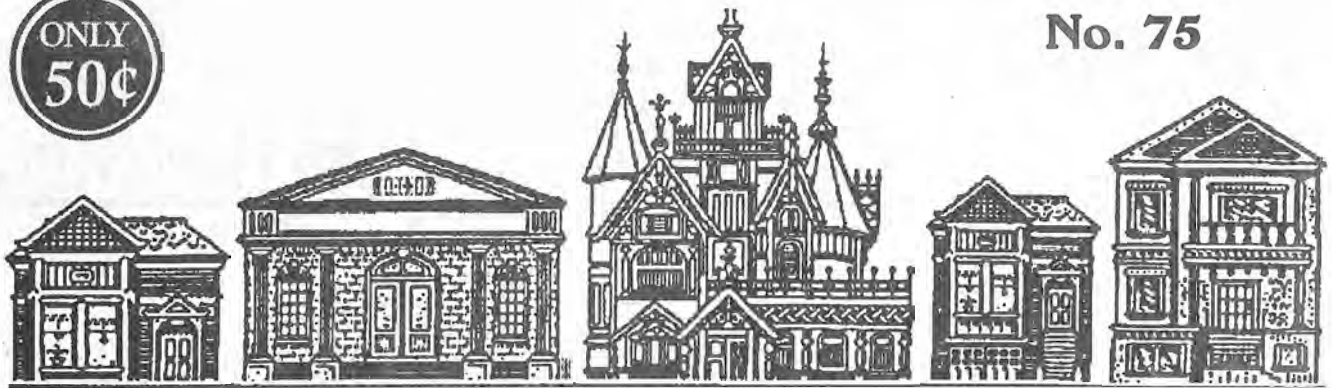


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Old Huntsville

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The King and I

I still loved him, but the Elvis I had known was gone. He seemed empty inside. There was an infinite sadness about him that could almost bring tears to your eyes.

At one point he walked over to the window and stood for a long time, looking at the people down below and the cars coming and going. Finally, when he pulled himself away, he turned to me and said in a low voice, almost a whisper, "I would give anything to be like them."

Also in this issue: "News From Maysville"

The King and I

by Teresa Wallace

When Aunt Dee called to tell me she was getting married to Vernon Presley, Elvis' father, my first question was "Elvis who?"

I was twelve years old at the time and, like every other girl in America, madly in love with Elvis Presley. If someone had told me then that Elvis was about to become a very special part of my life I probably would have thought they were crazy!

My family was a typical middle class family with my father working at Redstone Arsenal and my mother keeping house. We lived in a small house on Kildare Avenue and though I was an only child the house always seemed full of neighbor-

hood kids waiting for a slice of my mother's pie, or just hanging out listening to records.

Dad and his sister, Dee, were especially close so when she decided to get married it seemed only natural that she do it in Huntsville surrounded by her family. For Dee it was like coming back home. She had lived here years earlier when she was a nurse's aide at Huntsville Hospital and was eagerly looking forward to seeing many of her old friends.

Although the family had talked some about possible problems with the news media, we really had no idea what to expect. If we were naive at the time, we soon learned better.

Even before the announcement hit the papers our house was besieged by reporters. Every time we carried the garbage out, or tried to go to the store, we were blasted with thousands of questions about Vernon and Dee, and of course the main question: "Have you talked to Elvis and is he coming to the wedding?"



The telephone rang so much we finally just gave up and took it off the hook.

One of the most hilarious things at the time were the press reports. We would send someone down to the newsstands to get all the papers and then spread them out on

the floor to read the articles. Almost everything printed was wrong!

After Dee and Vernon got married at Judge Pennington's on Whitesburg Drive they spent their honeymoon in a rural secluded part of Hurricane Creek known as the Ray Ranch. We went out to see them several times and to me it was just like any other family gathering. Vernon was so much like any other Uncle that it was easy to forget he was Elvis' father.



Old Huntsville

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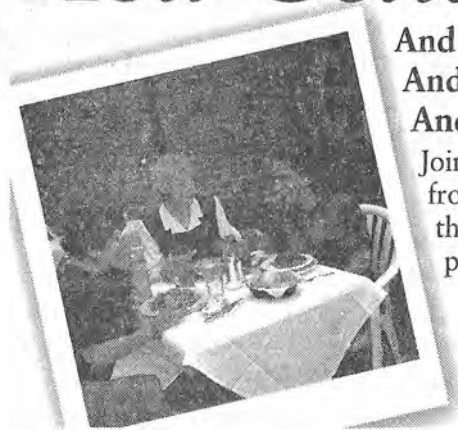
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Regardless of how nice Vernon was, my thoughts kept going back to Elvis. Before they left I finally screwed up the courage to ask if they thought I could ever meet Elvis.

Vernon's face broke into a big grin as he reached down to hug me. "Honey," he said, "why don't you just come live with us sometime?" I didn't know it at the time but Vernon and Dee had already talked to my parents about the idea.

Several months later I was at

Graceland. After Vernon and Dee welcomed me they explained that Elvis was still asleep and would be down later. My cousins wanted to take me out to the stables to show me the horses but the only thing I could think about was finally seeing Elvis. I was wearing a prim "Sunday dress" and was terrified of getting it wrinkled, so at the first opportunity I found a chair at the bottom of the stairs and waited... and waited. After what seemed like hours Elvis finally came

down the stairs. He was dressed in a black suit with a yachting cap perched jauntily on his head.

Spotting me sitting rigid in the chair, Elvis came over and introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Elvis. Welcome to the family." Then he bent down and kissed me.

At that moment I fell in love forever.

That weekend began a pattern that would continue for almost ten years. Go to school in Huntsville during the week, catch the Southern flight to Memphis

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on Friday evening and spend the weekend with Elvis and his entourage. Summer vacations and holidays were spent the same way.

At first it was like living in a fantasy world. I had my own bedroom, next to Elvis' and closets stuffed full of clothes. If I wanted something to eat or drink, a servant was there to wait on me.

It was important for Elvis to have people around him. Even in the early sixties his popularity was so great it was impossible for him to leave the confines of Graceland without escorts and guards. Graceland, in a sense, became Elvis' own private world, with few people allowed past its gates.

At any given time there would always be between 15 and 20 people living at Graceland. Besides Elvis, Vernon, Dee, Elvis' grandmother and my three cousins, there were always members of Elvis' entourage scattered throughout the house.

And then there were Elvis' women. So many of them came and went that no one ever paid any attention to them. Even girlfriends of Elvis' friends were not safe. One time, feeling morose about his love life, he confided to Dee that he had been with over a thousand women but still had not found the right one. He was in his early twenties at the time.

Sometimes, if he was bored, he would wander down to the gate and talk to the fans. If he spotted a particularly attractive girl, he would tell one of his bodyguards to "fetch her" up to the mansion. Needless to say, there were always thousands of girls to choose from.

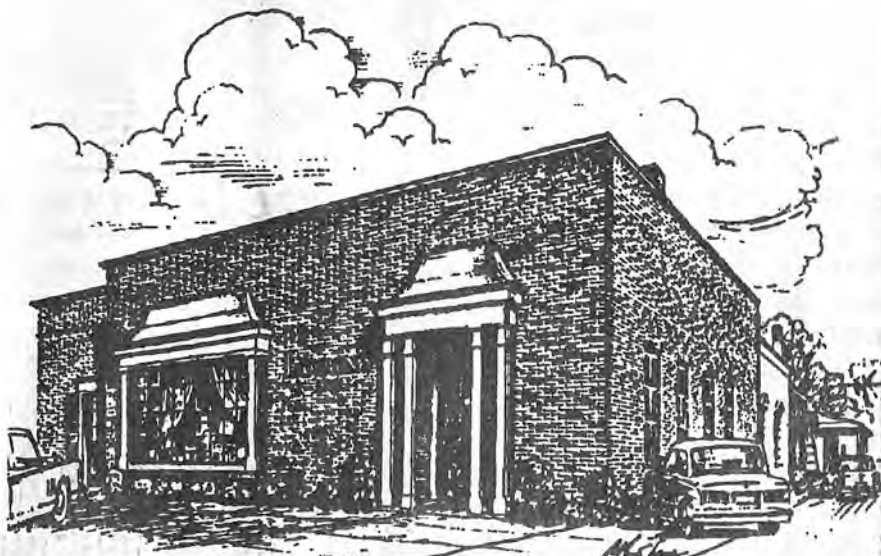
Although I was living at

Graceland much of the time I still attended Madison Academy School in Huntsville during the week. It was like living in two completely different worlds. Occasionally Elvis would give me souvenirs to bring back to my friends. He gave me a shirt one time to give to Tony Mason, but I don't think Tony ever believed it was actually one of Elvis' shirts.

A year or two later Priscilla moved in. Priscilla was only fourteen years old at the time and Elvis had gotten her father to agree to it by saying she would be

chaperoned by Dee and Vernon. In reality, however, chaperones were left behind when she entered the gates of Graceland. We were both left to do practically anything we wanted.

Priscilla and I were about the same age and we soon became good friends. There was a beauty shop across the road from Graceland and we would spend hours every day there getting our hair and nails done, and mostly just gossiping. It almost became a hangout for us as it was one of the few places we could go with-



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out having escorts or guards.

Looking back, the whole situation was almost sad. We were both just kids and enjoyed listening to records and watching television, but if Elvis wanted Priscilla's company, she had to stop whatever she was doing and go to him.

