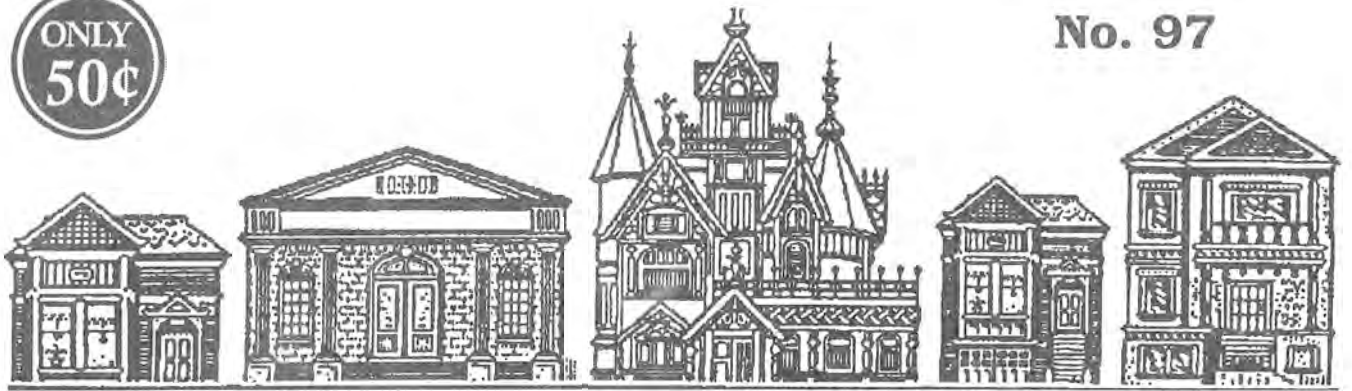


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# The Bizarre World of Rev. Sanders

Constantine Blackmon Sanders was born on July 2, 1831, near Hazel Green, about sixteen miles north of Huntsville. He was the youngest of ten children, eight girls and two boys. When Sanders was six years old his father died, leaving the family almost destitute. Out of necessity all the children were forced to labor in the fields.

People who knew Sanders when he was young described him as a tall, well built lad, with a sheaf of unruly red hair, and always with a serious, though pleasant, disposition. From an early age he was attracted to religion. Friends later told how he would preach sermons to barnyard animals and when a chicken died, would hold a funeral. While other boys his age were more interested in swimming in the near by creek, Sanders would coerce his playmates into conducting mock baptisms.

At the age of twenty, Sanders attended a revival meeting at a small country church. The sermon was about people who were possessed by the devil. Most likely, Sanders had never pon-

dered the subject before as he went home and stayed awake all night reading from his bible, searching for answers.

The next day he joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Concord. The young man, with his zealous religious fervor, was a welcome addition to the congregation. Almost immediately people predicted great things for Sanders.

Sanders had never received the benefit of formal education, so in 1854, after deciding to become a minister, he enrolled in a private school in Elkton, Tennessee. Shortly after his enrollment, the aspiring young minister became ill of a flux (diarrhea or dysentery), followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever.

The illness lasted for several weeks, with Sanders being delirious much of the time. It was during this period when he is supposed to have received his first visit from  $X+Y=Z$ , a mysterious spirit that seemed to enter his body at will and cause him to exhibit psychic powers.

One day while recuperating at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Harlow, Sanders appeared to go into a deep trance. Although he seemed unaware of his surroundings, he was still able to talk.

Mrs. Harlow later reported the strange events that day. "He remarked to me, 'There will be a burying here tomorrow evening, but it will not be any of your family.' About one hour after this, a



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gentleman rode up and requested the privilege of burying a corpse in our private cemetery on the next day, which was granted. This death occurred some three miles distant, and we had not even heard, and I am confident Mr. Sanders had not, of the sickness, nor the death of the individual."

If the event seemed bizarre to the Harlow family it was nothing compared to the terrifying description given of Sanders while in the trance.

"His head split open from just above his eyes in the center of his forehead to the top, and from the top down near each ear. His head grew until the features of his face seemed to be reversed. His hands drew into an immovable position against his chest and throat. His feet and legs twisted into a position almost opposite their normal position. His eyes bled and the blood ran down his cheeks."

Mrs. Harlow stated that the separation of the skull was large enough to lay her little finger in near the top.

When news of the bizarre happenings began to circulate throughout the religious community it created a sensation. Religious-psychic phenomenon was not unknown in the middle 1800s. Many new religions in America

had been founded on visions their leaders supposedly received. In almost every case the visions had appeared as a result of an illness or injury.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which Sanders was a member, were divided in their opinion. While the church itself condemned spiritualists and psychic phenomenon, many of the members were devout believers.

After being ordained in 1862, Sanders pastored several churches including Maysville, Meridianville, and Mooresville. He also served the communities as a dentist, a trade that was evidently self taught. Possibly hoping to make up for his lack of formal education, he became a avid reader, eagerly devouring every book that came into his possession.

If there was a dark side to Sanders life, it was the fact that the spirits of X+Y=Z continued to haunt him. Often while reading a book, or in conversation with an acquaintance, or even while riding in a buggy, Sanders' face would begin to contort as he fell into a semiconscious state. He would have no memory of what had occurred upon awaking.

Since he gave the appearance of sleep, he became widely known

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as "The Sleeping Preacher."

Legions of witnesses described the strange phenomenon.

A house guest told how Sanders would write long discourses. At first the writings were mainly on religious subjects but later began to include diagnoses of illness for patients he had never seen as well as prescriptions for their illness.

He also translated Latin texts without error, although he claimed to have never studied the language. Numerous friends told how Sanders would locate lost articles for them while under the influence of the secondary personality.

As might be expected, not everyone in the community believed Reverend Sanders had the ability to perform the psychic feats for which he had become known. While many believed the power was the work of God, others credited it to the devil, and still others thought that the accounts of his prowess was a complete hoax.

The debate became so heated in the church as well as in the community that many of the church leaders began a movement to have Sanders dismissed from the ministry. Only fear of causing an irreversible split in the church caused the leaders to halt their actions.

Two of the church leaders, Dr. Ross and H.R. Smith, expressed open contempt for the backwoods preacher whom they considered to be a charlatan. They would later have cause to reconsider.

One evening in 1874, Reverend Sanders, who lived in Meridianville, desired to go to Huntsville, twelve miles away, to hear a sermon by Dr. Ross, but was unable to attend. That night, under the influence of the X+Y=Z personality, Sanders called for a pen, ink and paper. In his "sleep"

he wrote for more than an hour. The following morning he was told by his wife about the writing. Upon reading his writings, he found an outline of the sermon delivered by Dr. Ross the previous evening in Huntsville.

Sanders took the train to Huntsville that morning and went directly to the home of Reverend H.R. Smith. Mr. Smith expressed his regrets that Mr. Sanders had not been able to hear the previous night's sermon.

Sanders informed him that he had heard the sermon and enjoyed it all very much. He then proceeded to give a detailed description of the sermon including text, major subjects, and leading thoughts from beginning to end. Mr. Smith stated that it was impossible for Mr. Sanders to have been informed of the sermon in such detail since it had been preached the night before while Sanders slept and he had come directly from his home in Meridianville to Smith's home in Huntsville early the next morning.

Both Ross and Smith became strong believers of Reverend Sanders and the mysterious X+Y=Z.

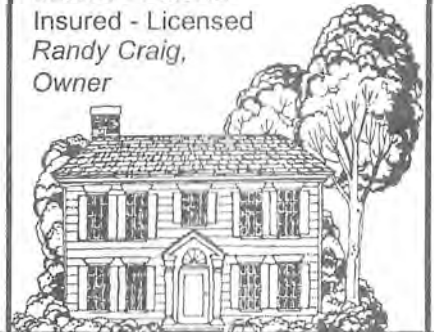
Sanders suffered from excruciating headaches for most of his life. Often times he would take to

bed for days trying to find relief from the pain. Although he led a normal life in most respects, numerous friends later testified to the fact that he only slept for two to three hours a night.

In February, 1866, Sanders was confined to his bed with a dislocated hip. J.W. Pruit reported that during a visit, Sanders began to laugh. When Pruit asked him why he was laughing, Sanders said he was laughing at DeWitt who was "having a hard scuffle to keep from falling off the fence, for the top rail was turning with him and he was trying to keep from

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falling over it."

According to Pruitt, about ten or fifteen minutes later, Mr. DeWitt arrived carrying a bowl of custard and a bag of peas his wife had sent to Sanders. DeWitt related his difficulty in negotiating the rail fence with his hands full. He stated that the fence shook and twisted and he nearly fell off. To Pruitt, it sounded curiously like what Sanders had laughed about fifteen minutes before.

Reverend G.W. Mitchell and Dr. Blair of Athens reported that on either October 31 or November 1, 1866, Sanders was sitting in front of a window when he began to say "poor fellow" and "what a pity." Sanders began to exhibit signs of sadness and distress and said, "He's gone! Gone! Gone!" When questioned about his actions, Sanders told the men that Lieutenant McClure had just died from an internal hemorrhage near Clarksville, Tennessee.

Early the next morning, Lieutenant McClure's wife in Athens received a telegram informing her of her husband's death some one hundred and fifty miles away near Clarksville, Tennessee of an internal hemorrhage.

