day election for delegates to the Secession Convention in Montgomery. However, South Alabama was able to carry the vote by 61 to 39, and in January, 1861 Alabama declared its independence from the United States of America.

North Alabamians had reasons for their reluctance, in part

economic but also realistic. It was North Alabama that was most exposed to Yankee invasion, and naturally enough it was North Alabama that would suffer first and longest from enemy occupation.

The city of Florence fell to the Union Navy in February, 1862, after Grant's capture of Fort Henry opened the Tennessee River as far as Muscle Shoals. A delegation of fearful Florence citizens asked the Union navy commander to spare their city, which he did with the brusque comment that his men were sailors, not pirates. Nevertheless, later Yankee invaders would often seem reminiscent of the dreaded robbers of the sea to the long suffering citizens of North Alabama.

Huntsville volunteers rushed to defend their sister city, but the Yankee gunboats had left by the time the would-be heroes arrived. Huntsville's own turn would come just two months later, when the Union Army entered North Alabama in force under General Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel. A former classmate of Robert E. Lee, Mitchel was not without military skill. Strangely, however, he seemed unable to maintain control of his own men.

The sack of Athens by Turchin's brigade is a story often told, but robberies, rapes, and other atrocities were also committed by Mitchel's men in and around Huntsville. General Mitchel complained to his superiors in Washington and received permission to punish the offenders by death, if necessary. Still, Mitchel did almost nothing to restore order among his unruly troops.

African-Americans were especially ill treated by the invad-



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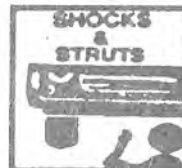
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ers, as 20-year-old Catherine Fennell noted in her diary. "The Yankees treat the Negroes very badly in Huntsville," she wrote. "The Negroes go to them for their free papers and they whip them and send them home. They have at least passed a law to shoot all who come to them as they are tired of them. They have already shot several." By the time the Union invaders withdrew in August, 1862, almost everyone — both black and white — was

happy to see them go.

For almost a year Huntsville was free from Federal occupation. Then the Union Army began a series of cavalry raids into the city. The Yankees came to Huntsville to seize black men for forced labor. "Such a scene!" wrote Huntsville's Mary Jane Chadick in July, 1863. "While the Negroes were all assembled at church, the Yankees surrounded the building and as the men came out, seized them. Such a scare as it gives them. Some got away and succeeded in hiding from their pursuers. Others were run down by those on horseback. The black women were running in every direction, hunting their husbands and children. It is really heart-rending to a looker on. These are their friends — the Abolitionists!"

By September, 1863, however, the Union Army had come back to stay. Except for a few weeks in December, 1864, Lincoln's army would remain in control of Huntsville.

The many books on the War Between the States concentrate on major battles and the heroism of the soldiers. However, the sorrows of the civilians have gone largely unrecorded. It was these noncombatants who often suffered the most.

General Ormsby Mitchel had begun it all in Alabama. Frustrated by Confederate attacks on his men, Mitchel had arrested 12 of Huntsville's leading citizens and thrown them into jail. He then issued his famous proclamation. "All these acts will be punished with death," he said, "if the perpetrators can be found. And if they cannot, I will destroy the property of all who sympathize with the Southern rebellion in the neighborhood where the

acts are committed."

Succeeding Union commanders continued the practice, and for every attack by the Confederates, the Yankees would burn all the houses within five miles of the fight. By the end of the war large portions Madison, Marshal, and Jackson counties would have been reduced to ashes.

"The country people are suffering dreadfully from the deprivations of the enemy," wrote Huntsville's Mrs. Chadick in 1864, "and in many instances, not only all their stock, provisions and means of subsistence have been taken from them, but their clothing and bedding have been taken and the alleged excuse for this is that they harbor bushwhackers."

Since most of the men were away in the army, this suffering naturally fell heaviest on the women and children. In 1954, an aged Mrs. Sarah Barte Payne recalled her own family's experience.

"One snowy morning they advanced on our home," she said. "The Yanks burned our house to the ground— rope, and all— also cribs, barns, took out all the corn and put it in their wagons. The last house left was poured oil on it and then my mother pleaded with the officer, 'Sir, you may have brothers and sisters or a mother and father somewhere; you'd hate to see them left in the shape my children and I are left in.' He replied, 'Lady, we are bound to obey orders, but if you can put it out after we leave, you may do so.' The oldest children, just eight and ten, carried water from the spring and helped their mother put out the fire. They then spent the night in the hen house, their

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mother cooking for them "on the burning coals of our home."

The brutal General Sherman was even willing to go beyond this, recommending what nowadays could only be considered as genocide. "A people who persevere in war beyond a certain limit ought to know the consequence," he wrote in January, 1864. "Many, many people, with less pertinacity than the South, have been wiped out of national existence." So what was Sherman's final solution? "To those who submit to the rightful [Union] law and authority, all gentleness and forbearance, but to the petulant and persistent secessionist, why, death is mercy, and the quicker he or she is disposed of the better!"

This is the reality of America's most brutal war, not the supposed glory of men who should have known better, throwing away their lives in hopeless charges at Gettysburg or Franklin. The innocent women and children and African-Americans of the South had no hand in starting the conflict, but they paid the price none the less.

The savage Civil War set back North Alabama's development by at least a full generation. Madison County is estimated to have lost 150 soldiers in battle and another 200 to disease, but no one has even attempted to assess the cost to those who stayed at home. Families were left without food or shelter, their members often scattered. Black Alabamians were carried off by both armies, and newspapers for years afterward would carry heart rending requests for word of lost relatives. Entire North Alabama

towns vanished, some never to be rebuilt.

John A. Wyeth, a young veteran returning after the Confederate surrender, never forgot the sight that greeted him as he entered Alabama. "As we came west on the train nothing but lonesome looking chimneys remained of the villages and farm houses. They were suggestive of tombstones in a graveyard. Bridgeport, Stevenson, Bellefonte, Scottsboro, Larkinsville, Woodville, Paint Rock—in fact, every town in northern Alabama to and including Decatur (except Huntsville, which, being used as headquarters, had been spared) — had been wiped out by the war policy of starvation by fire. Farm houses, gins, fences, and cattle were gone. From a hilltop in the farming district a few miles from

New Market I counted the chimneys of the houses of six different plantations which had been destroyed. About the fireplaces of some of these, small huts of poles had been erected for temporary shelter."

This was the true face of America's very un-Civil War. It is a far cry from the one you see from Hollywood or on television.

*(If you wish to learn more about the War Between the States in our area, read the new release *Hard Times: the Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama*, by Charles Rice. It is available at local bookstores or may be ordered from the author at 118 Calhoun St., Huntsville, Ala. 35801. The cost is \$15.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.)*

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In about two weeks your extract will be ready to use. If it seems too potent add a little more brandy. You can keep adding brandy indefinitely.

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Sesame Seasoning Salt

- 3/4 c sesame seeds
- 1/4 c. sea salt
- 1 t. paprika
- 1 t. pepper
- 1 t. chives, chopped

Cook and stir the sesame seeds in a large skillet over medium heat til light brown. Stir in the salt and cook for 5 more minutes, keep stirring. Cool.

Put the seeds and remaining ingredients in a blender and whir for about a minute. Store in an airtight container - lasts for about 6 months.

Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Mid-South Garden Guide - Best Guide for Zone 7 (That's Us) Gardening (\$14.95).

2. Twickenham Tables - Menus and Recipes from the Twickenham District (\$10.00).

3. Hard Times - The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (15.95).

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. Photographic Memories of Huntsville/Madison County by Elise Stephens (\$9.95).

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

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

9. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th Edition (\$10.95).

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

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The Kildare Mansion

by Dirk Bauerle

Located on Oakwood Ave., the Kildare home has long stood as a historical landmark, reflecting the days when Huntsville was the home of rich, and often eccentric, socialites. The Kildare house

was built as a summer home for Michael O'Shaughnesy, a wealthy northern capitalist who had many investments in Huntsville. Due to the home's huge dimensions, and unusual design, it took almost thirty years for the house to be completed.

Unfortunately, O'Shaughnesy never occupied the home.

As the home neared completion, it was purchased by the McCormick family, who had become extremely wealthy through the manufacture of farm equipment. It was one of four other homes that Mr. McCormick owned. The others were located in Chicago, Toronto, Maine, and San Marino. When this family came to Huntsville via train, they created so much excitement and curiosity with their wealth that the schools actually closed to

allow the townspeople to watch the unloading of their opulent furnishings.

Mrs. McCormick resided at the Huntsville Hotel until Kildare was completed to her satisfaction. With other homes to chose from, according to the season, Kildare became the summer home for the McCormick family. A staff of twenty, many imported from northern states, worked full-time just to maintain the house for her visits. Large gardens were planted in a way so that plants would bloom profusely only when she was there. The house, even by capitalist standards, was massive and eccentric.

It looms four stories high, with 23,000 square feet contained in its four levels, including the basement. It features a central stairwell so family eyes wouldn't have to be distracted by servants moving back and forth following their commands. There were many rooms dedicated to specific functions, such as a plant room, in addition to the traditional living quarters.

The McCormicks introduced Huntsville to the trappings of wealth. They brought the first electric car to the city and housed it in a carriage house built in the same massive proportion as the main house - in the latter part of the 20th century, there were 20 families living in it.

Mrs. McCormick's Easter egg hunts became legendary, with real gold and silver eggs awarded for first and second prizes. In her later years, Mrs. McCormick became more and more eccentric, giving away parts of her house and its contents to any visitor who might



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express an interest in a particular piece.

Following her death, Kildare declined, passing through several owners and serving many functions, including being both a "hair salon" and a "head" shop run by "hippies."

It is now owned by James Reeves, a Huntsville art broker who lives there with his wife and twelve-year old son. Reeves purchased the house several years ago through a college friend-turned-realtor after he noticed the house was empty. He found the house basically sound but in need of restoration - a project he is undertaking on a steady basis. He admits that restoring a huge house is a tremendous task, but still, he is confident that his methodical approach to restoration is the correct one.

After all, how many people ever have the opportunity to live in a 23,000 square foot landmark?



Just For Kids

by Ed Friddle

Once I took an apple
And gave it a toss
Far down the hill it landed
Now we have applesauce.



Ring-a-ling Telephone
I threw my dog another bone.

Duckie, Duckie, quack, quack, quack
Water won't stay on your back.



I took my little hammer
And hammered on a nail
Everything was doing fine
Till it begin to swell.



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The Mountain Road

by Jack Harwell

By a fortunate circumstance of geography, Huntsville lies at the edge of the great mountain range that stretches all the way to New England. We may not have a Mt. Mitchell or a Mt. Washington here, but the heights to the east of the city are ours, and are as instantly recognizable as landmarks of home as the Golden Gate Bridge is to a San Franciscan.

Monte Sano has been a recreational destination almost as long as Huntsville has existed. A century ago, vacationers could take a train ride from the depot on Church Street to a hotel on the mountain's western face. Then, in this century, a state park was established atop the mountain, along with roads to get there. But for many years, the lack of transportation facilities enforced the isolation of the mountain, and of the people who lived there.

People were living on Monte Sano as early as the 1830s. During that decade, one mountain resident opened a female

academy there; little information about the school survives. Enough people lived on the mountain by mid-century to form a small town, named Viduta. Today only a street name remains to recall the long-ago village.

Those who chose to live on the mountain were, of necessity, an independent lot. Getting to Huntsville was no simple matter, even though the mountain folks could almost see the city from their homes. There was a road to Huntsville, an old stage road,

parts of which can still be travelled - on foot - today. But it was long, steep, and tortuous, and taking a horse-drawn wagon down the road was an ordeal. It wasn't tried very often.

The joining of Monte Sano and Huntsville began in the 1880s. At that time, the city was enjoying a period of prosperity brought about by the opening of the textile mills. The North Alabama Improvement Association, which was made up of mill owners and other entrepreneurs, many of them Northern transplants, built a hotel on the mountain. It was placed on the western side of the mountain top, and offered a fine view of the city below. Opening day was June 1, 1887.

It had been the thought of the Improvement Association members to attract tourism to the mountain, and initially they were quite successful. Promotional literature made much of the health benefits of mountain living. One brochure contained testimony from four physicians claiming that maladies as varied as dyspepsia, indigestion, and nervous exhaustion would respond almost miraculously to the air and water on Monte Sano - the "mountain of health."

But getting to the mountain



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remained a problem. The old road was repaired in 1883 as a prelude to development. Indeed, the *Monte Sano Breeze*, the newsletter published by the hotel, wrote in 1890 that the mountain could be reached by "a fine macadamized road with an easy ascent." But some more reliable mode of transportation was called for, and thus the Monte Sano Railroad came about.

With the completion of the railroad in 1889, the success of the hotel seemed assured. But the developer's hopes were not to be realized. To begin with, some people had reservations about riding a train up the steeply sloping mountain side. The curves in the track were numerous and severe, to keep the grade of the road bed down to a manageable level, and the locomotives had to move at crawl speed to take them. Shortly after the railroad opened, a locomotive lost its brakes coming down the mountain and jumped the track. There were no injuries, but the accident provided the line with the kind of publicity that they - and the hotel operators - could have done without.

Eventually, the railroad went out of business due to lack of customers. The tracks were lifted, and the cross ties stacked in piles which could still be seen half a century later. Not incidentally, the hotel closed not long afterward, following the 1900 season. It was reopened in the 1920s, but without success.

A quarter century after the hotel closed, interest in developing the Monte Sano began anew. A local group called the Mountain Heights Development Company began selling lots on the mountain. This time a road was built so people could drive to the

top. It led from the Florida Short Route - the main road leading to the South in those days, now US 431 - to the vicinity of the old hotel. It opened on Independence Day 1927 and is today called Monte Sano Boulevard.

Then in the 1930s, it was decided to create a new state park on Monte Sano, making the mountain accessible to everyone. Cabins would be built, so that anyone would be able to enjoy the privilege of a mountain vacation close to home. Those cabins, as well as many other facilities in the park, were built by the

Civilian Conservation Corps.

