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No. 59



Old Huntsville

The Battle for Decatur

In October of 1864, North Alabama held its breath as General Hood, with 35,000 Confederate troops, marched toward the Tennessee Valley.

The only thing that stood in their way was Decatur, Alabama, defended by 1,500 Union soldiers.

Now, for the first time, a newly discovered document provides an eyewitness report of the three-day struggle that became known as the "Battle for Decatur."

Also in this Issue: A Walk In The Past

The Battle Of Decatur

An Eyewitness Account

by Major William McTeer

Written in 1867

Things passed off quietly until the 25th of October, 1864, when a Confederate force made its appearance within sight of our pickets. We did not understand the movement, so on the 26th, Lt. Snooks, of the Tenth Indiana Cavalry, was sent with his company to ascertain their strength, and the command, if possible. He went out on the road running southeast, the name of which I have forgotten, struck a cavalry picket; a hot skirmish followed, when the rebels gave way, the lieutenant following at a charge.

To all appearances he was gaining a grand little victory for a time, but suddenly he came in front of a regiment of infantry in line of battle! Snooks checked up; the regiment opened fire, when he had to get out of their reach. Upon his facing about, they came in force and drove him rapidly toward camp.

The writer was at dinner and, hearing the firing, seized a very large telescope of Col. Thornburgh's, then climbed the house and, laying flat on the roof near the comb, placed the telescope on it so that a fair view could be had.

It was about a mile to the woodland but looking through this powerful glass, the distance was apparently removed. Pres-

ently the rebels came out in full line of battle, raised their guns, and fired. It appeared as if they were shooting right into the telescope. "I dodged," then, looking up, realized the true distance.

It soon became evident that we had a large force to face, being no less an attack from General Hood, then on his way to Nashville. This force attacking us was said to be under the immediate command of General Beauregard. Our force was so weak that even the guards were taken from the prison house and placed in a line of battle, and then the line did not reach half-way around our works.

Capt. Beach took his four guns and ran them out into a little redoubt, some distance in front of our fort, leaving his ammunition behind a ridge in his rear. I went out with him and at the redoubt dismounted, leaving my horse in the charge of an orderly, and went in with him. There had been no appearance of artillery on the Confederate line up to that time, so Capt. Beach and I watched, and when a squad could be seen together we fired on them.

Suddenly, and with great fury, they opened on us with a battery masked in the woods. The captain had taken but little ammunition into the redoubt, so when the shot and shell came pouring upon us at such a rate I started back to my horse, nearby, to prevent his escape. One of the artillery men was walking by me around the end of the redoubt when a shot exploded behind, part passing between us and hitting a horse just before us. Just as I got to my horse, Capt. Beach called to me to run up more ammunition to him.

It was an unfortunate loca-



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tion for the caissons behind the hill. The rebels' guns were overshooting our battery, and I had to pass their fire in an oblique direction. Both shot and pieces of shell were plowing the ground until it appeared as if the earth was boiling like water while the roaring and whizzing of the deadly missiles rendered the air perfectly hideous. I thought I was gone that time. Before, I always had a hope of escape, in every

danger in which I had been placed. My brass-barreled pistol would have been no comfort to me then. Really, it appeared as if nothing could live then but, being determined to go as far as possible, the orderly and I went through and sent the caissons up to the guns.

Lt. Murphy, hearing his guns, came on horseback from Athens, a distance of fifteen miles, in eighty minutes, if I re-

member rightly.

The battle was now raging with desperation by infantry and cavalry, as well as artillery. When quite small I had pictures of battles drawn in my mind. I now had before my eyes the realization of one of those pictures. Two armies stood out in an open field where the whole movements could be seen.

A cannonball struck one of Capt. Beach's men about the up-

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per portion of the forehead, carrying away the top of his head, striking another in the face and taking his whole head. Men fell from their horses, and the horses went wildly running and snorting along the line of battle. Col. Prosser rode the line back and forth, commanding and cheering his men, notwithstanding several rifle balls were shot into his saddle. His personal bravery did much in saving Decatur. The brave and heroic Capt. Aaron G. McReynolds, of the Second, fell.

Now and then a soldier would pick up his dead comrade, throw him across his horse in front of the saddle, and carry him to the rear, then again take his place in the line. Along in the afternoon the Third and Twenty-

seventh Michigan Infantry came to our reinforcement, they both fresh from home and undrilled and raw. They did as well as could be expected, but added little to our confidence in resisting the approach of the enemy.

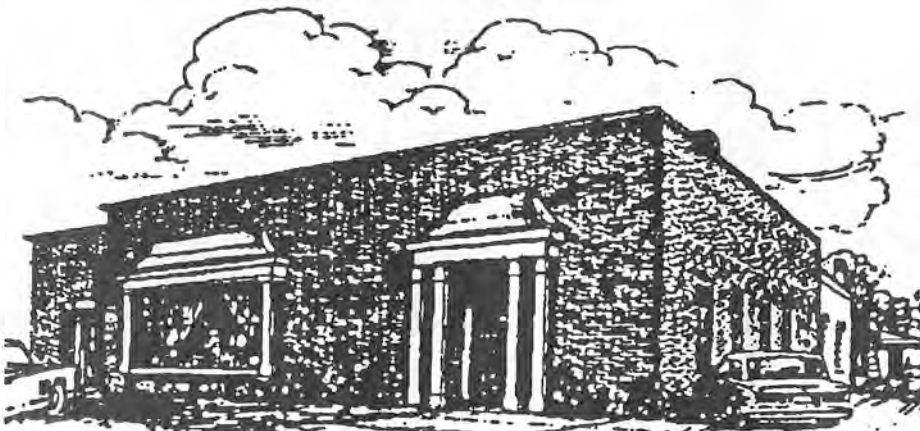
The fighting was kept up with great fury until dark closed in upon the scene. All was quiet in the darkness, but, during the night, reinforcements came until we were safe, feeling that there was no longer any question as to holding the place. The rebels, however, moved down and surrounded the fortification from river to river, and in the night, on the opposite side from where the attack was made, they charged our pickets and drove them into the works; they dug "gopher holes" within fifty or

sixty yards of our works, and morning found them there, ready to pick off anyone who was silly enough to stick his head out in their sight.

On the morning of Oct. 27th the men on each side were standing out in full view of each other, talking. The 102nd Ohio brought out their band and played Yankee Doodle. A rebel band responded with Dixie. Ours then again played the Star Spangled Banner--they replied to them with the Bonnie Blue Flag. This was kept up for some time, when someone cried out that he was "going to shoot," and almost instantly every man was behind his breastworks or in his pit and the deadly work again began.

It was kept up hard all day. The rebels were discovered throwing up works on the bank of the river some distance above Decatur. Col. Thornburgh (who was absent when the attack was made, but came in on the evening of the 26th), Lt. Kreidler, the writer, and some orderlies went up the river on the opposite side to discover what they were driving at, and were greatly astonished at the marksmanship of some of their sharpshooters. We located their battery, however, and selected a place and plan for our battery to again operate. The rebels had fixed themselves with artillery to attack "iron clad" gunboats as they came down the river.

On examination, we found that but two of the guns of Battery A could not be moved owing to the number of horses killed and harness cut up in the first afternoon's engagement. So, Lt. Murphy stiled it, the artillery men "muffled" their carriages--that is, they pushed rubber between the parts of the wheels that knocked against the spindles



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and axles, then tied old rags around the rims of the wheels, so they were noiseless, and, going up the river in the night, threw up a heavy redoubt opposite the rebels' guns; and Beach's guns being James rifles, they were painted black to conceal them on account of reflected rays of light; the sights were chalked, and at the breaking of day on the 28th a deadly artillery engagement began between the two batteries--one on the northern and the other on the southern bank of the Tennessee.

It lasted for some time, but at last Capt. Beach came off victor. He succeeded in striking and blowing up two rebel caissons, the explosions of which killed and literally tore to pieces a large number of men.

After the morning of the 28th of October, 1864, had fully opened into day, being perhaps sunrise or after, the Stars and Stripes were about to be raised. It was a large flag, and floated from a very tall pole, which went

up from the center of a magazine, the latter being somewhat taller than the earthworks of the fortifications and situated on the side where the rebel "gopher holes" were nearest. Something got wrong with the pulley, so the flag would go up about halfway. There the rope would tighten, and refuse to go farther. The flag would have to be lowered, of course. This occurred some half a dozen times, and each time, as the old Stars and Stripes came down, the rebels set up an unearthly yell, to the great chagrin of our boys.

General R.S. Granger, who was in command of the Military District of Northern Alabama, and Col. Thornburgh rode up. The colonel was so provoked at their cheering and the unsuccessful attempts to raise the flag that he leaped from his horse and, mounting the magazine, seized the rope and began to pull up the colors again, but the sharpshooters made it so hot that he had to jump down. At

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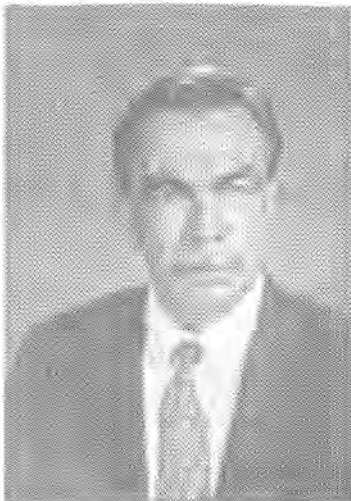
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length a soldier who had some experience as a sailor climbed the pole some distance through the swarm of rebel balls, arranged the rope so that it did its work, and then came down; but not without harm. He received a painful wound in the thigh.

One of our pieces of heavy artillery was rendered almost harmless by a rebel soldier burrowed in a "gopher hole" immediately in front of it. Whenever anyone attempted to manage the gun, place it in position, or load it, a minie ball came whistling along with dangerous intent, generally disabling the man who ventured to approach the gun. At length the gun was loaded, and the Confederate, having just fired his rifle, drew back to reload. While thus engaged, the piece of artillery was aimed just below the top of the dirt in front of the rebel, while an eye was kept on his place of concealment. After awhile his deadly weapon was seen coming slowly over the top

of the dirt, when our gun was fired. In a few hours the body of that man became breastworks to protect the living in a desperate assault by some of our infantry on these "gopher holes."

Some of the rebels took off their coats and arranged them on ramrods so they had somewhat the form of a man, then raised these just above their piles of dirt, so our boys could see them. A perfect roar of rifle reports followed and, checking a moment, our boys were driven almost to desperation when they heard the Confederates screaming and laughing over the success of their trick. Such debts could not be allowed to pass unpaid, so some of our boys in turn made balls of mud about the size of men's heads, then, placing their hats on them, put them on top of our works. The roar of rifle discharges came now from the other side, while the cheering and laughing was with our boys.

Col. Doolittle, who commanded the post, determined to move these "gopher" gentlemen from such dangerous proximity. The banks of the river, both above and below Decatur, were perpendicular and about twenty-five feet high, leaving a small passage at that time between the perpendicular bank and the edge of the water, so that men would walk down this passage with

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ease. Some three fourths of a mile below the fortification there was a canebrake. A lieutenant with forty-seven men of the 18th Michigan Infantry passed down between this embankment and the edge of the water into the canebrake.

Col. Thornburgh and the writer, being advised as to the movement, climbed a pair of stairs in Gen. Granger's headquarters up to a scuttle hole on top of the house, which had a flat roof. Here was a fine view, but, on account of the precision of aim by the sharpshooters, a couple of heads only was poked

above the roof. After a while the bright gleam of bayonets could be seen in the canebrakes. It was exciting to know what was coming and to witness these bright reflections from polished weapons, where the men were completely concealed.

Slowly they advanced near the edge of the cane. At length they converged from it. Taking advantage of a small ridge, they stooped and, bending forward, advanced toward the line of gophers from the rear, while constant firing kept up by our men in the fort, keeping the attention of the rebels directed to their front. Getting near the top of the ridge, the men would lie down and creep on all fours until the summit was reached, when with a wild yell they raised and came charging upon the "gopher" from the rear. A number of rebels were killed; the 47 Michiganders brought 120 prisoners into the fort and took possession of the line of gophers.

A large number of the rebels leaped from their holes and started for the rear, even far beyond the reach of our boys, when a 24-pound mortar, with which we had been reinforced, opened on them with grapeshot. I didn't suppose one of them was hurt by it, but when it fired the earth shook all around the neighborhood and the fleeing men would leap with renewed activity, as if heaven and earth were clapping together and they were determined not to witness it.

