

Death of a Southern Writer

by Joe Shaffer

The conductor raised one eyebrow as he looked down at the snoring passenger in disgust. "Just what I need," he muttered to himself, "another drunk!"

"Where's he suppose to be going?" he asked the porter standing beside him in the crowded car.

"His ticket says Decatur on it," replied the younger man.

"Good! We're coming into Bristol and that's where he changes trains. Make sure he gets off. I sure as hell don't want him getting sick all over the place in here."

As the locomotive pulled slowly into the station at Bristol, Tennessee, the porter tried to awaken the unconscious passenger. Failing that, he and another porter picked the man up and carried him to the train that would take him home.

He who was so unceremoniously dumped aboard that other train was George Washington Harris. Although his name is not familiar to many, he is considered to be one of the most important writers in American literature. The porters had no way of knowing that the man they left "to sleep it off," on that snowy December day in 1869, would leave a lasting influence on such literary giants as Mark Twain and William Faulkner.

Harris was born on March 30, 1814 near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. His family moved to Tennessee when he was about five. Though young George never had but about eighteen months of formal schooling in his life, the household was filled with books.

Apprenticed to his older brother, Samuel Bell, he learned the painstaking trade of metal working and became quite skilled at the craft. He worked in precious metals--gold and silver-along with iron, brass and steel. Besides learning how to craft and design jewelry, clocks and guns, he was fascinated by mechanical machines. Days were spent, often at the displeasure of his employer, in making meticulous detailed working models of various machines he had seen or read about.

The first steamboat to reach Knoxville, *The Atlas*, arrived in 1826 and among the crowds straining for a look at the mechanical marvel was young George. Though only 12 at the time, he was enchanted with the complex voyaging craft that could travel against the current.

Returning to his shop, George crafted a functioning model of the steamship he had admired. Word of his model rapidly spread and on the day he launched it in a nearby pond, many of Knoxville's most elite citizens were present. So impressed were they that they were inspired to form an enterprise to build a full size steamboat. By 1830 the new craft, christened *The Knoxville*, was complete.

Every red-blooded American boy fantasized about being a steamboat captain. Travel! Romance! Adventure! When at the age of nineteen, George Harris became the first captain of the newly christened *The Knoxville*, it was a dream come true.

Sailing up and down the Tennessee River, Harris visited ever town along the waterway. The countryside around Decatur especially captivated him and it would be to this area that he



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would return and finally make his home.

When Harris married Mary Emeline Nance of Knoxville, at the age of 21, he was still working as a river boat captain. In 1838 he took part in the Cherokee Indian removal, transporting them on his boat to territory west of the Mississippi. Though small in statue, Harris was in full command of his vessel. Tales persist in Knoxville about how he stood

up to General Winfield Scott, who was in charge of the removal, and refused to allow him to give orders aboard his ship.

Urged, perhaps by a lonely wife, Harris gave up the river life in 1839, and bought 375 acres of beautiful farmland in Blount County, Tennessee. There in a large and lavishly furnished home, he tried to live the idealized life of the Southern gentleman planter. He was not a

farmer but supported his family with his metalworking skills.

It was at this time he began writing and submitting articles of political comment to a local Democratic newspaper.

His elegant life-style soon outstripped his earning capabilities. In late 1842 he was forced to sell his farm in order to settle his debts. With the remaining money, he moved his family back to Knoxville where he opened a

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large machinery shop. Local newspapers, for years, carried his ads where he offered to fabricate "new inventions for the Patent Office or exhibition, Surgeons and Dentists instruments, and model steam engines for colleges."

Probably his heart was not really in the business as he continued writing, submitting essays to the *Knoxville Argus* and New York papers. In them he described country life in the East Tennessee mountains. His writing style began to take shape, and was described by Milton Rickels as "an effort to recreate the sound, rhythm, and imagery of the rural dialect, and to create a mood of wild joy, almost free of restraint."

Harris was slowly becoming a recognized writer but unfortunately riches did not come with his new found notoriety. Equally frustrating was his habit of living beyond his means.

In 1849, he took a part time job as superintendent of the Holston Glass Works to supplement his income. Five years later he accepted a position as superintendent for the surveying of Ducktown Copper mines.

Harris continued to write however, and the rough life in the mining town seems to have inspired his style significantly. The miners were described as "hard fighting, hard drinking, wild mountaineers." Harris would base his most famous character. Sut Lovingood, on the distinctive personalities of the men he met while working there. In the first of many humorous compositions centered around this protagonist, Sut is described as "a queer looking, long legged, short bodied, small headed, white haired, hog eyed, funny sort of genius."

In these stories, Sut is a

comical fool who narrates tales of life in the backwoods, often poking fun at himself and others in the process.

Harris wrote a series of yarns about the fictional Sut Lovingood, which were published in various newspapers across the country.

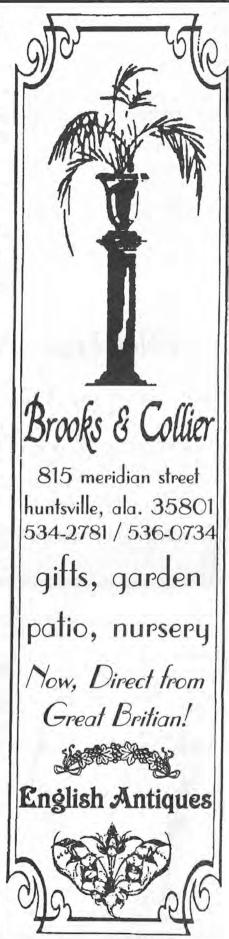
As unrest grew between the North and South, Harris' work took on an increasingly secessionist tone. When war broke out, Harris and his family were living in Nashville, but left before it fell to Union Soldiers in February of 1862. They lived in Chattanooga for a while before moving to Decatur, and if Harris did any writing at that time it has been lost.

After the Southern surrender, Harris moved back to Tennessee and continued his Sut Lovingood tales. In the spring of 1867 he finally realized a 20 year dream when the Dick and Fitzgerald publishing company, of New York, printed Sut Lovingood, Yarns Spun by A Natural Born Durn'd Fool.

The book was reviewed by a young newspaper reporter Samuel Clemons (aka Mark Twain himself) who cheerfully pronounced that "it abounds in humor and accurately portrays the provincial scenes and characters of the time and place."

In fact Mark Twain may have been influenced by Harris more than he ever chose to admit.

When Huckleberry Finn, written by Mark Twain, was published, the similarities between the two books were such that most people automatically assumed that he plagiarized Harris' earlier work. In fact many books about Mark Twain mention the fact that a plagiarism suit was filed against him but was later dropped.



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In Huntsville, the alleged plagiarism caught everyone's attention. Not only was George Harris a well-known figure about town, but so was Jeremiah Clemons, Mark Twain's cousin.

Mary Emeline died the same year that her husband's first and only book was published. George, who had always been a devoted husband and father, was devastated by her passing, and wondered aloud to friends and family if any other wife would be as good as Mary had been for him.

Time has a way of healing all wounds however, and two years later Harris fell in love again. Jane E. Pride was a Civil War widow living with her grown son, a telegraph operator, in their hometown of Decatur. In 1869, George Harris renewed his acquaintance with the tall, beautiful, blond, and they were married on October 19th of the same year, settling into a large comfortable home in downtown Decatur. Those who knew them both said

she was more than a match for him in intellect and social skills.

Two months later George Washington Harris had readied his second manuscript for publication. He took it with him on a business trip to Lynchburg, Virginia, hoping to have it published there, On Friday, December 10th, he boarded a train for the trip back home to his new bride.

After a long night and half day of travel, a weary eyed conductor tried to arouse Harris.

"We're in Knoxville. You wanna get off here?"

George managed a weak moan, which the conductor took to be an answer in the affirmative. Shaking his head, and believing Harris to be drunk, the conductor called for a porter to remove the man from the train.

The railroad agent had Harris taken to the Aiken House, near the station, and a doctor was summoned. It was about 1:00 in the afternoon when Dr. Kraus diagnosed Harris' condi-

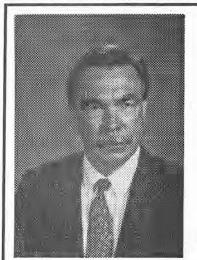
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tion as apoplexy (stroke). At 9 o'clock that night another doctor was summoned--by coincidence Harris' own brother in law, Dr. Fouche, who declared that Harris was suffering from an overdose of morphine.

At 10:00 George finally regained consciousness for a brief period. By that time, there were at least five physicians hovering over his bedside. One of them leaned down to the dying man.

"What happened," he asked.
"Poisoned! I've been poisoned!" was the weak but insistent reply. Harris sank back into his coma and never regained consciousness. He died two hours later.

The Knoxville *Press & Herald* called it, "a sudden and mysterious death," but curiously, no autopsy was performed.

His manuscript, entitled High Times and Hard Times, an account of Alabama life during Reconstruction, was never found.

His children pointed accusing fingers at his new wife, Jane. But it makes sense that if she had the manuscript, she would have had it published since she was his surviving beneficiary.

Who else might have wanted his manuscript never to be released? Perhaps it was someone who had been accused of plagiarism. If such a suit against Mark Twain had been filed, it died with George Washington Harris.

Among many literary scholars today, it is common knowledge that Twain used Sut Lovingood as a model for the vernacular employed in his narration of Huckleberry Finn.

Years later, when William Faulkner was asked to name his favorite fictional characters, he included Sut Lovingood. "He had no illusions about himself," Faulkner wrote, "did the best he could; at certain times he was a coward and knew it and wasn't ashamed; he never blamed his misfortunes on anyone else and

never cursed God for them."

Neither did George Washington Harris. Although he never attained the popularity status reached by his contemporaries, Harris contributed more to American folklore and humor than any writer before or since.

The full story of his life--and death seems to be lost in the dusty archives of history.





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Memories

by Tillman Hill

The old two-story house that was built in the late 1800s at the corner of Oak and Half Street that was later renamed St. Clair and Gallatin Street was to serve a lot of people in many different ways. It brought a lot of happiness, sorrow, joy, fun, health, comfort, and death.

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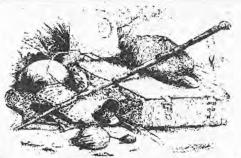
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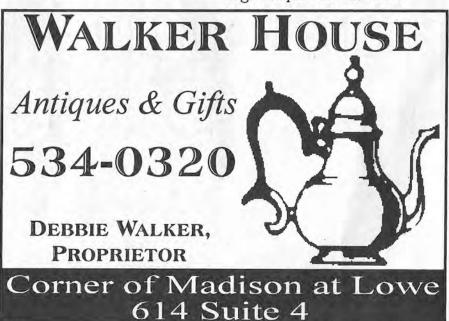


found themselves in possession of this house, whose late owner, Mollie Teal, was alleged to have been a well-known Madam of a Sporting House (this one!). Despite her purported reputation, she was obviously public-spirited and generous so she was specific in her will that the house was to be used for a public school or a hospital. In 1904, the City of Huntsville, with a lot of help from some ladies in town, opened a hospital and it stayed a hospital until 1926. The hospital on Whitesburg Drive was built and then the old hospital was turned into an apartment house. It was used as an apartment house and rooming house until sometime during World War II.

