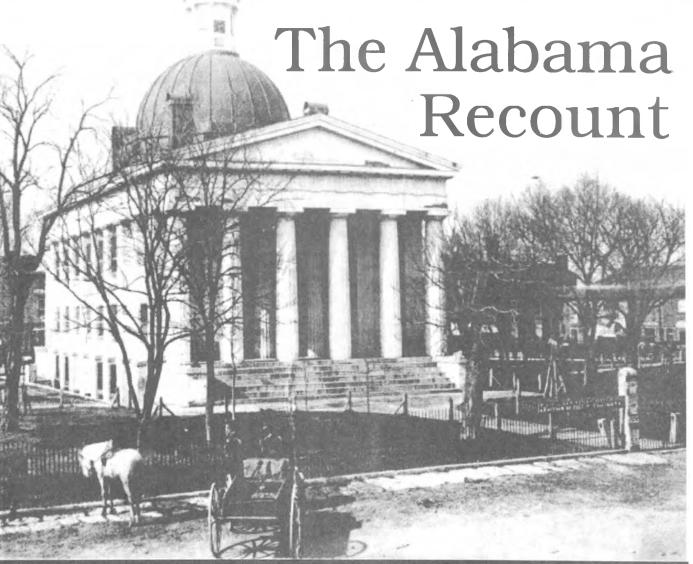


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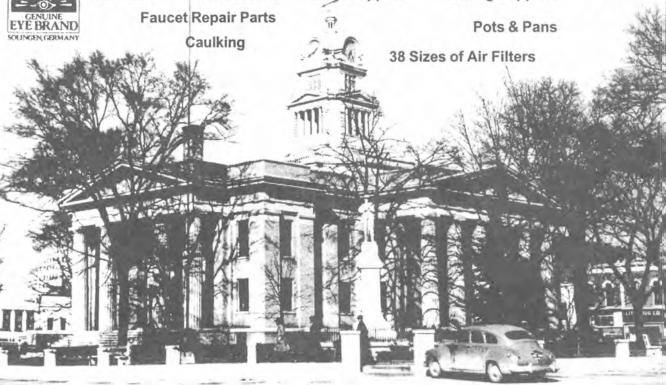
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The Alabama Recount

During the turbulent period of Reconstruction, following the Civil War, political power in Alabama underwent a dramatic transformation. Political alliances, and families, that had held power since the early days of statehood suddenly found themselves cast out of the system as a result of their support of the Confederacy.

With the majority of white males disenfranchised, political power shifted to the Republican party largely because of the Black vote. The Republican party, for most newly freed Blacks, was the very symbol of the freedom that Abraham Lincoln had granted them.

Under what became known as the "Carpetbag Rule," and using the powers of the Freedman's Bureau, the United States Army and out-of-state political operatives, the Republicans seized power in North Alabama. The Democrats, most of who's leaders were disenfranchised Confederates, were powerless to stop the political onslaught.

By 1880 the political winds were shifting. Most white males

had regained their right to vote and the Tennessee Valley was no longer under military occupation. The Democratic party, however, was in such disarray that it could no longer command a solid front against the Republicans.

The party had broken into splinter parties, with none commanding a majority. Chief among the splinter groups were the "Independents." These were mostly small farmers who had built up an antagonism over the years against the large planters and often voted with the Republicans.

The Independents were, in fact, more harshly condemned than the Republicans. One Democratic newspaper described an Independent as being "the protege of radicalism, the spawn of corruption, poverty and ignorance who comes forth as the leaders of the ignorant and deluded blacks." Another group, the "Greenbacks," had also been making serious inroads on the Democratic party by promising better economic times and a loosening of tight credit restrictions.

Democratic leaders, searching for someone to unify the party, selected General Joseph Wheeler as their candidate for Congress in 1880. "Little Joe," as Wheeler was popularly known, had been a highly charismatic Confederate General and, as other Confederate leaders began dying off, was



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emerging as one of the "Lost Cause's" main spokesmen.

Opposing Wheeler in the Congressional campaign was William Manning Lowe, who had served in the Confederate Army and after being wounded at Bull Run, had been granted an honorable discharge. Returning to Huntsville, he was admitted to the bar and was appointed solicitor for the Fifth Judicial Circuit in 1865. In 1870 he was elected to the State house of representatives followed by election to Congress in 1878 after successfully putting together a coalition of disillusioned Democrats, Independents and Republicans.

Right or wrong, many people saw Lowe as a tool of the Republicans and Carpetbaggers.

On August 23, 1880, the District Congressional Convention met at a sawmill on the banks of the Tennessee river and nominated General Wheeler to run against Lowe. The selection of the sawmill was deliberate, as a newspaper explained, "as the object is to saw asunder the Radical party and their Greenback-Independent allies."

A hint of the bitter rhetoric that would follow was given by a Wheeler spokesman when he condemned Lowe's supporters as "radical who would sell their very souls for the Negro votes."

The congressional race was one of the most closely watched

in the nation. At stake, depending on which side you chose, was the continuation of "carpetbagger and scalawag rule, or the restoration of "a Democratic party controlled by the rich and powerful aristocracy."

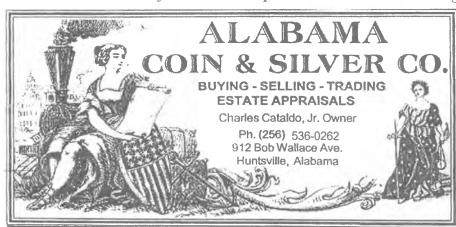
As a result, money and political operatives began pouring into North Alabama. From the very beginning Wheeler factions began a strategy of labeling Lowe as a scalawag and radical. Lowe found this difficult to counter. Although he had served in public office during the carpetbagger era, the fact that he had voted against most of the administration's policies fell on deaf ears.

Although Lowe, like Wheeler, had based much of his early campaign on "white supremacy," as he saw traditional Democratic votes began to peel away, and in an effort to replace them, he met with the State Chairman of the Republican party and received their endorsement. In addition, the leading Black newspaper in the south strongly endorsed Lowe.

The Wheeler factions heralded this as proof that Lowe was in the pockets of the "carpet bagging radicals." Secretly, though, they were worried. With Lowe picking up a unified black vote it could spell doom for Wheeler's candidacy. In an attempt to nullify the Republicans' effect on the race, Wheeler operatives enlisted the help of W.H. Councill, a leading







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black educator in Huntsville. Rumor mills in Huntsville had connected Councill's name to a sordid sex scandal and possibly he saw this as a way to change the subject.

With Councill's help, the Democratic party began holding mass rallies across North Alabama. Abundant quantities of free food and drink attracted thousands of people who listened to speeches by Councill and other black leaders urging them to vote for Wheeler.

Now, the Lowe camp was worried. With Councill and other black leaders supporting Wheeler, they could no longer count on a solid black vote. To counter this, and with advice from the Repub-

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lican party, Lowe's operative's began to link his name with that of James Garfield, the Republican candidate for president. Garfield had been a Union General stationed in Huntsville for a while during the civil war and was highly popular with the black voters. The white voters, however, detested Garfield as a reminder of the Union occupation during the war.

In an almost comical sense, Lowe was placed in the situation of portraying himself as a loyal Confederate veteran at white gatherings and a friend of Garfield and the Union Army before blacks. It was a successful strategy however as newspapers of the day describe Lowe's rallies as having almost a religious fervor, with his speeches before black rallies being constantly punctuated by choruses of "Amen" and "Hallelujah."

Many newspapers called this contest the "no-show election." Early on many people began calling for the candidates to debate but it was soon apparent that neither one wanted to face the other in a public forum. Lowe, however,

learning that Wheeler had commitments at the far end of the district on a certain date that he could not possibly avoid, immediately offered a challenge to debate on the same date. When Wheeler's camp realized they had been blind-sided they began issuing the same type of challenges. The result was a constant barrage of debate challenges with neither side showing up.

Election day observers declared one of the highest turn outs ever. People started showing up at the polls hours before they opened and some had to be kept open later to accommodate the waiting crowds.

Lowe, with his advisors, spent the night at his palatial home, The Grove, going over the returns as they trickled in from outlying areas. As expected, the "hill countries" were going strongly for Lowe while the "flatlands," home of the cotton plantations, were swinging to Wheeler. By late that evening it was evident that the cities of Huntsville and Athens would determine the outcome.

General Wheeler, on the other hand, seemed unconcerned with the outcome. After voting earlier in the day, he had traveled to Huntsville and checked into the Huntsville Hotel where a large crowd of his supporters had gathered. Leaving the vote counting to his aides, Wheeler then retired to a room to get some much needed sleep.

Early the next morning, as the final tallies came over the telegraph wires, it appeared as if General Joseph Wheeler would be the winner. Certain voting districts, crucial to Lowe, had gone in favor of Wheeler. A disheartened aide to Lowe traveled the few blocks to the hotel to congratulate Wheeler and announce Lowe's concession.

Other Lowe aides, however,



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continued to watch and tally the returns. By mid morning Wheeler's lead had shrunk to only 43 votes, out of a total of 24,773 cast. Especially intriguing to the aides were the several thousand votes that had been discarded as "spoiled" and another six hundred that had been rejected as illegal.

The Lowe camp strongly believed they had carried the black vote and reasoned that most of the discarded ballots were cast by illiterate blacks who were not familiar with the voting process. If these votes were recounted, they were sure the new outcome would favor Lowe.

To everyone's surprise, Lowe suddenly placed himself back in the race and demanded a recount of the ballots in question.

Aides to Lowe appeared in court with a petition that the ballots be impounded. Wheeler's aides, in turn, appealed to the chair of the election board to declare him the winner, which they promptly did.

This placed the Lowe camp in an awkward position. With Wheeler already declared the victor, their only hope was in getting the election declared illegal. In order to do this though, they had to swing public sympathy to their side. Unfortunately, the press had already declared it to be "old news" and was no longer interested in the charges of fraud.

