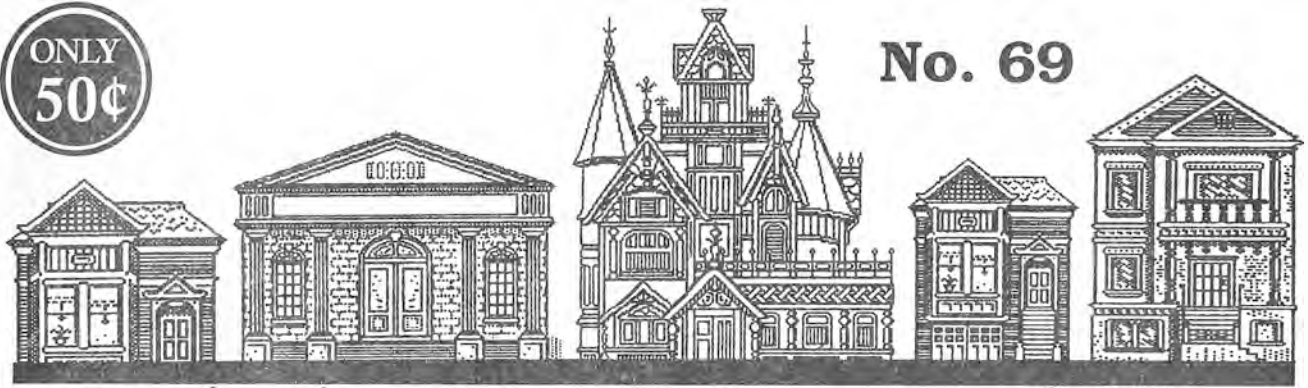


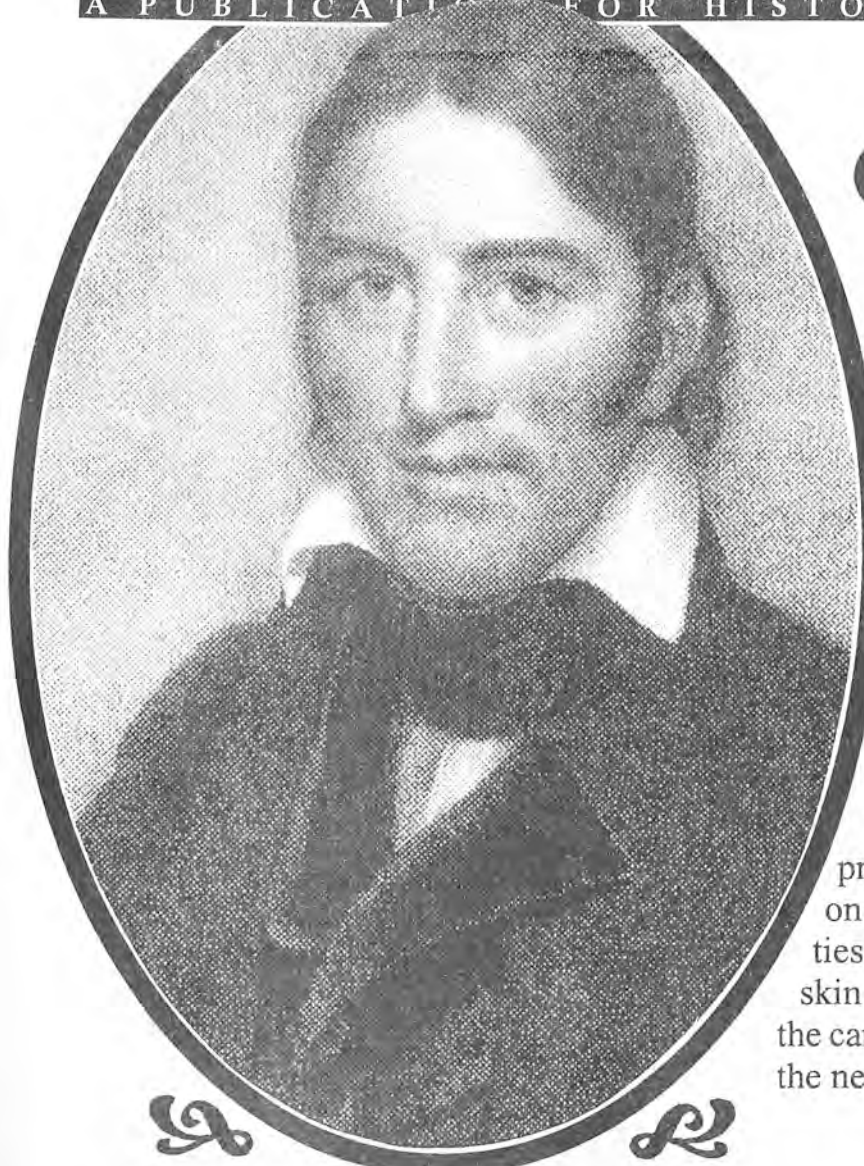
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# Old-Huntsville

A P U B L I C A T I O N F O R H I S T O R I C H U N T S V I L L E



## David Crockett: The Real Story

Subtly at first, and blatantly later on, the political spin doctors of the era began transforming David Crockett's image. Instead of a farmer, he became a rugged frontiersman. Six months was added to his military career. Three bears killed one winter became 153 when it appeared in print. Crockett's wit and humor took on gigantic proportions. Suits and ties were exchanged for rough buckskin clothing like those portrayed in the caricatures of Crockett printed in all the newspapers.

Also: "School Days" by George "Goober" Lindsey

# David Crockett: The Real Story

News of the Fort Mims massacre in August of 1813 sent shock waves of terror throughout the Tennessee Valley. Over two hundred men, women and children had been brutally massacred by the Creek Indians and each passing day brought reports of new atrocities.

The Tennessee River was considered to be the northern boundary of the Indian nation and Huntsville became the natural staging area for troops gathering to invade the nation. Within weeks of the massacre almost two thousand militia men from throughout the Valley had gathered at Beatty's Spring (now known as Brahan Spring).

Among the men gathered that summer at Beatty's Spring, waiting to be sworn in as part of the mounted cavalry, was a young farmer by the name of David Crockett. Almost six feet tall and slightly overweight, Crockett was 28 years old with a full black beard that made him easily recognizable among the hundreds of men milling about the campsite.

David and his wife Polly had been married for almost five years when, in 1811, they moved to a small 5 acre farm about 30 miles north of Huntsville near the headwaters of Mulberry Creek. By all historical accounts, there was nothing about Crockett to distinguish him from the thou-

sands of other settlers pouring into the region at the time. He built a small log cabin and cleared a few acres of land for a garden. Most of their food was grown and the nearby forests provided an ample supply of wild game.

When not working in the fields, Crockett, like most other men of the period, would spend his time hunting and trapping. The skins, which he traded in Huntsville and Winchester, Tenn., provided a much needed source of barter for salt, gunpowder and other supplies.

Strangely, for a man who would later become one of the region's most noted storytellers, there is no evidence to show that he was particularly well known, even to his neighbors, at this time. On the contrary, contemporary accounts suggest he was simply a typical farmer who occasionally had a tendency to perhaps gamble or drink a bit too much.

For a man who had been described as a "lackluster" husband and father, the Creek Indian War came at an opportune time. The crops had already been harvested and it was still too early in the season for serious hunting and trapping. A 90 day enlistment would serve as a perfect opportunity for adventure and wanderlust.

Many biographers of Crockett have described his time in the military as a turning point in his life. Camp life, at best, could be described as being repetitious and boring. Drinking, gambling and story telling provided the main sources of entertainment.

David Crockett was already a prodigious drinker, a sometimes gambler, and now with a captive audience he began to cul-



## Old Huntsville

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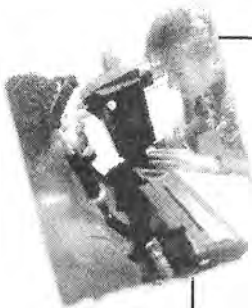
## Schedule of Events

### WEDNESDAY, JULY 30

- 9 a.m. Doors Open
- 10 a.m. Kroger Cooking School and Seminars
- 11 a.m. McRae's Fashion Show
- 12 p.m. Kroger Cooking School and Seminars
- 1 p.m. Local Entertainment
- 2 p.m. Kroger Cooking School and Seminars
- 3 p.m. The Stars of the Lawrence Welk Show
- 4:30 p.m. Show Closes

### THURSDAY, JULY 31

- 9 a.m. Doors Open
- 10 a.m. Kroger Cooking School and Seminars
- 11 a.m. Local Entertainment
- 12 p.m. Kroger Cooking School and Seminars
- 1 p.m. Local Entertainment
- 2 p.m. Kroger Cooking School and Seminars
- 3 p.m. The Stars of the Lawrence Welk Show
- 4:30 p.m. Show Closes



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tivate his skills at spinning yarns. Whether anyone believed the stories was irrelevant; they offered entertainment to the bored militia men. Surrounded by male companions, Crockett became a man's man; out drinking, out shooting and out lying anyone he came in contact with. For the rest of his life he would carefully nurture this image.

Regardless of the stories told years later, Crockett proved to be an indifferent scout and hunter. On his first scouting expedition,

after crossing the Tennessee River at Ditto landing, Crockett fell asleep while standing guard one night. When a runner entered the camp with the news of an Indian war party, Crockett had to be shaken awake to receive the news.

The battles fought against the Creek Indians can best be described as massacres. In two engagements the Indians lost over 500 killed while the militiamen lost nine. Perhaps because of this and other atroci-

ties he witnessed at the time, Crockett became a staunch advocate of the Indians for the rest of his life.

When his period of enlistment was up, Crockett, in the company of several hundred other men, decided to return home. General Andrew Jackson, however, needing the men to continue the war, ordered them to remain. When Crockett refused, the General ordered the regular army troops to prevent them from leaving.

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Depending on whose account you want to believe, either Crockett or the General was forced to back down. Regardless, it was the beginning of a feud that would continue for over two decades.

In February of 1815, Polly died of malaria, leaving David with three children. He brought his brother Joseph and his wife to live with him but soon found the arrangement wanting. Although they were good with the children, they could not provide the comfort of a wife.

Living in the vicinity of David's cabin was a young widow by the name of Elizabeth Patton. Her father was well respected in the neighborhood and was considered prosperous for the times. Elizabeth herself was a frugal woman possessing in addition to her farm, some \$800 in cash; a considerable sum in those days.

In the summer of 1816 Crockett took the young widow as his wife. Though the marriage has been described as "an empty shell," it did provide Crockett a stepping stone into better society.

While continuing to farm as he had always done, he began to develop an interest in politics. In 1816 he was elected lieutenant in the militia, and after moving to Lawrence County in 1817, was elected as a justice of the peace. While these positions were minor ones, requiring a mere handful of votes to be elected, they never the less provided Crockett with invaluable campaigning experience.

In an age long before television and radio, political campaigns provided the people with a prime source of entertainment. Crockett realized this and soon became a master cam-

paigner. Relying more on humor and homespun yarns than political issues, he was a crowd pleaser wherever he appeared.

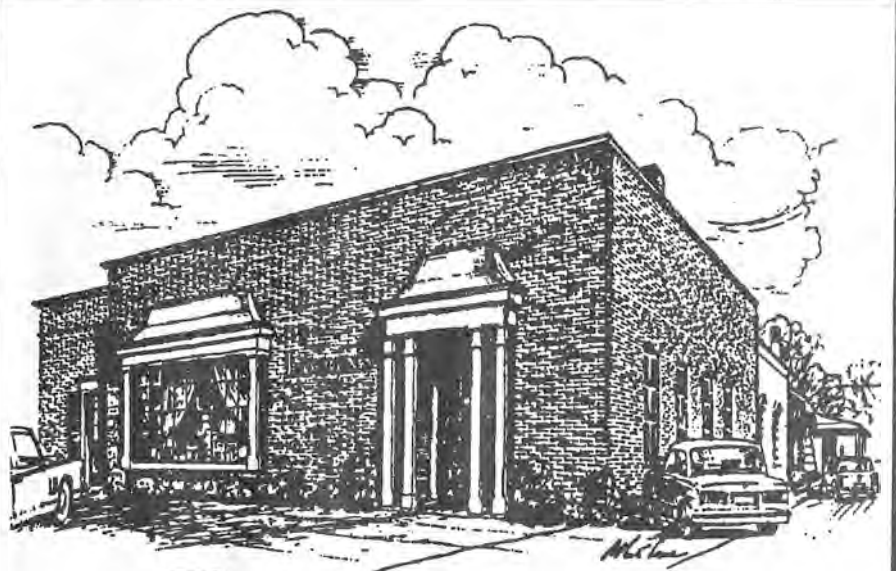
In one campaign, when called upon to speak, he simply said, "I was going to tell y'all some lies but my opponent has already told them all, so the least I can do is buy y'all a drink!"

He then led the crowd to the nearest tavern, leaving his opponent standing alone on the platform.

Politics was considered by many to be a rich man's hobby,

and if Crockett was not exactly rich he was certainly thriving, thanks to his hard working and enterprising wife. In addition to his farm he owned a distillery, powder mill and a grist mill. The labor required for these various enterprises were provided by his slaves and an occasional hired hand.

In 1821, Crockett declared his intentions to run for the Tennessee State Legislature and was easily elected by a two to one margin. He immediately made his presence known in the state



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house by addressing every issue that came up. Regardless of what the issue was, Crockett would claim the floor and frequently spend hours rambling about things he often knew little about. Although his homespun mannerisms made him popular with the average citizen, they did little to instill favor with the other legislators.

At first the other law makers tried to instruct Crockett on how to be an effective official, but if he ever understood the instructions, he still chose to ignore their advice.