In a sense, we were all kids, Elvis included. It was impossible for us to go out so we had to provide our own entertainment, and if it was extravagant... well, that was Elvis' way. When someone mentioned riding go-carts, Elvis ordered a whole fleet. During the filming of one of his movies he had grown to like riding horses, so he ordered horses for all of us. When one of his entourage set some cherry bombs off, Elvis thought it was such a great idea he literally ordered cases of them. He terrorized the household for weeks until he finally tired of them!

Sometimes the pranks were almost bizarre. Elvis became fascinated one night with a movie that showed someone shooting a T.V., with the picture tube exploding into a million pieces. Before anyone knew what was happening, Elvis pulled a gun and shot the T.V. Satisfied at the explosion, he then began shooting out every T.V., in the house. For years afterwards, whenever he became bored or wanted to get someone's attention, he would shoot the T.V.'s.

The only person who ever dared say anything to him was his grandmother, who would roll her eyes and say, "Lord, Elvis, those things are expensive! You're gonna put us in the poor house!"

There was also a tender side to Elvis that many people never saw. He could hear about someone in need and tears would well



**Getting ready for a date
at Graceland**

up in his eyes. His entourage always tried to keep these people away from Elvis, otherwise he would have given away everything he had. In one of his televised concerts, *Aloha From Hawaii*, he noticed an elderly lady sitting in the front row and before anyone could stop him, pulled off his cape and gave it to her. The cape was emblazoned with thousands of dollars worth of precious stones!

Giving gifts was Elvis' way of telling people they were special. Over the years he gave me everything from jewelry to a French poodle. When I graduated from high school he tried to give me a Mercedes convertible, but my father put his foot down and said no.

We had a movie theater in the house and many nights we would watch movies until the wee hours of the morning. Elvis never watched any of his own movies but the rest of us did. The only movie he ever forbade us to watch was *Love Me Tender*. It reminded him too much of his

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2. Storied Ground - Facts and Fiction of Maple Hill Cemetery by David Chamberlain (\$12.95).

3. History of Jackson County - Reprint of 1935 edition by John Robert Kennamer, Sr. (\$20.00).

4. Valiant Survivors: Confederate Veterans of Madison County (\$25.00).

5. Mid-South Garden Guide - Best guide for zone 7 (that's us) gardening (\$17.95).

6. Alabama Gardener's Almanac: Monthly guide to gardening by Barbara Pleasant (\$6.95).

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

8. Memories and History of New Market, Vol. II by the New Market Volunteer Fire Department (\$15.00).

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

10. Genealogy On Line - Researching Your Roots - Web Edition by Elizabeth Powell Crowe (\$24.95).

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mother.

Elvis was a night person. He would sleep until 2 or 3 in the afternoon and then we would all gather around the table to eat breakfast/lunch. He loved eating and sometimes the meals would stretch out for hours, interspersed with breaks to read the paper or watch something on T.V. Oftentimes, by the time he finished his breakfast, it was too dark for outdoor activities. Elvis solved this problem by having floodlights installed throughout the grounds.

The few times we ventured out beyond the Graceland walls to go to a movie or theme park, Elvis had to rent the whole place to insure he would not be mobbed. One night we stopped at a gas station and people immediately recognized him. Before we could get away, the whole car was surrounded by fans and one woman had actually thrown herself on the hood with a crazed look on her face. As terrified as I was, I can only imagine what it must have been like for Elvis.

As the years passed, Elvis' contacts with his fans became limited to the fan mail he received. Literally thousands of letters would arrive each week. Priscilla and I would try to read as many as we could and pass the interesting ones on to Elvis. The sheer volume of mail, however, made it impossible to read them all so they were passed on to the fan club. Occasionally, Elvis would read a letter that touched him in some way and he would ask us to send the writer a stuffed animal. One of our favorite fans was a lady who used to write letters to Elvis every single day, sending them by certified mail. For some reason we could never fathom why she called Elvis, "Poopsie Woopsie."

Every day when we saw the mailman coming up the drive we would yell to Elvis, "Here comes Poopsie Woopsie!"

It was always guaranteed to bring a blush to Elvis' face!

Growing up at Graceland was fun but it also provided some embarrassing moments

for a young girl just starting to date. One time I was still upstairs getting ready when my date arrived. When I came down the staircase Elvis had my date cornered, asking what his father did for a living, and how much money he earned. This was my first date with this boy and I felt like drop-

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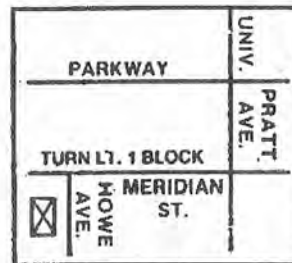
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ping through the floor! Just as we started to walk out the door, Elvis called out to the young man, "By the way, are your intentions honorable?"

I turned to give Elvis a dirty look, only to see him doubling over with laughter.

I was twenty-one years old in 1969 and Graceland had begun to lose much of its youthful innocence. In its place there was a certain hardness that is still difficult to explain. Elvis had begun taking ever increasing amounts of drugs, and although he was never really that open about it, still, we all knew.

The drugs and the erratic life-style caused him to begin gaining weight, which in turn caused him to take even more drugs. Elvis had always been an outgoing person but now he seemed to withdraw inside of himself, practically living in his bedroom at times.

Elvis' affairs with other women had become legendary and though we never talked about it in front of Priscilla, we all assumed she knew. That, the life-style and the constant stream of people living at the mansion seemed to weigh heavily on her. Everybody Elvis knew, even his family and friends, seemed to be a threat to Priscilla for his attention.

Elvis and I had grown close over the years. I had lived with Elvis at Graceland for almost eight years and during that time we had developed a bond difficult for many people to understand. Some days we would spend hours at the piano vocalizing or simply just talking. Though I didn't know it at the time, I later learned that other people thought Priscilla was jealous of the time I spent with him.

Things came to a head one

evening when Priscilla and I got into an argument as we were preparing to go to the movies. Harsh words were exchanged and though Vernon and Dee tried to smooth it over, too many bitter feelings had been bared for things to ever be the same between us.

As we prepared to leave I started to get in the car with Dee and Vernon when Elvis stopped me and insisted I ride with him and Priscilla. As the car pulled out of the drive Elvis tried to

make small talk, but Priscilla just sat still, coldly staring straight ahead.

Suddenly, without any kind of warning, Elvis pulled me to him and gave me a long, passionate kiss on the lips. He then looked at Priscilla, as if daring her to say something. She refused to look at Elvis, or I, and just continued staring out the window.

With that kiss, I knew my days at Graceland were over.

I never visited Graceland

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again until years after Elvis' death, but we continued to talk on the phone. He always asked about my personal life and wanted to know everything I was doing, but never said much about how his own life was going. Sometimes I would start to hang up and he would ask me not to... to just talk to him a while longer. I got the impression that he was so lonely.

In 1973, Elvis came to visit me in Huntsville. I wasn't home at the time so he visited with my father. My father later told me that Elvis was dressed in a disguise with a blond wig and beard. That was the only way Elvis could visit anyone without having a mob scene.

During Elvis's last concert in Huntsville, I spent the evening with him at the Hilton Hotel. I still loved him, but the Elvis I had known was gone. He seemed empty and there was an infinite sadness about him that could almost bring tears to your eyes.

At one point he walked over to the window and stood there for a long time, looking at the people down below and the cars coming and going. Finally, when he pulled



Aunt Dee and me

himself away, he turned to me and said in a low voice, almost a whisper, "I would give anything to be like them."

A few hours later I stood behind the stage in the von Braun Civic Center and listened to him perform for my last time. I had heard the songs and the routines a thousand times be-

fore but as soon as Elvis walked on stage, I knew something was different this time. The faraway look on his face, the way he would pause for long moments staring into the audience, even the selection of songs were different.

Everybody backstage knew that Elvis wasn't simply giving a concert this time; he was baring his soul for everyone to see. The audience sensed it too, and when he broke into the song, *My Way*, you could have heard a pin drop anywhere in the Civic Center. There was total silence from the audience as they listened, mesmerized by the lyrics. By the time he finished the song, there wasn't a dry eye in the house, including mine.

We all knew the song was about Elvis Presley. He did it his way.

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An Old Veteran's Last Roar

by Walter S. Terry

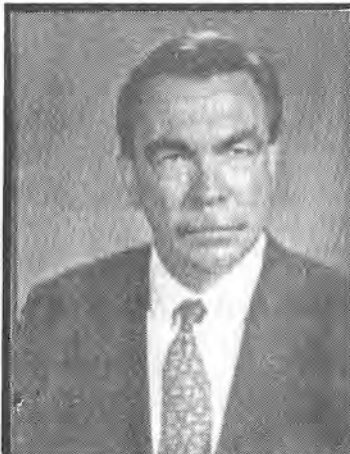
For New Year's Eve 1941-42, someone I knew well, home from college for the holidays, concocted a most ambitious plan: The largest cannon on the Madison County Courthouse lawn, a World War I camouflaged, five inch bore, long barreled gun would be fired once again at the stroke of midnight, an early precursor of World War II, as it turned out.

The plotter of this plan set forth a week ahead of New Year's Eve to prepare a "round" for the

cannon. This involved the task of nearly filling a Double Cola bottle (12 ounce) with powder from umpteen zillion broken open Zebra firecrackers. Once the bottle was close to full, a length of dynamite fuse, predetermined to burn for thirty seconds, was inserted into the powder and excelsior was packed into the neck of the bottle around the fuse. The bottle was then wrapped with string and black electrician's tape until it had grown to twice its original size. This was to create compression and an ex-

plosive burst at ignition.