Simply asking that the votes be recounted would not be enough - they had to create an impression of massive voter fraud.

Working with out-of-state political operatives the Lowe camp began a massive letter writing campaign to newspapers across the country. Almost daily, charges appeared in the national papers of intimidation, vote buying and ballot box stuffing. It was later alleged that many of these letters

originated in Washington, D.C. For the rest of the country, charges such as these were easy to believe when they came out of Alabama.

Among the charges was the fact that many people did not understand the ballot; that it was complicated. Wheelers camp replied by pointing out that Lowe's people had helped design the ballot. Others charged that it was insane to believe that any blacks voted for Wheeler, an ex-Confederate General. Opponents pointed out that Lowe was also an ex-Confederate.

Within weeks, the national press took up the cry demanding a recount. Even the Huntsville papers got into the act when the Huntsville Gazette ran a story, paraphrasing Hamlet's soliloguy to fit the occasion: "To count or not to count, that is the question."

Adding to the furor were the public meetings held to protest the election. The common thread among all the speeches was that the election had been stolen and large parts of minority voting groups had been disenfranchised.

On Nov. 29, 1880 the United States District Court held a hearing on the election. Attorneys representing Lowe's interests were brief and to the point: Recount the ballots.

The judge and other officers of the court had already taken a look at a sampling of the ballots and counting them was the last

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thing they wanted to do. Many of the ballots were later described as "illegible scraps of paper containing everything from signs of the occult to the end results of a runny nose."

Possibly, the judge had no desire to make a public spectacle of himself by trying to decide if a runny nose was an intent of a

Wheeler's attorneys were also prepared. They argued that the election was over and their candidate had been declared the winner. To support their claim they offered a list of hundreds of wit-

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nesses they intended to call to prove there were no voting irregularities.

The judge, apparently not wanting to get involved in a ballot judging contest, got both sides to agree to the taking of testimony first to establish if election laws had been broken. Because of the huge number of potential witnesses it was agreed that the taking of testimony would be conducted at various places throughout the district rather than have everyone travel to Huntsville.

Wheeler's attorney's immediately filed another petition stating that ballots cast for Lowe were illegal because they violated Alabama election law that provided, "the ballot shall be a plain piece of white paper without any figures, marks, rulings, characters, or embellishments thereon, not less than two nor more than two and one-half inches wide, and not less than five nor more than five and one-half inches long, on which must be written or printed, or partly written or partly printed, only the names of the persons for whom the elector intends to vote, and must designate the office for which each person so named is intended by him to be chosen; and any ballot otherwise described is illegal and must be rejected." The Lowe ticket, the Democrats reasoned, was illegal because it contained figures designating Presidential electors by districts.

Lowe's political allies were enraged and countered with the claim that many ex-Confederates who voted for Wheeler had never been pardoned and therefore were ineligible to cast votes. This was a calculated move on their part as they realized Wheeler had carried the ex-soldier vote.

While Lowe continued to fight in the courtrooms and the arena of public opinion, General Wheeler was quietly making other plans. Rather than retiring to his farm to await the verdicts, Wheeler traveled incognito to Washington D.C., where on the first Monday of December, 1880, he presented him-

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shavers@mindspring.com 2362 Whitesburg Dr. Whitesburg at Bob Wallace Huntsville, Ala. 35801 self for the oath of office at the opening session of the Forty-seventh Congress.

Representative James Jones, of Texas, offered a resolution that neither Lowe nor Wheeler be seated until the Committee On Elections could make a report. The resolution was tabled and the matter referred to committee. With no motion on the floor opposing Wheeler, he was sworn in as Alabama's new congressman.

Although confirmed as a congressman, General Wheeler's political battles were far from over. Delegations from the Committee of Elections traveled to Alabama where they listened to all the available evidence. When the committee was still unable to reach a decision it was decided that the ballots would have to be counted.

This was easier said than done. First, both sides had to agree on what was a valid ballot. Lowe's camp wanted the looser interpretation while Wheeler's aides wanted to apply the strict letter of the law. In the hope that cool heads would prevail, two representatives from both sides, as well as two independent observers were appointed to count the ballots.

With the whole country watching, it was hoped that a speedy and fair resolution of the election would take place. After days of counting and recounting, and in some cases re-recounting, it was announced that the tally was complete.

With swarms of people crowded into a small room, the Democratic minority spoke first. Waving to the room to be silent, he announced that the new figures showed Joe Wheeler in the lead by 4,712 votes.

Instant jubilation broke out among the Wheeler supporters as they yelled and clapped one another on the backs.

The jubilation did not last long, however. Minutes later a Republican representative made his way to the front and begged for silence. After the crowd calmed he read the majority report stating that, in their opinion, William Manning Lowe had won the election by 848 votes.

However outrageous and partisan the results were, the fact remained that the Republicans were the majority of the committee, and Congress, and their opinion would prevail.

The committee made its report to the House the following June 2, 1881 stating that "Joseph Wheeler is not entitled to a seat in this House of Representatives."

The resolution to unseat



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Immediately after being escorted to the Speaker's desk where he was sworn in, Lowe sent his friends in Huntsville the following telegram: "The fraud has been eliminated. I am seated at last."

Lowe's victory was hollow. In all, Wheeler had served ten of the eleven months the Forty-seventh Congress was in session before being unseated. Lowe served the remaining one month and returned to his home in Huntsville where he soon died of tuberculosis.

In the next election, General Joe Wheeler was easily elected to Congress where he remained for the next 18 years.

One hundred and twenty years later Florida would become known as "the land of the hanging chads," but no one would remember that Alabama showed the way.

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Man Charged with the Killing of Lock Ezell is Captured in Texas after a Six Month's Flight, and is Brought and Lodged in Madison's jail

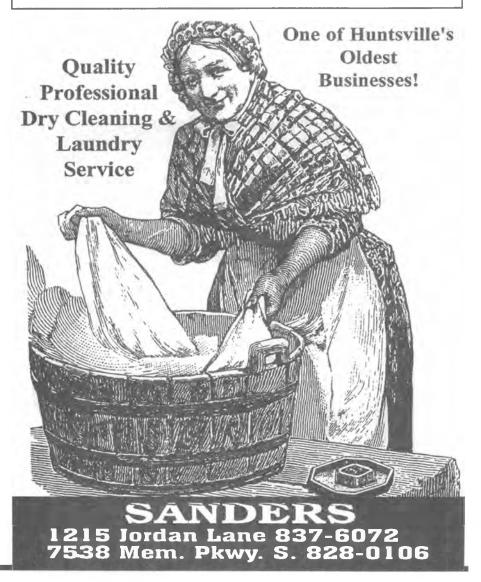
Many of our readers will remember the killing of Mr. Lock Ezell, which occurred in Franklin County on the 8th of last May.

Mr. Ezell, at that time, was in the employe of the Government as Deputy Marshal, and his death is accredited to W. W. Lawler.

After Ezell was murdered, Lawler left Franklin County and was not heard from until a few days since, when he was captured by a sheriff of one of the counties in Texas, near Fort Worth. He was brought to Tuscumbia and turned over to the authorities of Colbert County, and Thursday evening Sheriff Toney Weaver and his Deputy Tom Steele arrived in Huntsville, bringing with them Lawler, who was immediately locked up in Madison's jail.

Lawler has a sister residing in this city.

From 1891 newspaper



A Dastardly Attempt to Burn the Business Block on the North Side of the Square

From 1891 newspaper

Monday morning about 1:30 o'clock, as one of the Mercury's compositors was going home after his night's work, and as he passed the store room recently vacated by Mr. J. B. Bradford, and since then has been unoccupied, he saw a small light through the front door, way back in the rear, also could detect a volume of smoke rising. He called a gentleman or two who were standing on the Huntsville Hotel corner, and after a slight examination the cry of fire was given.

It did not take many minutes for the fire department to appear, and headed by Fire Chief Baker, the front door was burst open, lanterns were brought into requisition and in the hands of two or three men, the rear end of the store was visited, and just as the corner of the stair was reached from which a door opens into a place reserved for a private office, a fire made of paper and kindling

was on the inside, built right on top of the floor. As soon as it was discovered, the men in the front hollowed for the hose, but at that time a member of the department, William Hayden, caught a man's form in a crouching position up in a dark corner of this little space, and immediately laid his iron grasp upon him and drew him from his hiding. Officers Ward and Fulgham were on hand and the man was turned over to them. They got him into the calaboose. while he was kicking, jerking and making strenuous efforts to free himself. Finding the man created a great deal of excitement, but the small gathering set to work and in a few minutes had the fire put

If the fire had gained any headway no telling what damage it would have done, for the entire block would certainly have been in danger. The villainous fellow arrested would not disclose his name, nor residence, neither could anything be learned of him from those present. But it is safe to say that when he is arraigned for an investigation of his extreme criminal act he will be fully known and dealt with accordingly.

For some women, working out is no longer done to be fit. It's done so that they can stand sideways and not be seen.



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It is with feelings of the greatest regret and mortification that the major commdg. is compelled to resort to such punishment but the habit the men are too readily falling into of pilfering and stealing must and shall be stopped.

By Order of Major L. Stout Commdg 13 Ind. Cav.

Note: "Standing on a barrel head" was a common punishment during the Civil War and consisted of being forced to stand at attention, in full gear, on top of a barrel. Thomas Riggs, evidently disagreeing with the sentence, deserted the same day. A picture of Major Stout was drawn on a wall inside the Huntsville Depot during the period it was occupied by Federal troops and may still be seen.

Why is it when a woman tells her doctor she is tired, he immediately looks at her tongue?

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- The "57" on the Heinz ketchup bottle represents the number of varieties of pickles the company once had.

