



The Indians

When Polly Sharp died in 1902, there was nothing to distinguish her from thousands of other people in North Alabama.

She worked her garden, kept to herself and seldom talked about the old days.

Even today, in the history books, there is no mention of her.

There should be.

She was the last Cherokee.

Also: Sequoyah - The Forgotten Story

The Indians

Their land was taken from them, their culture was destroyed and their people were scattered to the four winds.

With their decline went their heritage-vanished in the mist of time.

In 1902, in a small cove located in the northwest corner of Madison County, Polly Sharp was laid to rest. No marker was placed on her grave and no obituary appeared in the newspapers.

Polly's death at the age of 92, signaled the end to an era. According to family history, she was the last full-blooded Cherokee Indian living in Madison County.

Contrary to what many historians claim, the land in what was known as "The Big Bend" (of the Tennessee River) was already populated with many settlements when John Hunt arrived at the Big Spring. Although the area had been claimed by the Creek and Chickasaw Indians, it was the arrival of the Cherokees that marked the formation of permanent settlements.

The Cherokees' traditional homeland was the Great Smoky Mountains. Here, for hundreds of years, they had lived in peace and harmony with nature until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. White settlers had begun moving onto Indian lands and with the outbreak of war, the British seized upon this issue to win the Cherokees to their side.

By promising to protect their ancestral homelands, and by supplying guns, the British won a powerful ally against the rebellious colonies.

Unfortunately, as the winds of war shifted against the British, the Indians were often forced to fight alone. In a series of bloody battles, most of the Indian settlements in and around the Smoky Mountains were devastated by the colonists, many of whom immediately took possession of the land.

Though most of the Cherokees were forced to surrender, a large pro-British contingent, led by Dragging Canoe, escaped. Desiring to get as far away from the white man as possible, the Indians followed the Tennessee River to the present day location of Chattanooga. Here they founded eleven new Cherokee towns. It wasn't long before these towns had grown into thriving communities. They also became the focal point of the pro-British factions, a factor which did not escape the colonists' attention.

Unfortunately, the villages were left without defenders frequently as most of the warriors were in Georgia fighting alongside the British troops.

On an early spring morning in 1779, a large American army led by Colonel Evan Shelby surrounded the villages. A horrible slaughter took place, made even worse by the colonists' refusals to take prisoners or to discrimi-



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nate between warriors and women and children. One account relates how many of the soldiers, in an effort to save ammunition, used heavy sticks to club the women and children to death.

The survivors were forced to hide in the hills until the warriors returned. After a hurried conference, Dragging Canoe made the decision to move even further south, away from the white man.

Cherokees had already been living in Jackson County since 1750 when they defeated the Creeks in a major battle on Long Island (near Scottsboro). A few years later, they defeated the Chickasaws at Hobbs Island. The outcome of these battles effectively gave the Cherokees control of much of what is now Madison and Jackson counties.

The area into which Dragging Canoe moved his people was largely devoid of white people. In 1777, a group of settlers, led by Thomas Hutchens, had passed through Madison County and settled near the Shoals area but were effectively expelled within a short time by Indian warriors.

It appeared as if the remnants of the Cherokees had found a safe haven. Within the next few years they established many new towns in the Tennessee Valley which became thriving centers of Cherokee culture. The years proved to be prosperous for the Cherokees. They developed routes of commerce stretching for hundreds of miles into all the neighboring states and territories. The settlements began to take on the look of "traditional" towns with log houses, plantations, fields and meeting houses.

Ironically, the oldest home in North Alabama is a house built by Cherokees, Daniel and Molly Ross, in 1790, at the present day location of Fort Payne.

At the end of the Revolutionary War the tribe realized they could no longer fight the white man. There were just too many of them. The most they could hope for now was a peaceful coexistence. Dragging Canoe was an old man by now and no longer possessed the youth and vigor to lead young warriors into battle. The mantle of leadership fell to Chief Black Fox.

Despite all their attempts to emulate and cooperate with the white man, the Cherokees began feeling increasing pressure from the settlers moving into the Tennessee Valley. John Hunt had settled at the Big Spring and the Criners had settled near New Market. Every week brought more settlers flooding into the area.

Reluctantly Chief Black Fox agreed to negotiate with the United States government.

By giving up part of their lands, the Indians were undoubtedly hoping to gain the help of the government in protecting the rest of their lands.

In Indian history, the decades that followed would become known as, "The time of broken promises."

On January 7, 1806, the Cherokee Nation signed a treaty with the United States government, giving up their rights to the land in Madison, Lauderdale, and Limestone counties. Chief Black Fox was to receive \$100 a year for life and the tribe received \$2000.00 with another \$2000.00 to be paid every year for 4 years.

In addition the tribe received a grist mill and "a machine to clean cotton."

If the Cherokees had hoped that this treaty would put an end to their conflicts with the white man, they were soon disappointed. Within three years Thomas Freeman, in a report to the President, stated that hundreds of settlers, and their families, had moved onto Indian lands. Though soldiers were sent to remove the squatters, popular sentiment was against the Indians. Regardless of how many treaties were signed, land grabbers in Washington always demanded another one.

It was the era of Andrew Jackson, a popular General who was the darling of the aristocratic South. Though strongly professing to be a friend of the Indian,



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JERRY GIBBS Service Manager he was a staunch advocate of their total removal to another land. In perhaps the strongest indication of his duplicity, Jackson took in a young Indian orphan, named Lincoya, bragging to one and all that the lad was to be his adopted son. A few years later, Jackson, at the height of his power, apprenticed his "adopted son" to a saddle maker, where the boy died of pneumonia at an early age.

Under mounting pressure, the Cherokees signed another treaty in 1816 giving up their rights to Morgan, Colbert, Franklin, Winston, Cullman and Blount counties. Less than a year later they were forced to cede parts of Limestone and Lauderdale county.

Regardless of how much land the Indians ceded, it seemed as if there was always more white settlers who demanded more land.

By the time the Indians gave up title to the rest of Madison, Marshall and Jackson counties in 1819, the once powerful Cherokee tribe had been reduced to a shadow of its former glory. Though still powerful in North Carolina and Georgia, the Indians in North Alabama had been, for the most part, forced to assimilate into the white man's culture with no protection under his laws.

Indians, under the racial laws of Alabama, could not vote, hold office, nor sue for relief in district courts. Though many Indians owned slaves, strangely enough they enjoyed less protection from the courts than their slaves did!

A strong indication of this injustice may be gleaned from the fact that many Indians were sold into slavery here in Madison County. Judge Lane, a noted jurist here in Huntsville, kept a young Cherokee girl as a slave because, "she was a good cook." When she made an attempt to escape, and join her tribe, Lane,

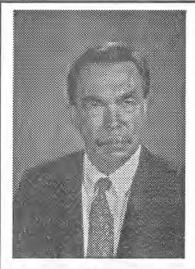
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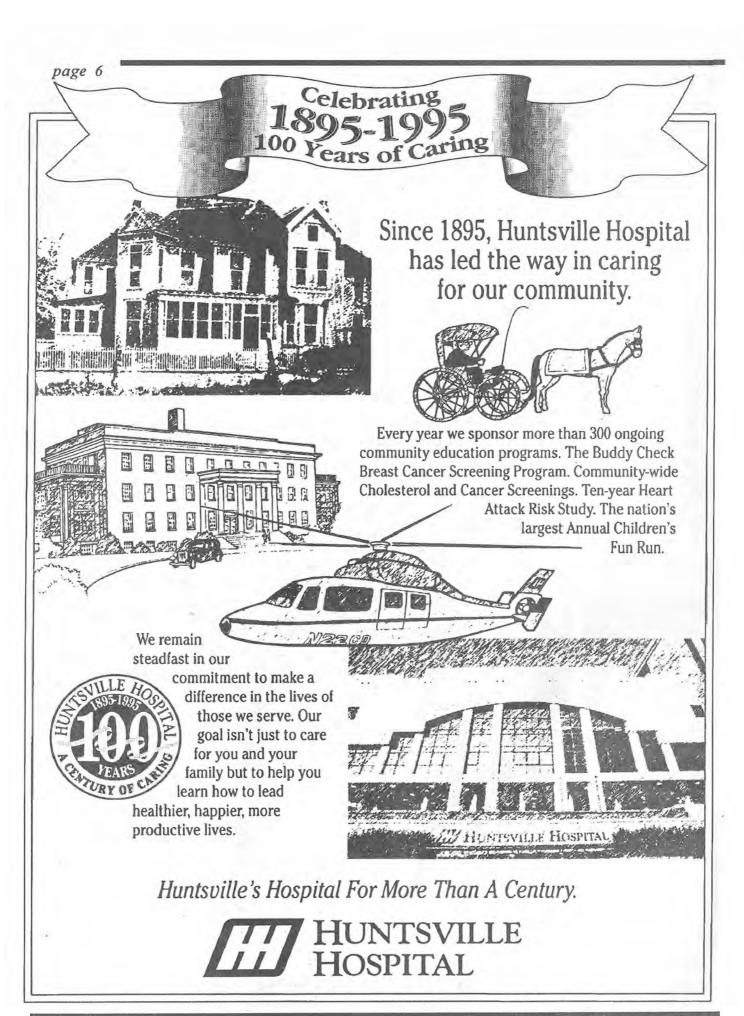
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"hit her in the head with a piece of firewood and locked her in the kitchen."

By 1820, Indians in Madison County had become so rare that a visit to Huntsville by Chief Mad Wolf and twenty of his braves, to purchase blankets, was treated as a notable news item by the local newspaper.

With the prevailing public sentiment against the Indians, the removal of the Cherokees



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was a foregone conclusion. Many of the chiefs in Georgia had already agreed to it and for the remnants of the tribes in Madison and Jackson counties there was no choice.

In the summer of 1836, under the command of General Benjamin Patterson, of Huntsville, the military began gathering the Cherokees together in preparation for the trek west. In Fort Payne, a dirt cellar was used to hold the Indians while others were kept in a ditch under armed guard. Indians living in Marshall County were gathered into a large stockade on the banks of the Tennessee River while Indians in Madison County were herded together at Three Forks of Flint. Anyone possessing as little as 1/8 Indian blood was liable for expulsion.

Squads of soldiers were sent into every hamlet, valley and cove in search of Indian families. Often times the families were torn from their homes with nothing more than the clothes on their backs. One soldier, who later fought in many battles during the Civil War, later stated that the Cherokee removal was the saddest event he had ever

witnessed. On file in Nashville, Tennessee is an account of the Indians passing through Huntsville, herded by soldiers through the narrow streets as the townspeople gathered to watch. The writer recalled almost a half century later the looks of helplessness on the Indians' faces.

Not all of the Indians went willingly. Early histories are full of accounts of Indians escaping into the mountains and hiding out. In Jackson County as many as 60 families are supposed to have hidden out. Often times escape was much easier. It was simply a matter of getting a white neighbor or friend to testify that the subject was also white.

Polly Sharp was 33 years old when the soldiers came after her family. Though we have no way of knowing for sure, we can imagine her family sitting around the fireplace at night trying to decide what to do. Paint Rock Valley was their home and to move west to an unknown land was almost inconceivable.

In the end, the Sharp family, like many others, chose to hide in the mountains. Though we don't know for sure, we can imagine them looking down from the



airy heights and watching the soldiers march their kin out of the valley.

For the Indians left behind, it was the beginning of the time of their being nonpersons. Officially, there were no Indians left in North Alabama, except for a few families who were allowed to remain on private reservations. All other Indians were subject to prosecution and expulsion.

It was a time of deadly hide and seek for the families hiding in the hills. Soldiers and militia were constantly on the prowl for stray Indians. Oftentimes they were aided by the white settlers, who, by informing on their exneighbors, hoped to gain possession of their belongings.

In perhaps one of the cruelest examples, an account in Georgia tells of how white settlers, for sport, hunted the Indians with dogs. After several years of hiding, the Sharp family, like many others, chose to pass as white. Polly's husband got a job as a farm laborer and they settled into a small cabin. Probably everyone knew they were Indians, but then as now, the desire for cheap labor overruled people's desires to enforce the laws.

The few Indians left, fearful of being exposed, gave up their native customs. Legends that had been handed down for centuries were forgotten within a few short years. Parents, wanting a better life for their children, refused to talk of their Indian heritage.

The stigma of having Indian ancestry had become a source of shame.

