

Old-Huntsville

Escape from Johnson's Island

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as he drifted off to sleep,
"and I'll be free."

Escape from Johnson's Island

by Judy Wills

Very cold weather is a curse to most Huntsvillians, but it was a blessing to one local man in a Union POW camp. He was Daniel Robinson Hundley, Colonel of the 31st Alabama Infantry Regiment. He was already cold and weak with hunger, but as each day of December 1864 came, he prayed for even colder and more bitter weather.

Hundley was a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie about one half mile off the shore of Sandusky, Ohio. Only when the temperature dropped to about minus-25 degrees did Lake Erie freeze, providing the only possible means of escape to Canada. It was a desperate measure, but better than starving or freezing in a prison camp run by the Federal Government.

A lot has been written about the cruelty inflicted on Union prisoners at Camp Sumter known better as Andersonville. Much of it was written long afterwards and much was deliberately sensationalized. Today, most historians agree that no cruelty was ever intended at Andersonville. The prisoners were starving and so were the people of Georgia due to Sherman's infamous "March to the Sea." Train shipments of food intended for Andersonville were intentionally destroyed by Sherman's troops and when a prisoner exchange program was

proposed, Sherman declared that many of the men in the prison had not yet served out their enlistments and must stay where they were.

Lincoln had not wanted prisoner exchanges because it might be taken by England and France to admit that the Confederacy was a separate country and not simply states in a stage of insurgency.

The truth of the matter was that the North had more POW's in prison than the South. Secretary of War, Stanton, and Secretary of State, Seward, decided, with the approval of Lincoln that it was cheaper to feed Southern boys in prison than it was to fight them and declined to exchange prisoners.

Then, too, there was the policy of retaliation. If Union boys were suffering, no matter what the cause, then Stanton and Seward would see to it that Southerners suffered too. It was at this point that the relatively humane treatment of Southern POWs turned to one of deliberate punishment. The North suffered no lack of food or clothing, but they cut the already low rations and limited the men to one blanket each. ... even in Elmira, New York, where the mortality rate was higher than Andersonville.

In some prisons, such as Johnson's Island, the men were



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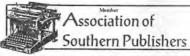
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All opinions and views expressed in this publication are probably our own. permitted to receive packages from home. Under the new policy of retaliation, if the men received packages at all, they were not allowed to accept blankets or clothing unless they was dyed gray. Other clothing, lovingly prepared at home of extremely scarce materials, was taken out and burned.

Col. Hundley had been plotting his escape almost from the minute he was captured at New Hope Church, Georgia on June 15, 1864. He had grown up in Madison County and when he learned that the train he was on was to pass through Huntsville and Athens, he informed the troops of the 31st Ala., Infantry Regiment, who had been captured with him, that they were to overpower the guards during the night somewhere between Athens and Huntsville. The intended escape was spoiled when the train was detoured through Stevenson to Chattanooga and never passed Huntsville.

From the military prison at Chattanooga they were sent to Nashville and then to Louisville, Ky., where prisoners were designated for the various POW camps in the North. Johnson's Island was intended for officers and the enlisted men captured at the same time were sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio.

The island lay in the protected area of Sandusky Bay, a part of Lake Erie. It consisted of 300 acres of clay and loam soil, from two to eight feet deep, underneath which lay solid limestone. To Southern boys who had never seen snow and who found walking on ice a precarious experience, Johnson's Island presented a frigid and forbidding prospect during the winter months. As one of them



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remarked, "it was just the place to convert visitors to the theological belief of the Norwegians that Hell has torments of cold instead of heat."

The prison barracks were crude, even by wartime standards, consisting merely of a single layer of knotty drop lumber nailed to upright beams. Without ceiling or plastering, the warped weatherboards, with

cracks in between, offered scant protection against the bitter winds sweeping across Lake Erie. Each building held 58 men and in the summer months the prisoners cut small holes in the walls near their heads for ventilation. Bunks were supplied with straw ticks and two men slept in each bunk. The barracks were heated by two wood stoves in each building, but the men

often found it difficult, if not impossible, to keep the fires burning with the green wood with which they were supplied.

Prisoners were permitted to receive food, clothing, and money from friends and relatives until the spring of 1864 when the practice was halted. Adding to the misery was the fact they were no longer permitted to buy food from dealers who came from the

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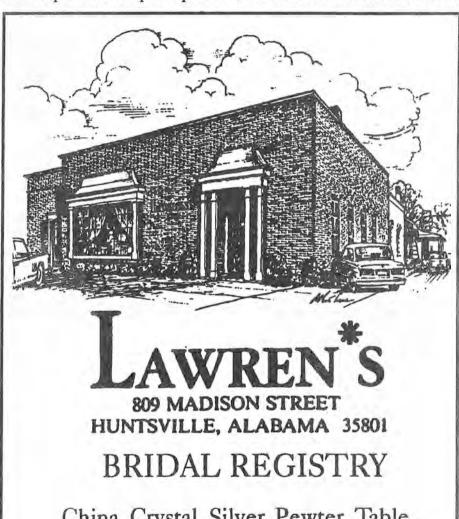
mainland and the camp sutler, a kind of 1860s convenience store. One prisoner wrote that, "the new daily ration consisted of a loaf of bread and a small amount of fresh meat. As a result of months of hunger my weight had dropped from 140 pounds to 100 pounds."

Colonel Hundley had been in the practice of keeping a diary and began a prison journal as soon as he was able to receive writing materials. In his diary, he speaks of the forms of entertainment that the prisoners created to pass the time. There was a minstrel band named the "Rebellionians" and a Thespian Society which staged a performance of "The Battle of Gettysburg" which enjoyed a successful run of three weeks. Colonel Hundley wrote a play but it had to be cancelled when the prisoners could not come up with sufficient materials for the costumes and scenery.

By far the most popular society was "The Rat Patrol." To the starving prisoners, the rats provided a much needed source of protein and every night scores were killed. A terrier named Minnie, whom the prisoners had adopted, proved herself to be an expert at catching the rats. There was great rejoicing in the barracks when Minnie had four puppies. Undoubtedly, it was probably hoped that by the following year the puppies could be trained to join their mother in the quest for rats. "Rats were skinned and cleaned, split in two and nailed to a plank and then baked in a similar manner that fish are prepared." They were said to be quite tasty.

There were only 12 escapes from Johnson's Island, a small number compared to other island prisons. A successful winter escape required luck in scaling the fourteen-foot stockade unnoticed, the stamina to negotiate a half-mile long trek across the rough ice in the pitch black darkness, and finally, the ability to elude the unfriendly civilians who populated the area.

It was not the fear of escape by individual prisoners, but rather organized revolts among the prisoners, with help from Confederate sympathizers in Canadian ports that kept the prison authorities in a state of constant alarm. Another Huntsville man, Clement Claiborne Clay, was one of the two Confederate Commissioners sent to Canada by Confederate Secretary of State, Judah Benjamin, and Secretary of War, James A. Seddons. Their orders were to organize escape attempts at Camps Chase and Douglas, to liberate the prisoners at Johnson's Island and to burn the town of St. Albans, Vermont as well as rob its banks - "So that the North could feel a



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

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath. taste of what the South was enduring." All of the attempts ended in failure except the robbing of the Vermont banks.

Because of these attempts and rumors of more tries at liberating prisoners, five regiments of the Third Division, VI Army Corps were assigned to duty at Sandusky along with six companies of the 12th Ohio Cavalry (dismounted), the U.S. Steamer, "Michigan," with fourteen guns, and two batteries of artillery.

According to plans smuggled into the prison, on the night of September 19, 1864 members of the Order of American Knights from Ohio, who were Southern sympathizers, were to arrive at Sandusky. They were to seize the arsenal, then arm themselves and the prisoners on Johnson's Island and to capture the "Michigan." There would then be a Confederate army made up of Northern sympathizers called "copperheads" and Rebel officers, assisted by the only armed ' vessel on the lower Great Lakes

marching to capture and sack the cities along the shores of Lake Erie. The attempt failed because some of the conspirators informed the U.S. Provost Marshal in Detroit who sent warnings to the authorities at Sandusky.

Two days later there was a fierce windstorm that tore the roofs off of four of the buildings. It also knocked down nearly all of the western wall of the prison fence. In Hundley's diary he laments the fact that the guards could have been overpowered and the island captured in ten minutes, but the prisoners were too demoralized to attempt it. He then decided he would no longer belong to the secret escape committee, but would try to escape on his own.

As the weather grew colder Hundley began to collect supplies for the escape. He does not say in his diary where he obtained the items, but by December 10 he had a scaling-ladder, hood, overshoes, and blanket.

Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- Found Among The Fragments -Courageous Women in Yankee occupied Huntsville by Sarah Huff Fisk (\$15.95).
- History of The Southern Railway: From Stevenson to Memphis by Jack Daniel (\$24.95).
- 3. Law's Alabama Brigade in The War Between the Union and Confederacy by Morris Penny (\$35.50).
- Mid-South Garden Guide The best book for Zone 7 (that's us) Gardening by the Memphis Garden Club (\$16.95).
- Long Ago in Madison County -Written and illustrated in 1964 for young children, by Kenny and Fisk (7.95).
- True Tales of Old Madison
 County Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$6.95).
- 7. Hard Times The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$16.95).
- Glimpses into Antebellum
 Homes of Huntsville & Madison County,
 8th Edition (\$10.95).
- Wildflowers of North Alabama / Full Color Guide (\$19.95).
- Mr. Anderson's Monument -Meridian Street, Lincoln Mill & Lincoln Village by Tillman Hill (\$19.95).

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By December 12, the Sandusky Bay had frozen solid. Hundley had made everything ready to leave that night, but the moon was full and the sky cloudless, with the prison lighted up with lime lights which were usually used to floodlight a stage.

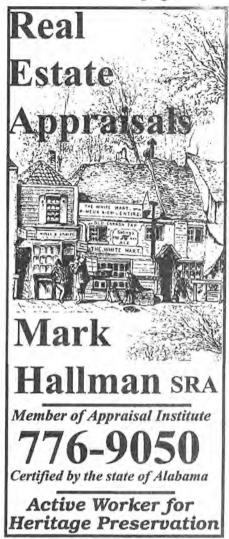
Though Hundley decided against escaping that night, twenty other prisoners armed with rocks, overpowered the guard and with scaling-ladders went over the fence and out on to the frozen bay. The warning cannon was fired and the citizens of Sandusky turned out with their double-barreled shotguns and captured the four men who made it across the bay.

On Tuesday, December 20, Hundley made a brief attempt to escape by dressing all in white. He hid in one of the privies for about an hour when he nearly frightened to death a fellow rebel who intended to use the facility. On Friday, December 23, Captain McKibbin, also of the 31st Alabama, made his third escape attempt by somehow obtaining a

blue jacket and pants and making accouterments of black oilcloth and simply passing out with the roll callers. McKibbin's friends answered for him the next day at roll call and it was several days before his escape was detected.

Hundley vowed to obtain for himself a full suit of Yankee clothes and escape the same way. Among the prisoners were a number of men captured at the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, on November 30 who had on blue pants. Hundley never mentions how he obtained the blue coat to top off the Yankee uniform. Though he did write that his accoutrements were made from his black oilcloth raincoat.

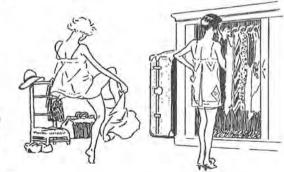
On January 2, 1865, Hundley remained in his room and was reported on the sick list. On his person he had concealed forged documents showing him to be Charles Whittier on detail to Detroit by orders of Colonel Hill, the prison commandant. It was cold and



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stormy and a drifting snow swept through the prison yard. The roll callers were forced to turn their backs to the storm and to cover their heads with capes.