In October, 1866, Sanders encountered Mrs. Mary A. Brown in Meridianville. Mrs. Brown ex-

pressed concern for her relatives in Salisbury, North Carolina whom she had not heard from in a long time. Mr. Sanders informed Mrs. Brown that he had gone to see them the night before and they were well as usual.

Sanders also told Mrs. Brown that there had been a fire in Salisbury the night before. He told her the fire had started in a tin shop and burned to the corner of the Wheeler block. He assured the woman that all her relatives were safe. Mrs. Brown wrote a letter to her sister living in the Salisbury area and inquired about the fire. In time she received a reply which confirmed all Mr. Sanders had said including the time it occurred, the tin shop where it started, and

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the extent of the damage.

In the summer of 1867, Sanders told Miss Sallie Humphey that Miss Mattie Banks in Decatur had just been struck by lightning and described her injuries. Miss Humphey told her sisters what Sanders had said and the three decided to check the next newspaper to see if any account was given of the incident. When the paper arrived, it contained the story of Miss Banks' accident confirming what Mr. Sanders had said down to the time and specific injuries he had mentioned.

More than sixty people, including physicians, ministers, civic leaders, judges, and people from all walks of life, of high moral character, gave written testimony to his psychic powers. Over the years Sanders and those who saw him perform these feats believed they were witnessing something that could not be explained.

On many occasions over the years, he begged the secondary personality, to no avail, to leave him.  $X+Y=Z$ , it appeared, took an almost perverse delight in tormenting the country preacher.

In 1875, a newspaper reporter from Nashville, Tenn., heard about the controversial Reverend Sanders and wrote several stories about him and the secondary personality,  $X+Y=Z$ . Although knowledge of Sander's psychic abilities was well known in the Tennessee Valley, he seemed distressed by the thought of gaining widespread attention.

On February 2nd, 1876,  $X+Y=Z$ , calling Sanders "My Casket" as he always did in written communications to him, consented to leave him for an indefinite time. In this communication,  $X+Y=Z$  also promised (or perhaps threatened) to return at a later date. There is no written documentation as to whether the

secondary personality actually kept his promise to return although rumors abound. According to one report Sanders was visited by  $X+Y=Z$  one last time in 1889. The mystical spirit is said to have revealed horrible details of future events and allowed Sanders a glimpse of the spirit world from where it came.

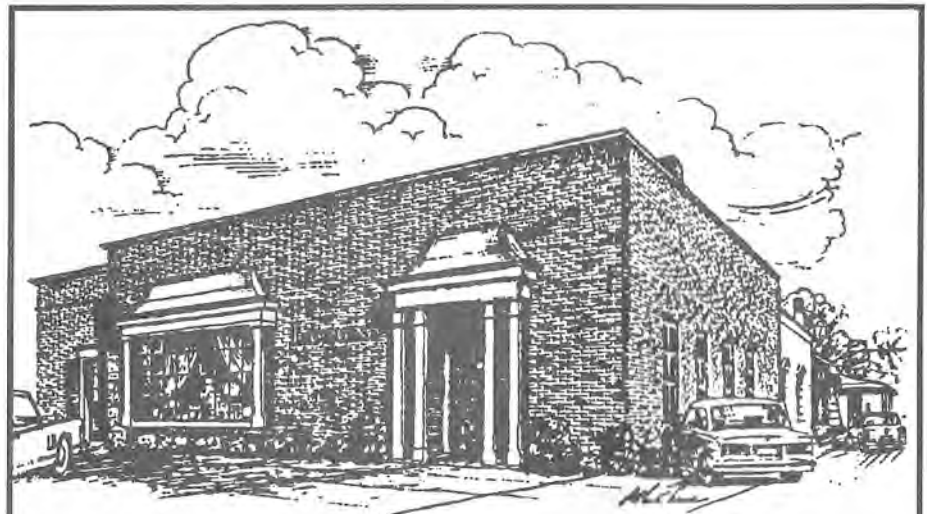
Constantine Blackmon Sanders died April 14, 1911 and was buried on Easter Sunday. Was he psychic or charlatan? He was investigated by the Boston Society For Psychic Research, and despite exhaustive research and interrogation of witnesses, they were unable to discredit his psychic abilities.

The believers saw the exit of

the secondary personality as an act of God. Detractors thought otherwise. Some believed that the visitor left, not because of a pact with God, but with the devil from whom it had come.

Today it is impossible to determine the source of Reverend Sanders' power. For every doubter there is an avid believer. For every mystery that can be explained there is another one with no answer. He was, and still is, one of the most controversial ministers to ever serve Madison County.

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The United States of America, Northern District of Alabama, Madison County, Huntsville.

On this 17th day of March, 1891, personally comes before me, a Notary Public for said county, Howard English, who having been duly sworn says he is an applicant for relief under the June 27 Act, Disability Pensions Claim No. 876791, late of the United States Infantry.

Applicant says that he is no longer able to provide for himself through meaningful work due to an injury received on July 21, 1879, and pleads that he be awarded the pension due him for

his service in the United States Infantry.

Applicant says that his injury occurred in defense of the reputation and honor of the memories of his fallen comrades.

Applicant says that on 21th of July, 1879, he was at the rail depot in Huntsville, Ala., where he was accosted by a group of unrepentant secessionists. After Claimant had listened to numerous vile and slanderous utterings about the Union, and the citizens of the Union, he felt it his duty to defend the flag under which he had served, even at the cost of dire consequence to body and limb.

During the altercation he was seized and physically thrown from the rail platform where upon he

received numerous broken bones and cuts.

Since that time applicant has been unable to continue his chosen occupation as a woodworker.

Applicant says that he is without friends in Madison County willing to assume the care for him and he is ill afforded the expense of travel to Indiana from which he comes.

Signed, John Roberts

Golf is a lot like taxes. You drive hard to get to the green and then end up in the hole.

- Ron Eyestone



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# 1895 News from Huntsville Newspapers



\* William Wilson, alias William Stevenson, has been arrested in Huntsville, charged with having robbed the mail in Texas and Arkansas. There is some doubt as to his being the right one, but if he is, those who made the arrest will receive a \$700 reward. He is also wanted in this state for murder in Marshall County.

\* Judge W.B. McClure was badly hurt Saturday night by being thrown from his buggy while returning home. His son James was thrown out, and the judge became entangled in trying to jump and was caught in the running gear. He was badly bruised and hurt and has been confined to his home ever since. We trust the judge will soon be out again.

\* Mr. T. A. Nixon, at Albertville, was suffering very much one day last week and in order to secure relief he injected strychnine in his arm, thinking he was using morphine. He died in three hours. His wife is in the habit of using morphine sometimes, and she took a dose of the strychnine too, but it happened to be a small one, and she was not considered to be in immediate danger.

\* The bucket factory at Gurley operated by the Nininger-Craver Co., is now running up to its full capacity. The present output is seventy dozen cedar water buckets, thirty-five dozen well buckets, fifty dozen lynn and candy buckets and eighteen dozen churns. The proprietors have in contemplation the manufacture of other grades of woodenware, and they may also add washboards to the list.

\* A certain secret society is having its regular meeting Tuesday next at the same location. Everyone is invited to attend.

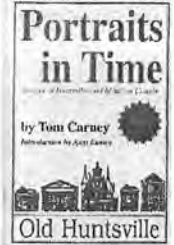
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Also, **Sweetie**, the precious little dog from Stevenson, Alabama that was set on fire will be one of our guests of honor!

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# Before The Rockets

By Jerry Devers, as told to Andrew Thomas

Daddy was a cotton man. His daddy had been a cotton man before him, and his daddy before him. Cotton was all he knew. Mama said our family owned land once, back before the Civil War, but lost it to back taxes. If the story is true or not, I never knew.

I was four years old the first time I remember us moving in 1941. We were sharecroppers, working on quarters, on Mr. Higgins place, where the arsenal is now located. Working on quarters meant the land owner supplied everything, but for the labor and sweat, and we took a quarter of the profit. The government took the land we were farming by eminent domain to build a chemical plant. Daddy had twenty acres of cotton planted and the government paid Mr. Higgins for it as he was the land owner. Mr. Higgins gave us 30 days to move.

We moved to some bottom land down next to the river that was owned by Mr. Lenox. The

house we moved into was a shotgun house; a house consisting of two rooms with a "dogtrot" (breezeway) separating the rooms. We didn't have much furniture to move, just a table with a few chairs, a bed and a clock that had belonged to Mama's mother. What few clothes we had could fit into one box.

The land we moved onto had not been farmed for several years because most of the men were off at war and it was overgrown with brush. We spent the rest of that fall and winter clearing the land getting it ready for spring planting. Mr. Lenox gave Daddy a handwritten note to show to the owner of a store nearby so we could purchase food that winter. I think we were limited to ten dollars a month, and had to pay it back when the cotton came in. At about the same time Daddy purchased a pair of mules, on credit, so we could farm on halves. We were really moving up in the world, we thought.

Daddy was in his element when the cotton was growing. For poor people, the only tangible results of a hard day's work were sore muscles, and Daddy was sore all the time. He seemed to carry his aches and pains as a badge of honor. During cotton season the house always smelled like

liniment from Mama rubbing his sore back.