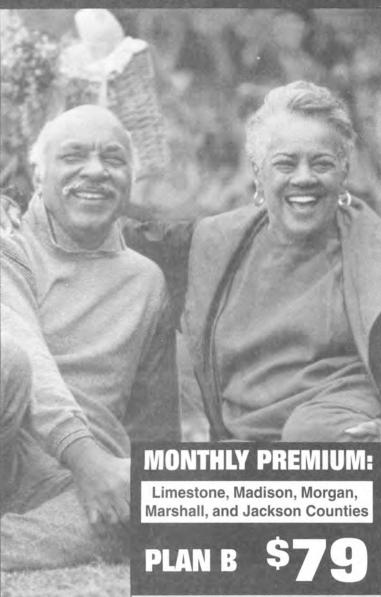
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by Dottie Cutts

There was only one time in my life that I wished I had been a man!

That was on Sunday, December 7, 1941. The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor, and almost all the men I knew had soon afterwards enlisted. The only avenue left for the women was to man the home front.

We went to work in the defense plants to back up our men and keep the supplies rolling. My first job was with SKF ball bearings. Then I transferred to the Budd Company where I advanced up to welding supervisor on the cargo plane. But this was not the Army! A bill had been introduced to Congress in May of '41 to establish a woman's Army Auxiliary Corps, but it failed to receive serious consideration until after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Finally, on May 15, 1942, President Franklin Roosevelt signed the bill into law, and set a recruitment goal of 25,000 for the first year. That goal was reached by November and I was one of the early lucky ones.

Fort Des Moines, Iowa, was the first training facility. It was an abandoned cavalry post from WW I. Our holding area was one of the huge stables. Rows and rows of double bunk beds.

I still don't know how we knew which bed was ours. Maybe we didn't - a bed was a bed. We were told to bring no extra clothes, as we would be issued uniforms.

However, a real problem arose. The corps grew faster than they could make the uniforms. Our first issue was a man's HEAVY all-wool khaki overcoat. Now I'm 5' and it just did not fit. The sleeves had to be rolled up so I could find my hands. The bottom was almost level with the ground and acted as a snow plow and pushed the snow up my legs. Iowa can be very cold in the winter!

After a few days we were separated into companies and graduated to the barracks. Still rows of beds, but single this time. Community showers, which were very hard for most women to get used to. Still no uniforms. Finally our first issue came, and we received complete sets of underwear (all khaki), not in my favorite color.

One of our first classes was on saluting. After the lesson we were told to go out and salute the first officer we came to. I still had my famous overcoat on and a wool knit cap with a visor. I smartly saluted my officer, hit the visor of the cap, knocked it off into the snow, and promptly tried to retrieve it. That left the officer returning the salute to my derriere. We both had to giggle a little.

Gradually our uniforms ar-

rived piece by piece. A khaki shirt and necktie, then our dress overcoat and hat. The shoes were heavy brown leather oxfords and it took many blisters before they were broken in. The skirts were the last of the dress uniform to arrive. They really were nice uniforms when they all were together. We had received striped seersucker dresses for every day.

My first Christmas away from home was spent on KP. I volunteered, because I knew it would keep me busy and keep my mind occupied. We used the same metal tray that the men used and were served in the same haphaz-



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ard way. It all ended up in the same place anyway. A special duty that morning was to separate the coffee grounds and egg shells from the grease barrel. Grease was a valuable recyclable. We did a lot of it then. Fortunately, it was cold and the grease had solidified, so it wasn't too hard. In the afternoon I called home and mother and I both had three minutes of serious crying.

After basic we were divided into different schools. Our job was to replace the men in the mundane duties (that they loathed) and send them off to war. Some of us went to cooking school, filing, clerks, telephone operators, etc. I was sent to Administration School in a hotel in Des Moines. There were four of us in a small room. One sink, no bathroom. It was down the hall. At graduation, since the O.C.S. was not ready for the next class, they asked me if I would like to join a Medical Corps that was leaving that night.

We traveled by train (darkened) and night and arrived the next day at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia. There I was assigned to the clinic where we took blood from the men and the women. My medical skills were limited, but with the help of an orange, a syringe and needle, and water I soon learned to give a shot with the best of them. We especially looked forward to giving the recruits their welcome shots. One of us would be on one side with the tetanus shot and the other with the typhoid shot. The tetanus really stung and we had many a man drop to the floor with the needle still in his arm. The typhoid didn't hurt at first, but by night you were in a lot of pain.

Ft. Oglethorpe was also one of the early WAAC Centers, and we had our own ward at the hospital. I was transferred there and had the opportunity to work, with a wonderful doctor and nurse.

On July 3, 1943 the WAC became law. No longer an Auxiliary Corps, but a part of the Army with the same benefits and privileges as the men. At this time we were given a choice of becoming part of the Army or going home. In the meantime the Public Health Service had started a Cadet Nurse Corps, with a plan to provide the Army with more Registered Nurses. With the encouragement of both my doctor and nurse, I resigned the WAAC and entered the first open Cadet Nurse Corps at Episcopal Hospital.

Before I graduated the war was over, but while I was at the University of Pittsburgh, during the Korean War, I received greetings

Having a baby is like taking your lower lip and forcing it over your head.

Carol Burnett

from Uncle Sam, and my dream of being an Army Nurse was finally realized. My tours of duty were Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D.C. and Tripler Hospital in Honolulu. After over 50 years I look back on my WAAC days as very important in the shaping of my future life. I'm proud to have served.



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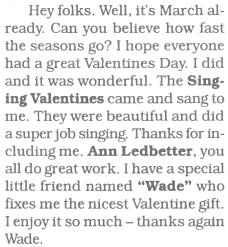
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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

With pearls of wisdom contributed by the Liar's Table



We hear that **J.B. Tucker**, mayor of Hurricane Creek, has been made an honorary Colonel in the Alabama National Guard. Does this mean we have to call him Mayor Colonel?

The Picture of the Month was Mr. Joe Reid from Reid Hardware. Mr. Buddy Brawley from Owens Cross Roads called me and guessed the picture, (Come on down and get your country ham!).

My dear friend **Lynn Sparks Lewis** married and now lives in Decatur. She came to see me this week and brought her **husband** with her. It was so good to see her. I love you Lynn.

Our sympathy goes to **Mike Gillespie** and his family on the death of Mike's **Mother**. We love you all so much. My sympathy also goes to the family of **Dr. Tom McGehee**. **Jean Marie**, **Robert**, **David**, and all, we love you. He was a great man.

I'm so glad that **Tom** and **Cathey Carney** took a little time off and went to Florida for a short vacation. I hear you had a great time.

Our friend **Cecil Ashburn** is a proud Great Grandpa now. Just ask him if he has a picture!

I'm so glad my waitress, **Ramona** is back this week after surgery. She's doing fine and she does a great job here because she loves her customers so much! She says thanks to all for your prayers and concerns.

It was good to see our **U.S. Senator**, **Jeff Sessions**, in town

recently. He was here for the grand opening of the Valley Garden Apartments Neighborhood Network facility. It's a wonderful opportunity for folks to acquire computer skills to help them better themselves in Huntsville's job market. Keep up the good work, Jeff.

Boy, did Mr. Niles White have a great birthday. He and his wife Doris, Mr. Tom and Pat Smith, and Mr. Jack and Charlene Lockhard all celebrated over some real good looking country ham and lots of great laughs.

The **Senior Center's** big night is coming up March 6th. Eight of our wonderful citizens are being honored. Congratulations to my dear friend **John Purdy** who is one of the eight being brought into the **Path of Honor**.

Congratulations to **Mark McDaniel**. He was appointed to the **NASA Advisory Council** by the **President**. What an honor!

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the picture of this young lad wins a free breakfast at Eunice's Country Kitchen. So stop on by and tell Aunt Eunice who you think it is!

Hint: He helped put Alabama highways on the map.







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Sandra Steele, President

Bud Cramer and **Robert Aderholt** honored Mark with a great party at the **Heritage Club**. Gee, what a wonderful crowd of people were there. **Henri**, we were so proud of you all. You sure stood tall!! Love you.

Crime Prevention class has started. Not too late for you to go. Great class for us Seniors. We all should go.

We hear that **Old Huntsville** has another **CD rom** of Huntsville photos coming out May 1. The first one was great and we hear that this one is going to be even better!

Congratulations to **RJ** and **Sandra Rhodes** on the birth of their little grandson "**Sam.**" **Kristy**, that means you're growing older. "Aunt" again.

Remember Mrs. Tillie Laird. She fell on the ice and broke her arm. Boy, was her husband Byron happy; she got the cast this week – Poor fellow, he got those dish pan hands (They're two great guys!).

Loyd at Outback Steakhouse is so busy that Marci and the children had to come see me without him. Now that is really busy.

Sure miss my friends **Bryce** and **Dolly Davis**. They are in Florida for the winter.

Happy 40th birthday to **Allen Bennett**. Several of his buddies came to breakfast with him. They all had a great time at **Eunice's**.

Well, our new **Tax Collector** came by to visit me – **Miss Hall** (she's a very pretty lady. I Liked her a lot). Thanks **Lynda**!

Mr. Billy Harbin and Mrs. Joyce came to breakfast this week. I wonder what Bubba Riddick is doing since his retirement? Hope you're enjoying it, though.

Congratulations to **Jan Davis**. Great things are happening for her. First, a promotion at work.

Now, Jan is being inducted into the **Alabama Engineering Hall of Fame**. We're so proud of you, Jan.

As I was about to close my column, I got word that my family lost a great friend. **Doug Miller**, a longtime friend from **Montgomery** has passed away. Our sympathy goes to **Ms. Ann** and all the family. We love you.

The Buick Street Rod Association, Inc., is a modified club for Buick Street rods. It consists of approximately 600 members across the U.S.A., and Canada. Lots of them were in town for World of Wheels and my friends Keith and Martha Buckman brought a lot of them to breakfast. They loved it are they said they're coming back. Gee, they love to eat.