Within a relatively brief period of time all traces of a once mighty Indian civilization, in North Alabama, had been

erased.

Polly's husband died in the 1850s and she never remarried. She grew old tending her garden and keeping to herself. To most people who knew her she was simply, "Old Indian Polly."

When she died in 1902, there was nothing to set her apart from the thousands of other Indians who had once lived here, except for the fact that she was the last one.

Today there are estimated to be almost fifteen-thousand descendants of Indians living in the Tennessee Valley. Less than a handful of them can trace their ancestry.

Our Treaties with the Indians will last until the end of time.

President Andrew Jackson





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If some people said what they thought, they'd be speechless.

Autumn Gardening Tip

This is the time of year to clean out your window boxes. To keep greenery in them even throughout the winter months, find some ivy that you like and plant it in 2 or 3 places in your boxes. This will last all year long and also looks beautiful when flowers are added in the spring and fall.

Have you ever noticed how a new pair of blue jeans never fits quite properly? And how do you get rid of that new blue jean feel?

I had noticed my friend's blue jeans always seemed to look well worn and perfectly fitted. When I asked her where she bought them, she confided that she has never bought a new pair of jeans. Seeing my suprise, she told me that she had bought several of her favorite pairs of jeans at Act II Consignment in Huntsville located in the Home Depot shopping center.

She went on to say that she always buys them at consignment shops in her size where they are already worn to perfection by someone else. She also mentioned that the prices are very low at these consignment shops.

Soon afterwords on a trip to Key West I visted a used clothing store and bought a couple of men's blue jean shorts. To this day they continue to be the best fitting and most comfortable shorts I have ever owned.



SANDERS

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Dallas Village Friends



I believe just about everyone in Huntsville knows two men, Clarence Carroll and Floyd Hardin. Their goodness and kindness to their fellow man follows them everywhere they go. They have shown more love toward people in this area than anyone I have ever known.

Clarence's trips to the hospitals to visit sick folks are too numerous to even try to count.

His kind words to the sick are spoken with love and tenderness.

If anyone, not only in Dallas Village, but all the surrounding areas, needed help - Clarence and Floyd were there. If anyone was depressed or ill, Clarence and Floyd were there. If someone passed away and they needed more cars to carry the family and friends to the cemetery, these men were there to help.

I remember when my aunt Ida passed away 62 years ago. Someone made the remark that there weren't going to be enough cars for all the friends and family to get to the cemetery. A voice spoke up and said, "Clarence will be here with his car."

I remember the first time I ever saw Clarence Carroll, I was a second-grader at Rison school. My mother, Josie Allen, sent my sister Eva and I over to Clarence's barbershop for a trim. Clarence asked us how we wanted it cut. Without hesitation, Eva and I said we both wanted our hair cut just like Widdle's.

Well, Clarence had no idea who Widdle was. Didn't know him from Adam's house cat. We had a first cousin by the name of Willie Thomas and we thought so much of Willie we thought he just hung the moon. But, neither Eva nor I could say "Willie," so it



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always came out "Widdle."

After more questioning, Clarence finally understood that Widdle was a boy. Clarence picked his scissors up and did he go to work on our hair! He gave us the finest boy's haircut we had ever seen. Hair was on the floor everywhere! Eva and I were so proud of our new cuts that we couldn't wait to get home to show Mama our Widdle hair cut.

We could tell at a glance by Mama's reaction that she was not pleased by our Widdle cuts. She went over to have a little talk with Clarence, Clarence told her that we wanted our hair cut just like Widdle's. When she heard that name Mama knew who he was talking about. She thanked him for cutting her two little girls' hair just like THEY wanted it cut, but for some reason my Sis and I noticed that when Mama sent us for our next haircut she gave us a note to give to Clarence BE-FORE he cut our hair.

The End

Strayed Husband



Under the heading "Strayed or Stolen," Mrs. S. Hundley, of Birmingham Alabama, advertises her husband, Andrew Jackson Hundley, in the *Enterprise*. She said he left her about two months ago, in company with one Manda Wyrick, who she believes, "conjured or bewildered him," by giving him a cup of coffee to drink, upon the top of which he saw a "blue glass swimming."

They were accompanied by her son Bob, who "left a wife and three children." The deserted matron says, "I want A.J. arrested and handcuffed, if necessary, and brought back to me dead or alive, as he owes a good many debts that he must pay, and he owes me a support in my old age." He is supposed to have gone to Tennessee or out West. He is a long, lean, lanky fellow, about six feet high, broad shoulders, thin beard, light hair and complexion, blue eyes, and about 45 years of age.

She offers to pay anybody a fair price who will return him to her, "dead or alive," and requests all papers in the United States to copy the advertisement one time and forward their bills to her. We give her this one gratis--in fact, we feel like paying her for the enjoyment in reading this.

from 1873 newspaper





There is now in the State Penitentiary an aged couple who are serving out a term for the crime of incest, they being brother and sister.

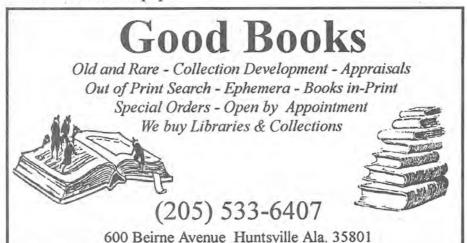
The story is this: At the age of twelve years, the male left his father's house to seek his fortune and no more return. He, in time, came West, grew to manhood and married, raised a family of children, and in time his wife died.

His sister grew to womanhood and was married, and with her husband came West, and then to Iowa. Her husband died, and in time she received an offer of marriage from a man who was a widower. She accepted the offer and they were married. Her husband was wealthy, and after a time one of his sons wished to have the father give him some property, but the father refused to accede to his demands.

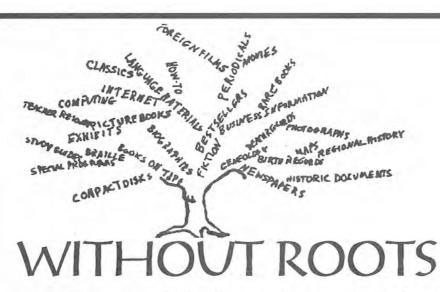
The son, one day, while looking over the family record of the stepmother, which had been laid aside and forgotten, discovered that there was a kinship between the families, and further investigation proved that his father and stepmother were very own brother and sister.

To avenge himself for his father's refusal to give him the bulk of his property, he brought suit against them both for incest. They were tried and convicted and sent to the penitentiary for one year. They are both over sixty years of age, and as innocent of intent to commit crime as the new born babe.

from 1873 newspaper







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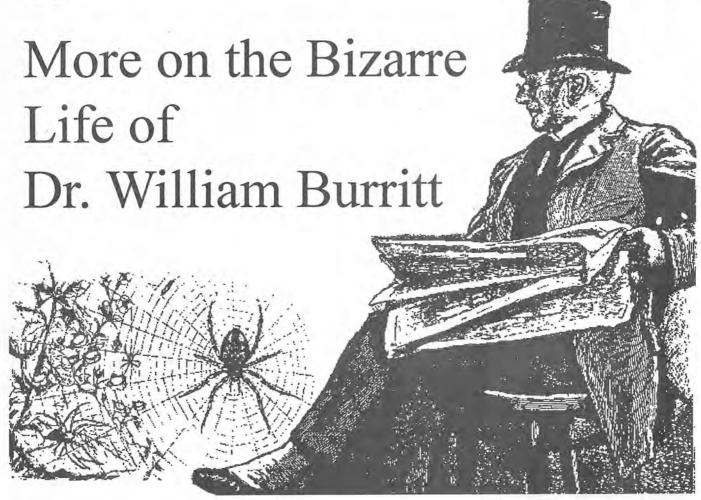
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Over a year ago we published a story about Dr. William Burritt. We were almost overwhelmed (and surprised) at the response we got. We thought this would be a good opportunity to share some of that response with you.

Dear Editor.

I was so impressed by your story titled *The Bizarre life of* Dr. William Burritt.

Dr. Burritt was my father's brother-in-law. My grandfather was Captain James Riley Johnson, Pearl's father. My son Richard, and Mae, Uncle Will's (Dr. Burritt) housekeeper, have been after me for years to write about him. I'm happy someone had the time to do it.

I have been angry for years that Uncle Will got away with murder and cannot do anything about it. I am happy Huntsville finally heard what type of man he really was. He had fooled people for years.

My father thought Pearl died from appendicitis, as did my grandmother.

When Uncle Will was in St. Louis with Josie, his second wife, my grandfather handled all of his business in Huntsville until he died in 1926. If he had known that Uncle Will had killed Pearl I know he would have

killed him.

My grandmother went to Denver about a matter after Pearl's death, and died of a stroke while there. Pearl's death broke her heart. My father, Richard, never recovered from the death of Pearl. They were very close. Dad was her big brother,

When I was little Dad told me about the trips they took together and when they were children in Cincinnati. He said I looked like her and I could sew like her. He said Pearl and his mother went to the Episcopal Church together and Dad went to the Presbyterian Church. It seemed so strange to visit the churches in Huntsville where they went. They are both so beautiful.

I have Uncle Will's diary and

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it tells about him writing Pearl and visiting before they were married; and their wedding night. I had it copied for the museum and it has disappeared. I sent it to the museum in the 1980s.

My grandfather's will was never probated and Uncle Will got his possessions, including his sword. My grandfather died while my father, Richard, was in Denver. Uncle Will took care of the funeral arrangements. When my father got back to town, everything was gone.

The museum now has the sword so I know that Uncle Will took it. But, as the old saying goes, "You can't fight City Hall!" At least I know where his things are now and the public can enjoy them. I would have sent them there eventually anyway.

I hope someone can find out what happened to Josie's diamonds. I heard that Uncle Will gave them to his girlfriends, married and single. I think the lawyers know what happened to them.

J.J.C. Fairfield, Ohio

Dear Editor, My grandmother's best friend was a girlfriend of William Burritt. She said that Thelma was taken with Burritt and would not listen to anyone else. She said that Thelma would go on trips with Burritt and he always introduced her to everyone as his sister.

Everyone said that Thelma died of appendicitis but my grandmother said it was a lie. She said she saw her almost every day and there was nothing wrong with her. My grandmother said that Burritt placed the body in his family vault without asking her family or anyone. When my grandmother tried to find out what happened, Burritt told her that it was none of her business.

My grandmother went to her grave saying that Burritt murdered her best friend but no one would listen.

> R.K Gurley, Ala.

Dear Editor.

I was greatly dismayed about your Dr. Burritt story. My family knew Burritt for years, and though most of your facts are probably correct, there was also another, gentler side to him.

No one chooses, on purpose, to be an evil man. My father, who was a friend of Burritt's, told me that Burritt was undoubtedly mentally disturbed at times.

Secondly, it would be a shame if people confused the museum with the man. Burritt Museum is one of the few attractions that all Huntsville can be proud of.

J.W. Huntsville, Ala

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Sequoyah

The story of the great Cherokee Indian Chief and his founding of the Cherokee Alphabet in Jackson Co., Ala.

equoyah was probably the greatest of all Cherokees. He is the only man in the history of mankind to "single handedly" develop a written language.

Sequoyah, or George Gist, was born near Fort Loudoun, Tennessee in the village of Tuskegee. His mother was a full blood Cherokee and his father was probably Nathaniel Gist the famous scout and soldier. The exact date of Sequoyah's birth is not known, but army records show that he was old enough to fight in the Creek War of 1812 along with a group of Cherokee volunteers. Lame at birth, George Gist was forsaken by his father when an infant and was brought up by his mother. At an early age, she moved to Alabama and settled at Willstown, located in nearby Dekalb County, Here he grew up engaging in the activities typical of any farm youth-hoeing in the fields, feeding horses and cattle, caring for the vegetable garden and hunting for animal skins. His mother was very proud of her son's conduct and thought him to be quite promising. He gained many friends, both young and old, and became a community favorite.

At this time it was fashionable for the Cherokees to decorate themselves with silver ornaments-earrings, nose bobs, armlets, bracelets, gorgets and fine chains. George Gist began making, quite successfully, these favored items. One day he called on Mr. Charles R. Hicks. to write his name (Sequoyah) for him on paper in English. Sequoyah then copied it upon his silver ornaments, especially gorgets and arm bands, so that they might be known as his work. He used a pointed brimstone to imitate Mr. Hicks' writing on the silver and then cut it in with a sharp instrument. He continued working as a silversmith, became an expert craftsman as well as a famous one, and developed a reputation as



being a man of genius, capable of anything he chose to undertake.