During the war it became the Harlem Club. Jesse Smith who had a bootleg cafe on Meridian Street opened it up as a black nightclub. I have already said that the old house had brought a lot of different things to a lot of people. Well it brought death to Jesse Smith on the morning of September 5, 1945. Henry White, a 29 year old former employee of Smiths' was said to have ended the cafe and roadhouse operator's colorful career with two blasts from a double barrel shot gun fired as Smith was entering the Harlem Club at about 7:00 in the morning, of which he was now the late owner.

This also brought the end to the old house. After the killing, the law came down on the club and after having been raided many times, it closed. About that time, Community Development came in and rebuilt that part of town.

As the war raged in the South Pacific, there was another war raging in Madison County. Just as President Truman's order to drop the A bomb on Japan had ended the War, Henry White, according to the newspaper, with a 12 gauge double barrel shotgun, ended the Roadhouse War in Madison County, when he alleged shot Jesse Smith on the morning of September 5, 1945.



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There had been several shootings and killings between roadhouse operators in the last years. J.C. Bounds, who ran White Castle, a roadhouse on Meridianville Pike was killed and nobody was ever convicted of his killing. There were two or three other people who were shot and to my knowledge, nobody was ever convicted.

In the last eight months before Henry White allegedly killed Jesse Smith, Jesse was tried three times for murder and all three times, there were hung jury. The last trial that ended in a hung jury was on August 27, 1945. Henry White was tried in Feb, 1946. He was brought into the courtroom on a stretcher. He was reported to have T.B.

Henry White was brought to court again in May of 1946. The first trial was a mistrial. In May he appeared in court looking more healthier and sat at the table during the trial. He was found not guilty. After all the killings and trials were over, the D.A., came down on all roadhouses. The Sheriff was raiding them very often and they began to close down and the War in Madison County was over.

I used to shine shoes in Jesse Smith's cafe inside and outside of the cafe. He always treated me good. I know his wife and her Mother and Daddy. Her Daddy ran a kindling and wood yard on Dallas Ave. and I have worked for him, splitting kindling at the wood yard. So I kept up with the killings and trials very close. It seemed like I knew everybody that was involved in this, but I was too young to really know what was going on.

The last time I saw Jesse to my remembrance, Grady Baswell from Lincoln and one of my cousins and myself went into Broadway's Place. It was a restaurant. Grady and my cousin were both a few years older than me. Broadway's had marble top tables.

We came into the cafe and Jesse was standing at the cash register talking to Mr. Broadway. By this time, Jesse had a read bad name and people did not want to make him mad. Grady was mean and would fight a circle saw and caused trouble about everywhere he went. Jesse had a felt hat on and worked it pulled down over one eye, as was the fashion at this time.

The three of us walked to the back of the dinning room and started to set down, when Grady hollered, "Hell Fire!, there is Jesse Smith," and then turned over one of the marble topped tables. You can imagine how loud it was when it hit the tile floor. My cousin and myself hit the floor. I would have run if I had not been too frightened to. Grady jumped down behind the table and started to act like he was shooting a gun at Jesse. He did not have a gun and was pointing his finger at Jesse and saying "BANG, BANG." We laid there a few minutes, then looked up and Jesse was smiling.

I have never in my life, before or after that, been as happy to see a man smile!

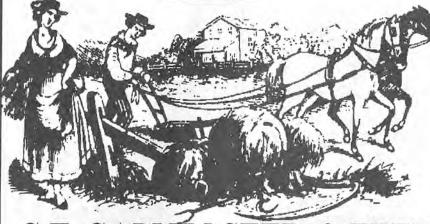
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As all of our long-time readers know, I am a great fan of extra virgin olive oil. It is much better for you than regular oil, and has a taste that goes with most non-dessert dishes. Well, I found a great way to flavor my oil and have it ready for any occasion, and here's what I did.

While in Pier One about 6 months ago, I noticed that they had bottles of olive oil, extra-virgin. It was a pretty, decorative bottle, and even better, it had a pouring spout attachment. Which means you can stick some

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190 Lime Quarry Rd., Suite 116 Madison herbs down into the bottle, let it set for awhile, and use the pouring spout to retain your herbs inside the bottle. So I bought some of the fresh herbs you'll find in grocery stores like Bruno's, and stuffed them down in there. I think I used oregano, marjoram, whole garlic cloves peeled, small red-hot peppers. Maybe some tarragon - it's all your personal preference.

Before you stuff the herbs in there empty out some of the oil and bruise the plants just slightly to release the flavor. I love garlic so I used about 10 cloves.

About a week later I used some of the oil and it was delicious. Now when I use up about a third of the bottle I just refill it with more extra-virgin olive oil and shake a little to get the flavor mixed in. You may not want to use the hot peppers - I love the bite I get now when I use the oil for other dishes and notice that spicy taste. Try it yourself!



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think I went over the edge with this one, but it really works.

I am in my forties and this past winter had made my skin really dry, especially on my face. I knew that castor oil was an oldtyme remedy for medical ills, but I thought that it just might work on my face, better than my lotion.

So I went to the drug store and bought a small bottle of the unscented castor oil, then at home poured it into a small frying pan and added about a teaspoon almond extract (or vanilla if you prefer). I barely heated it

I know you all are going to up, then poured it back into the bottle and used it at night before I went to bed.

> It is a bit oily when you first put it on your face, but you'll be surprised at how fast your face absorbs it - as if it's drinking it in! The next morning my skin was really soft, all oil gone, and after I had cleaned my face as usual I noticed that many of the tiny dry lines around my eyes had gone.

> It's a bit thick when you first put it on, but you don't need much, and the almond extract thins it down a bit. And try not to get it in your hair or eyes.



2-3 garlic tabs a day (find them at GNC - I like the Kyolic) has been proven to lower blood pressure.

Is your face puffy in the morning? By slanting the head of your bed upwards just a bit (use boards or phone books) fluid will drain toward the toes and not towards your face.

To relax take a hot bath, to get energized take a cold shower.

When you have good ideas whether at midnite or in the middle of the day - write them down immediately. It's amazing how soon we forget ideas we want to act on later.

Your body thrives on regularity - even if you do one small exercise every day, try to do it at the same as possible every day.

When you feel down in the dumps do something nice for someone else. Then do something even nicer for you.

Try a forty-five minute walk a day - it has been proven that fat begins to really burn after 20 minutes of exercise.

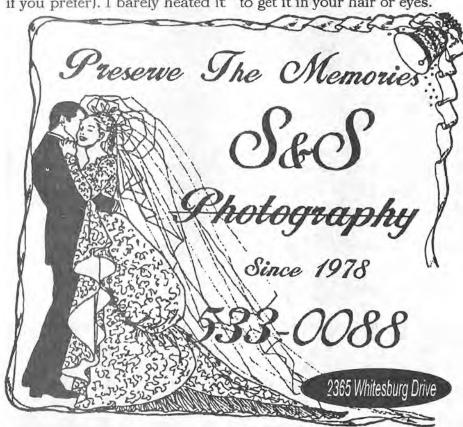
What is the #1 culprit fat source in women's diets? Not red meat - it's salad dressing.

An oatmeal bath is great for relieving that itchy winter skin.

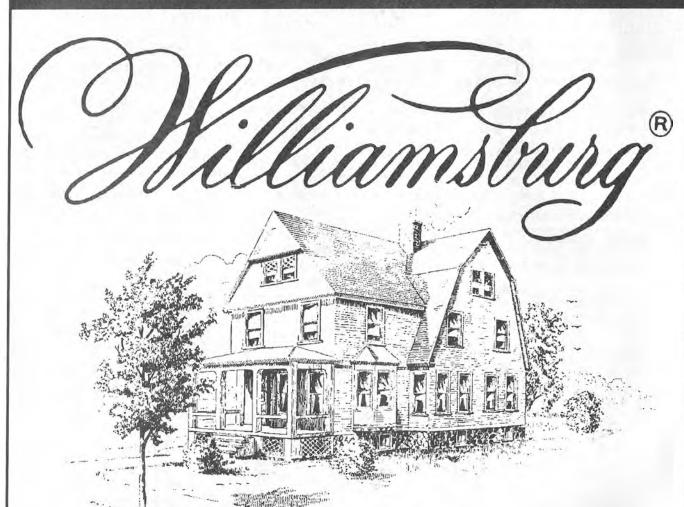
To keep those buttocks and thighs firm, exercise while standing in line by squeezing together as tightly as you can manage.

Wall pushups are good and can be done almost anywhere. Stand a foot or so away from the wall, place hands on the wall at shoulder level, push upper body away; repeat as many times as you can.

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He Got Her Goat

from 1898 newspaper

Judge J. H. Edwards' court was the scene of a sensational trial again this afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Robinson, an aged white woman, was tried for assault with intent to kill Tom Kissinger. Mrs. Robinson fired five shots point blank at Kissinger's body, doing but little damage to him. Kissinger claimed that he had been looking for some goats of his and was leaning over Robinson's place to get a view of the premises to see if his goats were there, when Mrs. Robinson came out, spoke a few words at him and immediately opened fire with a revolver.

Mrs. Robinson tells an altogether different tale. She says Kissinger has owned her a grudge for a long time and when he came to her fence she merely asked him what was wanted, and Kissinger replied by cursing her, applying vile epithets to her. She screamed for her husband and, running into the house, grabbed his revolver and opened fire on Kissinger, intending to kill him, and was only sorry she did not.

Judge Edwards bound over Mrs. Robinson on \$50 bond. "Pap" Robinson defended his wife as her attorney.

submitted by Dr. Bill Stewart, Jr.

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from 1909 newspaper



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Gen. Coppinger Came to Establish Army Camp

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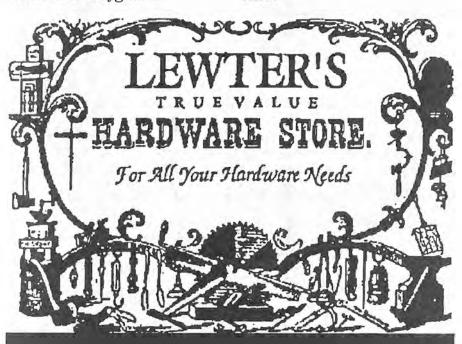
From 1899 Huntsville newspaper

The present season recalls to the people of Huntsville the stirring times of last year when soldiers could be seen on every street, in every store, and everywhere else.