Shortly before midnight on December 31, the bombmaker and a friend, a fellow conspirator, both in hand me down tuxedos, left a New Year's dance at the Russel Erskine Hotel and hastened to the Courthouse Square. There they waited in the shadow of a store across the street from the cannon. The plan was for the cannon to fire as the courthouse clock was striking twelve. A wind was blowing and the friend got to worrying about being able to light



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the fuse after the charge had been placed in the cannon's breech (the breech block was missing).

"Why don't we light it over here in the shelter of this building and carry it to the cannon?", the friend asked.

The bombmaker, more respectful of his creation's awesome potential said, in effect, "Man, I may be dumb, but I ain't crazy!"

So they followed the original plan and were successful in lighting the fuse a few seconds before twelve. Then they raced away down the lawn at the northeast corner of the Square. Before taking to the air to clear a heavy iron link chain strung between concrete posts, the bombmaker had not heard his companion's warning cry. In midair, the toes of both shoes were snared by a wire put there to keep people off the grass he had been running on.

The leap became a headlong dive as the bombmaker cleared the chain and tumbled you-know-what over the rough street pavement. There was injury, but, because of the artful tumbling act, confined to some missing hide on the face and hands, nothing life threatening. But that's another story.

The retreating duo reached the shadows of the Henderson National Bank building and waited.

Not in vain, for after the clock had struck six or seven times, there came a brilliant flash, as of vivid lightning, followed by a tremendous blast, with a glorious ring of smoke ejected from the cannon's muzzle. Within seconds came the sound of a hail storm as pieces of Double Cola bottle rained down on the roofs of surrounding buildings. Cars stopped, with occupants agape.

Mission accomplished.

Almost miraculously the bombmaker's tuxedo was none the worse for its owner's sensationally acrobatic (as later related by the accomplice) exit from the Courthouse lawn, and the bombmaker survived to relate the event to his grandchildren (if not the authorities).

When some women reach their fiftieth birthdays, in some ways it's like launching a rocket. That's when they start their countdown.

Did you Know...?

Your favorite perfume will last longer if you rub a thin layer of petroleum jelly on the spot before you spray the cologne or perfume.

Can't get that pesky bumper sticker off your car? Just wipe with nail polish remover or lighter fluid, and gently scrape with a razor blade or knife.

Lonely people are that way oftentimes because they build walls instead of bridges.

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Tips from Earlene

Buy some RainX and apply it to your windshield. It makes rain just slide off your windshield and could make driving much safer if your windshield wipers fail during a rainstorm.

I found out that potpourri on the floor does a better job of adding scent to a room than if it's on a table or higher. Just fill a basket with your favorite and place on floor near couches, seating areas, bathrooms, etc. You'll be surprised!

If you put petroleum jelly on children's eyebrows it can keep soap from getting into their eyes and burning.

Eating because you're bored can lead to significant weight gain. Distract yourself with tasks that will keep you out of the kitchen. Do your nails while watching TV, it's harder to snack when your nails are wet.

If you have a bad splinter, cover it first with a drop or two of salad oil for a few minutes. It

will be easier to remove.

Pets help keep people healthier. Pet owners who suffered a major heart attack were six times more likely to survive for a year than those who had no pets to care for, studies have found.

Check the quality of sunglasses you're thinking about buying: Hold the glasses at arm's length and look through them at a far away straight line, like the edge of a table or door. Slowly move the lenses across the line. They will have imperfections if the straight edge sways, curves or moves.

Wear neutral colors and no perfume when you go hiking in the woods. Colors and certain fragrances can attract bears.

It's a good idea to fill your clothes washer with warm water

and pour in a gallon of distilled vinegar once a quarter or so. Run the machine through the entire cycle, the vinegar will clean the hoses and unclog any soap scum.

If your kitten is jumping up on a favorite chair and you would rather he didn't, stuff a few mothballs under the cushions. Cats don't like the smell and will avoid it.

You can deodorize and clean your pet's coat by rubbing baking soda through it and brushing it out.

A good way to whiten socks is to boil them in water to which you've added a couple of lemon slices.

If you're doing your nails and need them to harden in a hurry, place your fingertips in a bowl of ice water filled with ice cubes.



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Deep Fried Garlic

- 2 Whole bulbs fresh garlic
- 1 c. biscuit mix
- 1 egg
- 1/2 c. beer
- 2 t. parsley flakes
- 1/2 t. salt
- Canola oil for frying

Separate the bulbs and peel the garlic. Drop the cloves into boiling water and, when they start to boil again, blanch for 3 minutes. The longer you cook garlic the milder they get, but you don't want to overcook because they'll get too mushy. Drain them and pour cold water over them to stop the cooking. In the meantime, prepare your batter by combining biscuit mix with the egg, beer, parsley and salt. Heat the canola oil in a deep pot and

dip each cooked clove of garlic in batter and fry til golden brown in color. Remove and drain on paper towels. Serve hot, maybe with a horseradish-mayonnaise dip.

Sunflower Garlic Snacks

- 2 T. vegetable oil
- 2 c. raw sunflower seeds, shelled
- 8 cloves fresh garlic, minced
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1 T. soy sauce

Heat your oil in a large frying pan over mediumhigh heat. Add the sunflower seeds and garlic. Stir. When a few of the seeds turn a golden color, reduce the heat to medium and continue to stir. Stop cooking when about half of the seeds are golden. Remove

from heat and add the salt. After 5 minutes add the soy sauce and stir well. Store in a jar with a tightfitting lid.

Best Garlic Dip

- 1 8 oz. package cream cheese
- 3 T. milk
- 3 t. minced garlic
- Salt
- Parsley
- Paprika

With your fork, mix the cream cheese and milk in a small bowl til it has the texture of peanut butter. Add the garlic to the cream cheese mix. Add salt to your taste and mix thoroughly. Garnish with parsley and sprinkle with the paprika. Stick in fridge til ready to serve.

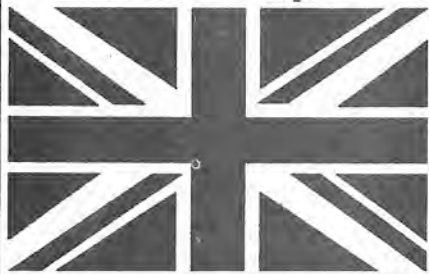
Garlic Basil Popcorn

- 4 t. minced garlic
- 2 T. butter
- Pinch of sweet basil
- 1 T. canola oil
- 1/4 c. popcorn kernels, salt to taste
- 2 T. Parmesan cheese

Place the garlic in a microwave proof bowl, along with the butter and basil, for about half a minute or til melted. Heat the oil in a heavy iron or stainless steel pot. Drop a kernel in the oil and

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when it pops add the rest of the kernels. Cover and shake the pot as the kernels pop. When it is all done, add the butter mixture and stir in vigorously. Add the salt and Parmesan cheese and stir or shake to coat well. Take this to the movies in a large purse!

Garlic Guacamole

1 ripe avocado
 1/8 lb. tofu, firm
 4 t. minced garlic
 1/2 bell pepper, finely chopped
 2 green onions, sliced thin
 2 T. freshly chopped parsley
 1/2 t. curry powder
 1/2 t. oregano
 1/2 t. thyme
 1/4 t. black pepper, freshly ground
 4 to 6 T. hot sauce
 Juice of 1/2 lime or lemon
 Tortilla chips for dipping
 Mash your avocado with the tofu. Add your garlic and the pepper and onion. Add the herbs and spices, stir in the hot sauce and lime or lemon juice. Serve with slightly warmed tortilla chips. You can refrigerate your guacamole, but don't make it more than a couple of hours in advance. Best when fresh.

Best Garlic Crab Dip

1 c. crabmeat (fresh, canned or frozen)

1/4 c. lemon juice
 1-3 oz. package cream cheese
 1/4 c. heavy cream
 2 T. mayonnaise
 1 t. minced garlic
 1 t. shredded green onion
 1 t. Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 t. salt
 1/4 t. garlic powder
 2 dashes cayenne pepper

Marinate your crabmeat in the lemon juice for 30 minutes. Beat the cream cheese, cream, mayonnaise and seasonings til smooth and creamy. Fold in the crabmeat. For a different and striking presentation, serve the dip in a shell shaped bowl nested in crushed ice, with an interesting arrangement of bite sized pieces of Chinese cabbage, celery, sliced cauliflowerets, green/red/yellow pepper strips and thin slices of carrot. Add a basketful of crackers or chips.

English Muffins and Garlic

Toasted muffin halves, buttered

Minced garlic
 Grated cheddar cheese
 Chopped fresh parsley

Spread a minced clove of garlic on each muffin half. Sprinkle the cheese over that, sprinkle another layer of the garlic. Stick in a broiler til cheese melts and garlic is toasted and crispy. Add some chopped parsley and serve. These have been known to perk

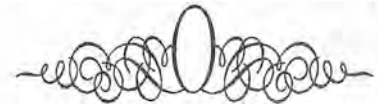
up poor appetites as well as keeping away colds and flu.

Super Garlic Olives

2 cans (7 oz.) pitted ripe olives, drained
 3 T. olive oil
 2 large cloves fresh garlic, minced

1/2 t. oregano leaves

Marinate the drained olives in the olive oil, garlic and oregano in a covered container for a minimum of 4 hours (the longer it stays, the better.)



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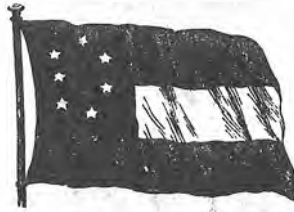
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A Thrilling Adventure In The Year 1862



Under the caption, "Honor To Whom Is Due," appeared the following deed of daring in the columns of the *Huntsville Advocate* in 1862.