George Gist shared his ability of sketching animals and people with his friends. Often during drawing sessions, the conversation would shift to the remarkable works of the white man. Most Cherokees felt that it was wonderful that the white man could record what was passing in his mind so that it could be kept on paper after it had gone from his mind. Gist often remarked that he saw nothing so wonderful or difficult about this. He continued declaring that he believed he could communicate his ideas just as the white people could.

Gist's deep conversations lead to greater popularity. He was highly thought of among all the wise men, and became popular with the women as well. Perhaps this popularity with the women caused him to pay less attention to his employment. He began to neglect his silver work and went about visiting friends, drinking, and good naturedly, urging his friends to love one another and treat everyone as a brother.

This way of life continued for a considerable time, during which he still resided with his mother. All of a sudden he realized that he was wasting the little means he had to support his mother, and he became deter-

A painting of Sequoyah now hangs in the Smithsonian Institute. Around his neck is the medal awarded him by the Cherokee Nation.

It was just a few miles north of Huntsville, in Jackson County, where he conceived the idea for a Cherokee written language.

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mined to alter his course. He tried several occupations and finally settled on being a black-smith. His attempts at manufacturing hoes and axes were not as successful as he had anticipated, and he engaged in repairing hoes and axes for a while.

In 1820, he left home and went to visit Mr. Archibald Campbell who lived at Sauta in Jackson County, Alabama. Upon arrival several friends gathered to see him. The conversation turned to the ingenuity of the white men in contriving ways to communicate on paper. Some of the party remarked how wonderful it was to think that by making marks on paper, and sending the paper to another, that two persons could understand as well as if talking together face to face. Gist then remarked, "I can see no impossibility in conceiving how it is done. The white

man is no magician. It is said that in ancient times when writing first began, a man named Moses made marks upon a stone, I, too, can make marks upon a stone. I can agree with you by what name to call those marks and that will be writing and can be understood." He then took up a small whetstone and with a pin from his sleeve, scratched marks upon the whetstone and said, "There can I make characters, as Moses did. which every one of you will understand." Gist's's friends burst in laughter and teased him about his idea of making stones converse. They advised him to get back to reason and settle down to a regular occupation like other men. Gist sat in silence and then repeated as he departed, "I know I can make characters which may be understood."

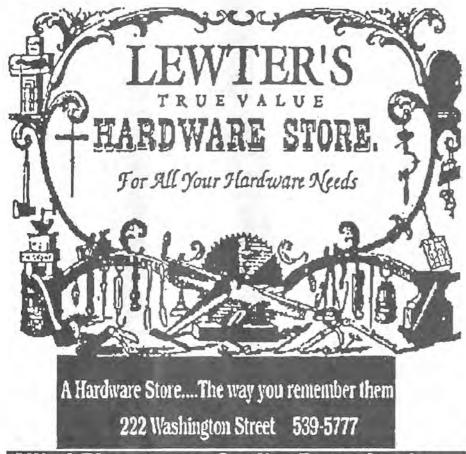
After returning home, he be-

came obsessed with his ambition. Being troubled with a wife of limited capabilities, he built a cabin away from his family where he could study and contrive. His habits were silent and his wife saw less of him than ever. He confined himself for a year and the whole charge of his farm and family became the responsibility of his wife. His first labors were lost completely when his wife flung his work into the fire: but like Peter the Great, he only answered, "Come it must be done over again." His work was completed in two more years.

At first characters were made to stand for words. Considerable progress was made, but he soon realized that a symbol for each word would be so great that no one could ever learn or remember them. The idea was settled upon of making a character to represent one sound, and combining the symbols to make words. After a few trials he was satisfied that the plan would work successfully. After much labor and study, eighty-six characters formed his finished product

During the time of this long and silent study, many became troubled with the strange idea George Gist had taken in his head. His friend Turtle Fields commented, "My friend, there are a great many remarks made upon this employment which you have taken up. Our people are much concerned about you. They think you are wasting your life. They think, my friend, that you are making a fool of yourself, and will be no longer respected."

Gist replied, "It is not our people that have advised me to this and it is not therefore our people who can be blamed if I



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am wrong. What I have done I have done from myself. If our people think I am making a fool of myself, you may tell our people that what I am doing will not make fools of them. They did not cause me to begin and they shall not cause me to give up. If I am no longer respected, what I am doing will not make our people the less respected, either by themselves or others; and so I shall go on and so you may tell our people." Turtle Fields said no more to him.

The first character Gist used resembled German text. Few or none of these were retained. Some characters he copied from the "Bible Book" belonging to his friend Sally Waters. Therefore, some Cherokee symbols, resemble English print. After Gist settled the syllabary in his mind he made several copies and sent them to his neighbors who learned to use the symbols to record events which they would later wish to recall. He particularly devoted his teaching to his own daughter. Her ability to speak the sounds as quickly as she was shown a symbol convinced the public that George Gist had been successful.

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Sequoyah worked approximately 12 years before completing the Cherokee syllabary.



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The first composition he put together was on the subject of the boundary line between his own country and Georgia and Tennessee. After that, he had a suit in the Indian Court where he wrote down a statement of his case. When he read his statement instead of speaking, the people were amazed. Public acceptability was strengthened when Gist returned from an Arkansas visit and brought letters written by Cherokees whom he had taught the characters. Upon returning to Arkansas, he carried answers. When the Indians found they were able to talk from such a distance, their astonishment and delight were greater than ever.

In 1824, the Legislative Council of the Cherokee Nation voted a medal to Gist as a token of respect and admiration for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee Alphabetical Characters. By 1826, type was made and a printing press established at New Echota, Georgia, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. Scriptures were translated and printed in Cherokee. The Cherokees were on their way toward becoming the "Principal People."

Reprinted from Cherokee and Proud Of It by Brenda K. Brown and Marcelle S.



History of Podiatry

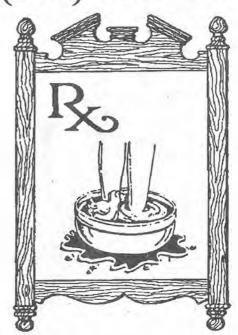
The advent of foot care can be traced back to 2500 BC in ancient Egypt.

Podiatry as a medical discipline began in 18th century France and England. It was then termed Chiropody.

Podiatry as we know it today has evolved into a specialized medical discipline that addresses surgical and nonsurgical treatment of the foot. This may include corns, calluses, bunions, heel pain and many more problems.

Dr. Richard Lee Freeman of Alabama Medical & Surgical announces the association of Dr. Angela Murphy to offer the best podiatric medical care encompassing 20 years of experience and cutting-edge medical knowledge and technology.

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Pennsylvania Fare

Chicken Supreme

3 chicken breasts, cooked and cut in bite-sized pieces

1 can cream of mushroom soup

1 can cream of chicken soup 1 can cream of celery soup

1 c. sour cream

6 oz pkg. Pepperidge Farm Herb Dressing

Mix the chicken with the soups and sour cream. Place in baking dish and prepare dressing. Put the dressing on top of the chicken mixture and bake at 350 degrees for 1/2 hour or bubbly and brown.

Sweet Potato Balls

6 med. sweet potatoes 1/2 c. margarine 1 c. brown sugar

> 1 c. pecans, chopped 12 lg. marshmallows 2 c. corn flakes, crushed

Peel, cook and mash potatoes; mix well with margarine, sugar and nuts. Form a ball around each marshmallow and roll in the crushed corn flakes. Just before serving, warm the balls in the oven for 15 minutes at 350 degrees, or until the marshmallows soften and begin to melt. May be frozen or refrigerated til ready to warm.

Whipped Turnips

4 c. turnips, cooked and mashed

2 c. bread crumbs, soft 1/2 c. butter, melted

2 T. sugar

1/2 t. salt

1/4 t. pepper

4 eggs, slightly beaten

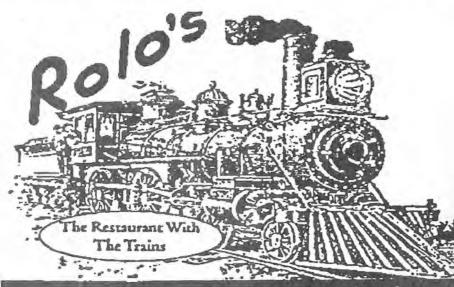
Combine the turnips with bread crumbs; blend in the remaining ingredients. Place in a greased 2-qt. casserole. Bake in 350 degree oven for 1 hour 15 minutes.

Broccoli Rice Casserole

1/2 small onion, chopped 1 stick butter or margarine 1/2 sml. jar Cheese Whiz 1 c. rice, cooked

1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, thawed

1 c. cream of mushroom soup



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Saute onion in butter. Mix all ingredients together. Put all in 1 1/2 quart casserole and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Stir a couple of times during cooking.

Dump Cake

Layer of pineapple, crushed and drained

Layer of cherry filling
Layer of yellow cake mix
Layer of coconut
Layer of pecans
1/4 lb. butter, melted

Use a 13 x 9 inch greased pan. Layer as listed. Do not mix the cake, but use it dry. Dot with butter. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes.

Irish Potato Candy

1/2 c. mashed potatoes 1/4 c. softened butter 1 t. vanilla 1/2 c. coconut (optional) 2 lbs. confectioners sugar cinnamon Mix together the potatoes and butter. Add vanilla (coconut if desired). Add sugar and roll into small balls or little potato shapes. Let air dry for one hour. Roll in cinnamon.

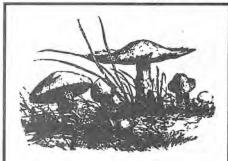
Creamy Fudge-In-A-Hurry

3 sml. pkg.chocolate chips 1 can sweetened condensed milk

> 1 c. chopped nuts 1 t. vanilla

Melt the chips in a double boiler and remove from heat. Add the milk, nuts, vanilla and stir. Put in waxed paper lined 3 x9 inch pan and refrigerate overnight. Easier to cut when it's been chilled.

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Mary's Mushroom Sandwich

Into a medium size pan, add 1/4 cup olive oil. Heat and add 2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms.

Saute on low heat for 5 minutes and add 1/2 cup chopped onions. Add 1/4 cup dry white wine and stir well. Add a dash of garlic powder continue to stir and cook for another 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add 2 table-spoons of sour cream.

Slather mushroom mixture on toasted whole wheat bread and enjoy!



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The Great Bed Sheet Caper

by Billy Joe Cooley

During the second world war there spread a great spirit of patriotism across America. Some ladies in Paint Rock Valley decided it would be nice, since we had an abundance of cotton in the South, to cut bed sheets into four-inch squares and convert the squares into bandages for use in "poor houses" up north.

A Mrs. Kirkpatrick knew elderly people who lived in such a commune in Dayton, Ohio, so it was agreed that the bandages would be sent there for use in the facility's clinic. The ladies theorized that cotton bandages were difficult to obtain in northern communities.

Each week, the Valley ladies would buy two or three new bed sheets, cut them into the little squares, sew hems on the borders and ship them up to Ohio in cardboard boxes.

Since money was scarce during the war, the ladies would sell produce from their tiny "victory" gardens to finance the buying of the bed sheets. Some even sold home-baked bread, cakes and pies to workers in home-front factories and mills in nearby Huntsville and Scottsboro. The ladies worked their fingers to the

bones, so to speak, to provide this very necessary service to the ailing elderly of the Ohio Home for the Destitute.

Three days a week the Paint Rock Valley women would meet in various homes, pray for the war effort and pour over their bed sheet tasks. It also gave the women a chance to talk about various events in the community and stay abreast of war news as it affected the community: which local servicemen had been killed

or wounded overseas and which ones were missing in action.

But mainly it was the bed sheet project which concerned the ladies. The knowledge that their bandages were being sent to help poor people in another part of the nation accounted for a great deal of morale-boosting. That would lessen the demand for "civilian" bandages on the medical industry, thus freeing more commercial bandages for use by our servicemen overseas.

Cut, cut, cut! Sew, sew, sew! This procedure went on for years, until the war finally ended and medical supplies, including bandages, became more plentiful across the nation.