Finally, in a move that was to become common throughout Crockett's political career, the other state legislators effectively "froze" him out. He was not asked to serve on any committees or to speak on matters before the house. If he did try to speak, the other law makers simply ignored him.

Adding to Crockett's troubles was his ongoing quarrel with Andrew Jackson. Jackson was ad-

vocating that the Indians be removed from their homelands and moved west. When Crockett came out against the plan, Jackson's supporters began a vicious smear campaign in an attempt to discredit him.

Disheartened at the callousness of his fellow politicians, Crockett began to spend much of his first term in the nearby taverns telling yarns and buying drinks. Although he was totally ineffectual as a legislator, strangely this only increased his popularity with the common people who blamed their misfortunes on the, "real politicians."

In 1825, after having been elected twice to the state house, Crockett ran for Congress and was defeated largely because of his feud with Andrew Jackson. Even though Crockett lost, the election pushed him into national prominence as a Jackson foe.

Other Jackson opponents began to take notice of Crockett. They realized that both Crockett

## Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. Found Among The Fragments - Courageous women in Yankee occupied Huntsville by Sarah Huff Fisk (\$15.95).

2. Billy Joe Cooley is Full Of It! Clean Southern humor? By Billy Joe Cooley (\$15.00 cheap).

3. Truth and Lies: Life from a different angle, by Ralph Hood (\$20.00).

4. Children of the Lily - French Colonization of the Gulf Coast in the early 1700s by Placide Nicaise (\$10.00).

5. True Tales of Old Madison County - Historic Huntsville Foundation (\$6.95).

6. Mid-South Garden Guide - The best book for Zone 7 (that's us) Gardening (\$16.95).

7. Long Ago in Madison County - written and illustrated in 1964 for young children by Kenny and Fisk (8.95).

8. Hard Times - The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama by Charles Rice (\$16.95).

9. Southern Railway: From Stevenson to Memphis, edited by Jack Daniel (\$24.95).

10. Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison

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and Jackson's support came from the common people and if they could build Crockett up, it would take votes from Jackson.

Subtly at first, and blatantly later on, the political spin doctors of the era began transforming David Crockett's image. Instead of a farmer, he became a rugged frontiersman. Six months was added to his military career. Three bears killed one winter became 153 when it appeared in print. Crockett's wit and humor took on gigantic proportions. Suits and ties were exchanged for rough buckskin clothing like those portrayed in the caricatures of Crockett printed in all the newspapers.

Though his transformation began as a political move, it soon captured the fancy of newspaper editors all across the country. Every time they needed a source for a story they simply inserted Crockett's name.

Modern merchandising professionals claim that David Crockett was the first real fad to sweep this country.

Crockett carefully prepared for the next election. He realized that being anti-Jackson had cost him many votes so this time he presented himself as a Jackson ally. When asked about his supposedly sudden political conversion, Crockett replied, "I'm just doing what politicians have always done - lying!"

Crockett and his supporters, led by his son John Wesley Crockett, had built a formidable political machine. Crockett canvassed the district for months before the election, often speaking to 3 or 4 different groups in a single day. A major part of Crockett's political legend in years to come was the notebook he carried everywhere. Every time he met a new voter he would enter the person's name and how he was likely to vote.

When he won the election by two votes short of what he had predicted he ordered his son to find out who had changed their mind!

In Washington, a city run by political alliances, Crockett was



**Portrait painted in 1834 at the height of the Crockett legend. The "bear dogs" in the picture were mongrels picked up on the streets of Washington D.C.**

in over his head. Wildly independent, he never grasped the fact that he had to align himself with a party in order to get legislation passed. He simply voted the way



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he wanted, thereby antagonizing both political parties.

During his campaign he had nurtured the image of the intrepid backwoods bear hunter and now he was caught in a trap of his own device. He wanted desperately to fit in with his fellow congressmen. He wanted to be a gentleman but at the same time he doubted his ability to do business with, "the great men of the nation."

His biggest misfortune was the fact that his legend had grown to such gigantic proportions that he was simply unable to live up to it.

In a repetition of his days in the Tennessee State Legislature, Crockett began missing meetings of Congress, preferring to spend his time in taverns, telling tall tales to his many admirers. In his first term, Crockett missed 82 meetings, a record that has not been broken to this day.

If Crockett was a flop at being a law maker, he was more popular than ever with the public. People everywhere lionized him as the "bear hunter who stood Washington on its tail." Newspapers in New York and Boston began publishing outrageous stories of his exploits as a frontiersman. In order to supply the public's demand for more Crockett legends, publishing houses began turning out pulp fiction books and almanacs. Copyright laws were almost nonexistent at the time so unscrupulous publishers would simply publish a book and attribute Crockett as the author.

Newspaper editors, always hungry for copy, found a ready source in Crockett who would expound on any subject and confirm any legend.

People did not seem to care

that he was an ineffective politician; they were caught up in the folklore.

Perhaps in an attempt to become part of his own legend, Crockett purchased a buckskin hunting suit while in Washington and began wearing it at many social events. When this proved wildly popular, he next began carrying a hunting rifle every time he appeared in public.

Among the most controver-

sial legislation before Congress was the Indian removal bill. President Jackson had campaigned on the issue and was trying to get it signed into law.

In an emotional debate on the house floor Crockett rose to speak. While acknowledging his views would cost him many votes, he stated he could not support evicting the Indians from their rightful homes.

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*change my conscience for mere party views, I hope my Maker will no longer suffer me to exist. ... If I should be the only member in the house that votes against the bill, and the only man in the United States who disapproves of it, I will still vote against it; and it will be a matter of rejoicing to me until the day that I die, that I had given the vote."*

Jackson's foes were ecstatic that the popular back woodsman had openly broken with the president. There had already been talk of running Crockett for president, and although serious politicians realized he had little chance, they were hoping to draw enough votes from Jackson to elect their own candidate.

In 1834 Crockett began a three week tour of the eastern United States. The trip, largely arranged by Jackson's foes, was designed to test the waters for a possible presidential campaign.

Crockett was lionized everywhere he went. In Philadelphia, a crowd of over 5000 ecstatic people gathered at the stock exchange to hear him speak. The crush of the crowd was so great police had to be called to ensure his safety. In New York, the same scenes were repeated, but with even bigger crowds. Public officials and newspapers alike toasted him as, "the honest politician."

In Boston he was called on to speak so many times that he developed laryngitis. Finally, unable to speak any longer, Crockett merely stood on the platform dressed in his buckskin outfit and holding his rifle. The crowds went wild at the sight of the legendary hero.

Still carefully nurturing his image, he refused to accept an honorary degree from Harvard

University saying, "I have no more claim to a degree than does Andrew Jackson." The university had bestowed an honorary degree on Jackson the previous year.

However popular the folk hero had become with the rest of the country he still had to get reelected as a congressman from his own district in Tennessee. His vote on the Indian removal bill was highly unpopular as was his stand against President Jackson.

In a campaign described by many contemporaries as being

one of the dirtiest ever fought (by both sides) Crockett was soundly defeated for a third term in Congress, after having spent almost two decades in public service.

Unfortunately for Crockett, he had become the embodiment of America's most popular folk hero ... and it was impossible for a hero to ever become a simple farmer again.

Bitter at having been defeated, Crockett turned his back on the very people who had made him a national figure. In one of his last political speeches, he told his constituents, "The people of Tennes-

***David Crockett in an 1833 portrait by Samuel Stillman. Crockett later stated the portrait "was the only correct likeness that has ever been taken of me."***



see can go to hell, I'm going to Texas."

On January 14, 1836, a few months before his fiftieth birthday, David Crockett took the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Texas. Several weeks later he joined the defenders of the Alamo.

Most historians agree that the battle of the Alamo was suicidal, with no chance of success.

If David Crockett realized this, and all indications are that he did, then perhaps he was simply writing the final chapter to his own legend.

Strangely, David Crockett was always more popular in other parts of the country than he was in his own native Tennessee. After being defeated for Congress he was invited to move to New Jersey to run for congress there. People in Illinois circulated a petition asking him to move there and run for governor, and perhaps strangest of all, Harvard University extended an offer to serve on its board of directors.

After Crockett's death at the Alamo he entered the history books as a genuine American hero. Legends and myths that had once been mere fantasy became accepted as reality by a willing public.

Within a few years of his death most people had forgotten what David Crockett really was .... a simple farmer, turned politician, who became the victim of his own tall tales.

*Destiny is no matter of chance. It is a matter of choice: It is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved.*

# The Outhouse Caper

from 1906 newspaper



Celebrating the 4th of July holiday has landed several of our local lads in the City Jail. Richard Jarvis and William Petty, after having spent most of the day atop Monte Sano, "partaking of the ol' devil's brew" decided to pull a prank on Homer McPeters, a resident of the mountain.

Creeping on all fours, the lads approached McPeters' outhouse and after making sure the premises were occupied, threw several large firecrackers into its subterranean chamber.

McPeters was examined by a local physician and is now demanding full and swift punishment for the culprits.

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# Schools Days in Hazel Green

by George "Goober" Lindsey



In 1955, after I was discharged from the Air Force, my wife Joyanne, and I went to Jasper for about a week, and then on to Hueytown High School in Birmingham to talk to school administrators about a football coaching job.

When I interviewed with the head coach, he told me that when the team was on offense, I would be calling the defensive plays, and when the team was on defense, I would be calling the offensive plays. In other words I was going to be his assistant, which didn't

really interest me, so I declined the job.

As it turned out, my patience (bullheadedness is more like it) in looking for the right opportunity was a virtue in this case because a head coaching job opened up near Huntsville, over in Madison County, Alabama. I applied for the position and got the job as head basketball coach. (Actually, I was the only coach for anything. They didn't have football there because the students were out of school in the fall to help their families

pick cotton. That meant school was in session in July and August, and then classes were dismissed in September and October.) The school, Hazel Green, went from grade one through grade twelve. It was a rural school where everybody knew everybody. Because I was new and not a native, they considered me an outsider. Choosing to live twelve miles away in Huntsville did not endear me to those folks either.

*editor's note: An additional incentive for Lindsey to move to Huntsville was the fact that Tom Guthrie, one of his best friends, lived there. They had attended college together and after graduating, Guthrie had moved back to Huntsville where he went to work for his friend, Woody Anderson. The trio, Lindsey, Guthrie and Anderson became inseparable friends.*

I was certified to teach, but the job still paid only \$3,700 for ten months' work. The county school system also gave Joyanne

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a job at a school in Madison Crossroads teaching third grade on a two-year certificate, which meant she made \$1,700. With both incomes we were able to move into the reasonably comfortable Mims Court Apartments in downtown Huntsville. Our three-room apartment cost us about seventy-five dollars a month, and the phone bill was about three dollars. Because our utilities were under the Tennessee Valley Authority, the electrical bill was only about four dollars a month. It was a simple lifestyle, but it was our first apartment and our first real home, which made it a very special time for us.

Our arrival in Huntsville marked the beginning of an interesting and full year. Being from Mansfield, Ohio, an industrialized city, Joyanne had never been in the rural South before our marriage. When we were driving through Alabama, she saw a snowy-white field of cotton for the first time, and had no idea what it was. After I told her it was cotton, she had me stop our car so she could get out and pick a boll.

Later, after one of her first PTA meetings, she came home and told me that the PTA gave away a bale of cotton as a door prize. She had no earthly idea what anyone would do with a bale of cotton. (Come to think of it, what do you do with a bale of cotton? Make a million Q-tips, I guess.) The whole cotton-picking experience fascinated her and served as her introduction to the real South.

The whole rural South experience was unlike anything Joyanne had ever encountered. She had never even seen people stand up when the band played "Dixie."

It was a good thing I hadn't planned a career in the classroom because when it got down to where the chalk hit the blackboard, I didn't know much about teaching. I was supposed to teach history, but I never took a single history class while in college. I also never had a lesson plan or anything else prepared for class. Instead, I would just have the students stand up by their desks and read out of the *Weekly Reader* most of the time. Another clue that I was a fish out of water was my complete lack of understanding of the concept of a cloak room. To this day, I have never seen anyone with a cloak on-- not to mention seeing any need for having an entire room for cloaks.

The reason I was assigned the history class in the first place was because it was the biggest class in the high school, and it took a coach to control it. And so it was that I also became a specialist in monitoring study halls, which was a pretty good joke, I thought. Here I was, one of the louisiest students in kingdom come, now overseeing study hall.

My other official duty was as the school's paddler. Many times a teacher would send a student to me for disciplining. Occasionally I would take the disobedient one into the principal's office where I would hit myself on the leg with the paddle and tell the student to yell loudly. But most of the time, the rod was not spared. When I swung the board I whipped 'em hard, but I never felt comfortable about it.

I was much more at home when I was coaching. And somehow, the varsity won half

its games--we went twelve and twelve. My B-team, which was composed of the younger players, won twenty-four games that season and lost only one. The seniors were not very coachable, but the younger athletes were, and the next year, after I left, they won the county tournament.

I also coached the Hazel Green High baseball team, which was another joke on me. I knew absolutely nothing about the great American pastime. But I got my-

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self a book on how to coach baseball, and I called George Weeks, the baseball coach at Florence State, for some free advice. Somehow, flying by the seat of my pants, I picked up enough baseball know-how for the team to have a pretty decent season. We even beat Butler High School for the first time in the history of the two schools' baseball rivalry.

Away from the school, Joyanne and I enjoyed taking in the sights and sounds of north Alabama. We would take picnic lunches up on Monte Sano, a nearby mountain, and we would go to Jasper sometimes. We were just learning how to be married, and it was great fun.

The principal at Hazel Green was Mr. W. O. Wooley, who had been a coach for many years. I respected him, and he left me alone and let me do my thing, but he was a stern disciplinarian. I remember one time when he disciplined a student just for dropping an orange peel on the floor. He told the boy to pick up the peel, but the student sassed him first and so, as the boy finally did reach down to pick up the peel, Mr. Wooley introduced him to the palm of his hand. Somehow, the boy lost his taste for oranges after that.