Just one year ago today General Coppinger and the staff of the 4th army corps arrived in Huntsville to establish a camp for his army. The General arrived from Ferdinand on the morning of the 13th of August, a Saturday. He was accompanied by Troop D, 2nd Cavalry, which acted as a bodyguard.

From August 13th to January in the present year, Hu ntsville was probably livelier than it had ever been before.

Two days after the arrival of Gen. Coppinger, the 5th Cavalry came and then the volunteer regiments poured in at the rate of one regiment a day. Among them were the 2nd Georgia, 5th Maryland, 69th New York, First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry and the 3rd Pennsylvania. The 32nd Michigan came in September after the departure of the 5th Maryland.



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In October, the cavalry was ordered here to establish a winter camp and General Wheeler was placed in command.

General Wheeler commanded the camp two months, changing its name from Camp Wheeler to Camp Albert G. Forse. Then General Lawton, who is now in Manila, took command.

At one time there were 20,000 soldiers here. A birds eye view of the valley disclosed regimental camps on every hand.

The regular regiments that camped here were as follows: 2nd Cavalry, 5th Cavalry, 6th Cavalry, 7th Cavalry, 8th Cavalry, 10th Cavalry, 1st Infantry, 8th Infantry, 10 Infantry, 15th Infantry and the 16th Infantry.

During the month of February of this year, the camp dwindled down to a mere handful of men and the last soldiers to leave were those of the 3rd Battalion of the 16th Infantry, who departed March 7th, for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The people of Huntsville thoroughly enjoyed the sojourn of the soldiers and a large majority wish that by some means another camp would be established here. They cannot hear a bugle call without experiencing a thrill.

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Sharp pain, aching or stiffness on the bottom of the heel is a very common ailment. The pain is often worse upon awakening in the morning, but may subside after a few minutes before a comfortable stride can be resumed. This discomfort can also be present following a period of extended rest and then resuming activity.

Heel pain originates deep within the foot, directly on the heel bone or within a ligament on the bottom of the foot called the "plantar fascia." Several layers of fatty tissue surround the heel bone, softening and absorbing the impact of walking or running. This fatty layer protects the bones and muscles of the heel. Below this fatty layer, a fibrous band of connective tissue (the plantar fascia) extends from the heel bone to support the bones which make up the arch of the foot. Pain results when these tissues become irritated or inflamed, or when small spurs grow on the heel bone.

Other causes of heel pain include gout, various rheumatic conditions, nerve entrapments, stress fractures of the heel and on rare occasions, bone tumors. Diagnosis of the exact cause of the heel pain is critical in alleviating the pain.

Treatment for heel spurs or "plantar fascitis" may include antiflammatory medication, physical therapy, arch supports and surgical release of the plantar fascia. Several steps can be attempted at home before seeing your doctor. Taking aspirin or ibuprofen as directed, until the symptoms subside can help to reduce tissue inflammation. The use of heating pads followed by ice, applied to the heel, is an excellent way to also reduce the pain and inflammation. Avoid physical activities and wear a good supportive shoe.

Remember, never walk barefoot as long as the heel is causing pain. If these measures fail to resolve your painful heel, see a foot and ankle specialist.

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Rotini with Garlic and Zucchini

2 medium zucchinis, julienned

1/3 c. extra-virgin olive oil 5 cloves garlic, chopped

1 1/2 T. dried thyme

1 lb. Rotini (spiral) pasta noodles

Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Steam the zucchini til just tender, set aside and heat the olive oil. Add the garlic to the oil and cook over low heat til done, about 10 minutes. In the meantime, cook the pasta til just done (about 8 minutes) and drain thoroughly. In a large bowl pour the pasta, then the zucchini, garlic and oil and mix well with large spoons. When ready to serve, top with about a teaspoonful of the Parmesan cheese.

Hot, Spicy Fried Rice

4 c. cooked brown rice, cold

5 T. vegetable oil

1 onion, diced

1 1/2 small red bell pepper, seeded and diced

1 carrot, diced

1/2 t. dried red pepper flakes

Dash garlic powder

3 green onions, sliced thin

In a skillet or Wok heat the oil til hot, swirl to coat the entire pan. Add onion and stir til hot, 2 minutes or so. Turn heat to medium, add pepper and carrot, toss for 3 minutes. Stir in the rice, garlic and red pepper flakes. Remove from the heat and stir in the green onions.

Vegetarian Burritos

3 T. vegetable oil

1 onion, chopped fine

1 red pepper, seeded and chopped

l jalapeno, seeded and chopped

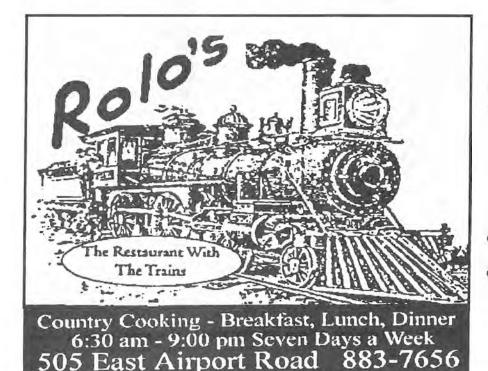
1 t. ground cumin

2 cloves garlic, minced

1 c. black beans

1 small zucchini, diced

8 flour tortillas



Cheddar cheese, shredded Shredded lettuce Sour cream Salsa Chopped raw onion

Saute the onion and peppers in oil til soft, about 7 minutes. Add the next 4 ingredients and saute for about 7 more minutes. Heat the tortillas by placing them in a microwave, covered with paper towel, for about 40 seconds. Place the filling in each tortilla, add the grated cheese and back in broiler til cheese just melts. Remove from oven and add sour cream, salsa and onion to taste, with the lettuce.

Ziti with Herbs

1 lb. Ziti or macaroni
2 whole hot peppers
6 T. olive oil
4 T. fresh parsley, chopped
1/2 c. fresh basil, chopped
1 1/2 t. dried thyme
Parmesan Cheese

To your boiling water add the pasta and the hot peppers. Gently heat the olive oil. When the pasta is almost done, about 8 minutes, stir the chopped herbs into the oil. Drain the pasta and discard your peppers (if you touch the peppers with your fingers DON'T TOUCH YOUR EYES - IT WILL HURT BAD). Toss the herbs and oil into the pasta, in a large bowl. Top with grated Parmesan cheese.

Red Pepper Soup

1 T. olive oil

1 onion, diced

1 carrot, diced

1 stalk celery, chopped

4 red peppers, chopped

l t. jalapeno, chopped Dash of Tabasco sauce

1 lb. red potatoes, peeled and cut into 1/8" slices

2 c. vegetable broth

3 c. water

1 t. thyme

1/2 t. garlic powder

1/2 t. white pepper

In a large pot saute the onion, carrot and celery in hot oil for about 7 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for about 30-45 minutes and all veges are soft. Eat as is or place in a blender and puree. Reheat and serve, save your left-overs.

Spicy Black Bean Pasta Salad

1 lb. vermicelli

2 T. peanut oil

2 very hot small peppers, seeded and cut into rings

2 green onions, chopped

3 cloves garlic, minced

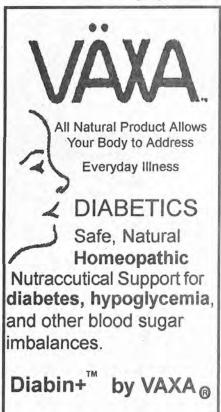
1 c. black beans, canned and drained

1/2 c. vegetable stock or water

1/2 t. red pepper flakes

3 t. rice vinegar

Cook your vermicelli and set it aside. Heat the oil and peppers in a small pan til very hot. Stir to blend, remove peppers and add green onions and garlic, continue to cook over medium heat for 3-4 minutes. Add the remaining ingredients except the vinegar and cook for another 6 minutes. Remove from heat, add the vinegar and toss with the pasta. Chill an hour prior to serving.



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Dill and Cumin Dressing

3 T. extra-virgin olive oil

1 T. lime vinegar

1 t. dried dill

1/2 t. cumin

1/4 t. salt

1/4 t. garlic powder

1/8 t. cayenne pepper

Using a small whisk, mix all ingredients together. This is a great dressing for greens - especially if you are preparing Mexican food and have a small side salad.



Massacre at Muscle Shoals!

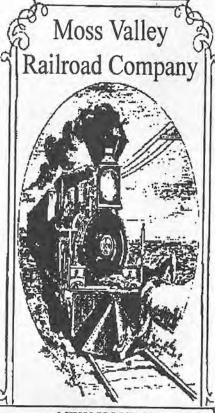
The war between the Cherokee Indians and the United States is now virtually forgotten, but it was bloody enough when it happened. The conflict came about in part because the Cherokees had supported the British during the American Revolution, but it actually was more the result of American settlers encroaching on Cherokee territory. Even after the war supposedly ended in 1785, some of the Cherokees continued to fight for another ten years. A little over two hundred years ago a group of travelers lost their lives to these holdouts in our own Tennessee Vallev.

The *Knoxville Gazette* of Knoxville, Tennessee, reported the bloody encounter in its issue of July 17, 1794:

"On the 9th of June, a boat commonly called Scott's boat, left this place for Natchez, on board which were William Scott, John Pettigrew, James Pettigrew, Mr. Tate, Mr. Young, John Harkins, three women, four children, and 22 Negroes. The boat was loaded with several tons of pots, kettles, cast ironware, and other valuable property. As this boat passed down the Tennessee River, it was fired upon by

the lower Cherokees, at the Running Water town, and at the Long Island village, without receiving any injury; on the other hand, the fire was returned, and two Indians wounded.

"A large party of about 150 Indians then collected, headed by Unicata (the same who was wounded in the attack upon Buchanan's Station in September, 1792) and pursued the settlers to the Muscle Shoals; where they boarded the boat and killed all the white persons, made prisoners of the Negroes, and plundered the boat of its loading; but



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not without resistance on the part of the people on board, who killed three Indians and wounded a fourth.

"It may not be improper to remind our readers, that the free and unmolested navigation of the river Tennessee, by the citizens of the United States, is secured to them by the Treaty of Holston."

Ironically, Muscle Shoals was then in the Chickasaw Nationtraditional enemies of the Cherokees--and Unicata's warriors had to head back up river or risk losing their own scalps.





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Huntsville Heresay

By Billy Joe Cooley and His Unidentified Sources

Three Stars for Jeff Sikes, Gene Diamond and Charlie Ortega. They're working on plans to form the first North Alabama Junior Golf Association for our local kids.

Charlie Otega moved to Huntsville two years ago and is already a native. He 's the boss man at the **Hampton Cove** golf course and is responsible for making sure all the balls go in the right direction.