I still wish for some more sunshine, but I just know it won't be much longer.

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The last fight was my fault. My wife said, "What's on the TV?" And I said, "Dust."

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1896 Ladies Home Cookbook

The following receipts are taken directly from this wonderful cookbook, given to me by Margaret G. and James Cecil Ashburn.

Marie's Pudding

Two cups of fine, dry crumbs; half a cup of currants, washed and dried; half a cup of raisins, seeded and chopped; a quart of milk; four eggs; a cup of sugar; a table-spoonful of butter.

Soak the crumbs in the milk, beat the eggs light with the sugar, and put in next the butter, melted, then the fruit well dredged with flour; boil in a buttered mold two hours and a half; dip for a moment in cold water, to loosen the pudding, and turn out - eat with Liquid Sauce.

Liquid Sauce

Pour a cupful of water into a saucepan, stir in a cupful of pow-

dered sugar, a tablespoon of butter, and a good teaspoonful of arrowroot wet with cold water. Season with Nutmeg, stir for 2 minutes after it boils, and add a glass of sherry. Bring to table hot in a sauce tureen.

Fried Bread

Cut the crust from slices of stale bread; dip each in a thin batter made of a cup of milk, two eggs and a heaping tablespoonful of flour salted slightly. Fry in lard or clarified dripping to a yellowbrown. Drain off the fat from each piece as you take it up. Serve hot.

Tomato Gravy

To half a can of tomatoes allow half an onion sliced. Stew both together for half an hour, rub through a colander and return to the saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in a teaspoonful of the saucepan with a teaspoonful of

ful of cornstarch, half a teaspoonful of sugar, pepper and salt to your fancy. Boil one minute, serve in a gravy dish.

Apple Charlotte

Stew a dozen pared, cored and sliced tart apples soft; sweeten well and rub through a colander; set again over the fire while you stir in the yolks of three eggs. As soon as it is hot (it must not boil) turn into a bowl to cool. When cold, beat in the whites of the eggs mixed with a tablespoon of powdered sugar. Line a glass dish with sliced sponge cake or lady fingers, pile the apple within it, and cover with macaroons neatly fitted together.

Set on ice until wanted.

Pea Cakes

Empty the peas from the can, drain and let them lie for half an hour in cold salted water. Cook tender in boiling water, slightly salt, rub while hot through a colander, work in a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to your liking and let them cool. When ready to cook them, beat up two eggs, soften the peas with a cupful of milk, worked in by degrees, add a tablespoonful of prepared flour to hold the batter together, and fry as you would griddle cakes. Send to table hot.



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Chopped Potatoes

Chop cold Irish and sweet potatoes together. Put some nice dripping into a frying pan, heat, pepper and salt it, put in the potatoes and shake and toss lightly, not to break them, until smoking hot.

Homemade Sausage

One-third cold roast beef; twothirds corned ham or fresh pork, roasted or boiled; a little powdered sage and sweet marjoram; pepper and salt to your liking; chopped all together fine, make into flat cakes. Roll in flour, and fry in peppered and salted lard.

Potato Puff

Allow a cupful of milk to two of finely mashed potatoes, with two eggs, a teaspoonful of butter or dripping, a little salt and pepper. Rub the butter and seasoning into the potato, then, the beaten eggs. When light add the milk gradually; pour into a greased bake-dish, and set in a quick oven, covered, until it has puffed up well, then brown rapidly. Serve in a bake-dish at once before it falls.

Meringued Coffee

Make hot and strong; put into each cup one or two lumps of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of

scalding milk; fill up with coffee and lay on the surface a heaping teaspoonful of a meringue made by mixing the white of an egg, frothed stiff, with a half pint of whipped cream.

Cheese Fingers

This is a good way to use up scraps of pastry left over from baking pies. Cut into strips as long as your middle finger, and twice as wide; strew with dry, grated cheese, a little salt, and just a pinch of cayenne; double them lengthwise; pinch the edges together along their length, sprinkle more cheese upon them and bake quickly; pile within a napkin on a hot dish, and serve at once.

Poor Man's Ice Cream

Mix the juice from three lemons with one pound of sugar and add to it one quart of milk, one quart of cream, and one grated nutmeg. Freeze and pack.

A Good healthy Drink

A very nice, cheap drink which may take the place of lemonade and be found fully as healthful, is made with one cupful of pure cider vinegar, half a cupful of good molasses, put into one quart pitcher of ice-water. A tablespoonful of ground ginger added makes a healthful beverage.

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Welsh Rarebits

Put half an ounce of butter in a frying pan, when hot add gradually four ounces of mild American cheese. Whisk it thoroughly until melted; beat together half a pint of cream and two eggs; whisk into the cheese, add a little salt, pour over crisp toast and serve.

Ham Croquettes

Take two cups of mashed potatoes and one of ham chopped fine, two eggs and a little pepper. Make in the shape of croquettes; dip in egg and bread crumbs. Cook in boiling fat same as chicken croquettes.

If you put a raisin in a glass of Champagne, it will keep floating to the top and sinking to the bottom.



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Emergency Landing Of Squadron 17

by Walter Terry

In the fading evening light of March 15, 1938, my mother, father and I were listening to our living room radio when the program was interrupted by a totally unexpected and dramatic message - and an urgent appeal.

Eighteen Seversky P-35 Army pursuit planes, foreruners of the famous World War II P-47, under the command of Capt. D,T. Allison, were enroute to Tampa, Florida, with a planned refueling stop at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama. The planes formed the 17th Pursuit Squadron out of Selfridge Field, Michigan, and were to join maneuvers in Tampa.

Caught in stormy weather near Birmingham and bucking strong headwinds, the planes became low on fuel. Unable to make contact with the Birmingham airport, Capt. Allison decided to backtrack to Huntsville, Alabama, and try for a landing there, where the weather was reported to be less severe. The landing facilities there however, were somewhat of a question mark.

Dark was setting in when, approaching Huntsville, the pilots spotted a huge lighted sign reading, "HOTEL RUSSEL ERSKINE." The twelve-story structure was the city's tallest.

But Huntsville, a cotton—mill town with a population of only eleven thousand, had little to offer for landing - an unlighted grassy field with a shed, a tattered wind sock; certainly no control tower.

In the gathering darkness amid rolling sky the planes began circling the area, following a prescribed, military procedure, Two state troopers, who had been observing the presence and behavior of the military planes recognized their problem and rushed to notify a local radio station. The station, immediately interrupting its regular program, issued an emergency appeal for townspeople to get in their cars and drive without delay to the airport.

Our family was among the first to arrive. All of the drivers were directed by the police to encircle the field and train their headlights on it.

As a teenager already enamored with every element of flying, I could hardly control my excitement as the first P-35, spitting blue fire from its cowl exhaust manifold, came swooping out of the darkened sky into the pool of car lights, touched down its unfolded wheels, bounced skyward, settled back to the ground, braked, then, engine roaring, taxied to the edge of the field. "By gosh, those are fighter planes!" I yelled to my mother and dad, hoping they would appreciate my





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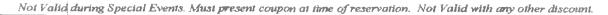
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aeronautical wisdom.

That first plane, as it turned out, was Capt. Allison's. He could now act as radio ground control for the others. The remaining seventeen planes, following his lead, peeled one at a time out of their circling formation through the gusty winds. All landed without incident except the last. We held our breaths as the plane, yawing wildly, could not be straightened and the pilot was forced to make another circuit. In the second attempt he was able to bring his plane in for a bumpy but successful landing. We all breathed a great sigh of relief. Then, as one, we exploded into a resounding cheer. Mine. I'm sure, rose well above all the rest. If I had not been sure before that night I would someday be a pilot, I was sure beyond any doubt after virtually living those landings.

In the crowd-surge following the landings 1 managed to shake most of the pilots' hands, including Capt. Allison's. I was to keep the hand that had shaken those of the gods unwashed for days.

The pilots arranged their planes in smart military alignment along the field and secured protective covers around the engines.

City police and others volunteered to stand guard overnight. I would have, too, except for my parents reminding me of school the next morning.

Capt. Allison lavished praise on his "boys" for their courage and flying skills. He told our mayor, "Thank God for Huntsville. I don't know how we could have survived without you people." I heard one

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of the pilots say, "I'm just thankful we all came down right-side-up."

The pilots were given a hero's escort to the Russel Erskine Hotel whose bright beacon had called to them in the darkness. The hotel's staff offered them libation in the locally famous "Blue Room."

A friend since high school, Jimmie Taylor, who served as bellhop in the hotel at the time, told me one of the pilots, an "obvious Yankee," told one of the patrons in the Blue Room he'd been worried they might have had to land in one of those stubbly "grits fields." It was not clear, Jimmie said, whether the pilot was a bit in his cups or the victim of a Southern wag, perhaps a fellow pilot who had told him on some fall overflight of the area that that was what those rolling white fields were.

After the Blue Room the pilots were fed a sumptuous meal in the banquet hall and given the best hotel rooms for the night. Jimmie told me that grits were not served to them at dinner.

An order had been sent to Birmingham for aviation gasoline to be delivered by tanker truck by early the next morning. By two p.m. the refueling had been completed and the squadron had taken off for the remainder of their trip.

In days to follow I was not only to relive those daring P-35 land-

ings, but my first flight at age ten out of that same grassy field. It was an "autogyro," a queer mongrelized forerunner of the helicopter. My grandfather, a "City Father," had been given a courtesy ticket for a ride. An ardent nonflyer, he had happily passed the ticket along to his grandson. Not so glamorous was the tin-lizzie, wind-milling autogyro as the sleek

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P-35s but still fascinating to this aspiring birdman in his first departure from Mother Earth,

There's no doubt the P-35 landings had been a dramatic event for our normally quiet little town. We heard that some of our citizens without benefit of radio had taken the noise of the circling planes to be an approaching "cyclone" and had rushed to their cellars.