Many of our students were either big for their age or just enjoyed hanging around the school for a few extra years. There were a couple of students who were about twenty-one years old but were still enjoying their high school careers. (I think they later got parts in *Deliverance*.) Some of these jokers got mad at me one day and cut the spark plug wires in my car. Another time they wrestled me down in Phys. Ed. class and choked me. I had to fight my way out from under these yard dogs who had been in high school

forever.

I remember that I subscribed to the *New Yorker* magazine, and some of the students spied me reading a copy. They figured that I was some sort of oddball. They had no concept of New York (nor did I), but I knew that I was going there soon. And I did, and they didn't. So there.

The sad and ironic thing was that my lack of teaching skills forced me to play the role of disciplinarian, which was really against my nature. I never

smiled or laughed, and I never let my students have any fun. As a result, I was the only teacher in high school who didn't receive a Christmas card from any student.

*editor's note: Mrs. Margaret Bradford, who was a student at the time, has a different recollection. "A coach was supposed to be a stern disciplinarian and that just wasn't Mr. Lindsey's nature.*

*Everyone knew that he wanted to be an actor and some*

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of the boys thought that was a "sissy" job. If there was a problem, it was probably from jealousy... every girl in school had a crush on Mr. Lindsey."

Coaching basketball brought about the few rewards for me at Hazel Green. I remember once we were playing in the county tournament, and there was a big basketball player for Huntsville High School. After the game, as I turned to walk away, he picked up the basketball and bounced it off my head. Strike! I would have loved to have slugged him but, first of all, he was a high school student and bigger than I was, and second, I guess they would have killed me if I had hit one of their own, but I shall never forget him hitting me in the back of the head with that basketball.

My college coaches, Coach Weeks and Coach Self at Florence State, had instilled in me the belief that the end result of good coaching was winning. And it was. People don't remember how you coached; they remember how many games you won. So, because we didn't have a gymnasium, we had to practice in the school's study hall. We also had to move and stack the chairs every day; practice, and then put the chairs back in place. The ceiling was so low that when you tossed up a long shot you had to shoot it horizontally.

The only plus about practicing in the study hall was that we also played our home games there, which gave us a decided home court advantage. The study hall/gym had a coal stove in the corner for heat in the winter. So sometimes when a player went up for a layup, he'd fly right into the stove. Real hot shots!

I had decided that for our

school's basketball banquet I would invite Harlon Hill to speak. After our playing days together at Florence State, he had become a big star with the Chicago Bears. Well, I don't know what happened, but Harlon didn't show up. I also had hoped to show a highlight film of Harlon in action on the gridiron, but because Harlon didn't show up, I didn't have that either. I went to the county library and got the only film I could find, a travelogue of a trip to Hawaii. And that's what I showed at the basketball banquet. The film was the biggest fiasco of my coaching career and I felt like a dope showing it. "And now here are highlights of your season--a trip to Hawaii."

*editor's note: One of the most humorous legends about Lindsey's time in Huntsville*

had to do with his ambition to be an actor. One night he and his good friends, Tom Guthrie and Woody Anderson, were sitting in a local restaurant enjoying a late dinner when he suddenly announced he had been accepted to study at American Theater Wing in New York City. "I really think I have a chance of becoming an actor."

"Yeah," Anderson is supposed to have replied. "And I'm going to sell cars to the Governor!"

Looking back now, I suppose we had every reason to be excited: I was going to study acting, and Joyanne was going to New York University to finish her education (she had two more years to go to complete her degree). We were ready to take on the world.

It was a time of adventure, a



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time of love and excitement, and one of learning. It was a time of not having any fear of anything the future might hold. I am glad that I taught that year at Hazel Green High School. If I learned nothing else, it certainly taught me that I didn't know anything about teaching school.

As my first year of teaching drew to a close I got an offer from a school in Scottsboro, Alabama. They offered me a coaching job and a raise to five thousand dollars, but I never considered the position. At the end of that school year, after we finished our summer jobs of managing the Big Spring Park swimming pool, Joyanne and I loaded up our Pontiac and drove to her folks' house in Ohio. Then I headed up

the highway to New York City to scout out an apartment for us.

*editor's note: The next time Lindsey returned to Huntsville was several years later when he did a stand up routine at the American Legion. "I was horrible," he said. Tom Guthrie, however, remembered him as being, "great... absolutely great!"*

Years later I returned to Huntsville. There was a place to eat there called the Bon-Air Cafe and it had been around forever. It was a nice place to eat--a meat-and-three kind of place. After I had been to New York and Hollywood and done "The Andy Griffith Show" and all the other show biz things, I walked into the Bon-Air, and the waitress said to me, "Well, George, what have you been up to?" That just killed me. I had been gone for twenty years and thought I had become famous on television and the movies. And she greets me like it was just another day. It just goes to show that you never get too big for your cafe.

*editor's note: As Paul Harvey*

*has often said:" You know the rest of the story." George Lindsey went on to become one of the most endearing personalities in show business. Though he is best known to the public for his role as "Goober" on the Andy Griffith Show, Mayberry, R.F.D, and Hee-Haw, his friends in Huntsville remember him a different way.*

*"George Lindsey is a genuinely good person," says Tom Guthrie. "When you have been friends for a half century, what else can you say."*

*One final note: Although no one knows if Woody Anderson ever actually sold a car to the Governor, everyone agrees he could... if he wanted to.*



*History repeats itself, and that's one of the things that's wrong with history.  
--Clarence Darrow*

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## Favorite Southern Recipes

### Rich Chicken Pie

- 1 16-oz. box Ritz crackers
- 1 pint sour cream
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 chicken, cooked and deboned
- 1/2 c. margarine, melted

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 2-quart baking dish and crumble half the box of crackers into bottom of the dish. Combine the sour cream, soups and chicken. Spread over the cracker layer and cover with remaining 1/2 box

of crackers, crumbled. Drizzle margarine over the top and bake for 30 minutes.

### Baked Cheese Squash

- 2 1/2 c. cooked squash
- 2 T. butter, melted
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 c. buttered bread crumbs
- 1/2 c. grated cheese
- 1/4 t. cayenne pepper

Combine the squash with the next 4 ingredients. Grease a 2 quart casserole and arrange the squash mixture with the bread crumbs and cheese. Sprinkle with the cayenne.

Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Sprinkle the top with some more grated cheese before serving.

### Pasta Salad

- 1 head of fresh broccoli, cut into flowerets
- 1 lb. fresh mushrooms
- 1 2 1/4 oz. can black olives, sliced
- 1 red onion, chopped
- 1 16-oz. bottle Italian dressing
- 1 c. shell macaroni
- 2 fresh tomatoes
- 1/2 c. fresh Parmesan cheese

Combine broccoli, mushrooms, olives and onion. Pour the dressing over the vegetables and marinate overnight. Next day, cook the shell macaroni and let it cool. Chop up your tomatoes and add the Parmesan cheese. Combine all ingredients, toss and serve.

### Mimosa

- 1 qt. orange juice, chilled
- 1 fifth champagne, chilled

Just before serving, mix the orange juice and champagne in a large pitcher. Serve over ice. May be mixed individually.

## What's Playing Round the Corner?

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## Brown Rice

1/2 c. butter  
 1 onion, chopped  
 1 10-1/2 oz. can beef consomme  
 1 10-1/2 oz. can beef broth  
 1 c. uncooked brown rice  
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms  
 1/2 t. garlic powder

Melt the butter and saute the onion. Add the consomme, broth and rice to the onion mixture. Grease a 9x13 inch baking dish and place the mixture in there, topped with the mushrooms. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for an hour.

## Angel Pie

1/2 pint whipping cream 1/3 c. sugar juice of 2 lemons 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained 1 c. chopped pecans 2 9-inch pie shells, baked

Whip your cream and add sugar, set aside. Stir the lemon juice into the condensed milk; add the pineapple and nuts. Fold the mixture into the whipped cream.

Pour into the pie shells and chill for at least 2 hours before you serve. You can also make this the day before.

## Potato Chip Cookies

2 c. margarine  
 1 c. sugar  
 3 1/2 c. flour  
 1 T. vanilla  
 2 c. crushed potato chips

Mix the ingredients, drop by teaspoon onto cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

## Cherry Cake

1/2 cup Butter or Margarine  
 1 cup Sugar  
 2 Eggs  
 3 Tbs. Sour Cream 2 cups Sifted Flour 1 tsp. Baking Soda 1/2 tsp. Salt  
 2 tsp. Cinnamon  
 1 cup Canned, Sour, Red, Pitted Cherries and Juice

Cream together butter and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating after each addition. Stir in sour cream. Sift together flour, baking soda, salt and cinnamon. Add to creamed mixture. Add cherries and juice; stir until mixed.

Pour into three greased 8" pans. Bake at 350° for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool for five minutes, then turn out onto wire racks to cool. Frost with Seven-Minute Frosting, substituting cherry juice for part of the water.

## Plum Cake

1 can Purple Plums (1 lb. 13 oz.) 1/2 cup Butter or Margarine  
 2 tsp. Baking Soda  
 2 cups Sifted Flour  
 1 cup Sugar  
 1/2 tsp. Salt  
 1/2 tsp. Cinnamon  
 1/2 tsp. Cloves  
 1/2 cup Raisins  
 1/2 cup Chopped Nuts

Drain plums; pit and mash to a pulp. Combine with butter. Heat. Add soda; let cool. When cool, add flour and remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour into a greased 9x5 x 2 1/2-inch loafpan. Bake at 350° for 60 to 70 minutes.

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## Absurd News

It was a long walk home for Leon Gordon and Lester Moulton after a strange encounter with a serpent. They had been driving across the Gordon Ranch when Leon ran over a large stick. The stick snapped in half, with one end popping up into the air. Resting on that end of the stick was a large rattlesnake, and he was catapulted right into the front seat of the automobile! Leon and Lester both dove through the open windows, leaving the car and snake to continue along until descending an embankment. The car was badly damaged. The snake escaped with no injuries, but had to slither quite a distance back home himself.

Business was brisk and one of his bartenders had called in sick. Tavern owner Everett Patton had his hands full serving beer to all his thirsty patrons. Then the man at the end of the bar, as he finished his third beer, announced, "This is a holdup. Give me the money out of the cash register."

"G'wan--cut it out--I'm busy!" growled Patton.

Meekly the would-be robber put his gun back in his pocket and left the bar.

Mrs. John Steinbrecker was still quite fluent in her native German language when the 12 barred-rock chickens turned up missing from her coop. In her court case against John Florez, Mrs. Steinbrecker explained how she had walked through her neighborhood giving out a "German dinner call." Exactly 12 of the birds in Florez's pen came running when they heard it. The judge bound him over to district court on charges of chicken theft.

Mrs. William Preston was a determined woman, and she was almost obsessive about cleanliness. She was washing behind the ears of her two-year-old son when she ran out of soap and went to the front pantry to retrieve a fresh supply. Little Billy, smarting from the vigorous scrubbing, promptly shut and locked the bathroom door behind her. When he refused to open it, Mrs. Preston phoned the fire department. A fireman put a ladder against the two-story house and climbed in through the open bathroom window to unlock the

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door. Mrs. Preston thanked him and promptly went back to work on Billy.

When the bootlegger's telephone rang, an anxious feminine voice warned the boys "do be careful" because she'd heard a rumor that the police might be on their trail. "That's funny. They're raiding this place now," was the reply. "Who are you?" The woman demanded.

"Sergeant B. F. Pruitt of the raiding squad."

Informed that he needed special permission to ride an elevator to Dade County's rooftop jail, the politician thundered at the operator: "Boy, I got you this job, and I'll see that you lose it!" Can I depend on that, sir?" Asked the unperturbed operator.

Then the politician learned the man was a trusty, with a year still to serve.

# Notice From The Editors of Old Huntsville



Recently *Old Huntsville* ran a story about an incident that happened here around the turn of the century. In the story we stated that a certain person had been arrested for public drunkenness.

We had our facts wrong and we apologize sincerely for any inconvenience or embarrassment it may have caused.

The person in question was not arrested for public drunkenness, the charge was "burglary and resisting arrest."

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# Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

*With pearls of wisdom  
contributed by the Liar's Table*



**Coffee Pourer of the Month** award goes to **John Malone**, of WAHR fame, for being such a nice guy... and my friend. Thanks, John, for everything.

**John Cockerham**, that downtown terror on roller skates, stopped by the other day to let us know he's going to Rock The Square sometime in July.

The **Huntsville Stars** have to be the best looking group of guys who ever played baseball. They stopped by last week on their way to Chattanooga and had every woman in the place swooning. **Miss Reba** got so excited she almost poured coffee in the ash-tray.

One good thing about having my own column is being able to brag about my grandchildren any time I want to. I went to Or-

lando last month to visit my grandson, **Whitney Merrell**, who was graduating from high school. Just because he's my grandson I can't help it if he is also good-looking, intelligent, funny, tenderhearted, suave and debonair.

It was great to see **Bryson Hill** out again after being in the hospital. Our prayers were with you.

All you ladies can breath a sign of relief. **Mr. Howard Grizzard** only had a small fender bender the other day and is still able to kick up his heels dancing every Friday night. We love you Mr. Howard.

Looks like **Ms. Mayor** is starting to get a bit feisty with the City Council. Stick with it, Loretta. We love to see you stand up for what is right!

The list of people running for city council in the next election has grown so large we hear they are going to change the voting procedures. Instead of a ballot, they're going to issue telephone books.

**Hot Rumor** of the month. Could **Cliff Hill**, lately of Channel 31 fame, really be contemplating politics? If so, that would be almost like a breath of fresh air.