WHNT engineer Gary Wright is back from his annual terrorizing of Florida's panhandle beaches.

Thanks to **Elsie Azar** and those scribes who comprise the Kaleidoscope Writers Group for having me as their guest the other night at their meeting in La Boheme.

City council's **Ken Arnold**, a mayoral wannabe, is surprising everyone with his fund-raising abilities. Rumor is that he's beginning to attract major money for his campaign and may fast become a top contender.

TYCOONIST! Vivacious Jeune is back at her counter (Alabama Balloon Co.) after visiting her ma and pa in Georgia.

Our own motley crew has been in Daytona and Jacksonville the past month. Bistro legend **Gary Bridge** sends greetings from the First Coast.

Potential mayoral candidate, real estate's **James Steele**, may be having second thoughts about entering the mayoral fray. Insiders at city hall say he's eyeing the school board.

Recording artists Patty Trigg

("Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer") and **Marilyn Green** (folk singer) are on a sight-seeing trip to Peru. We attended a birthday send-off for them the other day in Fayetteville.

It's starting to look a lot like election time. **Bill Kling**, running for county tax assessor, has opened a campaign office on Governors Drive.

MEANWHILE, Motorola engineer **Jim Morgan** is back from a hard-working trip to Dallas.

Nancy Luce and friends, who keep Finnegan's Pub piano singalong crowd happy on Friday nights, were part of the Saturday night symphony concert crowd, listening to all those opera singers.

One of the best guarded secrets here: Texans who donated



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to **Wayne Parker**'s campaign coffers two years ago.

Make plans for a three-day gospel quartet festival beginning Thursday, July 4, on **Carlton Brady's** farm off 231 just north of Fayetteville. His Singing Ambassadors will host your favorite groups.

Saxophonist **Gary Wheat** has gone back to the University of Alabama after spending spring break at home.

Ex-banker **Dean O'Farrell**, running for mayor, may be facing problems. A source close to his campaign tells us that the finances promised "are just not coming in." Maybe he should learn to pour coffee.

Another campaign that might be in trouble is **Jeff Session's** run for the Republican nomination for U.S. Senate. Gossip has it that he has waited too long without making any waves and his followers are losing heart.

Transportation tycoon **Doug**Young, when he's not singing bass with **Hovie Lister's** Statesmen Quartet, is back home in Huntsville singing with **Bruce**Thornhill's Regents. We saw them the other night at First Baptist, Athens. Meanwhile, the legendary Hovie is suffering from a cancer reoccurrence. Prayers are needed.

Hot rumor around Marshall County is that **Ken Gentle**, a mover and shaker employed by Hewlett-Packard, is being considered for a state appointment. Could it be the state liquor board?

Congrats to **Buddy** and **Bar-bara Chapman** on their 16th wedding anniversary (and still in love).

David and **Janet Milly** are proud that their Theatrical Lighting System will tour with **Hank**

Jr., Charlie Daniel and other greats again this year, illuminating stages everywhere and bringing the money home to Huntsville. David once offered TV tycoon Ted Turner a job running lights. The story is delightful and will be among those in my upcoming book of short stories in the summer. The book will be published by Old Huntsville.

Check out the yard sale at 716 E. Clinton on April 20th. Lots of free, rare back copies of

Old Huntsville as well as antiques, treasures and other priceless junk.

For you Civil War buffs, check out the reenactment at the **Sharon Johnston Park** on April 20 and 21st. This event, with almost 1000 people participating, may well prove to be the largest Civil War reenactment ever held in North Alabama

And last, but absolutely not least, we love you **Aunt Eunice**.

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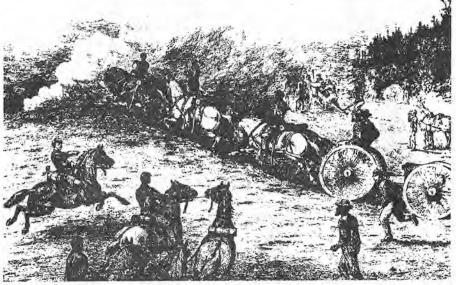


Shootout at Scottsboro

by Charles Rice

One hundred and thirty one years ago, the city of Scottsboro was the scene of a small but fiercely fought Civil War battle. Ironically, the brisk skirmish pitted white Southerners wearing grey against black Southerners wearing blue. Both sides distinguished themselves by their bravery, and both sides suffered casualties.

The nearly forgotten Alabama encounter took place almost by accident. It happened during the chaos that follow the defeat of John Bell Hood's Army of Tennessee at Battle of Nashville. In fact, the Scottsboro fight only took place because of events which happened far away in



western Kentucky.

In the fall of 1864, Brig. Gen. Adam R. Johnson been sent to Kentucky to create a diversion to relieve pressure on Lee's army in Virginia. In just two weeks time, the colorful "Stovepipe" Johnson had recruited 1,800 Confederate volunteers, captured several Union garrisons and supply depots, and actually blockaded the lower Ohio River against Union shipping. Then tragedy struck when Johnson was accidentally shot and

blinded by his own men in a fight near Princeton, Ky. Learning of Johnson's misfortune, the Confederate government ordered Brig. Gen. Hylan B. Lyon to replace Johnson.

Gen. Lyon arrived to find that Johnson's volunteers had dwindled to 800 men, "undisciplined and poorly equipped," but armed with two Napoleon howitzers. "None of my command at this time had been in the service exceeding four months," reported Lyon, "and a majority of them but



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a few days." Nevertheless, Lyon managed to whip them into shape, and on December 6, 1864, he began his famous "courthouse burning raid." Lyon's men captured and burned eight fortified courthouses, several strategic railroad bridges, a Union supply depot, and three Union Army transports. They also diverted thousands of Union cavalry away from Hood's army. But then the men learned of Hood's defeat, "which had a very demoralizing effect upon my command (which were all new recruits), and within two days after it was ascertained the Confederate army had left Tennessee 500 of my men deserted and returned to their homes." Lyon immediately started south with the 300 he still had left.

Lyon led his men across Tennessee, hoping to unite them with Forrest's cavalry. On January 8, 1865, the Kentuckians reached Scottsboro, Alabama. Lyon found the town occupied by Union forces: Company E of the 101st U. S. Colored Troops and

Company E of the 110th U. S. Colored Troops. Lyon could have easily ignored the black Yankees, but evidently some of the local citizens urged him to attack. It was bad enough being ruled by "damnyankees," they said, but being bossed around by ex-slaves was downright humiliating.

Wrote John R. Kennamer in his History of Jackson County, "These Negro soldiers did much damage to the citizens, in taking livestock and other supplies and intimidating the townspeople." Several companies of Col. Lemuel Mead's partisan rangers also met Lyon, no doubt encouraging him to clean out the Yankees before he left. At last, Lyon agreed.

The Union garrison was housed in the Memphis & Charleston depot at Scottsboro. Temporarily in command was Lieutenant John H. Hull of Company E, 101st U. S. C. T. A white man, Hull was a former enlisted soldier in the 83rd Indiana Infantry. The 101st was a relatively new regiment, formed at Nash-

ville in September, 1864 of men "unfit for service in the field, but able to perform ordinary fatigue and garrison duty." It had yet to see combat. Despite its higher number, the 110th U.S. C. T., was ten months older than the 101st, having been organized at the end of 1863 at Pulaski, Tennessee. Commanding the detachment from the 110th was another white officer, Lieutenant David Smart. Since only 42 of the black soldiers were present that day, the Scottsboro citizens probably had an easy time convincing Lyon to attack.

Skirmishing began late in the afternoon, and Lyon's men drove the Union soldiers back into the fortified depot. Anxious to see what the Confederates were up to, Lt. Hull stepped out onto the platform. Many bullets were immediately fired at him, but Hull was not hit. Suddenly Hull saw his 1st Sergeant approaching him. "I wish to speak to you," the black NCO said. "Very well," said Hull, "speak quickly." "Sir," the top soldier said, "the men don't



want to surrender." Hull replied, "Go back and tell the men that while a man of us lives there will be no surrender." The black soldiers cheered when they heard the news.

Unfortunately for the Confederates, they continued to believe the outnumbered Yankees would easily give up. The Rebs confidently charged the Scottsboro depot, expecting a white flag to appear. Instead, they were met by heavy musket fire and driven back with losses. Furious, the Confederates made two more charges on the depot. In one of them, they came so close that they grabbed the Yankees' rifle barrels and tried to pull them from their hands. Nevertheless. both charges were beaten back. Seeing how serious the fighting had become, Gen. Lyon put a halt to the assaults. He ordered his men to fall back out of musket range, and the Yankees may well have thought they had won. However, Lyon was only playing the ace up his sleeve.

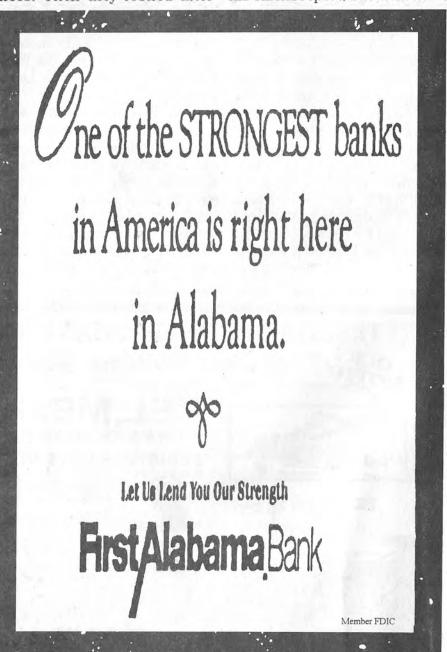
The Kentuckians had managed to bring with them one of their 12-pounder howitzers. Lyon now ordered it brought into action. Little ammunition was left, but Lyon's gunners fired four shells at the brick depot. Three exploded inside the building, wounding several men and blowing the leg off a sergeant named Anderson. Amazingly, Sgt. Anderson managed to load and fire his musket three more times before dying.

With the artillery knocking the walls down around him, Lt. Hull knew he had to retreat. He ordered his men to head for a mountain 450 yards distant. The Confederates tried to cut them off, and a brief hand to hand fight took place. A Confederate lieutenant actually managed to grab Hull by the collar, but Hull turned and shot him dead. After that, the pursuit was half hearted.

In truth, Lyon had not really wanted to fight and had lost men needlessly. Had he known the black soldiers would resist, he probably would not have attacked. Lyon's men fired a few more rounds at the fleeing Yankees. Then they looked after

their wounded. That evening, the Kentuckians resumed their journey, crossing the Tennessee River at Guntersville.