The ladies of Paint Rock Valley were given special recognition for their fine deeds with the bed sheet bandages.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick finally dispatched a letter to the Ohio poorhouse and mentioned that she hoped the bandages had served a needed purpose, since each tiny square had been cut and sewn by hand and "each stitch was made with a loving prayer

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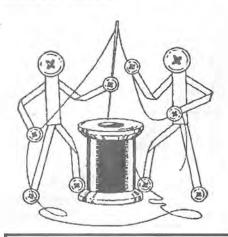
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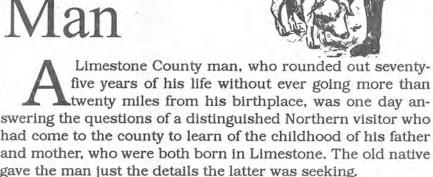
by the Christian ladies of Paint Rock Valley, Alabama."

Soon a reply to her letter was received from the medical director of the Ohio institution. It read in part:

"Dear ladies, Thanks for the many bandages you have sent us in recent years. However, since we didn't need many bandages, our womenfolk painstakingly sewed the bandages together and made bed sheets.



The Traveling Man



"And I suppose you have always lived around here," said the man from the Northern states.

"Oh, no," replied the native. "I was born two miles from here!"

taken from 1895 newspaper

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Huntsville Heresay

By Our Unidentified Sources



Bonnie Hettinger, wife of Mayor Steve, was the Belle of the Ball at the recent gathering for Habitat for Humanity. Not only was she turning heads of the locals but her poise and confidence has once again stirred rumors of a possible move to D.C.

Prediction: Mayor Steve will not run again. Though our leader is keeping tightlipped about his options, local wags claim it is a foregone conclusion. Eight years of dealing with the city council is enough punishment for anyone!

Speaking of the City Council: What Council member was recently seen in Books-a-Million purchasing a book about the occult? Are we going to see candles and chicken feathers at the council meetings? For good entertainment, get a bowl of popcorn and

settle in every other Thursday night for the Council meetings.

Wannabe Mayoral Candidate Larry Mullins has become a resident of Huntsville. Sources tell us that his new home in Hampton Cove is already being called "the mayor's residence." Neighbors are going to love that!

Hottest rumor floating about town is concerning Floyd Hardin of Jackson Way Barber shop. Our sources tell us that he is a strong possibility for the next elections - question is, in which race?

What ever happened to that "Parking Study" promised by the Transportation Department months ago? Regardless of how downtowners feel about parking meters, sources inside the Transportation department tell us to not expect very much.

Three Stars for Richard Showers! In today's jaded age we have come to expect ulterior motives in everything that a politician does. When you find someone who is really dedicated to youth programs the way Councilman Showers is, it is especially refreshing. Not many people know it, but his life is dedicated to working with children and disadvantaged youth groups.

This year's Trade Day on the square in Huntsville was, as usual, a spectacular success. Unfortunately the same crowds that attended Trade Day will be going to First Monday in Scottsboro for the next 11 months. Huntsville could sure use those tax dollars that are going to Jackson County.

Best bets for Christmas -

HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of

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





Dana Tatum will recieve a model train set to add to her collection while there will definitely not be a skateboard under the Christmas tree for Jim Putnam.

We are not supposed to say this, but check out Mike Kaylor's new section in the Huntsville Times. It's a valuable addition to an already interesting read!

Just for the record - Sam Hollingsworth's Lab just had a litter of 12 pups.

Our sources in Germany tell us that **Arthur Rudolph** - longtime resident of Huntsville and noted rocket scientist - is in a nursing home. We know he would appreciate your thoughts and prayers.

The recent Hewlett
Packard Company pienic at
Guntersville Lake was a bit unusual. Even the best dressed in
the crowd ended up soaked to
the skin as everyone tried their
hand with waverunners that
were there for the taking. It was
obvious that Ken Gentle was
working the crowds, but for what
office? It is rumored that pietures of him underneath a waverunner (as it overturned) may
surface once he makes his political ambitions known.

Fob James was on the phone last week talking to a local "mover and shaker". Expect a big announcement in the upcoming weeks.

What about those new Aunt Eunice bumper stickers? Rumors have it that local politicians are "purple" with envy as the stickers are seen on more and more cars. Funds continue to be added to her "jar" as people hear about her running for Mayor and want to donate. All donations are being given to the Arthritis Foundation, a cause

that is near and dear to her Bud's most valuable contribuheart. Bud's most valuable contribu-

For the folks who missed the **Golden K Kiwanis** at Trade Day on the square, this group had more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Why is it when you see a sign that says "Fresh Paint," you always have to touch it to see if it's true?

Bill Kling's lovely wife Tanji was seen strolling down Michigan Avenue in Chicago several weeks ago, checking out the stores and boutiques.

Another rumor circulating now is that **Rick Carleton** (noted golf pro) is moving back to town after being gone for several years. Men - hide your wives - women - hide your daughters!

We hear that Wayne Parker, wannabe Congressional candidate, has already hired a big-time Atlanta political consultant in preparation for his next attempt. His will-be opponent, Hugh McInnish, meanwhile has made serious inroads to Bud Cramer's supporters. One of

Bud's most valuable contributors is about to jump the fence and declare his support for Hugh.

If you haven't read the "Extra" lately, pick it up! Our favorite section is "It's My Opinion," by Jackie Reed.

A friend of ours who was looking for a new pet recently found exactly what she was looking for during a visit to the **Greater Huntsville Humane Society** on Johnson Road. It made her feel especially good that she rescued it from certain death. Check it out if you are looking for a new addition to your family. A special thanks to all the volunteers who put in countless hours of work at both the Humane Society and the Ark.

A party place you'll never see the City Council at - **Upscale** on South Parkway!

Overheard at the La Boheme Coffee Shop on Pratt Avenue - a politician is a person who is elected to avert situations that would never occur if there were no politicians.





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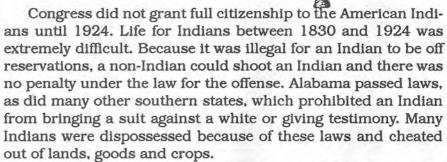
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The Way It Was



The same laws which prohibited black children from going to school with white children also barred Indian children from both schools. In Alabama there were no Indian schools after 1837.



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Couple Reunited After Years of Separation

from 1893 Newspaper

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

When the flowers were blooming in the spring of 1861, a young farmer named John Holland, who resided near the Mississippi line married Miss Lucy Brock, the daughter of a well-to-do planter in that neighborhood.

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

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

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

Soon after the news of Holland's death, Mr. Brock and his family moved west. They settled first on the Mississippi River, a short distance below Memphis, but a year later they moved to western Arkansas. They left few relatives or intimate friends in Alabama and in a few



Read the Pet Gazette and support the Huntsville Humane Society

years their old neighbors had forgotten them, and no one knew their address.

Holland owned a small farm near the river and when the news of his death was received his relatives took charge of the place.

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

Holland was unable to learn the whereabouts of his wife's family, and it was not long before a vague and uncertain rumor informed him that his wife was dead. He made every effort to find her or learn her fate. On receiving no news he at last believed her to be dead. He took charge of the little farm and in a few years was making a comfortable living. Two years after his return he married the daughter of one of his neighbors and the two lived happily together for twelve years when his wife died, leaving him four children.

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



The Members of

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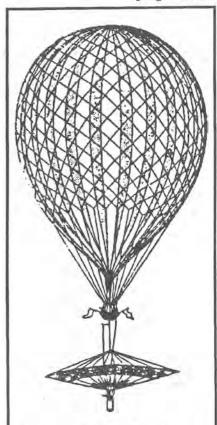
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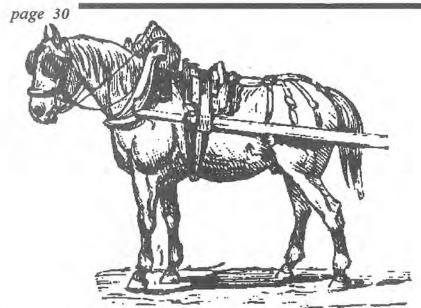
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My First Trip To Huntsville

The following story was written by Rodney Miller, who is 71 years old. Mr. Miller was born in the Big Cove area and has spent his entire life there except for two years of military service during World War II

The year was 1931, our country was in a severe depression. Lots of people were struggling to make a living. I was in the second grade at Big Cove School, and had never been to town. Part of my classmates had been to town and the things they told the rest of us made us want desperately to go to town. We were living on the land that is now the Hampton Cove Housing Development and the Robert Trent Jones Golf Course, My Dad was farming the land and producing cotton.

Two or three times a week he was going to town on a wagon being pulled by a team of mules. That was the way he got his cotton to market.

I had been pleading with him all week to let me go the coming Saturday. He explained to me it was a day of work for him and wasn't any fun at all. I was persistent in my pleading and Dad finally gave in and said I could go on Saturday. I went to bed Friday night with a happy feeling knowing I was finally going to town. My mother called me to get up Saturday morning and I realized I was up a little early. I was so excited I gulped down my scrambled eggs and biscuits and milk. Mother said, "Here, put on your sweater and go on, Daddy will be waiting on you."

I opened the door and the first doubt of a good time crept through my mind, it was completely dark outside. I started for the barn and almost changed my mind. I could hear chains tinkling and other unfamiliar sounds. The autumn air was cool and crisp, and when Dad helped me up on the bales of cotton, they were still warm from the sun the day before. My Dad picked up the reins and spoke to the mules, and as they started the 10 miles to town, my first question was how did the mules see how to stay in the road? The

answer I got was mules could see in the dark. I sure hoped they could because I sure could not.

The first neighbor's house was about one mile away and as we passed Dad pointed out that they hadn't gotten up because there was no light in the window. We reached Highway 431 just as it began to get daylight. Highway 431 was not paved in 1931 and as we proceeded the iron wheels on the wagon made popping sounds as they crushed gravel



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beneath the weight of the cotton.

The road across Monte Sano Mountain was paved. We reached the foot of the mountain about sunup and as the wagon rolled on the paved roadway the wheels became silent and the wagon ride was much smoother.

My second big question was what kind of road is this. Dad's answer was it was pavement. My thought was why didn't someone pave all the road.

I remember only one motor vehicle passing us all the way in. There were very few cars in 1931.

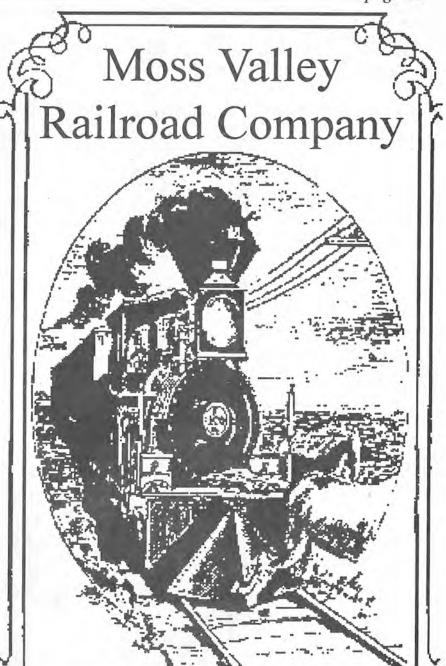
The city limits began at what is now Governors Drive, Madison Street, and Whitesburg Drive intersections.

My third question--what is that big building? The answer, that is Huntsville Hospital. The fourth question--what is a hospital? The answer, it is where real sick people go to get well.

I remember thinking there must be a lot of people in town because the houses were side by side all the way up Madison Street.

We arrived at the west side of the Courthouse and there were lots of wagons and mules and horses hitched to the large chains that ran all the way around the Courthouse. People were milling around everywhere. I could not get one thing looked at until there was something new to look at.

The cotton buyers would come by and cut a sample out of the cotton bales and make an offer on the cotton. My Dad kept telling them he wanted 5¢ a pound for his cotton, and they wouldn't give him that much. I knew nothing about markets or trading, therefore I thought the buyers were being mean to my



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Dad because they would not give him what he wanted.

Later on he sold the cotton and we had to drive the wagon out to the Planters Warehouse on Clinton Street, West.

I told my Dad I needed to go the restroom and in 1931 the restroom was out behind the warehouse. There was some men out there who were drinking a clear liquid out of a bottle. The only clear liquid I had ever seen was water or kerosene (coal oil, as we called it then). I knew that we drank our water from a dipper or glass out of a bucket of water. So my next question was why were the men drinking coal oil out of a bottle? The answer was that they were drinking wildcat whiskey, and it was bad for you and he hoped I would never drink any.