I've often wondered if Daddy and Mama really loved one another. If they did, they never showed it. Mama was only fifteen when she married and Daddy was twenty-nine. He had been married before but his wife died. Mama was her first cousin. Mama came from a family that was dirt poor and had nine children so I suspect her marriage was mostly just a way to get out of the house.

We stayed on that land for about seven or eight years and although we never made any money, we always broke even. The land butted up next to the Arsenal and



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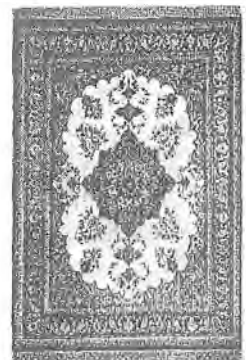


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when they started testing rocket motors there in the early 1950s we could often hear them while working in the fields. Daddy used to call it "rocket thunder" and said it "wasn't natural to have all that thunder with no rain." He said it was going to "mess the weather up."

His words proved strangely prophetic when a severe drought destroyed the cotton crop the following year. Daddy had to sell his mules and we moved onto Mr. Jones place, working on quarters again. The house was in the middle of a cotton field, with no yard or garden. Mr. Jones would not allow any of his tenants to have a garden because it took up land where cotton could be growing.

That was the first house we ever lived in that had electricity. It had a single bulb hanging from the ceiling of the kitchen.

The next few years were hard. Daddy went to town to try to get "government assistance" but was turned down because he was a sharecropper, and technically employed. Mamma used to make quilts from old rags and she had Daddy put her up a clothesline out next to the road. Almost every day, if we weren't in the fields, we used to sit out next to the road hoping to sell one to the Arsenal workers. Those quilts were our only source of income for a long time.

In 1954, Mamma developed cancer. The doctors said there was nothing to be done but she had Daddy borrow a truck to take her to Nashville where a preacher was having a healing revival. She died soon afterwards and then there was just Daddy and me.

Daddy never talked. In all of my memories I can never remember a conversation we had. Mostly it was just "hand me that," "time to get up," or go get some more

firewood." After Mama died he grew even more silent.

That same year I got a part-time job at a grocery store but it didn't last long. When Mr. Jones learned I had a job he told Daddy that he had hired the whole family, and if we weren't going to live up to our bargain, then he wasn't either. I was back in the cotton field the same week.

Huntsville had three distinct classes of people at that time. There was "us," "them" and the Arsenal people. "Us" were the poor people and "them" were the people who owned the land and businesses. The Arsenal people were mostly outsiders who had little to do with any of us. Even when we went to school we never really mixed.

Schoolbooks had to be purchased back then and many families could not afford them. There used to be a business in town that seemed to have a monopoly on them; that was the only place you could buy them. People would trade their old books in and if they were in bad condition the store

would throw them out. Many families, us included, would go to the store at night and rummage through the trash for text books. When the store realized what we were doing they started burning the books.

I dropped out of school when I was fourteen. We couldn't really afford me going to school and Daddy needed me to help in the fields. We moved several times in the next few years, with each place seeming to be worse than the last. Most cotton growers were using tractors and cotton-pickers by then and sharecroppers were left with the acreage that was barely

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profitable even in the best times.

I received my induction notice for the Army in 1955 and Daddy borrowed a car to drive me to the bus station. He didn't say much, he just gave me five dollars and when I looked out the bus window he was gone.

I was stationed in Italy when I received notice of my father's death. I learned later that they found him lying at the edge of a cotton field, with a hoe in his hand. There wasn't enough time for me to go home for the funeral, and afterwards there was no reason.

While in service I finished my education, got married and had three children. When I retired I went to work for an aerospace contractor in Denver, Colorado and in 1992 was transferred to Huntsville to work on a missile project.

Today, when I sit on my porch, on Monte Sano, sometimes if the sky is clear, I can see where I used to pick cotton and where my mother used to sit by the road selling her homemade quilts. But the fields have been replaced by subdivisions and the road is now a modern four-lane highway.

My children sometimes ask me what it was like to grow up in Huntsville during the beginning of the space program. I tell them it was different, a lot different than what they read in history books.

## Know Your Huntsville History

Match the names below with the correct facts

1. Tallulah Bankhead
2. Spec Searcy
3. LeRoy Pope
4. Miss Baker



- A. Monkey who became first in space
- B. Born in apartment on courthouse square
- C. Helped found first bank in Huntsville
- D. Ex-mayor of Huntsville

answers on page 32

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# Still Looking For His Wife

George Mitchell came into the office of the Times yesterday and reported the disappearance of his wife, who was before he married her, Nancy Whitlock.

Mitchell and his wife were living happily at Asheville, N.C. and Mitchell's half brother, George Edmonds, boarded at his house.

Last Thursday a week ago Mitchell returned from work late in the evening and found his house closed, and upon inquiry found that his five month old child had been taken to a neighbor's house with the request to take care of the child for an hour, when the mother would come for it.

Mitchell waited for his wife's return, but she never came back, and upon investigation it was found that Mitchell's half brother, George Edmonds, had eloped for parts unknown with Mrs. Mitchell.

Mitchell took his babe in his arms and walked through country roads to his friends in the Whitlock neighborhood, three miles from town where he left it, swearing that he would search the earth over until he found the base wretch who has brought this sorrow to his home, and if the law set his brother free after he had found him and turned him over to its custody, he would shoot him down in the courtroom then and there.

Mitchell left in the rain trying to find a trace of his faithless spouse.

It is requested that anyone with knowledge contact this office. A liberal reward has been offered.

*from 1890 Newspaper*

## Corn Casserole

1 box cornbread mix (small)

1 10 oz can cream corn

1 10 oz can whole kernel corn / drained

1 stick butter

8 oz cheddar cheese / grated

Mix all ingredients together except 1/2 cup cheddar cheese. Pour into 9 X 13 pan, sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake at 400 F for 30 to 40 minutes.

## August Birthdays

1 Francis Scott Key

10 Herbert Hoover

15 Napoleon

18 Sir Walter Scott

18 Virginia Dare

19 Orville Wright

21 Princess Margaret

23 Oliver Hazard Perry

25 Leonard Bernstein

27 Confucius

29 Oliver Wendall Holmes



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# Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

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



against **Glenn Watson** but sometimes opposition can be good. Good luck Glenn, and remember we all love you!

Congratulations to **Sandra Steele** who is getting married August 12. She is going to be a beautiful bride.

It was so good to see **Jeff Enfinger** and **Sonya**. Thanks for coming by and having breakfast with me!

**Mrs. Marie Mason**, a long time friend of mine, is a true inspiration for all of her friends. She has led a wonderful life full of love for everybody she has ever known. She was honored recently with a retirement dinner at the Greenbriar Restaurant after 48 years sitting with sick people in the community. Her preacher, **Larry Fincher** from the Pleasant Spring Baptist Church, organized this great party. About 100 people enjoyed the event. Mrs. Marie has 3 children, 7 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

Hi! What a wonderful summer we're having! Hope everyone is enjoying happiness and good health. We have such a beautiful town to live in with all the flowers in bloom and beautiful flags flying all around.

My gal pal **Susan Kirkland** guessed the picture of the month. She doesn't like country ham so she settled for bacon. The picture was our very own **Jane Smith** who is running for Circuit Court Clerk. Great lady!

I want to say Hi, and good luck to my breakfast pals Mr. & Mrs. **James H. (Bonnie) Powell**. Married 6/24/00 at the Cupid Chapel of Love in Gatlinburg, Tenn. Love you kids!

**Judge Buddy Little, J. R. Brooks** and others brought **Judge Sharon Yates** to breakfast. Sharon is a fine lady. You all need to meet her.

Remember my Methodist preacher friend, **Terry Greer**? He is preaching in Gadsden. He says to be sure to give everyone a big

hello.

It's vacation time and I love it! So many people stopping by to see me. **Mr. & Mrs. Pence** from Florida, parents of **Michelle Levick**, came by to see me recently.

Summer is the time for family reunions. **Peggy Hutson** and family had their get together in Corbin, Ky. They are a great family. They used to live next to me and the boys used to come see me all the time. **Bruce** lives in Seattle and **Rick** and his son are in Texarkana. They are fine young men and we had a great reunion.

Several people have recently asked me about **Missy Ming**, the ex-TV girl. Missy is married to **Judge Lynwood Smith** and they have a sweet 3 year old named **Charles**. I see her often.

**John Malone** and family have been to see me since last writing. They are loving Tenn., but we sure miss them.

This is a great political season. I didn't want anyone to run

## Photo of The Month

The first person to identify this child 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: A sharp businesswoman and a beautiful lady.



Last month's photo was Jane Smith

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Sandra Steele, President



**Loyd and Marci**, from the **Outback Restaurant**, are on their way to Key West for vacation. They sure are a hard working couple.

I'd like to say Hello and get well to my buddies, **Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Halsey**. I understand Mr. Halsey is not feeling well.

**Mrs. Raneé Pruitt**, the keeper of the secrets at the **Madison County Library/Archives**, has been under the weather lately. Get well and get on back to work!