The total number of casualties in Scottsboro's Civil War battle is not known. The Union soldiers, fighting behind the depot's brick wall, had six men wounded, mostly by the artillery. One of them died, the sergeant who had his leg blown off. Gen. Lyon mentioned no casualties in his official report, but there must



have been many, since the Confederates fought in the open. The Nashville Union carried an account claiming 18 Confederates had been killed and 30 or 40 wounded, figures which are obviously much too high. Since that newspaper claimed Lyon had twice as many men as he actually did, a rough estimate might be made by dividing the casualties in half: say about 9 killed and 15 to 20 wounded. At least one Alabamian is known to have died in the fight, Private Jabez Perkins of Mead's Battalion, He is the only Confederate casualty whose name is now known.

To complete our tale, the saddle weary Kentuckians thought themselves safe once they had crossed the Tennessee River. However, they were overtaken by the pursuing 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry near Red Hill, in Marshall County. Lyon's cannon and 100 of his men were captured, while even Lyon himself was briefly taken prisoner. Gen. Lyon killed the Yankee who captured him and escaped into the night wearing only a nightshirt. Had Lyon not stopped to fight at Scottsboro, the Red Hill encounter probably would not have happened and Lyon's Kentuckians all would have reached Forrest safely.



Ran Away



From 1832 Huntsville newspaper

Ran away from the subscriber in Madison County, Ala., about the first of May, a Negro fellow, named Austin, of common height, very stout, and about thirty years old; has short narrow white teeth, those in front considerably separated, and has a scar on his forehead as a result of a dog bite.

\$100.00 reward shall be paid to the person delivering this slave back to me.

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Forgotten Facts of History

Gold was actually discovered in California on March 9, 1842. long before the famous find at Sutter's Mill touched off the Gold Rush of 1849. The 1842 discoverer was Francisco Lopez, an employee at San Fernando Mission, near Los Angeles. It seems Lopez had been hunting wild onions in Placerita Canyon. When he took a nap in the shade of an oak tree, he dreamed he would find gold. Sure enough, when Lopez pulled up a wild onion, he saw tiny gold nuggets dangling from the roots. The Placerita Canyon gold mine was worked from 1842 to 1848. However, the mine's owners wisely kept its existence a secret. Unfortunately for John Sutter he didn't, and claim jumpers stole almost everything Sutter owned.

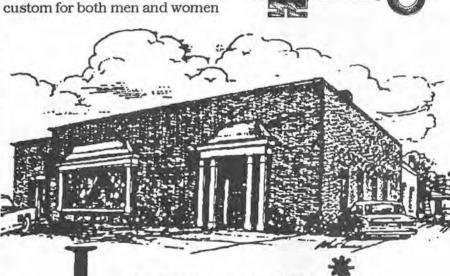
The world's first department. store opened in Paris, France, in 1852. Named Au Bon Marche (the Good Bargain), the store featured merchandise of every kind, a novel idea at the time. Customers were free to browse for as long as they liked. Moreover, all the goods were marked with price tags, another startling innovation. The store's profit margin on each item was small, but the large volume of sales easily made up for it. The store was a dazzling success, and by the turn of the century similar grands magasins were everywhere in Paris. Department stores can



now be found all over the world.

Residents of tropical countries usually have adapted quite sensibly to the hot climate by restricting the amount of clothing they wear. On the Indonesian island of Bali, it was formerly the custom for both men and women

to wear little more than a sarong around the hips. Both sexes went bare above the waist. Back in the late 1800s, a newly arrived Dutch colonial governor was shocked at seeing women going around topless. He promptly issued an order that all Balinesian women must cover their chests. The local ladies were more than his match, however, and continued to dress as they always had. Whenever they encountered a Dutchman, the women would simply raise their sarong up over their chest, thus becoming bottomless! The prudish governor realized he was beaten and revoked the unpopular order.



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Public Enemy No. 1



Was Dillinger the One Killed at infamous Biograph Ambush?

Almost everybody has heard the story about how FBI agents finally cornered and killed the notorious bank robber, John Dillinger. Old John was gunned down on July 22, 1934, in front of Chicago's Biograph Theater, right? And he had been fingered for the FBI by the mysterious Lady in Red, so they say.

Well, an autopsy revealed some surprising things about the man who was killed in Chicago that day. First of all, the dead man was not the same height and weight as John Dillinger. Secondly, he had brown eyes. (Dillinger's were blue!) Furthermore, the dead man wore prescription eyeglasses. (Dillinger had perfect eyesight.) Incidentally, the man who actually shot "Dillinger" was not FBI man Melvin Purvis, as is often

Old Huntsville

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claimed. It was Officer Martin Kartovich of the then notoriously corrupt Chicago Police Department.

Did somebody provide John Dillinger with a perfect way to change his identity and escape paying for his life of crime? It sort of looks that way, doesn't it.

It's a rare individual who can weigh the faults of others without putting a thumb on the scale.

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The Belled Buzzard

Famous Old Bird Has Been Seen in This County

Bell Was Placed on His Neck by Confederate Soldiers in Virginia During Civil War

The famous belled buzzard that has been seen in nearly every part of the United States since the Civil War, was seen on last Friday sailing in the sky five miles northeast of Huntsville. Two Negro men, James Boyles and Bob Robertson, were out in an open field together last Friday when they heard a sheep bell somewhere near. They looked for the supposed sheep and could find no sign of him. The tinkling continued and they were almost frightened when one of them happened to glance skyward. There above them was the old buzzard sailing placidly in the warm sunshine and his eery motion would cause the bell around his neck to clatter. The old buzzard is the most famous of his tribe and so far as known he has never had a rival in his distinction. He was captured by Confederate soldiers in Virginia during the Civil War and the bell placed around his neck. He was then released to roam at will. For many years the old bird's movements have been chronicled by the newspapers and his flight has been from Virginia to Mexico and all the states east of the Rocky Mountains. It is said to be his custom to visit the South every winter. He is not in the habit of staying long in one place and even now he may be a thousand miles away.

from a Huntsville newspaper, Feb. 10, 1904



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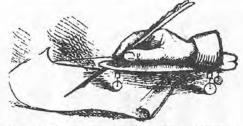
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News From Huntsville



from Huntsville Daily Confederate, Oct. 13, 1863

We have intelligence from Huntsville, Oct. 2nd that the enemy was expected there from New Market on the 1st, but the report of their coming was untrue. There were none nearer than Winchester, Tenn., and had not been for about three weeks.

The family of Geo. W. Lane, Lincoln's U.S. District Judge for the State of Alabama, had arrived some two or three weeks before, and were making preparations for a permanent residence, his wife having returned to Nashville or Louisville for groceries. It is said that they had an escort of 60 Federal cavalry on their trip to Huntsville. It was reported that Judge Lane got to Stevenson, en route for Huntsville, but was too drunk to proceed further. It is quite as likely that "discretion, the better part of valor," interposed a most potent reason for shortening his journey. It is not unlikely that Rosecran's defeat turned his steps backward.

Wood and coal were scarce in Huntsville - wood bringing \$10 to \$18 per load (little, if any, over half a cord) in Confederate notes and \$8 in Federal greenbacks. The planters around are so nearly stripped of horses, mules, oxen and wagons, that few of them can haul wood. Some offer to give it to citizens, if they will haul it, Others seem disposed to grasp all they can get of their fellow-sufferers. The coal mines, in the vicinity of Huntsville, were

worked by a Northerner and an Irishman, when we left there, which may account for the greenbacks entering the market, in competition with Confederate money to its disparagement.

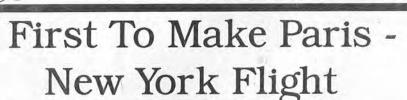
The citizens of Huntsville, generally, were overjoyed at the victory of Chickamauga, when vague rumor acquired the full proportions of ascertained truth, on the 26th of September. The elongated and beclouded visages of a few established, what their affiliation had already shown, that their sympathies were with their country's savage invaders.





Old Huntsville

From The Year 1930



Captain Dieudonne Coste lands in USA. Welcomed by thousands of cheering spectators.

Curtis Field, Long Island - Captain Coste and crew completed tonight the first direct flight from Paris to New York when they landed at the Curtis airport at 7:12 after a flight of 37 hours, 18 minutes and 30 seconds. They covered about 4,100 miles and when they landed had 100 gallons of gasoline left in the tanks, sufficient for another three hours of flight.

The achievement marked the first non-stop crossing from Europe to the American metropolis.

Ten thousand throats yelled a wild greeting to the two French masters of the air, as their airplane, the Scarlet Question Mark, came down smoothly and gracefully on the east side of the field and taxied rapidly toward the hangers on the west side. On hand to greet the aviators was Colonel Lindberg whose visit to France has now been returned.

Soon after the fliers landed

they were informed that Colonel W.E. Easterwoods had offered \$10,000.00 to the men if they would fly their airship to Texas.

Asked if they had any plans for the near future, the daring fliers replied: "We're going to Texas as soon as we get some rest."



Giant Department Store coming to Huntsville

Huntsville - In a startling announcement today, W.F. Struve announced he was signing a fifty years lease with S.H. Kress & Company for property downtown on Washington Street.

The store is expected to carry a wide range of merchandise at most reasonable prices. Many of the smaller merchants were upset at the giant department store's decision to locate in Huntsville.

It is feared by many that the smaller stores will not be able to compete and will be forced to close as a result.



Ku Klux Parade in Huntsville

150 cars filled with robed Klansmen parade through the streets of downtown

Huntsville - The streets of downtown were filled with klansmen in full regalia as 150 cars, loaded with some 500 Klan members slowly circled the business district.

Perfect order was maintained at all times by hooded klansmen posted on street corners and directing the traffic by means of a high pitched whistle.

Afterwards, over 1000 people gathered at Kildare to hear the Imperial Wizard, Dr. Hiram W. Evans lecture on White Protestantism.

H.E. Ross Found Brutally Murdered

No Suspects or Motives in The Latest Unsolved Murder

Huntsville - Tensions have reached an all time high as citizens join the authorities in searching for the killer of H.E. Ross, a well known businessman and civic leader.

Police have been deluged by well meaning tipsters offering leads to the brutal murder. The Chief of Police wants the community to know that every lead will be pursued and no stone will be left un-turned until the murderer is behind bars.

The slaying, and the controversy surrounding it, has caused Huntsville to become a virtual

armed fortress as citizens refuse to leave their homes after dark.

Yesterday an armed mob confronted authorities at the courthouse demanding more be done to apprehend the killer. This and other incidents have caused the National Guard to be placed on alert.

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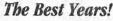
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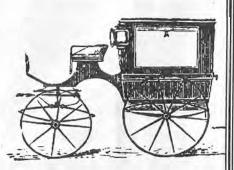
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President for a Day

by Charles Rice

American history book, and you fice: just 24 hours! Atchison was will find probably Bill Clinton never elected and was never inlisted as the 42nd President of the United States. However, by a proper count Clinton is definitely the 43rd U.S. President. Oddly enough, virtually every history book omits our 12th chief executive, President Atchison. President who? Why David Rice Atchison of Missouri. You mean have never heard of him?