While the charge was at its full height, Col. Thornburgh became so excited that he jumped up at full length on the top of the house, seized the gun from the hands of the sentinel stationed there, and fired at the retreating enemy, then turned

and ordered me to send up a company of cavalry with which he would make a countercharge from the front and draw the fire from the men exposed below.

Col. Thornburgh and Col. Prosser both dashed out of the gates with three men, made a circle under a perfect shower of leaden balls, and returned. Sergeant James McFall, of the Second Cavalry, was instantly killed.

The next struggle, which followed soon after, was even more exciting, while but a few were really injured. The rebel battery which Capt. Beach had fought and injured so badly, had again rallied and was about ready for an attack on our gunboats. One of the latter came down the river. She was armed with some short brass guns on either side, while she had two steel Parrot guns in front.

For precision in aim, the officers seemed to rely on the latter. The rebel guns opened on her, sending a shot through the wheelhouse, but fortunately not crippling her to any great extent. She returned the fire from the side guns as she ran down with greater rapidity past the rebel battery. At the same time, Lt. Murphy, of Beach's battery, again opened on the rebels from their old position, just across the river. Passing under the hottest fire, the gunboat would turn around, front to the rebels, and fire with the Parrots, then again turn in the river, going downstream until the Parrots were loaded, then again wheel and fire. It was grand to witness and exciting beyond description, being a triangular artillery engagement, over and across the water. The guns in the boat were aimed too high, and many of their shells exploded in the air.

General Granger, who had

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something of a feminine voice, became very excited, ran down to the water's edge and cried out, "lower your pieces!" just as if he could be heard at the distance and in the roar of the artillery, much to the amusement of many of the men.

The next was the bloodiest and fiercest assault of all. Just in rear of the rebel battery there was a mound, such as are generally called Indian mounds. In support of their artillery they had dug a trench from near the bank of the river back across and directly over this mound, in which a command of infantry was placed. The 14th United States Colored Infantry was sent to charge on and capture, if possible, the rebel guns, and if they could not be saved, to spike them. Unlike the 18th Michigan, they had to approach in the open field. They passed out in column, and when in proper distance formed a line of battle, advanced cautiously until within rifle range, when they gave and received a volley; then, with fixed bayonets and a wild slogan, they charged. It was the last charge for many of them.

The Confederates saw they were Negroes, and would neither run or surrender, but laid in that ditch until the 14th charged right up on them and bayoneted them in the ditch. At length they were compelled to give way, but only for a moment until reinforcement came to their aid, when they turned about and renewed the conflict. The 14th succeeded in spiking their guns, then falling back under the bank of the river along the water's edge. The rebels charged up along the edge of the bank right over the colored soldiers and fired down into them, killing and wounding a

great many.

The whole affair did not last over fifteen minutes, and yet the 14th lost about eighty men, and not one of them captured. They brought a few prisoners in with them. I was on the ground the

next day, and that ditch across the mound was literally drenched with blood, while, around the place where Capt. Beach had blown up their caissons, pieces of bones and flesh from the size of one's hand down

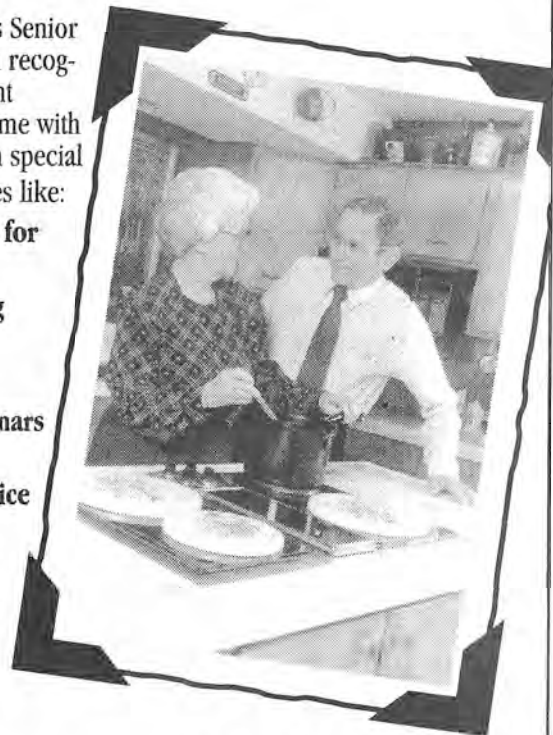
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to the infinitesimal were scattered over the ground. A hat lay near burned almost to a crisp, while the inside was filled with brains, blood, and hair. The body of one of their men was found near the water's edge, some fifteen feet from the caissons; his clothes were so burned that the brass buttons could be pulled off his coat without trouble. It had been a terrible destruction of life, both from Beach's combat early in the morning and the charge of the Fourteenth.

The night passed away comparatively quiet. On the morning of the 29th of October, being the fourth day of the fight, the conflict was renewed with vigor and continued until about 10 o'clock, when the rebels withdrew in the direction of Courtland. They passed on and crossed the river at Florence, then moved in the direction of Nashville, and at Franklin met General Thomas.

It always appeared to me that

the attack on Decatur, and failing to take the place, was one of General Hood's many mistakes. The first day of the fight we were weak, and had Hood's forces charged our works they would certainly have lost some men, but they could have carried the place, and we were not strong enough to prevent it. Then they would have had our pontoons already laid across the river and been at Franklin four days sooner, while General Thomas would have been four days less prepared to meet them. But I am thankful the result was as it was, except in regard to the loss of life.

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A Walk in The Past

by Chip Knight

The year was somewhere in the early 1950s, or perhaps ten years later, but the place was downtown Huntsville, Alabama, the retail center of the city. We had just moved to the suburbs (Blossomwood area) from an apartment on Williams Avenue next to the Standard Oil station, which is still there. It's on the corner of Madison and Williams, empty now, the one with the tile roof. At the other end of our block, at Williams and Gallatin, is Womack's store, from which boys deliver groceries on bicycles with small front wheels so they can carry a deep basket for the groceries.

The public library is on the

Corner of Madison Street and Gates Avenue, now occupied by the City parking garage, and the fire station is either next door or two doors up from that. City Hall is upstairs next to the fire station, and at the end of the block, at Madison and South Side Square, is Hopper Hardware, where they have this beautiful double barrel shotgun in the window with a strange offset stock, like it's made for someone who shoots from his left shoulder but sights with his right eye.

The Courthouse Square is a wonderful place, with people all over, and, on Saturday morning it is absolutely crowded with people who have come into town

from the country; old men swapping knives and dogs and always at least one man preaching at the top of his lungs. They always preached on a corner, and I never did figure that one out. You can whittle or swap knives anywhere on the square, but must always preach from a corner. I think the most popular corner for preaching was the northeast corner, but maybe that's just because I was usually closest to that corner, as my father's office was upstairs on the east side.

The east side of the Square is anchored by the I. Schiffman building where Tallulah Bankhead was born. Next to that was the Hill's grocery store, and next to that, Wimpy's Grill, which had a sign with Wimpy, the cartoon character, eating a big hamburger. There was a pool hall in the rear with a separate entrance from the street, but I wasn't allowed to go in there, and for some strange reason, never did. I usually tried most things I wasn't allowed to do, figuring they must be worthwhile for so much attention to be paid to them.

I digress. City Drug store was

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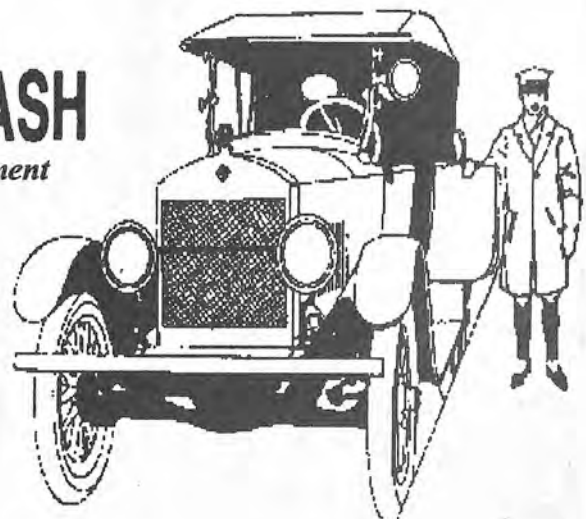
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next, with ceiling fans on long pipes because the ceiling was about fourteen feet tall. Ice cream cones were a nickel for one scoop and a dime for two, and you could sit and eat your ice cream and look through the comic books. I also wasn't allowed to have comic books, so I would read instead of looking at pictures. Cokes were also a nickel before they went up to six cents.

J.C. Penney and McLellan's dime store finished up the east side. Penney's once had a black leather motorcycle jacket with chrome trimmings all over it that I would have died to own. Needless to say, I never did; I got a subdued brown one instead. Penney's had on display an over-size pair of denim overalls that might have fit a man weighing about five hundred pounds, and was not a real department store the way it is now. McLellan's was my favorite dime store, the other two being Kress' and Woolworth's, in the next block down Washington Street. As a young child, McLellan's just appeared to have better stuff than the other two.

The block with Kress' and Woolworth also had the Lyric theater, one of two downtown, the other being the Grand on Jefferson Street. Across the street from the Lyric was Walgreen Drugstore. I was in there one time with my mother when a midget dressed like a bellman came in advertising cigarettes, Phillip Morris, I believe.

South side Square was the home of Montgomery Ward, where Santa Claus got my bicycle. I was six years old, and the bicycle was made for an adult, and, I believe, weighed a lot more than I did. Some years later I ran over a boy with that bike after

he had hit my sister with a rock. South side Square also had the Krystal, where you could get a little hamburger for about a dime, and Hornbuckle's Record Shop, but no bail bondsmen, as the County Jail was down on Washington Street next to the railroad tracks.

Everyone now remembers west side Square as Cotton Row, and it was, but it was really pretty shabby, even then. The blocks in the sidewalk were all uneven, and that made it either a pain in the neck or a delight to walk on, depending on your mood. My greatest discovery on the west side was the incredibly steep stairs which led from the street down to the Big Spring. Otherwise it was just First National Bank on one end and Southern Furniture Store on the other with the cotton brokers in between.

North side Square had T.T. Terry's. It had the motto "Great Is The Power of Cash" painted on it. It was sort of a department store, and it was where we bought our school books, this being back before the schools were expected to provide them. The best thing on the north side was the Army Navy Surplus store which had all kinds of stuff which absolutely fascinated me. It's probably a good thing that my spending money amounted to only fifty cents a week, for I would have been dead in that store. H.C. Blake company was on the north side, toward the west end of the block. There was a public water fountain at the west end of the block. I know I wasn't allowed to drink out of it, and I can't remember whether or not I did. Probably.

There were parking meters all around the Square, even then,

and they stayed full. Cars would drive around and around looking for a place to park. And in the middle was the Courthouse itself. I don't know whether it was concrete or stone, but it looked like stone, and inside there were brass spittoons along each side of the hallway and a big sign that said "No spitting on floor." But the Courthouse was too small, even then, because Huntsville had started growing with the Von Braun team coming in, and the

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County offices had spilled over into what had been the old Elks Theater on Eustis Street behind the Schiffman building, which had these cast comedy and tragedy masks over the entrance way. That was where you went to get a driver's license and do other things that were of little interest to me at the time.

The old Post Office was on the other side of the Elks Building, from there to the corner of Green Street. It was a very ornate building, Gothic, and was torn down while I was very young. I do remember though, an old tank, I guess from World War II, that was parked in front, and you could get in it and climb around. Surprisingly, I remember that my mother was with me when I was climbing around in it. I would have thought that I would not have been allowed to do that.

There were three hotels downtown, the Twickenham, on

Clinton Avenue between Washington and Jefferson Streets, the Yarbrough, at the corner of Washington and Holmes, and the Russell Erskine, at the corner of Clinton and what is now Spragins Street. The Russell Erskine was larger and more modern than the other two, and was the place to stay in town, and the others suffered and closed before too many years went by. In the sixties, they made a movie about Werner von Braun and it opened in Huntsville. Kim Novak and the other stars stayed at the Russell Erskine and I would have killed to see them, especially her. But, I was young and very shy, so I didn't.

It all began to end in 1955, the year the Parkway opened. First to go was Montgomery Ward, which moved to the Parkway shopping center. J.C. Penney then moved to The Mall at the corner of the Parkway and University Drive and Walgreen



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moved to the new Heart of Huntsville shopping center.