But a good number of the town's citizens had witnessed, in deed been a vital part of, the most exciting event, some said, since 1863 when Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest and his calvary had run off a Yankee general and his staff.

It you haven't yet noticed that spring weather is upon us, you're doing way too much.

News of The Absurd

- The fattest man who ever lived was Robert Earl Hughes of Fish Hook, Illinois, He weighed 1,069 pounds in the last year of his life, and his waist measurement was 124 inches. When he died in 1958 he was buried in a piano case and taken to the cemetery by a moving van,

- At full maturity Claude Seurat - the skinniest man who ever lived - had a back-to-chest thickness of only three inches.

- On June 13, 1948 a Los Angeles resident named Jack O'Leary caught a bad fit of hiccups. It was not until June 1. 1956 - about 160 million hiccups later that the fit finally ended, During that time Jack lost 64 pounds and received through the mail over 60,000 suggestions for cures of the hiccup.

- In a road-safety campaign, English police In Sussex asked girl pedestrians to wear miniskirts because bare legs stand out more clearly at night than long dresses or slacks.

- In 1893 a young man was found dead on a county road in Kentucky, with fourteen bullet holes in him. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death by undue excitement."

- A physician told the Madison County medical society, in 1909, that one of his patients, a young woman, was attacked with frightful pains in her legs; that after two weeks of suffering she recovered and it was found that she was six inches taller than before. The report was received in impressive silence.

- A Chicago native turned himself into the police in 1917 for bigamy. An investigation revealed he was married to nine women at the same time. About his arrest. he said, "This is much easier."

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The Secret Life of John Wilkes Booth

New Evidence Claims Booth Survived Under New Identity.

For years rumors have persisted around Huntsville that John Wilkes Booth visited here long after the Government had declared him dead.

Another rumor concerns a certain young lady who appeared on the stage here under the banner of "The Daughter of John Wilkes Booth." Although people agreed that she looked like the famous actor/assassin and generally accepted her as his daughter, she was born a decade after Booth was allegedly hanged.

Some say that these are not mere rumors.

There's a good chance textbooks and encyclopedias may have to be rewritten to set the record straight on what may be one of the biggest government cover-ups in United States history — the Abraham Lincoln assassination.

Such is the thinking of Arthur Ben Chitty, historiographer at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. And he is not alone.

It all concerns the controversy surrounding the facts in the capture and death of Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth. Was it really Booth who was caught and shot in Richard Garrett's tobacco barn? Dr. Chitty says no, a view shared by Nathaniel Orlowek, a religious educator at Beth Shalom Congregation in Potomac, Maryland. Both scholars have independently collected enough research to refute the claim that the man buried as John Wilkes Booth was indeed Booth.

But, even if the two researchers should be proven wrong, they agree that the public has a right to know, and the only way for that to happen is to have the body exhumed and examined by forensic specialists. Chitty and his colleague have secured a lawyer, George LaRoche of Washington, D.C., who is willing to seek a court order for the exhumation at the Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, where the Booth family plot is located.

John Wilkes Booth is recorded as one of ten children born to Mary Ann Holmes Booth and Junius Brutus Booth, a celebrated Shakespearean actor who had moved to the United States in 1821 and settled on a farm near Bel Air, Maryland. Dr. Chitty says

there is evidence to suggest that John may have been the illegitimate son of Edgar Allen Poe, who was a guest in the Booth home when his legal father was touring. (That might also explain the discrepancy in varying accounts of his birthday, which was either May 10 or Aug. 26, 1838.)

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Two older Booth sons, Junius and Edwin, like their father, had gained recognition in theater, and although John also achieved fame and popularity for animated portrayals in Shakespearean roles, he developed a voice condition that thwarted his career. All this time, however, his well known sympathies for the Confederate cause, emerging as early as 1859 when he attended the hanging of John Brown in Harper's Ferry, had become fanatic.

As the Civil War drew to its grim conclusion, Booth, obsessed with hatred for Lincoln, rounded up a band of conspirators to plot the President's kidnapping in exchange for Confederate prisoners. That plan failed and, fueled by reports of Lee's surrender at Appomattox in early April of 1865, the actor devised another plan with his accomplices, this one to assassinate not only the President, but Vice President Johnson and Secretary of State Seward.

The conspirators seized the opportunity on April. 14, 1865, Good Friday, when President and Mrs. Lincoln were attending a performance of the comedy *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre. During the third act, Booth sneaked into the unguarded presidential box and with his derringer fired one fatal shot into the President's head. Then, in a flash and with characteristic flamboyancy, he leaped onto the stage screaming "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!

The accomplices were not as successful as Booth in their assassination attempts, although Seward was wounded. One of these coconspirators, David E. Herold, accompanied Booth during the escape. Along the way they stopped at the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who set Booth's fractured

leg, then went into hiding for several days,.

Finally, on April 26, federal troops, investigators and secret service agents under the direction of Secretary of War Stanton arrived at the farm of Richard Garrett near Bowling Green, Virginia. They surrounded the tobacco barn where the fugitives were believed to be. Herold surrendered, but the other man refused to come out of the barn The barn was set afire and a shot rang out. Although controversy arose whether or not the man said to be Booth had shot himself or was killed by one of the federal officers, the body was removed from the barn and whisked away for burial in Washington, under the floor in Navy Yard Arsenal, where common criminals were interred. In 1869, however, the body was removed to the Booth family plot in Green Mount Cemetery.

In historical accounts no credence has been given to legends

about John Wilkes Booth living after the assassination. Chitty himself did not question the fact at first, but gradually accepted the theory that Booth escaped and began a new life in the South and West, More and more evidence made him start believing.

The most convincing documentation was the recent discovery at the courthouse in





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Winchester, Tennessee of a marriage license dated Feb. 24, 1872, showing the union of John W. Booth and Louisa J. Payne. Although the census record showed no signature, a marriage bond dated the same day and found in Franklin County records did show a signature with the name spelled Boothe. No other Booths were known to live in the area, says Chitty, who believes the 'e' was added to promote disguise,

According to Dr. Chitty, these documents lend credibility to the rumors and stories he had been hearing from people in Sewanee about how John Wilkes Booth lived there in a little frame house across from the campus of the University of the South and had married a local girl. A tax record for John W. Booth indicates his residence was in the 18th District, the one for Sewanee.

Louisa Payne had been married earlier to a Confederate soldier and had moved to Sewanee to become a laundress at the university. "The story is that Booth met Louisa Payne here and he first told her he was a cousin of John Wilkes Booth. Later he showed her the scar on his leg from the fall at Ford's Theatre and admitted he was the real Booth."

"They say that Louisa wouldn't

stay married to a man using a false name. She made him go to the courthouse and sign the marriage certificate under his real name."

Booth, a ladies' man (a fact of common knowledge), left Louisa, Chitty explains, but she followed him to Memphis. Later, he reportedly headed for Texas under an assumed name of John St. Helen. Eventually Louisa gave up on him and returned to Tennessee, where their daughter, Laura Ida Elizabeth Booth, was born. Ida became an actress, and one account says she was billed as the daughter of John Wilkes Booth in the first play appearing at Ford's Theatre in Huntsville.

Dr. Chitty's research uncovered evidence to support the fact that Booth, under the name St. Helen, confessed his true identity to a lawyer, Finis Bates, who contacted the war department with the information twenty years later. According to Chitty, the correspondence reveals that the war department considered the case closed

The Bates - war department correspondence files are part of the world's largest collection of material on John Wilkes Booth at Georgetown university in Washington. On a recent trip there, Chitty, who has the world's sec-

ond largest Booth collection, first heard of Nathaniel Orlowek. The two met and decided to join forces in a campaign to uncover the truth about Booth. On the premise that it is "in the public interests" to do so.

Both researchers believe that Lincoln's Secretary of War Edwin Stanton was responsible for the secretive burial of the man he announced as Booth. There is even evidence that soldiers who would have spoken up were quickly bribed with handsome sums to keep quiet. "Several at Garrett's barn got paid off," said Chitty.

Furthermore, said Chitty, a



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false identification of the skeleton in 1869 was, "carefully staged by his older brother Edwin Booth. If anyone had said the body was not that of John Wilkes Booth, a worldwide manhunt would have begun. Edwin himself didn't look at the body, preferring not to have to swear to a lie. Stanton was glad to get rid of the telltale evidence of his cover-up because investigative reporters were howling and in due course would have obtained court orders for exhumation. The body was safer from public scrutiny in the family plot."

At least three people who saw the body of the man buried said his hair was red or brownish red, not black and curly as Booth was known to have. Even Booth's physician, Dr. John F. May, said he didn't recognize the body at first, and a pallbearer confessed to a Baltimore newspaper in 1903 that the man buried bore little resemblance to John Wilkes Booth. "Surely it was better to have buried the body and say nothing more about it than to have raised another hue and cry which might have killed the mother, so we made the best of the circumstances, kept our discovery secret among ourselves, consoled the mother and buried the body as that of John Wilkes Booth."

After Booth lived in Texas, he moved to Enid, Oklahoma, where he died in 1903, Chitty said. His alias then was David E. George, a name bearing a similarity to that of his former companion, David E. Herold, Chitty notes. In his research Dr. Chitty has found four confessions by Booth of his real identity. One occurred on his death bed after he poisoned himself. "I killed the greatest man who ever lived," he lamented.

"That was a complete turn around," said Chitty. "He had changed his mind in thirty-eight vears. He hated Lincoln when he shot him at Ford's Theatre."

What is even more astounding is evidence that, upon hearing about the suicide of David E. George, Finis Bates, the Texas lawyer, went to Enid to compare the corpse with a tintype given him by his confessor client. His conclusion? They were the same man, and both were Booth.