The cotton was unloaded and we started the long trip home. Dad stopped at a little store and got us some bologna and crackers and a banana.

At that time you could drive through the Big Spring Branch below the bridge on Gallatin Street. Dad drove in the branch and let the mules get a drink of water. At this time, I remembered the mules didn't have any food at lunch time. Dad explained to me that he fed them well before we left home and he would give them some extra when we got home. I felt a lot better about that.

The trip home seemed to take forever. I had been to town and now I wanted to be at home. Ol' Sport was a small white dog with brown spots and I hadn't seen him all day. I missed my sisters and brother. I wondered what my mother had cooked to eat and what she had done when

I wasn't there to bring in the stove wood.

Sure enough it got dark while we were still on the road. In October it gets cool after the sun goes down. I was cold and hungry, and was beginning to understand what my Dad meant by it being a day of work. When we arrived at the barn. I went at once to the house. My Mother was glad to see me. She said everybody else was already asleep. The wood cook stove had the kitchen nice and warm. My Mother told me my supper was on the table and to go ahead and eat. She told me she was going to take Dad the milk bucket we had so he could milk the cow to get us fresh milk. Dad had to feed the mules, milk the cow, and

feed the hogs before he could come to the house.

I ate my supper and went to bed. The bed was warm and cozy and as I drifted off to sleep, I had some doubts about the truthfulness of my classmates. I had been to town and it was great but I did not see all the exciting things they had talked about.

My Dad would probably go to town again next week, but I decided not to ask to go. For right at that time, I was afraid he would say yes.





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Death of Federal General Daniel McCook

Paper by Mrs. Annie B. Robertson at Huntsville, Ala., 1902

The death of Gen. Daniel McCook, the Ohio brigadier who lost his life near Huntsville during the early part of the War between the States, was the subject of a historical paper read at the last meeting of the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. Annie B. Robertson. The paper contains data of historical interest given by Capt. Frank B. Gurley, of the Confederate army,

who was the central figure of the tragedy and was condemned to death by the United States army court-martial for firing the shot. Captain Gurley is still living at Gurley, Alabama.

Asked by our hostess to contribute an article, I give one of local interest which, I believe, has never been made public from the Southern standpoint. Therefore I have gotten these facts from the one person yet living

who can give them, and I think it only just to the 4th Alabama Cavalry, and Company C especially, that the truth should told by their side and preserved by the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, U. D. C.

Frank B. Gurley, having been commissioned captain of cavalry by the order of the Confederate Congress, raised a company in Madison and adjoining counties of one hundred and fifteen men. In the spring of 1862 he was sent to watch the enemy in North Alabama and Middle Tennessee. taking with him about thirty men, with orders to report to Gen. Kirby Smith then at Chattanooga. Thinking he had not men enough for the work, he returned to the command and asked the commandant to let Capt. J. M. Hambrick with thirty men go back with him into the enemy's lines, which request was granted.

I asked Captain Gurley for dates of the skirmish in which General McCook (U. S. A.) was

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killed, and I give his answer in his own words: "I can't give dates—I had no way of knowing dates—I did not know when Sunday came. We lived on what we could get and slept where the enemy would let us."

It was in the spring of 1862, soon after the return of the companies to North Alabama, Captain Hambrick in command by right of seniority. I quote again from Captain Gurley: "I learned by slipping around among the few people who would take the risk of being my friends that a drove of beef cattle had been taken from the citizens of Limestone and Madison Counties by the Federal troops and would pass along the Limestone and Winchester road." Captain Hambrick, with sixty-six men all told, thought that, as the road on which cattle would pass was through a barren woods, they might scatter the cattle and pick up quite a number of them.

Going north, they reached

the Limestone road, when Captain Hambrick halted the command and Captain Gurley was ordered to move west to see if the cattle had yet passed. They soon came in sight of some Federal soldiers in the distance, the captain and men would retire, the enemy following. When they would stop, the bluecoats would do the same, thus tailing them until they were in firing distance, then the shooting began. Soon the Federals gave back, they shooting back and the Confederates at them. The dust soon became so thick that they could see only the hindmost men. This continued for about one-fourth of a mile, when a school wagon going "full speed" came in sight. Soon the wagon ran under some overhanging limbs, tearing off the top. The wagon was driven by a negro. Two white men were on the back seat. One was in full uniform, and the other in his shirt sleeves. Captain Gurley and his brother were in advance.

F. B. Gill, James Mason and James Campbell following closely. When within about fifty yards, Captain Gurley fired three shots at the officer in uniform. The wagon was halted, and on reaching it they found that the man with his coat off had been wounded, one ball passing through his body. Now as the shooting had been at the man in uniform, the killing of General McCook was an accident.

When the rest of the command came up, Captain Gurley turned the wounded man, who proved to be General McCook, his staff officer, Capt. Hunter Brooke, and the wagon over to Captain Hambrick, and he and his men continued in pursuit of the enemy. In about a half mile they ran into a divided column of Federal infantry, which did not fire at them, although they passed the head of the column.

Seeing the situation, Captain Gurley ordered a retreat, reporting to the commanding officer. There was no further fighting. Captain Gurley says: "Why we were not pursued we never knew, and thought strange the Federal cavalry should abandon their commanding officer. General McCook had been left, presumably, to protect railroads in the rear of the Federal army that had moved toward Chattanooga to intercept General Bragg's advance into Kentucky. McCook's last encampment had been at Athens, Ala., and he was moving his brigade toward Winchester, Tenn., to join the Federal army in pursuit of Bragg."

Captain Hambrick had ordered the wounded general to be taken to the nearest private house. Dr. J. C. Steger thinks it was Mr. Crutcher's. He was at-

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tended by his own surgeon and staff officer, and the family did all they could to give relief. Soon afterwards smoke was seen in several directions, and it was learned that the Federals were burning the houses of citizens along the road.

Capt. Hunter Brooke, U. S. A., who was a prisoner, suggested to Captain Hambrick that he should be permitted, under guard, to go and use his influence to stop the wanton destruction. He was sent with Lieutenant Gibson as guard, and did succeed at the time. Dr. Steger says: "But after General McCook's death, which was in twenty-four hours, the entire premises of those who had sheltered him were burned, and a sick man, seventy-five years old, with the ladies and children of his family, was made homeless."

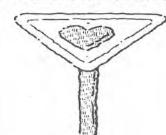
Capt. Hunter Brooke was held for about two weeks, and then exchanged for a Confederate officer of equal rank. A few days after this incident Captain Gurley and troop, passing through Huntsville, were received as heroes. Cheers, tears, and flowers were showered on them; even Captain Gurley's horse was wreathed with flowers, the whole community joining in the laudations. The troop remained two or three weeks in North Alabama, and then joined the other three companies somewhere in Middle Tennessee, and were organized with a battalion by Captain Russell, under General Forrest, into the 4th Alabama Cavalry, and remained under Generals Wheeler or Forrest until surrendered by the latter at Gainesville, Ala., May, 1865.

What Captain Gurley suffered after his capture sometime later-aye, even after peace, as

it was called-would take another paper to relate. After our own President and Senator C. C. Clay, I suppose no Confederate soldier suffered more than our own gallant Captain Gurley. I myself know how he refused money, even gold, as scarce as it was at that time, for the corn and hogs on his place, saving it for those who had followed him into the war and the widows and children of those who had been killed in his company.



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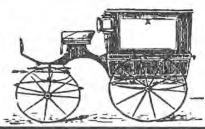
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The Strange Career of "Jack Appletoddy"

by Dick Turpin

Pleased as punch with his new position, Alabama's first ever Lieutenant Governor proudly banged the gavel and declared the 1868 term of the State Senate opened. The one time Ohio farm boy had reason to be happy. "Jack Appletoddy" was now at the height of his somewhat checkered career, and he was determined to make the most of it. At the close of his first day's labors, the new Lieutenant Governor was even heard to shout, "Bully for Alabama".

"Jack Appletoddy" might have had cause to be merry, but most folks in Alabama saw things a little differently. In fact, Alabama's new Lieutenant Governor was almost a caricature of the corrupt Reconstruction era carpetbagger. Colonel William M. Lowe of Huntsville, who knew him better than he wanted. labeled Jack "a disreputable character." Furthermore, Jack was hopelessly unqualified for the office he held and would never in the world have won it in a fair election. But then "Jack Appletoddy" hadn't been elected. The U.S. Congress appointed

him and Alabamians could only grin and bear it.

Andrew Jackson Applegate (his real name) was born on October 14, 1833, in Georgetown, a small town not far above the Ohio River in Brown County, Ohio. Jack's parents, Benjamin and Rebecca Hall Applegate, had moved to Ohio from Mason County, Kentucky, around the year 1831. The Applegates were fairly prosperous farmers, and some members of the family had even been slave owners in Kentucky. A few of Jack's Kentucky cousins fought for the South in John Morgan's Confederate cavalry during the "late unpleasantness." Jack, however, had sided with Ohio and the Union.

Jack Applegate lost his father when he was quite young, and his education thus was somewhat less than it might have been. (Years later Alabamians would snicker at his spellings, passing around a note in which the Lieutenant Governor complained about "stomick" trouble which took away his "happlytite.") Jack attended the local Georgetown schools and

then went to work on the family farm. However, he tired of this hard labor and decided to study law. In those days, this largely meant memorizing legal books until you could pass a bar examination. In 1858, he married Lucinda Connor of neighboring Adams County and soon after began practicing law in Cincinnati. Jack probably would have remained there in obscurity the rest of his life. But in 1861 the War Between the States began,

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and many people would never be the same again.

Applegate went back to Brown County and volunteered as a private in the 4th Independent Company of Ohio Cavalry. He expected his local connections would help him advance quickly, and sure enough he was promoted to the relatively safe position of quartermaster sergeant. Jack's company engaged briefly in scouting and skirmishing in Missouri in 1861. However, it would spend most of its three year enlistment serving as bodyguards for various Union generals, most notably Henry Halleck and James McPherson. In April 1862 the company was ordered to Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee. Thereafter, it served the remainder of its term in West Tennessee and Mississippi.

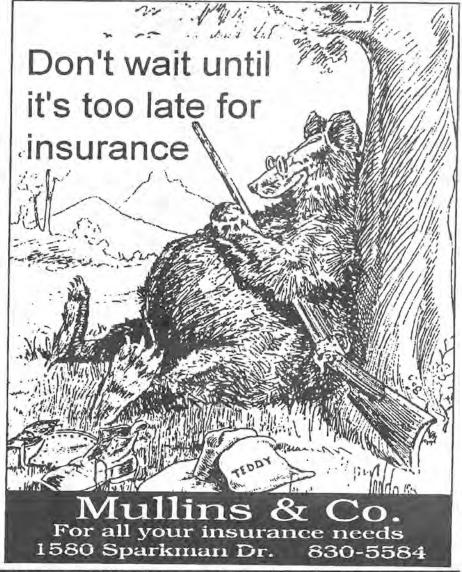
On July 16, 1864, Applegate received his discharge and returned to Ohio. Seven months later, however, he volunteered again. This time he became a commissioned officer: captain of Company H, 189th Ohio Infantry. The 189th was sworn in on March 7, 1865, and was immediately sent by rail to Huntsville, Alabama. They arrived in our city on March 17. Jack's regiment uneventfully guarded the railroad until the war ended in North Alabama two months later. The only Confederates they ever saw were those who came to Huntsville to surrender. The 189th remained on occupation duty in Huntsville until their discharge on September 28, 1865.

Most of the Ohio soldiers could hardly wait to get home and resume their lives, but Jack Applegate had other plans. He realized there was money to be made in the defeated South and he intended to have his share. Jack stayed in Cincinnati only long enough to pack his belongings. Then he put his wife and two small children aboard a train and headed right back to Huntsville. It was undoubtedly a wise decision.

Applegate hung out his shingle as a lawyer in Huntsville, but one suspects clients didn't exactly beat a path to his door. To support himself, he took a position with the Freedmen's Bureau, which virtually controlled political life in Huntsville immediately after the war. It was his association with the Freedmen's Bureau that eventually brought Jack to high office in his newly

adopted State.