Another name we hear being tossed around as a potential newcomer to politics is **Mike O'Halloran**. With 12 brothers and sisters, he already has a powerful organization!

A big welcome to the **Wally Byam Caravan Club**. Some of their people stopped by the other day and they are just the nicest folks you could ever meet. Huntsville loves you being here!

Nebraska City, Nebraska flew in Huntsville's own, **Cynthia Parsons**, to honor her for the art work they had commissioned from her. She also did an art book on the 1996 Olympic games. There's only a few left so if you want a real treasure give her a call at 539-1594.

Hats off to Congressman **Bud Cramer** and Senator **Butler** who

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gave commencement speeches at Athens State and Calhoun College.

Our pal, **Sheriff Joe Whisante**, is off and running for next year's election. He was seen at Sharon Johnson Park on Senior Day making sure everything was safe and fun for the seniors.

It sure is good to see the fellowship every week here at the restaurant. All you men have a standing invitation to join Brother **Eddie Levick**, of the Twickenham Church of Christ, here every Monday morning at 7:00.

Way to go to **Tim Morgan** and **Steve Aldridge** for securing a grant to provide funds for Drug-free programs. Steve now belongs to the pretty **Jaimie Johnson** whom he recently married.

A big heartfelt thanks to **McRae's Department Store** for their involvement with Senior Citizens. Recently they presented yours truly with their first annual Senior Leadership Award. There

are thousands of Senior citizens in Huntsville deserving recognition and McRae's plans to honor one of them each year.

Fathers Day must be a tradition at the **Outback Restaurant**. When I went there the line was so long I thought they were giving away free ham and biscuits! Good job, Lloyd!

The opening of the **Tillman Hill Library** in Hazel Green was almost a mob scene. It's impossible to put all of Tillman's friends in one building! By the way, It's worth the drive out there to see the collection of old photos.

Congratulations to **Phil Robertson**, ace reporter for Channel 19 news, on the birth of a beautiful baby daughter. Actually, it was his wife **Sheryl** who did the work but Phil likes to take credit.

The Mayor of Hurricane Creek, **J.B. Tucker**, recently returned from vacationing in the Smokies. So many family members joined him there that he had to return home to rest!

**Carl Hurley**, a nationally known stand up comedian, is coming to Huntsville, Aug. 28th to do a special show for **Senior Friends**. Call **880-4131** to get your tickets. The show will be worth seeing!

That's all for this month but remember I still love you.

*Aunt Eunice*

*To love is to place our happiness in the happiness of another.*

## Photo of The Month

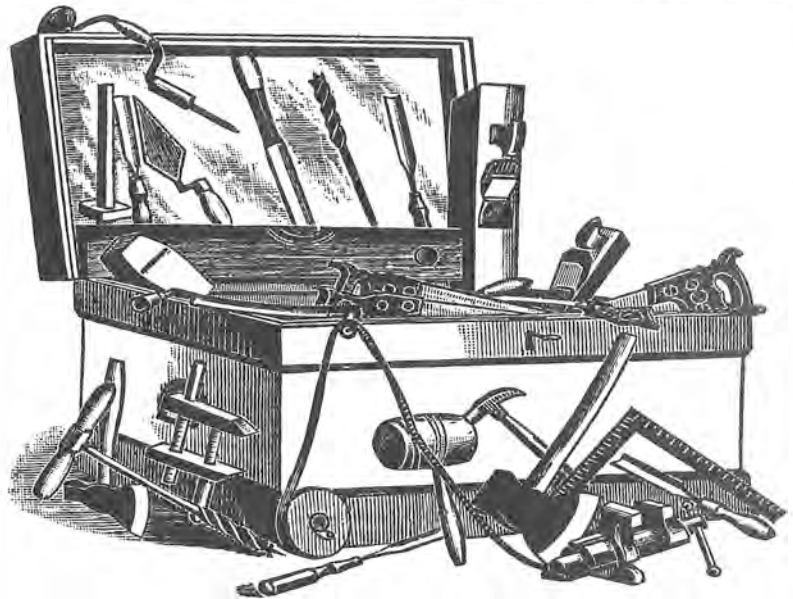
The first person to identify the girl in the picture below wins a Country Ham breakfast at Eunice's Country Kitchen. So stop by and tell Aunt Eunice who you think it is!



Last month's picture was Reba V. Neaves

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# Old Time Punishment



*Days When American Justice was Stern and Swift*  
from 1906 Newspaper

To punish a child in such a way that it will see the direct connection and the fault is one of the precepts of modern education. The judge of the eighteenth century was not worried by such psychological theories, but his decisions, observes the Youth's Companion, often had the grim hu-

mor of fitness.

What could be better for the scold than a cooling plunge, or for the wife beater than a few lashes on his own back? Alice Morse Earle instances, in a book on "Punishments of Bygone Days," some of these picturesque but often cruel sentences

of the Colonial court. A number of tender-handed English gallants joined a pioneer expedition to Virginia. The weather was cold and the work was hard. When these soft-muscled young men were set at chopping trees and their hands sorely blistered by the ax-helves. With the cries of pain many oaths were heard. The president of the company soon put a stop to this swearing by ordering a can of cold water to be poured down the sleeve of the guilty at every oath he uttered.

In Colonial days, hog-stealing was considered one of the most serious crimes. At the first offense, the thieves' ears were slit, at the second his ears were nailed to a pillory, and at the third he suffered death "without benefit of clergy."

Deceitful bakers and careless fish dealers had to "lose their ears," while he who spoke detracting words had his tongue bored by a bodkin.

A Frenchman, traveling in America in 1700, describes the ducking stool as a "pleasant mode" of punishing a scolding woman. He says: "Of members, ye tonge is worst or bests. An ye



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tonge oft doth breede unrests worthe a ducking stoole."

In 1635, Thomas Hartley of Virginia, wrote of his witnessing the execution of a ducking-stoole sentence: "Day before yesterday, at two of ye clock, I saw this punishment given to one Betsy Walker, who, by ye violence of her tonge, made her house and her neighborhood uncomfortable. They had a machine for ye purpose ye belongs to ye Parish. It has already been used three times this summer.

Ye woman was allowed to go under ye water for ye space of one-half minute. Betsy had a stout stomache and would not yeld until she had been under five times. Then she cried piteously. Then they drew back ye machine, untied ye ropes and let her walk home a hopefully penitent woman."

It seems strange to read that almost within the memory of persons still living, Mrs. Anne Royal was sentenced to be ducked for writing vituperating books. She terrorized the town by editing a "Paul Pry" paper. Even John Quincy Adams pronounced her a virago, and she was arraigned as a common scold. Mrs. Royal was sentenced to be ducked in the Potomac, but was afterward released on paying a fine.



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## How Monte Sano Got Its Name



Supposedly, in the early 1800s, a Cherokee Indian brave and a young white man were rivals for the affection of a Cherokee maiden named Monte. When the settler discovered his rival had actually proposed marriage, he shouted out "Monte say no!" The sound echoed across the mountain, and folks then and there decided that's what it should be called.

Though the story makes for an endearing legend, nothing could be further from the truth.

Actually Virginia born Dr. Thomas Fearn, a cousin of Robert E. Lee, named our mountain, Monte Sano. Fearn had studied medicine in both London and Paris, and *monte sano* means "mountain of health" in Italian.

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# Half Guilty, Your Honor



From 1902 newspaper

A fellow named Donks was tried recently for entering a boarding house and stealing the owner's wallet containing \$84. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there,

and knew exactly where the owner kept his wallet; that on the specified night he raised a window, reached in and took the wallet off the dresser and then ran off. Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the window being raised, saw the man reach in, and heard him running away. "I rushed after him at once," continued the witness, "but when I caught him I didn't find the wallet. But it was found afterward where he had thrown it."

"How far did he enter the house when he took the wallet?" asked the counsel.

"Well, he was stoopin' over, halfway in, I should say," said the witness.

"May it please your Honor," interposed the counsel. "The indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he, made an opening, through which he protruded himself about halfway, and stretching, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the dwelling. How, your Honor, can a man enter a dwelling when one half of his body is in and the other half out?"

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty as to half of the body and not guilty as to the other half."

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off or take it along with him.

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# General Joe's Daughter

*A Fair Equestrienne*

from 1901 newspaper



Among the fair equestriennes of the South, Miss Annie Wheeler, daughter of "Fighting Joe," certainly has few peers. In her dainty blue habit, military cap, silver-topped crop and pretty riding boots, on her little brown mare, Cigarette, she is a familiar sight for many miles around her father's plantation at Wheeler, Ala.

She is a most intrepid rider, being absolutely without fear, frequently performing daring feats of horsemanship which would make a strong man hold his breath, with as much undaunted courage as ever the gallant "Little Joe" led a cavalry charge in the late unpleasantness.

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# Huntsville Man Still Clipping At Age 87

by Jim Coleman



Eighty-seven year old Bright Mullis of Huntsville might be the oldest active barber in Madison County. Maybe in the entire state; who knows? Mullis lives in a neatly kept home in the 1100 block of O'Shaughnessy Street next door to his two-chair barber shop. He uses the second chair for practicing his trade, but when waiting for his next customer, relaxes in the chair nearest the street to view the passing parade. He especially enjoys watching the robins and sparrows flutter to the ground just outside the plate glass window to peck at the food he scatters for them.

He began cutting hair in 1933 at his own shop on Church Street but soon moved to the Roosevelt Barber Shop in downtown

Huntsville at 8 West Side Square in the basement of one of the old Cotton Row offices.

"Huntsville was a small town then. I was 23 and just out of barber college in Memphis," Mullis recalled. "At the Roosevelt we had a nice view of Big Spring, which in those days furnished water for the whole town. Many of our customers were from the courthouse and downtown businesses. Lots of them came in from the country."

Born in Monroe, N.C., near Charlotte in 1910, Bright Mullis and his mother endured one tragedy after another. First, his father died when Bright was still an infant. Thanks to an ener-

getic, strong-willed mother, supportive brothers, and a firm faith in God, the family survived the Great Depression and ultimately prospered in true Horatio Alger fashion.

"My mother remarried in Monroe when I was about 10," Mullis said, "and my stepfather brought us to Huntsville. The marriage didn't work out, and mother took a job in one of the cotton mills. We joined the First Baptist Church when it was on Clinton Street across from the Russel Erskine Hotel. John J. Millford preached there for years. Since then I've seen a lot of outstanding preachers come and go.

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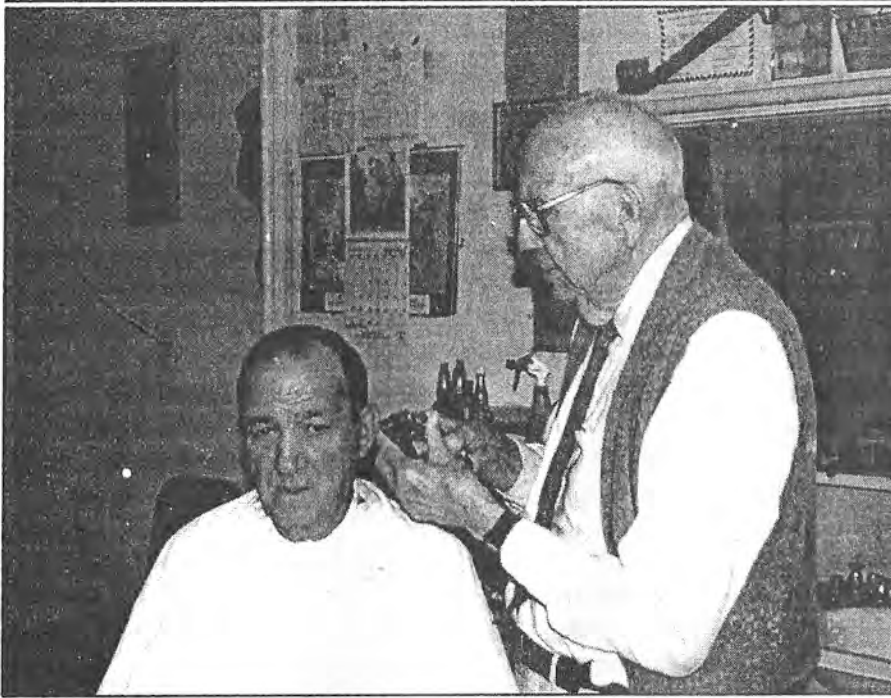
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After some time at the mill, mother opened a neighborhood grocery store at the corner of Church and Arm, just a block from the depot." During this period Mullis went to South Carolina to help his older brother Earnest with farm chores. "I was 12 at the time and it was hay season," Mullis said. "My job was to pull up the big weeds from the hay field while Earnest cut hay with a two-mule mowing machine. The mules suddenly bolted toward me and the mower blades struck my left leg. The doctor had no choice but to amputate it."

Mullis returned to Huntsville to recover. Following his convalescence he helped his mother in the store, then decided to go to barber college in Memphis.

"My oldest brother Floyd, who worked in Memphis as a meat cutter, invited me to come stay with him to save money," he said. "I finished school and returned home in 1933 to take job at the Roosevelt. After a while, mother partitioned off space for me in her store so I could have my own shop. Later after mother

had taken a job with Ragland Brother Grocery, we bought three lots on O'Shaughnessy. After retiring from Ragland, mother became restless and built a store for herself and added this barber shop onto it for me. After her death the store has been leased to businesses several times. The Thomas Market enjoys a brisk business there now."

In the 1920s Bright married Jeanette Dolittle from the Monrovia area. They didn't have children so they adopted a son, James D. (Dwight) Mullis. Dwight is now approaching retirement with the telephone company. "He comes early on Saturday mornings to cut my grass," Bright said. "Since my wife's death he and his family have been a real comfort to me."