According to Chitty, the judge in Enid would not allow the body to be buried because of specula-

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tions that he was indeed Booth. The mortician, also a furniture dealer, "propped the body up in the back of his store and many people came in to look at it. He said it was the best preservation job he had ever done. He said it would last as long as the Egyptian mummies."

In fact, the Booth mummy traveled for years around the country on display in carnivals. It was examined by six physicians in Chicago in 1931. According to Chitty, they found a fractured left leg, a scarred left eyebrow and a deformed right thumb, the latter two injuries incurred in other theatre mishaps. The mummy was last seen about 15 years ago in Pennsylvania Chitty says, and he and Orlowek are trying to locate

And the young lady who claimed to be the daughter of John Wilkes Booth?

After appearing on stage here in Huntsville she went on to become a moderately successful actress, starring in many plays throughout the Southeast. Several vears later she returned to Huntsville where she was scheduled to perform again. Upon arriving she registered at the Huntsville Hotel.

Late that night, according to witnesses, she was visited by a man with whom she spent several hours in deep conversations. Early the next morning she checked out of the hotel and left Huntsville. She was never heard from again. No records of her after that date have ever been found.

And the man who visited her in the hotel that night? It was W.C. McCoy, whom many people believed (and still believe) to be the notorious Bloody Bill Quantrell.

One final note: The play she was supposed to have appeared in at the time of her disappearance was Our American Cousin.

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Roundup of 25 Loafers

Pool Rooms Raided

from 1914 Huntsville paper

The police rounded up about 25 men in Mason's and Lee Lowry's pool rooms last night and were up before Mayor O'Neal this morning charged with loitering.

The police have had much complaint caused by the rowdiness in these dives lately and have resolved to break up the loafing and disturbance created in these joints by the throngs of young men enjoying themselves by loud laughing, fighting and confusion.

Many of the men who were captured in the bunch had not paid their street tax and the Mayor seized upon the occasion to exact from them the necessary toll. Thirty three dollars in all was collected from them in fines and for street taxes, fines assessed as follows:

Glen McLain \$5, Robert Blount \$5, Reese Powers \$5, John Gray \$3, William Bailey \$3, Robert Joiner \$3, Larras Derkick \$3, Percy Williams \$3, Walter Derrick \$5, Charles Eeks, Harry Gaston, Bob Sloan, Jim Donegan, Charles Fleming, Mart Mastin, Lumos Ross, Richard Burks, Robert Bonner, Luke Walker and H. Davis were released on account of having paid their street taxes or were not of age and were given warnings to go to work and stay away from the negro dives.

Robert Patton, Will Jones and Walter Powers were arrested this morning at 4 o'clock at Vaughan's Restaurant for gaming and fined \$5 each. Dewey Harris was fined \$10 for interfering with the officers in making the arrest.

Stiff Ewing was fined \$10 for being drunk and disorderly, making \$68 total fines in this morning's police court.

Attitude

"The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life. Attitude, to me, is more important than facts.

It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than successes, than what other people think or say or do. It is more important than appearance, giftedness, skill. It will make or break a company, a church... a home.

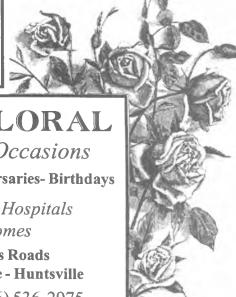
The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past... we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude.

I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it. And so it is with you ... we are in charge of our attitudes.

Anonymous



I think housework is the reason most women go to the office.
Heloise



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The Sunshine Cleaners

The word "Depression" triggers many tears and hard memories for people who are old enough to remember it all over the United States, including those in Alabama. The word also makes memories surface of the indomitable spirit to survive found in the human race, of whatever color or race. One of the undocumented survival - make that success - stories of the Depression is the story of a black owned and operated laundry in Huntsville. Alabama known as "The Sunshine Laundry". Each time in my family Depression stories were told - my relatives story tellers all in the southern way - the story of the unnamed black family and The Sunshine Laundry was included in respectful tones. The older generation wanted to be certain the younger generation would value hard work during hard times and would respect others with different skin color and much less opportunity than we had been afforded.

The Sunshine Laundry was located way out on Pulaski Pike, a long walk from the center of Huntsville. Yet, walk the family did, and it was a walk pulling large red wagons. On the wagons spotless laundry was piled high. Each bundle was carefully covered with a white sheet to protect the clothes and linens from road dust and inclement weather. The family of course had no such protection from road dust and inclement weather, unless you include

the head rags often worn by black women of that time and the hats often worn by men.

Upon reaching town the family would go to the (back) door of each home. The clean clothing would be exchanged for the soiled

things, and payment would be made. Payments during the Depression were not always made in cash but could consist of almost anything useful. During these most trying times the operators of the Sunshine Laundry had such

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Moreaut Ferencial Group is a worker mark of First Montaux Securities Corp. Montay W23-W2 a fine product and such good relationships with their customers that the laundry was able to operate on a cash only basis.

The only living person I know who actually visited The Sunshine Laundry (my mother, Vi Coons Ayer) did so as a six year old child and shared this description. The laundry was perhaps not aptly named. It was an outdoor operation that took place deep in the shade of a thick grove, within the semicircle framed by several cabins. There was no grass - the dirt was hard packed from miles of walking back and forth toting bundles of clothes and linens.

The entire extended family (all ages) operated the laundry, the youngest and oldest doing such aspects of which they were physically capable. Clothes boiled in huge coal black wash pots over open wood fed fires, hot as Hades in the humid Alabama summer and steaming mightily in the sometimes harsh winter. Large stocks of firewood piled up high, surely providing a hospitable home for the rattlesnakes in summer. Miles of clean laundry flapped on the clothes lines like great flocks of birds.

Everywhere you looked, something was happening. The washing system was very well organized, and each family group specialized in one aspect of the wash. Fire specialist. White sheet specialist. Hand wash specialist. Starching specialist. There were

no fine points to the starching system, such as light, medium, or heavily starched shirts. The storyteller's favorite part was to describe how the starched shirts stood out independently like those on a scarecrow. This detail was always good for a chuckle. This was always followed by how white the sheets were, and the fresh indescribable smell of everything.

After all the physical labor of washing and ironing, it would be time for the Sunshine Laundry family to trudge the long way into town for delivery, pickup, and payment. We never did know what they did when it rained; however, the clothes mysteriously were always delivered on time. I always wondered how the family were able to keep the laundry sorted, and if they had an opportunity to become literate. Whatever their background, the unnamed members of the Sunshine Laundry family have inspired my family by their example of working hard together during tough times. They operated a successful business when many people struggled to eat. They made the most of opportunities when opportunities were lacking for everyone.

*The Sunshine Laundry remained in business over a long period of time until home ownership of washers and dryers and coin operated laundries became common. Do you have any additional information about the Sunshine Laundry? If so please contact me:

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A Soldier Writes Home

Huntsville, Alabama, May 22, 1864 Friend Lucy:

I believe the last time I saw you there was something said about my writing to you when I arrived in Dixieland. However, it doesn't make any particular difference whether I was to write or not as I claim to be an old friend with nothing to do and plenty time to do it in.

I will write you a few lines anyhow, if they are not so interesting,
as George says, and we have been
here nearly two weeks, and I am
very much pleased with the place.
I think this is the most beautiful
country I ever saw. Nature has
done everything for this country.
Allowing me to use the phrase it
is God's own land, beautifully supplied with the necessary, and
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5905 University Drive Huntsville, AL 35806 256-830-6831 est color imaginable. I wish I could send you a sample of them and have you enjoy them as they look here. Huntsville is enthusiastically a city of flowers.

There are several splendid churches and other public buildings here with stained variegated windows and other beautiful embellishments too numerous to mention without taking all the space of this sheet with a description. There are a great many fine private residences in this city. I passed one the other day that particularly pleased me. It was built of freestone, in the Gothic style of architecture, the doors guarded by sculptured lions, birds, etc. The grounds were laid out in terraces covered with shade trees, evergreens and flowers. There were several fine arbors and I counted some twenty marble statues distributed throughout the grounds. I think if I was the owner of such a place, I would be contented, get married and settle down for the remainder of my life on this earth.

About the only drawback is the weather. We are now having Illinois July weather in the daytime. The nights are cool.

We have excellent quarters in the Huntsville Court House. The whole of the second floor is assigned to us for practicing and sleeping rooms. Our dining room is just across the street. We have an old darkey and his wife to do our cooking and they are pretty good cooks. The General is pretty much pleased with his bunch and is going to get us the appointment of post band. If he does so, we will probably stay here during the

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war or until our time of enlistment is out, I am so well pleased with my position that I would not change positions with a captain. We are situated here, we enjoy ourselves, as we only have to play for the government about an hour and a half out of 24. The rest of the time we do what we please. The General gives us privileges that but few solders get. The band has been out serenading nearly every day since we have been here for the officers on such occasions. The best of wines and liquors are placed before us. To partake of this is an awful place for a temperance man. I don't think I am in much danger. I was never much of a hand to drink spirits and less so now than ever.

I will enclose my photograph in this and should be very much pleased to receive yours in return. It isn't as good as I could wish, but is the best I have. If this meets with your approbation, I shall expect an answer soon.

Most respectfully yours, Theo. Pomeroy 1st Brigade Band 3rd Div. 15 Army Corp. Huntsville, Alabama

You don't manage people;
you manage things. You
lead people.
Adm.Grace Hooper

Gold Strike In Guntersville

Guntersville - August 3, 1894 Mr. Degg, superintendent for the new gold mines near Guntersville, brought down supplies and fixtures on the steamer, R. C. Coles, this week in preparatory to starting work. The heavier machinery will follow. The company is preparing to go to work on a large scale and is much encouraged from reports by Colorado and California experts who have visited the mines near Guntersville and pronounced them some of the richest places they have ever

Notes from 1900

Wanted: An elderly woman with no children and good disposition to take charge of house about 4 miles north of town. Contact the editors for more information.