I'd be rather surprised if you had, since David Atchison is not only our most forgotten President, he is also the man who

Look at almost any up to date served the shortest term in ofaugurated, but legally he was an American President just as much as all the rest. The peculiar situation came about because of the religious principles of the victorious candidate in the election of 1848, Gen. Zachary Taylor, a hero of the recently ended Mexican War.

> In those days, a President's term of office ended on March 4, instead of January twentieth as it does now. Zachary Taylor was scheduled to be inaugurated at

noon on March 4, 1849. However, since that was a Sunday, Taylor refused to be sworn in until Monday, March 5. President James K. Polk would no longer be in office, since the U.S. Constitution clearly stated that the President "shall hold office during the term of four years." Thus for one day, the country would be left without a Chief Executive.

Fortunately, the Presidential Succession Act of 1792 provided for such a situation. It stated that "in case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and the Vice President, the President of the Senate ... for



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the time being shall act as President of the United States." The President of the Senate was David Atchison. For that one day, Atchison was indisputably our country's President. The official Biographical Congressional Directory recognizes Atchison's term, saying, "This office made him President of the United States during Sunday, March 4, 1849, as General Taylor was not sworn in until the following day."

Our most brief and least known President was an interesting individual in his own right. Atchison was born on August 11, 1807, in a place with the colorful name of Frogtown, Kentucky. He was the eldest of six children of William and Catherine (Allen) Atchison. At the age of 18, David Atchison graduated with high honors from Transylvania University, one of the leading schools in the early South. Atchison took up the study of law, and in 1830 moved to Clay County, Missouri. He was successively elected to the State Legislature, made a major general in the militia, and appointed to the U.S. Senate. He 1846 he became President of the U.S. Senate.

Atchison was an imposing figure, ramrod straight and six feet two inches tall. However, he lost his Senate seat in 1855 and retired to his plantation home near Gower, Missouri. Atchison supported the South during the Civil War and campaigned as a Confederate general in Texas. He then returned to farming, and helped organize a railroad known as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. The town of Atchison, Kansas, is named for him.

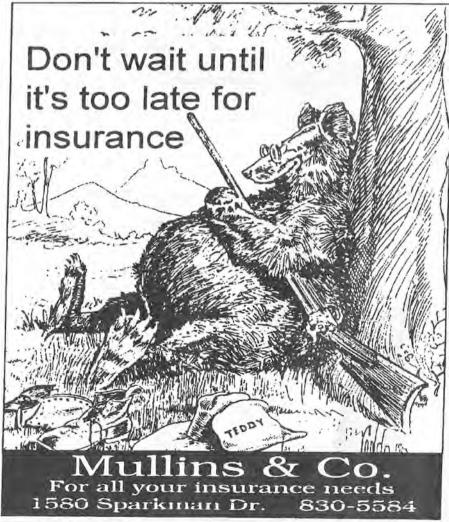
David Atchison died on

January 26, 1886, at the age of 79, little remembered outside his own State. Forty-two years later, however, the Missouri legislature finally got around to erecting a statue of America's least known President. The appropriately brief inscription reads: David Rice Atchison (1807-1886), President of the United States for One Day.

What sort of President was he? Well, March 3, 1849, had been extremely hectic in Washington. Many Congressmen struggled frantically to get their bills passed before the session ended that day, and Atchison had his hands full keeping order in the Senate. Some of the Congressmen had been drinking, and several fist fights actu-

ally broke out in the Senate chamber. When Congress finally adjourned that night, David Atchison was completely exhausted. He returned to his home, took a stiff drink, and told his housekeeper not to wake him for any reason. The woman followed her instructions to the letter. She did not awaken him for church on Sunday, nor did she even disturb him for Zachary Taylor's inauguration on Monday. David R. Atchison, our President for a day, slept through his entire term of office. Considering the trouble Presidents often get themselves into, it was probably the wisest thing to do.





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first Lieutenant Governor, a notorious carpetbagger named Jack Applegate. A Union Army veteran, "Jack Appletoddy" had settled in Huntsville after the Civil War, working as an agent for the U.S. Freedmen's Bureau. He left our city quite suddenly shortly after the corrupt Constitutional Convention of 1867.

The reason for Applegate's abrupt departure was discovered recently in the pension application file of William Crutcher Bragg, a Confederate veteran from New Market. The letter was written in 1926 by a Huntsville attorney named Lawrence Cooper.

"If you turn to the old Codes of Alabama," said Cooper, "you will find the name of Lieut. Gov. Applegate, a Yankee carpetbagger, who created so much trouble in Alabama during the reconstruction days. He was an Ohio gentleman and came to Alabama to get what he could from our people. It was Mr. William C. Bragg, the man now seeking a pension, who went to his rooms in Huntsville, carried him to Miller's Pond, and ducked him in the icy water. The next train carried Lieut. Gov. Applegate back to Ohio."

A letter from Major James M. Robinson notes that Bragg, "was the first man I initiated as a Klansman outside the city of Huntsville."

Ironically, Applegate had not even reached Ohio when he learned the U.S. Congress had declared him Lieutenant Governor of Alabama. "Jack Appletoddy" promptly returned to claim his high office. However, he wisely changed his place of residence from Huntsville to distant Mobile!



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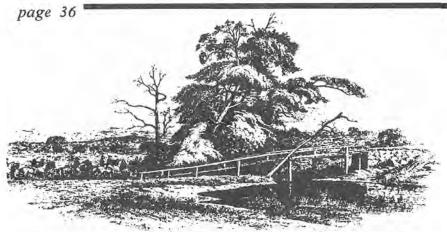
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Escape From Johnson's Island

by Jacquelyn Proctor Gray

By 1864, the bloody slaughter called the American Civil War had gone on for three years. Daniel Robinson Hundley was a native of Alabama, but before the war, had moved to Chicago with his family. When the war broke out, he felt he had to follow his native Alabama into secession, and he soon commanded the 31st Alabama infantry. In 1863, he was shot through the hip. Appearing to be mortally

wounded, he was left on the field to die. He never fully physically recovered from his wound, and this fact played an important part in the remainder of this story.

In April, 1864, Colonel Hundley learned that one of his brothers had been killed. Including Daniel, four Hundley brothers were fighting for the Confederacy. He wrote, "In the midst of life, we are in death. Poor brother William is no more. My heart is almost too full for utterance. Poor rash and reckless

brother. Oh for tears, hot scalding tears to relieve my overburdened heart of its great grief, but I cannot weep. Would that I could lay my aching head upon some gentle trusting bosom and weep myself to sleep as I used to do in my mother's arms when a boy. Oh my poor mother. Thine is the true heart that will feel this evil shaft of fortune's unkindness than all others. He was thy favorite and pride and I feel a deeper anguish when I think of thy gray hairs bending over his bier while thy loving heart is moaning for the Willie of other days whom thou shalt never see more."

Just two months later, at the battle of New Hope Church near Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, Colonel Daniel Hundley led the 31st Alabama infantry into battle with the soul-stirring rebel yell. Facing the enemies' deadly Spencer rifles, they were captured and soon on their way to prison camps. As an officer in the Confederate Army, Hundley was put on a train headed north to Johnson's Island. near Sandusky, Ohio. Angered at having been captured, he wrote to his fellow Confederates, "Courage, then, my Southern brothers! For on your resolute arms and hearts of steel hangs the destiny of millions yet unborn." On their way to Johnson's Island, the train made a brief stop in Louisville, Kentucky. He described with much sorrow, a scene in which a young lady asked permission to distribute clothing to the Confederate prisoners. As the prisoners broke rank to rush to her wagon, the Union captain raised his cane to them threateningly. The young lady wept and Hundley was touched by the compassion of this girl with "winning grace and gentleness."

The prisoners arrived at



page 37

Johnson's Island on June 23, 1864. Although not a member of the Masonic Order, Hundley became impressed with the honor common among the Masons. They conducted moving and beautiful funeral ceremonies. they lovingly tended the graves, and obtained better comforts for the sick. On July 4, he wrote "...there has been no genuine enthusiasm, no spontaneous outburst of patriotic rejoicing, as there used to be in the old days of peace and Union." Hundley wrote in his diary of his despondence at not receiving any letters or news from home and of being "... deprived of the gentle companionship and loving smiles of woman, and of the sweet prattle and innocent mirth of little children. ..."

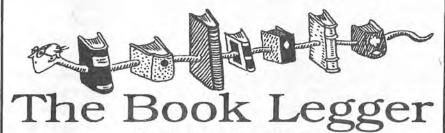
Time had become Hundley's greatest enemy. He challenged his fellow prisoners to keep their spirits up when bad news reached them. Tidbits of information came to be known as grapes, and rumors flew through the prison. He felt that many grapes were planted by Union soldiers to demoralize the pris-

A fellow prisoner named Asa Hartz had written a poem which was published in several newspapers called, "But no one writes to me" describing his loneliness and isolation. It was well received and he began getting responses from well-wishers across the North. Prisoners were allowed to send two letters a week, and Hundley got permission from the prisoners who did not or could not write letters to use their names, and write more than the two he was allotted.

In late July, new prisoners brought him the sad news that his old commander, Joseph Johnston, had been replaced by John Bell Hood on July 17. Johnston was so loved by his men that old soldiers wept like little children at the news of his dismissal. It was rumored that his removal was due to his inability to stop Sherman at the Chattahoochee River.

As the war wore on, rations for the prisoners at Johnson's Island were reduced to 1/4, or

28 ounces of food per day. They suffered from convulsions and bit their tongues. Hundley's hunger was so great that his imagination was filled with are collections of good things eaten "in days past, and he learned to conjugate the verb, to hunger, in all its moods and tenses." Around this time, a small dog named Nellie had been welcomed into the prison camp. Nellie became a great help in scaring up the



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large rats which inhabited the island, which were captured and eaten as delicacies by the prisoners. One night, there was a tremendous thunderstorm which ripped apart the lean-tos that the soldiers huddled in. He described the storm as the "grand hour of dread sublimity ... the booming of cannon" fired by their captors to keep prisoners from escaping through the collapsed west wall of the prison, and the still louder booming of heaven's artillery."

On September 3, they learned with much heart sickness of the fall of Atlanta. Rumors of the capture of Early and Brickinridge, and the defeat at Fisher's Hill must have been planted, Hundley felt, to demoralize the prisoners. He was ecstatic over the news that Nathan Bedford Forrest had captured

Athens, Ala., and was moving towards middle Tennessee. He responded to the rumor of the death of General "Beast" Butler as "...altogether improbable, unless he was assassinated, for he is too base a villain ever to die an honorable death." Hundley frequently wrote of his hatred of Abraham Lincoln and freely blamed him for every atrocity of the war.