Mr. Figures says many incidents connected with the occupation of Huntsville by the United States forces may have in the excitement of their sojourn amongst us, been overlooked or forgotten, but there is one of much interest and importance which should not only be embalmed in the recollection of our citizens but by the whole Southern Confederacy.

It will be remembered that the Federal troops under the command of Gen. Mitchel entered and occupied Huntsville on the morning of the 11th of April, last, and captured the train from Memphis containing many sick and wounded soldiers from the battlefield of Shiloh. The freight train destined for Stevenson under Engineer John Glenn and Preston Yeatmen loaded with molasses and etc., of incalculable value, had started on its destination unconscious of the danger that surrounded them, when about one mile from the Huntsville depot when the conductor and engineer discovered ahead a group of ten or a dozen

men in the garb of citizens, apparently awaiting their approach, who proved to be Yankee soldiers in disguise.

On the approach of the engine they drew their revolvers, and firing was heard but not the order to "halt." The conductor still thinking the group was citizens checked the train to ascertain the cause of the firing. In a moment more they discovered, some distance in front, Federal artillery being planted in direct range to intercept the passage of the train. Realizing in a moment the extent of their danger from capture they opened the valves of the engine and sped on with lightning speed to the perilous gauntlet.

In an instant more the boom of cannon was heard, the ball or shell striking an embankment about ten feet from the engine, scattering the dust in every direction. Cavalry appearing at the same moment in front and rear demanding them to stop. But Southern mettle was aroused. Southern chivalry was equal to the perils of that trying hour, and

these brave boys, Pres Yeatmen and John Glenn again received the fire of the enemy—ran the gauntlet in triumph, and brought their train safely to Larkinsville, arriving there, they met sixteen or eighteen hundred Confederate soldiers from Georgia enroute to Corinth via Huntsville. Part of the brigade going down the evening before who would have certainly been captured at Huntsville as they were without ammunition, and would have fallen into the embrace of the Federals without

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a moment's warning or preparation.

Suppose Yeatmen and Glenn had surrendered the train on the demand of the Yankees? Everybody can at once see the result.

The telegraph wires at Huntsville had been cut and there was no possible way of conveying intelligence to the expected train. Had it been possible before the destruction of the wires they would have received no tidings of the danger. The Yankee operator was in the office at Huntsville, and true to his instinct, as it afterwards turned out, he would have sacrificed the brave men who were pressing forward to join the army at Corinth.



Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear--not absence of fear.

How To Keep A Husband



Buy him flowers for no reason at all.

Call him in the middle of the day just to tell him you're thinking about him.

Make him coffee every morning before you go to work, even if you don't drink it yourself.

Really listen when he's telling you about something that bothers him.

Reach out and squeeze his hand when you're at the movies.

Go up on the mountain just to park, on a pretty night.

Have a picnic with wine and cheese, in your back yard.

Let him know how proud you are of him, and how hard some he still is.

Don't ever talk about him, or your problems together, behind his back.

Love him, and take good care of him, and you'll have the sweetest husband you ever dreamed of.

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

With pearls of wisdom contributed by the Liar's Table



Well, folks, it's the political season again. Seems like they are crawling out of the woodwork!

Gee, **Mark Hall**, are people trying to tell you something? Three people have already declared for your office and more are rumored to be waiting in the wings!

One of the folks running against Mark is **Sharon Brakefield** who had a big gala affair at the old Kildare place to announce her candidacy.

Sandra Rhodes will make her big announcement March 14 about the big political jump she is about to take. I think we're going to be hearing a lot from this lady in the future.

Senator Shelby stopped by for some serious handshaking this week. He said he just came to see me but I noticed the way

he kept eyeing the ham and biscuits!

If you tried to go to the "Outback" on Valentines Day, guess what? Only a three hour wait! Tough luck, **Loyd**, wish you were doing better!

I was really surprised & happy to have **Kathryn Tucker Windham** stop by to have breakfast with me. She is a master story teller and such a nice lady.

Jeff Enfinger is becoming my regular coffee pourer. He's trying to get a head start on the other politicians!

A special "Good Luck" to **Gary Dobbs** and **Toni Lowery** on their new radio program, WTKI 1450-AM's **The Morning Mix with Gary and Toni**. They are a great team!

Things are looking good for

Congressman Bud Cramer in the next election. No one can really say that he hasn't worked hard for North Alabama.

Watch out for **Herb Dixon**, "The man with the plan," who is also running for Congress. Rumor has it he may surprise everyone!

Well, campaigning hasn't even started but I'm already making my first prediction. **Tim Morgan**, District Attorney, will walk away with it for another term. Hard to beat a man doing a good job!

Well, I thought **Sheriff Whisante** was going to be unopposed, but rumor has it that two others are already making campaign noises. Good Luck Joe, and keep up the good work!

Hat's off to the Seniors from

Photo of The Month

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

Hint: media personality



Last month's picture was **Byron Laird**

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the 1st Baptist Church in Ardmore. **Gene Shannon** loads them up and brings them in for breakfast. Boy, can they put away the country ham!

My good friend, **Roy Martin** of Plymouth Minn., wrote me a note last week to tell me how wonderful he thought it was to get the Twickenham Church of Christ service on the Internet all the way up there!

We hear that **J.B. Tucker**, Mayor of Hurricane Creek, is recuperating nicely from his recent heart surgery but the diet is killing him. Bring him on by sometime Margaret, and we'll fill him up with biscuits and gravy!

If you liked the lead story in *Old Huntsville* this month you might be pleased to hear that **Teresa Wallace** and **Tom Carney** are working on a book about what really went on at **Graceland**. It has all the potential of being a blockbuster!

Friends of **Elise Stephens**, of Historic Huntsville fame, recently threw a big going away party for her before she departed for Galveston, Texas. She's going to be working with a nautical Historic Foundation out there.

A big thanks to **Bill Gates** who donated all those computers to the Huntsville Public Library. Anyone who has ever wanted to fool around on a computer just head on down to the library. The folks there will be happy to help you.

If you think folks on the mountain are worried about the possible landslide you should be in **Ms. Mayor's** position. Not only is she raising Cain with all the

departments trying to get the problem solved, she is also rumored to have taken hot meals to the men working on the mountain.

By the way **Keith Clines**, who wrote the heading for your story about the land slide? *Land Values Slide on Monte Sano*? That one should get an award.

Look for a local political scandal to surface this summer. That's all I'm saying about this one.

For all you people who have more money than you know what to do with... have you ever considered donating to the **Senior Citizens Center**?

That's all for this month. Just remember I love you and come by to see me.

Dave Egan

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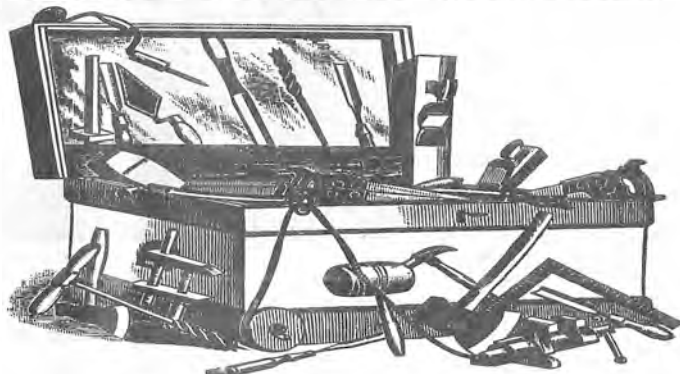
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A Stroll Through the Garden of the Dead

by Jacquelyn Gray

Mary Chambers Bibb died a tragic death at the tender age of 19, barely three months past her wedding. Details differ on exactly how she came to ingest the poison that was intended to give her a luminous complexion for her wedding day, but the ghastly results were the same.

In February 1835, Mary Chambers was to marry William Dandridge Bibb, son of former Alabama governor Thomas Bibb. The joyful occasion was to be shared by her cousin in a double ceremony, but as the weeks turned into months while waiting for their custom-made wedding gowns to arrive from Paris, the cousins became increasingly impatient. One of the gowns finally arrived, with a disappointing explanation that the other would be completed after more material could be located. It was decided that Mary and William should go ahead with the nuptials. Instead of swallowing Epsom salts however, she took an accidental lethal dose of carbolic acid or arsenic, depending on which version is correct. She was already gravely ill on the day of her wedding, and as her eminent demise approached, it is said that she was afraid to be buried underground. Her distraught husband had a mausoleum built



for her entombment. Some say that she was placed in the mausoleum just as she died sitting in her rocking chair. Marianne Anderson, shown in the picture, sits in her chair as the tragic Mary Bibb, who as legend says,



rocks for eternity in her creaking chair. According to the legend, when someone knocks at the door of the mausoleum and asks, "Mary Bibb, is there anything you want?", her reply is, "Nothing."

Maple Hill Cemetery originated in September 1818 when LeRoy Pope sold two acres to the

city for \$75. It has since grown to nearly 100 acres and is the hallowed resting place to approximately 100,000 departed souls. Exact numbers are unknown because there are graves that have never been marked, as well as headstones that have been vandalized or deteriorated over the years. The oldest known marker is dated 1823 although it is believed that the earliest grave dates to 1820. The year 1918 marks many headstones, a tragic and chilling reminder of the flu epidemic of that year.