When young Mullis was at the Roosevelt, a haircut was 20 cents. Today he charges four dollars, but many people hand him a five for a job well done. Over ninety percent of his customers are adults. He no longer cuts hair for the smaller children. "They jump around in the chair

so much it makes me nervous," he said.

"Customers come from as far away as Meridianville and New Hope to get their hair cut," he says. "I've forgotten the names of a lot of my customers of the early days, but John Champion and T. Pickens Gates were two of them."

Mullis has no complaints about being handicapped and working in a stand-up job with an artificial leg. "It was one of those things that just happened and I think I've tried to make the best of it."

Mullis tells the story of Milton Cummings, now deceased, who also had an artificial leg and was well known for encouraging and supporting amputees. "One day Milton asked me, 'Bright, you know you and I are kin; don't you?'"

"No, I didn't," Mullis answered. "How's that?"

Cummings answered with a chuckle, "Because our wooden legs came from the same tree"

There's no way to say how many heads of hair Mullis has cut in his 63 years of barbering. Not counting Sundays, Mondays off, holidays, and sickness, Mullis says he wouldn't be surprised if he has trimmed close to 185,000 heads of hair and he's still cutting more every day.

Asked when he plans to retire, Mullis smiles and says softly, "I really don't know. I do know I look forward to coming to the shop. I suppose I'm just going to keep at it till I'm not able to do it anymore."

*Nothing is really work  
unless you would  
rather be doing  
something  
else.*



## Tips from Earlene

Lately several of our readers have reported that even though they are using the same detergent for their clothes washing, the scoop inside has gotten larger. It may be a way to make you use more soap than is really needed, without realizing it. You can get the same good results from your washing by using a bit less, actually, because too much soap will cause your clothes to turn dingy and gray.

To sit straighter in your car while driving in traffic, just tilt your rearview mirror up an inch or so. It will cause you to sit higher in order to see out the back.

Did you know that an average working American must work for nearly three hours per day, every day, to pay for federal, state and local taxes? After that, your money is your own. It wasn't always like this - in 1930 in the U.S. it only took 58 minutes of

an 8-hour day to cover the taxes.

Vegetables are really fresh these days. Here are some good tips for veges: A few drops of lemon juice in potato water will whiten boiled potatoes.

Three large stalks of cutup celery added to about 2 cups of beans (navy, brown, pinto, etc.) will make them more easily digestible, as will a bit of soda added in.

When cooking vegetables, remember to boil those that grow above the ground without a cover on your pot.

A lump of sugar added to water when cooking greens helps vegetables to retain that pretty green color. Vinegar or lemon juice used sparingly will have the same effect.

Never soak veges after slicing - you will lose almost all of the nutritional value.

To bake potatoes quickly, place them in boiling water for 10-15 minutes. Pierce skin with a fork and bake in preheated oven.

To avoid tough corn on the cob, add your salt when cooking is half-way done, or don't add it at all til you eat it.

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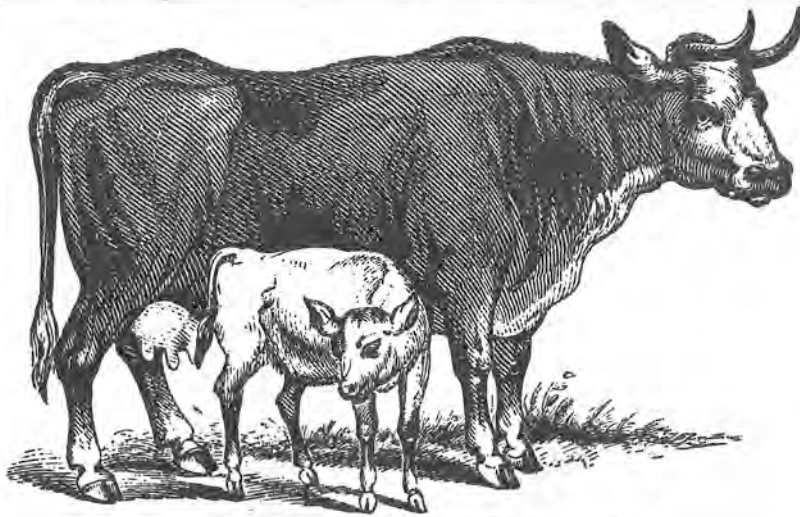
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## Finding a Calf

by Rodney Miller

I was six in 1930, and life was very simple. We had no electricity, we lived out in the country and therefore there was no refrigeration. Fresh milk was a staple of life, and in order to always have good fresh milk, country folks had at least one milk cow.

Fern was a lumbering brown cow whom we thought of as a member of our family. She was extremely well fed, getting treats from our family like apple peelings or roasting ear shucks - her personal favorite.

While Fern would nibble on grass my sister and I would sit for hours, just watching her. She seemed to enjoy the company and never walked away from us. In the summer if you had no way to keep fresh milk cool, it would spoil in just a few hours. If my mother needed some milk to bake a cake or cookies, she would just walk on down to the pasture, find Fern and get a glass of milk.

Fern was always very accommodating.

To ensure the optimum health of your milk cow it was important that she didn't give milk at all during the month

prior to giving birth to a calf. During that month, the expression was that the cow was "being dry."

So since we didn't have any fresh milk from Fern, we made an agreement with a neighbor to use milk from his milk cow until Fern had her calf.

Then, when the neighbor's cow was "dry," he would come to our farm to share Fern's milk. Fern had been dry for about a month and we knew there would be a calf any day now.

Our parents were very modest in those days and they didn't say that Fern would "have" a calf. They said Fern would "find" a calf.

On this day my sister, Gwen, and I decided to watch Fern "find" her calf. Gwen was just four so I had to show her how to do everything. We walked down to the pasture and began to watch her.

Now, cows really like their privacy when "finding" their calves, and sometimes try to hide. She began walking towards the woods, which was unusual. We followed and when we caught up with her, she gave us a look that said, "Go back home."

After going through this a few times we decided to leave her alone to find her calf. When we saw her for the last time she was slowly heading for the barn.

By then Gwen and I were tired, hungry and thirsty so we went home to find Mom. She told us not to bother Fern anymore, so we stayed home all day long.

When Dad came in from the field late that day, he told us that Fern had "found" a calf over by the end of the barn. We raced to see and sure enough, a beautiful brown calf that looked just like a miniature Fern was standing, pretty wobbly, in the hay.

Gwen and I discussed the whole situation the next day and came to the conclusion that since Fern never did find her calf, the calf must have come to the barn to find her.

*Shortly after writing this story for "Old Huntsville" Rodney Miller passed away.*

*He will be missed by his many friends and relatives.*



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# Old Huntsville

## From The Year 1916

### Judge Lawler Murdered Nalls and Overton Implicated

**Huntsville:** The body of W.T. Lawler, Madison County Probate Judge, was discovered by ferryman Percy Brooks yesterday near the Hambric Slough bridge on Aldridge Creek.

The body had been weighed down with heavy pieces of metal that unidentified sources have claimed came from the County Jail. First reports say that Lawler died from wounds inflicted to the head with a blunt object.

Lawler was last seen yesterday at a Chatauqua on the school grounds of the East Clinton School. Sources claim that after receiving a telephone call, Lawler left the Chatauqua to meet with unspecified people. He was not seen alive again.

The murder is whispered to have political connections with

rumors of whiskey rings, corrupt payoffs and vote buying all being tossed about as the possible motive.

Percy Brooks has reportedly implicated C.M. Nalls, Circuit Court Clerk, and David Overton, an ex Huntsville Police Chief. Sheriff Phillips has also been mentioned as a suspect.

Overton had lost the election for Probate Judge to Lawler after a bitterly contested race in which both parties were accused of being part of a corrupt political machine.

The Governor is reported to be sending three companies of national guard to Huntsville to guard against any parties seeking retribution. An investigator from Montgomery is also expected to arrive tomorrow.

### Pancho Villa Invades the U.S.A.

**Columbus, N.M.:** A Mexican revolutionary army, led by Pancho Villa, has crossed the border at Columbus, New Mexico.

Rampant looting and outright banditry preceded the army of almost 600 men as they swarmed across the Rio Grande. At least 12 ranches have been robbed and their buildings put to the torch.

Though preliminary reports are sketchy at this time it appears the operation was carefully planned. Small groups of 15-20 men sneaked across the border first, cutting telegraph wires and sealing off the roads leading into and out of Columbus. As the main army approached Columbus it became evident that resistance was futile against the heavily armed band of marauders.

There is no report on the numbers of lives lost though it has been confirmed that the two banks in Columbus, along with all the other businesses, were looted of their cash and weapons.

First reaction from Washington was one of shock with a promise of swift retaliation.

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# OLD HUNTSVILLE - YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

## Ringling Brothers Circus Goes Up in Flames

### Merriment Turns To Tragedy

**Huntsville:** What started as a day of merriment for people attending the Ringling Brothers Circus here quickly turned into tragedy as flames swept the compound.

Over 600 people were on the circus grounds when a fire, apparently caused by a carelessly discarded cigarette, and fueled by high winds, swept through the grounds.

The main damage was concentrated near the stock pens where immense quantities of fodder had been stowed for the livestock.

The stock handlers, who had been prepared for such an emergency, immediately began blindfolding the horses and leading them to safety.

Though there is no report of human casualties, 37 horses burned to death in the conflagration. Scores more were se-

verely injured.

Several of Huntsville's doctors were pressed into service in an attempt to save the injured animals but in many cases it was too late. Shots rang out through the day as more of the animals were put out of their misery.

A spokesman from Ringling Brothers Circus stated the show will continue its run here in Huntsville with no interruption of scheduled shows. Agents for the circus are already in negotiations with local livestock dealers to replace the horses.

The fiery blaze, and the smoke, was seen all across the county.

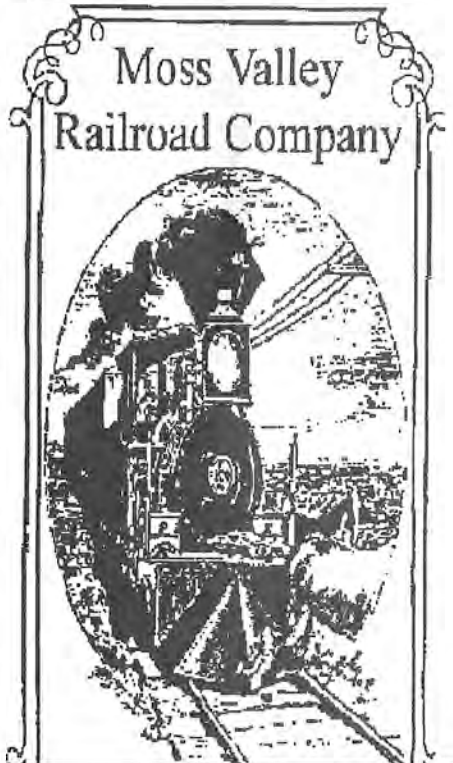
Citizens in New Hope, upon seeing the smoke, immediately raised a contingent of volunteers and dispatched them to Huntsville.

## New Disease Discovered in Maysville

Dr. I.W. Howard has confirmed that a new and dreadful disease has been identified in Maysville.

Nettie Preston, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Preston, was diagnosed yesterday as having polio.

Though two other cases have been reported in other parts of the state this is the first confirmed case in North Alabama.



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# Politics and Kin Folks

**G**eorge Wallace was reported to have been a great lover of dogs. Once, while campaigning in downtown Huntsville, in the late '50s, he noticed a stray dog and stopped to pet it.

For the rest of the afternoon the dog followed Wallace everywhere he went. When it came time for Wallace to speak on the Courthouse steps, the dog sat at his side, refusing all entreaties to move.

Wallace, amused by the animal's loyalty, stopped several times during his speech to lean down and pet the dog.

A heckler in the crowd, who had been trying to disrupt the speech, noticed Wallace petting



the dog. Seeing an opportunity to belittle the politician he yelled out: "Hey George, you tryin' to get the dog's vote?"

Wallace, looking as nonplussed as ever, paused and looked at the dog for a long time before replying, "Why, that really is a dog! I thought at first it was just some more of your kin folks!"

The heckler beat a hasty retreat and George Wallace finished his speech.