The United States Freedmen's Bureau was an honest attempt by the Federal Government to try to educate the former slaves and integrate them into American society. While many of its employees were genuine idealist, the bureau unfortunately became a mecca for scoundrels. Jack Applegate was one of the latter. The trusting "freedmen" often became little more than pawns of a Radical Republican Party determined to maintain political control by any means possible. Most notably, the ineptly managed Freedmen's Bank turned into a major scandal, and African-American inves-

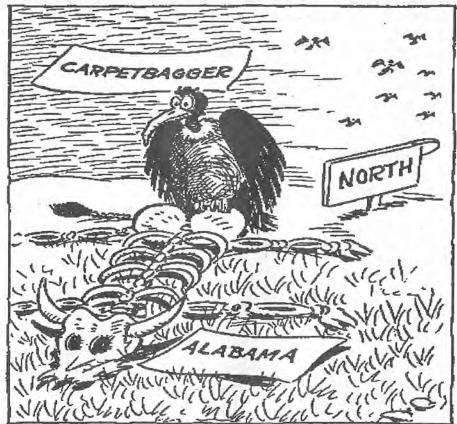


tors all across the South lost virtually every hard earned penny they had put into it.

President Andrew Johnson, a Tennessee Unionist and a Democrat, fully intended to carry out Abraham Lincoln's plans for a speedy return of Southern selfgovernment. However, the Radicals who controlled Congress declared the South needed to undergo a lengthy period of military occupation and Reconstruction. When President Johnson opposed them, they tried to impeach him and very nearly succeeded. These same Radicals threw out of office all of Alabama's elected officials, from the Governor on down. Then they declared the State constitution null and void, and ordered Alabama to write a new one. What the Radicals really wanted was a constitution that perpetuated their own political domination.

Naturally, there had to be an election for the delegates to the new Constitutional Convention. However, the Radicals made sure their people got elected. Since the Freedmen's Bureau called the shots, two of Madison County's delegates were black men: Lafayette Robinson and Columbus Jones. The third delegate was Jack Applegate, who just happened to be an employee of the bureau.

Jack was a gifted speaker (William Lowe called him "the favored orator of the Freedmen's Bureau") and he probably would have been elected anyway. But Applegate intended to take no chances. It seems the Federal Government periodically sent food shipments to feed the unemployed former slaves. Now, the warehouse for all North Ala-



bama just happened to be in Huntsville. Instead of distributing the food as soon as it arrived, Applegate held it back in the warehouse. The day before the election, he made a big show of handing out hams, slabs of bacon, and sacks of flour, reminding the grateful recipients to rote for him. Leave it to Jack to find a way to bribe people with something that already belonged to them.

Jack Applegate eagerly set off to represent Huntsville at the 1867 Constitutional Convention. This august assembly was actually nothing short of scandalous. An unbiased observer from New Hampshire called it a gathering of "worthless vagabonds, homeless, houseless, drunken louts." About a third of the delegates were carpetbaggers from the North, some of whom had not even lived in Alabama long enough to become legal residents. Many of these men had

never set foot in the county they supposedly represented. Around 18 of the delegates were African-American, well intentioned but mostly illiterate. The remainder were mainly scalawags, Southern opportunists who had become pro-Union only after it was clear the South was losing the war. The carpetbaggers were definitely in control, however, as the black delegates and scalawags quickly discovered.

The convention delegates wasted their time debating such things as renaming Alabama's counties after Union heroes like Lincoln, Grant, or Sherman, and actually abolished three counties established the previous year. But they did finally come up with a constitution of sorts. Surprisingly, the new constitution created the position of Lieutenant Governor.

The office of Lieutenant Governor was patterned after that of the United States Vice President.

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The Lieutenant Governor would be second in authority in the State and would succeed the Governor if anything happened to him. The Lieutenant Governor would also preside over the State Senate and would have the deciding vote in case of a tie. The office had never been needed before, critics claimed, and many Alabamians felt its only purpose was to put another carpetbagger on the payroll. Their suspicions were confirmed when the Radical candidate for Lieutenant Governor was named. It turned out to none other than Jack Applegate.

The Radicals still had one problem to overcome. The act of Congress that called for the convention stated the new constitution had to be approved by the people. If it did not secure a majority of the registered voters (not just who voted), it would not pass. Taking Congress at its word, most white voters stayed away from the polls and the carpetbagger constitution went down to defeat. The military commander, Gen. Meade, officially declared as much. Disappointed, Jack Applegate left the State, heading back to Ohio. He had not gone far, however, when he learned that Congress had ignored its own act and pronounced the constitution valid. Furthermore, the Radical candidates, including Jack, were all proclaimed elected.

Most Alabamians shook their heads in disbelief. The semiliterate Ohio carpetbagger had already gained his disparaging nickname when the Radicals appointed him a professor of English Literature at the University of Alabama. (He drew his pay, but never taught a class.) Now, incredibly, "Jack Appletoddy" was the number two

official in the entire State.

Jack was undoubtedly delighted with his new office and promptly took up residence in a plush Montgomery hotel. He could not even wait for Congress to confirm his appointment, declaring the State Senate open before he had any legal right to do so.

Applegate obviously enjoyed his new prominence. Once the legislative session closed, however, he did not return to Huntsville. Rumor claimed the Madison County Ku Klux Klan had placed a price on his head, and Jack felt discretion was the better part of valor. He purchased a home in a modest working class district of Mobile and declared

it his official residence.

Surprisingly, not even high political office brought Applegate the wealth he had sought. Jack tried hard enough, but he was up against con artists much cleverer than he was. In fact, the U. S. Census for 1870 lists his financial worth at a mere \$1,000. Jack probably had unreported money stashed away somewhere, but he was still far from rich.

Jack did reap one financial windfall thanks to a bit of larceny he had committed in Mississippi during the war. But once again he got much less than he had expected. It seems while he had been with Gen. McPherson's

Continued on page 55



"... Applegate played an important part in pillaging a private residence"

SLAVERY

The Forgotten Story Of How

It Began In America

Although the fact is seldom publicized, the first African Americans actually arrived in what is now the United States in 1619, one year BEFORE the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. This historical omission should not surprise us too much, since many "politically correct" history books almost ignore the fact that Virginia was founded in 1607. Why, this makes the Pilgrims practically Johnnies-come-lately, which would never go over in Boston.

Critics of the South also conveniently ignore a landmark event that took place in Virginia in 1654. This was nothing less than the beginning of lifelong slavery for generations of black Americans. (Massachusetts had legalized enslaving red Indians in 1646, after defeating the Pequods in King Philip's War, but that fact is conveniently shoved under the rug.)

African American slavery began with a simple legal suit brought by an obscure Virginian named Andrew Johnson. It seems Mr. Johnson had purchased the services of a black man named John Casor. Casor was an indentured servant, bound to his master only for five

years.

Indentured servants were immigrants who could not afford to pay their own passage. Instead, they would bond themselves to the captain of a ship, who would auction their services to the highest bidder on arriving in America. The purchaser thus paid for the immigrant's passage, and in return the immigrant belonged to his master for a num-

ber of years. As often as not, these "temporary slaves" were white (both male and female) and were treated no better than black slaves would be in the centuries to come. In fact, indentured servants were often treated even harsher, since their master had no long term interest in their health. A master could also sell an indentured servant, and it was not unusual to see a free black overseer marching a coffle of white bond servants to an auction. Once a servant had worked out his indenture, of course, he (or she) was freed and became a

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citizen. If male, he would be granted 50 acres by Virginia to start his own farm.

Well. John Casor had already completed his indenture. But Andrew Johnson still kept him in bondage, which was a serious legal offense. Casor complained to a neighbor named Parker, who told the authorities. Frightened, Johnson reluctantly set him free. However, Casor had no money of his own and entered a new indenture with Parker, who was obviously more kindhearted than Johnson.

When Andrew Johnson learned that Casor had bound himself to Parker, he was furious. Johnson promptly went to court, arguing that he had brought Casor to Virginia and if anyone had a right to Casor's services it was the man who paid his passage. Surprisingly, the

court sided with Johnson and ordered Casor to be his servant for life.

John Casor thus became the first black slave in America.

So who was this despicable Andrew Johnson? Like Casor, he was himself black. Andrew Johnson was apparently one of the original 20 Africans who had been sold as indentured servants at Jamestown by a Dutch sea captain in 1619. Gaining his freedom a few years later, Johnson went on to become a prosperous tobacco plantation owner. In 1651 he imported five indentured servants, one of them the unfortunate John Casor. Ironically, slavery in the American South was thus begun by an African American.

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Shooting Affray!



The Mayor of Tuscumbia Instantly Killed!

...So screamed the headlines all across Alabama on July 18, 1890. Unbelievable as it seemed, the Mayor of Tuscumbia had indeed been shot down in a gunfight. Readers were even more shocked to learn that Mayor John A. Steele, Jr., son of Colbert County's probate judge, had evidently begun the Wild West-style shoot-out himself. Tuscumbia residents with long memories might have recalled that Mayor Steele's grandmother was a Winston, one of the two families that figured in the city's biggest melee some 60 years earlier. It appeared the frontier spirit was not quite dead in the Muscle Shoals area after all.

John Steele, Jr., Tuscumbia's 31-year-old mayor, was the second son of Judge John Anthony Steele, a prominent political figure and distinguished Confederate Army veteran. Judge Steele's mother was Mary D. Winston. daughter of Anthony Winston, who settled in Tuscumbia in 1818. The Winston pride, mixed with the Steeles' Scotch-Irish blood, seemed to produce a volatile combination. Old-timers still talk about the day in the late 1820s when Anthony Winston and his brothers fought John Washington and other members of his family, distant cousins of the first president.

The apparent cause of the encounter was certain criticism of President Andrew Jackson, which appeared in Henry S. Foote's newspaper, The

Tuscumbia Patriot. The Winston brothers served under Jackson in the Creek Indian War and took offense at the comments about their old commander. As Foote was related to the Washingtons by marriage, they quickly rallied to his defense. The Washington men came to town that day intending to settle matters with the Winstons. The Winstons were equally courageous and met the Washingtons near the corner of 6th and Main Streets. Both sides used flintlock pistols and knives, and the fighting was desperate. Blood flowed freely, though miraculously no one was killed. Tuscumbia's young mayor seems to have been much like his Winston kinsmen in temperament.

The 1890 shooting was



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sparked by 18-year-old Andrew Metcalf Steele, who encountered the wife of Tuscumbia's undertaker on the street and for some reason "grossly insulted her," according to the newspapers. The next morning, July 18th, the undertaker, William P. Challen. and his brother-in-law, John W. Goodwin, went to Judge Steele's house to demand an apology. None was given and heated words were exchanged. After the men left, "Met" Steele's brothers. John and Thomas, armed themselves and went looking for Challen and Goodwin. The Steeles found the men inside Curry & Abernathy's Drug Store, engaged in conversation with Judge Steele. Without further ado, young John, the mayor, reached over his father's shoulder and fired a shot at John Goodwin. The bullet missed, however, and struck druggist Tracy Abernathy in the wrist as he attempted to separate the men and prevent bloodshed.

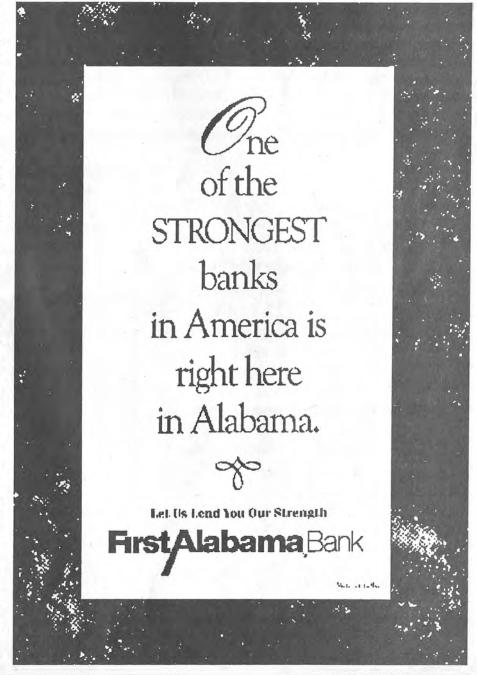
The startled Goodwin quickly drew his own pistol and shot Mayor Steele through the head, killing him instantly. Tom Steele then joined in and fired a load of buckshot into Goodwin's right shoulder. As Goodwin fell to the floor, Tom Steele emptied the shotgun's other barrel at him. The buckshot missed, but the exploding gunpowder badly burned Goodwin's face. Challen ended the fight by wounding Tom Steele in the arm.