Have you got a copy of **Fred Simpson's** book? I'm really enjoying mine. Very good reading. Thanks Fred and **Miss Peggy**.

The **Ladies Sunday School Class**, from the Gilliam Springs Baptist Church in Arab, came by bus to visit with me recently. They really had a wonderful time. I love seeing people that happy.

Well, I see **Jackie Reed** has thrown her hat in the mayor's race. She always makes a race more interesting.

The **Tim Morgan Golf Classic** is August 11. The proceeds benefit the **Pam Mitchell Memorial Scholarship** fund at UAH. Hope to see a lot of people there!

If you get a chance stop by the Limestone Flea Market and meet **Mr. and Mrs. Catherine Wilson**. They are the second row on the west side. They are great folks and have the best jam, jellies, herbs and all kind of vegetables.

**Howard Bahr**, a noted Civil War author from Tenn., spoke at the library recently about his new book, **The Year Of Jubilo**. The library sure does a wonderful job bringing in speakers.

We keep hearing rumors that **Cathey Carney**, Old Huntsville boss lady, is about to send another cookbook to press. Her last one, **The Old Huntsville Book Of Recipes And Remedies**, sold out in a hurry!

**J. B. Tucker**, Mayor of Hurri-

cane Creek, has spent the summer gardening and fishing. Boy, he lives a rough life. He wants to know if anyone needs some tomatoes!

Congratulations to **Desiree and Pope Cabler** who got married at a beautiful church wedding in Florence. It's so good to see young people in love.

We sure hate to see **Bubba Riddick** retire as Probate Judge. The folks on Hurricane Creek want to know if he is going to move back home!

**Rebecca Reed** and her mother **Linda Drace** had such a good time shopping in Nashville recently that Rebecca went back again the next weekend with her husband, **Michael**.

Wedding bells keep ringing! My grandson, **Duane and Beth Wright**, are getting married August 11. Much luck to a wonderful young couple. Beth, just feed him ham and biscuits and he'll follow you around forever!

That's all for now but remember that I love you all!

*David Sumner*

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## Southern Summer Cooking

### Green Snap Beans

Start with enough water to cover your beans. Add a little bacon drippings or corn oil and salt, add a favorite herb. Cook about 35 minutes - longer if you like them soft. Allow the water to reduce as your beans get tender. This produces more flavorful beans. Add a bit of sweet cream if desired.

### Fried Okra

1 lb. fresh okra, cut into 1/2" slices  
 1 c. flour  
 1 c. cracker meal  
 1 1/2 t. salt, divided  
 1/2 t. black pepper  
 1 egg, beaten  
 1 c. buttermilk  
 Vegetable oil

Wash and drain the okra, cut off tips and stem ends. Cut crosswise into slices. Combine the flour, meal, 1 teaspoon salt and

pepper in a shallow bowl. Combine the egg, buttermilk and rest of the salt in another bowl - stir well. Add a third of the okra to the egg mixture, stir well and put the okra then into the flour mixture. Stir to coat, then pour into hot vegetable oil to fry til brown. Remove with slotted spoon and let drain on paper towels. Continue with the rest of the okra.

### Banana Bread

1/2 c. shortening  
 1 c. sugar  
 2 eggs, unbeaten  
 2 c. sifted all purpose flour  
 2 large bananas  
 pinch salt  
 1 t. baking soda

Mash your bananas, mix in the baking soda. Cream the shortening with the sugar and eggs. Add the sifted flour and salt, cream well. Add mashed bananas, placed in greased loaf pan and bake for an hour at 300 degrees.

### Baked Vidalia Onions

Peel and core onions and place in a greased baking dish. Fill each core with 1 tablespoon margarine and 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Cover and bake at 350 degrees or 45 minutes, remove cover and continue baking for 15 more minutes. Allow one onion per serving.

### Black Pepper Beef

1 eye of round beef  
 1/4 c. coarsely ground black pepper  
 1 t. cardamon spice  
 2/3 c. soy sauce  
 1/2 c. vinegar  
 1 T. ketchup  
 1 t. paprika  
 1 clove garlic

Roll the beef in the black pepper and cardamon mixed. Make a marinade of the remaining ingredients and allow the meat to marinate in the mixture overnight. Next day remove meat from marinade and wrap in heavy foil.

Bake at 300 degrees for 3 hours.

### Ham and Red-eye gravy

Slice your country cured ham in 1/2 inch slices. Cut gashes in the fat to keep the ham from curl-

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ing up, then place the slices in a heavy skillet. Cook slowly, turn a couple of times, until meat is browned. Remove from pan and to the drippings add half a cup of hot water. Cook til the gravy turns red, then add about 1/4 cup black coffee. Serve hot with ham and biscuits.

### Cottage Cheese Pancakes

1 c. creamy cottage cheese, small curd  
4 eggs, beaten lightly  
1/2 c. sifted self-rising flour  
6 T. butter, softened  
pinch salt

Combine all ingredients well, and heat up your skillet with a bit of butter. Drop 1/4 cup measures of the batter onto the skillet and brown on each side, flipping as each side gets done. Serve with butter and hot syrup.

### Quick Cinnamon Breakfast Rolls

1 package brown & serve rolls  
3 T. butter, softened  
1/2 t. cinnamon  
3 T. pecans, finely chopped  
2 T. flour

Arrange your rolls on a baking pan that you've greased with butter. Just barely break apart the rolls, so they're still connected a bit. Mix all your remaining in-

gredients and spread mixture over the rolls. Bake in 400 degree oven for about 8 minutes. As the topping melts it should run in between the rolls.

### Oatmeal Fudge

1 square unsweetened chocolate  
1/2 c. condensed milk  
1 stick butter  
2 c. sugar  
pinch salt  
2 1/2 c. quick oatmeal  
1/2 c. pecans, chopped

In a saucepan slowly melt the chocolate and butter. Add the sugar and condensed milk and increase your heat, cook for 2 minutes. Remove and pour over the oatmeal and nuts. Beat well til cool enough to drop by teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper. Cool and serve.

### Wine Jelly

2 c. wine  
3 c. sugar  
1/2 bottle fruit pectin (liquid)

Place the wine and sugar in top of a double boiler, over rapidly boiling water for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from water, add the fruit pectin, stir til mixed thoroughly. Pour into sterile glasses and top with paraffin while hot.



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## Did You Know?

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## Growing Up In Dallas



by Ruby Crabbe

A lot of the old-time ways we grew up with in Dallas Village are obsolete, and thank goodness for that. Like the habit of throwing garbage in the back alleys behind the houses. They were littered from one end to the other with everything imaginable. People didn't use garbage cans, just threw the garbage over the back fence. Every so often workers from Dallas mill would bring a big truck with big shovels and scoop all the trash up and haul it to the trash pile. Then a familiar sight would always be seen of kids in the trash pile, going through all that garbage to see if they could find a "treasure."

Getting toilet tissue back in those days was no problem. On certain days a worker from the textile mill would go down the back alley and throw several rolls into the outdoor toilet house. The toilet room was built onto the end of the barn. In fact, on Rison Avenue the barn had two toilets. One on each end of the barn. The houses were duplex, so if two

families occupied the house they had their own private "bathroom." In those days we called the barn the "coal house" because everyone used coal to heat with and for the cook stoves. When we ordered a ton or two of coal, it was shoveled into the coal house through a little window on the back of the barn.

All the yards on Rison Avenue were fenced so a lot of people would stretch another fence between their house and barn to stable their cow for the night. Each morning the cow would be taken to the pasture until late evening and then brought back home for the night. Us kids took turns with this chore. Sometimes the larger kids in our neighborhood would chase our cow, get her flustered, and away she would run. Have you even seen a cow in high gear? Let me tell you, our cow could run! And have you ever seen little short-legged kids trying to catch a cow? One boy in particular (we called him the bully of the village) had a habit of chasing our cow every morning. I was eleven years old, and this bully of a boy was around 16 years old. One day the workers from Dallas Mill had just cut the briar bushes from up and down the back alley and left them lying where they had fallen. Next morning on our way

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to the pasture, this big bully jumped out from his hiding place to chase our cow. Well, I was ready for him. I grabbed the biggest thorn bush I could find and did I ever work him over. I got him hemmed up into a comer, and the more he hollered and yelped the faster I raked that thorn bush over him. That boy must have left our territory for awhile because never again did I see him lurking in any hiding place.

After our morning chores were finished, off to school we would go. We passed this one certain store every morning on our way to school, and every morning the store owner would be picking up small rocks and putting them into a paper sack. Being kids and eager to seek knowledge, our curiosity got the better of us so we asked him why was he picking up so many little rocks. He gave us a straight answer and an honest one at that. He was picking up the rocks to put with the dried beans to make them weigh heavy.

According to a lot of people in Dallas Village, that man sure spoke the truth because their beans were full of rocks.

Next stop was school. Most

of the kids wore "hand-me-downs" with plenty of patches. I'll never forget this one teacher at Rison School. She made fun of our hand-me-downs and patches. Her favorite name for us was "Dallas Mill Ragmuffins." I'm sure a lot of my old school buddies still remember that teacher. I know I'll never forget her and the names she called us. But despite all the hurt that teacher caused us, I'm sure we were still the happiest kids in Dallas Village, even if we were little "ragmuffins."