As soon as roll call was over, Colonel Hundley, put on his Federal uniform, went out into the prison yard and with his cape over his head, mingled with the other roll callers as they all proceeded out the gate. There was a ditch inside the prison wall with a bridge over it. As soon as Hundley started across the bridge, a prearranged fight broke out between two of his friends. Hundley's adjutant, John N. Shorter, began yelling loudly, "Fight, fight, break it up!" This caused several hundred of the prisoners who were not in on Hundley's secret to rush to the scene of the fight. The guards on the wall instantly turned their attention to the fight and the Yankee soldiers on the way out the gate turned to see what the uproar was about.

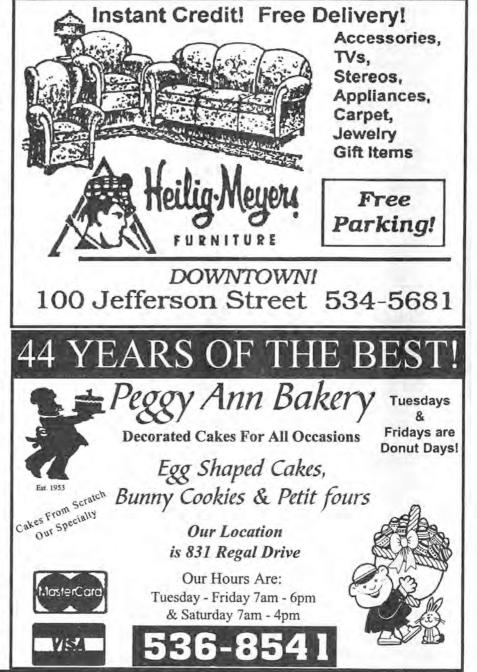
All of the Yankees but one ... Daniel Hundley kept on walking straight to the privy past the post headquarters.

There he stopped to see if he was being followed. Realizing that he had not been noticed, he threw his sham roll caller's book into the privy and started out over the ice towards Sandusky, about three miles away.

His first thought was to obtain something to eat in Sandusky and then make his way to the train station, using his forged orders to go to Detroit. As soon as he reached the depot, however, he spotted a guard detail from the island inspecting the passes of people waiting to buy tickets. Fearing detection, he left the depot and went out into the suburbs of the city where he

laid down in the snow behind a large stump until dark. He had been told that Canada was only sixty or seventy miles away and he was determined that he would steal a horse, or failing that, walk the whole distance.

Finally after much thought of the possible consequences of being caught while stealing a horse, he decided on trying to walk. Hundley had originally planned to travel about twenty miles the first night, but in his weakened condition, he gave out about twelve miles out of town. Luckily he spotted a farm and sneaked into the barn and up into the hay loft where he slept until morning. The next day was spent hiding in the loft and trying to stay warm before starting out again at sundown. The third night he found another barn and once again availed himself of its hay loft, but in his wet and cold misery, found no relief from the fatigue that was now a constant companion.



Feverish and hungry, the next few days became a blur to the Confederate escapee. Venturing into a small town, Hundley decided to risk taking a train the remaining miles to Canada. There was just simply no way he would be able to walk the rest of the way. Fearing that his weakened condition might betray him as an escaped prisoner he decided instead to check into the small hotel for a day or two to regain his health. After checking in, Hundley asked that a large meal be sent up to his room.

The desk clerk looked at him with suspicion. His uniform looked good at a distance, but not close up.

Col. Hundley, unaware of the clerk's suspicions, went to his room where he devoured the meal before finally closing his eyes for a much needed rest. "Just a few more miles," he thought as he drifted off to sleep, "and I'll be free."

Suddenly the door burst open, with the desk clerk entering the room, followed by two Union officers. After they examined his homemade Yankee uniform, Hundley realized it was futile to protest. Reluctantly he ad-

mitted to being an escaped prisoner from Johnson's Island. They, "very decently," as he later wrote, allowed him to eat a large breakfast and buy a few food items, before escorting him back to prison.

Disappointed to have tried so hard and to have come so close to being safe in Canada, he only made one more escape attempt by trying to tunnel under the prison fence, but it failed. He spent the rest of the war in prison and was released in June, 1865. He came back to his home, Hundley Hill, near Mooresville.

Close acquaintances later claimed he was so disheartened by his prison experience that he could not bear to see an animal in a cage and never put his dog on a chain again. He died in 1902 and was buried at Hundley Hill, but his body was eventually moved to Maple Hill Cemetery.

Think twice before you speak, especially if you intend to say what you think.



The Price of Beauty

from 1898 newspaper

Paris: The portrait by Quentin Matsys, of Margarite, Duchess of Corinthia and Tyrol, called the ugliest woman on earth in dim mediaeval days, was sold at auction here the other day for 880 guineas. Experts say that no more appalling travesty of the human form has been conceived than that which Matsys' brush left on the canvass. The great lady's face is described as nearer that of one of the anthropoid ages than a woman, with tiny eyes, an upper lip incredibly long, a nose for which no word can be found and the whole monstrosity crowned with a jeweled headdress that multiplied her "charm" a hundred fold. Her lack of beauty seemed to enhance rather than depress the price of the portrait.

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Buckwalter's Amazing Washing Machine



From <u>The Scientific American</u>, July, 1865

A good washing machine is one of the most desirable things in a family, for there is no more fatiguing employment in housekeeping than cleaning the linen.

This machine is designed to imitate the motions and action of the hand on the garments to be cleaned and is so arranged that the work is spread out before the operator in full view, thus rendering it possible to direct the attention to the part which may require it the most, instead of wasting labor on the whole, miscellaneously.

The machine, in detail, consists of a watertight case, (A) having legs, (B) and an inclined rubbing board, (C). This board has grooves in it which carry rollers, (D) also grooved.

Over the top of these rollers there is another rubbing board,

(E) which consists of a series of slats grooved diagonally across their length; one end of the board is provided with arms, (F) which slide on guides, (G) so as to make it uniform in action.

The top rubbing board is capable of being raised up vertically to accommodate the clothing to be washed, and at the same time it can be slid back and forth over the surface of them.

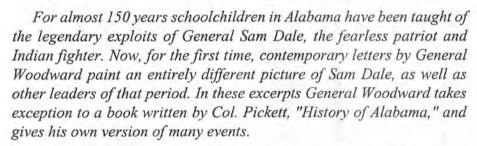
Clothes to be washed are placed between the rubbing boards, and the case is partly filled with hot suds.

The operator then takes hold of the handle, (H) and pulls and pushes it alternately to and fro, thus subjecting the linen to a thorough cleansing process analogous to that given in washing by hand and performing the labor in a short time.

This machine was patented through the Scientific American Patent Agency on May 9, 1865, by Henry L. Buckwalter.



SANDERS 1215 Jordan Lane 837-6072 7538 Mem. Pkwy. S. 828-0106 Excerpts from
Alabama's
History
by General Woodward



Oct. 20th, 1858.

Dear Sir: -- I have just been looking over Col. Pickett's sketches relative to Gen. Sam Dale. And I find them so utterly incorrect, and the history of the man (by Col. P.) so entirely different from what I know it to have been, or know it to be, I must at

least be allowed to say, that the Colonel has a very fruitful imagination, or has been most egregiously imposed upon, or perhaps both.

Dale was an Indian trader, and traded with the Upper Towns in the Creek Nation, some of which I will name: the

Ocfuskes, Cieligees, Fish Ponds or Tatlouigees, Hillabys, Netches, Talladegas, or the people of the border. His principal partner was Col. Harrison Young. The half-breed that Col. Pickett alludes to as his partner, was his interpreter, by the name of John Berfort or Berford, and partly raised by Gen. Adams. Not long after the fight with Webb, which I think was in 1810, Dale and Young moved to Mississippi Territory, near St. Stephens. It is a mistake about Dale being at the Indian Council at Tuckabatchy in 1811, at the time of Tecumseh's visit; and it is also a mistake about his having communicated to Col. Hawkins what was considered to be the object of Tecumseh's visit among the Creeks. For the Colonel had spies in the nation that watched the movements of him and the Big Warrior, and Billy McIntosh was one of them, and no white man was admitted into their councils: and could it now be ascertained to a certainty, I

cont. on page 14

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ABSURD NEWS

Leslie Wright of Crary Mills was plowing on the farm of his employer, a Mr. Miller. When he got home that night, he realized that his wallet, containing \$65, was missing. He and his wife searched up and down for it, but the billfold never turned up. The following spring, as he tilled the same field, his wallet popped up out of the dirt when his plow broke through the ground. It was intact, none the worse for wear, and his \$65 was safely tucked inside.

"Lucky Man Wins Sweep-stakes," was the headline that described 64-year-old John Hanson. The newspaper article, accompanied by a picture of Mr. Hanson, described how he had won \$5,000 in a local contest. One of the many people who read that story was a 75-year-old retired sheriff who recognized Hanson as a bank robber who had escaped from prison forty-five years ago. He called the police and had the "lucky man" arrested.

Edward J. Kelly, who was the mayor of Chicago back in the 1930s, was known for keeping a cool head. He was scheduled to appear at a Democratic Political Rally one evening at a Chicago hotel when he wandered into the wrong room—and a Republican Rally. He had been recognized by the attendees and knew of no way to make a graceful exit, so he strode purposefully to the podium and announced: "If I had to die now, this would be as good a place as any. It would be the last place the devil would look for me."

Jailers in Goodwater, Alabama finally figured out why three of their prisoners were always so sleepy in the daytime. Come to find out, Jesse Howard, Charles Smith and Cleo Wood had been using a wooden key to let themselves out every evening for a night of partying, returning just before dawn to make the morning "head count." Discovery of the key has put an end to their night life.

An Ohio farm wife, who accused her husband of trading off everything they owned for liquor, had asked the divorce court for an injunction to halt the practice. Among the items she asked be saved were: five cows, a team of mules, a team of oxen, 20 ducks, 100 chickens, two bulls, 11 hogs and a farm of 34 acres. She forgot to mention the windmill, though, and it disappeared the next week.

C.H. Mabry of Oklahoma City was famous in his neighborhood for keeping a wild Mexican boar as a "watchdog." But the long-tusked animal got loose one day terrorizing women and children. Officers responded, and with a group of armed citizens, led a long but unsuccessful chase. Finally, someone thought of asking Mabry what to do. Mabry whistled once. The wild boar trotted to his side, and the two casually walked away from the amazed crowd.



Excerpts

Cont. from page 11

would hazard anything I have that Tecumseh, Seekaboo and their few followers were never seen by a half dozen white men that knew them, from the time they left the Wabash until they returned to the Warpicanatta Village.

Christian Limbo, John Ward, Bob Walton and Nimrod Doyle saw Tecumseh at the Tallassee Square, opposite Tuckabatchy, and the reason why they were permitted to see him, was, that Walton and Doyle had known him in his younger days. These men have described Tecumseh to me minutely, and what well satisfies me they did so, I lived neighbor to the late Col. Clever of Arkansas, who was a Lieutenant in the last war, or war of 1812, and was at the battle of the Thames. It will be recollected by those who knew Col. Clever that he was a great friend of Col. Johnson, but denied him the credit of killing Tecumseh. He said Tecumseh was killed some time after Col. Johnson was wounded and disabled: that he was killed at least three hundred yards from where the Colonel was shot. And while I am at it, I will go into a minute detail of Col. Clever's statement, as it corroborates the statement made by Doyle and Walton. He said, from the way the Indians rallied and fought around a certain Indian until he was killed, and a small trinket found on his person, that he was supposed to be a Chief. And there being but few if any among the whites that had known Tecumseh, except Gen. Harrison, it was some time after the close of the fight before it was

ascertained that the dead Chief was Tecumseh; and it was only ascertained through the General.

The circumstance of the bold stand made by the supposed Chief being communicated to Gen. Harrison, he visited the spot where the dead Indian lay; the body was much mangled. and as the General approached the spot a soldier was in the act of taking off a piece of skin from the Indian's thigh. The General ordered the soldier to stop, and said he regretted to know that he had such a man in his camp, and reprimanded him severely. He had some water brought, had the Indian washed and stretched his full length, examined his teeth and pronounced it to be Tecumseh. One of Tecumseh's legs was a little smaller, and he had a halt in his walk that was perceptible, and he had a tooth, though not decayed, of a bluish

cast.