Downtown began to look empty with so many vacant buildings that the tenants of others hurried to leave.

The Central City Association was formed to revitalize downtown, but that didn't work. Then the City bought the railroad depot and turned it into a museum and built Constitution Hall Park, to get tourists into the downtown. The tourists came, but there was nowhere to spend their money; they had to go elsewhere. I'll know we're making progress when I no longer see cars with local tags going down one-way streets the wrong way.

The End

The main trouble with democracy is that people eventually realize that they can vote themselves the treasury; then you have anarchy.

H.L. Mencken

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PAINFUL Heel Spurs?



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 fasciitis" may include anti-inflammatory 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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Depression Sweets

Peanut Butter Pie

- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 c. white Karo syrup
- 1 c. sugar
- 2 c. chopped pecans
- 1/4 c. butter
- 1 t. vanilla
- 3 T. peanut butter
- 2 pastry shells

Mix well and pour into 2 unbaked pastry shells. Bake slowly at 350 degrees until set and golden brown.

Lemon Custard

- 1 c. sugar
- 3 T. flour
- 1/2 t. salt
- juice of 1 lemon
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 c. milk

Mix the sugar with the plain flour and salt. Add the lemon juice and yolks of 2 eggs, slightly beaten. Add the milk gradually and stiffly beaten egg whites last. Pour in buttered baking dish and cook in pan of hot water until the custard is set.

Apple Pudding

- 4 c. sliced apples
- 1/4 c. sugar
- 1/4 t. cinnamon

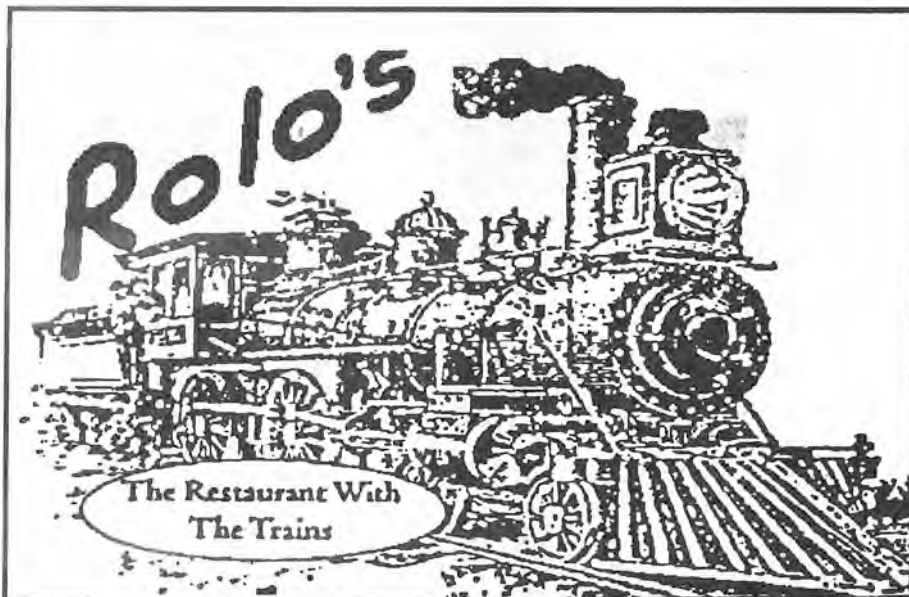
Mix the above together in a cake pan and bake at 400 degrees til the apples are soft. Then cover with a mixture of the following: 1 T. butter 1/2 c. sugar 1 t. vanilla 1 egg 1/2 c. flour, plain 1/2 t. baking powder 1/2 t. salt Bake until light brown at 350 degrees.

Sugar Tit

Cut a piece of cloth from a clean, white t-shirt. Put a tablespoon of sugar in the center, pull ends together to form a rounded end and tie. Wet sugar end with water. This makes a great pacifier!

Next Day Cookies

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



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Cream sugar, shortening, eggs and vanilla together. Then sift the dry ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture. Roll into long rolls (about 4) and keep cool until the morning. Slice thin and place on a floured cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

Marshmallow Candy

3 c. sugar
water
1 box gelatin
vanilla
powdered sugar

Take the sugar and 16 tablespoons of water. Boil it until it threads in cold water. Soak gelatin in 12 tablespoonfuls cold water for 10 minutes. Add this to syrup and cook 1 minute.

Take from the stove and beat for 30 minutes. Flavor with vanilla, put it in a cake pan and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Cut into squares when cool and roll in powdered sugar.

Burnt Sugar Cake

1/2 c. butter
1 1/2 c. sugar
3 eggs
2 1/4 c. all purpose flour
2 t. baking powder
1 t. salt
2/3 c. cold water
4 T. burnt sugar syrup

Burn your sugar this way. Place 1 cup of white sugar in a skillet and heat over the fire. Stir until melted and brown--be careful though because it can burn quickly.

Remove from the fire and add 2/3 cup of boiling water. Stir and place it back on the heat. Boil until the liquid begins to thicken, about 10 minutes. Keep in a jar in a cool place.

To make the batter, cream the butter and sugar together. Add the eggs one at a time, beating the whole time. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately to the batter with the cold water. Add the burnt sugar syrup at the last and beat all well.

Bake in a greased pan at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

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Absurd News

John Mahan, a professional diver from Muskegon, Michigan, donned helmet and diving suit for a plunge through a hole in the ice to 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, so 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."

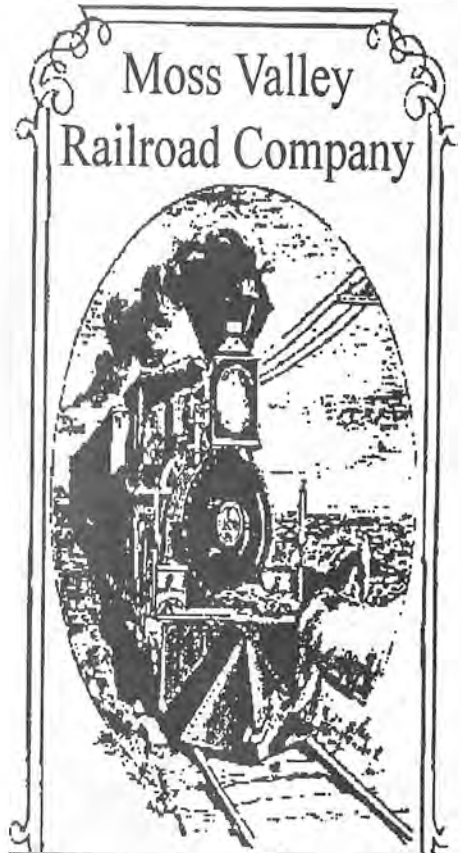
The overcoat the Milwaukee Transient Bureau gave to Frank Reading had no zipper in front. Which so incensed him, it was testified, that he used his cane over the head of Byron Paine, an employee. A judge disapproved, and gave Frank 60 days. "That's fine," he said, "It will be warm

when I get out."

A lion was stated to be the only asset of a man who was summoned to court for nonpayment of taxes. An attachment was immediately placed on the beast and it was taken into custody.

A series of automobile thefts was solved when police found a 15 year old Falkville youth had been stealing a car every Sunday morning to convey his 13 year old sweetheart to church.

Jefferson Schawl, age 60, has a new faith in human honesty. An unidentified thief broke into his home and stole two stock certificates, each for 100 shares of stock. Just one week later Schawl received a letter from the thief, who, it developed, had a conscience. With the letter was a check for \$2,100. The note told Schawl that the writer had sold the stock to an area brokerage firm, but the thief apparently had succumbed to his conscience and had sent the check to the rightful owner.



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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 to pass the time.

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

In 1987 American Airlines claimed that it saved \$40,000 by eliminating one olive from each of the salads served in first class.

In El Salvador the first offense for drunk driving is your last. The convicted are executed by firing squad.



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Huntsville Heresay

By Billy Joe Cooley
and His Unidentified Sources



The congressional race is beginning to get interesting. As it gets closer to election time **Bud Cramer** is spending more time in Huntsville while **Wayne Parker** is spending more time in Washington D.C.

Friends of **Hugh McInnish** had a big fund raiser at Richards on the Square a couple weeks ago and rumor has it that they did exceptionally well.

LAWYER BOB Shipman, who is running for District Judge, Place 2, as the lone Democrat, hosted a campaign strategy luncheon on Thursday.

GOSPEL QUARTET fans will get a three-day festival starting July 4 at **Carlton Brady's** farm, just north of Fayetteville off U.S. 431. Lots of big groups featured, including Palmetto State,

Primitives and our favorites, the Singing Ambassadors.

Sid McDonald had a kickoff breakfast at Eunice's. Sid's from Arab. Talk around town has it that not many people are familiar with him. He's going to have a hard time.

BIANCA COX is taking a one-season sabbatical from her Monday night UAH campus concerts to get her health restored. "I've had 10 summers of the greatest fun," says she.

Word is that Tax Assessor **Wayland Cooley's** former students (he was Butler High principal for years prior to politics) are helping him canvas the county in his reelection bid.

Bill Kling, also running for Tax Assessor, is proving to be a formidable opponent. He's build-

ing a lot of support in the county and we predict he'll be hard to beat.

ARTIST TOM Kinney has recovered from his ailments and is writing again.

Mayoral candidate **Will Culliver** is making a surprisingly strong impression on everyone he meets. We predict, win or lose, this will not be his last race.

Meanwhile, artist **Helen Sockwell** has displayed her "Babe" paintings in LaBoheme's gallery, Five Points. Then she announced her candidacy for delegate to the national Democratic convention.

Glen Watson is coming on strong for the city council seat currently held by **Jim**

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Putnam. Sez Glen, "I respect Mr. Putnam, but it's time for a change."

Tillman Hill is breathing a sigh of relief now that he's leaving his county commission job. He's endorsing his foreman **Harold Harbin** as his successor.

Nancy Marie Luce, who plays singalong piano Friday nights in Finnegan's Pub, is also a patron of the arts. She brings her seeing-eye dog, Rusty, to Huntsville Symphony concerts.

Ken Arnold scored a lot of points with Huntsville's citizens when he proposed moving the Art Museum out of the Big Spring Park. This is one issue we believe the voters will remember.

Mayoral candidate **Loretta Spencer** and several campaign coworkers handed out bumper

stickers the other evening at local shopping centers.

Three Stars for Bobby Allen, head of the city's parking, for his patience in dealing with all who claim to have the answer to the downtown parking problem. Everyone seems to be an expert but no one wants the responsibility!

Congrats to **Catherine Wilson** of chow-chow fame (Limestone Flea Market). Her jams and jellies won the national blue ribbon for this year.

Legal beagle **Roger Bedford** of Russellville has developed quite a following here in his Democratic bid for the U.S. Senate seat being vacated by **Howell Heflin**.

Every so often you meet someone who you are truly impressed with. Such is the case

with **Derek Simpson**, Fred's son, who is off and running as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. He introduced himself through the crowd the other week at **U.S. Rep. Bud Cramer's** Democratic kickoff in the railroad museum.

Jackie Reed was lately seen conferring with Mayoral contender **Larry Mullins**. That would have been an interesting conversation to listen in on.

Aunt Eunice's restaurant is starting to look like a campaign headquarters. Last week we were there and watched a congressman pour coffee, while a mayoral candidate waited on the tables and a city councilman greeted people at the door. ...

Oh well, even if they don't all get elected, it's still cheap help.

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Beyond The River

The story of Alabama's most remarkable Doctor

by John T. Morris, B.S., M.D.

The area of Alabama that the Cherokee Nation was forced to leave in 1838-1839, beginning the "Trail of Tears," is perhaps the fairest portion of the state. The old Tennessee River, after draining the splintered Appalachian Mountains, sloshes into Alabama and deposits its good soil. After reaching Marshall County it seems to sense its mistake and turns back toward Tennessee. Near the point at which it makes its northwesterly turn, the great Hernando De Soto is said to have watered his horse. Here one finds the very best fishing. The mountains and forests abound with wild life: deer, bear, squirrel, rabbit, raccoon and opossum. Waterfowl pause here on their migratory missions, and the bald eagle fishes these waters the year round.