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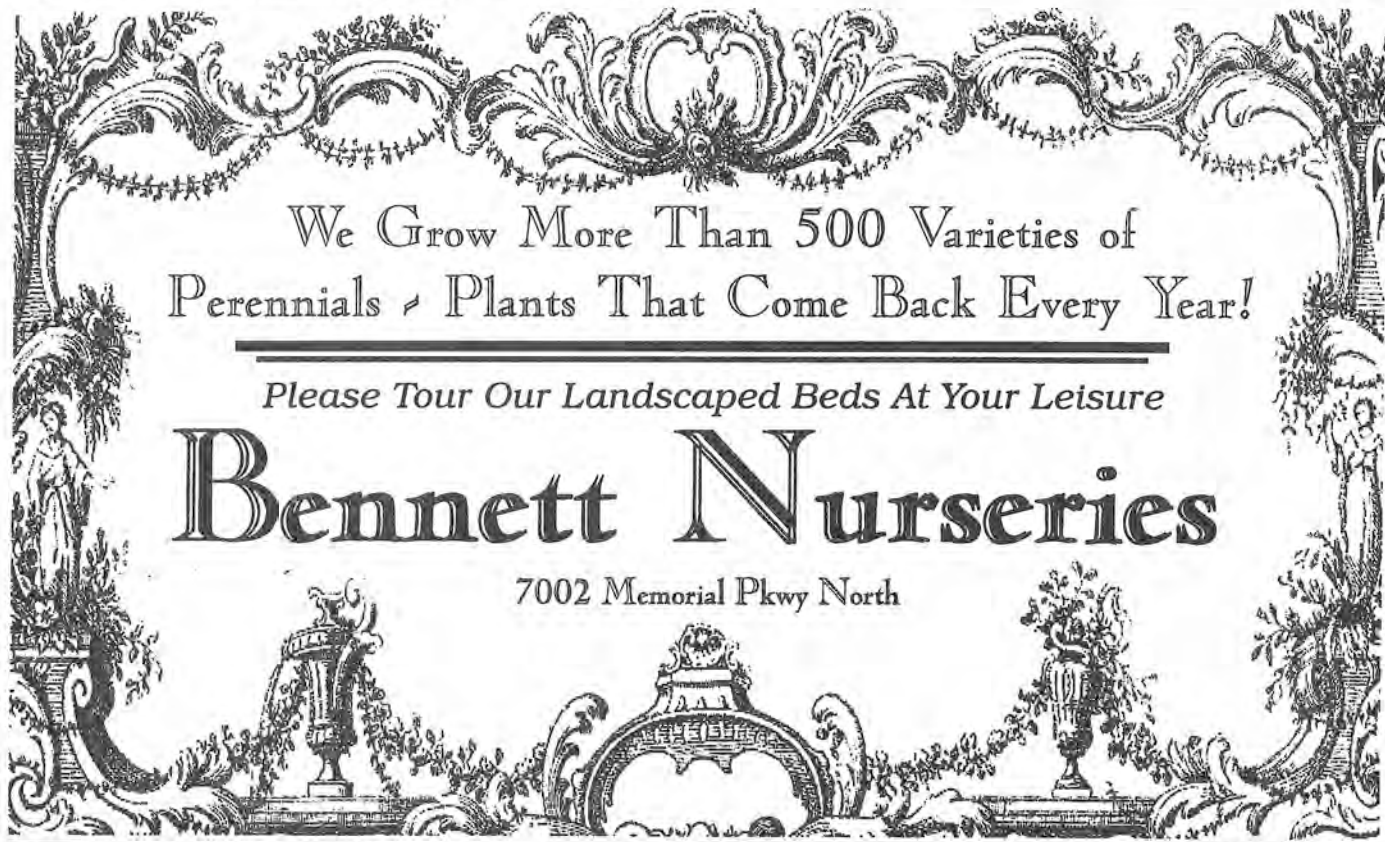
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# The End of the Century: 1896 to 1899

## From "A Dream Come True"

by James Record

By 1896 it seemed indeed that Huntsville was becoming a mature town destined for a major metropolis, but while it bragged of its sophistication it may have been a bit early.

Another duel by editor Frank Coleman, this time with R. E. Spragins, on April 25, 1896, left Coleman seriously wounded and "nonviolent" Huntsville with something less than an unblemished image. Madison Countians took their politics seriously. Democrats, in 1896, defeated a "fusionist" ticket, composed of Populists and Republicans. The county voted for Democrat Wheeler for Congress over native son O. R. Hundley by a major of 4,103 to 2,580. Huntsville voters, however, voted for Hundley over Wheeler by 1,011 to 970.

The town of Huntsville was showing some sophistication in 1896. There were 31 lawyers and 20 doctors. The doctors were needed as there was a measles scare, including 200 cases in the Dallas area alone, and schools closed a short time because of scarlet fever.

The J. R. Stegall Livery stable was completed in 1896 and surveys began for a street railway line. Work also began on a new industry, the J. B. and J. F. Boyd flouring mill. The Huntsville Brass Band, reorganized by Bandmaster D. C. Monroe during the year, really had something to blow about, although taps was sounded for the West Huntsville Furniture Factory which burned

during 1896. It was later rebuilt.

By early 1897 construction had begun on the Huntsville Jewish Synagogue, the first in Huntsville, later to be dedicated November 28, 1899.

There were at least four fraternal orders flourishing including the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and the Junior Order of United American Mechanics. The latter's statewide group was first organized in Huntsville during 1897. Huntsville did well in the first group of officers, including Huntsvillian's R. M. Fletcher as S/C; G. T. Miller, Secretary; William Mitchell, Treasurer and Robert L. Hay, Warden. One year later, in 1898, the first Woodman of the World Camp was organized in Madison

County.

Meanwhile, the Bernstein building was built on the corner of Jefferson and Holmes Streets; the county obtained two lots near Big Spring Branch for a jail; Monte Sano Hotel, its business floundering, installed a bowling alley; the Huntsville Infirmary continued at the corner of Greene and Randolph Streets; Baker and Conway were mining marble on Monte Sano; T. W. Pratt installed the State's first bale compress in Huntsville; a stand was built on the North side of the courthouse lawn for the weekly concerts by Pratt's Military Band; and the city bought its first rock crusher and road roller with engine for \$1,750. The city also installed a new system of sewers during this year of 1897.

During the year the county school system reached 70 schools with 83 teachers and had 5,825 white students and 5,265 Negro students. The city of Huntsville school system con-

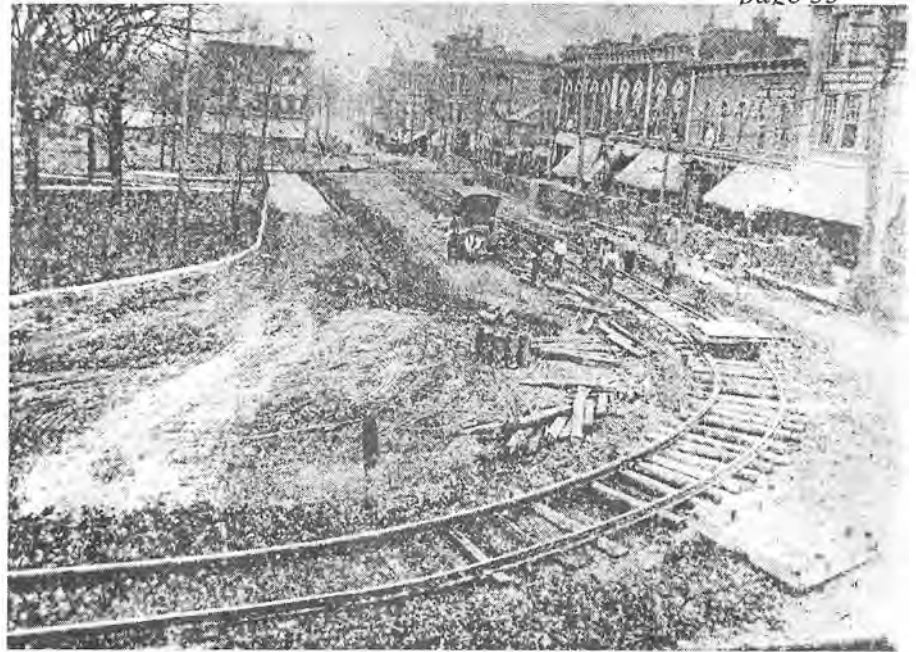
**Spanish American War soldiers in front of the Huntsville Hotel in a 1899 photo.**



sisted of three schools with 19 teachers and 900 students. The same year a uniform text book bill went into operation while all furniture at the defunct Alabama Military Academy was finally sold. But the Monte Sano Railroad folded.

The court sensation of 1897 involved the will of Mattie L. Fennell. Her next of kin claimed she had been unduly influenced by Dr. Llewellyn Jordan. But the real sensation of the year involved a former county commissioner, Joshua O. Kelly. Tragically, he was poisoned and died, while just two months later six of his family, along with eight Negro servants, were also poisoned, but not fatally. Two Negro women, Mollie Smith and Mandy Franks, were lynched for the poisoning. The same year Huntsville experienced a four foot flood in some areas.

Other noteworthy events of 1897 included Captain Frank Gurley's sale of the Gurley and Paint Rock Railroad (fourteen miles had been graded in 1892); Dr. Charles Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, bought the Carver D. King estate in Madison County. The name of Mayo Clinic is to-



*Laying streetcar tracks on the Courthouse Square.*

day world famous, being founded at Rochester, Minnesota, in 1899 by William W. Mayo and Sons.

In 1898 the county fathers gave in to demands that a new jail not be built on the two lots acquired from J. H. Beadle near the Big Spring Branch and instead voted to build a new jail on the old East Clinton lot, leaving the old jail already on the lot standing. H. P. McDonald's plans for the new jail were rejected and

William Myers was employed in his place. Contracts were let for 700 barrels of cement to J. H. McAnelly while a contract for 90,000 pressed bricks was given to J. I. Jones. Hutchens and Murdock received a \$3,600 contract for a boiler and plumbing. On August 27 Pauley Jail and Manufacturing Company was given a contract for \$3,425 for cells.

One of the more bizarre tragedies in the history of Huntsville

*Camp scene in Huntsville during the Spanish American War.*



occurred in 1898. Popular young Conrad O'Shaughnessy, Secretary of the Huntsville Cotton Seed Oil Mill, and son of its President Michael J. O'Shaughnessy, was caught under a train at the depot losing both arms and both legs, and his life.

While prosperity seemed the password in Madison County, a boiling controversial war lay just over the horizon which would send Madison County sons into service again. President McKinley had called for volunteers when war with Cuba began and Alabama Governor Joseph F. Johnson echoed the plea a week later. Captain Kibble

Johnson Harrison raised a company of volunteers for the Spanish-American war from Madison, Limestone and Jackson counties.

The local Alabama State Troop group at Huntsville also went into service. The company had formerly been known as the Huntsville Rifles, Company K, until it disbanded in 1897 to reform as the Monte Sano Light Guards, Company K. Second Regiment, with R. M. Fletcher, Jr. as Captain and Tom Hooper as First Sergeant. In 1898 the company became Company F and was transferred to the Third Regiment. Fletcher later resigned and Robert L. Hay was elected

Captain. The group went to Camp Clark near Mobile where Hay resigned and Humes C. Laughlin assumed command. The command did not see battle action, however, but Private Schuyler H. Floyd died from fever.

The war ultimately brought about 14,000 soldiers to Huntsville, mostly from the Tampa, Florida area. The city was turned into an armed camp not too unlike the days of Union occupation of the city.

The main body of soldiers arrived in August 1898 and Secretary of War Alger visited Huntsville the following month to review the troops, at which time a

***Uncle Matt and his "Roman Chariot" were adopted as mascots by soldiers stationed in Huntsville. At the end of the war he took part in the Victory parade held in New York City.***



1/2 mile parade was held, including about 1,200 soldiers parading around the square.

During the stay of the soldiers, the ante bellum Robinson homestead on Meridian Pike, Oaklawn, along with the Sullivan Home on Greene and Randolph were turned into military facilities.

Soldiers were stationed all over the city. The Fifth Ohio Cavalry was at Brahan Spring; the Sixty-Ninth New York nearby; the Tenth and Second Cavalry was at West Huntsville; and the Second Georgia was on the William Moore place.

The Eighth Cavalry, Third Pennsylvania, Seventh Cavalry and Sixteenth Infantry were located on the Chapman Farm, while the Fifth Maryland Engineers and the First Florida were on the Steele place, where main headquarters were located, and the Second Brigade Hospital was located in Moore's Grove. Others were in the College Grove near Randolph Street, and Calhoun Grove, as well as

McCalley Grove. The Medical Supply House headquarters was on Holmes Street.

Generals S. Koppinger and Joe Wheeler were successive commanders of the post, Camp Wheeler, but when Wheeler assumed command, he changed the name to Camp Albert G. Forse. While the camp that

sprang up in Huntsville during the war was described as a relatively peaceful affair, there were, however, incidents that didn't quite endear the army visitors to the local populace.

Soldiers, arrested for drunkenness and placed in the courthouse basement next to the registrar's office, took matters in

# SHAW

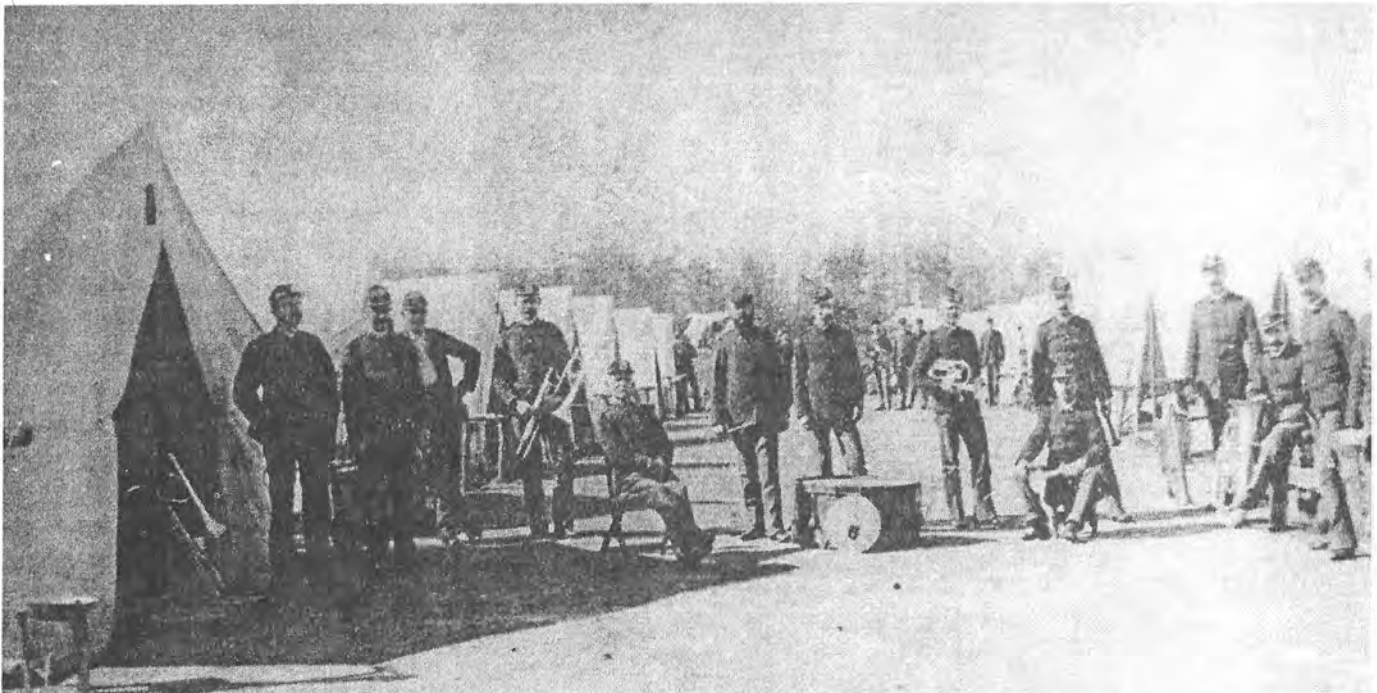
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*Regular Army soldiers stationed on Monte Sano Mountain.  
 Pictured above is the regimental band during a rehearsal break*

their hands on one occasion.