Because of the CCC's involvement, the federal government had a hand in the park's development. One local developer later told how two men from Washington described the need for another road from Huntsville to Monte Sano. But where to put it? The man showed them the old railroad bed, and they decided that it would be the perfect place for a "parkway." The road was completed in time for the park's opening ceremonies in 1938.

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whom the parkway was named, was born in Lamar County in 1874. In 1938 he was Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, but at the turn of the century he had practiced law in Huntsville for ten years. His office was located in the Schiffman Building, which still stands at the corner of Eustis Street and East Side Square, across from the courthouse. It was there, too, that his daughter, Tallulah, was born in 1902.

Bankhead's career was both distinguished and meteoric. The son and brother of U.S. Senators, he was elected to the state legislature at age 26. Ten years later, he became solicitor for the 14th Judicial Circuit. He was elected to congress in 1916, and in 1934 he was made chairman of the House Rules Committee. The next year he became Democratic Floor Leader, and, a year after that, Speaker of the House.

Congressman Bankhead was present at the lavish ceremonies that accompanied the open-

ing of the Monte Sano State Park on Thursday, August 25, 1938. The affair was covered by radio stations from Huntsville, Decatur, Sheffield, and Birmingham. In addition to Bankhead's speech, there was a motorcade from the courthouse to the top of the mountain, and the whole affair was concluded in fine fashion with a ball at the Russell Erskine Hotel that night.

Today an engraved stone marks the lower end of the Bankhead Parkway. Much of the road, as planned, follows the route of the old Monte Sano Railroad. Where the two digress, it is now possible to walk the route once travelled by steam cars, thanks to the Huntsville Land Trust. Part of the Parkway was closed in 1982 when the roadbed collapsed. Reopened in 1984, it had to be closed again soon after, and remains so to this day. Still, it is a pleasant drive - even without a motorcade.

The End

A Good Cigar Lands Man In Court

The greatest case of dog eat dog that we ever heard of, says one of our exchanges, was that of a young man, who loved to smoke a good cigar, and an insurance company.

The young fellow bought 2,000 extra fine cigars, and had them insured for their full value, smoked them up and demanded the insurance, claiming that they had been destroyed by fire.

The case was taken to the court, and the judge decided in favor of the young man. The insurance company then had the young man arrested for setting fire to his own property, and the same judge ordered that he pay a fine and go to jail for three months.

from 1909 newspaper

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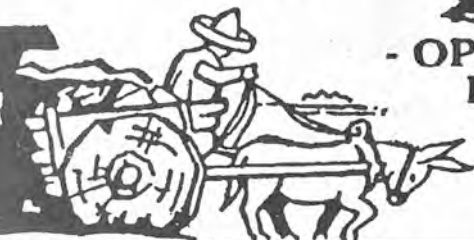
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Heard on the Streets - 1899

Lost his Right Leg near Dallas Mills

Charles Hawk, a young painter of Huntsville, about 24 years old, while attempting to jump on a running freight train that was passing Dallas Mills Sunday afternoon, missed his footing and fell with his right leg under the wheels. It was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated three inches above the knee. The operation was performed by Drs. W. C. Wheeler and Felix Baldrige, and the patient today is doing as well as can be expected.

Accident on Clinton Street

On Thursday last, Mr. John Hertzler was riding in a buggy on Clinton Street in this city. His horse took fright near the Baptist Church, ran away, and ran the buggy against a tree on the opposite side of the street, throwing Mr. Hertzler out and breaking loose. The horse ran off. Mr. H. was knocked insensible, was taken into Mr. Thos. Jamar's house, remained there for two days, and so far recovered as to be taken home. Mr. Hertzler is a good citizen and we

rejoice to learn that he is recovering, without permanent injury.

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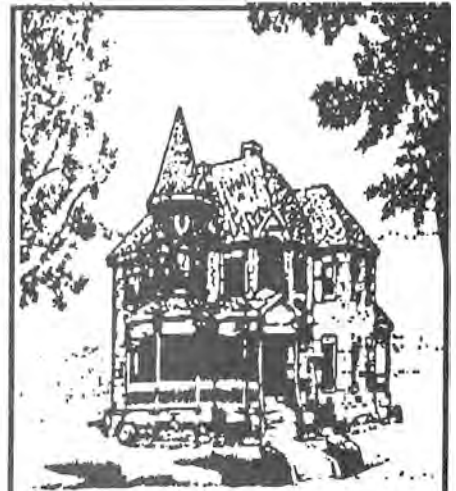
For Rent - offices on Bank Row. \$22 per month. Apply to W. L. Clay, Huntsville or C.C. Clay in Gurleystown, Ala.

Information Wanted

In search of 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, four or five years ago.

Unbelievable Recovery

A son of Lira Elliot, of Lincoln Village, aged ten years, was ill for a year and although having a ravenous appetite, grew emaciated. His physician gave him some medicine that produced nausea and he was choked by the appearance of a snake which required all the doctor's force to draw from his mouth. It was striped and eighteen inches in length. The lad recovered and is better.



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Major John S. Dickson

by Alonzo S. Elliot
(written in 1914)

John Steele Dickson, citizen, closed his hardware store in Huntsville, and obeying the first call to arms, enlisted as a Lieutenant with the historic Madison Rifles, and under the command of the gallant Captain John G. Coltart. He left Huntsville, and home, bearing the distinction of being among the first troops to leave Madison County for the front.

The enlistment of one year soon expiring, Lieut. Dickson returned to Huntsville with a Captain's commission to raise a company of volunteers to serve three years - or for the duration. This was his second enlistment.

It was the 22nd of March, 1862, and that portion of the Courthouse Square along the sidewalk and fronting Bank Row presented a scene that stirred the hearts of men, women and children gathered from all parts of the county. Varied were the

emotions of each one, according to age and temperament, at the time.

As a wee small boy the writer of this saw Capt. Dickson in plain citizen's dress, with a small walking cane in hand, walk back and forth along the street from the National Bank corner to the old Huntsville Hotel, calling for volunteers.

"Volunteers for the war," he cried. "Volunteers for the War!"

And thus the company was made up, men stepping forward and falling into line, marching behind one another until the company was made up.

Among so many we knew and loved going forth into battle for their beloved State and Southland were Spotswood, Patterson, McDavid, Elliot, Hudson Brown, and Newman. There may be others yet living who can supply the full muster roll.

On the 5th of April, 1862, this company left Huntsville, and so close were the Federal army of invasion upon the scene that six days afterwards Gen. Mitchel's command occupied Huntsville, and blue coats took the place of the gray in our midst for the next five long months.

I now return to the subject of our communication. The Southern historians have followed the marches, the privations and the battles of the 35th Alabama through the war from Corinth, Vicksburg, Jackson, Champion Hills, Franklin to North Carolina and Joe Johnston's surrender. Let us keep fresh the memory of the gallant and self sacrificing Dickson, that noble martyr to the Southern cause, for as a Major, to which position he had won his way, he fell while bravely leading

his men in the desperate battle of Franklin, Tenn. on Nov. 30, 1864.

Like another of Huntsville's noble, the immortal Col. Egbert Jones, he sleeps peacefully with many of his comrades in beautiful Maple Hill Cemetery.

May the present generations continue to honor the distinguished dead and to emulate their virtues as soldiers of war and citizens in peace.



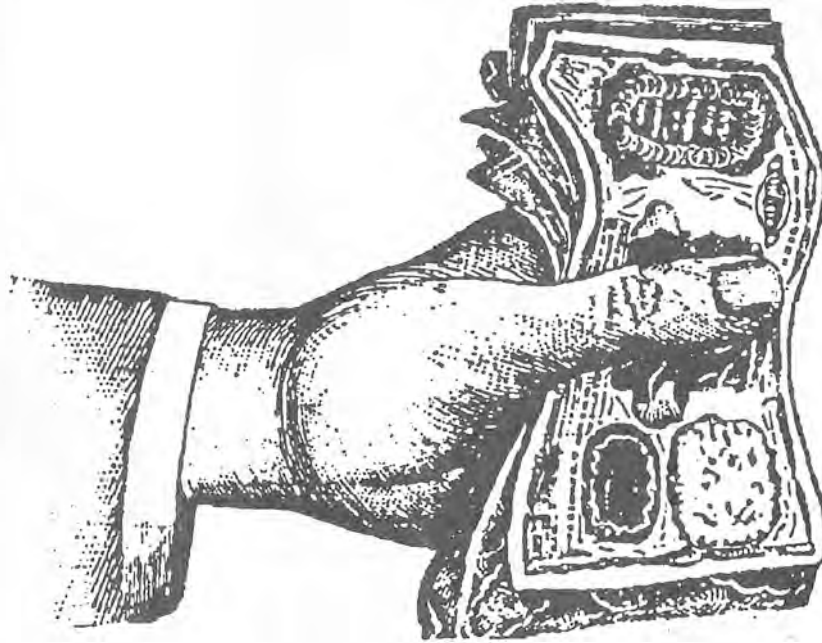
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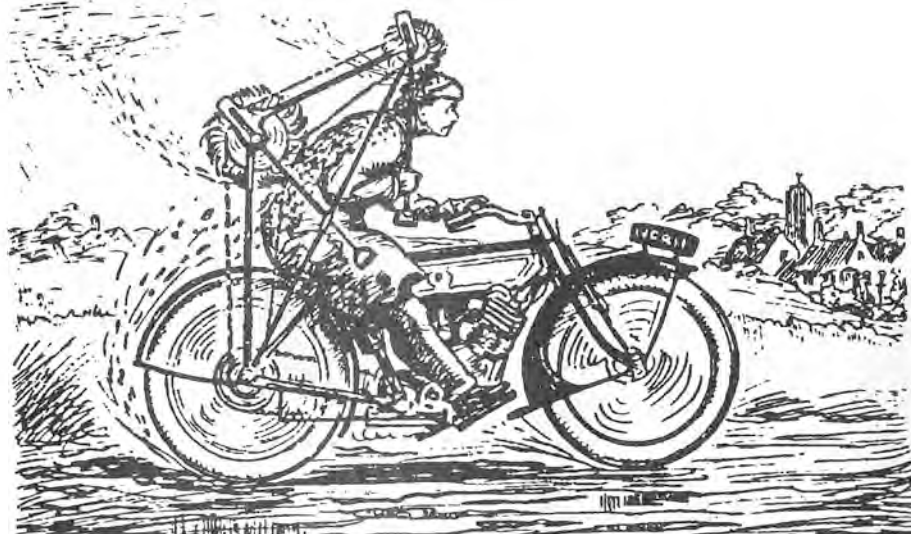
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ABSURD NEWS From 1909

John Davis, a former successful distiller who left home in Davidson County, North Carolina eight years ago with a charge of forgery hanging over his head, has returned after being mourned as dead for years, to find his supposed widow the wife of Joseph Ridenour. For years Mrs. Davis was true to the memory of her husband, whom she confidently expected to see again. Twelve months ago a report came from California that Davis had been drowned and Mrs. Davis married Ridenour. Davis arrived unexpectedly from Texas this week. His wife granted him an interview but refused to give up her present husband to live with him.

Moscow - Doctors are blaming a rare electrical imbalance in the brain for the bizarre death of a chess player whose head literally exploded in the middle of a championship game! Experts say he suffered from a rare condition called Hyper-Cerebral

Electrosis. He was in deep concentration with his eyes focused on the board. All of a sudden his hands flew to his temples and he screamed in pain. Everyone looked up from their games, startled. Then, as if someone had put a bomb to his cranium, his head popped like a firecracker.

Victims are usually highly intelligent with great powers of concentration. They are intense people who are literally too smart for their own good. Fatalities are very rare, however.

Dyersburg, Tenn. - Lawyer W. S. Doppler was arrested for public drunkenness in the courthouse this morning at 11 o'clock as he was getting ready to plead a case before the court. His client is reported to be the largest manufacturer of illicit whiskey in this area.

One of the largest rattle snakes ever seen in this country was killed yesterday afternoon

by one of Mr. Pulley's Negro employees on Monte Sano. The snake measured 7 feet in length was 15 inches around the body, its head was 4 inches wide and it carried 16 rattles. The Negro had no weapon of any kind when he found the snake and his efforts to kill it with sticks and stones were unavailing. He tried this for an hour and the snake put up a game fight for its life. Finally the Negro ran to the house and returned with a shotgun with which he killed the big reptile.

Birmingham - Three times John Donelson was called to the phone by some unknown persons, who said to him, "I am delegated by the Lord to slay you, and I intend doing so. I cannot kill you with lead, because you are the devil, but I have prepared a silver bullet with which I expect to do the job." Mr. Donelson is at a loss to know who has done the telephoning, but thinks it some crazy person who happens to have selected him as the object of his wrath.

Bristol, Tenn. - James Slemple, a conductor with the Virginia and Southwestern, has brought suit against his wife, Jennie, in the law court here. The couple were married a year ago and Slemple claims that his wife was untrue to him. He substantiated his suspicions in an ingenious way. He had wires extended from the front phone to the basement of his house and sat and listened to the conversations of his wife having relations with other men.

Named also in the suit are the fourteen men he heard being intimate with his spouse.



Letters to the Penny Pincher

Dear Penny,

Some expensive makeup brushes found at department store cosmetic counters can be purchased for much less in the art department of craft stores. After receiving a free makeover and recording brushes needed, I get the identical size for about one-third the cost.

Carlyne, Escondido, Ca.

Dear Penny,

For about \$30 you can get a hot water heater timer that you can set to turn on for two hours in the morning and three hours at night. Otherwise it stays on continuously and keeps reheating the water, increasing your utility bills.

Jane B., Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Penny,

My husband and I love sports but cannot afford the high cost of tickets. We have found that if we arrive 4-5 minutes after the game starts, people selling the tickets are ready to go and count their losses. At a recent game we received \$35 tickets for \$10 each. We were on the 42 yard line 24 seats up. We had the best seats in the house at the best cost!