I will now go back to where I am better acquainted. Gen. Dale was in the Burnt Corn battle, but from what I have learned from the late Judge Lipscomb, of Texas, formerly of Alabama, and others, on the part of the whites, and Jim Boy, the principal War Chief, that was with McQueen, and whom Col. P., styles "High Head Jim," the whole affair was but a light one. The Canoe Fight was reality -- I knew all the party, that is, Gen. Dale, Col. Austill. James Smith and the negro Caesar. Col. Austill is yet living, and of course knows more of the fight than I can possibly know. But I have no doubt that he will say that the fight has been detailed by Col. Pickett to the best advantage for those engaged in it; and will also say that an Indian light, either in a canoe or the bushes. alters its appearance very much by getting into a book or news-



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paper.

I have heard the accounts given, from Gen. Dale down to Caesar; it's a pity the eight big Indians killed in the canoe had not been taken to the shore for the landsmen to have looked at.

Col. Pickett says a few years before that, that Gen. Dale was in the act of drinking, when two Indians tried to tomahawk him: that he knifed them, took their trail carrying five bleeding wounds, brained three more warriors, released a female prisoner and she killed the fourth. That's another exploit I never heard of. I suspect the woman's dead by now; and whether this startling event was in the Georgia wars between the Revolution and the war of 1813-14, or at what period or place, we are not told. The account only says some years before the Canoe fight.

Now, sir, let me tell you who General Dale was and what he was: he was honest, he was brave, he was kind to a fault, his mind was of the ordinary kind, not well cultivated, fond of speculation and not well fitted for it: a bad manager in money matters and often embarrassed, complained much of others for his misfortunes, was very combative, always ready to go into danger; would hazard much for a friend and was charitable in pecuniary matters, even to those he looked upon as enemies. I could relate many little frolics of his that might be interesting to a few, but as such things are witnessed almost daily, particularly where whiskey is drunk. I shall not mention them. He spent much of his time with me in 1834.

He knew very little about Indian character, and entertained a good feeling for that persecuted people. So soon as he had an enemy in his power he was done, and would sympathize with and for him, and at times would cry like a child.

What Col. Pickett has written of Gen. Dale and others that I know, would do for a novel, but not history.

My acquaintance with Governor Bagby commenced, I think, in 1819. In that year and the year after, I had business that called me to Claiborne frequently, and on one of my stays at that place, I was introduced to Mr. Bagby by a lady acquaintance of mine, a Miss Emily Steel. She afterwards married Mr. Bagby.

In June, 1820, I, in company with an Englishman by the name of William N. Thompson, visited Claiborne. I put up at a house kept by John M. Flynn. Gert. Sam Dale was my room-mate. The Englishman, Thompson, also boarded with Flynn. Bagby boarded at a house kept by three brothers, all gamblers -- John, Henry, and Robert Carter. Bagby invited Dale, Thompson, and myself to supper at the Carter house one night.

After supper, it was proposed to have some speaking or debating on the propriety of Congress

calling Gen. Jackson's conduct in question for his march into Florida a year or two before that. One Laurence Wood was called to the Chair, and Bagby made the first speech, one of the finest I think I ever heard from so young a man, or I may say boy -- for he was not grown, and wore a very boyish appearance. James Pickens made the next speech. He took the same ground that Bagby had taken pretty much; justifying Jackson's course. Bagby seemed well pleased with Pickens' speech, which was delivered in fine style, and showed much good sense on the part of the speaker.

The next thing in order was to drink some liquor, and while drinking, a man by the name of Burwell Brewer made some uncalled for, as well as unbecoming remarks about Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Tom Cobb, of Georgia. Brewer's remarks offended Bagby, he [Bagby] being a great admirer of Mr. Clay.

He swore the speaking should stop, and mounted upon the speaker's, or chairman's table with decanter in one hand and a tumbler in the other; he





Unusual but Savory Garlic

Favorite Garlic Dip

1 8-oz. package cream cheese

3 T. Milk

5 large cloves garlic

Salt

Parsley

Paprika

Mix the cream cheese and milk in small bowl, press the garlic and add it to the cheese. Salt to taste and mix thoroughly. Garnish with parsley and paprika. Refrigerate til used later. Garlic Chicken with Artichokes and Mushrooms

8 cloves fresh garlic

3/4 c. butter

6 chicken breasts, boned

and pounded flat

Salt and pepper

2 T. olive oil

1/3 lb. mushrooms, sliced

1 pkg. frozen artichokes, cooked and drained

2 T. Marsala or white wine

2 T. lemon juice

Parsley

Mince 5 cloves garlic and saute them in 1/2 cup melted butter in a skillet. Add the chicken breasts and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brown the chicken, remove it to a warm platter. Add the remaining butter, olive oil and 3 cloves garlic, minced. Brown the garlic and toss in the mushrooms, add the artichokes. Heat, stir in the lemon juice and wine. Let it thicken, pour over the chicken and garnish with the parsley. Serve over rice.

Quick and Delicious Barbecue sauce with Garlic

1 c. ketchup

1/2 c. wine vinegar

1 t. Worcestershire sauce

1 t. instant minced onion

1/2 t. seasoned salt

1/2 t. garlic powder

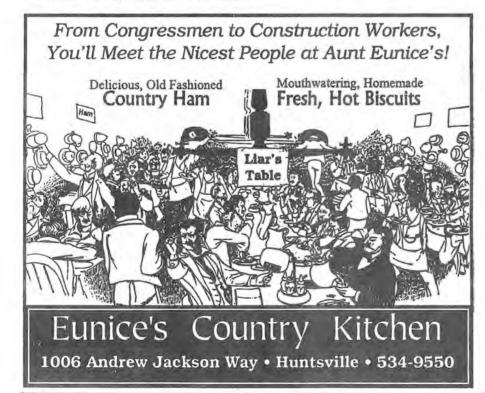
1/2 t. barbecue spice

1 4 t. black pepper

Combine all ingredients in a bowl and mix well. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

Spicy Meatballs

1 lb. ground beef 1/2 lb. ground pork



page 17

1/3 c. grated Parmesan cheese

4 slices bread, soaked in water and squeezed

2 eggs

5 cloves fresh garlic, minced 1 medium onion, chopped fine

1 T. chopped parsley

2 t. salt

2 t. oregano

1/2 t. black pepper

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Shape into balls, size of golf balls. These can be fried or cooked in the oven, if you prefer they can be dropped into hot spaghetti sauce.

Roasted Garlic Cloves

6 Elephant Garlic bulbs 1/4 c. olive oil 1 t. Rosemary 1/2 t. seasoned salt

Take each bulb and cut 1/3" off the wide end. In a garlic roaster or a mini-cupcake pan, place the garlic bulbs cut side down. Drizzle the olive oil over each bulb and sprinkle with the rosemary and seasoned salt. Bake at 350 for about 45 minutes - you should be able to smell it cooking. If it looks like it is cooking too fast and may burn, turn down the heat to 300. Cook covered, take out to cool. On some toasted fresh bread squeeze out each clove and "butter" the bread. This can be habit forming if you love garlic!

Garlicky Mushrooms Supreme

1 lb. fresh mushrooms. sliced

4 T. olive oil

7 cloves fresh garlic, sliced 3 T. chopped parsley Salt and pepper to taste

Saute mushrooms in olive oil, covered, about 15 minutes. Uncover and add the garlic, parsley, salt and pepper. Simmer til the liquid evaporates. Don't let the garlic brown.

Garlie Fried Beans

2 T. olive oil

2 cloves garlic, minced

1 c. onion, finely chopped

12 oz. cooked kidney or pinto beans

1/2 t. dried oregano

1/2 t. ground cumin

1/2 t. onion powder

1/4 t. ground cloves

In a large non-stick skillet heat the oil, add garlic and onions. Cook til tender, about 10 minutes. Turn heat to low. Mash your beans with a fork, add the beans and all other ingredients to the garlic mixture. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring frequently.

These beans are great with tacos or tostados, or stuffed into pita bread with lettuce, tomatoes and chopped Jalepenos.

Spinach Rockefeller

2 10-oz. packages frozen chopped spinach

1/4 c. dry bread crumbs 1/2 c. green onions, chopped 2 eggs

4 T. melted butter

1/2 c. Parmesan cheese. grated

1 t. minced garlic

1 t. dried, chopped thyme black pepper to taste 6-8 tomato slices

1/2 t. garlic salt

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Cook the spinach according to directions on package and drain well. In a large bowl add the spinach and all ingredients except the last two, blend well. In a 2-quart baking dish arrange the tomato slices. Sprinkle with the garlic salt and spoon the spinach mixture over each slice, shaping it like a dome. Bake in oven for 20 minutes and serve hot.





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was ordered down, but he threw the decanter at one man and the tumbler at another, and a fight ensued in which Bagby seemed to have but few friends.

I, with the leg of a small table, succeeded in warding off several severe blows that Bagby would have received, as well as cuts from knives, which were made at him. Dale, who was out when the fight commenced, hearing the noise, ran in, in company with three others, Flynn, Reading and Hailstock. With their assistance we got Bagby out of the house, and carried him to Flynn's.

By some means, or from some cause, angry words passed between Flynn and Reading, and not long after that, Reading killed Flynn. But for the very determined resolution of Dale, I think Bagby would have been killed that night; for there were some very determined men among those who were opposed to him.

While the seat of government was kept at Cahawba, I resided near Selma; and during one session of the Legislature, the Englishman, Thompson, called at my house and I accompanied him to Cahawba. While there, we met with Bagby; he invited us to his room, which was at Davy White's hotel.

On our entering the room, we met with Sam Dale, Nick Davis from Limestone, James Jackson, from Lauderdale, Matt Clay, I think from Madison, Phil. Fitzpatrick, from Autauga, Jew Davis, from Mobile, better known as "the original George."

Liquor, anecdotes, songs and loud laughter went round until late at night -- all hands as happy as they would have been at a camp-meeting. The show was about closing, and all in fine spirits and the best of humors, when Phil. Fitzpatrick unfortunately wanted a little more fun, and whispered to Dale that he did not understand some remarks which had been made by some of the gentlemen present, and that he [Dale] ought to have the matter explained; and for all Dale had known Phil., from his childhood, and had witnessed many of his tricks, there was too much liquor aboard for good judgment to have its sway.

Dale rose up, closed the door, and swore no man should leave the room until an explanation was made, and that it should be made very promptly, or he would frail the last man in the room. The rest being pretty much in Dale's fix, did not know what to say.

Clay said that he would quit the room; Dale stood at the door and demanded an explanation; from that their coats were thrown off, and we were about to have another Claiborne affair of it, when Phil., spoke to Dale and told him that he had fallen on a plan to have the matter settled and that he [Dale] had more courage than any one of the crowd, and was obliged to quit winner. That satisfied Dale, and the show closed.

The next morning it was like an Indian quarrel -- all charged to whiskey. The End



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MRS. LEE MAY DRAW PENSION

Widow of Late Confederate Officer Wins Decision

from 1912 newspaper

Mrs. Ella Bernard Lee, widow of Brigadier General Fitzhugh Lee, may draw the \$428.56 longevity pay due her husband in spite of the fact that he fought for the Confederacy, according to a decision by Comptroller of the Treasury, Downey, today. The decision also holds that the point that Mrs. Lee was herself disloyal to the Union was unfounded because disloyalty cannot legally be imputed to a minor which she was during the War Between the States.

The decision was based on the fact that General Lee served the United States as a soldier during the Spanish-American War.



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Huntsville Heresay

By Billy Joe Cooley and His Unidentified Sources

TRUMPETEER Steve Ennis
has turned his Wharf Restaurant
(Madison) into a popular gathering spot and the food is excellent.