## Hog Stealing

In court yesterday M.D. Hanuner was placed under a \$500 bond for grand larceny. He was accused of stealing a hog from a colored man, named Felix Hawkins, and the evidence against him was strong enough to warrant binding him over to await trial. The pig was served for the holidays.

1893 newspaper



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## Bigamist Free

The case against Wm. Fuller, charged with bigamy, was ended yesterday by the discharge of the prisoner. When Fuller was brought into court for trial the prosecuting witnesses failed to appear and could not be found, there was nothing left for the court to do but to discharge the prisoner. Mrs. Fuller, number two, had been in the court room before the case was called, but could not be found when she was wanted.

from 1893 newspaper

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# Tips From Earlene



\* Stale tobacco smoke is the worst lingering smell - to get rid of it just put a few teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a large bowl of water and set it in the room. The room will smell fresh in the morning.

\* To make rice beautifully white and keep the grains separated when boiled, add a teaspoon of lemon juice to every quart of water in which it has cooked. You will not notice the lemon flavor in the rice.

\* If you've run out of ideas on decorating children's birthday cakes, try this. Take a few animal crackers and dip them in frosting, either several different colors or all the same color. Stick them around the edge of the cake.

\* Tired of that dry, itchy winter skin? Use your old leftover suntan oil in the shower and smell good at the same time! Just soap down as usual, rinse, then pour some of the oil on a washrag and spread.

\* Remember to throw those wood ashes into the garden or around trees and shrubs to keep the soil sweet.

\* When trying to stretch whipping cream by adding the white of an egg do not whip together. Beat the cream and egg separately and combine when ready to serve. The cream will be of a much better consistency.

\* When you finally find something that you have been looking all over the house for, put it back in the first spot you thought it might be in. That's probably where it really belongs.

\* A very effective makeup remover is Crisco. Just massage it onto your skin and wipe off with a tissue.

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# Know Your Rights

## Explaining Types of Child Custody

Here is a list of terms that relate to child custody:

**Joint Legal Custody** means that both parents have equal rights and responsibilities for major decisions concerning the child, such as education, health care, and religious training. This does not always mean that both parents must confer with each other every time a decision needs to be made. The court may designate one parent to have sole power to make certain decisions while both parents retain equal rights and responsibilities for other decisions. Usually, one of

the parents has been designated to have physical custody, which determines where the child lives most of the time.

**Joint Physical Custody** means that the parents share physical custody in a way that assures the child frequent and substantial contact with each parent. Joint physical custody does not necessarily mean that each parent will see the child for equal amounts of time throughout the year. It is possible for one of the parents to be granted primary decision-making power even though the children spend substantial time with both parents.

**Joint Custody**, or "True" Joint Custody means that each parent shares both legal custody and physical custody with the other parent. This does not always mean that each parent has equal rights and duties for every decision that affects the child, nor does it always mean that each parent will have the child for an equal amount of time during the year. "Joint Custody" does not mean that a parent has the right to take the child whenever he/she wants to.

**Sole Legal Custody** means that one parent has sole rights and responsibilities to make major decisions concerning the child, such as education, health care, and religious training.

**Sole Physical Custody** means that one parent has sole

physical custody and the other parent has rights of visitation. This does not mean that the parent without "sole physical custody" may never see his or her child. Under most circumstances, the court will give visitation rights to the parent who does not have sole physical custody.

**Termination of Parental Rights** is different than sole custody. If a court terminates someone's parental rights, then that parent no longer has any right to see the child, nor to make decisions for the child, nor does that parent have to continue to support the child. It is very difficult to terminate someone's parental rights, and the state is usually involved.

No matter how a court arranges custody, each parent will always have the right to all records and information about the child, including medical and scholastic records. This right is secured by statute in Alabama.

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## Mysterious Disappearance

Harvey got up early that day, if he had slept at all. His head still hurt from the day before, and it wasn't because he had had too much of Mr. Daniel's celebrated sippin' whiskey. Harvey rubbed the bruise on his head. That dern Charlie. He'd fix him. He started off down the road.

It was harvest time at the Woodard farm. Nestled back off of Spankum Hollow Road, and just a stone's throw from the Bedford County line, George Woodard's place was tucked in the shelter of long low hill, four miles northwest of Lynchburg, Tennessee.

Harvey Bolin had been steaming over the incident for nearly twenty-four hours. The previous morning, while harvesting wheat, Charlie Walter White accused Harvey of hitting him with a pitchfork. Harvey flatly denied it. Tempers flared.

"You're a bald-faced liar," Charlie yelled out.

"The hell I am!" returned Harvey, preparing to lunge at Charlie.

Charlie leaned back and swung his pitchfork overhead, landing a strong blow on Harvey's head - and breaking the pitchfork. Harvey tackled Charlie, but other members of the threshing crew soon parted the men before the fight became more violent.

But Harvey wouldn't let Charlie, just 19 and nearly ten years his junior, get the better of him. Although described by some as normally mild-mannered, Harvey had reached his breaking point.

That day, Harvey went into Lynchburg and bought a new Win-

chester six-shooter. The bullets had Charlie's name written all over them.

Harvey was waiting for Charlie early the next morning, sitting perched on a fencepost near the wheatfield. As Charlie neared the field, Harvey drew the revolver and fired. Charlie took off in a run, though wounded. Harvey gave chase, firing five more times and emptying the chamber. Only two shots missed. Charlie's bloodied body slumped on a large rock, near the porch of the Woodard home.

While the other men examined Charlie's body for any signs of life, Harvey fled the scene. He went home, kissed his wife Alma and two young sons, Carl and Dewey, goodbye. While he was still there, Sheriff Gifford Woodard rode out to make his arrest. Harvey greeted him with a question: "Sheriff, you've got a little baby boy, right?" Gifford nodded that he did. "Well, if you love that wife

and baby of yours, you'll keep ridin'." Gifford hesitated, but knew better than to argue with a man like Harvey, who settled disputes with bullets. Gifford rode on, but contacted Deputy Sheriff Robert Phillips of Huntsville for assistance. Harvey had once lived near Huntsville, north of the city, near the county line. Gifford suspected Harvey might be on his way south, across the state line.

After saying goodbye to his family, Harvey rode to his father's home, east of Lynchburg, where he stayed in hiding for a few days. Then, with his father's assistance, Harvey dressed up in women's clothing, complete with veil and gloves, as was then the fashion, and together Harvey and his father walked to Alabama, to other relatives, and safety.

So effective was Harvey's disappearing act after the murder on August 1, 1900, that today virtually no trace can be found of him after that time, though rumors

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abound. Some say after staying in Huntsville for a time, Harvey went west, to Texas or Oklahoma, where he was killed in a shoot-out. One story says that Will Conwell, a Tennessee neighbor of Harvey's, saw him in Oklahoma. Family tales claim that Harvey's wife, Alma, went to Sewanee and Nashville in the five years following the murder, just to follow Harvey's trail. Harvey's youngest son, Dewey ("Jack"), said that he could remember visiting his father in prison, where he thought Harvey was a trustee, sometime before 1920. Harvey's other son, Carl ("Bob") swore that one day in the 1930s, Harvey came to his restaurant in Nashville, sat there drinking coffee all day, and when he paid his bill, said with a knowing gaze, "It's been nice seeing you again, son." Both Carl and Dewey claimed to have seen Harvey's obituary in their local papers of Nashville and Ft. Smith, respectively, probably sometime in the 1950s. But not a single rumor has been substantiated.

Relatives still are seeking answers. What happened to Harvey? Did he turn himself in, as some speculate, or remain a criminal, dying in the same manner as his victim, killed in a gunfight? Or did he simply go on about his life, either under his own name or an alias, and live a quiet life, indistinguishable from any other citizen?

His own family never saw him

again, except as perhaps an occasional visit from a "mysterious stranger." Newspaper articles from the time, as well as court records, provide few answers. It is believed that Harvey and his father may have settled in the Huntsville area after 1900; a William Bolin, a man old enough to be Harvey's father, and formerly of Lynchburg, came to Huntsville to work in the Merrimack Mill sometime in the early part of the 1900s, where he remained employed until his death in 1931.

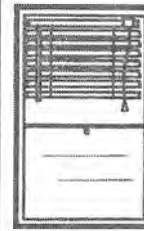
The author would welcome any information readers might have relating to this case. She can be reached at: L. Barnickel c/o 9301 Haskell Dr., Broken Arrow, OK 74014.

## Electric Bitter

*from 1896 newspaper*

Edward Shepherd, of Paint Rock, says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it is my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle by John P. Hutchings.

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# United States Senate

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

HISTORICAL OFFICE

Dear Old Huntsville:

The United States Senate Historical Office is trying to solve an old mystery! For many years, the burial site of Senator William Smith (usually known as Judge William Smith) has been in dispute. William Smith represented the State of South Carolina in the United States Senate from 1816 to 1831, as well as enjoying a distinguished legal career. (He declined a confirmed nomination to serve on the U.S. Supreme Court in 1837.) To the best of our knowledge, we believe Smith was born

in 1762, and we know that he died at his estate, "Calhoun Place," on the Maysville Pike, near Huntsville, Alabama, on June 26, 1840. He was initially interred in a family burial ground on that estate, then reinterred in a local cemetery at a later date. We believe he was interred in Maple Hill Cemetery, probably in the late 1880s or early 1890s, but have been unable to confirm this fact.