They broke into the registrar's office from their temporary confinement areas and proceeded to set records aflame. Little damage was done, but Probate Judge Stewart, hot under the collar over the affair, had General Wheeler severely punish the rowdy bunch.

A month after war was declared Commodore Dewey defeated the Spanish Fleet in the battle of Manila Bay in the waters off the Philippine Islands. Madison County's Captain Oliver Warwick was among the American dead.

The end of the war brought jubilation to Madison Countians. In a spontaneous gesture on December 1, 1898, 10,000 persons had gathered on the South side of the square to witness a horse donated to General Joe Wheeler by a grateful public. Another war, though, was also being remem-

bered. A benefit was given in Huntsville to raise funds for a Confederate monument.

Out at A & M College one thousand Negroes attended their fifth annual Industrial College, a meeting of great importance to them.

Very little can be noted about early typists in Huntsville, but one story indicates that E. E. Greenleaf, a federal court employee was the lucky owner, in 1898, of a Fisher typewriter manufactured in Athens, Tennessee.

The 1898 general election for Governor produced no surprises, except for the fact that a Republican ran for the first time since 1886. A. J. Warner ran on the Colored Republican ticket. However, Democratic candidate Joseph F. Johnson won handily. In Madison County he garnered 3,408 votes to 162 for Populist G. B. Deans and 7 for

Witherspoon, a Prohibitionist. Warner got 109, coming in third in Madison County.

Going into 1899, 500 houses were under construction in Huntsville; Shelta Caverns was planning more electric lights; the First National Bank came into being, following a name change of the National Bank of Huntsville; ground was broken for the Merrimack Mill, to be Madison County's largest, and the new city water pump house was completed. The Milligan building on West Holmes was built, the Stegall Hotel was added to; a two foot dam at the Big Spring was completed, and the fire department of Huntsville, now having three full time firemen, was given a Double Tank Chemical Engine and Hose Wagon. No wonder the city fathers ordered a new city directory to be published by R. E. Wilkins and Company of Atlanta.

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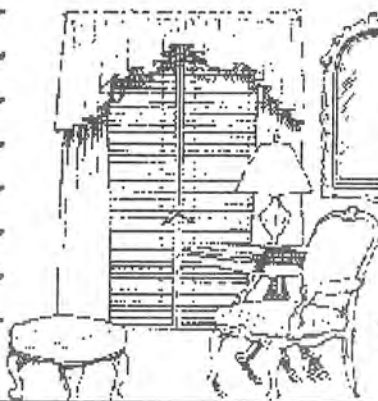
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A destructive fire roared through the downtown Huntsville district in 1899; apparently starting at the W. J. Bennett and Company livery stable on Clinton Street.

Spreading rapidly, the fire soon engulfed the three story Baker building at the corner of Washington and Clinton, then the J. W. Skinner Carriage Manufacturing Works at Greene, sweeping around to the First Methodist Church, through the Lynsky building at the rear of the Union Telephone Company.

Soon all the business houses in that area, except the three story Struve building, were aflame. The new city hall, wired first for electricity during the year, was afire at times.

It would be months before the downtown businessmen could recover from the disaster which, coupled with a smallpox scare, kept the town on edge. Hazel Green residents were concerned, too, but they had a tornado during the year to keep them worrying about other matters.

At least significant, however,

was Huntsville's selection for the Southern Industrial Convention in October of 1899. Huntsville's dynamic leadership in business was indeed prominent.

And typical of Huntsville's moderation toward racial issues, Booker T. Washington was invited and spoke at the Lakeside Methodist Church the same month, only three years after the 1896 United States Supreme Court ruling that separate but equal facilities for whites and colored was legal.

While the city was tolerant of Negroes entering the mainstream of business, though, they weren't so tolerant of the women folk. They belonged at home no matter what that bit about woman suffrage meant.

The city fathers, for instance, passed an 1899 ordinance making it unlawful for any female to enter a pool or billiard room. It was considered an invasion of "man's world."



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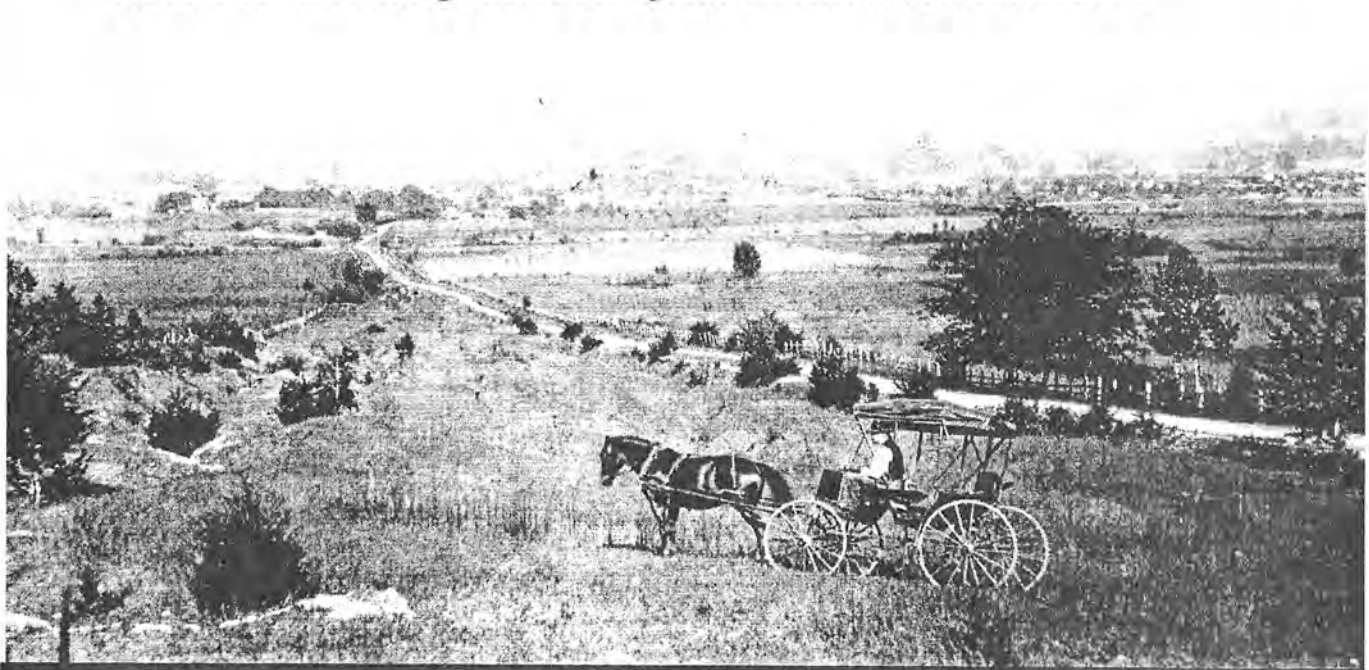
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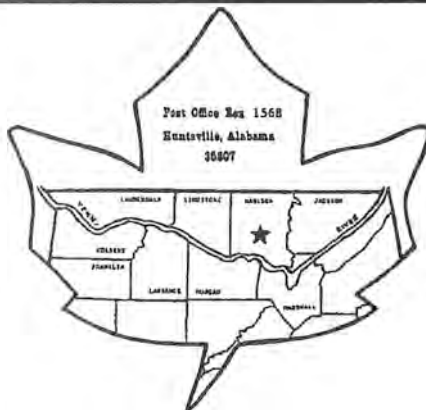


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*Holmes Avenue looking toward town from Russell hill in the late 1890's*



# Searching For Our Ancestors



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

### STERLING

I am interested in North Alabama STERLINGS. Especially the location of William Sterlings grave. He died in 1877 near O'Neal, just northwest of Athens, Limestone Co., AL.

*Bob Sterling, 251 Woodside Drive, Owens Cross Roads. AL 35763*

**MORGAN \* SMITHEY \*  
HEATHCOCK \* TURNER \*  
HAMBRICK \* CAMPBELL**

Most of my grandparents, great grandparents and great

great grandparents lived in Madison Co., AL for most of their lives, between 1800 -1900. Can anyone help with information on the surnames above? Thanks for considering my needs.

*James E. Morgan, 9760 Flying Mane Lane, Alta Loma, CA 91737*

### BUCHANNON TOWNSEND

I would very much appreciate any information on my great grandmother, Mary R. TOWNSEND. Her date of birth recorded in family bible was 2 May 1853, possibly in Madison

Co, AL or Lincoln Co., TN. There is some speculation within the family that she may have been adopted, or have had a stepfather. This stepfather, guardian, father, etc. may have been murdered c1870. Tradition is that he was shot while eating his evening meal; died with spoon still in his mouth. Marriage license issued to my great grandfather, Robert BUCHANNON and Miss Mollie TOWNSEND, 6 Jan 1870 Madison Co., AL rites solemnized 12 Jan 1870.

*Gordon Buchanan, P O. Box 338, Wright City, OK 74766*

### COUNTS \* GUINN

Seek parents of John COUNTS, b. c1803, d. c1852 Franklin Co., TN. He m. 1st. c1827 Ann GUINN, d/o Jesse GUINN (GINN) she d. c1846 Franklin Co., TN Their Children all b. TN: Emeline, b. c1828; Jesse Strauther, b. c1833; Rosannah, b. c1835; Frances J., b. c1837; John P., b. c1839; Martha Ann, b. c1842; and Mary Jane, b. c1844. John m2nd 12 Jan 1847 Franklin Co., TN Mary

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Ann M. BELL d/o David BELL. Their children all b. Franklin Co., TN: Sarah Susan, b. c1847 and twins David Bell (1849-1918) and Aaron Alexander (1849-)

*Jerry T. Limbaugh, 4623 Lynchburg Rd, Winchester, TN 37398*

**DOWNES \* DOWDEN \*  
SHELTON \* TOWERY \*  
GILMORE \* BAILEY**

Looking for parents of Matthew DOWNES b. c1796, SC d. c1880 AL. He m. c1820 Susannah DOWDEN b. c1798, KY, d. c1880 AL. They lived TN, MS, AL. Need parents and siblings of Susannah DOWDEN. What was the name of their daughter who m. Joshau L. SHELTON, b. c1833 TN/MS, and had son named Doctor? When and where did they marry?

Need parents of Jackson TOWERY who m. Lucinda DOWNES, b. c1796 SC, d. c1880 AL was she a dau/o Matthew? Three DOWNES sisters mar. Three GILMORE brothers. Lydia m. John H. GILMORE; Arenna Roxanna m. James Russell GILMORE and Elizabeth m. William GILMORE. Was Lydia 1st or 2nd wife of John H.? Who were the parents of the GILMORE brothers? James N. TAYLOR, b. c1855 GA, d. Caruthersville, MO, m. 1883 Lafayette Co., MS M. L. BAILEY, b. AL, d. c1906 MS, TAYLOR m. 2nd Mrs. Rebecca DOWNES. Need M. L. BAILEY'S given name and Rebecca's maiden name. Need name of Rebecca's 1st husband in Caruthersville after 1910.

*Felicia B. Smith, 8262 Misty Meadows Lane, Memphis, TN 38125-2447*

**DUNBAR \* GILES \***

**BROWN \* PATTON \* JORDAN**

Interested in corresponding with anyone descended from Louisa (Dunbar) GILES, wife of John GILES. They lived in Madison Co., AL 1840-1860. I am researching DUNBARS of Pittsylvania, Loudon Co., VA, Elisha DUNBAR (Louisa's bro?) and his dau. Rebecca came to AL with the GILES and mar. 1840 Preston BROWN of Jackson Co. Need information on David PATTON, b. 1801 GA, m. Nancy (Jordan?), lived DeKalb Co., AL 1850. Ch: Nancy b. 1836 GA; James b. 1838 GA; Lucinda, b. 1840 GA; David b. 1843 AL; George b. 1846 AL; Family in AR. Some connection with William PATTON (c1772-1848) of Mud Creek, Jackson Co., AL is suggested.

*Fay Hoodock, 2182 Dairy Farm RD. Gambrills, MD 21054*



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## Dear Editor,

I received your *Old Huntsville Magazine* from my brother, I don't get every issue, but he sends the ones that have stories that are of interest me. Your issue No. 68 came as quite a shock to me. The story was entitled, "Demons from the Mountain," the story of Isham David Hobbs.

I was an eleven year old child living on Green Mountain and walked down the mountain every day to attend Farley School - and of course knowing this man was on that mountain was really scary. My brother David and I walked and looked for Isham David Hobbs. The police had been to our home and given us a picture of him, so we knew every feature about him, including the khaki clothes he wore and his .22 rifle. We would have known him had we ever seen him. Looking back now, I guess we were hoping we would see him, but we never did see him on the school trail.