Elizabeth C., Gainesville, Fl.

Dear Old Huntsville,

Buying high efficiency appliances such as refrigerators, heaters and air conditioners may cost you a little more initially, but it is definitely worth it in the long run because chances are very good that they will still be in use 15 or 20 years from now. And the monthly savings in energy costs will be obvious from the very beginning.

The Penny Pincher

The Penny Pincher magazine has a listing of the most efficient refrigerators that separates them based on size and type, and will tell you which brands are the very best to buy. For a complete copy, send a written request for "Energy Efficient Refrigerators" and a self-addressed stamped envelope to, The Penny Pincher, P.O. Box 809, Kings Park, NY 11754-0809.

Paving The Streets



The Mineral Rubber Company began yesterday afternoon the work of placing an asphalt coating on Randolph Street. The operation caused a large crowd to gather as it is the first street of the kind ever put down in Huntsville. After the whole street is covered with this stuff, it will be smoothed over with another coating of asphalt which is expected to last at least twenty years.

from 1909 Huntsville newspaper



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DAYS OF WAR

BY DOTTIE CUTTS

There was only one time in my life that I wished I had been a man!

That was on Sunday, December 7, 1941. The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor, and almost all the men I knew had soon afterwards enlisted. The only avenue left for the women was to man the home front.

We went to work in the defense plants to back up our men and keep the supplies rolling. My first job was with SKF ball bearings. Then I transferred to the Budd Company where I advanced up to welding supervisor on the cargo plane. But this was not the



Army! A bill had been introduced to Congress in May of '41 to establish a woman's Army Auxiliary Corps, but it failed to receive serious consideration until after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Finally, on May 15, 1942,

President Franklin Roosevelt signed the bill into law, and set a recruitment goal of 25,000 for the first year. That goal was reached by November and I was one of the early lucky ones. Fort Des Moines, Iowa, was the first training facility. It was an abandoned cavalry post from WW I. Our holding area was one of the huge stables. Rows and rows of double bunk beds.

I still don't know how we knew which bed was ours. Maybe we didn't - a bed was a bed. We were told to bring no extra clothes, as we would be issued uniforms. However, a real problem arose. The corps grew faster than they could make the uniforms. Our first issue was a man's HEAVY all-wool khaki overcoat. Now I'm 5' and it just did not fit. The sleeves had to be rolled up so I could find my hands. The bottom was almost level with the ground and acted as a snow plow and pushed the snow up my legs. Iowa can be very cold in the winter!

After a few days we were separated into companies and graduated to the barracks. Still rows of beds, but single this time. Community showers, which were very hard for most women to get used to. Still no uniforms. Finally our first issue came, and we received complete sets of underwear (all khaki), not in my favorite color.

One of our first classes was on saluting. After the lesson we were told to go out and salute the first officer we came to. I still had my famous overcoat on and a wool knit cap with a visor. I smartly saluted my officer, hit the visor of the cap, knocked it off into the snow, and promptly tried to retrieve it. That left the officer returning the salute to my derri-



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

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ere. We both had to giggle a little.

Gradually our uniforms arrived piece by piece. A khaki shirt and necktie, then our dress overcoat and hat. The shoes were heavy brown leather oxfords and it took many blisters before they were broken in. The skirts were the last of the dress uniform to arrive. They really were nice uniforms when they all were together. We had received striped seersucker dresses for every day.

My first Christmas away from home was spent on KP. I volunteered, because I knew it would keep me busy and keep my mind occupied. We used the same metal tray that the men used and were served in the same haphazard way. It all ended up in the same place anyway. A special duty that morning was to separate the coffee grounds and egg shells from the grease barrel. Grease was a valuable recyclable. We did a lot of it then. Fortunately, it was cold and the grease had solidified, so it wasn't too hard. In the afternoon I called home and mother and I both had three minutes of serious crying.

After basic we were divided into different schools. Our job was to replace the men in the mundane duties (that they loathed) and send them off to war. Some of us went to cooking school, filing, clerks, P.O. workers, telephone operators, etc. I was sent to Administration School in a hotel in Des Moines. There were four of us in a small room, one sink, no bathroom. It was down the hall. At graduation, since the O.C.S. was not ready for the next class, they asked me if I would like to join a Medical Corps that was leaving that night.

We traveled by train (dark-

ened) and night and arrived the next day at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia. There I was assigned to the clinic where we took blood from the men and the women. My medical skills were limited, but with the help of an orange, a syringe and needle, and water I soon learned to give a shot with the best of them. We especially looked forward to giving the men recruits their welcome shots. One of us would be on one side with the tetanus shot and the other with the typhoid shot. The tetanus really stung and we had many a man drop to the floor with the needle still in his arm. The typhoid didn't hurt at first, but by night you were in a lot of pain.

Ft. Oglethorpe was also one of the early WAAC Centers, and we had our own ward at the hospital. I was transferred there and had the opportunity to work with a wonderful doctor and nurse.

On July 3, 1943 the WAC became law. No longer an Auxiliary Corps, but a part of the Army with the same benefits and privileges as the men. At this

time we were given a choice of becoming part of the Army or going home. In the meantime the Public Health Service had started a Cadet Nurse Corps, with a plan to provide the Army with more Registered Nurses. With the encouragement of both my doctor and nurse, I resigned the WAAC and entered the first open Cadet Nurse Corps at Episcopal Hospital.

Before I graduated the war was over, but while I was at the University of Pittsburgh, during the Korean War, I received greetings from Uncle Sam, and my dream of being an Army Nurse was finally realized. My tours of duty were Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D.C. and Tripler Hospital in Honolulu. After over 50 years I look back on my WAAC days as very important in the shaping of my future life. I'm proud to have served.

The only time a woman really succeeds in changing a man is when he's a baby.



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Southern to the Core

Fried Onion Rings

- 4 large onions
- 2/3 c. milk
- 1/2 c. flour
- 1/4 t. pepper
- salt to taste
- Shortening for frying

Cut cleaned onions into 1/4-inch slices and separate into rings. Soak the rings in milk for 10 minutes. Dredge them in the flour mixture, then fry in deep fat heated to 365 degrees a few at a time, til browned, about 3 minutes. Drain on paper towels and immediately serve.

Thickening Gravy

After frying a batch of chicken, pour off most of the grease. Brown a little flour in the bottom of the skillet, add salt and pepper. Pour in the milk or water, boil and stir til it starts to get thick. Serve over biscuits or rice. You can also heat your left-over fried chicken in this gravy.

Saw-Mill Gravy and Georgia Chicken

Soak fatback in cold water a few hours. Pour off. Dredge the

slices in flour. Fry, as chicken, turning often. Pour off most of the grease. Stir in some flour, brown, then add water, let boil up and add black pepper.

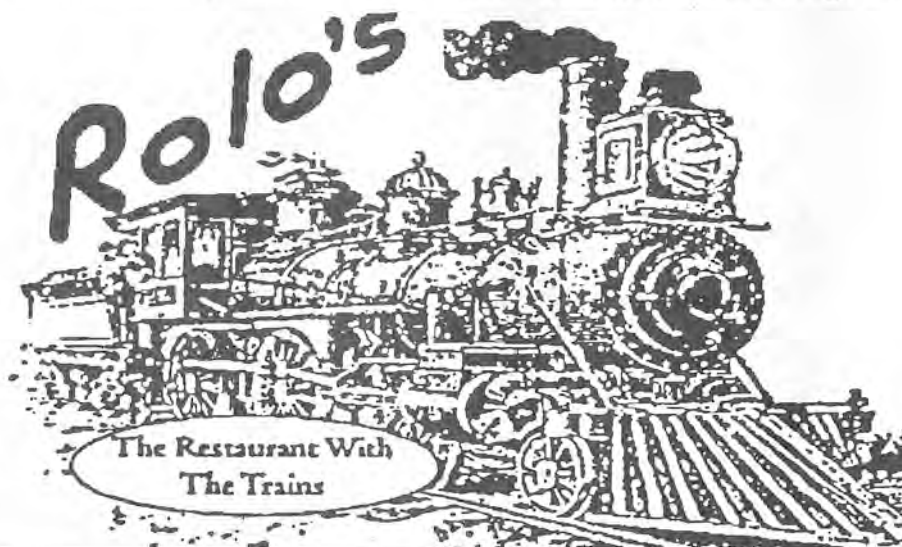
Jumblies

Cream together two cups of sugar and one of butter, add three well-beaten eggs and 6 tablespoons of sweet milk, two tablespoons of baking powder. Add enough flour to make into a soft dough; don't roll it out, but break off pieces about the size of a walnut and form into a ring by rolling them in rolls about the size of your finger and pinch the ends together. Put them in greased pans to bake - about an inch apart - at 325 degrees for about 15 minutes or til browned. These will keep for a long time and can be frozen.

Cracklin Bread

- 2 c. yellow cornmeal mix
- 1 egg
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- 1/2 t. onion powder
- 1 1/2 c. milk or buttermilk
- 1/2 c. vegetable oil

Mix this together and add 1 cup pork cracklings (find in store)



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in sausage section). Heat about 2 tablespoons of oil in a large skillet, sprinkle some garlic powder, salt and onion powder on the grease. Pour in your batter and cook at 325 degrees for about 25 minutes.

Muscadine Wine

5 lbs. of muscadines
5 lbs. of water
5 lbs. of sugar

Take the muscadines and bust them up - put in a churn - add the water; put 1 or 2 pounds of the sugar in to begin with. Let it work off til it quits working. Strain, then add the remainder of sugar. Let stand for 14 days, or when it quits working. Put in bottles, leaving the cap loose. After it has completely quit working, seal. You will notice little bubbles around the top.

Coffee

Fill a wash pot full of water. Set it over a long fire and let it simmer a while. Put the coffee in cloth bags, tied, and throw them into the washpot. Stir with a hickory stick. Boil and boil. When you put your finger in your coffee and it makes a hole, it is strong enough.

Brown Betty

Grease a pudding dish and spread over the bottom a layer of fine bread crumbs and chopped apples. Sprinkle brown sugar, cinnamon and a bit of butter on each layer. Top off with crumbs. Pour half a cup of water over it and put in the oven.

Bake for an hour at 325 degrees. Keep covered for the first half hour. Serve with hard sauce or cream.

Divinity

3 c. sugar
2/3 c. white corn syrup
pinch of salt

Let all boil til a drop of the mixture forms a hard ball in a glass of cold water. Pour slowly into thoroughly beaten whites of two or three eggs Add one or two cups of nuts and beat til it thickens. Take by spoonfuls or spread all in greased pan and cut when cool.

Miss Rosa's Kisses

Whites of 2 eggs
1 c. pecan meats
pinch of salt
1 c. sugar
1 c. dates, chopped
1/2 t. vanilla extract

Add the salt to the whites and beat til stiff, add the sugar and continue beating til sugar is

dissolved and mixture is stiff. Add dates and flavoring. Add nuts. Butter sheet of paper well and put on a baking sheet. Drop from a spoon small portions not too close together. Bake at 300 degrees til brown. This makes about 30 medium kisses.

Fritters

1/2 c. milk
1 1/4 c. flour
1/2 t. salt
1 1/2 t. baking powder
1 T. sugar
1 T. melted butter
1 egg

Mix first three ingredients, beating very hard. Put in the baking powder after beating is done, mix well. Drop small pieces into deep pre-heated oil and fry til well done (like doughnuts) Drain and serve with syrup or fruit sauce.

A husband should always tell his wife everything he knows she's going to find out anyway.

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Special Order No. 69

Sarg. Thomas Riggs, K Company, 13th Indiana Cavalry Regiment, having disgraced himself and the regiment to which he belongs by having been found guilty of theft is hereby reduced to the ranks.

He will be placed on a barrel head in front of Regimental Headquarters to stand one hour on and one hour off for twelve hours. He will also be worked for nine days at hard labor on fortifications or at other work and kept in close confinement under guard while not at work.

It is with feelings of the greatest regret and mortification that the major commdg. is compelled to resort to such punishment but the habit the men are too readily falling into of pilfering and stealing must and shall be stopped.

By Order of Major L. Stout
Commdg 13 Ind. Cav.

Note: "Standing on a barrel head" was a common punishment during the Civil War and consisted of being forced to stand at attention, in full gear, on top of a barrel. Thomas Riggs, evidently disagreeing with the sentence, deserted the same day. A picture of Major Stout was drawn on a wall inside the Huntsville Depot during the period it was occupied by Federal troops and may still be seen.



A Young Desperado

Huntsville - February 1885

Martin Johnson, a veritable Jesse James, fourteen years of age, whose mind has become somewhat deranged by reading dime novels and other bloodcurdling stories, was accused yesterday of the theft of a watch by a farmer named Ellis, who met him on the street and attempted to arrest him. The youthful desperado whirled around and shot Ellis, inflicting a serious wound. The weapon used was a pistol called a "Ranger." The boy, after being taken into custody, declared he was "proud" of the deed.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but people are responsible for the maintenance work.

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A lady in Providence relates the following story: Her father once brought home a molasses hogshead to be used as a water tank. On washing day her mother said, "Let's throw the suds in it to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so she exclaimed, "Oh no, I've drowned hundreds of our neighbor's bees!" The hogshead was black with bees that were busily appropriating the sweet from what they must

have considered an enormous blossom.

The good lady made haste with her skimmer to skim the bees from the top of the water and spread them out on a board in the sunshine, but they seemed drowned and nearly dead, and she was very sorry. The bees that were around the hogshead had flown away at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes they returned, accompanied by

scores of others.

Then began a very curious work. They immediately went to work on the unfortunate drowned bees, turning them over and working on them constantly with their heads, feet and antennae. The result of their busy labor was that one after another gave signs of life, stretching the limbs and wings, crawling about and trying themselves in the sun, then flying away.