In 1941, the Congressional Joint Committee on Printing, then responsible for updating and printing the *Biographical Directory of the U.S. Congress*, did a thorough search for Smith's grave. All of the documentation collected by the Committee suggests that Senator Smith was indeed buried at Maple Hill Cem-

etry, probably around 1890, but no real confirmation has ever been found. Over the last year, several inquiries have been made and yet we are still unable to confirm whether or not Maple Hill is the final resting place of Senator William Smith.

Since you have exhibited such a keen interest in Huntsville history, and particularly the history of Maple Hill Cemetery, I thought this little mystery might be of interest to you and your readers. If you or anyone else could shed some light on this matter, the Senate Historical Office would be most grateful. We try to keep accurate and up-to-date information on all of the men and women who have served in the United States Senate since 1789, and this portion of Smith's personal history remains incomplete.

If you have any suggestions for other contacts or possible avenues of research, please feel free to contact me. Thank you, in advance, for any information you can provide.

Sincerely,  
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# The Indian

## War *A personal narrative by Robert Paine*

In May, 1814, my father removed (from Person County, North Carolina) to the State of Tennessee, and settled in Giles County. He had visited the country in 1807, and in the fall of 1813 had sent forward his servants in charge of my mother's brother, Robert, to make a crop the ensuing season. Thus it was that when the whole of the family got there in the ensuing spring a fine crop was growing, and a comfortable house and home awaited us. But when, after a long and wearisome trip of over a month, we had arrived within three miles of our new home we were surprised to see a number of men on the roadside in a rude kind of military parade.

Without inquiring the object of the meeting we passed on, but before we had gone out of sight, were overtaken, and informed that the head of that family had just been drafted into the service for Gen. Andrew Jackson's Indian Army, and must appear at Fayetteville to be mustered into active service within a few days. Of course this was done by collusion, and for the relief of those who preferred to stay at home, or if they must go, to do so as paid substitutes.

The substitute heretofore alluded to was, unfortunately, my mother's beloved brother. Neither the earnest wishes of father nor the entreaties and tears of mother availed aught. The call for volunteers was sudden and urgent. Jackson demanded immediate and efficient military assistance. His force had already been so diminished by repeated losses in battles and death from exposure

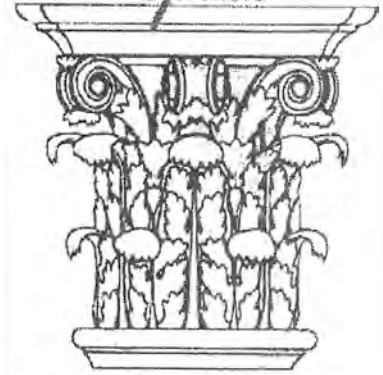


in the swamps and bayous of the South, that fresh recruits were needed to retain possession of the territory which had been won from the Creeks and Seminoles.

In a few days my uncle was equipped, and was off for the war. I was sent with him to save him from fatigue, and to bring back his favorite beautiful horse. We arrived at the place of rendezvous, Fayetteville, at the prescribed time, and joining a large number of soldiers just coming in from various sections of Middle Tennessee, and with music, floating banners, and general greetings and huzzas, went into camp. The place of encampment was a magnificent natural forest, a mile or two from the little village of Fayetteville. That was a night to impress a boy. The number of men, wagons, horses, the hundreds of campfires scattered through the dark forest, songs, laughter, and then the organization of the respective companies, the cooking and eating of breakfast, followed by packing up and

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getting ready to march. What boy could see all this and ever forget it? But when I had to bid farewell to my uncle and turn away for home, I sobbed like a child, and would have given an empire to go with him.

But how or why repeat the sad

old story of heroic deeds, privations, and sufferings, terminating in a scene more sad, the final breaking down of a vigorous constitution and premature death? He won the respect of his associates by his virtuous and upright moral demeanor as a gentleman, and the confidence of his officers by his promptitude and courage to such a degree that, beginning as a private, he was repeatedly promoted, until, at the close of his service and the war, he was ranked as a major, and was in command of an important military post.

It was a campaign distinguished by closing up and securing the results of the victories of Jackson and his brave Tennesseans, which crushed the Creeks and their allies, and permanently protected the whites' country south of the Tennessee state line from the tomahawks of their relentless and wily savage foes; but it was memorable also for the fearful prevalence of disease and mortality among the soldiers. A most virulent form of malarial fever broke out, and soon spread to Fort Williams, where my uncle was stationed. The volunteers died in large numbers. The attacks were sudden, and the disease intractable.

Awhile before the proclamation of peace and the order to leave the Indian territory was announced, my uncle was stricken down with the terrible epidemic,


and but for his regular habits, his strict temperance in all things, and his robust constitution, he would have speedily shared the fate of many others; but, under a kind Providence, he withstood the shock, and while too weak to ride on horseback, he started in an army wagon, after nearly all had left for home. Informed as to the disbanding of the army, my father sent forward a friend with a carriage to meet him and bring him home. This friend consented, if I would go and assist him. My mother was seriously ill, and father could not leave her. The trip would be a long one, partly through the Indian tribes, and not without peril. Only after a painful mental struggle did mother consent to risk her boy to save a brother.

It was a rough and tedious trip. After entering the Cherokee Nation, we began to meet squads of soldiers, and afterwards hosts of them; there seemed no end to them. Wagons full of sick and wounded passed us. We often inquired for my uncle. One would say, 'He is dead;' another, 'No, not dead but too sick to leave the fort, the next, 'He is very feeble, but is trying to come on.'

Still keeping on our way, at last we met him, lying in an army wagon, too feeble to sit up. We took him in charge, and got him finally to Fort Deposit (near present day Guntersville), on the Tennessee River. As he was too

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sick to proceed, my friend left me to wait and get my uncle home as best I could.

The long contest between the Indians and the whites had been settled for a time by Jackson's Tennesseans in favor of the latter race. The victorious soldiers left the Indian territory. The long line of vehicles accompanying them had crossed the Tennessee River, leaving behind the wagons bearing the wounded and sick. The commissary was about exhausted. I saw hundreds of barrels of flour and other army stores lying on the banks of the Tennessee River, unfit for food, while the soldiers were suffering for subsistence. Indeed, the unsound condition of some of the food issued to the army had been a prime cause of disease and death. And when the wagons containing the better part of the stores passed, with the main body of soldiers, out of the Indian Nation, the sick and worn-down whose homes were in the southwestern part of Tennessee found themselves huddled together on the bank of the river, almost entirely destitute of food and tents, unable to endure the long and circuitous trip by land, and without the means of going down the river. Among others thus unfortunately detained, was the command to which my uncle belonged. To add to my trouble, he relapsed, and his death seemed inevitable. I succeeded, however, in getting him

into an old Indian home, and nursed him with a tender and loving care. He repaid it by his gentleness and hopefulness.

No preparation seemed to have been made for this contingency. How or when this crowd would be removed, or be cared for while staying there, no one could tell. They lined the riverbank and roamed the swamp for game. That was a restless and strange crowd; soldiers, Indians, and Negroes were huddled together.

As for me, when I could be spared from the hard bunk of my sick uncle, I was trying to get medicine or food for the sufferer. I tried to kill birds and squirrels, and hired Indian boys to assist me in it, and was surprised that with bow and arrow they could beat my gun. Game soon disappeared from the camping place, and we could not get enough food for the sick. Time passed away slowly and sadly.

At last an old, very large hulk of a flatboat, which had brought

down corn and meat for the army the year previously, was found not far from the camp, and it was determined to repair it and use it as an ark of safety. At once the wildest enthusiasm seized the whole crowd. By early dawn next morning a rushing throng was moving to the "ark." They swung my uncle in a blanket and bore him along; my horse and gig and myself were put into the boat. At one end of the long craft they improvised a bed and protected it from rain and sun, and allotted that as the place for their Major and his nephew. Then with a thundering shout of 'Farewell to war,' responded to by the wild whoop of their Indian allies on the shore, they cut loose and slowly drifted

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away on the bosom of the beautiful Tennessee.

War was over, and we were going home. It was our wish to stop at a place called Ditto's Landing, where the river passes within ten miles of Huntsville, and where the volunteers from North Alabama and Middle Tennessee would debark for their homes. The fear was that in the darkness of the night on the wide and rapid stream we might pass beyond, and then we knew not where we could land.

They sung all manner of camp songs, told camp-tales, laughed and shouted all the evening until the long night had about closed, when, exhausted by excitement and rude merriment, they all fell into a profound sleep. Just at the moment when the boat had swung herself round I perceived in the dim twilight of the early morning that we were near a landing-place, and cried aloud, "Here it is." The sleepers awoke instantly, and soon we drifted so near the shore that some leaped on it in time to prevent the boat from passing by.

The ark had served its purpose. Its freight was discharged at the right place and thence diverging to various points, and the barge was left to its fate.