Maple Hill is rumored to contain the graves of at least two gypsy women. One grave remains unmarked and her identity unknown. In the 1930s, the nomadic caravan of fortune tellers was passing through town when the woman fell ill and died. In a traditional gypsy funeral, coins were tossed on the coffin, wine was poured on the grave, and the gypsy rites lasted well into the night. Lena Mitchell, the other gypsy woman who occupies space at Maple Hill, was a clairvoyant who died in 1959. Hundreds of people came together at her grave for the gypsy funeral.

Mollie Teal was 47 years old when she died in 1899. Her everlasting tribute to Huntsville was that she willed the house she owned to the city, and it became Huntsville's first hospital. Although she died in 1899, the house had to be remodeled before accepting patients, because you see, before Madam Mollie died, it was a house of prostitution. Mollie's house, located on the corner of Gallatin and St. Clair, was torn down in 1926, and

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the present hospital was built on that site. This "Lady of the Evening" is buried next to her mother in Maple Hill Cemetery, and to this day, an unknown person keeps silk flowers placed on her grave, nearly a century after her death.

Another of Huntsville's well known citizens who now resides at Maple Hill Cemetery is Albert Russel Erskine. Albert was born in 1871 and was a descendant of Revolutionary War soldier Albert Russel, who is also buried at Maple Hill. Erskine dropped out of school at the age of 15 to work at the railroad office. He became head bookkeeper and eventually became the millionaire president of Studebaker Automobile in South Bend, Indiana, where streets and parks are still named for him. His home in Indiana was named Twyckenham, a variation of the spelling of Huntsville's historic district.

Among his many successes, he was also president of Notre Dame University's lay board. The magnificent Russel Erskine Hotel on Clinton Street was named in his honor. Unfortunately for Russel and the rest of the country, the Great Depression ruined him financially. He was unable to cope with this loss after having everything he touched turn into gold, and on July 1, 1933 Russel put a bullet through his heart.

On Sunday, April 19 from 2

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to 4:30 PM, you can meet Mary, Mollie, a gypsy, and some 45 other costumed representatives of Huntsville's departed at the Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll. You can hear a Revolutionary War soldier tell how he pioneered this area, Civil War soldiers describe local skirmishes, as well as several Alabama governors. Even sultry Tallulah Bankhead will be visiting the grave of her mother who died shortly after giving birth to her.

The Cemetery Stroll is in conjunction with the Huntsville Pilgrimage Association's annual historical house tour, which will be on Saturday, April 18. Several of Huntsville's most beautiful homes and churches will be open for tours. Proceeds from this event go toward restoration of the headstones that have

fallen victim to neglect, vandals, and pollution. The cost is \$10.00 for one tour or \$18.00 for both. For more information on these entertaining as well as educational events of April 18 and 19, call 551-2230 or 1-800-772-2348.

If the hair on the back of your neck stands up while you stroll through the narrow cemetery carriage lanes flanked by maples and dogwoods, you may feel a ghostly specter tapping on your shoulder. Tell Madam Mollie that Huntsville thanks her for her generosity.

*Uncle Sam - a relative
whom you never see but
send money to on a
regular basis.*

*When you married her, she
was the most precious thing in
the world.*

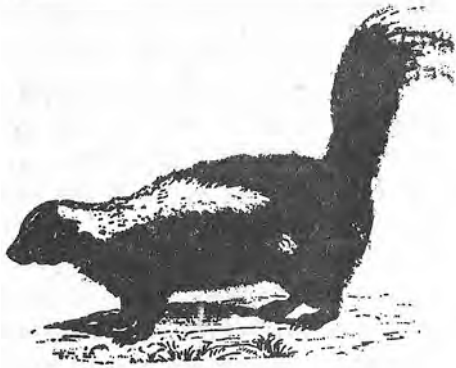
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A GRIMM ENCOUNTER

In Marion, Alabama, one Ernest Grimm, farmer, killed a skunk that had long haunted the adjoining farm of his cousin, Edward Grimm. It was one of the largest skunks anyone in the area had ever seen, supposedly the size of a raccoon.

With clothespin on nose, Ernest Grimm skinned the luckless animal and hung the pelt in his barn.

In the night, Edward Grimm made off with the pelt. A skunk

caught on his land, he rationalized when he met his cousin the next day, was HIS skunk.

Words followed, in the lonely barnyard, a Grimm battle took place as cousin took out after cousin. Edward, with a slap of his hand, broke the nose of Ernest. Ernest brought suit against Edward immediately for \$5,000 for assault and battery.

"I've skinned one skunk," he said, "and now I'll skin another."

Last week a jury gave Ernest \$350.00.

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We pay for the mistakes of our ancestors, and it seems only fair that they should leave us the money to pay with.
 --Don Marquis

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Uncle Jim, The Chicken Thief

by Millie McDonald

My mother and father were old fashioned parents. They believed that children should use their imaginations, entertain themselves and above all, stay out of trouble.

They also believed that it was their responsibility to take in any poor relatives. Oddly enough, we had only one such relative - our Uncle Jim.

Just when life became boring, it seemed that Uncle Jim would come for a visit. He was the black sheep of the family. From what I could learn he never had a job, lived by his wits, and always had a pocket full of change. He had been in our local jail a few times, but since we lived in a very small town, Uncle Jim was always able to talk himself out of any sentence, because he made it a point to be friends with the jailor and police.

Mom was never anxious for Uncle Jim to visit, because she did not trust him, but she tolerated him because he was my dad's brother.

Even though we were extremely poor, my mother believed in sharing what we had, such as food and clothing and Uncle Jim knew she would share with him.

Mom made all of our clothes

from Red Cross material, and of course the whole neighborhood knew it was Red Cross material because all the patterns were the same. She made weekly visits to the flour mill and paid five cents each for the cotton cloth flour sacks and made panties for us. The flour sacks were printed with the word "flour" in bright blue letters, and for some reason, the word "flour" appeared on the back of the panties most of the time. These panties were very rough and scratchy, and because the panties were so heavily marked with blue ink, we were careful to keep our skirts pulled down!

My dad repaired our shoes. He had a "shoelast" and he would place the shoe on the last and tack on the leather. The leather was very hard and heavy. It made the shoes slick when walking, but it saved money, which we did not have.

Mom made the best homemade bread. My sis and I sold the "hotcross buns" to the neighbors for twenty five cents a dozen every week.

Under these conditions, it was not hard for us to use our imaginations and entertain ourselves.

The toys we had were homemade toys that my dad carved from wood obtained from a

nearby field. The only store-bought toy we had was a pair of wooden wheel skates, which were donated to my sis and me by a good-hearted neighbor.

To stay out of trouble, my parents felt that we could either play in our fenced yard or in our cellar. My sis and I liked to play in the cellar because there were so many games we could play there.

Our cellar was different than most cellars, because it was divided into sections. The walls were kept whitewashed and the cement was smooth. An outer part of the cellar was used for storage, the next section was called our fruit cellar, for my mother's homemade jams and jellies, and the largest part of the cellar was the middle portion, which contained the coal furnace toward the back, with a wide

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area around it, where one could skate or play. A portion of this area contained my dad's work bench, where he soled our shoes.

During the long winter days, we used the cellar as a place to play. My three cousins, who lived across the street, would come over and we would skate in the middle cellar, skating around and around the furnace, meeting at the front, where my mom kept her washer.

We also played the old fashioned game of "tag." The person who was "it" would say, "See my finger, see my thumb, see my fist you better run." And "run" meant to really run!

We played many other games in the cellar, such as Jacks, Hide and Seek, and School. When we played School, we would turn the old buckets upside down, sit on them, and take turns being the teacher. We always finished the game of School by singing, "She'll

be Comin' Round the Mountains."

One warm sunny day, Uncle Jim came by for a visit. When he came to visit, my mother kept a close eye on him, to be sure he did not depart with any of our belongings to sell or give away. Of course we were enthralled with his visits because he could tell the best adventure stories, then he would give us a few pennies to spend.

On this particular day, Uncle Jim told us a story, gave us a few pennies and we went to the cellar to play. We put on our skates and began to skate around the furnace when we noticed a large, cardboard box. Curiosity got the best of us, so we opened the box and six, large white chickens flew everywhere. Since we were on our skates, we thought we could catch them, but those chickens flew into Mom's fruit cellar, knocking

down jars of jam and jelly with a crashing thud.

Mom came rushing down to the cellar and when she saw her jars of jam destroyed, she opened the back cellar door and let all the chickens go free. Then she got her broom and chased Uncle Jim out the back kitchen door, where he and the chickens met. That was the shortest visit Uncle Jim ever made. It seems that Uncle Jim had stolen the chickens for resale, but he lost the chickens and gained the wrath of my mother, and we never saw Uncle Jim or the chickens again.

In free countries, every man is entitled to express his opinions and every other man is entitled not to listen.

--G. Norman Collie

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Old Fashioned Folks are Disappearing

from 1890 newspaper

The longer I live, and the more I see of men and women, the stronger is my feeling to exclaim, "What shame we both have come to be."

I've grown to be an old woman, and I don't claim that I was ever handsome or graceful, or angelic, but the fact remains that I've been married, and you must take it for granted that my John loved me.

I look back to my courting days and am amazed at the change which has come over the world.

My John saw me in a plain calico dress, without false teeth, false hair or padding. He was an honest, sun-browned lad, who parted his hair on the side, wore boots large enough for his feet, and had no money to spend at dancing school. I had not learned how to lace my waist until my heels were lifted off the floor. And

as for paints and powders, they were unknown.

My John never asked me if I could bake, wash, iron, sew and be a helpmate to him. He knew I could. He had eaten of my bread and pies, and had found me at the washtub.