The lady said there were a half-pint at first, and that there remained only about a dozen helpless cases beyond the humane efforts of their brothers.

from 1898 newspaper

School days can be the
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The Greater Huntsville Humane Society



billy joe cooley

AN EDUCATED MAN

Farewell to our pal **Marilyn Horne**, who recently passed away. She and husband **J.D.** often joined our Friday night gang at *Finnegan's Irish Pub*. That's where daytime barkeep **Robert Schumann** keeps a few philosophies handy for customers. It's also where **Trudy Kaiser** announced her divorce the other night.

Austin Galloway, of New Hope fame, has been practicing some old standard songs on his good friend **Dianne Mann** and is about ready to join the illustrious barbershoppers with hopes of greater fame.

Barbara Reed, joined the unusually long waiting line at The Mill (S. Parkway) the other Tuesday night, realizing too late that it was Valentine's night. "Every romantic in town is dining out tonight," said staffer **Dennis Miller**.

The *Bandito Burrito* crowd is continually broadening. Disc Jockey **Ben Upton** (of *Velvet Underground*) showed up this week. He and his pal, **Munnie Hall**, have started a sound and production company called *ASAP Inc.* At the next table was Grissom grad **Will Whitt** of *Systems Analysis Inc.*

Deep Collectibles shop in The Village on South Parkway, with lots of comic books, Sci-Fi books and such, some autographed.

Orline Woodward of Slidell, La., and her sister, **Zuma Renaud** of Midland, Tex., reunited here last month for a visit with Orline's son, **Samuel**, of symphony orchestra note.

ARDMORE's Vickie Nunn brought son **Matt** to the Huntsville toe doctor, then pacified him with burgers at Wendy's.

Dr. Bill Goodson, wife **Elise** and daughter **Cindy**, brought visitors **Miguel** and **Lori Leieovich** to *Eunice's* for breakfast the other day. At the next table were Five-Pointers **Natt Hall** and **Michael Shannon**.

Mr. Jackson has opened a new Chinese restaurant, this time in B'ham. It's called *Dynasty* and he would like to see his Huntsville friends. Corner of U.S. 31 and Lemar, near the Galleria.

A BUNCH OF us, including

Ed Walls has opened his

James Gates is only 11, but

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wins all sorts of fishing rodeos and casting contests. His dad, **DeHaan Gates**, brought him for a haircut at *Floyd's* the other day.

Good morning to the **Foxs: Bree, Melissa and Mark Jr.** of Toney. They've reached the "unpublished number" status.

Where were you and what were you doing when President Kennedy was shot and what was the reaction of those around you? Write this into 100 words or less and send it to Billy Joe Cooley, 3804 Saturn Drive, Huntsville, 35805, for inclusion in an upcoming book.

Our little early-week social aggregation souped the other Sunday in Nashville's **Hard Rock** Cafe. In my haste to make the day-trip I had mistakenly ironed my best shirt with a double shot of what I thought was starch. It turned out to be Lysol spray. "You smell terribly, uh, interesting," said **Roni Stoneman** (you know her as Hee-Haw's nagging ironing lady who parts her teeth in the middle) as she and hubby **Hank** moved to the next table. **Helen Sockwell** joined them. I had to catch the check. **Tom T. Hall** said he'd write a song about it, combining the experience with the wintry night I was driving to Florida and, in the darkness, sprayed mace into my mouth instead of breath freshener. I shouldn't be telling you this. I'd best shut up while I'm not so far behind.

The Super Sale at VBCC was exciting last month. The large crowd kept our neighbor **Evelyn Rilgore** and the other

concession workers busy.

WE HAVE discovered a highly entertaining pocket of music, straight up U.S. 231 to the *Bell Buckle (Tenn.) Cafe*, just north of Shelbyville. Besides excellent home-cooking of soul food, they have "songwriters night" on Thursdays (6 to 9 p.m.); Friday and Saturday night guest entertainers (at 6:30) with name stars, plus two-hour live broadcasts on Saturdays (1 to 3) and Sunday performers. And it's all free, so hit the trail. The famous cafe is operated by Huntsville pizza king **J. Gregory Heinike**. Driving time is an hour and 15 minutes. Don't be surprised to see country music legends at the next table.

One Final Note: Our Publisher, **Cathey Carney**, was the belle of the ball at Fob's big to do the other night.



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3. All lamps must be trimmed, refilled and the chimneys cleaned; pens made, doors and windows opened, a pail of water and a bucket of coal must be brought in before breakfast.
4. The store must not be opened on Sunday unless necessary, and then only for a few minutes.
5. An employee who is in the habit of smoking cigars, being shaved at the barber shop, going to dances and other places of amusement, will surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his honesty and integrity.
6. Each employee must give not less than \$5.00 per year to his church and must attend church regularly.
7. Men employees are given one evening a week for courting.
8. After fourteen hours of work, leisure time should be spent mostly in reading.

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Joe Wheeler: A Giant of a Man

by Charles Rice

Back in the days before textbooks fell victim to "political correctness," every schoolchild in Alabama knew his name. Hero of two wars, U. S. Congressman, and a constant campaigner for the Muscle Shoals dam project, "little" Joe Wheeler was a giant in 19th century Alabama. Who was he? It's a sad comment on today's schools that anyone even has to ask.

Although he was born in Georgia, Joseph Wheeler has long been identified with Alabama. Strangely enough, Wheeler's roots were not very firmly planted in Southern soil. His parents were both natives of Connecticut, where the Wheeler family had migrated from England way back in 1638. Wheeler's parents had moved to Augusta, Georgia, where the future general was born in 1836. However, because of his father's financial reverses and the death of his mother, young Joe had

grown up living with a maternal uncle in Connecticut.

When he was a teenager, Wheeler was fortunate enough to obtain an appointment to West Point, compliments of a congressman from New York. Joe Wheeler was a small man, standing just a few inches over five feet, and a popular legend insists he only made it by the Army's physical requirements by a deception. He supposedly loaded his hair with pomade and combed it up to add an extra inch in height. While the story is probably untrue, it does give a good idea of his size.

Joe Wheeler graduated from

West Point in 1859. His small stature made him perfect for the cavalry, and he was assigned to the 1st Regiment of Dragoons. He spent the next few years at frontier posts in western Kansas and New Mexico. Then in 1861 his native State of Georgia seceded from the Union. Despite his years away from home, Wheeler felt his course was clear. "If Georgia withdraws and becomes a separate State," he had already written his brother, "I can not, with propriety, and honor to my people, hesitate to resign my commission." He promptly did so and was appointed a lieutenant in the Con-



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federate Army. Wheeler's West Point background marked him for promotion, and in the summer of 1861 he was ordered to report to Huntsville to take over as colonel of the newly formed 19th Alabama Infantry Regiment. Joe Wheeler's connection with North Alabama had begun.

One of Wheeler's first actions was to move the training camp from downtown Huntsville to Blue Spring, some seven miles north of the city. Here Wheeler put his men through their drills, turning them from civilians into soldiers for the battles surely to come.

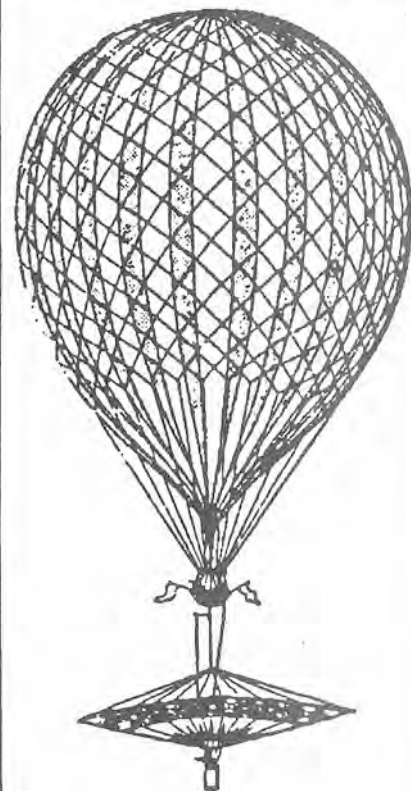
Joe Wheeler soon led his 19th Alabama to Mobile, where they remained several weeks before being sent to northern Mississippi. Confederate General Albert S. Johnston was assembling his forces for a surprise attack on the Union Army under Ulysses S. Grant. The Confederates caught the Yankees napping on the morning of April 6, 1862, beginning the Battle of Shiloh, the bloodiest in American history up to that time. Little Joe led his men throughout the two days of ferocious fighting. Shortly after the battle, however, Wheeler was

promoted to brigadier general — at the age of only 26. He was now transferred to the cavalry, where he would spend the remainder of the war.

Joe Wheeler commanded at 127 battles and skirmishes in the Civil War, earning numerous commendations for bravery. No less than 18 horses were shot from under him, while 36 staff officers were killed or wounded at his side. Nevertheless, Wheeler escaped untouched. He finished the war as a lieutenant general, well deserving his new nickname of "Fighting Joe."

Joseph Wheeler spent the three years immediately following the war as a commission merchant in New Orleans. Then he met and married a wealthy widow who lived at Pond Spring, in Lauderdale County, Alabama. He moved to this small community — now called Wheeler — and made it his home.

Not content merely to live the life of a gentleman farmer, Joe Wheeler ran for Congress and was elected in 1880. Two years later, Colonel William Lowe of Huntsville defeated him for reelection. But Wheeler won again in 1884 and served con-



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tinuously until he retired from Congress in 1900.

In the spring of 1898, however, the country went to war again, this time to drive the Spanish from Cuba. President William McKinley called Congressman Wheeler to the White House. McKinley offered him command of the U. S. forces that would invade Cuba. Wheeler mildly protested that he was too old, but the President insisted. A Union Army veteran himself, McKinley told Wheeler he wanted him as a symbol that North and South were reunited. "Fighting Joe" quietly accepted and put on a uniform of blue.

Major General Wheeler led the American forces with distinction in Cuba, driving the brave but demoralized Spaniards before him. However, old habits die hard and Wheeler embarrassed himself one time to the amusement of his men. After a hard fight before Santiago, the Spanish finally began to fall back. "Charge 'em, boys, we've got the Yankees on the run," he shouted. Then "Fighting Joe" realized what he'd just said and joined in the laughter. "No," he corrected himself, "I mean the Spanish, and the Yankees and Confederates must both charge them."

While several ex-Confederate generals were commissioned by the U. S. during the war with Spain, Joe Wheeler was singled out for special distinction. On April 12, 1899, Wheeler was discharged from the U. S. Army. Three days later, however, he was recommissioned a brigadier general of volunteers and sent to command a brigade in the Philippine Islands, newly won from Spain. Unfortunately, Wheeler was now under the command of

General Arthur MacArthur (father of Douglas MacArthur), and MacArthur's ways were not agreeable to "Fighting Joe."

Having requested service in the Philippines, Wheeler quickly grew displeased under MacArthur. Arthur MacArthur was an ex-Union infantryman who had risen through the ranks, and MacArthur allowed Wheeler to make none of the daring thrusts he favored against the Philippine insurgents. One incident clearly shows the difference between the two men. General MacArthur consistently ordered Wheeler to march his men slowly in the tropical heat, taking frequent rest periods. Wheeler protested his foot soldiers could move much faster, but MacArthur insisted such action would disable the men for weeks. To prove his point, "Fighting Joe" got off his own horse and placed a sick soldier on it. Then picking up a rifle, Wheeler called out, "Come on, Boys!" and set off on foot. Leading the infantrymen himself, the sixty-three-year-old Confederate overtook the cavalry and brought up his men in fine shape, ready and eager for battle.

On June 16, 1900, Joseph Wheeler was rewarded by being commissioned a brigadier general in the regular army — President McKinley conveniently overlooking a law which banned ex-Rebels from even becoming lieutenants. "Fighting Joe" retired in September of that year from the army he had first entered as a cadet 46 years earlier in 1854.

Joseph Wheeler retired to his plantation near Courtland, an honored and beloved figure throughout the nation. He died on January 26, 1906, while on a visit to Brooklyn, New York. He

was buried at Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia, on the former plantation of his great commander, Robert E. Lee.

The End

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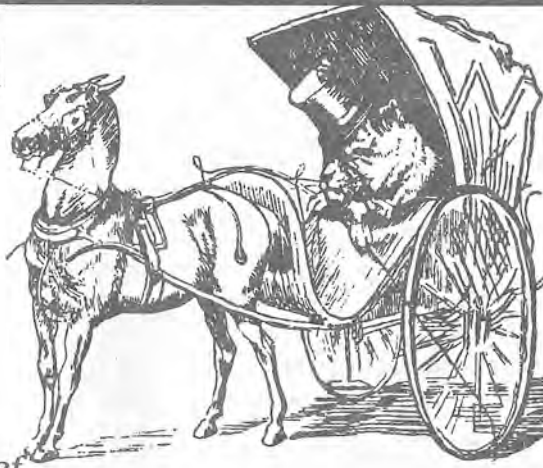
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\$50 Reward For Thief Who Stole My Horse

*Be on lookout
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Huntsville horse thief*



On the 23 of October last, a man who called his name J. Wilbond sold me a Horse, and said he was going back to Huntsville, from which place he came here; I paid him, he then took the stage, went a few miles, whereupon the driver said he got out and went into the woods. That night my stable was broken open, and the horse I bought off

him stolen out, with a new saddle and bridle.

As said Wilbond has not been heard of since, no doubt but he returned that night and stole my horse. Wilbond is a large man, blue eyes and fair complexion, and says but little - wore a black cloak, and black cloth coat. The man's height was about 6 feet 2 or 3 inches, and

he limped as one of his legs looked to have an injury. The saddle is new, had never been used.

Since he was a saddler by trade, he no doubt recognized the value of the article. His name was Thos. J. Wilbond, had on a brown or red brown set of pantaloons, probably pirated from someone else. I will pay \$50 for the delivery of said Wilbond and the horse to me, living at the Bell Tavern in Winchester, Tennessee, and for the horse alone, \$25. Wm. Rawkins.

November 23, 1827

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Silent Echoes Of Johnsonville

*First Complete Story
of Forrest
on the
Tennessee River*

Athens.