I was deeply affected to witness the separation. I, who had witnessed their meeting in Fayetteville the year before, where


I had gone to bring back my uncle's horse, and had been so delighted with the pomp and circumstance of war as to beg to be a 'soldier boy,' had now witnessed the contrast in this ill-starred company of suffering, sick, and wounded remnants of various regiments who were leaving behind them hundreds and thousands who will sleep until the trumpet of God shall awake them. Nor did they, in their haste, forget my dear uncle. They lifted him out, and waited until he was snugly seated in the carriage, and as they respectfully bade their beloved Major farewell, hoping they should soon meet in Fayetteville, where they were to be formally mustered out of service and receive their back-pay

The route to Huntsville was through a fertile, level, and finely cultivated country, most strikingly in contrast with the wild unbroken forests, the bayous, and treacherous marshes of the Indian territories through which we had lately passed. The Bell Tavern was the terminus of that day's travel.


A nice, well kept hotel, with attentive servants, clean beds, and good food well-prepared, and free from the intrusion of gamblers and drunkards, is a benediction to a weary traveler, especially if he be sick and suffering. Such seemed that place to us. But even


here my uncle found himself too ill to proceed, and we were detained. However, we had skillful physicians and drugstores, and he again rallied for a last effort to reach home.

At nightfall, on the second day's journey from Huntsville, we reached home, and my precious charge was delivered over to my



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father and mother. Words cannot express their gratification, but when with tenderest hands they bore his emaciated body into the house and found it needful to put him to bed at once, my mother's heart was deeply troubled. She could scarcely recognize him as indeed her brother; but the best medical skill, combined with constant attention and a resolute purpose to be present, if possible, at Fayetteville, to make his final report as an officer and receive his discharge, so sustained him that he began to convalesce.

Unfortunately at this critical period a quack doctor persuaded him that he had a remedy which would promptly relieve him and enable him to go to the disbandment. Weak and exhausted in

body and mind, he too readily believed what he ardently hoped for, and, became the victim of the confidence-quack. A quick relapse and breaking down of his vital forces followed, and amidst the bitter tears and heart-rending grief of the family, he calmly and resignedly closed his life.

We buried him near a Baptist church, which stood on an eminence that overlooks the pretty valley of Cross Water. It was the burying ground of the neighborhood, and was in a beautiful natural forest. In after years I went in search of his grave, but was surprised and mortified to find no trace of church or cemetery. The dead were forgotten, and their memorials had perished. The very men who had turned pale at the rumor of an Indian raid, and had fled with their wives and children to less dangerous neighborhoods, heartlessly drove the plow over the sacred spot where rests the dust of the brave volunteers who promptly stepped between the fugitives and the uplifted tomahawk, and paid the penalty of their patriotism with their precious lives.

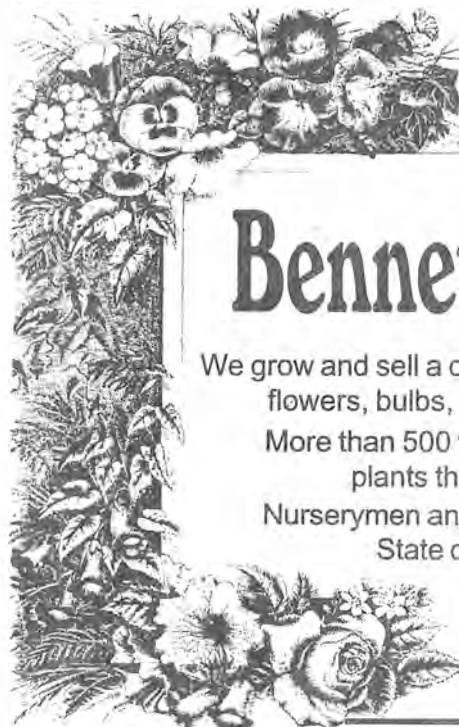
## Monster Snake Runs Family Off Farm

*from 1903 newspaper*



Our correspondent from Gurley informs us of a most strange snake story, the like of which we have never heard before.

A monstrous snake, estimated to be eight foot long, has taken up residence at the farm of Clyde Meade. In the past month it has caused cattle, swine, chickens as well as cats and dogs to flee the farm. The two hired hands have also quit, vowing to never return. Other hands, though needing employment, refuse to venture near the farm. All attempts to kill or capture the snake have proved fruitless and the Meade family are reportaly making plans to move.



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A pessimist is a person  
who grows his own  
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# 1912 Grand Jury Blasts Corruption In Huntsville

*In 1912 a Grand Jury was empowered to investigate charges of corruption in Huntsville. Following is part of that report.*

We, the Grand Jury, having completed our labors, beg leave to submit this, our final report. We have endeavored to follow your charge faithfully and to do our duty fearlessly. From the magnitude of our work our report must necessarily be at length in order to put before you the extent of and result of our investigations.

We have had before us 588 witnesses and have returned 241 true bills out of a docket of 758 cases. We were confronted with witnesses, especially those summoned in the alleged election fraud and illegal selling of whiskey, who had been so intimidated or persuaded that they held to the lie in spite of positive information by reputable witnesses.

Indeed our information is that a large number of witnesses in these cases had been instructed to lie and stick to the lie and thereby escape citation. Many

witnesses whom we were informed had positive evidence upon which we could indict were actually persuaded to join the "bird gang" and flee the county.

Our probe into the illegal selling of liquors or "bootlegging" was as deep and far reaching as we could possibly make it. It is surprising beyond belief to know that "bootlegging" exists in every part of the county in a more or less degree, but it is rampant, especially in the city and outlying districts. (Merrimack alone is excepted.)

We are informed that even the night hacks and omnibus lines are quickly in touch to supply the demand of the belated traveler or citizen. We are informed that two restaurants, one located near the Southern Railway and the other near the N.C. & St.L. Railway, are nothing but dens of vice, openly and notoriously selling whiskey and beer at certain hours on week days and Sundays. We are informed that the so called restaurant near the Southern Railway was closed by an injunction and divested of all its contents, but that it is now operating in full blast in spite of that injunction.

We can only ask: Is it a fact that the officers of the law are winking at crime? This Grand Jury asserts that a murder was lately committed near this restaurant located near the Southern Railway, one Joe Pyncheon, was foully murdered and his remains

# Vote Nov. 7

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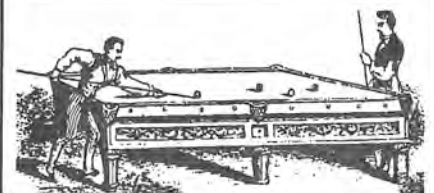
**Huntsville History Answers**

1-B, 2-D, 3-C, 4-A



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carried a safe distance and placed upon the Southern Railway track so that a passing train might cover up the crime. Pyncheon had sold his cotton and had displayed fifty dollars in this so called restaurant and some time during the night was lured away and beaten into insensibility. He was heard to beg for his life, pleaded not to be killed and our witnesses on whom we relied for indictment were so intimidated that they chose to lie out of the fact that they were practically eye witnesses to the cold blooded murder.

We are informed that this den at the Southern Railway sells from three to five barrels of whiskey a week, but we were powerless to indict the proprietor. We not only recommend as a Grand Jury but we ask the City Commissioners to forthwith revoke the licenses of these so called restaurants or soft drink stands and to put the ban upon these properties from ever being used for like purposes again. Located as they are, near railroads, they are bound to degenerate into just such dives as they are now because of the class of people who loaf about and frequent such places, especially at night.

We are informed that the Twickenham Club is also among the favored. That liquor is being handled and served contrary to law and gambling is allowed, but

we are powerless to indict.

Now let us name another and a glowing state of fact. Those would be reformers who called loud and lustily for a special Grand Jury to investigate the election frauds, saying they had enough evidence to indict the whole outfit, were allowed to come before us and given the opportunity they clamored for. It is sad to relate that their evidence was none at all, or was so pitifully weak that we had to give it nourishment before we could vote upon it at all.

We had more scholarly liars in this investigation than during the whole time we were in session on other matters.

We have endeavored to be true to our oaths, therefore we can only hope that future Grand Juries will be as earnest as we have been to further check the open and flagrant violations of law, especially "bootlegging" and election disgraces. At the enormity of both we are simply amazed, and our utter inability to render a better service we are simply stunned. Guided by the able admonitions of the Solicitor we have done our best whether good results will follow or not, and having reported the facts as we see and know them, beg to be discharged.

Respectfully submitted,

Walter F. Smith

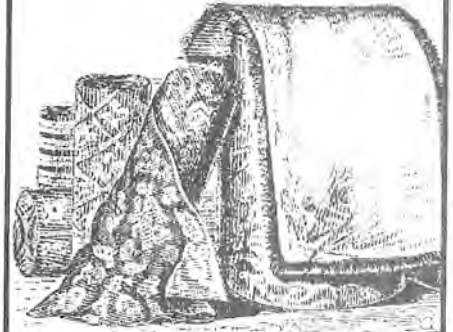
Foreman of the Grand Jury

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- John Kelly



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# A Flat Failure



Although people today consider the *Gettysburg Address* to be President Lincoln's finest hour, Lincoln himself believed it be a "flat failure."

That belief was echoed by many newspaper correspondents from around the country.

**\* Chicago Times:** "The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat and dish-watery utterance of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States. . . Lincoln cannot speak five grammatical sentences in succession."