In this setting, in Marshall County, Alabama, "the most remarkable surgeon in history," John Allan Wyeth, was born on May 12, 1845 in a sturdy two-story log cabin that had been a Presbyterian Mission Station to the Cherokee Nation. The Mis-

sion Station was about three miles from the present town of Guntersville. While still in good condition, it was razed in 1930 and, due to the construction of the Tennessee Valley Authority Dam at Guntersville, the site is now under 20 feet of water.

As a child John Wyeth grew strong and healthy on corn bread and pot likker fed to him by Aunt Peggy, the nurse and friend he loved. After Mack, the Negro servant, had taught him to ride, John Allan Wyeth practically lived in the saddle. Mack also taught him not to "get scared and quit." Young Wyeth hunted the game-rich woodland with his dog, Duke, and he swam and fished in the Tennessee River. His was a happy, care-free childhood.

John's father, Judge Louis Weiss Wyeth, was wealthy by Alabama standards when he arrived from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He was a just and reasonable lawyer and became quite successful. He served one term in the Alabama State Legislature, meeting in Montgomery,

and he was elected Circuit Judge of Marshall County, Alabama. He gave freely to local charities and worthy enterprises. He financed and built the first brick courthouse when Guntersville became the County Seat of Marshall County. He gave a plot of land to each religious denomination in the county, though they did not all choose to build on them.

But John Wyeth was not a recipient of his father's benevolence. Shortly after he learned to ride horse back, John began to earn his own spending money.

He carried corn to the water-powered grist mill. He hoed the fields and cut and hauled firewood for the neighbors. He began his education at age five, with the daylights scared out of him in the very beginning. He found that during the previous term the school master had whipped two of the students so badly that the school's reputation for strict discipline had spread throughout the county.

But when John registered, he found that the school board had replaced the infamous schoolmaster by a Mr. Dane, part Cherokee and all gentleman. He was mild mannered, but he had a long hickory switch standing in the chimney corner. It was only a reminder. He never used it. John liked this schoolmaster and learned well under him.

One of John's early expenditures, from money he had earned cutting and selling firewood, was a subscription to Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly.

John read from his father's extensive library, and he was taught by Professor W. D. Lovett, who had come from Zanesville, Ohio, a college graduate well versed in the classics and an excellent mathematician. Lovett

encouraged and inspired John.

With Lovett's help and that of his father, John studied for and passed the college entrance examinations and entered La Grange Military Academy in Franklin (later Colbert) County, Alabama, at the age of 15, on February 1, 1861. It closed in December 1861, the faculty and the older students answering the call to the colors. Later, marauding Federal Troops completely destroyed La Grange Academy.

John returned home. He made a crop in 1861-62 and protected his home from the bushwhackers that the war had spawned. Louis Wyeth, while opposing secession and being overage, nevertheless had joined the Confederate Army because of the tremendous love he held for his adopted state. He came back homesick and discouraged.

Now John, age 16, feeling it his duty to take up arms in his father's stead, went with General John Morgan as a "civilian independent" on a raid. Wyeth returned with a new horse and the

reputation of a competent trooper. General Morgan advised John to join a regular army organization or he might be shot as a guerrilla if he got himself captured. John joined Company I of Colonel A.A. Russell's Fourth Alabama Cavalry Regiment in April of 1863.

With the Fourth Alabama Cavalry, John went into action almost immediately and fought in some engagement practically every day. He fought at Shelbyville, Morris Ford, and Winchester (Tenn.). In mid-September, 1863, his superior officers offered him "unlimited leave of absence" for "extraordinary bravery." He refused the leave and remained with his outfit and fought through the bloody three-day battle at Chickamauga Creek. The day after the battle, while the infantrymen were resting and burying the dead, Wyeth's unit, in a running fight, defeated the enemy at McLemore's Cove. After a few days of comparative inaction Wyeth fought in the engagement at Cottonport. Two

days later he took part in an action at Anderson's Cross Roads, in the Sequatchee Valley, where his regiment took many prisoners and captured and destroyed the largest wagon supply train of the war.

For John Wyeth this was a hollow victory. The Yankees captured John and he spent most of the remainder of the war as a prisoner in Camp Morton, Indiana.

Life as a P.O.W. in either army was miserable. John entered the military in perfect health. Due to the crowded and unsanitary conditions of the prison camp, he contracted scabies, lice, and measles with superimposed pneumonia.

This condition could have been fatal. He spent 16 months in this humiliating and sickening place.

Years later, John would write about Camp Morton in an article published in The Century magazine. This article is a classic on life in a Federal military prison.

In February 1865, more dead

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than alive, he was exchanged. Furloughed for 60 days he returned to duty and was recaptured in May 1865. This time his imprisonment was more brief. He was able to escape.

After the surrender of the Confederate forces in 1865, the South was completely prostrate. Union raiders and such renegades as the Jukeses, the Rains, and "old Ben Harris" had destroyed the cities and plantations of the Tennessee Valley. They had burned farm houses and farms that had been productive and prosperous. Chimneys now stood like gravestones over the tangles of weeds and briars. The raiders had killed outright many innocent civilian women and old men.

Among the survivors, sickness and starvation was rampant. After the second woman in Gunter'sville died of starvation in 1865, Louis Weiss Wyeth swallowed all his pride and boarded a train for the North. The Judge had grown up in the North and

he knew the people of the North to be generous humanitarians. He stopped in Nashville, Tennessee, Louisville, Kentucky, Cincinnati, Ohio, and other places asking for donations. The generous response was gratifying. Food began to roll in by the train loads and Judge Wyeth set up relief stations in Marshall, DeKalb, and Blount counties. These contributions tided the stricken area over until the crops of 1866 ended the famine caused by the war.

It took two years at home for John to recuperate after the war. He attempted farming in Marshall County, but finding that he could no longer do the hard physical work of the farmer, he decided to look at other occupations. He considered law, the profession his father had followed with such distinction. Law was not to his liking. He wanted to do things with his hands. He remembered the sickness in Camp Morton and the horrible treatment of the wounded dur-

ing the war. Maybe he could improve on the practice of medicine. He was sure he could do better than the surgeons he had seen operating after the Battle of Chickamauga.

In 1867 John Wyeth matriculated in the medical school at The University of Louisville, Kentucky. He had practically no formal education, but he graduated, in 1869 after two terms, and was awarded an M.D. degree. John had no way of knowing that the year he began the study of medicine, in 1867, Lord Joseph Lister had launched the doctrine of immaculate cleanliness in surgery and before that Florence Nightingale had shown that cleanliness, fresh air and trained personnel were required for sick patients.

All Doctor Wyeth's training had been didactic. He had not seen any patients. He had not been inside a hospital. He fumbled through his first three cases, one a normal childbirth that delivered spontaneously.

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The fourth patient was a very sick diabetic who died. Nobody had expected the patient to live except Doctor Wyeth. He was despondent. He left town, after tearing down his fine tin sign and throwing it into the well, intending to abandon the medical profession. At this precise time in his life, he realized the sorry state of medical training in America. He felt that he had been duped into believing falsely that he could heal sick people.

Wyeth spent three years in Arkansas, working as a railroad builder, superintendent of a cotton plantation, cattle buyer, steamboat pilot, land speculator and telegraph operator. Anyone who has felt the calling to practice medicine would know that John Wyeth, whom Mack, the servant, had taught to get back on the horse that had thrown him and "not give up," would try again.

He arrived in New York City in 1872 for another try. Now his jaw was set. He knew what he wanted.

Wyeth again matriculated in the freshman class of The Bellevue Medical School, and in 1873 he received from that institution a second M.D. degree. He remained on the faculty at Bellevue as assistant demonstra-

tor of anatomy and then as professor to the chair of anatomy and one of the instructors in that department, and he began his surgical practice.

Doctor John Allan Wyeth carried to the operating pavilion the same skills and artistry that made his Pennsylvania relatives, N.C. Wyeth and his son Andrew Wyeth, two of America's most famous painters. Dr. John Allan Wyeth inherited the gene for printer's ink from his grandfather, John Wyeth. In 1875 Dr. John Allan Wyeth published a Handbook of Medical and Surgical References and an essay on "Dextral Preferences in Man."

He remembered the amputations he had seen as a soldier. Amputations of the foot were particularly unsuccessful in many cases. He felt that this operation should give the patient a stump that would bear weight and be functional.

He published the results of his studies in 1876 in an article titled, "Amputation at the Ankle Joint." For this publication he received the Bellevue Alumni Association prize for, "the best essay on any subject connected with surgery or surgical pathology." The same year he wrote a "monograph on Minor Surgery." Wyeth's fame was spreading. He was becoming affluent. Following an episode of severe illness, he resigned his positions at the Bellevue Medical school, and during his convalescence, he decided to visit the famous medical installations of Europe.

In 1877, while touring Europe's medical centers, Wyeth met the greatest surgeon of the nineteenth century, a fellow expatriot from Alabama, Doctor James Marion Sims. Sims had known John's father, Louis

Wyeth, when the latter was in the Montgomery, Alabama, Legislature.

Sims was the only American doctor to visit Europe in the 19th century for the express purpose of teaching the Europeans. He congratulated Wyeth on the surgical essays he had written. They had long talks about medical education and compared the experiences both had had in their initial encounters with sick people. Sims encouraged Wyeth to work on his idea of an institution for teaching clinical medicine. Sims told John how he had raised funds for the New York Women's hospital, the first hospital exclusively for treating women. Undoubtedly, they discussed the proper management of hospitalized patients as postulated by Florence Nightingale. John met Sim's beautiful daughter, Florence Nightingale Sims, at this time.

After visiting the great medical institutions of London, Paris, and Berlin, Wyeth returned to New York and in 1880 he was appointed visiting surgeon to Mt. Sinai Hospital and consulting surgeon to St. Elizabeth's Hospital. John plunged into a campaign to raise funds for the hospital and medical school that he had been dreaming of for all those years.

In 1881 Dr. Wyeth led the way in founding the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. Wyeth worked at the New York Polyclinic for 40 years, first as its Surgeon-in-Chief and later as president of the faculty. He published 75 surgical articles, each of which improved the clinical practice of surgery.

On April 10, 1886 he married Florence Nightingale Sims.

The union was blessed by the



births of three children, Florence Wyeth, Marion Sims Wyeth, and John Allan Wyeth, Jr. If Dr. John A. Wyeth, Sr. ever felt that he had been deprived of a formal education by The War, he never mentioned it. However, it is noteworthy that his children all received the finest formal educations available at the time. Florence Sims Wyeth graduated from Barnard College in 1909. Marion Sims Wyeth graduated from Princeton University in 1910, and John Allan Wyeth, Jr. graduated from Princeton in 1915.

Through his friendship with Henry Harper of Harper and Brothers publishers, Wyeth became a member of the exclusive Urban League of New York. He never ceased to care about his hometown in Alabama and its people. In the 1880s John Wyeth's father gave him a large tract of land in Marshall County, Alabama. John had this land laid off in lots by Albert M. Ayres and some of them were sold to northern investors. Several industries moved in and John named the town Wyeth City for his Father. Wyeth City operated many years with its own post office, school, baseball team and Temperance Society. It later became part of the city of Guntersville, Alabama.

As president of the New York Southern Society, Wyeth met Woodrow Wilson, a displaced Virginian, and urged him to run for president of the United States.

Later, Wilson did run for president and Wyeth was his staunchest supporter.

In recognition of his many humanitarian works, Dr. Wyeth was awarded the honorary doctorate of laws degree by the Uni-

versity of Alabama in 1900 and from the University of Maryland in 1908.

Dr. John Allan Wyeth wrote on a vast variety of subjects other than surgery, mostly of his adventures as a youth in the Tennessee Valley and as a trooper in the War Between the States. He also wrote of his ancestor "Nathaniel J. Wyeth and the Struggle for Oregon," and, being a lover of the outdoors, he wrote several nature books and pamphlets including, "Trees in the South" and "Snakes of Alabama."

When young John Wyeth joined the fourth Alabama Cavalry, he met a group of hard-riding Alabamians who had previously served under General Nathan Bedford Forrest. These men never seemed to tire of talking of Forrest's kind treatment of them, his sympathetic nature as a man, his great personal daring, and especially of his wonderful achievements as a commander. Forrest spoke very good English. It is said that he once gave as his secret to military success: "Get there first with the most men." One of the Alabamians changed the wording slightly to the more famous: "Git thar fustes' wid the mostes."

Wyeth admired the genius that he recognized in Forrest. They were kindred spirits in many ways. Wyeth carried to the operating arena the same spirit Forrest carried to the military arena. Wyeth made every effort to verify everything he learned about Forrest.