"Both factions are among the most prominent people in this community," wrote the Hunts-ville Mercury's Tuscumbia correspondent, "and the trouble is deeply regretted by all. Moreover, with the popular young mayor dead and three others wounded, no one really considered the feud to be over." "The

affair is not quiet by any means," reported the *Mercury's* correspondent, "and our people may look for more trouble at any moment, as the two factions, backed by numerous relatives, swear eternal vengeance."

Surprisingly, all was quiet in the weeks that followed. Though Goodwin had been badly wounded, the 47-year-old merchant seemed certain to recover. Mayor Steele was buried and the matter appeared to be at an end, Yet Tom Steele was not about to forget the death of his older brother. He brooded quietly and planned his revenge. Nearly two years later, when Goodwin hardly expected it, Tom Steele was ready to act.

On the morning of May 13, 1892, John Goodwin was seen standing in the doorway of the Parshall House Hotel at 5th and Water Street. Tom Steele was seated in front of a saloon a few doors away. As Goodwin walked past, Steele reached through the saloon doorway and brought out



a double-barreled shotgun. He levelled it at Goodwin and fired. The first shot missed, but the second struck him in the side. With Goodwin helpless on the ground, Tom Steele walked up, drew his pistol, and shot him in the head.

Numerous witnesses saw Steele shoot Goodwin and he was promptly taken into custody. However, the Steele family influence made it highly unlikely the killer would be punished. In fact, Colbert County's prosecuting attorney stated openly that it would be a waste of time to arrest Tom Steele, "for it will be impossible to get him convicted."

Within days of Goodwin's shooting, concerned Colbert County citizens held a "law and order mass meeting" to try to prevent the situation from deteriorating further. "There has been something wrong in the raising of young men down about Courtland and Tuscumbia," commented the Weeklu Mercuru in Huntsville, "for the predominating influence over them has been whiskey, cards, horse racing, cock pits and concealed weapons. We are glad to see the law and order element come to the front, and trust that they can grind and stamp out the abominable influences that for years have controlled that vicinity."

Law and order did seem to return to the Shoals area thereafter. However, the prosecutor's prediction would come true. Ably defended by two prominent kinsmen—former Confederate General Edmund Winston Pettus, soon to be elected to the U.S. Senate, and Pettus' son Frank, then Speaker of the Alabama State Legislature--Tom Steele would indeed go free. The first trial resulted in a hung jury, with six for conviction on a lesser charge of manslaughter, and six against. No one was willing to find Steele guilty of murder. The second trial ended in outright acquittal. The family feud had finally come to an end.



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One American family in four currently suffers from some type of cardiovascular disease which can lead to chest pain or a heart attack. Many of these patients will have their hearts mended with medicine. Some will have their hearts mended with therapeutic procedures such as angioplasty (balloons), while others with coronary artery bypass or valve replacement, and some will receive a pacemaker or even a new heart altogether. All of these treatments are designed to improve a patient's health and quality of life.

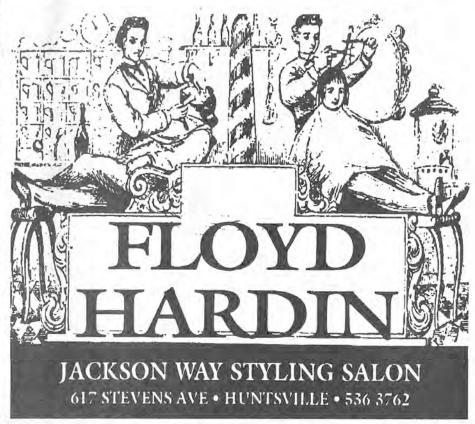
The recovery of each patient is different. It takes time for the body to heal and recover from the trauma of a heart assault. It is normal and understandable for patients and families to feel anger, frustration and depression. There may be necessary changes in a patient's life-style such as diet, exercise and medication. This may require adjustment for all the members of the household.

This is where the Mended Hearts Inc., can be a helping hand. The Mended Hearts Inc., is a voluntary organization consisting of people who have heart disease, their families and medical professionals. It is endorsed by the American Heart Association and numerous agencies throughout the U.S. The first "Mended Hearts" were two men and two women recovering from heart surgery in 1950. They felt

the need, as we do today, to help others facing heart mending procedures. They formed the Mended Hearts in 1951 and incorporated in October, 1955.

The Mended Hearts membership has grown to thousands and continues to grow each year with over 250 chapters across the country. Our local chapter in Huntsville has 28 members that meet every month at the Huntsville Hospital Medical Tower. We receive support and recognition from all our heart surgeons, cardiologists, nurses, hospital volunteers and the Huntsville Hospital.

Our Mended Hearts Inc., motto is, "It's great to be aliveand to help others." We have all been through one or more of the various heart invasive procedures. We try to understand the feelings of the patients and their families (by remembering our



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own feeling at our own surgery). We try to support them by visits. Often it is inspiring to a person to see an "Accredited Visitor of Mended Hearts Inc.," enter the hospital room with a smile and a warm hand shake. We try to make the patient feel that we share their feeling and that they are not alone. It is also encouraging to see someone who has had the same physical problems and are up and out helping others. The Mended Hearts Inc., carefully trains members to visit patients, to answer troubling questions and to give support to patients and their families before and after their treatment.

I had emergency bypass surgery January 21, 1984, and have been an accredited visitor for ten years. It continues to be a joy to visit people for the Mended Hearts, to share support and concern for the patients and to

make new friends. These "Life Plus Years" that I have shared since my surgery have been very rewarding. As a fellow member of the Senior Horizons, I will be glad to help, visit or answer any questions, and invite you to visit our Mended Hearts meetings.

Please call me at 536-0414.

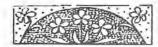
Ray Hamrick, Senior Horizons Member

The one time in the day when you lean back in your chair and put your feet up on your desk is the one time that the boss will walk through the office.

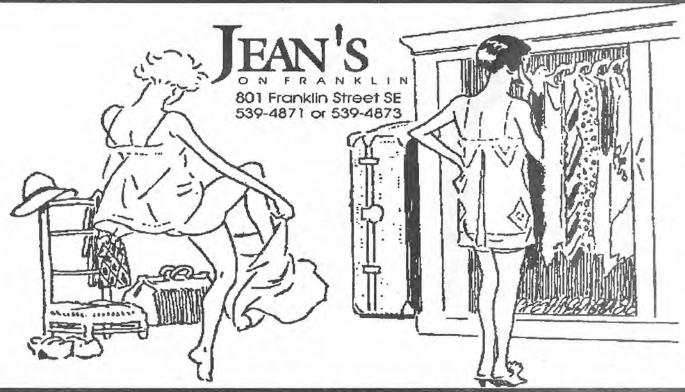
Brian Balwin, travel agent

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Household Tips by EARLENE

Paper that is stuck to furniture can be safely removed by softening it with olive oil.

To ease the trauma of your child's cut, clean it with a red washcloth so that the blood won't show.

Is arthritis making it difficult for you to hold a pen? Just push it through a small rubber ball, it is easier to grasp.

If a chair scratches your beautiful floor, just attach selfsticking bunion pads on the bottom of the legs.

A few bay leaves crumbled here and there in your kitchen cabinets will discourage ants from entry.

A 15 year old tree provides raw material for only 700 shopping bags! Please reuse your bags or invest in some good canvas bags for when you go shopping. This would reduce grocery store costs (they wouldn't have to buy the bags) and would save millions of trees.

If you have a hard time finding your car in the shopping mall parking lot, always try to park in the same place every time.

For sweet breath, brush all parts of your mouth--tongue as well as teeth--so that you get rid of all odor-causing material.

For a deep-cleansing mask you might have in your kitchen cabinet, stroke milk of magnesia on your face with cotton balls, avoiding the eye area. Leave the mask on for 10 minutes and remove with warm water. When baking, count out loud the number of cups you have added to a recipe.

Need a small funnel for dry ingredients? Use an envelope with a corner cut off.

If you don't have a deep fat frying thermometer, drop a kernel of corn into your oil. When your corn pops, the oil is ready to use. page 49
Greens and vegetables will last longer in the crisper drawer of your fridge if you line them with paper towels.

Are you trying to sell your home? Try baking a batch of homemade brownies. Some friends of ours tried this while their home was being shown to potential buyers. The delicious aroma of freshly baked goods helped to convince the interested couple to close the deal.

submitted by Bob and Diane Jardine



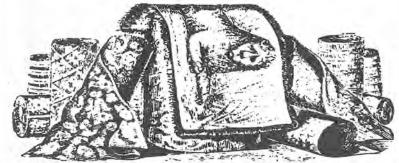
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Kelly's Town

by Jack Harwell

Bloucher Ford, Poplar Ridge, Keys Mill ... there are at least five dozen named communities in Madison County, and probably dozens more that have come and gone since the first white settlers came here nearly two centuries ago. Sometimes there is no knowing why a community fails to grow; poor farming, the dropping of a rail line, or just bad luck. But each of these places has one thing in common—they are all somebody's home.

Many of Madison County's choice lands were snapped up in the land sales of 1819. Not everyone who migrated here chose to live in Huntsville; after all, the frontier was wide open, the country was expanding, and anyone who had the money could buy land anywhere he chose. One of the more popular areas was located about 15 miles northwest of the city, around a spring which was then called Price's Big Spring. The spring was the source of Indian Creek, which meandered south toward the Tennessee River, and which would a few years later become the focus of an ill-fated canal project. But in the 1820s, Price's

Big Spring was still home to a small group of Indians who gave the creek its name.

The first known whites to own land in the area were John Walker and his wife Huldah, about whom little is known. What is known is that the Walkers sold their land, a quarter section (160 acres) to one Benjamin O. Wilbourn in 1828 for \$800. Over the next seven years, Wilbourn bought more land until by 1835 he owned a full section—640 acres, one square mile. He also built a house.

A settlement grew up around Wilbourn's place, complete with a post office, but it was not to last. In 1845 the community was nearly wiped out by an epidemic of malaria, not an uncommon occurrence in the South in those days. Wilbourn himself died around this time, very possibly

one of the victims of the disease. Finally, the land, and the house, were sold by the Wilbourn estate in 1853 to Joshua O. Kelly.

Joshua Kelly, with his father, mother, and uncle, arrived in Alabama from Brunswick County, Virginia, in 1820, settling near Meridianville. They later moved to a new location on the Pulaski Pike, in an area that is now within the Huntsville city limits. He came into possession of the Wilbourn land on September 12, 1853, and moved into the house with his wife, the former Sally Strong, a Meridianville girl who he had married in 1850. He started a farm, and was successful enough to own several slaves. By the time the Civil War broke out, Kelly had added a general store and a blacksmith shop to his list of business ventures.

Alabama seceded from the



Union on January 11, 1861. Three months later, shells fell on Fort Sumter and the war was on. Kelly joined the rush of Southern men to military service and left for Huntsville, where he enlisted in Company K, 4th Alabama Cavalry, under the overall command of Nathan Bedford Forrest. He saw action at Shiloh, and in 1864 was part of the Confederate force that fought against Sherman's troops as they marched inexorably from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

While Joshua was off in the war, Sally stayed at the family home, along with her sister, Sue Strong, who had come to keep her company. Both Sally and Sue were outspoken supporters of the Confederacy, which earned them the unwanted attention of the Federal troops which frequently occupied the area around her home. The Union soldiers regarded any South-

erner who espoused secession as a traitor, and took no little delight in harassing those who held such views. Many times Sally was forced to allow Union troops to spend the night in the lower floor of the house.

But not all the Federals were so boorish. Sally was provided with an armed guard on the house, to prevent any unauthorized intrusion. Once, an officer came from Huntsville intending to set fire to the house, but was talked out of it by the guard.

In the final months of the war, the ranks of the Confederate soldiers thinned steadily. Few field commanders were able to muster a force large enough to meet the Union troops in a set-piece battle. One who could was John Bell Hood, who was in charge of the defense of Nashville in December 1864. Joshua Kelly was there, too. With him was his cousin, Thomas B. Kelly.