New Restaurant: Charles Brickie has opened a restaurant and lunch counter on Washington Street where he will be pleased to serve his friends and the public. He states that no food more than three days old will be served.



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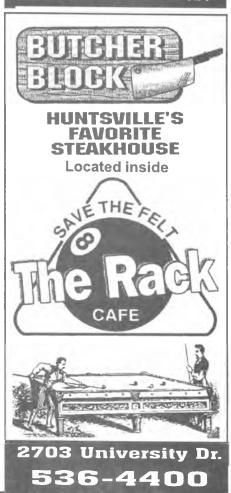
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Frank Gurley In His Own Words

enlisted in the C.S.A about 16 July 1861 at Maysville, Madison Co., Ala. in a company of cavalry afterwards called the Kelley Rangers, commanded by D.C. Kelley formerly of Lebanon, Tenn. Soon after I enlisted the company moved to Huntsville and commenced drilling.

Everything being new and without camp equipage, the men was divided out at night and sent to the citizens houses to be fed. For two or three of the first days, I went to the hotel. One evening while on drill I noticed a beautiful young girl apparently about fourteen years old watching me and I noticed myself as often watching her. It was the evening of the 3rd day I was sent to the house of a gentleman to stay, and at supper I met with the girt I had been trying to find out about and found it

to be the daughter of my host. Her being young and me bashful, we did but little talking but a good deal of looking, but those looks was lasting. I met her every day from that time until I left for the army.

The Kelly Rangers boarded a train and we arrived at Memphis about the last of August and was mustered into Forrest's Regt. and commanded by Lt. Col. N.B. Forrest.

After being in Memphis for a short time the Capt of my company, D.C. Kelley, and myself came back to North Ala to get some recruits. We remained at home 10 days and went back to Memphis. When we arrived at Memphis we met the Regt getting onto the cars bound for Nashville, where we arrived without anything of note transpiring.

I was ordered to take a boat for Fort Donelson and came near being drowned in going down the river. I reached Fort Donelson and in a few days was joined by the remainder of the Regt. After being at Donelson a few days my company under Lt. Hambrick was ordered to Ft. Henry. The third day after we reached the Fort we learned that our Capt had been elected Maj and the Lt in command of the company was ordered to hold an election for brevet 2 Lt. The two 1st Lts refused to accept their offices by promotion and was elected by acclimation. The brevet 2nd said he would not accept the 2 Lt'cy by promotion, and I was nominated against him. And then he said he would hold it by promotion and refused the election, and that caused a difficulty until this day.

The next day we learned that there was a Female spy between the Cumbalin (Cumberland) & Tenn River below the Fort and she had gotten frightened and was hid. I with two other men was sent to hunt her. We had a long tedious hunt and the nearest we



could come to the spy was a part of her underclothes with some important papers secreted in them. After getting these clothes we went back to report and saw the spy in the Fort talking to the commanders. I had a sufficient description to identify her and when she left the fort there was an officer went with her. I never heard of her afterwards.

We then left to go to Hopkinsville, Ky. Road all night. Reached Hopkinsville to breakfast which we got at the hotel. There one of my friends J.H. Jones, was taken sick and came near dying and was then discharged.

We remained in camp 4 days and went on a scout. It commenced raining the day we left camp and rained or snowed every day for 10 days. We found no yanks but plenty pretty girls and afine lot of good grub.

Jist before we reached Marion, Col. Forrest, Maj. Stange and Dr Vanwic (Van Wyck) went to a house to arrest a strong Union scout, and the scout told them if they came to the house he would kill one of them. They unheeded him, surrounded the (house) and ordered him to come out. He opened the back door and the Dr. was near the door, and he shot and killed him instantly.

The scout jumped the fence and made his escape. The Dr.('s) remains were carried to the town of Marion, and there I saw the first dead soldier.

The next day we went to Greenville. Camped that night and at ten the scouts came in and reported Yanky infantry in 5 miles of us marching on us. We moved two miles and slept in line of Battle. The next day the report proved to be all of a fudge. We traviled all the next day in the snow 4 inches deep. Struck camp

at dark (and) made beds on the snow. I waked up in the night and my bedfellow, T B. King, was sleeping on his back and the snow had covered his face so I could not see his eyes or nose, and him fast asleep.

We arrived at Deeyville on Cumberland River and stayed a few days and started back to Hopkinsville, Ky. We got out of anything to eat and the night before we reached Hopkinsville) myself and J.H. Morrow slipped off to a house to get something to eat, and I think we got the best meal victuals I ever et.

The next few pages deal with various skirmishes and his return to Nashville.

We left Nashville and trudged our way to Murfreesboro and camped. I streched my tent and streched out to get a good nights sleep, which I greatly needed. About midnight I woke up and I was in a pond of water 4 inches deep. My bedfellow TB. King was with me and the water on his side of the tent was so deep it ran over him without waking him. There we learned we was bound for Huntsville. When we reached Fayetteville, my Regt was disbanded to go home for IO days. I reached home and remained with my friends 10 days and went to Birds Spring, where the Regt was to meet. When we got to camp the Col. sent word he would not be at the Regt in 4 days. Myself. King & Morrow got permission to go back home.

We supplied ourselves with a bottle of brandy and started home. When we reached the (Flint) river it was very full. The back water was out 1 mile from the river. In going through this back water Morrow got in a deep place and stopped and said if I did not bring him some brandy he would not come out. We

reached Maysville wet and drunk.

I went to my bachelors home and was taken sick but managed to get back to the Regt and was sent to the house of Mrs. Walls.

It was reported that the Yanks was coming and my friends came and moved me out to my father, where I remained a few days and had to go to the mountain for safety. I was thrown in a wagon and hauled to the mountain and such a jolting I never had, but the jolting cured me.

I was carried to the Chalybeate Spring and when we reached it I drank a pint of water without stopping, then lay down and had a good sleep. When I awoke my brother had me a nice meal and I et a hearty dinner, then walked 30 yds without assistance - the first step I had walked for 30 days. Dr. Jordan came to see me the next day and said I need not take any more medicine.

Two days later I had to leave the spring to give the Yanks a





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Monday-Friday Saturday Sunday 9:00am-10:00pm 10:00am-10:00pm 11:00am-9:00pm chance to camp there. I went down in the Buckhannon sinks and remained a few days with a man living there.

I had a boy named Aaron waiting on me and he said I must take a walk with him to which I consented. Then he told me some things about that house. Aaron said he had seen our hostess wiping the children's nose on the dish cloth and putting hot water in the churn to wash the dirty children and he thought it time for us to leave, which we did.

The valley was too thick with blue for safety and I had to leave. I attempted to get across the Tenn R. but it was closely watched, so I turned my course to Tenn. I went through the mountains to Winchester, where there was some Rebs there. I got into a drunken fight at Winchester that caused the Yanks to leave. I then joined Capt Trimbles squad and went to Shelbyville Pike, but did nothing.

After a short while Gurley returned to Madison County where he recruited a small band of men and began to wage his own war with the occupying Federal army.

to raise a company of men. I succeeded in getting a commission and raised a lot of men. I went to the R.R. bridge nearby (probably at Flint River) and found some of

"On my way home I concluded Subscribe to Old Huntsville. North Alabama's most popular Magazine To subscribe send \$15.00 to:

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the guards out gathering mulberries. We exchanged a few shots and killed one Yank and wounded one and captured a man named Skinner. I sent him to Chattanooga, Tenn. and he was sent from there to Richmond, Va. This fight stirred up the Yanks and it was impossible to stay in Madison Co and I left or Jackson.

I found I had to cross the river and I was not satisfied to go out without more fuss. I went to the R.R. and when the cars came along we (six in no.) shot into the cars and killed 12 men dead and wounded 12 others and six of the wounded died.

The Yanks paid me back in burning houses. I went still further up the R.R. and paid my respects to the cars again and rec'ed six dead Yanks in return.

After we got on the South side of the river we learned there was a gunboat coming up. We fell in with some other Rebs and when the boat come up we secreted ourselves on the bank and the boat

started to land at the very place we were lying, and we gave her a hot landing, killing seventeen men.

After resting a few days we started back having collected afew recruits. When we reached the South side of the river, which we did just at dark, I learned the country was covered with Yanks guarding the R.R. We soon discovered a large lot of men and got the advantage of them, killed and crippled many a Yank. We then paid our respects to the R.R., but with what result I cant tell. I let some of my men go home and one of them got captured. I had great

fear he would be killed and I kept all the prisoners I caught as a hostage. Genl. O.M. Mitchel then in command at Huntsville refused to exchange. I got a young lady to come to town to see what she could learn and when she came back she said the Genls daughters was going to start North on a certain day and I determined to capture them if possible and get my man released. I struck the road between Fayetteville and Shelbyville and had the pleasure of seeing the young Ladies pass, but they was so strongly guarded that I could not affect anything. We had a fight with the rear guard and captured 4 men.

I came back home and captured 1 capt & 2 Lts while they were asleep at New market. I carried them out to the mountain and a citizen brought us breakfast of broiled ham, fride chicken, fresh butter, honey, hot biscuit, coffee and milk. One of the officers said he did not think when he went to bed the night before that



he would be at a picknick at breakfast.

I returned to the river at Sublets Ferry and there I learned that a Negro named Cato belonging to C.L. Tipton had murdered Mrs. Elisabeth Warren and five children. She was the sister of my old bedfellow TB. King and also a cousin of mine. The citizens had managed to arrest him and had him in jail in Bellefonte and the Yanks refused to let them do anything with him. When I learned the facts I determined to have him if possible.