I never had a fear that he would be out of work half the year and be compelled to live on his father-in-law. If he had no clean starched cuffs, neither did he smoke. If he had no stand-up collars, neither did he know the interior of saloons. If he sported no cane, neither did he know of poker, faro and old sledge. If he had no Alaska diamond to act as a headlight on his shirtfront, neither had he tailors' bills to worry over.

There was nothing said about a pony phaeton, piano, hired girl, bridal tour and the like when we were first married. John had \$200 saved up, and I had bedding and a set of old fashioned dishes, and we went to keeping house in a log cabin with bare floors and had no envy of John Jacob Astor.

There was a funeral now and then in those olden days, but never a divorce. Women fell sick, but they never eloped. Men were lost in the wilderness, but men never left wife and children to run away with a painted face and a treacherous heart.

Neighbors were not enemies; social gatherings were not slandering societies; worth was not

boiled down to a silk dress or a swallow-tailed coat.

John brought up his boys to believe that no man need be ashamed of honest toil. I brought up my girls to believe that it was a wife's duty to know how to manage a home from cellar to garret. Now they have come to be ashamed of it. Honest toil is no longer the thing for men, and the woman who admits that she knows how to dye, quilt, patch, bake and iron is lost to society.

Their children call me grandma when nobody is about to hear them. When they have company I am supposed to be out of the way upstairs. Grandpas and grandmas are no longer fashionable. They are too blunt and outspoken.

They can't make out how a wife whose husband earns \$1200 a year can put \$800 of it on her back. They can't see why boys and girls of 15 should be engaged, why girls should spend all their time at the piano and on the streets and none in the kitchen, why the parlor carpet should be of velvet while the kitchen is in debt head over heels, why receptions should be given one week and the sheriff locked out the next, why silks and satins and new bonnets can be pitted against womanly sense and wifely duty and win every time.



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*from Huntsville Democrat,
January 13, 1836*

I, BEVERLY PRYOR, stand ready to run any man that can be produced in the world, from 60 to 100 yards, for 1000 to 10,000 dollars, to meet me at Knoxville, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn., or Huntsville, Alabama. Notice to be given, and names to be enclosed in a letter, addressed to William E. Phillips, Esq., Huntsville, Ala., within six months time half forfeit. I furthermore will meet any man that lives in Europe at the Valley of Washington, and will run for from 5000 to 50,000 dollars!

P.S. In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. HENRY PERRIT, he declined the race with Mr. Pryor, which was to have been run at Washington for \$1000 a side.

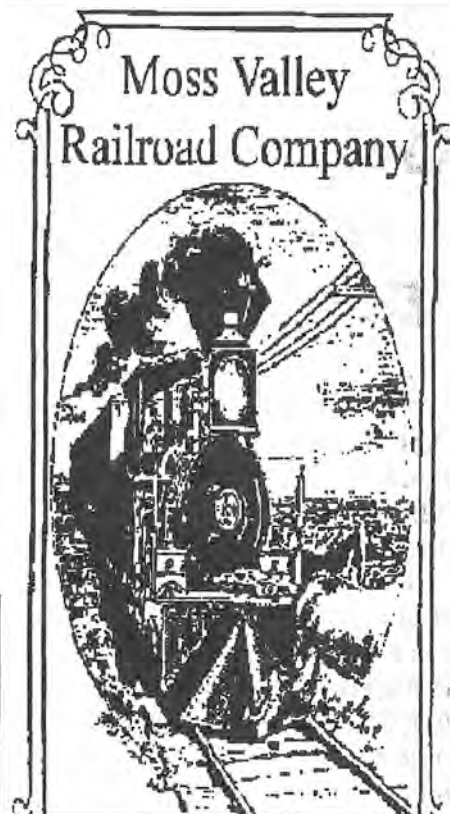
How to Select Flour

from an 1880 publication

First look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellow or straw tint, buy it. If it is very white with a bluish cast, or white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a smooth, dry, perpendicular surface. If it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by our flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody: namely, the staff of life.

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THE ALABAMA TERRITORY

1816-1818

From "A Dream Come True"

by James Record

The unbelievable growth of the region and the sprinkling of new settlements cropping up overnight brought dissatisfaction from the pioneers who resented being governed by the far away government of the Mississippi Territory.

Although settlers in what is now Alabama had representation, most felt that they were capable of self rule, wanting to break away from the territorial claim.

An act of March 1, 1817, by Congress established Mississippi as a State and delegates met and adopted the Constitution August 15, 1817. The Mississippi convention met in the town of Washington, beginning July 7, 1817. David Holmes was elected President and Louis Winston as Secretary of the Convention. The first Mississippi legislature met in October 1817 and elected David Holmes as Governor, Thomas H. Williams, Senator and George Poindexter as Congressman.

On the same date that Mississippi's Constitution went into effect, August 15, 1817, Alabama became a separate territory, in accordance with a congressional act of March 3, 1817.

President James Monroe appointed Dr. William Wyatt Bibb as Governor of the new Alabama Territory. Marmaduke Williams, of Madison County, whose appointment was urged by his brother, former Territorial Governor Williams, was unsuccessful in obtaining the appointment.

While the legislature was meeting, Madison County was completing its courthouse, as William Atkins and John Hickman, on June 10, 1817, had been given a contract to complete it. An act of the Territorial Legislature, signed February 13, 1818 authorized the county governing body to levy a tax, not to exceed one half of the territorial tax, to more speedily complete the public buildings.

Gabriel Moore of Huntsville was the first speaker of the house, chosen by the same 12 members of the Alabama delegation of the Mississippi Territorial legislature who, in effect, would remain in posts in Alabama until new elections. Moore had also served as Speaker of the Mississippi Territory legislature.

James Titus of Madison County, former member of the

Senate in the Mississippi Territory legislature, was a one man army for the Senate Council at St. Stephens.

Titus was the only member of the old council to show up at St. Stephens, but didn't hesitate to go ahead as a one man upper house. Titus, all alone, called the council to order, answered the roll call composed of only himself, elected himself President of the Council, voted on bills, appointed a Secretary and Doorkeeper and finally gaveled the Council to an adjournment.

Madison County's citizens were still playing an important role. Shortly after Congress created the Alabama Territory, John W. Walker of Madison County was nominated by the President as United States Attorney for the territory.

Although Walker never accepted the post and the appointment was withdrawn on December 15, 1817, he was still commissioned Territory Secretary on December 16. The only problem was that Walker had never been officially informed of the post appointment, as he wrote a let-



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ter to this effect on March 27, 1818, and actually never served. Nathaniel Ware, Mississippi Territory Secretary, did the honors until March 20, 1818.

Land sales were still moving. Israel Pickens had been appointed as land office register on March 6, 1817 for the district East of Pearl River, headquartered at St. Stephens, for a district south of lands attached to the Madison District, in accordance with a congressional act of March 13, 1815. Pickens had taken the place of Lewis Sewall.

Alexander Pope, too, of Madison County, the brother-in-law of W. W. Bibb, had been appointed Register of land offices at Milledgeville, Georgia, on March 7, 1817, and John Coffee, one of the heroes of the War of 1812 and the battle with the Creeks, was appointed Surveyor General for the Northern Mississippi area on March 6, 1817.

LeRoy Pope was appointed Pensions Agent for the United States Secretary of War to pay

invalids and army pensioners, following the first United States pension grant by act of Congress on March 18, 1818.

In December, 1817, Huntsville had no church buildings, as one eyewitness, traveller Anne Royal, wrote on January 1, 1818. She also observed that there were 260 houses, a bank, courthouse and market house, 12 stores facing the square, Bascomb Institute and a Presbyterian College.

Culture had also arrived on the frontier. Huntsville had a private art gallery and a statuary, valued at \$75,000.

Huntsville was by no means poor, compared with other towns in the State. Twenty well known families, for instance, had an accumulated wealth of \$6 million.

John Walker had earlier written in 1817 that the public square in Huntsville had about 3 1/2 acres lying immediately back of the Spring cliff. He claimed there were about 30

stores in addition to the wooden Jail, market house and a brick Courthouse.

LeRoy Pope meanwhile had deeded two acres to Huntsville for the first city cemetery. The



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land was deeded September 3, 1818. Five Indian reservations were still listed in Madison County a year earlier, including 40 acres confines of Challenge, Giles McAnulty, Thomas Wilson and William Wilson, along with a twelve square mile area near what is now New Hope.

Madison County was enlarged by an Act of February 6, 1818, which added about three townships or 173,000 acres. This was brought about by the Chickasaw treaty of September 20, 1816, and brought on more land sales. The Western boundary of Madison County was now established as Range 2 West, running from the South boundary of Tennessee to the Tennessee River. The same act provided that islands in the River would be owned by the nearest County.

The first steam mill to open in Madison County had only been in operation since July 29, 1817, operated by Whiteside, Hall, Balch and Kingsby. A local editor commented that there were no doubts now that Huntsville could be abundantly sup-

plied with meal and flour. The same year, 1817, saw a smallpox scare, as physicians met at the Huntsville Inn, then Talbot's Inn, East side square to discuss the problem.

A map of Alabama also showed some progress in transportation in 1818 with the map showing a road leading from Pulaski, Tennessee, through Elkton to Huntsville, crossing the Tennessee River at Ditto's Landing. An act of Congress the same year established a post road between Huntsville and Cahawba. An 1817 map by Huntsville's F. Sannoner showed the creek system, including Barren Fork of Indian Creek; Hurricane Fork of Indian Creek; Aldridge Creek; Briar Fork, Beaverdam Fork, and Hester Creek. The map still showed Camp Coffee across from Chickasaw Island.