**\* New York Herald:** It mentioned the address as the "dedicatory remarks of the President" - without reporting what he said.

**\* Harrisburg Patriot:** "We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation, we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

**\* Illinois State Register** (in Lincoln's home, Springfield): Lincoln's "buffoonery convinces the mind of no man and was utterly lost on the majority of his audience."

# CornPone

From 1869 Recipe

**S**cald the meal over night, as if making thin mush. Add cold water until lukewarm, and thicken with meal until stiff. Add one teaspoonful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Place it in a covered dish where it will be warm overnight. In the morning bake in a hot oven.

# Lye Soap

Put 1 1/2 to 2 quarts of lye water in a kettle along with 4 1/2 to 5 pounds of grease and boil, stirring constantly until thick like gravy or jelly (about thirty minutes). Pour into shallow pan and let harden. Cut the hardened soap into cakes and use to clean your pots and pans.

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## Local Man Wants To Build Aeroplane Plant In Huntsville

from 1913 newspaper

William L. Quick of this county has invented and perfected a new type of monoplane which, it is believed, will overcome many of the deficiencies that are found in the flying machines now in use. Mr. Quick's machine is patterned after the ordinary hawk and contains wings and a tail. The propelling arrangement is patterned after the insect, consisting of vibratory propellers that make no revolutions but beat the air like the wings of a humming bird or fly. The system of control is designed to become instinctive on the part of the operator since, by simply leaning forward the attachments to the tail of the machine will guide it upward and by leaning backward it will go downward. The rudder is regulated in the same manner.

Mr. Quick has been at work on the model of this machine during the last eight years and it looks like he has solved the problem. The lines of the machine make it impossible for it to fall directly to the ground either head first, backwards or upside down. Mr. Quick claims that should the motor power be shut off while the machine is in the air, it would drift slowly to the ground. He has made a study of aeronautic problems during the last several years and knows the deficiencies of every machine that is now used in the United States and abroad and he has constructed his own with a view to avoiding all these. He has twenty patents pending, sixteen of which have already been granted. The others will no doubt be allowed in time. Mr. Quick ex-

pects to organize a company for the manufacture of his machine and he would like to have the plant located in Huntsville.

*Editor's note: The plane is now on public display at the Huntsville Space and Rocket Museum*

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# Dear Daughter



Thanks to Nell Porter for allowing us to print this letter

September 20, 1891  
Mrs. Sally Sandlin  
Daughter,

I seat myself this beautiful Sabbath to answer your letter that you rote sometime ago. I was glad to hear from you and to know that you was well and doing well. Sally I have nothing to write to you that would interest you no more than we are all well, hoping that this would find you and Len both well.

What to say? I recon that you think that I mite rote you soone. I could have wrot a letter a long time ago, I just kept thinking I would write. That is the only reason that I have for not writing sooner. Well, Sally if you will excuse me for not writing no sooner, I will try to write you a letter once a month.

Dear Daughter, if I could see you with your rosy cheeks, loving smiles, & a kind heart with them lilly white hands clasp my one, that would been briter to me than the britest star that ever shone. Sally I recon you would like to no something about how times is hear. They are very hard times here money for horses & cattle & hogs cheap, corne & wheat is a veary fair prise. Every thing else is. Sally I recon you would like to no what sort of a crop we have got. We made 60 bushels of wheat, a few oats, I have got about 2 acers of cotton. We have got a fine corn crop. We ant tending mutch of our land in corn. The land that we rented will make 10 barrels per acer. I have got a fine sweet potato patch made rite

smart of arch potatoes. No cabbis no garden no chickens hardley heap of ducks.

Sally we had squirrel and chicken for breakfast this morning, two big possomes for dinner. I dont no what for supper yet. Sally the children talkes a heap about sister Sally. There is another little boy here he come here the 20th of march 6 months old today. His name is John T. Buckhannon after the governor of the state, don't you think that will dough. I must close for this time. Sally you & Len write to me just as soon as you get this.

I remain your affectionate father over till death.

Henry Rutledge

A friend is one who sees through you but enjoys the show.  
- Jill Garret

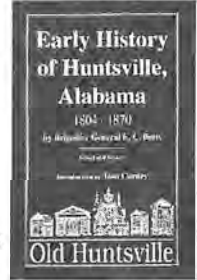
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- \* Wes Brown lynched downtown
- \* First telephones installed
- \* 11 saloons in Huntsville
- \* Huntsville Police had 8 deputies
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Dear Fellow Huntsville Citizen:

My name is **Herb Dixon**. Before I made the decision to run for Mayor, I visited with citizens from all parts of our city. Based on the information that I received from them, I was able to identify the key issues that our citizens told me are their highest priorities, and I discovered that there is a strong and pressing desire among voters for a change in the way our city government conducts its business. Those issues have become the basic planks in my platform for Mayor.

First, I believe we must utilize every available, and reasonable, means to provide our **public schools** with the resources they need to give our children the education they must have to become successful adults and to fill the future leadership roles of our great city. We must form a partnership and work together to insure that **ALL** of our children are given opportunities for success.

Second, not only for our generation, but also for those coming after us, we must insure that Huntsville provides its citizens with career opportunities that will give them the income they need to care for themselves and their families. As your Mayor, I will actively seek new business ventures that will offer **higher paying wages**, and I will work closely with our small businesses to help alleviate their specific concerns.

Third, as your Mayor, I will encourage and facilitate the establishment of **specialized medical clinics** to provide our Medicare Citizens with a more diverse group of healthcare providers.

Fourth, I will establish an "**Open Door**" policy for the citizens of Huntsville. As a part of this policy, I will be available at least one Saturday every month for individuals with unresolved city problems to meet with me.

This Mayor's race is about "**Change**." Changes must be made to correct deficiencies in our educational system. Changes must be made to provide a better quality of life for **ALL** of our citizens. Changes must be made to provide an increased number of better paying jobs with appropriate benefits. Finally, a significant change must be made to open communications between the Mayor, city employees and all our citizens.

On August 22, you and the other citizens of Huntsville will have the opportunity to bring about the changes that **you** have told me are needed in our city government. **Your** vote will decide the course of our city for the next four years.

Please vote for me, **Herb Dixon**, on August 22, 2000. Thank you.

  
**Herb Dixon**

**"It's About Change, and Change is Good"**

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# A Soldiers Letter Home

Huntsville, Alabama  
6 Aug. 1864

Dear Brother-in-law & Sister,  
May these bare lines meet with you in good health. I am so far right hale and hearty. I want to let you know in short how it looks here and what happens. We have so far been fortunate, having still lost no man through the enemy, although the bushwhackers are fairly thick in the vicinity.

Our regiment HQs is near the city on a hill where there is a fortress with 8 cannons which can be used over the city and all around the whole region. The city is very beautiful but has gained much damage through the war already. We have no danger, only if we should be attacked at night, and if that happens the whole city will explode into the air and burn up, what the citizens know well enough and therefore are always afraid, it should happen.

One sees few whites almost not as many as blacks which are

very friendly giving up the hat to the soldiers. We perpetually have 50 to 80 blacks that must hew timber for new fortresses, or do other work. These were slaves in the country about here and must work whether they want or not, there is always a guard by them. I have good hours since I am the company's bugler, I need to do no watch, and no rifle to carry. Only to practice an hour each morning. However, the boys have it fairly hard, every other day on picket, and each day a unit goes out to scout after bushwhackers, but up to now have found no opposition.

The old man who lives in the flat, his son who is in our company, you know him also, he is a handsome big boy, will probably die, since he has an extreme fever. Yesterday he was admitted into the hospital, and last night he jumped from the window 3 stories high since he is sometimes out of his head. I visited him this morning, he said he had not hurt himself, that can't be.

I remain your dear brother-in-law and brother.

My address is John Drexel, Company CO 13th Ind. Cav. vol 5 Huntsville, Alabama

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# In Pursuit of Freedom

Have you ever wondered what happened to the 56 men who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors, and tortured before they died. Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. Nine of the 56 fought and died from wounds or hardships of the Revolutionary War.

They signed and they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. What kind of men were they?

Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and large plantation owners; men of means, well educated. But they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured.

Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts, and died in rags.

Thomas McKearn was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family almost constantly. He served in the Congress without pay, and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him, and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers looted the properties of Dillery, Hall, Clymer, Walton, Gwinnett, Heyward, Rutledge, and Middleton.

At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson Jr, noted that the British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. He quietly urged General George Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed, and Nelson died bankrupt.

Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife, and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from

his wife's bedside as she was dying. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and his gristmill were laid to waste. For more than a year he lived in forests and caves, returning home to find his wife dead and his children vanished. A few weeks later he died from exhaustion and a broken heart. Norris and Livingston suffered similar fates.

Such were the stories and sacrifices of the American Revolution.

These were not wild-eyed, rabble-rousing ruffians. They were soft-spoken men of means and education. They had security, but they valued liberty more.

Standing tall, straight, and unwavering, they pledged: "For the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of the divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

So, take a few minutes and silently thank God for these patriots. It's not much to ask for the price they paid.



*Bud Cramer has worked his whole life to protect children and bring jobs home to North Alabama.*

*I'm glad we have an honest and hard working man fighting for us in Congress.*

*Aunt Eunice*

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