John Wyeth's *The Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest*, gathered from eyewitness accounts and personal knowledge, is the most accurate and meticulous source of information on

that remarkable soldier, whose tactics and strategies have made many modern generals successful, among them: Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, General George Patton and, most recently, General Norman Schwarzkopf. These successful soldiers must have read Wyeth's book, which went through several editions and was reissued in 1959 as, *That Devil Forrest* by Harper and Brothers Publishers. *While Sabre and Scalpel, The Autobiography of a Soldier and Surgeon* published in 1914 may seem like the reminiscences of an elderly man (albeit an elderly man of clear retrovision). Three fourths of it are of his younger years in Alabama and of THE WAR. He skims over his great achievements as a surgeon, seemingly to avoid appearing boastful.

He died suddenly of a heart attack on May 8, 1922 and was interred in the Sims plot in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, by the side of his wife, Florence Nightingale Sims Wyeth, who had died seven years previously.

The End

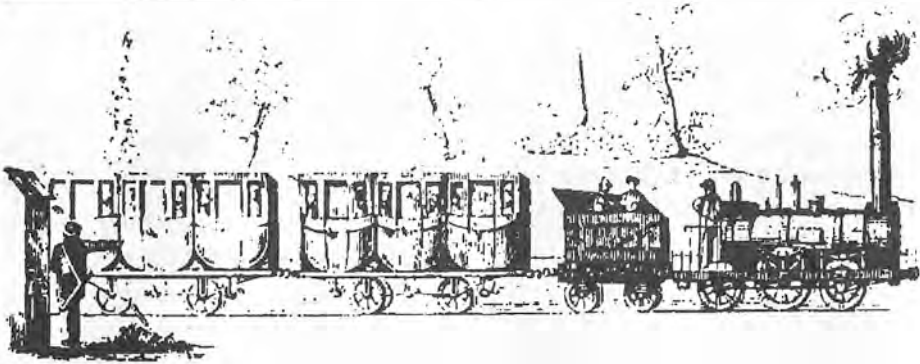
Old Huntsville

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Gurley, The Railroad Town

by Jack Harwell

In the last century the railroads held the position that the interstate highways have today. They were the principal means of intercity travel, much faster and certainly more comfortable than the covered wagon. As is the case with the interstates, a city's access to the rail lines could determine whether it would prosper or become an isolated backwater. In many cases, towns would appear where there were none before the rails were laid. Such was the case with Gurley, Alabama.

The land where Gurley is located was bought from the Cherokee in 1817, and white settlers moved in soon thereafter, even though there was no town there at the time. The area was taken into Madison County in 1824.

John Gurley came to Madison County from his native South Carolina. He had fought with Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812; his father had served under General Nathanael Greene in the Revolution. In 1830 Gurley bought a quarter-section (160 acres) on the county line, through which Hereford Road runs today. He bought another quarter-section in 1834 two miles away on Hurricane Creek,

where he built one of the first mills in the lower Hurricane Valley.

The isolation that John Gurley enjoyed between Keel Mountain and what would later be known as Gurley Mountain was disturbed somewhat in 1851 when the Memphis and Charleston Railroad began pushing its tracks through the valley. The railroad purchased the right of way from Gurley, he being the owner of the land along the best rail route. Before long Gurley and his neighbors were treated to the sight of passenger trains passing by their doors on their runs back and forth between Huntsville and Chattanooga.

The old steam trains had to stop frequently to replenish their supply of water. Hilly terrain, such as exists east of Huntsville, caused the engines to use water at an accelerated rate. So the Memphis and Charleston built a "filling station"—a water tank—on the land it had bought from John Gurley. Water for the tank was piped from a spring on Keel Mountain, over a mile away. Exercising commendable practicality, the railroad called it "Gurley's Tank."

The presence of a railroad stop attracted business to the area. A town grew up around the

tank, and Gurley's Tank became Gurleyville. The old railroad men used the term "tank town" to describe a place that was so small that it was little more than a water tank for the trains. The term, considered pejorative by some, would have applied to Gurleyville in the mid-19th Century. But the town had not yet been eclipsed by its neighbor to the west, and more and more businessmen discovered that Gurleyville was a good place to live and work.

John Gurley and his wife, Matilda, had four children, three sons, Franklin, Thomas and John, and one daughter, Jane. They were all grown when Ala-

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bama went to war with the Union in 1861. Franklin and Thomas both enlisted in the Confederate cause, Frank joining a cavalry company at New Market. His unit later became part of the Third Tennessee Cavalry, under the command of Nathan Bedford Forrest. It was while serving with this unit that Frank Gurley was involved in an incident which nearly destroyed both his life and his reputation.

On August 5, 1862 Gurley, now a captain, led two companies against a Union patrol that had been reported north of New Market. The Federals were under the command of General Robert McCook of Ohio, who was riding in a wagon rather than on horseback due to a bad case of dysentery. The Confederates shouted an order to halt, and began firing when the order was ignored; the Union troops would later claim that they heard no such order. Gurley fired four shots from his service revolver at the wagon which contained the fleeing McCook. The first three

bullets missed; the fourth struck the Ohioan in the side, inflicting a mortal wound. McCook was taken for treatment to a nearby farmhouse, where he was later visited by Gurley, but died the next day. Gurley put the incident behind him.

To Northerners, particularly those in Ohio, the story was different. The story spread—or was spread—that Gurley had shot McCook from ambush, rather than in a combat situation. The McCooks were a popular and well-known family in Ohio, and demands were made for Frank Gurley to be tried as a war criminal.

But since the North did not have Captain Gurley in custody, it could do nothing. Gurley, meanwhile, ran up an impressive combat record, and was especially noted for bravery under fire. In December 1862, now with the Fourth Alabama Cavalry, Gurley led a charge against two Union artillery pieces at Lexington, Tennessee. "Capt. F. B. Gurley, Fourth Alabama Cavalry,

with 12 men, charged a gun at Lexington supported by over 100 Federal cavalry," stated the official Confederate military record. "He captured the gun, losing his

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orderly-sergeant by the fire of the gun when within 15 feet of its muzzle." The report was written by Nathan Bedford Forrest himself.

On October 21, 1863, Gurley and his men were surrounded and captured at Brownsboro, Georgia. Frank's brother Thomas was taken prisoner at the same time. With the "murderer" now in Union hands, the Army moved quickly. After a brief trial, Gurley was sentenced to hang, but the death sentence was suspended by the officer in charge, General Frank Thomas. Not long after, in a bizarre display of bureaucratic incompetence on the Union's part, Gurley was freed as part of prisoner exchange.

Frank Gurley survived the war and returned home to the town named for his father. But the U.S. Government was not through with him yet. Perhaps feeling that it had been cheated of the pleasure of hanging the rebel officer, the army sent troops to arrest Gurley at his home in November 1865. They had no trouble locating him; he had been elected sheriff of Madison County the previous month.

Again Captain Gurley, C.S.A., was tried and convicted for the death of Robert McCook. His execution was set for December 2—just nine days after his arrest. But again, Gurley would escape the noose through the intervention of a Union general—Ulysses S. Grant. President Andrew Johnson suspended the sentence of death on Grant's recommendation. The following April, the War Department dropped all charges against Gurley. One year after Appomattox, Frank Gurley's war was finally over.

Although the terms of his pardon forbade him serving as sher-

iff, Gurley spent the rest of his life in civic affairs. He died at his sister Jane's home in 1920, and was buried in Gurley next to his brother Thomas, who had died in 1901. His headstone indicated his military service—Forrest's Cavalry, 4th Alabama, Company C.

Frank Gurley had lived to see his town's most prosperous days. In 1909 Gurley's population had reached 1,200. There was a newspaper—the Gurley Herald. A school which was built by the Presbyterian church in 1893 later became Madison

County High School, the name by which it is still known. A branch of the Tennessee Valley Bank was established at Gurley in 1892 to accommodate the financial needs of the businesses which were springing up.

There were other businesses, too. Gurley had four saloons, which did brisk business with residents of nearby Jackson County, which was then dry.

One of Gurley's hometown heroes in the early part of this century was a baseball player—

Continued on Page 47



MARY JUNEN
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Old Huntsville

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TITANIC SURVIVOR TELLS HER STORY

Investigating Committee Examines Witnesses

NEW YORK, MAY 2:—Senator Smith, of the Titanic Investigating Committee, today examined a first steerage passenger of the Titanic. He swore positively that the ship's officers made an effort to lock the steerage passengers on their own deck following the collision. Steerage passengers who protested were knocked down by the deck steward, but they later smashed the gate.

The witness was Daniel Buckley, aged 21, who emigrated from Cork Ireland, and is now living with relatives in the Bronx.

He declared that the first the steerage passengers knew of the accident was when the water began rushing into their quarters. They were in bed.

He said: "We rushed upstairs but could find no life preservers. Not one of us had any. After the gate was smashed, we had as good a chance for escape and rescue as any of the passengers but there were not enough boats. When we launched the sixth boat, a few of us got in, as there were few women left. An officer ordered us to get out. A woman whom I afterward learned was Mrs. John Jacob Astor put a small shawl over me. I stayed in the bottom of the boat and was saved."

Grand Jury Visits County Poor House

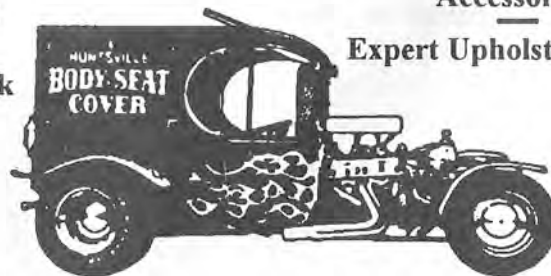
Huntsville - The Madison County Grand Jury investigated county properties before making their annual report.

The Pest House on Athens Pike was found to be in satisfactory condition with only six smallpox patients in residence.

The county Poor House near New Market has 23 inmates living in six double log cabins, with a mess hall and keepers quarters.

Overall, conditions at both facilities were found to be adequate with the Grand Jury's only recommendation being that inmates be required to work.

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OLD HUNTSVILLE - YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

MAYOR ENGAGES HUNTSVILLE EDITOR IN FISTICUFFS

Huntsville - Huntsville Mayor, R.E. Smith, and J. Emory Pierce, editor of the local newspaper, were involved in an altercation yesterday after meeting on the streets and exchanging insults.

The Mayor had taken exception to certain articles recently printed in the newspaper, and after meeting Emory on the sidewalks in front of the courthouse, took the opportunity to voice his displeasure.

One witness claimed the mayor made certain remarks about Emory's ancestry, whereas the editor promptly began thrashing him with a walking cane.

The pugilists were separated by onlookers before either could inflict serious injury.

The mayor fined himself ten dollars in city court the next morning for losing his temper and Emory has publicly announced he will support another candidate in the next election.

Congress Approves Federal Income Tax

16th Amendment Voted In!

Washington, D.C.: Despite fiery opposition from Southern lawmakers, Congress today passed the 16th amendment, making a Federal Income Tax the law of the land.

Lawmakers were finally swayed into voting for the amendment after receiving promises that the new law would only affect the top two percent of the population.

"The average working man," said a New York Senator, "would feel absolutely no effects from the tax. The burden will be put entirely upon the wealthiest two percent who can most afford it."

Leaders from both parties gave assurances that the tax rate would never be increased and that the money raised would be spent entirely on reducing the deficit.

Chamber of Commerce Raises Dues

Huntsville - The Huntsville Chamber of Commerce, headed by J.P. Cooney, announced today that it is raising membership dues to \$1 per month.

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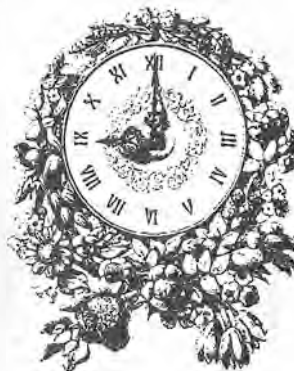
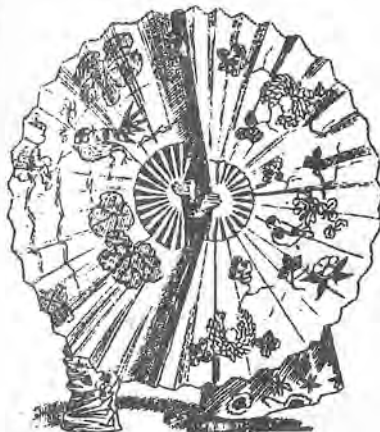
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It Happened In Huntsville, Ala.

