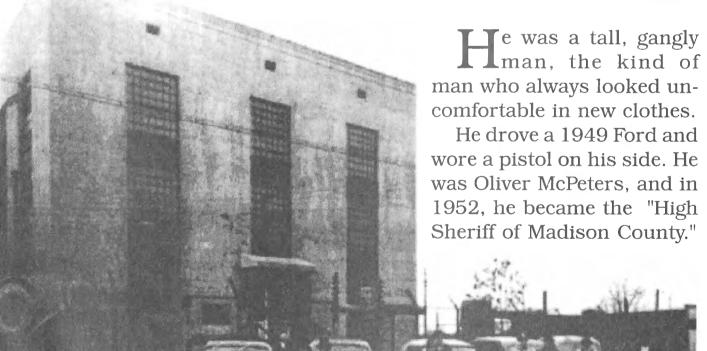


THISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Oliver McPeters,

The Man Who Would Be Sheriff.



Also in this issue: Making Do During The Civil War

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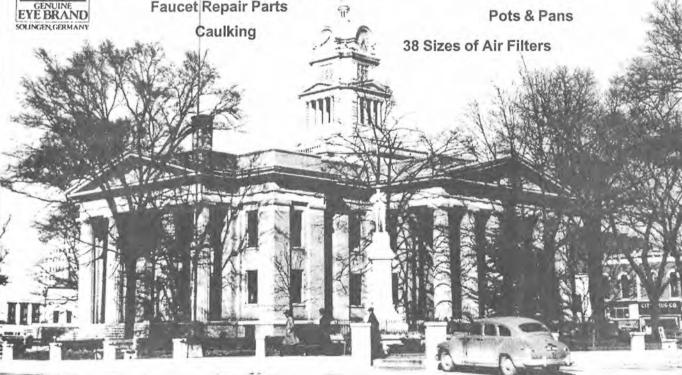
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The Man Who Would Be Sheriff

This story originally appeared in Old Huntsville in 1990 and is being reprinted due to repeated requests.

Moreters as a good natured sharecropper who lived out around New Hope in an old wood frame house with no running water or electricity. Sharecropping was a hard life; you would work all year long and when the crops were done, if you were lucky, you might have enough money to live on during the winter.

Unfortunately, most of the time, after the seeds and the fertilizer bills were paid and the owner of the land got his share, there wasn't anything left over. But still, for a lot of people, it was the only way of life they had ever known.

McPeters' short political career began, as many others have, in a local barber shop. The barber shop was a popular place for the local prominents and the "good ol' boys" to congregate. Almost everything that wasn't worth talking about would become a topic of conversation there.

On this day in particular, about the only thing they could find to talk about was the fact that Jimmy Record, down at the courthouse. was thinking about buying a new car. After exhausting that conversation, the crowd grew silent for a moment, until one person, searching for a new topic, mentioned the upcoming sheriff's election. Immediately speculation began as to who would be running, who would be the winner and what effect it would have. There had been so many charges of corruption leveled in the past few years that many of the local power brokers were seeing their power slip away.

After a few minutes of speculation the conversation died down for lack of anything else to say.

Oliver McPeters had been lounging against the front door frame when he suddenly announced that he was a good mind to run for sheriff himself. Immediately, all eyes turned toward him. "Yep," said McPeters, "if I had the money, I believe I'd run for the sheriff's office myself."

There was dead silence in the barber shop. Of all the men in Madison County, you could not have picked a more unlikely candidate. McPeters was almost illiterate and did not even own a car.



Published By
Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, Ala. 35801
(256) 534-0502
Fax 539-3712
E-Mail - Oldhvill@mindspring.com
Internet Home Page

Senior Editor - Thomas Frazier Gen. Manager - Clarence Scott Good Will Ambassador

www.Oldhuntsville.com

Aunt Eunice

Food & Tips Ed. - Cathey Carney Distribution - Golden K Kiwanis Copy Boy - Tom Carney

> Sales - Clarence Scott Jean Brandau

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A local prominent businessman (who shall remain nameless for obvious reasons), stood up and asked McPeters if he was serious.

"McPeters," he said while reaching for his wallet, "if you want to run for Sheriff, I'll pay the \$10 qualifying fee."

No one really thought McPeters was serious, but he was. He took the money, turned around and walked out of the barber shop. As soon as he left, gales of laughter broke out from the "good ol' boys."

"This has to be," declared the men, "The best joke of the year."

No one had any idea how serious McPeters was. After leaving the barber shop, he walked over to the old Elks building, where a kindly clerk showed him how to file the necessary papers. By the time the sun went down in Huntsville that evening, everybody in town knew that "sharecropper McPeters" was running for Sheriff.

Of course, most folks considered the whole thing just another crazy joke by the boys down at the barber shop.

Oliver McPeters hit the campaign trail running. It was said later that he called on every home in Madison County, asking folks to vote for him. He was a man of little education but was not reluctant to speak his mind. Surprisingly, he quickly became an elo-

quent speaker whose homespun manners appealed to the rural farmers and sharecroppers.

In Hazel Green, when asked about recent allegations of corruption in the Sheriff's department, he replied that if folks would elect him, he would "promise not to hire anyone who has ever worn a badge or a gun."

While speaking in Gurley, he promised the people "that you menfolks won't have to worry any more; if your women folks get locked up in my jail, I promise you they ain't gonna get knocked up." He was speaking in reference to an alleged rape that had taken place in the jail the previous year.

Most old-timers in Huntsville today contend that people voted for him solely as a protest vote because people were turned off by the other candidates. The rural population, however, voted for him because he was one of their own. But whatever the reason, on Election Day when the votes were counted, Oliver McPeters was the new Sheriff of Madison County.