Bubba's Bar and Sushi? That's right; Bubba's on Washington Street has become the premier Sushi bar in town. Nothing like washing your octopus down with a long neck beer.

Floyd Hardin has remodeled his Jackson Way Barber Shop and it's a sight to behold. Even business has picked up.

Jim Morgan has returned from his visit to Toronto. Says he: "I got to tour the city, see the sights and hear the music. The best thing about Canadian music is that most of it is in Canada."

My long-awaited book of clean tales and stories is due to be released around April 1, so start saving your nickels and dimes to buy a copy or two for friends. Some of the stories are about South Pittsburg, others about Huntsville and beyond.

FORMOSA Restaurant has emerged as the favorite oriental food parlor in town, says former sailor **Matt Hammond**, who was there when we visited the other day.

Johnny Tona is elated that his smoke-free Family Billiards is garnering bigger crowds than ever since he moved to North Parkway.

David and Janet Milly have returned to their Theatrical Lighting System (TLS) after a long vacation. Now they're illuminating stages again.

Friends of City Councilman **Bill Kling** held a big shindig for him at the Heritage Club recently. Lots of good food and big names.

BIG DOINGS in my hometown of South Pittsburg, Tenn., (just above Scottsboro) on Saturday and Sunday, April 26 and 27. That's when the first National Cornbread Festival and competition will be sponsored by



Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of

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





Martha White and our Lodge Skillet Co. Festivities are downtown from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., both days. Get those recipes ready!

Gospel quartets will again invade Fayetteville's Central Junior High auditorium at 7 p.m., on Friday March 7. The Singing Ambassadors will host Primitive Quartet, the Greenes and others.

W. D. Stinnett had a birthday dinner the other night at Ryan's. Wife Gay hosted. His son Tom (with teacher wife Nancy) brought grandson Daniel along for the event.

WELCOME to the world pretty **Sarah Rebekab Heard**, my granddaughter who was born to daughter **Conni** and husband Dan last week. Now Andrew, who is 11, will have another boss.

Thanks to Central School for letting me discuss the rudiments of newspaper journalism on Monday. That followed my talk to the men of Latham United Methodist three days earlier. Next will be the Sunshiners of Southside Baptist.

The coffee table has been a'buzz lately with talk about our new mayor's appointments. Now the breakfast crowd is murmuring about the city's proposed million-dollar-a-year unmanned speed traps.

Only in America ... Lawyers protest the Ten Commandments hanging in the courtroom but are perfectly willing to accept their pay with a piece of paper stamped with "In God We Trust."

Old Huntsville Magazine welcomes our newest member of the Association of Southern Publishers. Mary Ann Jefferson and Anne K. Storey have just recently started *Our Old Town*, a magazine devoted to stories and history of Giles and Lincoln County, Tennessee. Look for their first issue in March. We're sure these fine ladies will be very successful in the publishing business!

Pearls of wisdom from a recent conversation with a city leader: We have to spend money today to earn money tomorrow to pay the bills we incurred yesterday.

Gossip on the street has it that **Sharon Blakefield** already has a campaign manager and is going to go after **Mark Hall's** city council job.

That's all for now. We love you. Aunt Eunice.



Now that I've gotten it all together, I forgot where I put it.





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David Merritt



by Miss Allie May Loyd (Apparently written around 1920)

Among the early settlers of Kings Cove who entered land at an early date, was William King who gave the cove its name. We know not when he entered land there, neither the date of his death. Yet his grave is on the estate of the late J.B. Wynne. A large walnut tree which has grown on his grave may give us some idea of his death.

Through the kindness of Mrs. T.C. Jenkins, a lady of 90 years, and who has lived in the

cove since 1857, I was able to learn the names of the leading citizens who have owned all the homes since that date. The chief homes of the cove have long been known as the J.B. Wynne, T.C. Jenkins, Crisley Melton, Bobby Gilliland, & Oliver Hughes places.

Near the time of the Civil War, (The War Between The States, there was nothing civil about that war and the southern states were not part of the USA in 1861-1865.) Mr. Winslow Hill, father of our Prof. Stanton Hill, owned and oper-

ated a tanyard in the cove next to road leading to Dorans Cove. (There was a road across a low place in the mountain between the two coves.) He sold his business to Mr. Bill Wallace who was succeeded in this work by his son Charlie. Charlie carried on the business of tanning leather for quite awhile, and also made shoes on a rather large scale for the time and locality. A large spring at the tanyard was of great assistance in the work. Mr. Wallace gave up the work and purchased the Oliver Hughes es-

I dislike to tell that little over 50 years ago when really I was quite a little girl, I walked with my sister and brothers three miles to a school in Kings Cove. The building was one room made of logs, had a chimney at the end, had one small window, and one door. The seats were made of rough planks in which holes had been made on the underside for the legs. The legs were so long that the feet of the smaller children could not touch the floor. Of course the seats had no backs.



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We were crowded on them, and in the Civil War. were told to keep busy with our blueback spelling books. The crowded condition of this school became so extreme that a brush arbor had to be built next to the door, and the older pupils who could be trusted had the privilege of sitting there where light & ventilation were much better. They came in the room to recite their lessons. The teacher stood generally near the door always with the mighty birch rod in his hand. Yet I think he did about as well as any could under the circumstances. When a rain would come, the ones in the brush arbor would have to come in the house. Then the crowded condition was terrible. and the poor ventilation and light much more, though some light entered through the cracks. Yet no one--parent or pupil--ever complained. We seem to think the condition was ideal and were grateful for a school. In the little building there was a good deal of preaching by faithful godly men--one from Sweedens Cove affectionately known as Uncle Sammie Bean and a pious Brother Douthard of Dorans Cove.

As early as 1807 a church of Christ was established in Kings Cove not far from the mouth of the cove known as Antioch. This is supposed to be the oldest church of Christ in Alabama. The building was a large, strong log house heated by a large fireplace. The old Stage Road ran by or very near this building. One of the first Elders of this church was William D. Gains. He was Senator of the new state in 1820-21 and also representative in 1824-25. He rode horseback to the state capitol. He was a Major in the War of 1812 under Andrew Jackson. There is record of his conversion in 1811. J.H.J. Williams was an Elder in this church, a soldier in the Mexican War, and a Major

The Antioch church moved to Rocky Springs in 1847 into a house built of hewn logs, 20 x 30 which had a stone chimney. This building was destroyed by Northern soldiers during the war. Then the church returned to Antioch and worshiped there for quite a while. After the war a temporary building was erected at Rocky Springs. But a large permanent house was erected in 1868 and remained till 1912. During the time the church worshipped at Antioch in Kings Cove and many years at Rocky Springs, glorious meetings were held. Preachers of eloquence, logic, and enthusiasm drew immense crowds to these meetings. Some coming as far as 50 miles in wagons and on horseback.

There was a school organized at an early date in the only old building, but I failed to find just when this school began. It, like the church, has a splendid history. It seems that the building was comfortable, that extremely crowded condi-

tions did not prevail, and that the teachers were cultured & educated for the times. It is said that this early Antioch school was the only school between Whitwell, Tenn. and old Belefonte, Ala. Boys and girls attended, riding horseback for 20 miles, and many walked a long distance.

This old building was torn down about the year 1870.

There is in Scottsboro a record of a petition presented by Oliver Hughes, uncle of L.H. Hughes, requesting that the stage road be moved from the mouth of Kings Cove following the curve around the foot of the mountain to a direct route. The request was granted, and the road was made straight from the Paul Price farm to the William Hughes place, the latter was a stopping place for stage coaches.

About 25 years ago Kings Cove had a bit of excitement when Rex Kilpatrick opened up some coal mines about 1/2 mile from the J.B. Wynne estate, and a town was started, a hotel built, a two-story brick store built and several small houses erected.

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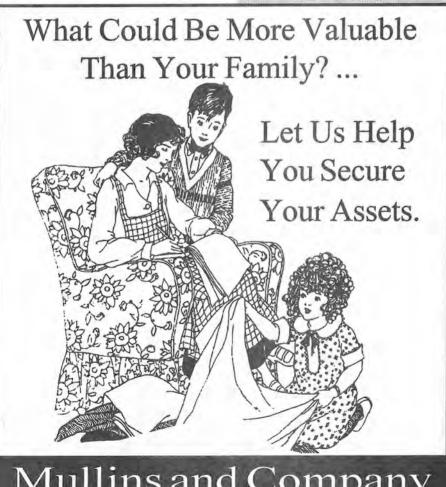
Glen Sisk 851-2229

Expensive machinery was installed for the mines, a railroad incline was built, and everything looked prosperous. Rexton was the name given to the mountain town. But the coal vein decreased in size as the mine entered deeper into the mountain. Another discouraging thing occurred when a terrible rain--a cloud burst-ran down the cove in such torrents that a vast amount of the new railroad was destroyed. So. Rexton was abandoned.

Kings Cove is entirely within the narrow strip of land granted to South Carolina extending across the northern part of Georgia, Alabama, & Mississippi, west to the Mississippi River.

Thus Kings Cove has the rare distinction of part of the famous Original Thirteen. In trying to find the history of the cove. I sought in vain to find a traitor, or any vile deed, or ugly lawsuits. Young boys volunteered for the Confederate Army before they were old enough and remained faithful to the end. This shows that the ancient Kings Cove played its part well in the grand procession, and has bequeathed to posterity visible scions of peace, industry, hospitality, and patriotism.

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From 1876 newspaper

In the war the ironclad Tecumseh was sunk at the entrance of Mobile harbor, and today the remains of the one hundred and fifty officers and sailors are entombed in this mammoth metallic case. The vessel sank in fifty feet of water, and being no longer of service to the country, in 1870, the sunken property was sold to one Mr. Slaughter for \$50. The relatives of the deceased officers and sailors have been content so long as the hull remained untouched, but now that it is proposed by the owner of the wreck, who holds possession from the Treasury Department, to blow it to pieces, secure the iron and brass, and make his purchase profitable, there comes a wail and protest from many sources, and Congress is asked to appropriate \$30,000 to recover the remains before the rusty ironclad is riven with torpedoes. The Congress does not believe the owner of the wreck intends to do as he says, and the appropriation asked for will not be favorably reported.



Heard on the Streets, 1888

The quarries on Monte Sano are furnishing the finest gray limestone rock, not only in quality but size, that could be found anywhere in this country. The Monte Sano Railway has a large amount of stone on the grounds at the plant and are keeping plenty of material for the masons to pursue their work on the foundation. Laborers are employed under the superintendency of Mr. Henry P. Turner, in ditching work.

The many friends of Jack Hall are glad to see him out and on the streets again after several week's confinement to his bed and room caused by a jump from a buggy in which he sustained a badly sprained limb. Mr. Hall with the aid of crutches is able to get about and around, and we wish for him a speedy recovery and free use of the crippled member.

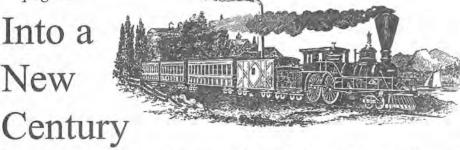
Mr. E. B. Miller has sold his newspaper, *The Independent*, to Mr. Munger and will move out to Shelta Caverns, where he will engage in agricultural pursuits. Success to you, Bro. Miller, and we want you to send us in a bushel of your second crop of Irish potatoes.

The colored citizens living on Howe Street, off Meridian Road, were made painfully aware that some more than usual elemental trouble was in progress, when the water entered their homes and the furniture began to float around the rooms. It was a terrible dilemma to be placed in, to face the blinding storm outside or remain indoors and perchance perish if the angry waters continued to rise. The cause of the high water was the narrow state of the bridge under Meridian Street, which could not accommodate the raging flood, but held it in check until a lake of backwater was formed, and this found its way back into the houses.