He was turned around and again sent north with the mission to cut Sherman's supply lines,

leave him stranded in hostile Atlanta, and force him to abandon any thoughts of cutting across Georgia.

The cornerstone of the book is the premise that "we would use the recollections of those that were actually there rather than the speculative views of those that wished they had been there."

This saga of Johnsonville is many things:

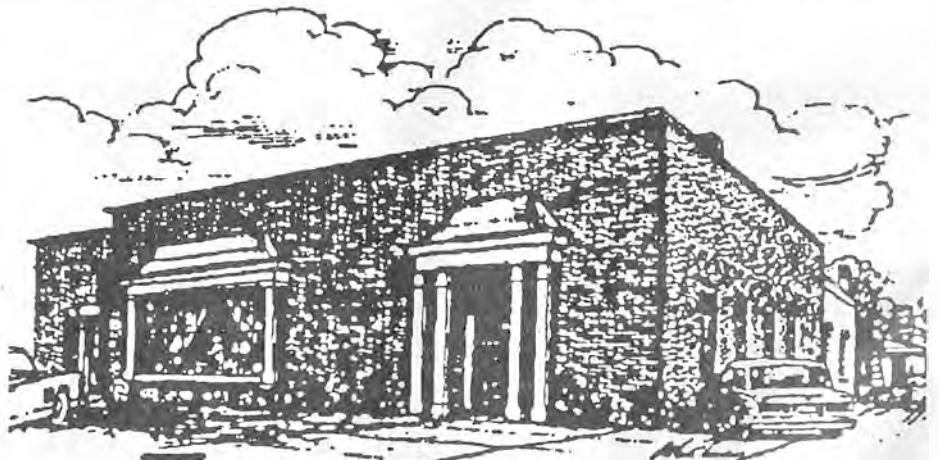
Johnsonville - born of the U.S.A., Ravaged by the C.S.A., and then buried by the T.V.A.

A motley group of hungry and ill-shod Confederate veterans disgracing the U.S. Navy, humiliating the U.S. Army, and during a "turkey shoot," destroying Sherman's major sup-

Now available - a profusely illustrated, beautifully hard-bound edition concerning the little known Tennessee Valley Campaign that failed to prevent Sherman's "March to the Sea."

Local author Col. Donald H. Steenburn, retired from Redstone Arsenal, recently stated: "Each time I read one of the numerous but summarized accounts of the Johnsonville, Tennessee, campaign it told me that I had in my hands an unbelievable sequence of events that could have had a major impact on the outcome of the Civil War. The more I read, the more I was intrigued and just had to know the complete story!"

All of this happened just six days after Major General Nathan B. Forrest returned from his North Alabama foray where he captured the Athens, Alabama garrison with a ruse and destroyed Sulphur Branch Trestle and the railroad, just north of



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ply depot on the Tennessee River.

And it generated these comments and questions:

"We remember hearing about the Pueblo being captured some years ago but we never knew this had happened to our Navy before - and by cavalry?"

"Do you mean to say Jesse James later buried twin sons at that place?"

"This has to be the cover-up of the century particularly with the Rebels outsmarting the Union."

"This has to be part of a dime novel even though I know it's history."

And finally, "I don't understand how could all this be allowed to happen? It's almost as if the Government won't admit what went on here and just let it go away."

The Johnsonville campaign has been characterized in history as a "great success that failed." The whole episode was officially reported, summarily dismissed and then long forgotten as the results were conveniently negated by history - the Civil War ended. If any such saga had taken place in modern times, the repercussions would eclipse Watergate, the media would have a field day and heads would roll in the Pentagon.

Here, then, are the "Silent Echoes of Johnsonville" - the campaign narrative based primarily on the accounts of those that were actually there, what has befallen the depot in modern times and what is in store for this historic site.

The secret to staying young
is to eat sensibly, exercise
moderately, and lie about
your age.

The Strength of Our Nation by Brooks Fulmer

I know three things that must always
be to keep a nation strong and free.

One is a hearthstone bright and dear
with busy, happy loved ones near.

One is a ready heart and hand to love
and serve and keep our land.

One is a worn and beaten way to where
the people go to pray. So long as these
are kept alive, our nation and people will
survive.

God please keep them always every-
where, the hearthstone, the nation's flag
unfurled and a sacred place to pray.

Amen.

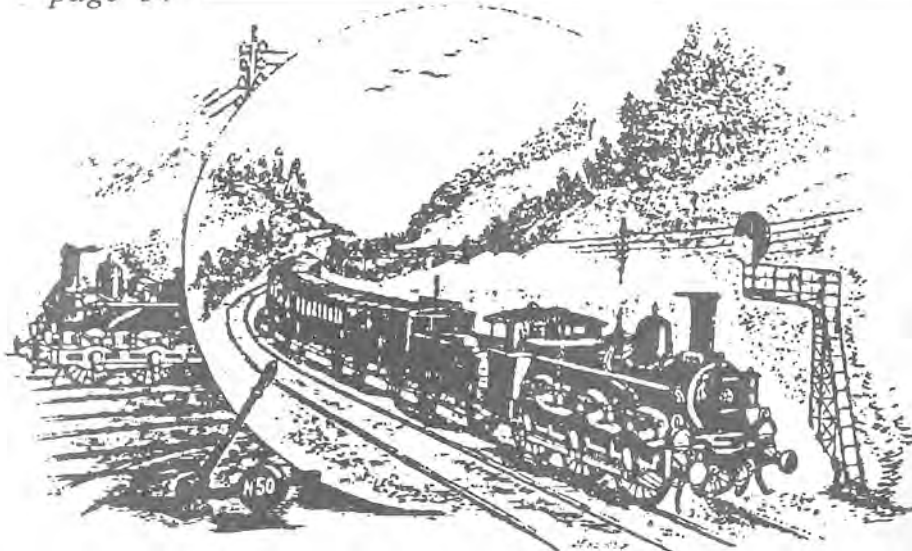
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A History of Monte Sano

Descendants of Thomas Fearn were told by their parents that this ancestor gave Monte Sano Mountain its name. He had a sick child whom he was convinced the mountain air would help cure. After doctoring the child for a long time without success, he built a cabin on the mountain and carried the child and its nurse up there on horseback. In a few weeks the child

was cured, so he called the plateau, "Monte Sano."

This is likely true as Thomas Fearn was a physician and familiar with the Latin language in which Monte Sano means "mountain of health."

The mountain must have received its name in the mid 1820s as the first printed reference to Monte Sano was in an advertisement relating to the

Monte Sano Female Academy, which was founded in 1829.

The first recorded purchase of land on the mountain was by Charles Cabaness, on Sept. 18, 1809. Two years later William Patton acquired forty acres, and shortly afterwards Judge William Smith, a U.S. Senator from North Carolina, purchased another 160 acres.

Though a few families had already settled on the mountain, it was the purchase 80 acres in 1814 by John Martin that started the development of the mountain. Lots were laid out and roads were built for the community that would soon become known as Viduta.

Huntsville was taken over by Federal troops in 1862 and maintained as their headquarters until the close of the war. With this situation, many Confederates traveled to a vantage point on the mountain to get a view of conditions in the city.

During the war things were rather quiet on the mountain. Occasionally, some roving band of Yankees scoured the top in search of food or Rebel sympathizers, but, on the whole, it was no place for fighting. Not even a skirmish occurred there.

The Yankees, however, destroyed many of the homes on Monte Sano, especially those in Viduta. These went at different times, depending on the mood of the particular band making the visit.

A Federal hospital was erected during the war in the upper end of Fagan's Hollow, then called Hospital Hollow. This building was located near the spring and was one of the few structures built in this section by the invaders.

In May of 1862, before the

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war had actually been felt in this part of the country, Johnathan Broad, an Englishman, was hired by Messrs. Baker and Conway to mine coal on the mountain.

When the Yankees located their camps around Huntsville they found they needed coal for their tents and barracks, so they commandeered the mine Broad had started. Thirty soldiers were detailed to work there.

Despite the fact that Broad had only been in this country a short while and still had not obtained his citizenship papers, the Yankees still called him "a damn old secesh," and put him to work hauling the coal as it was excavated.

As the war came to an end, recalled W.T. Bennett, a Confederate veteran, his company was ordered to surrender to a Federal force at the spring on the mountain. On May 11, 1865, they marched to the spring and stacked arms. Five gallons of brandy and honey, brought from Huntsville by the Yankees, awaited them there. They drank greedily in the heavy rain, he remembered that was falling that day.

Then they marched to the present day site of Huntsville Hospital where they were assigned to different homes to be fed and housed for the night.

Monte Sano had no reconstruction period. Buildings burned during the war were left a mass of ruins. After all, the mountain was considered a resort and people had no time for "resorting."

Johnathan Broad, left with his wagons and team when the Yankees departed, resumed his coal mining operations. This industry became a lucrative business. Much of the coal was sold

right at the mouth of the mine, while orders soon increased to the point where as many as thirty wagons a day were employed in hauling the fuel to Huntsville.

Laborers flocked to the mines where the high wages of \$1.00 per hundred pounds was paid for digging. Some workmen earned as much as \$33.00 a day in this manner.

With coal mining such a lucrative business, others came to share the profits. John Sullivan opened up several mines, one of which extended through the plateau. Another mine, though much smaller, was operated by Tommy Mennard.

As the mines were started,

they were named after the man who first opened them. Some of the mine's names were the "Dick Rice," "Valentine Wool," and the "Matt Blanford."

The vein of coal, never very large, had become unprofitable to mine by the 1890s. In 1899, Johnathan Broad closed his operation and coal mining on Monte Sano came to an end.

In 1878, there began a continuous train of publicity which was to lead in a few years to the erection of an immense hotel. Two wealthy New Yorkers, James and M.J. O'Shaughnessy, supplied the capital. As a sign of their faith in the community, they also built their homes here. James remod-

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eled the Fearn cottage on the mountain while M.J. erected the residence on Meridian Pike known as "Kildare."

On Feb. 16, a group of men visited the mountain and selected a spot for the hotel. One week later, 16 teams were busy hauling lumber, lime, cement, and other building materials to the site. Over 60 men were employed continuously in the construction.

Anticipating trouble supplying the hotel with water, the improvement company installed a pump at the Big Spring. Water was then pumped up the side of the mountain to a reservoir in

front of the hotel. By means of another steam pump, water for drinking purposes was obtained from Cold Spring, and distributed to all parts of the hotel.

A laundry and servants quarters were placed some distance to the rear of the hotel, but close enough to enable the help to be summoned with little trouble. Other amenities included landscaping done by a landscape artist imported from New York, and twenty miles of bridle paths with numerous places for viewing the spectacular scenery from atop the mountain.

An event widely applauded,

judging by the amount of press in the local papers, was the hiring of S.E. Bates as manager of the hotel. He had just closed the Continental Hotel in Pensacola, Fla., a resort where he had attracted over 2500 guests during the winter season. His motto was, "the kitchen is the foundation of every good hotel."

Finally after a year and half of construction, the hotel was opened. It fast became a mecca for the elite, with its guest register reading like a Who's Who of wealthy and prominent names. Some of the guests who stayed at the hotel were the Vanderbilts, William Waldorf Astor, and J. Gould.

In 1889, a dummy line for a railroad was built up the side of the mountain for the convenience of tourists and sightseers. The railroad, due to a series of accidents, never completely won the public's approval.

Spanish American War soldiers who camped on the mountain during 1898 were largely responsible for activities that year. One military ball that season attracted 1250 persons, among them 32 officers. Another outstanding event that year was the introduction of electricity to the mountain.

The hotel opened for its last full season in 1900. Transportation and other problems combined to account for its drop in popularity. Though a large number of guests had registered that year, the hotel's death knell had sounded.

During the year 1909 the hotel was sold to Mrs. Lena Garth who turned it into her summer home. (A rather large one!)

continued on page 38

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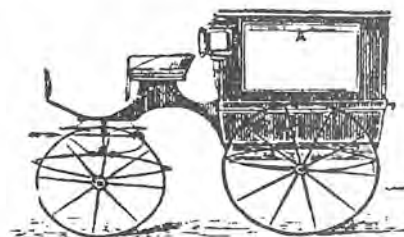
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The next twenty years saw the small community atop the mountain began to decline. Many of the people who lived there moved to town and houses began to fall into disrepair. Casual sightseers found it increasingly difficult to enjoy the spectacular view after the railroad was abandoned. The wagon road, leading from Huntsville to the mountain, became rutted and overgrown.

Ironically, the Great Depression, which devastated much of the country, proved to be Monte Sano's salvation. The government, in an effort to create employment, declared much of the mountain to be a state park and established a CCC camp there.

Years later, one member of the CCC would remember that the roads were so bad they actually followed the telephone lines up the mountain!

Over the next several years the park began to take on a different appearance. Members of the CCC rebuilt many of the roads on the mountain and constructed guest lodgings that are still in existence today.

In 1938, the largest outdoor pageant ever held in North Alabama was held on Monte Sano. The pageant, entitled "Huntsville Moves On," drew a crowd estimated at over fifteen thousand people. Opening with the Indian legend of Monte Sano, the pageant lasted more than three hours, with some 600 characters being enacted.

High spots of the pageant included the Big Spring scene of 1805 when John Hunt first settled in Huntsville, arrival of the settlers, the land sales of 1809 and 1819 and the visit of President James Monroe. The Civil War scene, during which

Confederate soldiers returned to their homes, drew special interest.

In this episode, the speaker for the returning soldiers, Douglas Taylor, dressed in a gray uniform, wore the sword used by his father, Captain Thomas J. Taylor and carried a canteen his wife's father had used during the Civil War.

A "Gay Nineties" scene taken from the old Monte Sano Hotel drew loud applause when the dancers presented a colorful performance in their exquisite costumes.

Episode 111, in which the CCC camp on the mountain was the whole show, gave the spectators a brief idea of the life of a CCC worker and the responsibilities placed upon the shoulders of those in charge of the camp. One hundred CCC boys, dressed in brown uniforms, made their appearance on the stage during this scene, receiving orders from their superiors.