On Wednesday, October 19, Hundley's brother arrived as a prisoner, after being captured during a raid with Joe Wheeler. Hundley was extremely upset to hear his brother's description of the "blue-coated villains" who had been to his father's home in Mooresville, Ala., where they threatened to shoot him while they searched his house for gold. His mother bravely stood in front of her husband and said, "Then

kill me, too; for the ball that kills my husband must first pass through my body."

In late November, he wrote almost daily of Sherman's barbaric March to the Sea. Grant had ordered that the land be so decimated that a crow flying over Georgia would have to carry its own food to survive. He described God's wrath that would someday visit the North "... the thunderbolts of His vengeance will fall yet, and in the right place." On December 6, 117 officers arrived who had been captured at the Confederate defeat at the Battle of Franklin. They carried the sad news of the loss of 1,000 Confederates (the number was actually 6,000, with 13 generals killed, wounded, or captured).

In mid-December, during a full and bright moon, four sol-



diers attempted an escape over the frozen lake. They were shot.

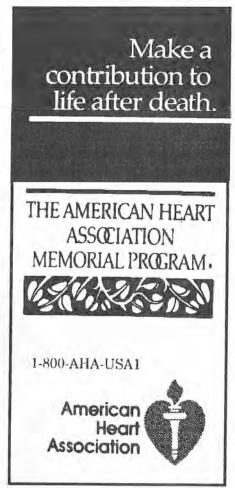
Adding to their depression, the prisoner exchange program had broken down. In Hundley's estimation, the reason was that two Federal soldiers were worth one Confederate soldier in fighting stamina. The defeat of the South had become imminent. and the Union army did not have to rely on replenishing their armies with more men. This had to have been an extremely crushing blow to the starving Union prisoners at Andersonville, as well as the prisoners at Johnson's Island.

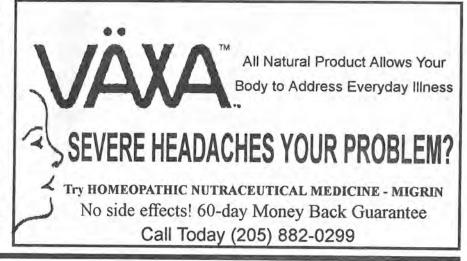
On January 2, 1865, Daniel Hundley escaped from Johnson's Island wearing a Union uniform composed of various parts worn in by new prisoners, who had removed clothing from Union soldiers killed on the battlefield. His escape was forced by his constant and painful hunger. To conceal his 6'3" height, he wore heelless shoes instead of the common Wellington boots, and he shuffled, stoop-shouldered. He boldly mingled with the Union roll-callers during the fierce snowstorm. As he walked towards the entry of the prison, several prisoners who had been stationed at appropriate posts began a staged fist fight designed to get the attention of prisoners and guards alike. As the roll callers turned to witness the excitement, only one person continued past the sentinel at the entrance. The sentinel reached over and pulled Hundley's cape from his face and for a moment, looked directly into his eyes. Hundley recalled vividly each detail of the guard's face, his bright but dark eyes forever stamped in his mind. As Hundley left the gate and the commotion of the fight

behind, he never glanced back. He made his way to the bay which was iced over, and headed towards Sandusky, Ohio, about 3 miles away. He occasionally slipped on the ice and fell, and as the prison yard stretched farther behind him, he finally took one last look back to see smoke rising from- the chimneys of the prison. He felt an instant repulsion from the overwhelming horror he had lived through during his imprisonment. His despair turned to joy as he looked forward to his freedom. He immediately went into Sandusky where he bought apples and ravenously ate them. He started in the direction of Canada, and the irony occurred to him that Canada had been a refuge for escaped slaves. He wrote in his diary, "Lord God Omnipotent, if it is this to be free, strike when thou wilt the shackles from the slaves of the South!"

Hundley soon discovered that the hip wound he received in 1863 prevented him from walking more than a few miles per night. After walking most of the first night, he located a barn, and being familiar with the layout of Northern barns, made his way in the dark to the loft, where he dug out a hole, climbed in, and "dragged the hole in after

me." He slept during the day, being awakened as he heard a farmer enter the barn to feed his livestock. He commented that although the farmer had been in a good humor the first visit into the barn, he had seemed extremely cross the second time, cursing and scolding the animals as he set about his chores. He once



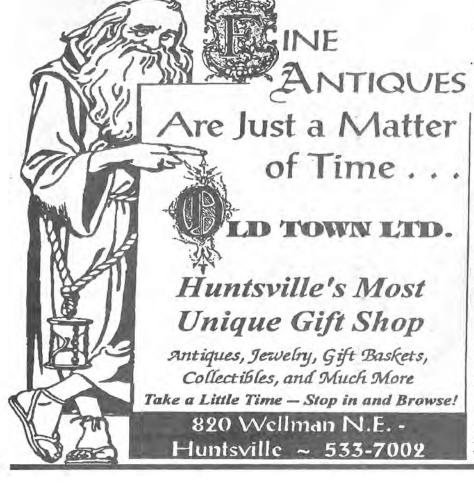


again set out at night across the fields, relying on the stars to guide him. When he ran out of the food he had bought in town, he ate shrunken corn cobs which remained in the fields after the fall harvest. On the third night, he was dismayed to discover that he had not yet found a barn to sleep in as daylight was dawning. He found several barns, but they all had dogs which started barking and sent him running in fear. He ran until he was out of the neighborhood and after a moment to get himself together, he discovered that what appeared to be dawn was actually the Aurora Borealis, lighting up the sky. Feeling relieved that he had more time, he found a safe barn to sleep in, but after four days of bitter cold, he found himself physically exhausted and sick. He jumped on a freight train and made his way into a

city where he checked into a hotel. He pretended to be drunk in order to explain his being a soldier out so late and unable to walk or stand steadily. He finally slept between sheets, on a real bed, for the first time in years.

The day after Hundley's escape a \$100 reward was posted for him. He was described as 6'2" with dark hair and hazel eyes. Two days later, a Lt. Jones escaped from Johnson's Island as well. A reward was posted for him, with the exact same physical description as that of Hundley. A detail was dispatched to the inn where Hundley was sleeping, looking for Lt. Jones. The innkeeper directed the provost marshal and clerk to Hundley's room where they examined the official-looking, but forged orders, which appointed him to a new station in Detroit. They were satisfied with the au-

thenticity, but questioned his being a day late to his new post in Detroit. Hundley sheepishly described his "bender" from the night before and said that since he had missed his train, he decided to sleep his drunken stupor off and report to his duty at Detroit late, but sober. Satisfied with the explanation that boys will be boys, they next questioned the fact that the buttons on his Union uniform, which had been worn into the prison by his brother after his capture, were buttons belonging to officers, not staff. Again, he satisfactorily explained that the boys were known to put on a little style now and then when given the chance. The clerk and provost marshal then proceeded to check the remainder of his belongings, at which point, Hundley's hopes sank. They discovered his faded yellow Confederate I.D. Having no explanation for these items, he surrendered. As news of the captured Confederate Colonel made it through town, curious · people gathered to see him and some town officials came in to talk to him. When asked by a gentleman about his views of the South and the war, Hundley answered that the "South never could be conquered, that the blood of her Revolutionary sires still flowed in the veins of their descendants. ... "The gentleman listened politely, and replied, "But you forget, Colonel, that the American people all come from the same Revolutionary stock and that we of the North are just as brave and determined. The question then narrows itself down to one of numbers and resources." Hundley then replied, "It is possible that by mere force of numbers, you may yet succeed in conquering the South; but if you do, let me assure you, you



will find there only a land of graves, of old men and women and children ... but the men of the South will no longer be there to grace your triumph."

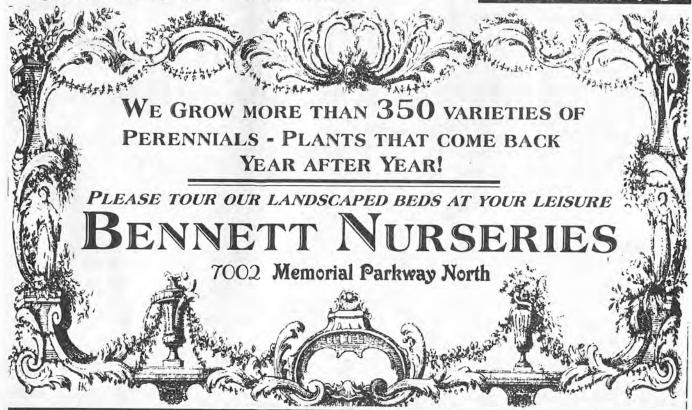
After dark, Hundley dressed and went into the dining room, where he was treated to dinner by the landlord who did not want him to think that all Yankees were barbarians. He then took the train back to Johnson's Island where his diary was confiscated. It was not clear where Hundley obtained the money he had to buy food and a night at the inn, but he mentioned his need to return a \$25 gold piece given to him by another prisoner just before his escape.

General Lee officially surrendered to General Grant at Appomatox in April, 1865. Hundley remained at Johnson's Island until his release with the rest of the prisoners on July 25, 1865. Approximately 9 years after the war, he received a letter from a former Union soldier offering to sell his diary back to

him. He angrily wrote back that he was "too poor to purchase what was mine by right without purchase." In a few weeks, his diary was mailed to him. Hundley wrote as his final words in his diary, just before it was published in 1874, an unusual apology for the unkind words spoken throughout about Abraham Lincoln. "Believing as I do in the atoning efficacy of blood, from the moment the assassin's bullet laid low the head of that honored American chief, the writer of these pages has effaced from his bosom every trace of resentment against Abraham Lincoln."

Colonel Hundley, his brothers, and most of the remainder of his family are buried at Maple Hill Cemetery in Huntsville, Alabama. His brother, William Hundley, whose death is described, was the author's greatgreat grandfather. Daniel Hundley's prison diary was published as *Prison Echoes of the Great Rebellion*.







the Absurd

John Mahan, a professional diver from Muskegon, Michigan, donned helmet and diving suit for a plunge through a hole into the bottom of White Lake. An anxious client waited above on the lake's frozen surface. In a few minutes, the diver reappeared and handed his client the object of the underwater search: a set of false teeth.

In 1935, Ernest Pugh's automobile stalled near the state capitol. The Huntington, West Virginia man called on three obliging passersby to do a little pushing. In a letter of apology to Governor H.G. Kump, he wrote: "To few in this life does it fall their lot to look in the rear vision mirror and see there reflected the face of the governor of a great state pushing on the back of their car."

A Gurley man attempted to break a new mule by holding on to its tail. It is useless to specify what was broken.