During the high water recently, the wooden bridge over Clinton Street was entirely swept away, and before daylight dawned we expect the timbers that formed the bridge were drifting down the Tennessee River near Triana or somewhere else. The foot bridges on Henry Street near the source of the Big Spring were lifted up by the roaring rush of the mighty waters. On Madison and Franklin streets the bridges were displaced, and will have to be repaired and strengthened before heavy travel is resumed.



Into a New



Excerpted from the book "A Dream Come True" new addition to the Huntsville

by James Record

As the Twentieth Century dawned. little if any of the next dynamic years could be foreseen by Alabamians.

Madison County's population was 43,702 while Huntsville had 8.068. Alabama counted 1.828.697 while the nation had 75,994,575. The world had an estimated population 1,550,000,000.

Automobiles were still oddities with the entire nation having only 150,000 miles of surfaced roads and 8,000 registered cars. No one had heard of Orville and Wilbur Wright, while electrification of cities and electric street cars powered without

horses were still unknown in many places. No one-but no one-considered a mission to the moon as anything but sheer science fiction. Even those riding the newfangled Escalator, first shown during the year at the Paris Exposition, couldn't believe the electrical marvel.

In Huntsville, the electric railway, a weird trolley minus the familiar horse, made its first run in February and began moving regularly through the streets with motorman James T. Baker at the controls. The first trip carried Superintendent Cauffield of the power company. The line operated from 6 a.m., until midnight, passing by a given point every fifteen minutes. A car carried 28 people.

Huntsville's second ice plant opened on Church Street, having a capacity of 10 tons a day, with S.B. Stewart as Manager; J. W. Skinner gave a contract to W.C. Pollard to build a new carriage factory on Greene Street; a Cotton Mill on Jefferson Street was completed. The Alabama Cotton Seed Oil Company on Church Street gave a \$20,000 contract to A. M. Booth to build a new gin in back of the oil mill: Smith and Green opened a new carriage factory on Jefferson Street; and Swift and Company established a branch operation. A steam brick plant was erected





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in North Huntsville by North and Winston to manufacture 40,000 brick a day.

Construction was brisk in the commercial and residential field too. During September, 1900, there were 250 houses reported under construction. The year's commercial building construction included the Will and Henry Struve building at the corner of Washington and Clinton; the Milligan Block, East Side Square: the Struve-Dement block, corner Holmes and Jefferson, the C.J. Jackson building, corner Washington and Holmes: the Gudenrath block, Washington Street: and the Hundley and Fletcher block, East Side Square.

The U.D.C., however, was instructed in another kind of construction. They staged a benefit baby show to secure money to construct a Confederate Monument.

Local realtors, trying to keep up with the increased demands, formed the predecessor of today's multi-listing system. A Real Estate Exchange was set up temporarily.

The Huntsville street department, in 1900, also found out that the caves under the courthouse were not the only downtown caves. During street construction on Jefferson Street, in

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front of the Huntsville Hotel, a cave fifteen feet deep was discovered.

At the First National Bank, that historic building was changed somewhat, with the addition of an iron balcony, along with two windows and a door on the second story. The new appearance probably got more attention than did J.B. Laughlin

and Son, Undertakers, who brought the first full fledged ambulance to Madison County the same year.

The year 1900 also brought about another smallpox scare and citizens insisted that the governing body acquire a publicly owned hospital, successfully, as it turned out.

The City and County, in 1900,



Huntsville Grocery Co., located at the corner of West Holmes and Church St. in a picture taken around the turn of the century. The heavy-set man in front is identified as Mr. Bradley.



Same view about 20 years later. Huntsville Transfer and Building Material Co., occupied the building between 1915 and 1925. The Model T Ford shown in the picture was owned by Thomas N. McAllistar. Notice the streetcar tracks in both pictures.

jointly acquired 25 acres on Athens Pike from G.A. Plummer for \$2,000 and jointly footed the bill for construction of frame buildings and operation of the facility. The hospital, referred to as the Pest House, was the community's first publicly owned hospital, although it only took smallpox patients.

Three victims suffering from smallpox were immediately isolated at the hospital and the population there continued to increase. Frightened by the smallpox scourge, Huntsville passed an ordinance requiring vaccination.

Serving as Custodian for the hospital was James Hall, who served until 1908. During his tenure, a shed was also built for an ambulance in 1900. Much of

the facility was rented out by 1904.

Medical examinations during 1900 took a new turn, as all local doctors looked with envy on Dr. P.L. Brouillette, who obtained the first X-Ray machine in the county.

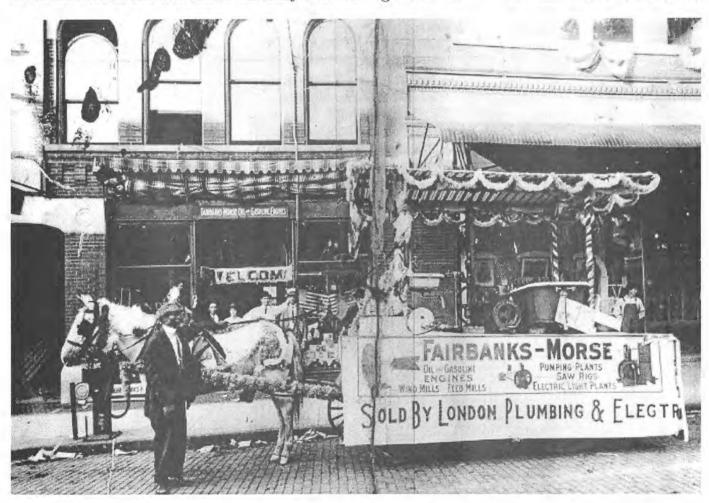
But if the local citizens were concerned about their medical welfare, 1900 was the year that many people turned their backs on law and order in one of the most dastardly acts to earmark the new century.

Elijah Clark charged with rape of a young girl was awaiting trial in his third floor county jail cell July 23, 1900, and seemed unconcerned that Huntsville folks had become incensed by the rape charges and literally were boiling under the

collar.

In the hot summer night, hatred built up to mob violence and 1,500 persons marched on the jail, dynamiting their way in, overpowering Sheriff Fulgham and his three deputies. City police officers, totalling only nine, were also unable to stop the mob. Clark was hauled to Stevens Avenue where the young rape victim identified him as her assailant. Amid nightmarish yells, Clark was taken to Moore's Grove, tarred and feathered, and lynched. The entire National Guard of the State, at the time, consisted of three regiments, four troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery. It is doubtful if even they could have stopped the lynching.

The affair also contributed



London Plumbing Co., located at 204 Washington St. in 1915, getting ready for a parade.

towards new jail planning. In November a proposal was taken from the Pauley Jail Company adding two new cells and the county advertised for sale the lots previously acquired from J.H. Beadle near Big Spring Branch. Public reaction was still unfavorable for the jail to be built there.

Other violence blotted 1900. U.S. Deputy Collector J.F. Lanier was shot and killed by moonshiners, bringing indignation from the righteous citizens of the area, but little else. As a matter of record, research has disclosed that ten local law enforcement officials have been killed in the first seventy years of the century. In addition to Lanier, five Huntsville policemen, one New Hope policeman, two deputy sheriffs and one special county officer have met death.

Despite the obvious clashes between lawmen and the lawless, 1900 was still a relatively carefree year in Huntsville. Trolley parties were a favorite local pastime along with attending concerts on Thursday night at the courthouse lawn, conducted by the Pratt Military Band. Huntsvillians, too, talked of building a new opera house, while reading at the library, now located in rentfree rooms, over the city engine house.

Life was generally relaxed and slow-paced in downtown Huntsville. The market house bell tolled at 8 a.m., and 8 p.m., for change of police and for opening and closing of the market. The bell was also used to call city council meetings, fire company meetings and fire calls.

The same year, the Milton Humes Academy building was constructed at Hazel Green and the Huntsville Female Seminary was leased by Mr. Ramsey to the Huntsville Training School for Boys. At the time, the amount paid out by the State per pupil was 50 cents, compared to a \$2.84 national average at the time.

Progressive Huntsville was to attract two of its most famous philanthropists as residents in 1900.

The home of Michael O'Shaughnessy, known as Kildare, was sold to Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, widow of the McCormick reaper fame, for \$30,000. The home, on Meridian Street, was turned into a summer home for Miss Virginia McCormick, daughter of the famed Cyrus, along with her companion, Miss Grace Walker, for whom the local Grace Club is named. The two were destined to become the most influential philanthropists in Madison County's history.

The year also saw the death of the Huntsville Agricultural Mechanical Association, when, by court order, their fairgrounds, at the intersection of West Clinton and Seminole Drive, were ordered sold at auction by Receiver James R. Boyd. Armour and Company were concerned, for

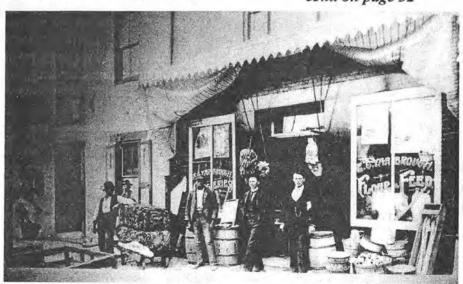
their new packing plant, later completed in 1901, was nearby.

Wilfred Van Valkenburgh bought the fair property for \$11,975, later offering it for sale himself. Included were an amphitheater building, floral hall, large barn, cottages, judges stand, and other buildings. Irvin Hamley and Dave London, newly established during 1900 as a plumbing concern, were called on to aid Van Valkenburgh to place some of the old plumbing in order.

Huntsville's mayor, still concerned about bicycles, issued an edict that bicycles could not speed around the square. Only 35 years before, 1865, the first two-wheeled velocipede had appeared. Twenty four years earlier, 1876, and reminiscent of the furor today about drugs, the Huntsville City Council passed an ordinance to regulate sale of cocaine. The reason? The Council stated it was "due to rapid growth of the cocaine habit in this city."

Significant to veterans in Madison County, the first Spanish American Veterans group in

cont. on page 32



E.C. Yarbrough Grocery was located at the corner of Washington and Randolph at the turn of the century.

Old Huntsville

From The Year 1913



CAPT. ROBERT SCOTT PERISHES ON RETURN FROM SOUTH POLE

LONDON, FEB. 11-Capt. Robert E. Scott, the Antarctic explorer, and four of his companions on his dash to the South pole, perished in their return journey from the pole, which was attained January 18, 1912. Official announcement of the catastrophe which overtook Capt. Scott's expedition was made at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society here last night. It was announced that Capt. Scott, Dr. E. A. Wilson, Lieut. H. R. Bowers, Capt. L. E. G. Oates and Petty Officer Evans had perished. The news of the death of the explorers came in a brief dispatch from Lieut. E. R. G. Evans, of the Royal Navy, who was second in command when the expedition started, and who now signs as "commander" of the expedition

Only the most meager details are yet available of the polar tragedy, which ranks in disastrous results with the ill-fated Franklin expedition.

The message from Lieut. Evans was signaled from the Terra Nova, Capt. Scott's ship, returning from the Antarctic regions, while passing Oamaru, New Zealand.

BOOZE AND BEER DESTROYED THIS MORNING

FEB. 15:—With an iron bar the sheriff and his deputies destroyed several hundred bottles of beer and whiskey in an uptown lot today near the courthouse. This "hot stuf" was confiscated during recent raids and had been stored in the basement of the courthouse.

Don't worry about it; there's plenty more.

POLICE ARREST AN ALLEGED PHONE MASHER

MILBURN HUDGENS CHARGED WITH USING INDECENT LANGUAGE

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 20:—Charged with using indecent language over the telephone, Milburn Hudgins, who said he was an advertising man employed by the Whiteside Bakery, was taken into custody last night after the police had used novel methods to apprehend him. Hudgins is accused of calling respectable young ladies over the telephone and using, "vulgar language to them."

In Memory Of

John Fastin, who departed this world at 42 years of age leaving behind a loving wife and 16 children.