Madison Countians were still active in settlements within and without the county. Hillsborough Town, 16 1/2, miles Northeast of Huntsville on the Winchester Road—called the Post Road to

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Knoxville then—was platted in 40 lots by Thomas Miller, near the intersection of Hester and Davis Creeks, in 1818, with a cotton gin already in operation since 1817. The same Thomas Miller advertised a stone for the cure of Hydrophobia. Joseph Fenwick also laid off Meridianville in lots the year of 1818, the same year Montgomery was chartered. The 1818 land sales at the land office brought in nearly 6 million dollars, mostly from prominent Madison Countians.

Cotaco County was created by an act of February 6, 1818 and Huntsville's John Boardman was appointed the County Clerk on February 12 but resigned October 18, since he could not move to the new County, which was later to acquire the name of Morgan County by an act passed June 4, 1821. Huntsville's John T. Rather was appointed Tax Assessor and Tax Collector. Lawrence and Franklin County were also created in 1818.

The town of Mooresville became the first town in Limestone County to be incorporated in the year 1818, and was named after

Dr. David Moore of Huntsville. Huntsville's John Brahan was one of the original trustees.

The town of Cottonport, in Limestone County, was also incorporated in 1818. Huntsville's John Read and Robert Beaty, along with John Coffee and John D. Carroll had acquired the land and laid it out in lots. Athens became incorporated in 1818, very shortly after Mooresville.

The Presbyterians were active in Madison County this year, as they organized their church on June 15, 1818 at Huntsville.

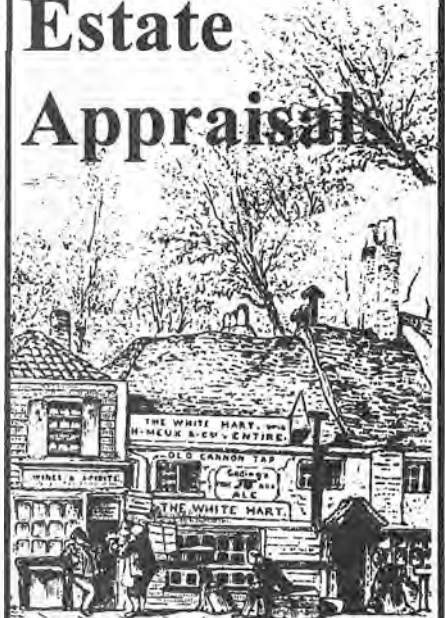
Meanwhile, Huntsville's Clement Comer Clay, destined for greatness in Alabama, was elected to his first office as territory representative, receiving 1,419 votes. The 1817 election for representatives to the Mississippi Territory legislature sent the last men from Madison County to this legislature, as they would soon be representing Alabama Territory. Gabriel Moore was reelected, with votes of 1,211 and 1,816 respectively. John W. Walker received 862 votes to beat William Winston.

The title of Territory for Alabama would be short lived. The

population increase, coupled with the settler's influence on the national scene and the drive of the residents, dictated that Statehood was not far away.

*There are two phases
in a man's life when
he doesn't
understand women -
Before and after
marriage.*

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Markers in Time

Andrew Jackson's Campsite

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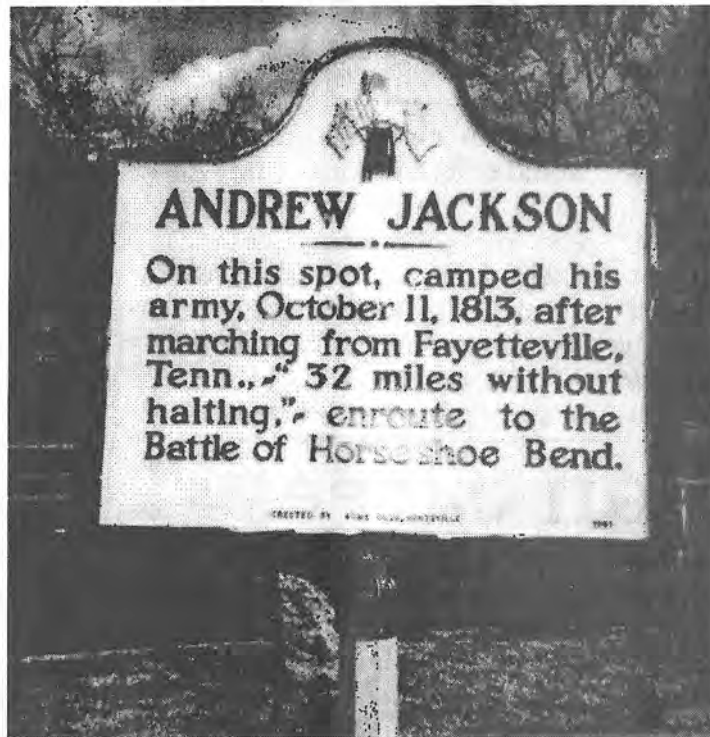
by Raneë Pruitt

One of Huntsville's oldest historical markers stands almost unnoticed in a triangular shaped traffic island in downtown Huntsville. The worn granite marker is located on a tiny green space at the intersection of Holmes Avenue and Lincoln Street. If you take time to read it, you will learn that Gen. Andrew Jackson's men camped on the spot during the Creek Indian War of 1813-1814. A more obvious modern marker, placed by the Acme Club in 1981, tells that Jackson's men stopped there on October 11, 1813, having marched the 32 miles from Fayetteville, Tennessee to Huntsville without halting, "en route to the battle of Horseshoe Bend."

Both of these markers tell only a tiny fragment of the true story of events in that long ago year of 1813. But it was an exciting time for early Huntsville, and one that certainly deserves to be better remembered.

Huntsville in 1813 was a peculiar mix of frontier roughness and plantation society. Only seven years old, the little town

was already the capital of Madison County of the Mississippi Territory, not the as yet uncreated Alabama. Besides Madison, the present boundaries of Alabama included only two other counties, both located far away in the southwestern corner



of the present state. Everything in between was Indian land, primarily belonging to the Cherokees along the northeastern border with Georgia, the Chickasaws in the Muscle Shoals area, and the Creek Indians, who owned most of the rest. However, Indians weren't the main concern

of the settlers at that time, since the United States was at war with England for the second time in a generation. The previous year, General Andrew Jackson of the Tennessee militia had already taken an army - including two companies from Madison County - to Baton Rouge, when rumor claimed the British were about to attack New Orleans. Thankfully, that tale proved false, and the war to most Huntsvillians seemed comfortably distant.

The immediate cause of the unexpected local conflict was a visit to the Alabama Indians by Tecumseh, the famous Shawnee "prophet" from Canada.

Tecumseh tried to incite Alabama's native Americans to ally themselves with England. Tecumseh met, with no success, with the Cherokees or Chickasaws, both of whom he escorted him off of their land with the warning that he would be killed if he returned. However, Tecumseh's visit to the Creeks proved more successful. Almost half the Creek warriors accepted Tecumseh's proposal, while the remainder chose to stay at peace with the white and black settlers. The villages

controlled by the pro-Tecumseh warriors raised a red pole signifying war, thus giving the name Red Sticks to the hostile Indians. The fighting began on August 30, 1813 with a surprise attack on Fort Mims in present Baldwin County by nearly 1,000 Red Stick warriors. Something like

500 occupants of the fort were butchered, many of them mixed-blood Creeks of the antiwar faction. The attack frightened the settlers and also turned the conflict into a civil war within the Creek Nation. Henceforth, many antiwar Creeks would help the white armies fight against the Red Sticks.

Andrew Jackson was immediately authorized to raise troops to march against the Red Sticks. At the same time, the Madison County militia was put on alert, and the militia in those days meant all white men from 16 to 50. Jackson ordered his Tennessee volunteers to rendezvous at Camp Blount, just outside of Fayetteville. Colonel John Coffee and a portion of the Tennesseans moved on to Huntsville, leaving Jackson and most of the men behind at Camp Blunt. Famous frontiersman Davy Crockett was one of Coffee's Tennesseans, and Davy wrote: "We all met and went ahead, till we passed Huntsville, and camped at a large spring called Beaty's spring." (Could this be today's Brahan Spring?) Coffee then decided to send a scouting party across the river under Major Gibson to discover the Red Sticks' whereabouts. The scouts, including Crockett, crossed the Tennessee River near Muscle Shoals and rode off into the Creek Nation. Major Gibson's scouting party was the catalyst for the peculiar events that happened next in Huntsville.

Somehow, the rumor spread that Major Gibson and his men had been killed and the Red Stick warriors were now marching on Huntsville! A worried Colonel Coffee sent a dispatch to Camp Blunt, informing Andrew Jackson of the situation. Jackson received the message on the morning of October 11, 1813

and immediately set off to the rescue. Jackson's men left Fayetteville at 10 o'clock a.m., and "moved on to his [Coffee's] relief with such rapidity as to reach Huntsville, a distance of 30 miles, at 20 minutes after seven p.m. Learning there that the intelligence which had hastened us was false, we came on the next day more leisurely, and arrived at his encampment," on the night of October 13. Jackson had allowed his footsore soldiers to rest the night of October 11 on the very spot where the markers at Holmes and Lincoln now stand.