Throughout the entire performance the audience was entertained by soloists, including Miss Frances Roberts, Miss Nell Esslinger and Miss Estelle Cicero.

All in all, it was a performance worthy of the grand mountain on which it was performed.

With the renewed interest, people once again began building homes and the mountain began to take on the look and feel of a small community. Bankhead Parkway made it possible to travel to Huntsville in a few minutes and the mountain slowly became a desirable place to live.

The next chapter in the history of Monte Sano Mountain would not be written until the

early 1950s, when many of the German rocket scientists made their homes there.

But as one historian has often said, that is another story.

We would all have fewer dental problems if we just brushed our teeth every day as well as we do on the day we see our dentist.

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often. Not only do raw vegetables help you lose weight, it has been proven that the benefits to your heart, health and just overall well-being are numerous.

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from 1911 newspaper

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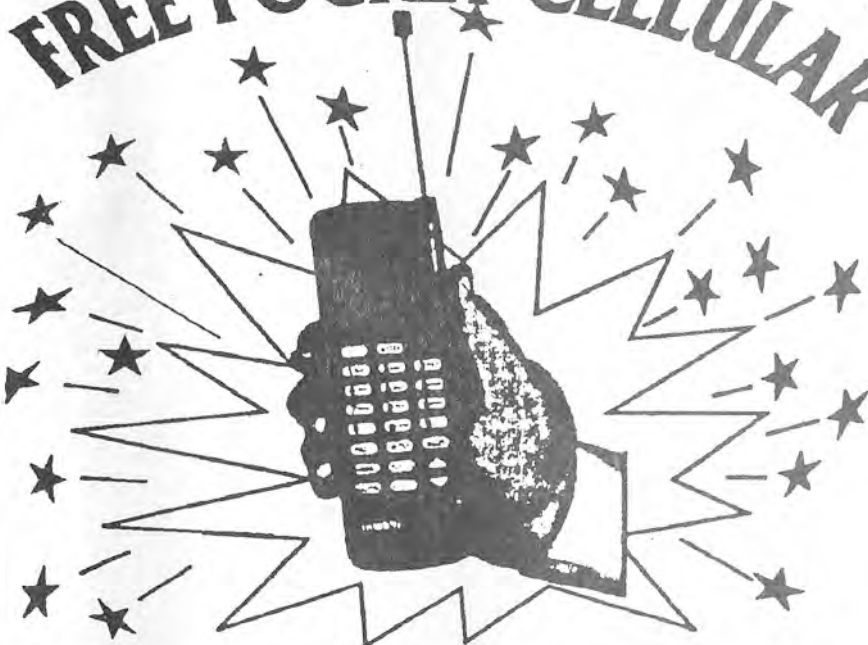
When you're in the grocery store look for Kentucky Kernel Seasoned flour - it has the best flavor when you're making or battering chicken. You'll find it in the flour section.

Dawn soap does last longer! It seems soapier than the other dishwashing liquids - therefore you don't use as much.

Take some Granny Smith apples - cut up in halves, then quarters, then eights, then chunks - no need to core or peel. Put in Ziploc bag - add about 1/4 c. lemon juice, seal and mix up - put in fridge for fast and delicious snacks.

Try that with cut up raw carrots, cauliflower and broccoli - lemon juice adds a good flavor to all vegetables. And if you have them in the fridge where it's convenient to eat - you'll do it more

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The Phantoms of Fearn Street

by Walt Terry

How many old-timers, or semi-old-timers, remember the days back in the late '50s and the '60s when the phantoms ghosted the environs of Fearn between Lookout Drive and the 180-degree curve?

These were broad-daylight phantoms, older-men phantoms, and they apparitioned on Saturdays or Sundays or on any day of the week, really. They appeared to read a book or magazine in their cars, or they got out and brushed idly at door or fender with a rag, or they peered vacantly under a raised hood, or



they affected a lingering interest in the wonders of nature.

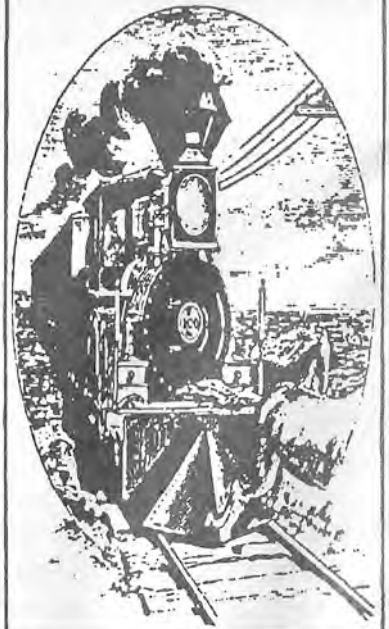
There were never any women in sight. There was a definite aura of waiting, and the men were all the more suspicious for their charade of pseudo-innocence.

One or more of the following attractions came to mind: 1) a whiskey still or shot shack, 2)

a prostitute operation, 3) a floating crap game. Eventually the cars would sit lonesomely unattended, their former occupants having vaporized into the surrounding woods - presumably in pursuit of whatever mysterious treasures they might find there.

Lasting for a few bewildering months, an outhouse-looking shed appeared like an overnight mushroom below the abandoned quarry where the old "Monte Sano Turnpike" intersects Fearn. Ernie LaRose and I, in a fit of shameless curiosity, traced a pair of electric wires from the shed to a utility pole on the old Yarbrough property at the top of the mountain. This excursion served only to deepen the

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mystery.

Some time later my wife Sue and I and several of our kids were exploring the same area when suddenly we ran up on a man in dirty overalls and a sweat-stained slouch hat, hunkered down on a large rock. He squatted there in statue-like stillness, balefully surveying us with reptilian eyes.

Laid across his lap was what looked for all the world like a lever-action thirty-ought-six. No rabbit or squirrel gun, that's for sure. Lurking is the best word I can think of for what he was doing. Our friendly (and probably more than a little nervous) "Hidy," got no response at all, and he continued to glare at us in a most inhospitable manner. We hastened away from there with an uneasy feeling we'd intruded on his "territory."

Before many months had passed the shed disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared, and after awhile the cars with their phantom drivers disappeared too, dissolving perhaps into the environment, like melting snow or the fading light of day.

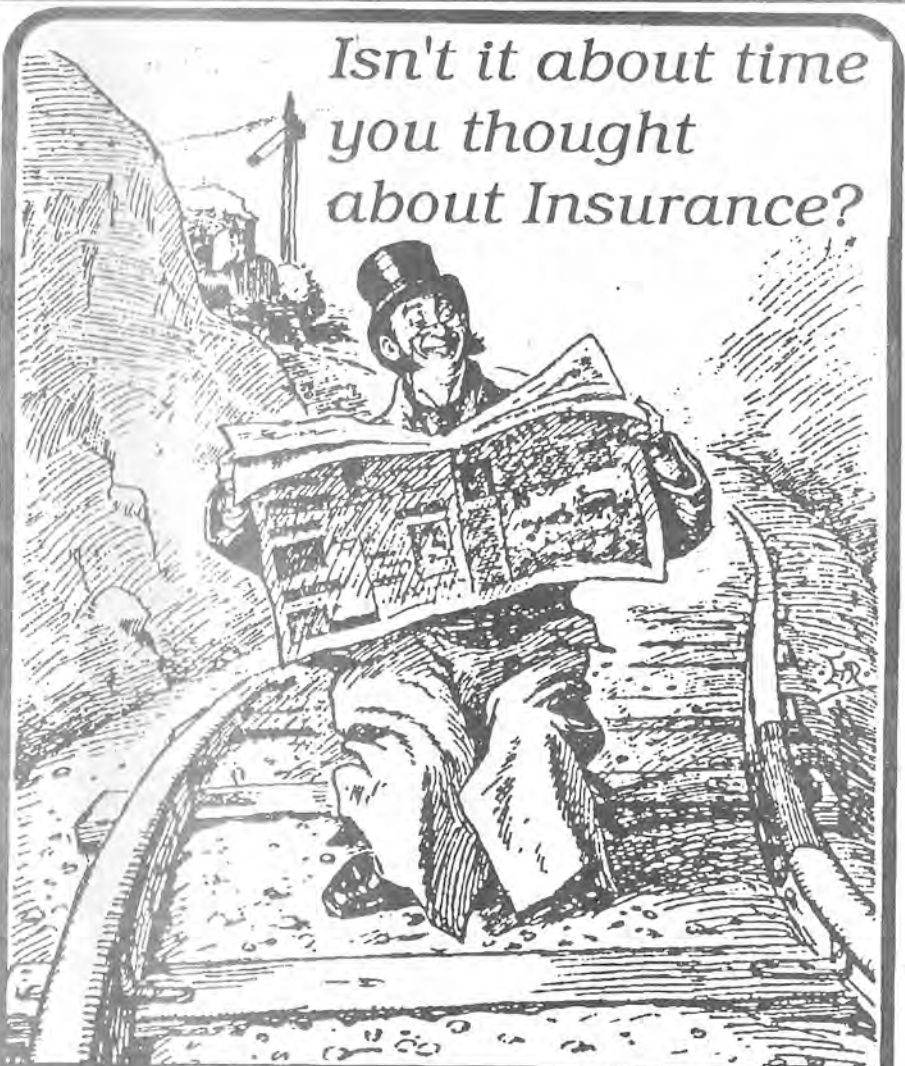
The mystery lingers, as far as I'm concerned, but at the same time I realize there might well be a completely logical and un-menacing explanation for all this. Do we have any better informed folks or better sleuths out there than Ernie and the Terry family?

The best way to keep the kids at home is to offer a loving atmosphere, good food, and let the air out of all the car tires.

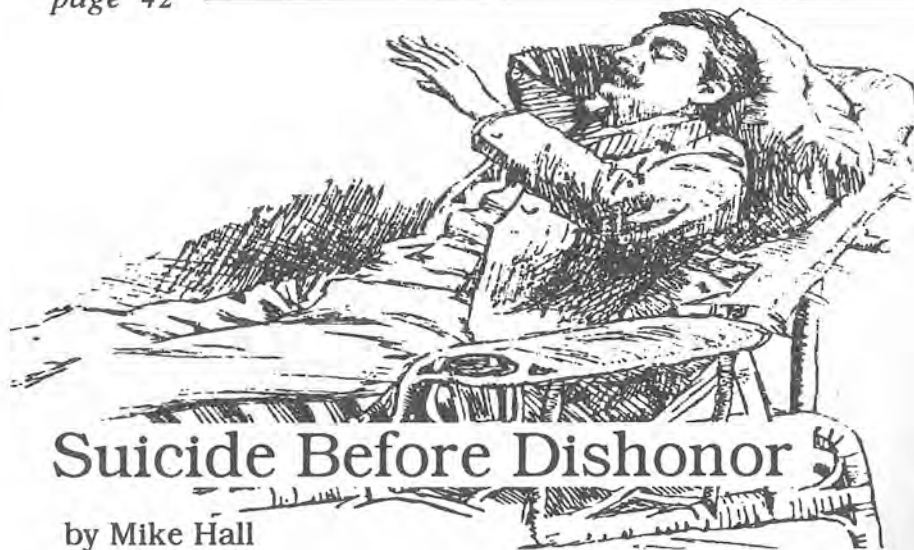
HIS HONOR THE MAYOR

Huntsville Mayor R. E. Smith, who engaged in a fight with J. E. Pierce, editor of *The Huntsville Times*, sat on his own case in the police court this morning. The case of Pierce was called first, and the defendant was discharged although he entered a plea of guilty. The mayor next called his own case and entered a fine of \$10 against himself because of the fact that he was the aggressor in the affray.

from 1912 newspaper



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Suicide Before Dishonor

by Mike Hall

Suicide is the outward manifestation of one's deep inner pain. Perhaps this is what Drs. Dement and Lowery were thinking as they quickly made their way to the cell where the prisoner lay bleeding.

The winter of 1886 had not been as severe as some the doctors could remember. Of course, it was only January, and another couple of months before they could commit this one to memory.

Though the winter had been relatively mild, the Huntsville jail was cold. All jails are cold, the doctors had decided. Cold, damp--no matter how attentive the jailers are to maintaining the building, the floor of a jail cell was always cold.

George T. Foote had been arrested earlier in the week and was being held for trial in the murder of a man known only as Phillips.

Phillips' charred body had been discovered in the ruins of the Calaboose (a small jail) at Gurley's Station. The initial investigation revealed that Phillips had been murdered and the Calaboose set ablaze in an attempt to make Phillips' death appear accidental.

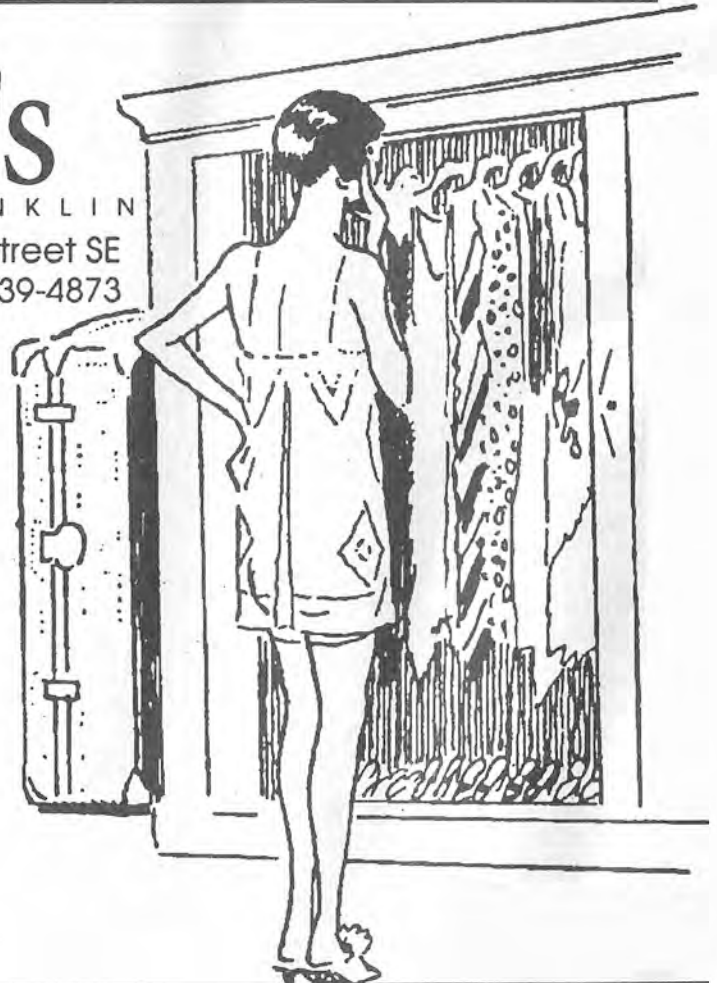
Local citizens, when ques-

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tioned, described the victim as a "harmless old citizen." Two men had been arrested in the case. Each were said to have known Phillips and were aware of the fact that he was thought to have money on his person. Each of the suspects had implicated George Foote as having been involved in the murder and in the burning of the Calaboose at Gurley's Station.