"He was tired," his wife was quoted as saying.

OLD HUNTSVILLE-YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

WAS IT DYNAMITE OR NITROGLYCERINE?

Explosion Last Night Near Corner of 6th Avenue and Moulton Street Causes Wild Excitement

AUGUST 17:-The whole people of our cities were alarmed last night about 8:20 o'clock by an explosion that seemed to jar the world. Not only did the people of the Decaturs feel the effect, but those of surrounding towns: Trinity, Athens, Mooresville, Hartselle, Huntsville and other towns reporting that the concussion was plainly felt there. Within a few minutes from the "quake" Chief Will Davidson and Officer Bell were on the scene and found the people of West Town greatly excited, paralyzed with fear, and everything in wild confusion. In the neighborhood of Sixth avenue and Moulton street, just beyond a metal sign of the Twin City Bill Posting Co., there had been placed an explosive, probably dynamite or nitroglycerine, and exploded in such quantity as to make a hole in the ground, approximately six feet deep and thirty feet in circumference. The sign was blown to pieces, parts of it landing in yards and porches of houses across the street from 75 to 100 feet distance. Home after home in that part of town

had nearly every pane of glass in the building shattered, doors blown in and shutters shaken from their fastenings. Further than this no damage was done so far as known. except in some instances plastering was knocked from the walls. On the ground this morning a partly burned fuse was picked up at the edge of the big hole, which tends to disprove any theory as to a meteor having struck the earth. About two years ago, it is said, a meteor fell in the

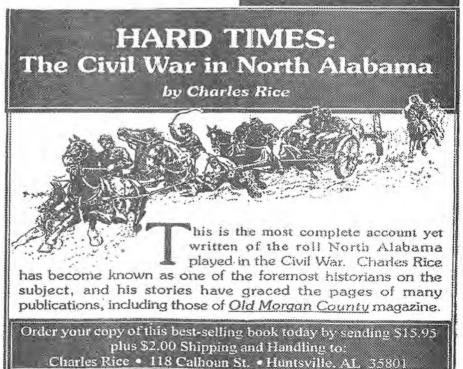
same section of town at about the same hour, which caused a general jarring up. Officers are at work and developments will probably show whether prank has played its part in an affair at this time shrouded in mystery. No personal injury was had, everyone escaping with a whole skin. No means should be spared however, to fix the cause of this explosion.



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Horse and Buggy, Ready for the Parade. Photo was taken in front of the Laughlin Funeral Home and Furniture Store on West Clinton Street.

cont. from pg. 29

the county was organized during 1900 headed by R. J. Harrison as Commander. The Camp, named after Oliver B. Warwick, the local boy killed in the Philippines in December 1899, was organized on August 9.

As a closing note for 1900— a year where ice sold for 25 cents per hundred pounds and when eggs were 10 cents a dozen, while butter was only 12 cents a pound—a local editor warned young men of a problem. Reminiscent of the present period seventy years later, the editor warned young men to quit smoking as it was injurious to their health.

Paradoxically, former colored Union soldiers organized a post of the Grand Army of the Republic in Huntsville in 1901, headed by J.W. Davis, while "up North," Booker T. Washington was refused admission to three Springfield, Massachusetts hotels. Huntsville's five letter carriers spread the word.

In 1901, Huntsville was to have more than its share of distinguished visitors, including the United States President.

President William McKinley's train stopped at Gurley and then

Huntsville on April 30, 1901. Huntsville's Congressman William Richardson introduced McKinley, with General S.H. Moore and Chris McDonald sharing the honors.

The President left Huntsville sporting a new shittimwood walking cane, a gift of the citizens. He would never return again. Five months later he was assassinated by Leon Czolgosz and was succeeded by Theodore Roosevelt.

To Huntsville, too, "Buffalo Bill" Cody brought his Wild West show, thrilling hundreds who dreamed of what the West must be like. Cody rode into the city akin to a conquering hero, in October 1901. There were no mercury vapor lights greeting him, however, as they were only patented by Peter C. Hewlitt in 1901. The town's first paved street, of vitrified brick, from Randolph to Clinton on Washington, had been okayed, with the tab paid for by W.F. Struve, W.E. Lynsky, Mr. Rand, and the city.

The same year, Huntsville's first Elks Lodge was organized with J. Robert Jones as Exalted Ruler, and Shelta Caverns were reorganized. However, the Monte

Sano Hotel had completed its last regular season, and was then out of the resort picture. The newly organized Elks Lodge, anxious to build a new opera house, held a Street Carnival on September 30.

On a humid July day, a marker, "The Lost Cause," was erected near four big Magnolia trees in the Confederate burial area of Maple Hill Cemetery, to stand guard over the 151 graves there. Across town, on Hall Avenue, Glenwood Cemetery for Negroes acquired its name officially.

Cont. on pg. 34



Huntsville's 'Historic'
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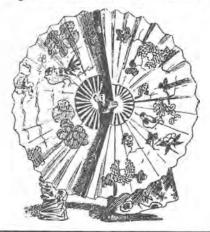
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cont. from pg. 32

The event that really had Huntsvillians literally hopping and running around, however, was the escape of a lion from a circus in 1901. The slow pace of things around Huntsville really picked up then.

A local pressing club gave the fastidious dressers of Huntsville a break in 1901. For \$1 a month, they would press all a person's clothes, including minor repairs.

The area was now becoming more and more conscious of its heritage and Huntsville's W. Clay suggested the need for a Historical Society. The Tennessee Valley Historical Association was later formed in 1902, with R.W. Walker of Huntsville as its first President.

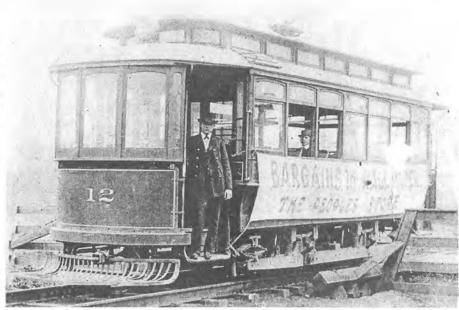
For the first time, free postal delivery began April 1, 1902, with R.D. McLain traveling a route out Pulaski Pike for eight miles and returning to the city over Meridian Pike for a circuit of 20 miles. A thousand families were served by the mail route.

In Huntsville there was a new first for the business community as well. McAnelly Hardware Company reputedly bought the first delivery truck, a Chase, to be seen in the city.

And catering to the housewives brought yet another innovation. Merchants began giving out trading stamps in Huntsville during 1903, and the local Merchants Association protested, asking the city to require licenses for handling of trading stamps.

City fathers must have been exceedingly sympathetic because they later responded by placing a \$1,000 license on the stamp handling.

For the first time, too, motion pictures were shown in Huntsville, during 1903, at the Park



One of Huntsville's first street cars. Street cars were used from Feb. 27, 1901 until Feb. 23, 1931, when the service was discontinued.

Pavilion. The same year the first movie to tell a connected story, "The Great Train Robbery," was shown nationally.

Outside the city, a coal mine opened on Keel Mountain with 'the Gurley and Vincent Coal Mines already operating. Gurley, too, had its first telephone exchange with Miss Inez Honey being their first "Hello" girl.

Going into 1904, it seemed Madison Countians were preoccupied with automobilesor at least the visions of owning one.

Interviews with about twenty people indicated that twelve different persons had owned the first car acquired in Huntsville, but research finally disclosed that George Cooper (who began his law practice in 1903) acquired the first car—an Oldsmobile—in 1904. Other early car owners included S.P. Metcalfe, Hobbs Fennell, Willis Garth, A.L. Rison, James



A view of the Big Spring around the turn of the century. The canal is on the left and the buildings in the background stood where Huntsville Utilities are now located.

Murphree, John Matthews, O.R. Hundley, Dr. Edgar Rand, Charles Shaver, J.R. Stevens, Joe Bradley, Humes C. Laughlin, J.W. Moore, Charles C. Anderson, McGregor, Westmoreland, Miss Virginia McCormick, Sam Thompson (1912 Ford agent), George Lehman, R. C. Chase, R.E. Smith, J.H. Pride and J.F. Cooney. The earliest known ford agency in Huntsville was the partnership of J.C. Burnam and Chris H. Fennell, doing business as Huntsville Motor Company. The earliest known Ford dealer in Alabama was Lee Merrill of Pratt City, in 1904.

The first serious accident involving an automobile in Huntsville occurred in June, 1904, or at least the press considered it serious. A.A. McGregor received a broken wrist when the crank backlashed.

Then, too, there was the inevitable first fatality. Allen Hutchens was killed when his horse threw him after becoming spooked by the chug-chug of a horseless carriage.

The city, though, was not without internal municipal problems. For instance, firemen struck for salaries to be raised from \$20 to \$40 a month in 1904. The city, too, this year deeded its interest in the old Opera House (originally referred to as City Hall) to the Huntsville and Monte Sano Improvement Company. The city also changed the main entrance to Maple Hill Cemetery during 1904 from Monte Sano Drive to California Street.

There were both a "first" and a "last" for the county in 1904. The county government bought its first typewriter, but the last legal hanging was held as well. Dennis Smith, convicted of murdering his lover, Mollie Watkins, was hung October 21, 1904. The gallows were replaced by the state electric chair.

Entertainment was something to boast about for Huntsville with the arrival of popular Al Fields and his Blackface Minstrel show. It's almost certain that Fields and his troupe, however, did not arrive by boat, as the river, it seemed, had almost dried up. At Bear's Reef, near Whitesburg, the water was only five inches deep and one could walk across the Tennessee River.

One of the more monumental occasions in Huntsville history occurred in 1905 with the dedication of the Confederate Monument on the southeast corner of the courthouse lawn.

Confederate veterans flocked to Huntsville for the occasion

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Employees of Rison Bank standing in front of the bank. From left to right: Alex Webb, Tom McAllistar, Sam Smith, J. Robert Jones, W.T. Rison, Dan McLauglin, unknown, W. Matthews, Gordon Farris.

November 22. On hand were Major J.W. Robinson, Governor William Jelks, ex-Governor Joseph F. Johnston and General J.N. Thompson, Alabama Division of the United Confederate Veterans.

A procession wound through downtown Huntsville to the musical strains of "Dixie" and funeral dirges.

At the square, 13 small children representing the 13 Confederate States placed wreaths on the monument. Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton unveiled the monument and Johnston and General Thompson accepted on behalf of the veterans, along with Captain Daniel Turner of the local Egbert Jones local camp.

Major General George P. Harrison, Commander of the Alabama Division of Confederate Veterans, provided the principal address. "Taps" closed out the solemn occasion which followed the laying of the cornerstone on August 24 by Mrs. J.W. Battle and James H. Ballentine.

Nestled carefully inside the stone before it was sealed were remembrances of the dark days. An edition of the Charleston Mercury of March 12, 1861, edited by R.B. Rhett, containing the proceedings of the first Confederate Congress held in Montgomery, was included.

There was also a Confederate Flag made by the daughter of J.W. Battle; a Confederate \$20 note; a diary written by Mrs. Sarah C. Robinson during the Civil War; badges of the Huntsville U.D.C. Chapter and Egbert Jones Camp; a copy of the Confederate voters living March 1905; and resolutions by the Egbert Jones camp upon the death of Colonel Egbert Jones, killed at the battle of Manassas.



Downtown scene on Washington Street in the early 1900s.

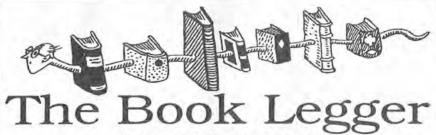
The year 1905 was significant in other respects in Huntsville The U.S. Land Office in Huntsville, oldest in the U.S., closed after 95 years of existence and after recording over 8,000 entries.

New ventures were also being tried. M. C. Swaim, for instance, began Huntsville's first hamburger business in July, 1905, operating out of a push cart. His hamburger business would flourish for over two decades winding up on Washington Street.