According to your article, the cave he was in was right at the

foot of the mountain, just a few yards away from the trail we had to take to school.

As I said we never did see him.

However my mother and I did happen upon him one evening. Our well in the yard of our home was low because of the lack of rain and we had a well in the woods to get water in case we needed it. So mother and I had to go to this well in the woods. To get there it was about half a mile down a straight path, then go around a curve and there in the middle of the woods was the well and there, at our well, was Isham David Hobbs, rifle and all. My mother and I just froze and looked at him. He looked back at us, then we ran and he did also.

We found out later from my dad that he came there for food, which my dad provided for him.

Dad had conversations with him. Dad said that Mr. Hobbs had no memory of killing the Fleming woman. He was just a man with no memory of that fatal night. He never stole from us but a lot of the neighbors had things missing. I'm now 64 years old and have forgotten a lot of my childhood memories. But this was a thing that will live with me forever.

Thank you for bringing an unforgettable event back from my childhood.

Sincerely:

Eleanor Quillin Steadman,  
Ft. Mohave, Az.

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learn to endure adversity--  
another man's I mean.*

*--Mark Twain*

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# Final Resting Place of Doc Mangum Found

## Buried in Friend's Casket

by Rose McCarley

The tombstone of John Mangum, standing alone on a wooded hillside in western Marion County, has brought back many memories to elderly residents of this county seat town. It has also solved the mystery of where "Doc" Mangum's final resting place is. As we turn the pages of time back all those years we learn of the families of Mangum and Blanchard settling here from the Carolinas. They were of considerable wealth, having homes of great beauty, land and slaves.

"John Mangum, born in Newberry District, S. C., October 28, 1796, later came to Marion County where he remained until his death on March 18, 1861. He leaves daughters and sons to mourn him," reads part of his epitaph carved into an expensive tombstone.

"Doc" Mangum, mentioned in the book, Tories of the Hills, by Marion County author, Wesley S. Thompson, was John's nephew.

### CONSIDERED RICH

As the story is remembered by a resident and distant relative of Steven Blanchard, "Doc" was considered rich. He had gold and he had it buried. He came by the home of his bachelor friend, Steven Blanchard, one night to tell him where he hid his gold, just so someone would know in case anything happened to him.

Blanchard wouldn't let him

tell him, saying, "Just how long do you think they'd let me live if I knew where your money was hidden?" The time being during the Civil War days, perhaps the "Doc" knew how true this was. He didn't tell him the hiding place.

Months after John Mangum died of "dropsy of the chest," a diagnosis likely made by his nephew, "Doc" was killed by a gunshot and left on Williams Creek in Marion County some miles from his home.

### BOY FOUND BODY

The story goes that a young

boy came home one day many, many months later, possibly in 1863 or 1864 wearing a fine pair of boots with silver spurs. He had found them filled with bones, emptied the bones out and wore the boots home. His mother, recognizing the silver spurs as those belonging to "Doc" Mangum, made the boy take them back where he found them. Found with the boots was a bridle for a mule and more bones . . . those of a man.

The bones were put into a sack and carried to the home of Steven Blanchard. Here they hung in the smokehouse for about a week and Blanchard told his workhands to take his casket out of the loft of the house and put the bones in it and take them up to the Mangum's and bury them alongside the grave of John. This was done. (The

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Mangum farm is now known as the "Watts Old Place.")

**KILLED BY MITCHELL?**

In Tories of the Hills, the story is told that John Mitchell, who was with the Union under General Soy in Memphis, came home and killed "Doc" for telling Ham Carpenter, leader of the Rebel group, that he was a Tory. Carpenter had gone looking for Mitchell, scared Mitchell's wife, who ran into the snowy weather, lost the baby she carried and died herself out on snow and ice crusted ground. Mitchell killed Carpenter first and waylaid "Doc" on a "fixed" call to tend the sick.

Getting back now to Steven Blanchard, a man of wealth and good standing in the community. He never married -- lived alone with the exception of slaves, who lived on the farm. His old friends gone, he wanted loved ones around him. After some encouragement, his great nephew, Edgar Sexton, moved to Marion County from the Carolinas. Sexton met and married Martha Alice Hughes of Pikeville and they moved into the Jimmy Neal homeplace in 1890.

**HOUSE STILL STANDS**

The house was built in 1843 . . . a mate to the Blanchard and Mangum homes. The house still stands today. Neal, at his request, is buried by an oak tree in the corner of his field near the house.

Weather worn and time worn, the house was lived in by Sextons until last April when the occupant moved to a smaller house. The beams in the house and the sides and joists as well, were hewn out of logs over a foot square and about 30 feet long.

Wooden shutters over the attic kept the sun out. Part of the original doorsteps are still there. An old fashioned gun rack still

hangs above the door in the main room. Mr. and Mrs. Sexton are no longer there. Born August 12, 1864, Martha Hughes Sexton died Nov. 17, 1929. Edgar Sexton, born March 19, 1857, died May 12, 1946. Both are buried in the Sexton graveyard nor far from the old homeplace.

**LIVED 91 YEARS**

Steven Blanchard, born March 20, 1809, lived to the age of 91 years, five months and 26 days. He died Sept. 16, 1900. Being a Mason, he was given a Masonic funeral. His tombstone stands among those of other relatives, Uriah and Sivil Blanchard; Cator Blanchard, and the graves of James Swaningan, son of Willis and Hanna Swaningan Lee A Hall and India Hall, on a wired-off, secluded hillside in a pasture in the Barnesville community.

With all his gold, one might wonder why "Doc" Mangum has no tombstone. Well, it could be his gold was found and used by someone . . . or it could be that with John gone, the other relatives didn't have the means to

erect another tomb. This is one phase of Marion County history that will be left to ponder over.

**WAS GOLD FOUND?**

As the land changed owners and the years passed by one after the other until over a half century had passed, nothing was discovered about any buried gold. Then one day a man was plowing land in the area and hit something hard. Getting it out of the ground, he found the container held gold and silver pieces. The silver—at least some of it, was dated 1853. The gold was turned in to the bank. Could this have been part of the "Doc" Mangum hidden money? This too, one can ponder over.

But, at last we know that "Doc" Mangum was found and carried by loving hands, where he was placed in a casket, special made for his friend, and placed beside his uncle in his final resting place.



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# The Other Civil War

by Jo Schaffer



"Reconstruction" — you could hardly say it without spitting. That's what it was called by in those power after the War Between the States, though "Living Hell" was what folks in the Tennessee Valley likened it to.

Most of the people living in the Tennessee Valley in the mid 1800s had migrated to this area from "somewhere else;" pioneers from virtually all points east had arrived in droves to settle the fertile valley. And whether your stock claimed lineage from "Virginia planters" or "Carolina crackers," folks kept their heritage intact wherever they happened to take it.

It should be little surprise, then, that the various town meetings held prior to the Secession Convention of January 1861 found the Valley hotly and almost equally divided between the "stays" and the "gos." Yet also understandable to anyone who knows Southern culture was the fact that, once the state voted to renounce the Union, many of those who had opposed expatriation nevertheless sent fathers and sons to defend Alabama against "Northern intervention."

The Civil War that ensued showed little discrimination between the Loyalists and the Rebs as it rained bloody destruction across the once fertile fields of the South. North Alabama raised dedicated and chivalrous com-

panies of both "Confederates" and "Unionists," and both proved acceptable cannon fodder to appease the indiscriminate gods of war. War's end left much of the South totally devastated in its aftermath. North Alabama was one of the hardest hit areas, being bitterly fought over for control of the Tennessee River and the railroad—both critical transportation routes for traveling armies.

The budding city of Decatur had been especially ravaged. The occupying Federals had leveled it, burning most everything to the ground in order to facilitate holding its strategic position for the Union. Any family with the means to do so fled the Yankee occupationists. Some of the few who remained did so in order to "bushwhack" the invaders, but most of those who stayed on were here only because financial status prevented their escape. And they suffered severely for being the only "Rebels" at hand for easy retribution.

The men who were lucky enough to make their way back home after the war ended found the landscape greatly changed from the way they had left it. Fields which had been lovingly tended and nurtured in peacetime were now in shambles. There wasn't a living horse, mule, cow, pig or chicken in sight. Houses and barns were burned to the ground, and any-

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thing of worth had been carted off by brazen marauders. The hard work of a lifetime had been laid to ruin.

Food was so scarce as to make its cost prohibitive. A barrel of flour which, before the war would have cost you between \$6 and \$10, was now priced at \$250 to \$300 -- if you could find any at all. A pound of coffee was a steal if you could get it for \$20; \$70 a pound had become the selling price by 1865. A sack of salt would set you back \$150. Needless to say, starvation was a very real threat to the people living here.

But for many Confederates, what followed then was insult piled on top of injury; a radical social revolution was changing the customs and values they had learned from earliest childhood.

As some of the most "unrepentant" of them saw their lands confiscated by the

Freedmen's Bureau, their neighbors who had remained loyal to the United States were rewarded for their allegiance with appointments to government posts and jobs. Hard feelings grew as the Confederates, who had fought to defend their homes, were regarded as little more than criminals. Opportunists and agitators from the North moved here in droves in search of "easy pickings." They were contemptuously referred to as "Carpetbaggers"-- a name implying their total worth could be stuffed into a simple travelling bag.

Though the war was officially over, many parts of North Alabama remained as divided as it had been four years earlier.

Out of the chaos emerged three distinct groups, with each claiming to represent the "new South." There were the "Radical Republicans," who were eager to lead the South into new beginnings; the Democrats who wanted nothing more than to preserve their old way of life, and whose desire to maintain it brought many of them into a new organization known as the Ku Klux Klan; and finally the Northern fanatics who wanted military rule, some of whom may have believed they were helping, but many of whom were mostly interested in making a profit any way that they could.

As weeks stretched into months, tensions between these groups escalated. Homes were burned in the middle of the night. Those who were vocal in their beliefs were subject to ambush if they dared to venture out alone. Animosity between the Democrats and the Republicans were heightened by the Carpetbaggers who used every opportunity to discredit both.

In 1866, a Somerville farmer

by the name of George P. Charlton was elected as a probate judge. He had, of course, been loyal to the Union during the Civil War and many felt his "election" was a direct reward for his allegiance. Nevertheless, he took his job very seriously, and rallied against the activities of the burgeoning Klan in the Tennessee Valley. His outspoken Unionist convictions earned him many bitter enemies and he was turned out of office by an angry populace in 1868. Although he returned to his Somerville farm, he did not turn away from political issues.

Campaigning in Huntsville for other Unionist candidates, Charlton was met by a delegation of white-robed night riders and ordered to leave the city or change his views.

His successor, Jonathan Ford, had also been a Union sympathizer, and his time in office was no more popular than Charlton's. The Klan had placed a bounty on his head, and he dared not leave his home after dark. Worse still, some of his worst enemies were his wife's brothers, who were reported to hold high positions in the Klan.

When a shot was fired into Judge Ford's home, barely missing his head as he ate his dinner, Charlton vowed to put an end to the violence once and for all. Though no longer in a position of power, Charlton continued to hold his anti-Klan views and was rumored to be active in "anti-Klan" activities.

In February of 1869, a young attorney by the name of Fenlon Raglan was sitting with his wife in a room at the Stuart Hotel in Somerville, which was owned by his father-in-law. The quiet domestic scene was cruelly shattered when a bullet fired from

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outside the window hit Raglan in the head, killing him almost instantly. Rumors abounded that Raglan had been killed in retaliation for the failed attempt on Judge Ford's life. Raglan was said to have been heavily involved in Klan activities in the county.

From that moment on, tensions escalated to a feverish pitch. People were afraid to leave their homes, and afraid to stay in them. No one knows who started the rumor -- whether it was the Klansmen, or the Carpetbaggers wanting to keep things stirred up, but it quickly spread that George Charlton had been responsible for Raglan's murder, and his days were soon numbered.

Rumors and speculation followed his every move, and his every motive was suspect. He became the focus for all the hatred

and animosity the people felt towards each other.

In March of 1870, George Charlton had travelled to Nashville with his son-in-law. Though the reasons for his trip are not known to us today, in his absence rumors sprouted that he was buying guns to arm the ex-slaves, in order to incite riots against the whites.

By the date of his scheduled return, a large crowd had gathered at the Decatur depot, just outside the McCartney hotel. As the ex-judge passed from one car to the next, a shot rang out in the late winter air. The marksman hit him squarely in the heart, and the 45 year old Charlton died instantly.

This latest act of violence had a chilling effect on the citizens of Morgan County. It was time for the bloodshed to end. The following appeared in the April 1, 1870

edition of the *Weekly Huntsville Advocate*:

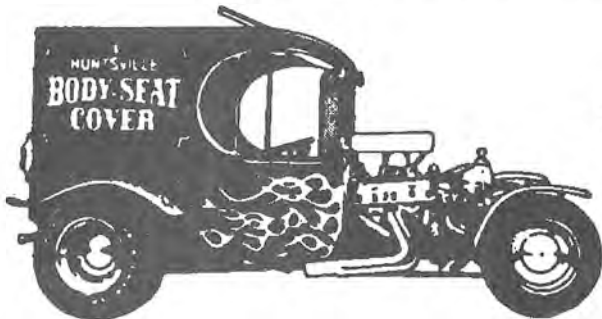
"Colonel J. J. Giers furnishes us with the following intelligence with regard to the matters in this section: A peace meeting was held in Somerville last Monday, in which many of the prominent citizens from throughout the region took part. Some of the members of the belligerent factions met and concluded to give up their private animosities, and bury the hatchet for the good of all. These difficulties have been existing in the southern part of the county ever since the war."

And so, just over five years since its official conclusion, the Civil War finally ended in the Tennessee Valley.



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