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PROFLEX

Joshua and Thomas were given leave to visit their families in Madison County. But to get there, they would have to travel cautiously to avoid the Federal troops who were by then in control of all centers of population. As rebel soldiers, they could not, of course, simply show up on their front doorsteps. Rather, their visits would have to be made clandestinely in order to avoid arrest.

Instead of going straight home, Joshua and Thomas Kelly hid out in the Banyon Swamp, about three miles east of Toney. (Today the Hazel Green Airport and Blue Water Spring Park are located nearby.) They were aided there by an elderly lady named Sullivan, who brought food to them in their hideout. With Mrs. Sullivan's help, the Kellys avoided detection and managed to visit their families.

En route back to Nashville, a trip taken just as cautiously as the journey home, Joshua and Thomas made contact with a group of nine Confederate irregulars. Such units were common in the latter stages of the war, as regular units were decimated with no hope of reinforcement and men sought to defend their homes any way possible. The little group decided it would engage in a little guerrilla warfare and travelled to Shelbyville, where they captured 22 Union soldiers in the railroad depot.

The partisans were marching their captives toward Fayetteville when Joshua asked what was to be done with them. The leader of the group told him that he wanted no Yankee prisoners, and intended to shoot them all. Joshua was taken aback. Killing an enemy on the field of battle was one thing, but he wanted no

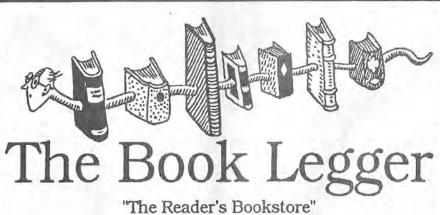
part of what he considered to be a war crime. He began to plead for the lives of the doomed men. The leader was scornful of such sympathy for Yankees, and even threatened to make Joshua shoot one of them himself. But Joshua continued to beg for mercy for the prisoners, and the rebel leader finally agreed to release half of them. The rest were taken to a hilltop on the Huntsville road, south of Fayetteville, and killed. Notes pinned to their bodies said that the shootings were in retaliation for the recent execution, by the Federals, of an elderly Fayetteville man named Massey, who had refused to reveal the whereabouts of his son. a Confederate soldier.

When Joshua Kelly finally returned home, he was destitute. His once prosperous farm had been ruined by the occupying Northern army, and his blacksmith and mercantile businesses were gone. All his horses had

been taken by the Union troops. He had his house and family, but very little else. One of the first things he did was free his slaves; the 13th Amendment had been passed, abolishing slavery, and Joshua was unable to support them in any case. Most of the former slaves decided to stay with the Kelly family, some for the rest of their lives.

The Reconstruction period was difficult for all Southerners, and the Kellys were no exception. Joshua Kelly went back to farming as best he could, and managed to raise his family successfully. Eventually, some semblance of prosperity returned to Madison County. Then in 1885, Joshua's sons, David, John, and Lawson, decided to go into business, and reopened their father's mercantile business.

After the store was established, David Kelly decided to get a post office for the little community. On the application he



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sought the name "Jeff Davis" for the post office. Although this was a popular name in the South, it was no doubt seen differently by the Postmaster General in Washington, and the application was denied. According to different accounts, David was told the name was too long, or that there was already a post office by that name in Alabama. Still determined to honor the president of the late Confederacy (who was still alive at the time), David Kelly returned the application with the name, "Jeff." So it has been ever since. David Kelly became the first postmaster of Jeff, Alabama, and remained so until he died in 1939.

Joshua Kelly died on March 8, 1897, his 71st birthday. Sally Strong Kelly remained on the Kelly land until she died on May 19, 1915. By that time, the D.E. and J.O. Kelly Company (named for sons David and John) was one of the most successful in the county. Over the years, the Kellys have engaged in a number of businesses, including farming, merchandising, cotton ginning, saw milling, and livestock, as well as the growing of apples, pears, and pecans. The store was expanded in 1900, and again in 1920. At one time there were watercress ponds around the spring, and Kelly watercress could be found in the finest restaurants in New York City.

Time would bring changes to Jeff. Lawson Kelly, the last of Joshua's sons, died in 1946. The post office closed in 1955. Kelly Spring, in fact, now has a Huntsville zip code. Jeff Road was paved by the 1940s, and it became easier for people to travel to the city to do their shopping. The store finally closed in 1968. Though no longer open to the public, the building still stands.

So does the old house that Joshua moved into nearly a century and a half ago The original walls were bricked in 1928, the year of John Kelly's death. It has changed little since then.

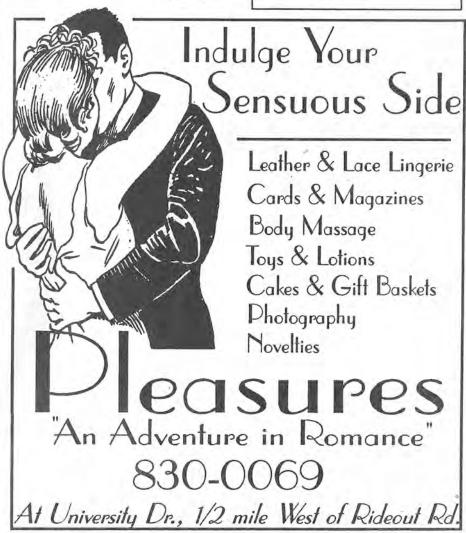
Today the name of Jeff is kept alive only by the road and by the Jeff Gin Company. The land has always been owned by the Kellys and their descendants. Though now only two miles outside the Huntsville city limits, it is still a rural area. But development is slowly encroaching on Jeff's isolation. If you drive along Jeff Road today, between 53 and 72, you can see the land much as it appeared when Jeff was a village with its own post office. But change is inevitable, so see it while it's there.

The End

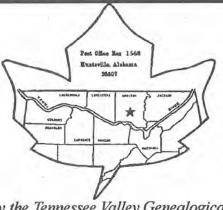


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The Kiwanis Club of Huntsville **Golden K**



Searching For Our Ancestors



A monthly column provided by the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society to aid people in their genealogical research.

First Families of Madison County (partial list)

Madison County was a part of the Mississippi Territory from 13 Dec. 1808 until 10 Dec. 1817 when the Alabama Territory was created. During this period Madison was the only county in what later became North Alabama. The 1809 tax list and land applications identify some of the County's earliest settlers..

In 1809, Madison County, Mississippi Territory had a total of 2223 white inhabitants and 322 slaves.

Reubin Windham Jiles Mucklerey John Murphy John Wood Jacob Byoits Levy Melvin Leban Rice Aaren Rice Issac Brock Reubin Brock Sturdy Garner William Burges Richard Burges Larkin Rogers Charles Gwin Joseph Cartwright Littleton Felps Marman King James Moore James Pybes John Murr Thomas Speaks James Fitzgerrald John Helm Thomas Hurphy John Jones Jacob Clemmons

Cullen Karp

Francis Shaw John Shaw James Walker Moses Poore Issaih Hamilton Alexander McCollom John Gatlin Gavin Johnston Francis Johnston Issac Criner Joseph Gormley Nicholas Couch George Baylis William Brown William Brown Jr. Elijah Lawley Hugh Malloy Varney Magbee Joseph Powell William Barlett Jacob Prewit Joseph York William Prewit James Mahan James Dayton John Grayson Benjamin Wilson

James Wilson

James Loller David Harles Thomas Jones Reece Bayles Robin Hampton John Waldrop **Enoch Barry** Robert Davis John Lamley Levy Byram Abraham King John Bowren Nathaniel Davis George Bayles John Maley Samuel Davis John R. Cook Mary Morrow John Ridenoar Asahel Babb James Babb Aseph Wills John Harles John Bayzone George Bayzone Levi Hines Benjamin Hines Absolom Colwell

JONES

Need the name of the parents of John W. JONES born 5 Dec 1838 near Huntsville in Madison County, Alabama.

Mary J. Marchant, 2901 Springfield Dr., Tallahassee, FL, 32308-3274

PORTER WILLIAMS

Need information on any of Porter family from Jackson Co., AL around Long Island on line of GA, also lived Dade Co, GA. Elijah PORTER m. Nancy WILL-IAMS, ch: John B.; Louisa B.; Georgetta; Winfield Scott; Alexander Pierce. Will exchange copy with anyone connected with this family. Who was Elijah's father?

Bess Carter, Rt Box 76, Pollock, LA, 71467

NANCE THOMAS

Seek information about parents / siblings of John NANCE b1833 Pickens Co, SC, m. Mar 1858 Cobb Co, GA Caroline THOMAS. John in the 40th GA Inf. Reg, until wounded and captured at Chattanooga Nov 1863. Imprisoned at Rock Island, IL. Enlisted in US Navy and served until end of war. Lived Whitfield Co. GA 1870; in MS Delta c1873; Holmes Co, MS 1880 and Sunflower Co. MS 1900.

Leroy Nance, 4605 Lakeview Drive, Huntsville, AL 35810

PRICE * BRIGGS * TOWNSEL * BREWER

Request information, will exchange. PRICE: Daniel M Price m. Sarah Briggs; Martin Price m. Jane _ ? _; Alexander Hamilton Price m. Emeline Townsel; Robert and Christian Anne Price m. Calvin C. Brewer. Born in either Logan Co, KY or Russell Co, VA

1789-1811. The family migrated c1811/12 to Warren Co, TN. Then to Jackson Co, AL and finally to Lamar and Fanning Co's TX. Also seeking WRIGHT; PROVINE; THOMPSON; PARKS; MCFARLAND; WHITECOTTON; BOWERS; LAMBIRTH; MURPHEY; JENNINGS & JAMES. Will exchange on any of these.

Earl Provine Price, Jr. MD. 2413 Lofton Terrace, Ft Worth, TX 76109-1123

HILLIN * HILLIAN * HILLION * ELLIOTT * BURNS

Need the relationship between Absolom, Nathaniel and Jesse HILLIN /HILLIAN/HILLION who lived in Jackson and Marshall Co's AL 1810-1860. Were they brothers? Who were their parents? Absolom b. c1800 GA d. 19 Aug 1842 Marshall Co AL mar. Mahalla ELLIOTT 8 children, Nathaniel b c1793 GA d. c1860's Jackson Co AL mar. Mary ? 6 children. Jesse b c1793 GAd.7Sep 1858 Panola Co, TX mar. 1st Jane Burns, 2nd Malinda ? 6 children. The children of all three men had names in common.

James Verett, 6 Wyndemere Vale, Monterey, Ca. 93940

For More Information, please contact the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society, Inc.

P.O. Box 1568 Huntsville, Al 35807



Jack "Appletoddy" from pg. 41

bodyguard, Jack had fallen sick and been quartered in the home of former U.S. Secretary of Interior Jacob Thompson, a Confederate agent in Canada at the time. Either Jack or one of his colleagues stumbled across an assortment of deeds, patents, and other legal papers belonging to Thompson. Realizing the documents were valuable. Jack stole them. Later, when he was living in Huntsville, Applegate wrote Mrs. Thompson informing her bluntly, "If you want these papers better than \$10,000, send the money and you'll get your papers." Mrs. Thompson forwarded the letter Huntsville's Leroy Pope Walker. Walker confronted Jack, who denied having the papers. Knowing better, Walker told him to produce the papers the next day in return for \$300 or he would get nothing. Jack suddenly recalled where the documents were and accepted the greatly reduced extortion. William Lowe sent copies of the correspondence to Democratic newspapers, and the sorry story was publicized all across the country.

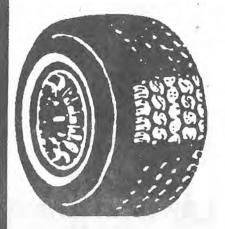
Yet even in Mobile, Jack was not beyond the reach of the Ku Klux Klan. Supposedly, he received a warning to leave Alabama if he wanted to keep on living. Never one to trust fate, Jack decided it was a good time to go somewhere else. Strangely, he fell sick after arriving in Chattanooga and died a few days later on August 21, 1870. He was only 36 years old and had not even completed his two year term as Lieutenant Governor. His widow and children then returned to Ohio. The saga of "Jack Appletoddy" had come to an sudden end.

To complete our tale, once Reconstruction finally ended in Alabama, the democratically elected government promptly called for a new constitutional convention. Reflecting largely on Applegate's time in office, the 1875 convention decided to abolish the position of lieutenant governor. It would not be restored until 1901.





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