Movies came to Huntsville the same year on a full-time basis, and Dr. Jerome Westmoreland advertised a sanitarium "to cure the opium and whiskey habit." The sanitarium was located in the Huntsville Seminary building on Randolph Street.

Another new enterprise also came to Huntsville in 1905 with the opening of the town's first five and ten cent store, S.H. Kress on Washington Street.

By 1905, too, a new industry was setting records in Huntsville. The Huntsville Fibre and Veneer Works headed by Frank Ford manufactured 60,000 egg cases in a single month. The farmer was still vitally important and he was again wanting his fair, so the



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Tennessee Valley Fair Association was organized, later holding their first fair in 1907. Prices in 1905 in Huntsville included eggs-12 l/4¢; butter-15¢; cabbage-3¢; bacon-10¢; and sugar-7¢.

Out at Gurley, prohibitionists were in office, meaning business. They placed the license on operating a saloon at \$10,000 a year. There were no takers.

During early 1906 natural gas was discovered in West Huntsville, leading to further drilling and conversion for commercial use. Near Hazel Green, too, eight wells were drilled to tap caverns of gas.

The wells petered out within a few years, however,

The same year Huntsville got its first man made swimming pool—a 50 by 50 foot Natatorium—constructed by W.J. Bennett and G.S. Plummer, near Big Spring branch. Also on the grounds was the Hippodrome Skating Rink.

Fun and entertainment were getting a more sophisticated preview that year. The Theatorium (picture show) was doing a booming business on Jefferson Street as was the Electro (later named Dreamland) on Washington Street. The Tennessee Valley Fair Association was looking forward to a fair within a year at Congo Park.

Alabama's hero of the Spanish-American War and Manila Bay, Lt. Richmond Hobson, spoke at nearby New Market during 1905—not long before the worst earthquake disaster in United States history struck San Francisco in April 1906 and near the time a severe hurricane struck Mobile.

It seemed, too, that more and more of those newfangled horseless carriages were coming to Huntsville, but not without a sizeable contingent of awestruck citizenry gaping at the sight.

The Huntsville Motor Company, operated by J.C. Burnam and Chris H. Fennell, advertised four of Ford's famous runabout automobiles in 1906. Before the year was out, the city passed it first ordinance setting speed limits for cars—at eight miles per hour. The following year saw passage of the first ordinance requiring all automobiles to get a city license.

Folks, it seemed, were terrified by those contraptions recklessly speeding down the streets, sometimes at the unbelievable speed of 15 miles an hour. In 1910, the speed limits were reduced to three miles per hour.

The first government liquor store in the history of the county opened under county supervision. On February 16, the saloons were finally out of business, for the first time in Huntsville's history. The Probate Judge, W.T. Lawler, along with W.F. Garth and A.H. Lewis composed the first Dispensary (Li-

quor Store) Board. D.D. Overton served as the first Dispenser. Clerks in the store were J.M. Hampton J.F. Bullard, R.J. Lloyd, C.C. Powell and A.J. Williamson. Prices at the stores, compared with standards today, were unbelievable but the county made money. Budweiser beer sold for \$1.50 per dozen bottles, while a gallon of gin or corn whis-



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page 38
key was \$2.00. If someone really wanted to live it up, they could cough up \$3.00 for a gallon of Tennessee whiskey. The store prospered until January 5, 1909, when state prohibition shut it down.

At least one comical sidelight, comical today at least, was a bill introduced in the legislature to prohibit the sale of Coca-Cola, described as a "drink more insidious than whiskey." A local editor advised the people to drink the Big Spring water rather than Coca-Cola.

1906 saw the temporary death of a popular football game. Alabama and Auburn, having played football since 1893, played their last game, not to resume until 1958. The game, resulting in a 6 to 6 tie, also resulted in a free-for-all, and strained relations between the two great schools. The End

I Need Help!

My g-grandfather was Richard Henry Medlin. He joined the 37th Tenn. Infantry Co. E early on out of New Hope. He was sent home with measles and while he was home the Yankees captured Huntsville and the surrounding towns. He then joined up with Captain Gurley's 4th Ala. Regiment Cavalry-Co. C. He stayed with Gurley until he was captured and was a prisoner of war until the war was over.

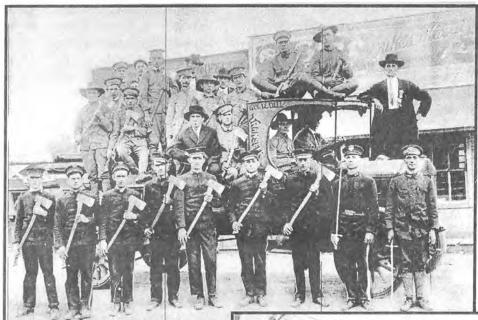
I need information on:

Richard Henry Medlin, 1st wife Jerusha Grayson, sister of John Grayson, 2nd wife Jane Armstrong Martin, 3rd wife Ida Miller. Richard Medlin, wife Lucinda Childress Wade Peevy, wife Jane A. Childress Dial Peevy, wife last name Wade. John A. Medlin, wife Elizabeth Wright Josiah Medlin, wife Josephine Miller Robert A. McKelvey, wife Lucindy Hulsey Charles Medlin, John Medlin, Ruby Medlin McKelvey all of Madison County. John Nelson Martin, wife Susan E. Peevy



Thanks in Advance Barthlynn McCoy 17431 FM 1314 Conroe, Texas, 77302





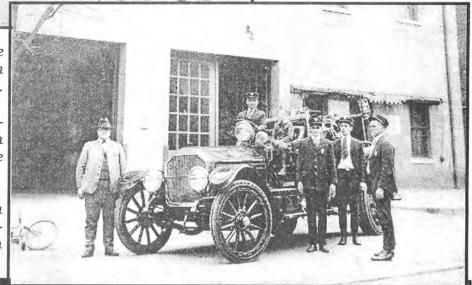
The Huntsville Fire Department

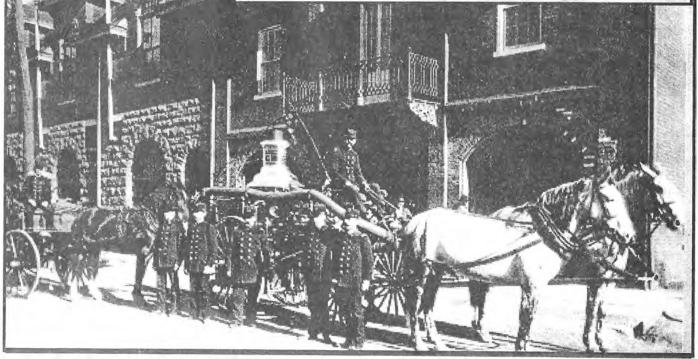


Above: Members of the Huntsville Fire Department in photograph taken around 1920.

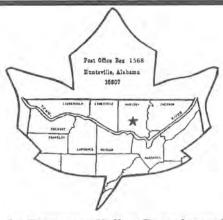
Right: 1930s Fire Department employees standing in front of recently purchased fire truck.

Below: Photograph taken around 1910 when Fire Department was located on Clinton Street.





Searching For Our Ancestors



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

MASON * HARTWICK * ROBINSON * HARRIS * McCARLEY *

Seek info on Richard C(Cathy) MASON b. c1800 NC, m. 23 Jan 1821 Charity Hartwick Mecklenburg Co NC. On census, 1840 Madison Co, AL, 1850 Morgan Co, AL. chn Henry (m. Priscilla Ann Robinson, Mary E. Harris & Mattie A. Boyd); William, b. TN; Naomi b. TN (m. Lawson M. McCarley); and Charity b. AL; Who were Richard's parents? any siblings? when did he die?

Richard operated a grist mill in Blount Co with son Henry seems to be a connection between the MASON family & Miles HAYS. Like to correspond with anyone with info about this family.

Della Mason Stair, 1215 Yale Drive, Roswell, NM 88201

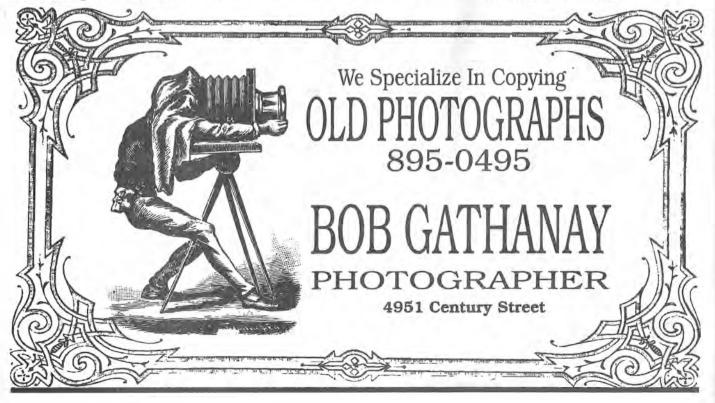
GREGORY

Need cem info for Solitude Cemetery near Albertville, Marshall Co, AL on: Susan Eddins Gregory, b. c1850, d. c1900. bur. with 2nd hus _? _ Gregory. Need tombstone info for Ferrin, Nancy Ann, & General Marion. Elizabeth & two sons migrated to MS 187080. Valentine Evenue Downs, b.1855 AL, d.1932 MS, m. Agnes Martha Ann Spence, b. 1855 MS d. 1938 TN. Chn: William Martin; James Evenue; Agnes Abigail; Andy Coleman; Cora Esther & Arthur Wilson. James Evenue Downs b. 1883 MS, d. 1971 MS, m. Sallie Walker b. 1886 MS, d. 1973 MS. chn: Walker Evenue; Moody Spraggins; & Yonnie Felici

Flecia Bennett Smith, 8262 Misty Meadows Lane, Memphis, TN 38125

RUTLEDGE * CAGLE * McKEE * KELLER * ODEN

Desire info on gr grandparents, John Overton Rutledge, b. c1826 AL d. 7 Mar 1862, Civil War Jefferson Barracks, bur. St. Louis, MO, & Susan Cagle b. c1825 NC; chn: Delilah Luvinna m. Henry Henderson McKee; John W. m. Jane KELLER; Mary m. Frank ODEN; James Marion m. Amanda Patsy ODEN (my grandparents); Suzanna (Susan) m. William J. McKEE.



Bobbie Rutledge Lovell, 1756 Layman Lane, St. Joseph, IL 61873

OWENS * WELLS *

Seek info and location of family of Anum OWENS, son/George P. WELLS and Emma Watwood WELLS. Born in 1916 in Huntsville, AL. Due to death of parents, he was put up for adoption and a family named OWENS adopted him. Name changed from John Wells to Anum Owens. The Owens family may have moved to the Nashville, TN area.

Charles R. Wells, 119 Flowerwood Dr., Meridianville, AL 35759

HILL * HOWELL * BLACK * BRISCOE * WILLIS *

Seek info on Hilliard James HILL b. 13 Jan 1870 s/o James F. & Annie Mae (HOWELL) HILL. Hilliard d. c1942 bur. at Cannon Cemetery. Also need info on Pleasant BRISCOE who m. 6 May 1845 May BLACK. Known ch: Martha Ann Briscoe m. 7 Feb 1872 Andy Willis.

Judith Anne Lipkin, 645 Executive Center Dr. #R-105, West Palm Beach, FL 33401

HANDLEY * ROSS * WHITE

Wish to contact desc. of Thomas ROSS b. 1783 VA d. 1868
Lee Co, MS; & Sarah Handley
ROSS b. 1783 TN, m. 1805
Blount Co, TN dau/of Samuel
HANDLEY of Franklin Co, TN.
Lived in Lawrence Co, AL c18201830. Ch: Margaret Emmaline
(m. Alexander WHITE); Samuel
Handley; Cynthia (m. RAMAGE
/ CUNNINGHAM); and William
Claiborne ROSS. I descend from
Margaret and Alexander White.
Interested in both lineal and collateral lines.