The Short Career of the Great Davisini

One of the most popular forms of entertainment in Huntsville's early history were the traveling troupes of magicians, spiritualists and hypnotists who traveled from town to town performing one night stands.

Edward Young, or the "Great Galvani - Master of the Hypnotic Trance" as he was more popularly known, was a frequent visitor to Huntsville in 1911, performing at the Elks Theater.

His show consisted of selecting volunteers from the audience and after placing them in a trance, having them perform

various tricks. The highlight of the show always came when Galvani placed a small bowl filled with water on the floor and told the subject he was drowning.

The resulting antics always brought down the house.

Unfortunately, the Great Galvani was also a master of the whiskey bottle, consuming prodigious amounts of the fiery liquor at every opportune moment.

Often times the show would have to be delayed while a search party scoured the neighborhood bars for him.

Despite Galvani's shortcom-

ings, he attracted a large group of admirers. One of them was Carlisle Davis, an employee at a nearby carriage shop.

To Davis, Galvani represented everything he had always dreamed of being. The allure of traveling, being idolized by admiring fans, and performing on stage was more of an attraction than anything Huntsville could offer to a young lad.

The biggest attraction for Davis, however, was the awesome power Galvani seemed to hold over his subjects while they were hypnotized.

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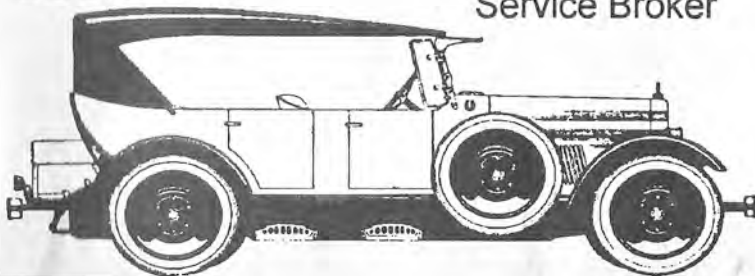
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Davis began spending every spare moment with Galvani. Before long he had committed the whole act to memory.

The Great Galvani was scheduled to appear at a local park as part of the 4th of July celebrations.

According to a Huntsville newspaper of the day, over two thousand people thronged the park to see the Mystic.

Unfortunately the great man had mysteriously succumbed to a quart of Kentucky Bourbon and could not be aroused.

The committee in charge of staging the event were frantic. There seemed to be no alternative except to call the show off.

Suddenly their gloom was interrupted by Carlisle Davis. "I can do the show!" he proclaimed. "I've been watching him and I know exactly what he does."

The offer was met by a stunned silence and disbelief.

Finally one of the men who had been standing in the back of the room stepped forward.

"The boy's right," he said. "I've been seeing those two together every day for the past week."

Any other qualms the committee had were probably dispelled by the angry rumblings of two thousand people clamoring for the show to begin.

"Get your stuff," he was told, "you're on in five minutes."

And it came to pass that Carlisle Davis, a local small town boy with dreams of stardom, was magically transferred into the "Great Davisini."

Davis was superb. He had copied Galvani's patter exactly. After a brief "lecture" he chose Ivan Benson from the audience to be his subject.

Again, everything went per-

fect. Davis had Benson crow like a rooster, bark like a dog and even forget his own name.

The audience, though skeptical at first, began to warm up to the budding star. Many of the crowd seemed to believe Davis had found a new career and would soon be headed toward riches and fame.

The grand climax of the show finally came. Davis carefully placed a small teacup of water in the middle of the stage. Now, turning to the subject, he announced in a loud voice that the teacup was the Atlantic Ocean and he was out in the middle of it about to drown.

Benson, the subject, immediately threw himself on top of the teacup and began thrashing

about, as if he was swimming.

The effect was everything one could have hoped for. The whole audience were on their feet laughing outrageously.

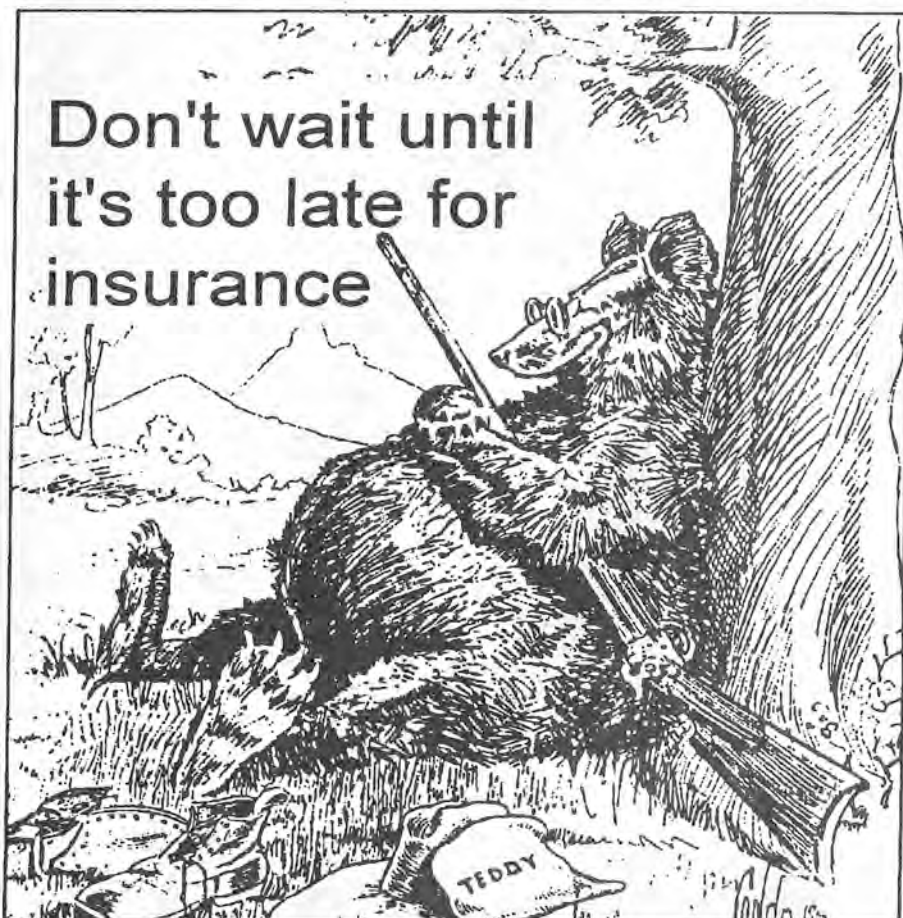
And Benson swam. And Benson continued to swim, and swim and swim.

After about five minutes of swimming, the audience became silent, waiting for Davis to waken Benson.

The committee was waiting too. Finally one of the members approached Davis on the stage and told him it was time to stop.

It was evident Davis was in trouble. He was sweating profusely and his eyes kept darting about as if searching for a hole to crawl into.

"I said that's enough!" This



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time the committee member's voice left no doubt that he was to be obeyed.

"I can't!" Davis cried in a trembling voice.

"What do you mean you can't! I want him wakened right now!"

"I can't!" repeated Davis once again. Galvani always whispered those instructions and I never got a chance to hear them!"

Realization dawned on the audience at about the same time. First there were a couple of cat calls, and then a few hurled insults, followed closely by a barrage of rocks and bottles aimed at the Great Davisini.

Davis, deciding that escape was his only alternative, quickly took to his heels, leaving the hapless Benson lying on stage--still

swimming.

With the angry crowd in close pursuit, Davis took refuge under the floor of a nearby house.

Fortunately for all concerned, Dr. Westmoreland, a noted Huntsville doctor, had observed what happened. After dragging Davis from his hiding place, the doctor marched him back to the park where he coaxed Davis on how to waken Benson, who was still swimming.

It was the Great Davisini's one and only performance. The next week Huntsville's city fathers passed an ordinance barring hypnosis from being used for entertainment.

The End

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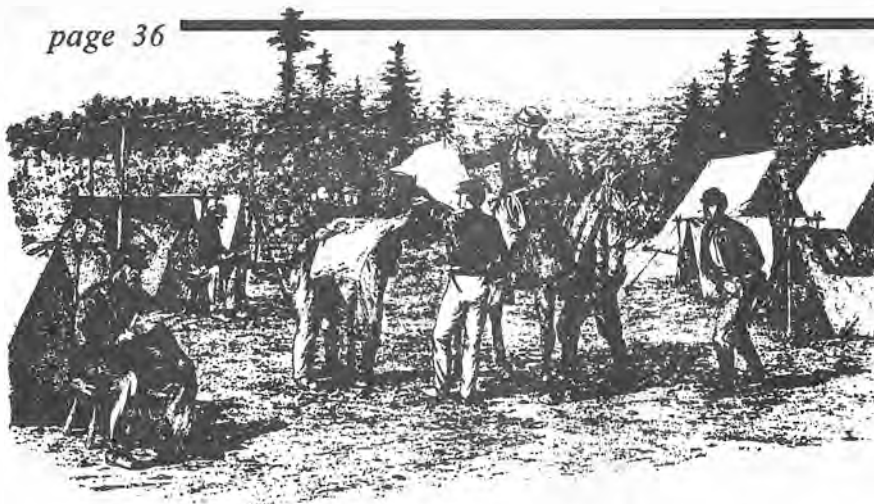
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Letter Home

Camp Taylor
Apr. 13, 1862
Huntsville, Ala.

It may surprise you to hear from me so far south, but nevertheless we are today (Monday 13th) lying in camp on a plantation just outside the corporate limits of the very aristocratic and equally rebellious city of Huntsville, Ala.

I believe in my last letter I stated that we had "orders" to prepare two days rations and on Wednesday (8th) at 4 A.M. when we entered the town of Fayetteville on the gallop and without opposition. The place is

"secess to the back bone." All the stores and houses were closed and what few citizens could be seen looked like they could eat the Yankees without pepper or salt.

We camped just outside of town on the north side of Elk River. During the night we crossed the line dividing Tennessee from Alabama. A small white frame church stands on the side of the road and is the only object in the neighborhood which denotes to the traveller that he is stepping from one state into another.

Just before entering into Fayetteville we captured a Southern mail which among other things contained Memphis papers of a late date with news of

the first days battle at Cornith in which our troops were worsted.

With encouraging news the citizens of Fayetteville were very haughty and defiant in their manners and if it had not been for the rigid discipline to which our troops are subject many a young rebel would have had the conceit knocked out of him with the butt of a musket or sabre.

We expected (if the Rebel Army continued victorious) to be ordered at once to Cornith and at 10 A.M. Thursday we received orders to be ready to move at a moments warning. We thought that we certainly would soon have a chance at them. At 11 A.M., we left camp on the Elk River and traveled a little after dark when we camped in the woods. (The only way we camped was to tie our horses to the fence and lie down and sleep beside them for we were making forced marches and our train was far behind us).

No fires were allowed and the camp kept as quiet and secreted as possible. About midnight Company E was ordered to move to Huntsville in such a manner as to be at there by daylight; take possession of the Telegraph and Railroad offices and Company.

A little while after the whole



Bud Cramer

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Division moved on and travelled until they were within 2 miles of town when they heard the whistle of several engines just ready to start: the advance had dashed into town and startled them and they were making off. The "Charge" was sounded and away went Cavalry and Artillery at full speed. Soon a choo choo came into sight making for "Dixie" in fine style; it crossed the road in front of us about a fourth of a mile distant. There was a spot across a field where it came in sight again and a shell was fired at it but it struck first in the center of the track but 10 feet too far forward. Some of the 4th Ohio tore down the fences and took across the fields firing with their carbines, but the distance was too great.

A Negro on the surprise had a furrow ploughed in the top of his head by a spent ball but it did not hurt him much. The engine got away from us but a Wisconsin Regiment of Pioneers which was in our rear heard the whistle, tore up the track and saved it. Four more were secured in like manner before we reached town.

As soon as we entered detachments were sent in every direction to guard public roads and property. At the Railroad Station the most was found. Captain G, and several men had stopped a passenger train which was just ready to leave loaded with rebel soldiers. The train and passengers were taken. There were about 200 in all, a Lt. Col., Major, several Captains and privates. They were unarmed and were mostly new recruits and sick men who had been on furlough. There were a good many on the train who had been wounded at the battle of

Cornith and were going home for medical treatment. The above mentioned prisoners were the least valuable portion of our capture. Sixteen locomotives, two passenger trains, two pieces of cannon and some provision were found.