In Pennsylvania, rats in the Allentown City Jail are "dressed up" in true prison style - with white stripes painted around their grey bodies. Police said that Freddie Johnson, longtime prisoner of the jail, has taken to painting white stripes on all the local rats in the jail. Johnson said it helps him pass the time.

The overcoat the Milwaukee Transient Bureau gave to Frank Reading had no zipper in front. This so incensed him, it was testified, that he used his cane over the head of Byron Payne, an employee. A judge disapproved, and gave Frank 60 days. "That's fine," said Frank. "It will be warm when I get out."

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Household Tips by To improve the breath and

bring a saucy gleam to the eye, sip a good French Brandy to which you have added a sprig of thyme.

Peel and chop onions with no tears by keeping your mouth propped open with a piece of bread.

Paprika is a great source of potassium. Sprinkle on your food at least once a day.

Never taste food that looks like it might be bad - with botulism one touch to the tip of the tongue can be fatal! This has happened.

Have stuck-on food in your pots and pans? Just add 1/2 cup vinegar and 2 cups water - in a few minutes it will soften and you can remove it.

Plant pennyroyal to keep mosquitos away. Break off some leaves in the evening and sprinkle on your porch.

Polish silver by rubbing it across a well-washed woolen blanket.

When having your home painted, and you hate that paint smell, cut an onion in two and lay it in the middle of each room. It will soak up the paint odor.

Ants will avoid your kitchen if you tear up catnip leaves and

put them in all the corners.

Eating garlic will definitely bring down your blood pressure. The new garlic pills (no odor) also work well.

Hangover cure - a soft-boiled egg, followed with 4 teaspoonfuls of honey. Give light food all day, interspersed with occasional teaspoons of honey.

If you see that squirrels and rabbits are eating your flower bulbs, dilute some vinegar in water and sprinkle around the plants. The critters hate vinegar!

If a large plate of roasted garlic is served at a banquet, all those who partake will be safe from poisoning.



Don't question your wife's judgment - look who she married.



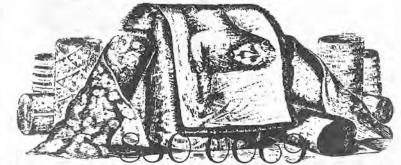
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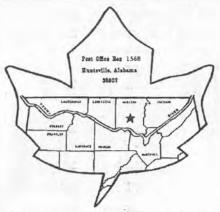
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Searching For Our Ancestors



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

HARINGTON • STEWART • WHITWORTH • SMITH

Need parents of Mattie Mae Stewart b 1870 PA m c1889 Chancy Harington in MI; ch: Ethel Pearl b 1891 MI; Joseph b 1893 MI; Jane b 18 Oct 1895 MI m Edward Smith; Elizabeth b 1905 AL m Guy Whitworth. Where was Mattie born in PA? Wish to contact any descendants.

Melanie R. Morris, 440 E. Mowry Dr., #136, Homestead, FL 33030

FRAZIER • FRASIER • FRAZER

Seeking descendents of Thomas Frazier/Frasier/Frazer. In 1826 he joined the Guesses Creek Primitive Baptist Church in Paint Rock Valley near Trenton, and Larkin Fork on the Paint Rock River. Did this Thomas, or his a son Thomas, move to Dekalb Co AL later?

Belle Dean, 251 Marshall Rd., Rainsville, AL 35986

UPCHURCH • BURNETT • MC INTOSH • STANLEY • HAMPTON • MILLICAN • LIPHAM

Seek information on above surnames. James S. Upchurch

b 1826 Wake Co NC m Sarah Burnett 1850 Fulton Co GA; ch: William Washington b 1852; David Adam b 1855 GA m Nancy L. McIntosh 1880 Carroll Co GA; Frances; Sarah Lucinda b 1860 m B. B. Stanley 1894; James Ann m Mr. Hampton; Julia T. m W. R. Millican; Joseph Edward b 1867 m Sarah Elizabeth Lipham 1888; Steven A. Who were parents of James S. Upchurch and Sarah Burnett?

Sue Bright Richter, 125 Scenic Drive, Madison, AL 35758

LACEFIELD · WHITE

Seeking information about parents of Martin Lacefield b c1808 [in TN or NC] m Mary White 1828 in Lauderdale Co AL. Lacefield is in McNairy Co TN in 1839 [only Lacefields in this area prior to 1828 was in Hardin Co TNI. 1820 Hardin Co TN census lists William, Jesse, and David/Daniel Lacefield. David Lacefield is in Wayne Co TN in 1830. Jesse Lacefield appears to stay in [Hardin Co TN. Where did William Lacefield and Daniel Lacefield go? An older Jesse Lacefield may have died in Hardin Co TN prior to 1820. I would like information about any Lacefield from this area.

Melinda Heyn, PO Box 70821, Nashville, TN 37207-0821

PORTER · WILLIAMS

Need information on Porter fam that lived in Jackson Co AL near Long Island or in Dade Co GA [near AL-GA line]. Elijah Porter m Nancy Williams; ch: John B; Louisa B; Georgetta; Winifield Scott; and Alexander Pierce. Will

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exchange information with any descendents. Who was father of Elijah Porter?

Bessie W. Carter, Rt. 1, Box 76, Hwy 524, Pollock, LA 71467-9710

POWELL

Seeking information on Powell family in Limestone Co AL 1820-1840. Jacob C. Powell b c1784 NC. Who was his wife? [she probably d in Limestone Co AL]; known ch: Sarah b 1802 SC m David Strange; Henry J. b c1803 SC m Elizabeth; Caleb b 1810 SC m Latha Jane Bryant; Martha b 1815 SC m Wiley Jones; Benjamin b 1824 AL m Juda; Rebecca b 1829 AL m David Jones; Elizabeth m Jared/

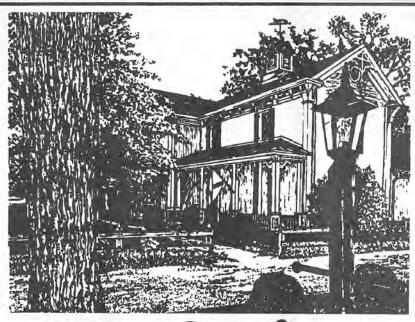
Jarrett Chamley; John m Sopia L. Sanderson; and Elijah. Who did Elijah marry? Any help or information appreciated.

Peggy Cansler, 5151 S. Greenway Drive, Tucson, AZ 85706

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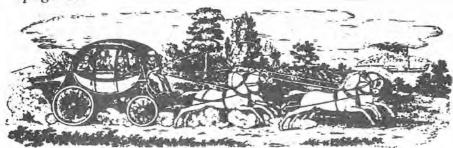
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Monrovia

by Jack Harwell

A short distance off the highway from Huntsville to Athens, the town of Monrovia once stood. The location is still known as Monrovia, although there is no longer a town there. It was a thriving little community which fell victim to changing times, as Huntsville grew larger and nearer.

Possibly the first outsider to see the area known as Monrovia was Thomas Freeman, the surveyor who, in 1809, established the range and township lines still in use today for specifying locations in the county. Freeman had opportunity to see a great deal of what is today Madison County, and made special notes of locations which he considered prime real estate. When lands went on sale in north Alabama, Freeman took possession of parcels of land scattered all around the county, including the Monrovia area.

The land where the town of

Monrovia would eventually arise was bought by William Petus in 1811. Around mid-century the Petus family sold the land to a family from Monrovia, Indiana. The Hoosiers decided to remember their former hometown by giving its name to the farm they now owned.

In the latter half of the Nineteenth Century the village became a real town, complete with a blacksmith shop, a general store, a cotton gin, and a post office. During this time the land was owned by the family of Rufus Thompson, who had bought it in 1871.

The Thompsons kept control of the land until 1912, when Rufus's son Oscar, then in declining health, sold the town to Author Wall. The Walls and their descendants would own the land thereafter. Author Wall, and later his brother Lawson, made a number of improvements to the town. To the existing mill they added a mill pond and an overshot water wheel, which provided power for both a grist mill and a saw mill.

Lawson Wall's fine home had Monrovia's first indoor plumbing, and was wired for electricity long before such a luxury was common in rural areas.

In 1935, Lawson Wall retired and sold Monrovia to his daughter. In the years that followed changes would take place that would mean the end of the town. A fine new gymnasium was built at Monrovia School by the WPA, the beginning of a county wideschool renovation program that would last for a decade. But after World War II, the accelerated pace of life began to bypass Monrovia. The store, mill, and shops, which had prospered



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even during the Depression, were closed by 1950. By 1960, fires had destroyed nearly all the structures that had housed Monrovia's businesses. Even the post office was closed.

But Monrovia's name lived on in its school. For three decades Monrovia's students enjoyed some of the finest facilities that existed for a county school. Then, on a Monday night in March, 1968, the gymnasium burned to the ground. Some members of the football team, who had been holding a spring drill nearby, managed to dash in and rescue some of their possession before the fire grew uncontrollable. Everything else was gone. The next day the brick walls were brought down as a precaution.

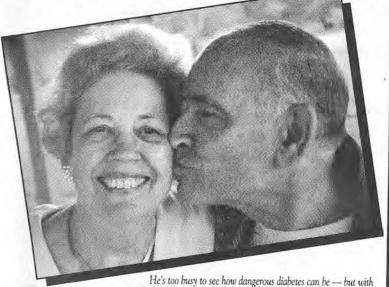
Nearly five years later, during the 1972-73 holiday break, the old school was torn down. The event saddened many residents who had themselves attended the school, but a fine new building replaced it, so that Monrovia

still has one of the best school buildings in the county.

The school remains one of three local institutions to keep the memory of Monrovia alive. The Monrovia Homemakers' Club, founded in the blacksmith shop in 1911, has been a part of many community projects, such

as building mailboxes; and of course, the Monrovia Road, one end of which is in front of north Alabama's largest shopping mall. There, you can buy videos, computers, and the latest clothing fashions, just five miles from the site of the old grist mill and blacksmith shop.

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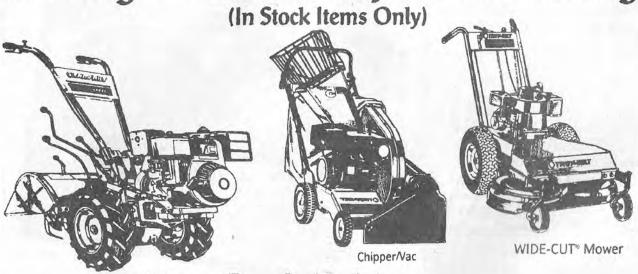
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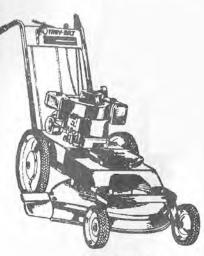
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