Robbie Johnson Farley, Rt 1, Box 598, Idabel, OK 74745

BLASSINGAME / BLASINGEM MITCHELL * CRAWFORD * CURTIS * BLASSINGAME / BLASINGEM

Need info / mar. any male Blasingern/ BLASINGAME to female MITCHELL. Also need info/ families: Harrison Blassingame m. Nancy CRAWFORD 1823 Lauderdale Co, AL; and Harvey m. Hester Curtis 1829 Lauderdale Co, AL. Will exchange data.

N. Graham Denton, P.O. Box 1067. Laurie. MO 65038

GINN * FARMER LEVERETT *

Need info/ GINN family from Gurley, AL. James Ginn - Caroline Mealor line. Desperately seeking info / family of Miss Jessie FARMER b. 8 Aug 1874, dau/Jessie & Sara FARMER. She had a brother or son named Albert that died in Gurley 1932. Jessie m. a John/ Jack LEVERETT c1900. Possibly Cherokee, NC connection. Please write.

Judy Ginn Farmer, 826 Apache Trail, McMinnville, TN 37110

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To sharpen your scissors, simply cut a few times through sandpaper. Stick needles through to sharpen them as well.

A good jewelry cleaner you make yourself - mix 1/2 cup ammonla and 1/2 cup water - place in glass container and cover.

Whole milk can heal a minor burn. Just soak a washcloth in the milk, and leave it on for 15 minutes. Do it every 2-6 hours as needed for pain.

Cranberry juice concentrate, mixed with water, is one of the best things you can do to clear up a urinary tract infection. Drink 16 ounces per day to stave off the problem. As real cranberry juice can be tart, mix it with a little apple juice for good taste.

If you have a hard mattress and find it uncomfortable but don't want to have to buy a new one, just buy one of those foam egg crate bed covers that go on right on top of the mattress.

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Want to remove chewing gum from clothes or hair? Rub ice over it and it should just roll off.

Worried about baldness? Mix a jigger of vodka with 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper and rub it on the scalp. The blood supply feeds the hair, the pepper and vodka stimulate the blood supply. If this doesn't work, however, look at the bright

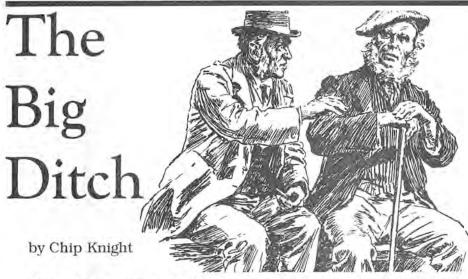
side. Bald people don't have dandruff.

To make a homemade heating pad, fill a tube sock with uncooked rice, knot the top, then microwave on high for 3 minutes. This will create a pad that will mold easily around any painful joint and hold its heat for about one hour without risk of burns.

For stretch marks after having a baby, after a shower rub sesame oil all over - it helps to get rid of them.

The faster you move, the slower time passes, and the longer you will live.





One of the greater thrills I had as a child was to be able to watch the construction and maintenance of an irrigation ditch. The problem was that in 1954 we got hardly any rain during the summer, and we lost most of the cotton crop. I say we rather possessively but it wasn't my cotton crop, but my aunt's. In any case, I was only seven years old, so it's all academic. Back to the drought; there was water all around the place but none where it was needed.

Limestone Creek flowed through the northern end of the farm and Beaverdam Creek arose from a spring head located on the place. The problem was to get water from these two sources to the cotton fields. I suppose the adults thought about how to do that during the fall and winter of 1954, because by the spring of 1955 they were ready.

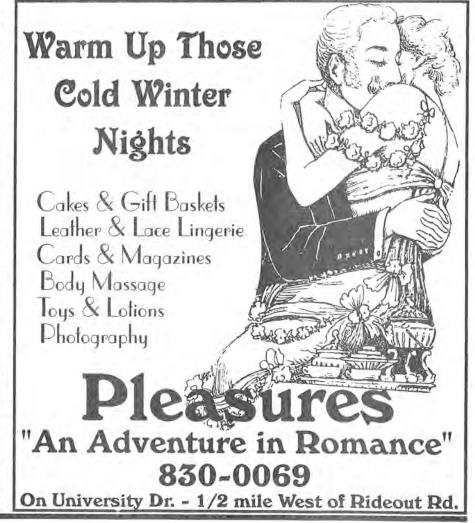
Pumping from Limestone Creek was rather simple, it ran through some woods and all they had to do was to put a big pump down by the creek and lay some pipeline to the fields which would be served from that end. I say simple, but I remember watching them weld pipe which would be placed underground going from the creek to places

up near the fields that needed water. The southern end of the place was another matter, though, as Beaverdam Creek was about a mile away from solid land through one of the swampier places I have seen, and the pump had to be on solid ground. After all that was done,

they still had to lay the underground pipe to the fields.

Heads were scratched, and finally someone came up with the idea of blasting a big ditch between Beaverdam Creek and the solid ground closest to it. A man from Dupont came out and supervised the farm workers in laying out the ditch and taught several of them how to set the dynamite to blow it.

In this rather wet area, the shock effect of several sticks of dynamite going off was quite enough to set off dynamite in another hole further away. This being the case, they could probably have blown the whole ditch with one big explosion. That seemed rather much, though, and they decided to do it in several sections. This was all very interesting to me, but, as an eight year



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old, they wouldn't let me get
around the dynamite, much less
teach me how to set it. But I got
to watch it go off.

The section I watched was about a thousand feet long, and when it went, all you could see were trees and stumps and dirt flying through the air. The noise was not what I had expected, but was a rather dull "whump." That was good, because I had expected to probably be blown up and at least scared enough to wet my pants, as I was not a particularly brave little boy.

They blasted the ditch in five or six segments, and, finally, water flowed all the way from Beaverdam Creek up to the pump site. I was really impressed. I could look up that ditch as far as I could see and it was just as straight as an arrow, with the dirt which had been blasted neatly piled up on one side. I wondered for a long time how they did that, piling the dirt up on just one side. I had thought that when you blew something up you just blew it everywhere. I know now that the man who supervised the setting of that dynamite was a true artist of the trade. For all I know, he might have been able to put all the dirt in one big pile and the stumps and trees in another.

Now that we had water, it was time to put in a pump and the rest of the stuff needed to irrigate the cotton. Somehow they found a big electric pump that had been used in a Navy dry dock up in Virginia. The thing stood about three and a half feet high and would pump over three thousand gallons a minute. It was big enough so that the power company had to run a special line down to it. They built a shed over it to keep the rain and most of the wind out, and, finally, it was ready to go. And go it did—

for a little while.

My father and I went down to see the new pump after it had been running for a day or a little over, and found it shut down. There was a trickle of water coming down the ditch, which was otherwise empty. This would never do. What had happened to the broad ditch full of water that had been there just yesterday? Once again heads were scratched, and finally one of the workers hiked up the edge of the ditch to see what was wrong. He couldn't use the boat because it was stuck in the mud in front of the pump house.

Finally, he came back and announced that the beavers had built a dam across the ditch a little over half way to Beaverdam Creek, and only a trickle of water was getting through. The only solution was to dynamite the beaver dam, and so they did, and the water flowed once again.

It was almost like it was a game with the beavers, seeing if they could dam up the ditch before we could get a decent amount of water out of it, or maybe they were just seeing how fast they could build a dam across it. But, it went on like that for most of the summer, with the ditch running dry every few days, blowing up the new beaver dam

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to let the water flow, then repeating the whole thing time and again. It became obvious that this was not going to work for the long haul.

Heads were scratched for a third time. Here we had this marvelous and expensive new ditch to get irrigation water up to where we could pump it onto the cotton crop, and the beavers were stopping it up as fast as we could clear it. We didn't know it then, but the answer was within sight and not a one of us had spotted it.

We called it a "blue hole," and what that is, is a spot in a swamp where the water table is right at the surface. It doesn't flow over

they turned on the pump.

The next day, there was still plenty of water to be pumped, it had not gone down an inch. The day after was the same. For some

like a spring, but looks sort of like a little pond. This one was maybe fifty feet across and no more than a couple of hundred feet from the pump. We had all known it was there, but it hadn't occurred to anyone that you might be able to pump out of it. We just assumed that when you pumped it dry, that was it. One of the farm workers thought that it might have more water than that, so they set dynamite and blew a little ditch connecting the big ditch to the blue hole. Then

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reason the beavers were not interested in damming the little ditch. Maybe we were just out of their territory, being so close to solid ground, or maybe they were trying to tell us to use the blue hole. Who knows?

I will say one thing about that ditch, though. It lasted. You can still see it from the air, if the plane is landing to the south, it's the only straight line visible north of the Huntsville airport. It runs east to west and is real hard to miss if you're on the right side of the airplane. It might not have furnished much irrigation water, but it lasted!

Pumped irrigation in the 1950s was an idea that was ahead of its time. We had the pumps, but the pipes and sprinklers which were actually in the fields had to be moved by hand, and a mass population migration from the countryside into the cities was well underway by 1960. Irrigation as a cost-effective method of farming would have to wait until development of the large self-propelled systems you see today.



If there were a market for after-thoughts, most of us would be rich.



Innocent Amusement Turns Into Melee On The Square

from 1871 newspaper

About 3 o'clock yesterday an event happened near the Square which has led to much amusement for the local wags.

A very small colored woman, returning from a shopping tour, was carrying a large old stove, that must have weighed at least 200 pounds, on top of her head. It balanced there as nicely as if it had been on its legs.

A gang of astonished vagabonds loitering in front of the courthouse gazed upon the walking human freight car in bewildered simplicity, when a big burly man, carrying only the four stove legs and a section of pipe, came up behind her. The man was evidently the husband of the little woman carrying the big stove, and he saw the group of men staring at the woman. When one of the vagabonds offered to help the lady with her burden the husband threw down his load, rushed into the crowd and began to beat on two of the men, thinking that they were "flirting" with his wife. The two men were shaken up a bit, but hastily beat a retreat, a little wiser for the experience.

A Young Alabama Lady Goes Insane from Bleaching Her Hair

Blond Hair Lands Her In Insane Asylum

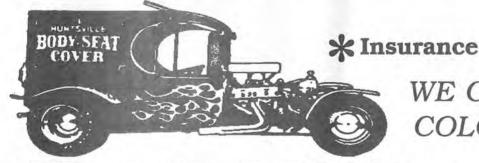


from 1888 newspaper

In Birmingham, Gertrude Palmer, a good looking German girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, passed through this city, Sunday afternoon, en route to Tuscaloosa. She was under guard, being accompanied by her two brothers and Dr. J.D. Thompson, a prominent physician of the above named place. The unfortunate girl was a raving maniac, and was on her way to the state insane asylum at Tuscaloosa. Her insanity was caused by the excessive use of blondine, a chemical preparation which she used to dye her hair. She had used such a quantity of the stuff that it worked through her skull and affected the brain. Her mind was completely deranged, and she became so violent that it was necessary to confine her in a room to keep her from attacking and injuring any members of her family. She had lived near Cullman.

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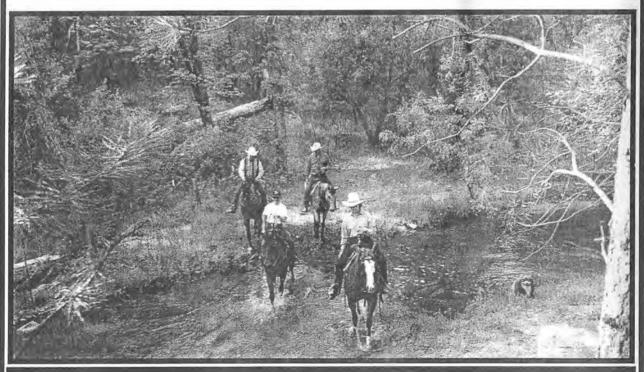


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