The sight that greeted Jackson's men on their arrival in Huntsville must have been astonishing, for the town had been virtually abandoned during the Red Stick scare. Early travel writer Anne Royall described the residents' panic only a few years

after the event. "During the Creek war (not long since), some mischievous ill disposed man reported that there was a large body of Indians within a day's march of Huntsville, coming to take the town. The citizens of Huntsville, and of the whole Madison County, were instantly panic struck, and immediately flew towards Nashville. Some left their calves fastened up in the pens, and some their horses in the stable, some their horses in the plow; most of them taking their flight on foot. Others, again, mounted their horses, without saddles or bridles. Of these were four young ladies on one horse, riding like gentlemen, without saddle or bridle, and making good speed by applying their heels to the horses sides!! One man took another's child, and left his own. In one place would be seen ladies on foot, running

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with their night caps on, and no bonnet; and in another, husbands riding, and wives walking. Some of the women mistook other men for their husbands, and some mistook other men's wives for theirs. One stout fat woman, though she had horses and slaves in abundance, picked up her youngest child, and taking it in her arms, on foot outstripped every man and horse in company!

"Indeed, it is even said that a gentleman even left his sweetheart! He could not have been a Kentuckian or a Tennessean, as they never desert the ladies. The fat lady, however, walked twenty five miles, without halting, when one of her slaves overtook her, having outran his fellow servants. They were near Fayetteville. The lady inquired, 'What news?' 'Oh, yes, Missie! When I got 'pon top dat big hill you see dar, I look back and see most hundred comin along, wid dey guns.' The lady gave him the child, and mended her pace. Not long after this, as she trudged

through the mud, with petticoats tucked up, the Negro cried out, 'Yonder dey comes now, Missie!' Her face which was scarlet red, now became a deadly pale; but she was afraid to take time to look at her foes, as she supposed them to be. At length, five or six of her own neighbors hailed her, and told her the whole thing was a false alarm.

"About a thousand people were on the road to Nashville, and were within a day's journey of that place before they were undeceived. Only two families remained in Huntsville. These barricaded the door to the Court House, which served them for a fort; and old Captain Wyatt, the father of Major Wyatt, of Melton's Bluff, assumed the command. He had but two guns, but being well charged with whiskey and courage, he kept up a constant fire, crying out, 'by twos, fire!' Spang, spang went the two guns; and being instantly reloaded, he would raise his voice to the highest pitch again, and give the word, 'by twos, fire!' Thus he

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went on till daylight; and at the same time there was not a hostile Indian within a hundred miles."

The war soon moved south, as Jackson carried the conflict to the Red Sticks, finally crushing their resistance at the ferocious Battle of Horseshoe Bend on March 27, 1814. But surprisingly, no word of the panic nor the colorful "battle" at the Huntsville court house appears on either marker to Jackson and his men. So why doesn't it? Well, some things in history are just so embarrassing that people prefer to forget!



Swear Allegiance To The Yankees Or Starve!

Federals require affidavit of allegiance before being allowed to purchase food or clothing

Among the punishments inflicted upon the citizens of Huntsville by the yankees after the Civil War was the cruel requirement that, before a person could obtain food, he or she must first swear to an oath of allegiance to the U.S. government.

The affidavit of an applicant for family supplies, issued on May 9, 1865, to one Martha McMillen, tells the story in a few words. It follows in part:

"I, Martha McMillen being duly sworn, depose and say that I reside in the county of Madison, and State of Alabama, and that I am in all respects true and loyal to the government of the United States, and that I will in all things so deport myself, bearing true faith and allegiance thereto, and to the best of my ability protecting and defending the same; that the supplies, invoices of which are hereto attached, are necessary for the use and consumption of said family during the ensuing month; that no part thereof shall be sold or otherwise disposed of by me of by my authority, connivance or consent, except for the dole use and consumption of my family, and that to the best of my knowledge and belief no application has been made for any permit for the same or like supplies, to any other officer or agent, and that no supplies for the same family for the period mentioned, have been or are expected to be applied for elsewhere, or elsewhere obtained."

The invoice attached to the affidavit included:

- Nine yards of calico at 30 cents per yard.....\$2.70
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News from Maysville

During the summer of 1864, the Confederate Army of Tennessee had battled bravely to keep the Union Army of William Tecumseh Sherman away from Atlanta. Under General Joseph E. Johnston, the outnumbered Confederates successfully delayed Sherman's advance.

By mid-July, however, Sherman's men were approaching Atlanta, and President Jefferson Davis had run out of patience. Davis removed Johnston from command and placed John Bell Hood in charge.

Hood was a fighter pure and simple, and he promptly launched a series of attacks on Sherman's larger army. All were beaten back, however, and At-

lanta was soon besieged. Hood evacuated the city and saved his army from capture, but the strategic Southern city fell to Sherman.

General Hood then maneuvered north of Atlanta, attacking Sherman's supply lines and trying to compel him to retreat. Sherman would not take the bait. However, neither could Sherman manage to eliminate the Army of Tennessee.

Sherman said of Hood, "I cannot guess his movements as I could those of Johnston, who was a sensible man and did sensible things."

Instead of going after Hood, Sherman sent half his men back to Tennessee to guard against a move in that direction. With the other half Sherman set off on his destructive March to the Sea. Hood's army marched north, crossing the Tennessee River at Florence. Soon all of North Ala-

bama was freed from Union occupation. The people were ecstatic, and it was the Unionists' turn to sulk.

A letter from the Reverend Dr. Thomas Madden, a 69-year-old Pennsylvania born Methodist minister, provides us with a poignant record of this brief Confederate interlude. A resident of the little town of Maysville in northeast Madison County, Madden wrote to Dr. F.E.H. Steger on December 16, 1864.

"The condition of things around us is somewhat changed," said Madden, "but we are in daily dread of a raid. The Yankees are at Paint Rock. Twenty-odd were captured by Col. Mead yesterday and passed through last night. Roddey and others are after the balance of them and we will hear from them today or tomorrow. "We would raise the shout if we could only hear of peace and see things righting up and prospering as of old, when we could worship God unmolested."

Madden then went on to inform Steger of the many changes that had taken place. "The history of our town and neighborhood would be interesting to you. Well, we are all used up as to fencing, etc., as I wrote you, and years will pass before the destruction will be repaired. Many



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vacant houses were torn down to make tools, etc. Mr. Stewart's store, Bill Hall's old exchange, Masonic hall all torn to pieces. Some parts yet remain. Mrs. Jones' store and Wortham's gutted.

"Your office remains as it was with the exception of the things - medicines, table, etc., all of which is gone except a few bottles. I got most of your papers, among which is Mrs. O'Neal's notes for property - which I got from a Yankee doctor, for they turned your office into a saddlemaker's shop, then into a pesthouse, where was a case of smallpox, since which time it has not been disturbed only by removing two of the front sash which are lost, as also the Jack O'Neal residence, where not a trace is left to tell where it stood, all lost except one load of joist, which I paid a man \$5 to haul home and are now in the smokehouse; all the fencing about this place, except garden and orchard are gone, and they simply patched up."

The war had definitely been hard on the country people and would continue to be so.

"I will give you an idea of that retreat caused by a flank movement of Gen. Hood," wrote Madden. "The [Union] soldiers amounted to about 8,000, baggage wagons almost beyond number. Refugees and contrabands, astonishing in number, slowly moved the cavalcade. It began to pass here at

8 in the morning and continued until 4 p.m. So hasty was the move among the contrabands [i.e., ex-slaves] that they emptied their feather beds and cotton on the road until, even now, the track of the caravan could be followed by feathers and cotton.

"The day passed, but the distressing feature is that women gave birth to children in place. A Yankee soldier picked up the infant, wrapped it up and tried to give it away as he passed along. Several cases of the kind are reported to have taken place on the banks of the Paint Rock.

"At Stevenson, 'tis said that they are dying by multitudes once the cold set in. Other children were left behind, running about hunting their mothers, who had left them to their fate. At or near Paint Rock, many of them were cut off by our cavalry and for several days others were passing in small numbers, exploring their lot, returning to

their deserted homes. As said above, this division of the army was flanked and now they are between Stevenson and this place.

"As to our own condition," said Madden, "we have lived in constant dread surrounded and subjugated by our foes, though day was spent in fear and the night in trouble until kind Morpheus lulled our troubled minds by kind slumbers - our prayer to God day and night was for protection and now I record to my shame and His glory that

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"We have lost by the Yankees in many things, but we have not been used like others who were plundered of all they had: in flour, meal, and meat - bed clothes, etc., but even now, though we have a respite, we dread a raid, and if used like our neighbors east of us they will snap all we have in the place. A few almost worthless horses, little stock and a few pigs are still left.

"Our house was once ransacked from top to basement by a set of the worst men I ever saw who were dispersed twice in the same day by two surgeons who providentially stepped so we lost but little. I got twenty men to guard the town that night, had two at my house - but for them we would have been ruined - burned out - as was threatened.

"We are now hiding our scanty food, fearing we shall lose what little we have got, for much

depends upon the success of the companies now doing battle at Paint Rock. Cannon was heard booming yesterday—but to what result we do not know."

Alas, Hood's badly outnumbered army was crushed at the two day Battle of Nashville. The emboldened Union Army promptly reoccupied North Alabama.

The hopes engendered by Hood's advance were supplanted by feelings of deep despair. All that many wished for now was a speedy return of peace, even at the price of defeat for the South.

This story was taken from Mr. Rice's book, Hard Times. The Civil War in Huntsville and North Alabama, which has since become the definitive source on that subject. You can order your copy of this best-seller today by sending \$15.95 plus \$2.00 Shipping and Handling to: Charles Rice · 118 Calhoun St. · Huntsville, AL 35801.

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