As Drs. Dement and Lowery entered Foote's cell, they found him lying on the floor bleeding profusely from a horrendous gash on his throat. Somehow, the forty year old prisoner had smuggled a horse fleam (a long dagger-like instrument veterinarians used to sever the artery of a horse needing to be bled) into his cell and used it to slash his own throat.

It was no surprise to the doctors that a killer would attempt to kill again. But the man whose throat they were hurriedly stitching was no killer. The fact that Foote had been driven to take a life was obvious. That he could stand accused of inflicting pain upon anyone other than himself was beyond their comprehension. For doctors Dement and Lowery, the surprise was not in Foote's attempted suicide. The surprise was that he had been incarcerated in the first place.

The Foote family name had denoted wealth and prominence for centuries. Their's had been a family of firsts. Richard Foote had been one of the first settlers of colonial Virginia. The Footes of England had been one of the first families to lose their wealth due to the War of the Roses. The substantial character of the family had taken them from poverty to riches in the new colonies of America.

George Foote was born and raised seven miles south of Athens, Alabama. His parents, Levin and Margaret Foote, had provided George with every advantage their wealth would allow. As a young boy, he had been raised in the midst of culture and refinement.

In 1861, Alabama seceded from the Union. At the age of fifteen, George was one of the first to join the group of young men taking their place in the Confederate army. For four long years, George Foote served with distinction.

Upon hearing of the charge against Foote, a former comrade in arms stated, "It is absolutely untrue! George Foote was too brave a man to murder anyone. I am for him, and would acquit him if every man in Gurley swore to his guilt. I remember well

when our army was retreating from Corinth, Mississippi. I was a wounded soldier and was left, at midnight, in a cold rain. George Foote came to the platform that I was lying on, took off his rubber coat, and spread it over me. He gave me half a loaf of sour bread--all he had on this earth, and rode off with the retreating army in his shirt sleeves. That kind of a man don't murder or burn."

In 1864, after a long illness, George's father, Levin, died. There was no Will and everything but the original homestead was sold to pay off Levin's debts. Margaret would die five years later.

Like so many others returning from the war with no marketable skills, George soon fell prey to alcohol. A journalist of the day wrote, "He was an easy

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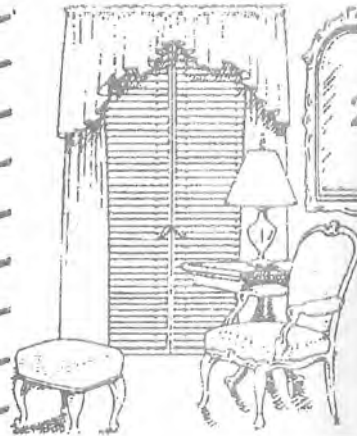
victim to the habit of intemperance, but never, even in drunkenness, did he forget the instincts of a gentleman, or fail to lift his hat and show every courtesy to a lady."

It was only after his attempted suicide that Foote began to relate the events leading up to his arrest.

In an interview, later published in *The New South*, (a Huntsville, Ala. newspaper) Foote, when asked the reason for his attempted suicide, stated, "I prefer dying to putting the strain on my name as a murderer. I am not guilty and had no more idea that Phillips was murdered than you have. I was drunk waiting for the last saloon to close... I don't know what else. I don't know who killed Phillips. I only remember seeing Childress set fire to the Calaboose while Seward stood guard over me... and this seems like a dream (Childress and Seward were the other two men accused of Phillips' murder). For God's sake, don't let the world think I am a murderer; they may hang me, kill me, do as they will with me-- even cut the stitches and let me die! But, tell the people no blood is on my hands. I was drunk, knocking around in the darkness, and those two scoundrels found me, after men had gone to bed, and tried to put their crime on me. They could have had no other possible use for me. They could have murdered me or done anything else to me."

It soon became apparent to all that the only thing George Foote could be charged with was-public drunkenness. In fact, his inebriated state had almost become the pathway for a perfect crime. After examining all the evidence, investigators pieced to-

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gether the following: On the night in question, Childress and Seward robbed and murdered Phillips. They left the scene long enough to find Foote, whom they had already spotted wandering aimlessly through the darkened streets in a drunken stupor. They then led Foote back to the scene of the crime, where Childress set fire to the Cala-

boose while Seward stood guard over Foote. The events that unfolded after Foote's arrest could only be viewed as those of a man sorely grieved to have tarnished his family's name. On January 22, 1886, the Grand Jury reported to the Circuit judge that the evidence was not sufficient to justify the indictment of George T. Foote. The sheriff immediately

discharged Mr. Foote who, upon release, left for his home in Limestone County.

Suicide is the outward manifestation of one's deep inner pain. In the case of George T. Foote, it was the key that eventually unlocked the door to freedom.

The End



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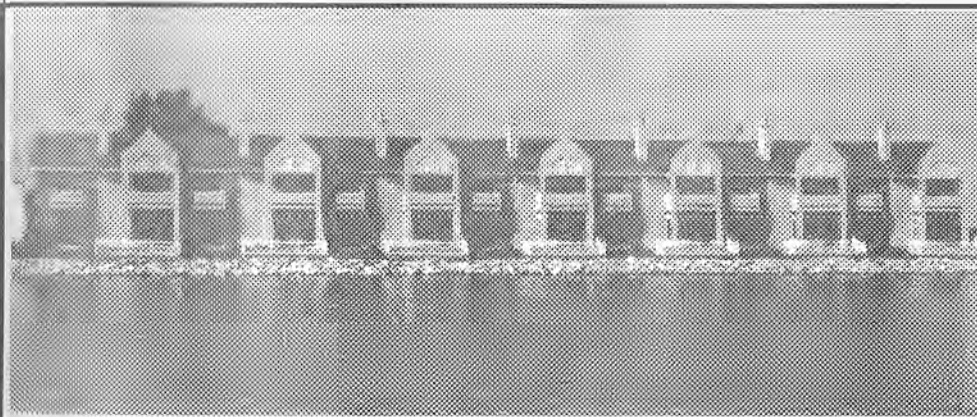
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When the Circus Came to Town

by Judy Wills

In the days before movies and television, Huntsville residents were eager for any kind of traveling entertainment. They came in droves to see horse fairs, plays, and circuses. Even the famous Buffalo Bill Cody came to Huntsville with his famous Wild West Show.

The tradition of the traveling circus goes back to at least Roman times. It might be a group with only a few horses and dogs, but any circus, small or large, was assured a good audience. Even the fighting during the War Between the States didn't stop circuses from trying to perform, at least in the cities that were under Union occupation. A circus visiting Nashville in late 1864 just managed to get out of town before the major battle that occurred in mid-December. They were at times accused of spying and sometimes it was true, but garrison commanders had a hard time ensuring the loyalty of the troops and let the traveling performers hold their show anyway, albeit under heavy guard.

In late October, 1916, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus came to Huntsville. They were already billed as the "Greatest Show on Earth." P. T. Barnum sought entertainers from all over the world and local people could hardly wait to see

the circus freaks as well as the wild animals. This particular circus featured over 130 horses, performing ones as well as the wagon pulling variety. In those days, the circus parade was a major event. Howard Harbin, a retired Madison County employee who had seen the parade as a small child, recalled that the parade would stop every now and then to put on a small skit. This was meant to whet the appetite of the crowd to come and see the main performance. The parade was to move along Jefferson Street and then Washington Street until it came to the site of the performance tents. This was a cleared tract of land on the east side of North Washington Street near the Southern Railway depot.

There had been great debate about whether the city of Huntsville should extend its cor-

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porate limits to include the site where the circus would be held. If the site had been inside the city limits, the city would have received \$150 plus a payment of \$75 for a permit to hold the parade. Some of the citizens felt that the circus was a bad thing to have and could contribute to the decline of morality in Huntsville, but the mayor and council were in favor of having the circus inside the city limits so that the city, instead of the county, could benefit from the sale of a privilege license to the circus. Other local cities had derived as much as \$1,000 from a visit from the circus. The opponents of extending the city limits were in the majority and the city lost the opportunity to receive a larger portion of the \$300 collected by the county.

Howard Harbin recalled that his family, who lived in Maysville, loaded into the wagon early in order to be in town before the parade started. In 1916 it was a two-and-a-half hour trip to Huntsville by wagon. The Harbin family found a good spot to watch the parade on Washington Street. When the parade broke up, the Harbins joined the crowd that followed the menagerie to the circus site. As they neared the site, a great commotion broke out. Harbin and his family saw smoke coming up from a little rise, just ahead of the big top. They moved away from the crowd to a place behind a grove of trees.

Just at that moment, horses started galloping in panic from over the hill. More than 100 horses had been stabled in a tent just over the rise. There were two rows of horses with a long manger that held grain and hay. They had been visited by

scores of onlookers and horse fanciers. It isn't known exactly how a fire started, but most of the men were smoking cigars and apparently a discarded cigar butt was tossed into the manger. The weather had been very dry that month and it did not require much to start a fire. With so many of the circus employees involved in the parade, there were not enough workers to put out the fire. The workers started cutting

the horses loose, but the fire was spreading faster than they could release them. The tent caught fire and the screams of the horses were horrendous. Before the day was over 27 of the most seriously injured horses were shot to death and in the end a total of 130 horses had died of burns or been shot.

The disposal of animals had always been a problem in the city. The carcasses were

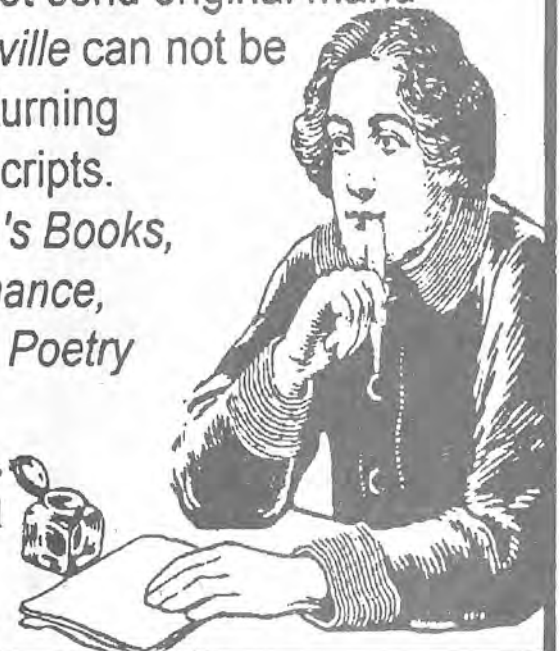
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hailed to a site that was at the corner of present day Owens and McClung, then, the site of the pest house. This disposal was of a magnitude that had not been anticipated before. State law provided that carcasses be hauled to a site where the odor of burning them would not reach residences. This was not possible on the pest house land so the circus officials contracted a local man who claimed that he could bury them at the required two-foot depth. The local contractor was paid \$100 for his efforts and started digging trenches.

The circus fire had been on Saturday and by the following Wednesday it was apparent that the job was too much for the man who had taken it on. Rather than allow the matter to grow into a law suit instituted by angry residents, Judge Archie McDonnell and Mayor T. T. Terry went to the site and put to work every available truck and wagon they could procure. Eventually, all the dead horses had been hauled to the site and enough trenches had been dug to hold them.

It was not the sort of revenue enhancing event that the city fathers had anticipated. The city and the county had to pay for almost all of the labor involved plus the hiring of the trucks and wagons. Efforts were begun immediately to get the circus to pay for the disposal but it was not an easy task and it would be forty-nine years before Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey would visit Huntsville again.

The cost of living is always
about the same:
all a person has.



Wanted: Kind People

This month the Ark has for adoption two dogs who were victims of the Joppa tornado. One is a black lab-mix with a wonderful disposition. She is about a year old and should be great with children. The other dog is a year-old gentle Pekinese Beagle mix who was abandoned by his owner. When found he was given much needed medical care and grooming and before he is adopted out will be neutered, given all shots and guaranteed to be healthy.

Queenie, who was formerly adopted, has come back to us as her owner is moving and couldn't take her with the family. She's a good-natured, medium-size, black dog who deserves a better chance than she has had so far.

We have two black kittens about three months old and Kittles, a cat who resents being cooped up and who would make a good outside cat. We are thankful to the readers who have opened their homes and hearts

to our former residents.

All of the animals that the Ark rescues have undergone much trauma. They have been abandoned by their owners and have been picked up by Animal Control or turned in to them. Some have been life-long, faithful pets whose owners just no longer want them. If a dog or a cat is lost and no one goes to the Huntsville Animal Shelter to look for them or advertises for them, they can be disposed of and most end up in the gas chamber. It is from this population that the Ark does its rescuing.