I moved my men as near the jail as was prudent to do, then dismounted 4 of the best and moved up near the jail where I left three of them. We could see the Federal troops passing the jail constant. I picked a chance and me and WH. Bailes walked in to the jail yard and maid a demand of the jailor for the body of Cato, which he refused. I told him if he did not give him up I would go after the other men and tare the jail down, where upon he agreed to give him up. I put a rope around his neck and led him back to the command, put (him) up behind the O(derly) S(ergeant), carried him to a good limb, fastened the rope round a limb, and the last time I saw him he was dangling in the air.

Afterwards they stopped at a farm to spend the night.

I think he was the poorest man

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I ever heard of. He stopped complaining of his poverty for a moment and asked me who I was. I told him it was Gurley, and I called up a man who was acquainted with the old fellow. We soon convinced him we were all right.

At daylight, we were aroused to a slug of corn whisky and the finest breakfast we had for many moons.

The Feds had got pretty well acquainted with my affairs and reak their revenge on me. They abused my Father. They took his saddle horse and one of my horses and I sent a note to the commander stating if he did not send Father's horse back, I would kill six of his men, and he sent him back immediately.

My camp was near the farm of Dr. Jordan and he had 96 bales of cotton that the Yanks wanted very badly, but (I) could not spare men enough to send out to drive them away from it, and while I was absent with my men, they came out and got the cotton. When I reached home and learned the acts I thought of trying to burn the cotton on the road to Shelbyville. I went to McDavid's mill and there I found all the cotton that I was looking four and four wagons loaded with sutlers goods. With one bold dash we got possession of all the wagons, burned the 96 bales of cotton, and carried [all] of the sutlers wagons to my camp. having only six men and as much as I could do. After a long hard drive of 10 hours we reached our camp and examined our spoils. which was rich and racy. I invited all the neighbors in and I mounted a wagon and made myself a good auctioneer for three days.

On August 5, 1862, Gurley learned of a large wagon train that would pass near New Market.

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As I was coming upon them, I made out the driver and two other men sitting in the wagon - one an officer in full uniform and the other person in his shirt sleeves. I shouted to them to halt and surrender. As they did not halt I fired at them as did several others of my command. Selecting the Union officer in uniform as an important personage I fired at him three times. The carriage ran under a peach tree that knocked the top off, and not until then did the Negro driver stop his horses. The officer in uniform stated "this man is shot." I asked the driver why he had not stopped. The wounded man said that he could not stop them. I did not know who the wounded man was nor did I ask for I passed immediately to the front leaving them with some of my men.

Although Gurley did not know it at the time, the wounded officer was General McCook. His death caused a furor in the northern press who called it a murder and demanded that Gurley be hung. A year later, on Oct. 21, 1863, Gurley was captured.

I got to an old house and there my brother came to me; and the next morning the Yanks commenced shooting at us before we new they were in six miles of us. My brother got between me and the Yanks and surrendered, and I got away but was captured by another squad immediately. There was 13 shots shot at me not over 60 ft and the balls passed through my clothes but never drew blood. I wrote this note to my Father: "Father, we are boath prisoners unhurt and bound for Brownsboro."

There was a large lot of Yanks at Brownsboro and there was a great excitement when I went in. Some wanted to kill me, others to burn me. Some was for drown-

ing me. I found my old bedfellow T.B. King in the guardhouse and many other friends.

We reached Nashville in safety and were lodged in the penitentiary. I had tried minutely from the time I was captured to make my escape, but was so weak I could not. I was then separated from my comrades and placed in a cell 4 ft wide and 7 ft long, where I remained 28 days without going out. This cell was in a wing occupied by 400 Federal soldiers put in there for misdemeanors, the most of them with ball and chain on. Some of them would whistle. some sing, some curse, some pray and rattle their chains. Such a sight is better imagined than described.

I was 30 days on trial and found to be guilty and sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead! dead! dead! There were a communications sent Genl Johnston, one from Genl Hardee, and one from Genl N.B. Forrest, but said did no good - at least they did not stop the sentence.

After the trial was over I had the liberty of the yard, but the yard was a horrible place, quite small and 800 prisoners in it and flys so thick you would get two in your mouth every time you opened it. After trying to escape I was made

to sleep in the cell at night, and going in with all the balls and chains it went like thunder storms. One evening as we went into the wings one of the Yanky prisoners borrowed a razor and cut his own throat from ear to ear. This was the most horrible sight I ever saw. Not many days after one Capt. Fraly (C.S.A.) was hung and many of my friends thought it was me. Soon after this I with many others was locked up. I remained in solitary confinement 8 months this time without intermission. While in this condition I laid many plans for escape, but I was so closely guarded I could not get

Due to a clerical error Gurley's name was mistakenly placed on a list of prisoners to be exchanged.

Myself and 18 others was sent off for exchange. We lay over two days at Louisville, from thence to Indianapolis, Ind., then to Cresline and to Pittsburg, Penn. where we lay over one day, and when we started off we came near being mobbed by a large crowd of the angriest Duchmen I ever saw. We had 30 guards protected us. We went from thence to Point Lookout, where we remained 16 days and was sent for exchange.

We had to walk 4 miles after



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getting off of the U.S. boat until we got on the C.S. boat. My feet blistered and the blood ran out through my sock. I remained in Richmond 3 days and left for Montgomery, Ala. The R.R. was cut and we had to walk or get private conveyance 120 miles. It was a hard trip for me in my condition, but some of the men being stout went ahead and the people inquired and found I was behind. They sent carriages for me and would send me from place to place and I only walked 9 miles out of 120.

Gurley returned home and gave his parole without knowing he was still wanted for the murder of McCook.

The 23 Nov. 1865 I was arrested and confined in the county jail. Saturday night I was heavily ironed with shackles, waist band and handcuffs. I was sent to Nashville in this condition and walked all over town after night. Returned the next day to Huntsville and was there informed that I was to be hung on the following Friday.

Public outrage caused the authorities to order a stay on the execution. Gurley remained in jail until April, 1866 when he was set free by President Johnson.

Editors note: The reader should be aware that the preceding are excerpts and in no way represents Gurley's entire military career.

I'm lost, I've gone to look for myself. If I should return before I get back, please ask me to wait.

Sam Keith

Pleasure Palaces To Close

from 1913 Huntsville newspaper

The so called segregated or red light district of Huntsville will go out of existence tonight at midnight and by tomorrow, practically all of the occupants of "the houses of our midst" will have departed from the city or changed their mode of making a living.

When the question of abolishing the district was brought before the City Commission in November by a committee representing the Men and Religion Forward Movement, proprietors of the houses agreed to-close up quietly and get out provided they were not molested by the first of January. The commissioners entered into this agreement and the action of the police will not be necessary. The women declared their intention of keeping their promise to move away.

Several of the inmates of the houses have already left the city, but a majority are still here however. A few will go to the homes from which they have long been absent but most of them will make their way to other cities and continue their life.

Other cities have driven the red light districts out before this and the outcome of the experiment in those cities as well as here will be watched with a great deal of interest.



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Memories Of Lincoln Mill Village

by Jim Harris

In 1918 William Lincoln Barrell of Lowell, Maryland purchased Abington Mill and transformed it into a large textile center named Lincoln Mill village. Mr. Philip Peeler served as general manager from 1934 until 1957. The mill stopped operations in 1957. It later became known as the HIC building which served as manufacturing and office space for many aerospace contractors. It burned in 1980.

An addition to the mill, which was constructed from concrete, still stands behind the shopping center on the south side of Oakwood Avenue between Meridian Street on the west and the railroad tracks on the east.

The school was built in 1929 and became the central core of the community until 1956 when the

village was annexed into the city of Huntsville. Edward W. Anderson served as principle for 27 years.

The old part of the village which consists of Front Street, Lawrence Street and Davidson Street was built in the early to mid twenties.

Part of the above information was copied from the historical marker that stands in front of the school.

Now for some unusual facts about the village:

All village houses had electric lights, one in each room, running (cold) water in the kitchen and a toilet with a commode that flushed. That's all the toilet had. It was a toilet, not a bathroom.

The water came from a well on mill property and, as I recall, located under the mill. Plumbing services were free. Villagers didn't have to buy toilet tissue, (It was just paper in those simpler times) it was delivered twice a week, thrown into the yard or on the porch.

Rent was cheap. Two figures I heard are 75 cents per room per

month and \$1.35 per month.

Remember the Lum and Abner radio show and its "Jottem Down Store?" Lincoln had its own Jottem Down Store. The name came from the owner's bookkeeping system. You buy groceries on credit and he'd jot'em down on a piece of paper.

The intersection of Meridian Street and the railroad tracks was called Millet's Crossing. The Past Time Cafe, which featured dancing in the back, was located there.

The Home Coming Queen was selected according to how many votes she sold. That's right. Girls running for the honor solicited votes from everyone who had a penny. The girl who had the most money at the end of the contest won. I met the 1947/48 queen recently. Her name is Elizabeth (Tiny) Daniels Davis.

Pinhook Creek once caught fire. A gas line broke and leaked into the creek which someone ignited. Some kids thought the world was coming to an end because the water was burning.

And then there is the most unusual fact that I ever heard of



which was common to the times actually, not just the village, and it demonstrates to what extent one would go to help a neighbor: My older brother was sickly as an infant. My mother was a small woman and didn't have enough milk to nurse him. Two neighbors also had nursing babies and they nursed my brother because mama couldn't. When was the last time you saw that kind of caring?

Unusual Ads From Other Countries

- Our wines leave you nothing to hope for."-On the Menu of a Swiss Restaurant
- For your convenience, we recommend courageous, efficient self-service."-In a Hong Kong supermarket
- Ladies may have a fit upstairs."-Outside a Hong Kong tailor shop
- Drop your trousers here for best results."-In a Bangkok dry cleaner's
- There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 15,000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years."-From the Soviet Weeklu
- In case of fire, do your utmost to alarm the hotel porter."-In a Vienna hotel
- Because of the impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom, it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose."-In a Zurich hotel
- Ladies, leave your clothes here and spend the afternoon having a good time."-In a Rome laundry

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