We are in a dangerous position but I don't think they will dare attack us. We have cut off all communication between their army in Virginia and Mississippi.

The day before we came to this place 5 Regiments passed through here for Cornith and three more trains left here the day before to bring troops. We were prepared and waiting for them but they must have heard that we were here and postponed their visit to Huntsville until the Yankees had retired. The same evening we arrived, 3 cannons were mounted on a platform car and with a regiment of Infantry



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sent down to the bridge over the Tennessee River at Decatur. When they arrived there they found the bridge already on fire and about 300 rebels on the other side fired at them, when they were "suddenly called away" and have not been seen since. After the fire had been put out and a force left to guard the bridge, the train was returning and when passing through a large swamp found the track had been torn up by rebels. A sharp skirmish ensued in which our men alarmed them out and re-laid the track and returned to Huntsville.

Six companies of the 4th are now stationed at Decatur. Col. K is in command. Lt. Col. B is in command of the remaining 4th companies at Huntsville where I am now.

I expect to go to Decatur to-

morrow or the next day. There is a train that runs daily between this place and Decatur but I want to go the road through the woods and to do so I will be compelled to wait for company.

There was a skirmish at Wartrace, a small camp which we left behind us. The rebels came upon the camp of some of our men at night and riddled the tents with balls and supposed the men were inside and would immediately rush out and fall on easy prey to them, but our men knew they were coming and had noiselessly left their tents and the rebels were somewhat surprised when they received such a fire from the rear as made them make tracks in double quick time. That squad at any rate will let the Yankees alone.

You can judge by the manner this letter is written that I was in

a hurry. Forrest's Rebel Cavalry is said to be in our rear and will no doubt interfere with some of our mails. Joyce has been in the Captain's tent nearly all day writing and you no doubt have some news in the papers. Capt. Mathews of Mt. Pleasant left here a few days ago for home on a furlough. He hears all sorts of news from Cornith. Sometimes we are whipped and retreating, again the rebels are retreating to Huntsville and we must receive them. I am well and so are all the folks. Jim



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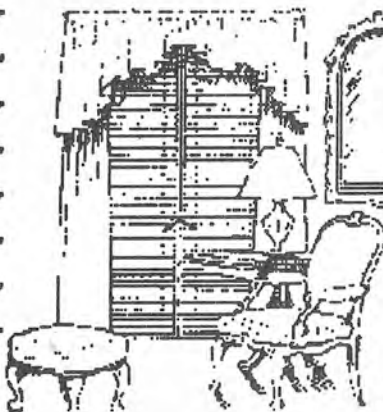
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Forgotten Facts of Alabama History



Southerners pride themselves on being "old stock" Americans, yet almost one-fourth of the residents in Mobile at the beginning of the Civil War were foreign born.

The same figure held true for both New Orleans, Louisiana, and Richmond, Virginia.

The hard fighting 8th Alabama Infantry Regiment of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia came from Mobile, and in its ranks were two entirely foreign born companies. Captain Johann Emerich's Company G, the "German Fusiliers," was composed of Germans, Swiss, and Austrians. Captain Patrick Loughry's Company I, the "Emerald Guards," was all Irish. The Emerald Guards went to war wearing uniforms of dark green, while their banner featured a Confederate flag on one side and an Irish flag on the other.

Swiss born Henry Hotze, a young newspaper editor, enlisted on April 23, 1861, as a private in Company A ("Mobile Rifles") of the 3rd Alabama Infantry Regiment. The following month he was detailed to the staff of Huntsville native General Jones M. Withers. Hotze was soon trans-

ferred to the Adjutant General and Inspector General's Office in Richmond, but was discharged from the army on November 7, 1861, for a special assignment. His new job? Hotze was sent to Europe as a Confederate propagandist. He settled in London and started an influential pro-Confederate newspaper, *The Index*. Hotze also plastered London with color posters featuring the Confederate and British flags intertwined. Very influential in England, Hotze also supplied pro-Southern news items to newspapers in France and elsewhere on the continent.

Many other foreign born Alabamians served the Confederate cause throughout the Civil War. Prominent among them was Irishman John William Mallet, a chemistry professor at the University of Alabama. Mallet served briefly as an infantry lieutenant before he took over the Confederate ordnance laboratory at Macon, Georgia.

Incidentally, although the famed Confederate raider never docked at Mobile, the CSS *Alabama* made our State's name known across the world. While most of her officers were Southerners, Captain Raphael Semmes' crewmen came from many countries. Besides Confederates, the *Alabama's* roster

listed Englishmen, Irish, Germans, Danes, and even a Russian. Also serving on board were several black Confederates.

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Lewellen Jones

by Jacquelyn Procter Gray

When Lewellen Jones purchased land in Limestone County for his son John Nelson Spottswood Jones, he wrote and told him, "I've no notion of the great bargain I purchased in this land. I give it to you. It is yours. Do whatever you please with it."

The antebellum home was built soon after and called "Druid's Grove" for the large oak

trees which surrounded it. His son, J.N.S. Jones, named the community "Greenbrier."

The house no longer stands, but the Jones-Donnell family cemetery is still used by descendants of Lewellen Jones, the Hundleys. As you drive to the restaurant in "downtown" Greenbrier, look off to your left, after you cross the railroad tracks.

You will see tall headstones in the middle of a cotton field.

Lewellen Jones, born in Virginia in 1760, was the son of John Jones, a Captain in the Revolutionary War who served with George Washington at Valley Forge. His mother Frances, was a first cousin to Martha Dandridge, who later became Martha Washington. Frances lost her mother while she was a child and was taken to live with Martha's family where she was raised as a sister. A bedspread that once belonged to Martha Washington is in the possession of a descendant who lives in Hartselle.

Lewellen joined the Revolution along with his cousin Peter Jones, and was Captain of the 1st Continental Dragoons, soldiers who fought on horseback but were also trained on foot as infantry. He was awarded 4,000 acres of land under the Dinwiddie Petition in Virginia for service to his country. Unfortunately, it was more than 20 years after the war and was not easily obtained.

An interesting family legend is that the famous sailor, John Paul Jones took the name Jones while living with the family after leaving Scotland under suspicious circumstances. This has yet to be proven.

Lewellen eventually sold his bounty warrant and came to the Alabama frontier with his wife and two sons. He left his married daughter back in Virginia, although she later came to Alabama and owned the plantation known as "Seclusion" in Lawrence County.

It took several years for the pioneers to reach their destination because of the harsh travel conditions. Along with families such as the Cloptons,

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Andersons, McGehees, and Malones, they came down Indian trails in horse and oxen-drawn wagons. Men walked alongside carrying guns to fight Indians.

By 1816, Jones reached Madison County and bought land that had once been owned by Colonel John Drake, another Revolutionary War soldier. He gave it to his son, Alexander Pinckney Jones and named it "Avalon," where Lewellen is now buried. We now know Avalon as the University of Alabama in Huntsville. Lewellen Jones is buried in a fenced-in cemetery behind Morton Hall and his grave was officially marked in 1972 by the Daughters of the American Revolution, Twickenham Chapter for his service in the Revolutionary War. Also buried with him are his grandchildren.

Lewellen Jones had many descendants and left much wealth to them. Most of it was lost during the Civil War, and

many of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren moved to Texas, a territory somewhat ignored during Reconstruction. There are many descendants left in North Alabama and part of the original plantation in Greenbrier is still owned by Jones' descendants, 180 years after he purchased it.

Places That Should Be Lost

The Scottsboro Citizen says that "Snatch'em" is the name of a business place between Larkin and Princeton. Brother, we can do you better'n that. We have a business place between Gurley and Maysville called "Who-would-a-thought-that," and another, six miles from Gurley, called "Pulltight."

from 1897 newspaper

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Delicious Homemade Granola Supreme

This is a recipe for Almond Date Granola that takes a bit of time to make, but the results are delicious. I have found that instead of dessert, I eat some granola either by itself or over some low fat yogurt and it tastes just like a good dessert. When I feel like a snack in between meals, I eat a banana with some granola and it really fills me up. A couple of friends and I have tried this over the past couple of months and we have all lost weight--plus, it's good for you!

In a very large bowl, mix the following dry ingredients:

- 6 c. oats, regular
- 1/2 c. sesame seed
- 1 c. wheat germ, toasted
- 1 c. slivered almonds
- 2 c. raisins, golden
- 1 c. date pieces

In a smaller bowl, mix the following:

- 4 t. cinnamon, ground
- 2 t. nutmeg, ground
- 1/2 t. cloves, ground

Pour this into the dry ingredients and mix well.

Heat your oven to 250 degrees in the meantime. Now, take a small bowl and mix the following liquid ingredients:

- 1 c. honey
- 1 t. almond extract
- 1 t. coconut extract
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1/2 c. vegetable oil
- 1 c. cranberry juice

Pour this over the dry ingredients and spices and mix very well. Spread out over large, shallow baking sheets that you have sprayed with Pam. Put in oven and bake for about 30 minutes,

take out and stir well, back in for another 10 or 15 minutes,

While the granola is baking, do the following: In a frying pan pour about 1/2 cup honey, heat til it begins to bubble. Pour in about a cup of sunflower seeds and stir well. Turn off heat, and when the granola is done, mix in the sunflower seed mixture. This is great stuff!



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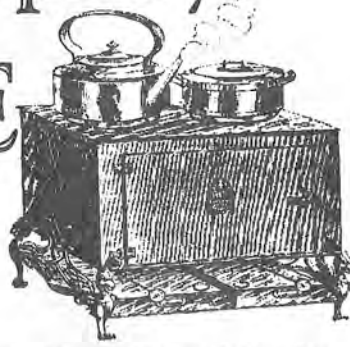
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Household Tips by EARLENE



When planning your meal, presentation is very important. Visualize how the food will look on the plate - try for contrasting colors, shapes and textures.

If you are prone to getting cramps in your legs at night, try this. Sleep with a piece of real silverware - a spoon is safer than a knife - on your night table. When you are awakened with the cramp, grab the spoon and place it on the troublesome spot. The cramp should disappear immediately.

Save all kinds of leftover bread - bagels, rolls, biscuits, crackers, breads - and grind them to very fine crumbs in your processor or blender. Freeze in freezer bags and use for stuffings and toppings. Add a touch of garlic powder or onion powder to spice it up.

Stop a runny nose by adding 3-4 drops of Tabasco sauce to a glass of water and drinking it all down.

More and more people are discovering that Alfalfa Tablets can cure the pain of arthritis almost immediately. With most people it takes 2-3 hours. A side benefit is the pills help clear out the cholesterol around your heart. You can find these through Shaklee dealers, or in most Walmarts and GNC's.

Want to control that sweet tooth? Dissolve 1 teaspoon of baking soda in a glass of warm water and rinse out your mouth. Spit out the water, don't swallow. The explanation of this has to do

with the stimulation of the hypothalamus, arousing the papillae, releasing saliva and along with it, the sweets craving. In minutes, you will be able to control that craving.

If you are wearing your favorite perfume and want to smell it all day, put just a dab under your nose before you leave for work in the morning and you will!

Peeled garlic cloves, submerged in wine, can be safely stored in the fridge and used as long as no mold appears on the surface of the wine.

If you change the water every three to four days, asparagus will keep fresh for as long as two weeks.

Keep four or five different kinds of nuts in your freezer for drop-in guests. "Jump-fry" them in a hissing-hot nonstick skillet with a touch of butter, sea salt and ground hot red pepper.

Wrap your grater with plastic food wrap when grating citrus zest from lemons, limes or ginger. The zest will cling to the wrap when you pull it off.

The fastest way to crush berries for a crisp or pie is with a potato masher.