Imagine what it is like for a loving pet to end up in a noisy and frightening shelter. Think, too, how they feel when some of their neighbors are retrieved and they aren't or what they must feel when their neighbors are being rounded up for the gas chamber. It really is surprising that animals can so quickly put the bad memories behind and so quickly adapt to a kind and loving new home.

Household Tips by EARLENE



can stretch) pantyhose leg. Nail up in a cool, dark location. When you need an onion, just cut off the bottom one!

Save all your nylons/pantyhose and when you have enough, they make a great filling for homemade pillows! Washable, too!

Keep your dishwashing liquid handy by the sink by putting it in a pretty hand soap dispenser that you've used up, just refill as necessary. It's easy to press the top and put just what you need in the sink for your dishes.

An old podiatrist told me that if men would take two facial tissues, step on them, then put their socks on over them - that they will find their feet do not tire out so fast by the end of the day.

If you have some leftover linoleum after doing your floors, cut them the same size as your drawers and line all your kitchen drawers - easy to clean, attractive and very sturdy.

**Bad politicians are elected
by good citizens who
do not vote.**

If you're painting a room and don't like the odor, just cut up a raw onion and leave it in the room. It'll make the paint smell disappear, and so will the onion smell!

It is possible to make your cedar closet as good as new. Either rent an electric belt sander and sand the boards, or go to the hardware store and get some oil of cedar. Just paint the boards following the directions on the can.

It's almost time to close up the fireplace, but we may have a few more cold nights. To make your fireplace smell great, save all of your orange, tangerine, lemon, lime, grapefruit peelings. When you have a bagful, just throw them in the fire. They snap and sparkle and give off a delightful aroma. Try this around the campfire, too.

For a good-smelling car - try putting some freshly ground coffee in a paper bag and leaving it under your seat. You know how good coffee smells - your whole car can smell like this. Or try using freshly mulched cedar shavings - put in a paper bag also.

When you unpack after that long trip, put a cake of unwrapped soap in the suitcase before shutting it up. When you

open it up again for that next trip, it will not have that musty smell.

Unwrap all your cakes of soap when you buy them at the grocery store, put them in the closet where you keep your sheets and towels. The soap actually lasts longer because it dries out a bit, and the whole closet smells good.

Some great uses for nylons:

Take several together and tie in a knot. Double it over and tie another knot. Cut where appropriate to make it into a dish scrub.

When you want to save onions for later, take a leg from your pantyhose, drop in an onion. Tie a knot on top of the onion, and drop in another one. Do this until you have about 10 onions in a long (it's amazing how far nylons

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The Doctor Sez

by Annelie M. Owens, M.D.

At some time or other, many of us have been suddenly awakened from a deep sleep because of a cramp in the leg. The pain is severe and when you try to move the cramped muscle, it contracts violently.

In most cases there is no cause for concern. Night cramps are very common.

An ordinary cramp lasts no longer than a few minutes and will usually clear up on its own accord. Usually there is visible distortion of the affected area along with the sudden pain, and if you feel the muscle, it seems hard and tense.

Some people are awakened quite regularly because of a leg cramp. Usually, there is no underlying, or specific, cause for a sudden leg cramp other than too much or unaccustomed physical activity, prolonged periods of sitting, standing or lying in an uncomfortable position. Other causes include dehydration or use of diuretics.

Though the cause of a leg cramp often may not be known, there are ways to hasten relief and ease the pain. One way is to massage the muscle and gradually force it to function. While massaging, straighten your leg and point the toes upward. If the cramp is in the calf, stand up and

put your weight on the cramped leg and bend the knee slightly.

If you are bothered by recurring nighttime leg cramps, you might consider raising the foot of your bed slightly higher than it is now.

Relaxing and sipping a glass of milk just before you retire may also help. Drink plenty of liquids daily - 6 to 8 cups or more. Fluids help your muscles contract and relax.

If you continue to have frequent and troublesome cramps you should consult your doctor. He may prescribe quinine or a muscle relaxant for the condition.

If you repeatedly have cramping in the leg when you walk, this could be a circulatory disorder and should be cause for seeing your doctor.



A sad-looking man went into a Huntsville drug store the other day, saying "Can you give me something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?"

The druggist nodded and put hm up a little dose of quinine and wormwood and rhubarb and epsom salts and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him.

For six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the horrible taste out of his mouth.

1866 newspaper

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Black Fox of the South

by Jo Shaffer

Night at its blackest — hours before dawn. The raiders, having trekked silently through the dense woods from their mountain hideout, had just reached the cabin. Circling stealthily, they took their positions to block all exits. As they held their breaths, awaiting the signal from their leader, Black Fox whistled sharply. With loud war whoops the party crashed through the brush and descended upon the cabin's sleeping occupants. Their yells were soon joined by screams of terror as the family was cruelly awakened. Once inside the home, torches brought to blazing life illuminated the dreadful scene. Three young girls huddled around their mother as she did her best to shield them with her arms and her nightdress. Her husband, angry and bewildered, glared first at the men, then at his rifle across the room. Black Fox nodded his head, and two of the raiders came forward with a rope. As they bound him securely, he began his plea.

"Bill, what are you doing? You can't Bill, we've been neigh-



bors for ten years. For God's sake, Bill, you've taught school to my daughters! Listen to me."

"Shut up, Traitor, or I'll shut you up for good," replied the lanky, bearded man known to enemies and friends alike as the "Black Fox."

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

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

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GIANT

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

It was further resolved at this meeting that, although their loyalty belonged to the Union, they would not take up arms against their neighbors but would remain neutral in the War.

William Bauck Looney was born in Morgan County in 1827. His father, Moses, had come to Alabama from Tennessee seven years earlier. Bill Looney grew up in the hills of Winston County, and knew the caves and forests as intimately as only a young boy could. With poverty as his companion, he learned to hunt, fish, and live off the land. When he grew up he became a school-teacher. In these days before "public" schools, teacher's salary were paid by the parents of the children whom they taught. Winston County was one of the poorest in Alabama at this time, and perhaps Mr. Looney found it necessary to augment his income. Cash-poor families might barter the fees in the form of produce,

baked goods, or moonshine. In any case, Bill became the proprietor of Looney's Tavern situated about two miles north of present-day Addison.

Bill Looney was among those who considered the seceding states rebellious. Although he had taken the position of neutrality, by 1864 he was no longer passive in his support of the Union. Severe hardships and deprivations had caused some of those serving in the Confederate States Army to desert. They were sheltered by men like Looney. Men who had been drafted into the C.S.A., but whose loyalties were elsewhere—these men were led to Union outposts where they could fight under the Union flag. When the Confederate Cavalry was sent to track down the fugitives, Bill Looney was among those who waited in ambush to foil their efforts. Bill Looney was personally credited with having brought 2,500 deserters and conscription evaders over Federal lines. But that wasn't all.

Traveling at night on foot,

he made countless trips to infiltrate Confederate lines, and reported these positions back to his superiors. A dispatch from April 27, 1864 read as follows:

Decatur, Alabama

Brigadier-General Dodge

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

James C. Veatch,

Brigadier-General

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

When John R. Phillips, Marion County Unionist, made



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

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

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

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

"Did you see Martin Stout?" replied Looney, "I just sent him there!" With that he threw open his coat, exposing the loaded rifle, and began firing. His host seized his own firearm from the mantle and joined the attack. Within minutes, silence had reclaimed the cabin as the smell of smoke and singed flesh rose in the air.

Having left his livelihood back in Winston County, Looney

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

It was in the late summer of 1864 when Looney's raiders had targeted the cabin of William Eady. Leaving there with the bound captive just after daylight,

they stumbled across the path of a black woman heading for the river to get an early start on her laundry. She screamed in horror at the sight of the band, and her cries elicited a barrage of gunfire from the riders. Struck in the shoulder by a bullet, the woman ran wailing back to her home, sounding a general alarm.

This alarm was heard by a passing battalion of Company L, the 5th Alabama Cavalry, at about 9 o'clock in the morning. Gathering pertinent information, the Company began a 20-mile chase of the renegades. Once into the mountains, they came to the cabin where a woman and her three young daughters were in the yard, moaning and sobbing, for the husband and father who had

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been abducted hours earlier. Riding furiously in the direction of the raiders, they had not gone more than a mile before they found Mr. Eady's body stretched out in the middle of the road, with a bullet lodged just above his right eye. Looney had shut him up for good.

The 5th Alabama Cavalry continued the chase, with an enraged Captain Patterson giving the order for a fight under the "Black Flag." This meant that no prisoners were to be taken, no quarter was to be given. When the Cavalry caught up with Looney's forces, there were an even number fighting on each side. The conflict was ferocious: Confederates were fighting with the picture of the fatherless little girl etched into their minds, battling the raiders who knew they were confronting the same kind of death they had imposed upon their victims. The battle raged hand-to-hand for more than two hours. Looney lost just over half of his fighters before he and the remainder disappeared the for-

est. This was the last of Looney's raids into Morgan County.

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

It continues that Looney sustained injuries falling off a bluff during a "scouting mission," and was therefore unfit for manual labor.

Not enclosed in the petition was the fact that his previous professions did not indicate the need for a great deal of physical

strength since bartending and school teaching are not usually considered "manual labor." The truth was that his business had suffered as few people wanted to patronize a tavern run by a traitor. Even fewer still would consider sending their children to him for education.

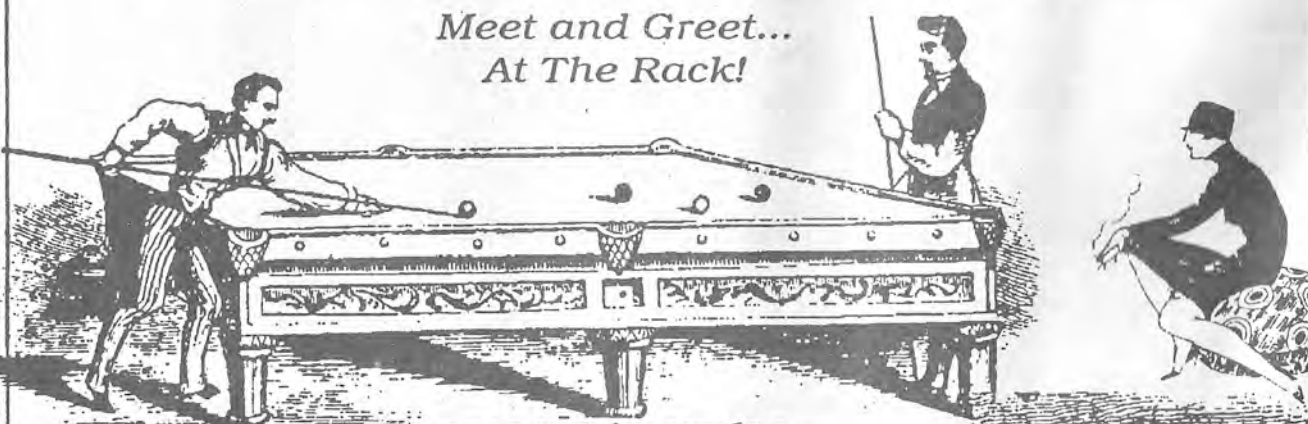
Although on the "winning side" his credibility was lost among those who felt he had turned traitor against his Southern neighbors and brethren. The Petition goes on to declare that since his service to the Union Army was never compensated beyond a total of \$100 (not mentioning pillage and plunder) a pension of \$15 per month was being requested on behalf of Looney. The petition was approved at a reduced rate of \$8 per month.

So ended the saga of the "Black Fox."

A sharp tongue and a dull mind are usually found in the same head.

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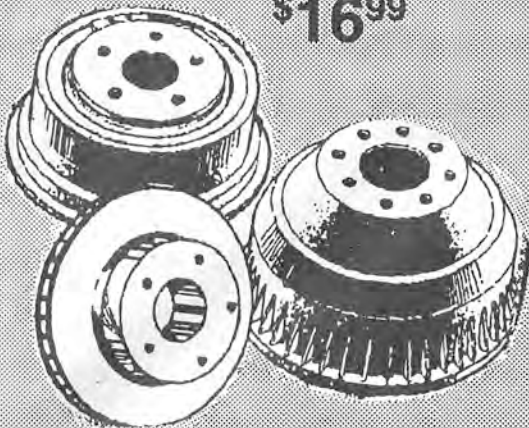
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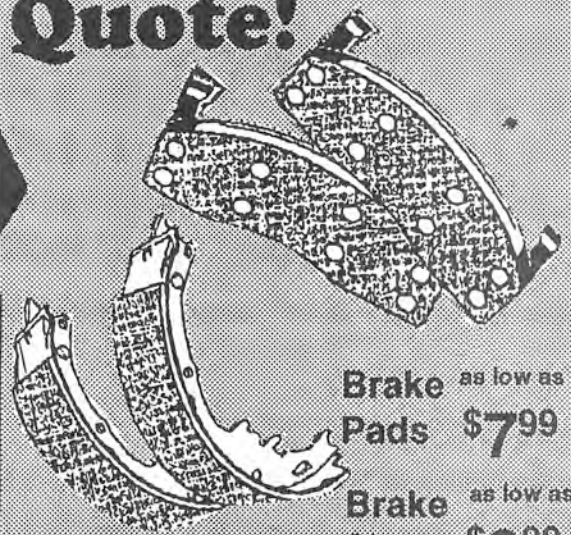
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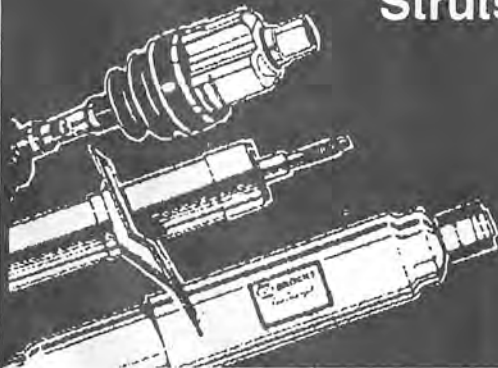
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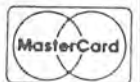
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