Lane's Interior Fashion Center



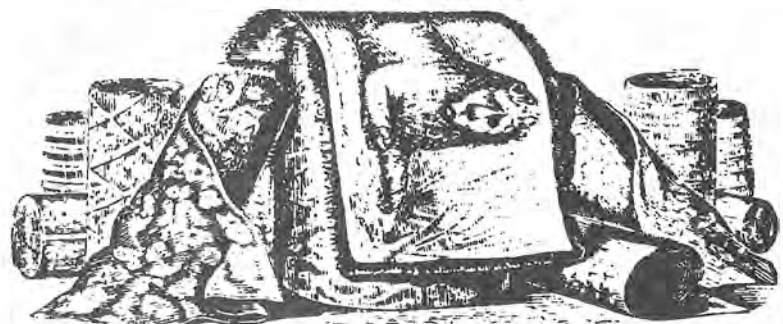
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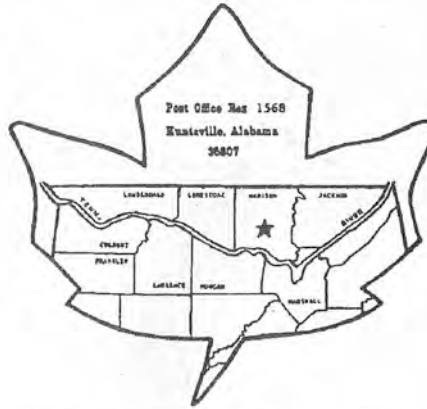
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Searching For Our Ancestors



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

MOORE * LANE * ROBERTSON * PARSON

Searching parents, brothers, and sisters of Henry MOORE, Sr., b. ca.1785 GA. Married 3 times: Eliza, Nancy PARSON, and Rebecca M. ROBERTSON (later married Edward LANE). Also searching place of burial for Henry MOORE (d. 10-5-1847, Huntsville, AL) and dates and place of burial of Edward and Rebecca LANE.

W. G. Moore, Rt. 2, Box 310, Hubbard, Texas 76648. (817)786-2283.

CARLTON * KENNEDY * HOWARD

Seek info on Eliza CARLTON first wife of Ezekiel KENNEDY (m. 27 Mar 1840, AL); Ezekiel's 2nd wife, Martha HOWARD; and 3rd wife Kennedy, Mary Jane Mary Jane Patricia Tennon, 4630 SW "H" Ave, Lawton, OK 73505-7826.

WHITLEY * McALPIN * RUSSELL * CHANEY * TINER

Wish to correspond with anyone interested in the WHITLEY families of GA and AL from 1800 to present. The WHITLEYs came from NC. Also would like to con-

tact anyone with a McALPIN(E) connection, any date, any place. Seeking information on RUSSELL, CHANEY and TINER families of North Alabama 1800's.

Doris McAlpin Russell, 8600 Hickory Hill Lane, Huntsville, AL 35802 (205) 881-4697.

ROBISON

Seek info on Elbert ROBISON, b. 15 Mar 1910 in Madison Co., AL, and 10 other children of Robert Lee ROBISON, including Woodrow,

Omega, Oliver, Everett, and Lillian. Will be happy to do some basic searching in Minneapolis and Minnesota.

Robert S. Oldowski, 9660 Upton Road South, Bloomington, MN 55431.

GAY * BOLES

Need to find the parents of Melissa Gay She married Callaway BOLES and has least two sons William BOLES, b. 1854 in and John Nelson BOLES b. 24 Nov 185 Graverly Springs, Florence, Lauderdale AL. She died when the second son was b She is reported to have been a Cherokee Indian. Would be so grateful for any marriage or death information on any of above.

Betty Ann Dumas, 6509 Skylane Drive, Citrus Heights, CA 95621 28-28

SHELTON * LUTTRELL

Seeking information on Aesop "Esop" SHELTON who was b. 1777 in VA. d. April 1861. Evidence indicates he was a of Ralph SHELTON, who died in

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Henry VA c1789. Aesop SHELTON appears on lists in Adair Co, KY in 1804-5. On 18-1, 1805 he married Elizabeth LISITRELL, married second to Amy or Anna _?_ probably in Lincoln Co, TN. Children: John; Ma Cynthia; Brice David; and Jane. What was name of Aesop's mother? What was the name of Aesop's second wife?

Jerry T. Limbaugh, 4623 Lynchburg Rd Winchester, TN 37398 28-29

GARNER * KIMBROUGH

Seek parents / siblings / descendants Sturdy GARNER, Revolutionary Soldie 9 Apr 1762 SC, d. 4 Mar 1845 buried Madison Co, AL. Also need descendant

Confederate Soldiers T. J.; J. B.; G.; Ormand KIMBROUGH of the 5th Cavalry Company E., from Franklin, Marion Co, AL.

Janis L. Garner, 249 Welton Drive, Madison AL 35758-8570

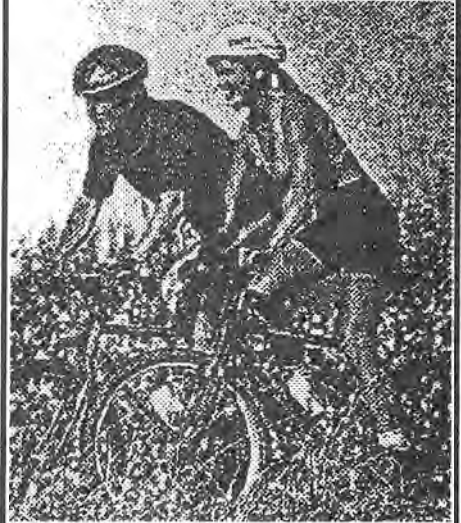
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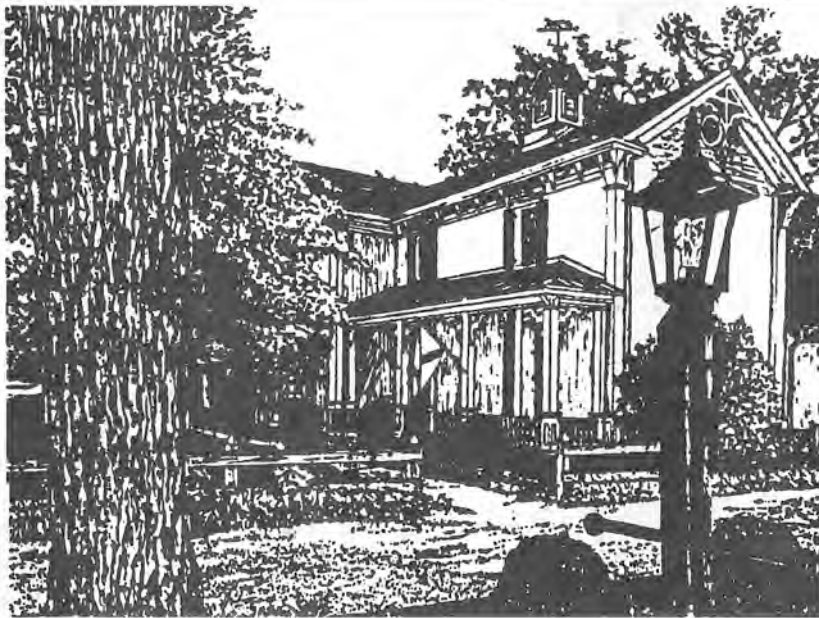
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How To Be A Good Wife

The following is excerpted from a 1950s high school Home Economics textbook:

Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal—on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal is part of the warm welcome needed.

Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so that you'll be refreshed when he arrives.

Touch up your makeup, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has been with a lot of work weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.

Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. Then run a dust cloth over tables. Your husband will think he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you

a lift too.

Prepare the children: take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces (if they are small), comb their hair, and if necessary, change their clothes. They're little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

Minimize all noise. At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of the washer, dryer, dishwasher, or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet. Be happy to see him. Greet him with a warm smile and be glad to see him.

Some don'ts: Don't meet him with problems or complaints. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Count this as minor compared with what he might have gone through that day. Make him comfortable. Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him.

Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soft, soothing and pleasant voice. Allow him to relax and unwind.

Listen to him. You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.

Make the evening his: Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure, his need to be home and relax.

The goal: Try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can renew himself in body and spirit.



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Gurley, the Railroad Town
Cont. from Page 29

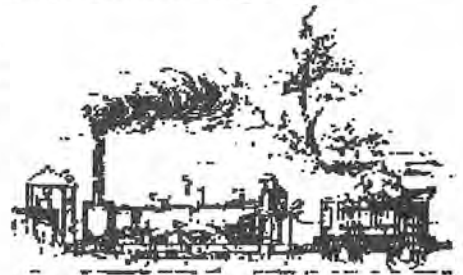
William Graves "Lena" Styles. Styles was born in Gurley in 1899 and died there in 1956. As a young man he had played for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics from 1919 to 1921 as catcher. Styles was never a superstar in the mold of Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb, two of his contemporaries, but in his five-season major league career he played in 77 games and batted a respectable .250. In his final year, with the Reds in 1931, he recorded 21 hits.

Like many small towns, Gurley eventually fell victim to changing times. The road to Huntsville was paved, and the railroad became less and less

important to the town. Over the years, fire destroyed many of the businesses, most of which were never rebuilt. The bank closed in 1934. The town's relationship with Huntsville changed as more and more people began to commute there to work, particularly after World War II. Then, in 1968, local telephone service to Huntsville became available. The Gurley exchange had been part of Southern Bell since 1905. Now people could call Huntsville numbers as easily as their neighbors'.

Eventually even the highway shifted away from the old center of town, as U.S. 72 was widened and straightened for travellers to and from Chattanooga and the large cities of the East. It is likely that Gurley's future growth will

be determined by land developers selling lots for houses, as is the case with the land near the author's home in Toney. But it would be a shame for the town to completely lose touch with its past as it moves toward the future. Many of the downtown buildings still stand; hopefully they can be preserved so that future generations will realize that for Gurley, as well as for many other small towns, there was life before shopping malls and four-lane highways.



Built before the turn of the century, this cute little railroad house has seen all the changes of Huntsville -- from rich cotton industry through ammunition making and manned rocket development to space-age technology and industry. The front door opens into the parlor with old-fashioned fireplace and hardwood floors. The nice eat-in kitchen is perfect for those little meals throughout the day. A full bath and bedroom with fireplace complete this little jewel.

Located on 108 Howe Avenue near Madison County Court House and the downtown area, this dwelling could certainly be used as a small pub with snack bar or deli. It could be a great office for a just-starting new attorney. Past uses of this marvel include historical art gallery and antique shop.



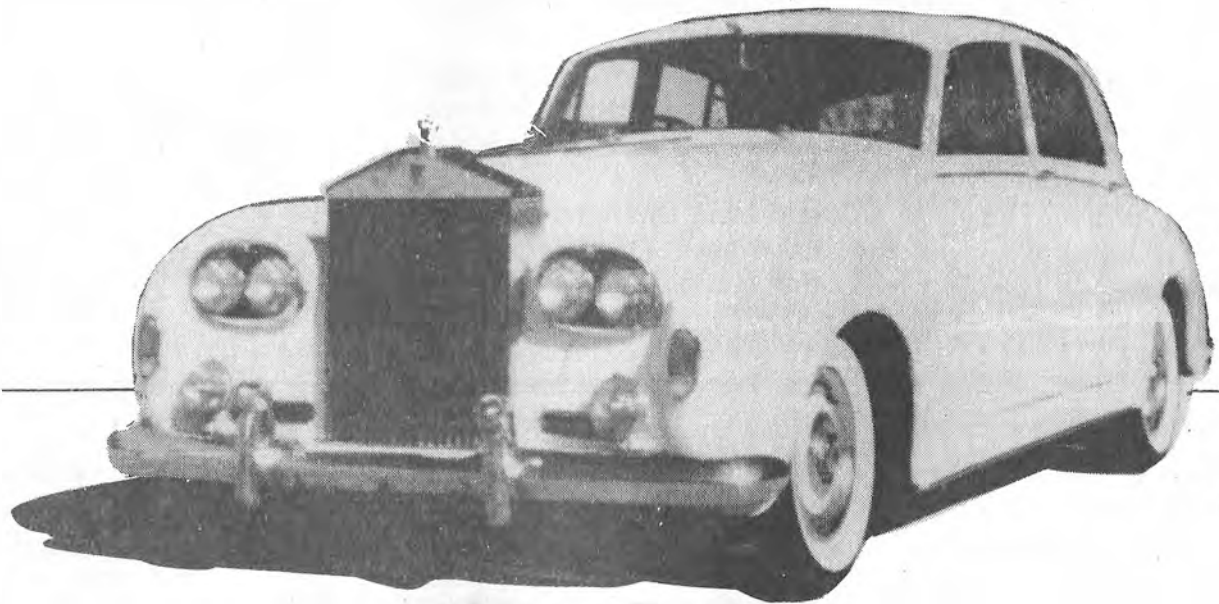
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