This came as a complete shock to the boys at the barber shop.

On second thought, however, maybe it wasn't too bad. With the proper guidance, the new sheriff might even be an asset as there would be no new investigations and the barber shop quartet could continue running the town as they saw fit.







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One of the local officials furnished McPeters with a list of the local laws. This proved to be a mistake. Every night he would go home and have someone read the laws to him. After pondering the ordinance all night he would go to work the next morning ready to practice what he had learned.

After reading up on the sale of illicit liquor, he called on every bootlegger in the county and told them they had to close up. This created a furor not seen since the damnyankees invasion back in the 1860s.

Everybody who knows anything about our Counties' history will tell you that bootleggers were a part of our heritage, and to close down every one of them ... well,

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http://huntsville.about.com

that was almost unpatriotic.

Needless to say, he made a lot of enemies immediately.

Next he read about juke joints. Everybody knows that "good ol' boys" had to have a place to blow off steam, and if you take that away from them, they're going to get mighty upset. Many of these boys had been going to the same joints for years, and it was hard for them to break the habit. One local old timer tells the story about the time Sheriff McPeters raided the White Castle, a honkytonk out on Meridian Street, and closed it down.

Several weeks later J. Otis King, a local Baptist preacher, made arrangements with the owners to use the building for a revival. The night of the revival, they turned on all the neon lights out front, all the lost sinners were sitting around the tables and Preacher King was up on the dance floor doing his preaching.

Unfortunately, a lot of people didn't know what was going on. Every few minutes the services would be interrupted when people driving down Meridian would see the bright neon lights, would enter the bar and loudly demand a "set up."

Within days of being elected, the High Sheriff of Madison County was striking terror in the hearts of would-be law breakers. He arrested the Commanding Officer of Redstone Arsenal for driving six miles over the speed limit. A local prominent automobile dealer was arrested for jay walking ... on a rural county road. A well respected, church going lady found the Sheriff knocking at her door after she had inadvertently given the Sheriff's office a bad check. Her account was overdrawn by 16 cents.

Oliver McPeters was enforcing the laws the way they were written

The boys down at the barber shop realized, by now, that their joke had horribly backfired. Calling a meeting with the sheriff, they tried to explain that he needed someone with experience to guide him, because his actions were causing a lot of ill feelings in the community.

Some people claimed that it came from walking behind a stubborn mule while sharecropping, but for whatever reason, he was one stubborn man. Looking at the assembled group, he told them that he was the "High Sheriff of Madison County" and he reckoned that he would just keep on enforcing the laws the way they were written.

Next on his list were those vile dens of iniquity, the private clubs.

Politicians and diapers have one thing in common: they should both be changed regularly and for the same reason.



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Every one knew that these clubs were bending the law, and McPeters decided it was time to do something about them. Calling his trusty deputies together, he set out to enforce the law.

Before the night was over he had raided the Elks Club, the Eagles Club, the black V.F.W., the American Legion, the New Hope chapter of the American Legion, the Moose Lodge, the Disabled American Veterans Home on East Holmes, and last but not least, the Huntsville Country Club. Almost half the prominent people in Huntsville were arrested, all on the same night.

There was no joy for the good ol' boys down at the barber shop. They all agreed that something had to be done. Their "joke" had turned into a "law enforcing monster."

Several weeks later, allegations began to spread that Sheriff McPeters was taking payoffs to allow certain juke joints to operate. Complaints quickly reached the Governor's office, and within weeks W. L. Allen, a veteran criminal investigator working for the state, arrived in Huntsville to investigate the charges. Allen had made his reputation while investigating the Ku Klux Klan in Jefferson County and was known to be a thorough investigator.

Normally in an investigation, the hardest thing is to find people willing to talk, but in this case it was different. Before Allen even had a chance to lay his briefcase down he had people lined up at his door, all with complaints. Of course, a lot of these folks had newly acquired jail records.

On November 13,1952, 11 months after taking office, the State Supreme Court voted to remove Oliver McPeters from office.

The most damning evidence against him was a canceled check

he was supposed to have received as a bribe. McPeters claimed the check was given to him as a gift.

According to folklore, several of the boys from the barber shop had approached McPeters, and after complimenting him on the superb job he was doing, presented him with a check for \$50.00 as a "token of their appreciation."

Later that day McPeters stopped at the bank, and cashed the check after placing his "X" on the back. Apparently he never noticed the words "for bribe" written on the bottom of the check.

The check, supposedly, came from a local private club and was in the hands of the investigators within hours after McPeters cashed it.

After being impeached and removed from office by the State Supreme Court, McPeters took the train back home from Montgomery, a broken man. Witnesses say that when McPeters got off the train, he was immediately grabbed and thrown into the back seat of a car by three unidentified men. The same witnesses also claim that the only words spoken were, "McPeters, you ain't sheriff no more."

Hours later his wife and children were awakened by the sound of a car door slamming shut. Rushing outside, they found the bruised, bloody form of the ex-

sheriff lying face down on the side of the road.

Oliver McPeters, the man who would be "High Sheriff of Madison County" was out of office

After a slow, painful recovery, McPeters became a foreman for a construction company, pouring concrete. He never pressed charges against the men who brutally assaulted him that night.

The juke joints and the bootleggers opened back up for business as usual and within a few years the short, but colorful, reign of Sheriff McPeters had been erased from our city's history.

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The News From 1907

- I wish to learn of the whereabouts of my folks. My father was named Dickson; brother name Edmond Anderson; sisters named Polly, Dinah and Rachel Anderson. Sister Polly married a man by the name of John Anderson.

I came from South Carolina when I was 19 years of age and stayed 2 or 3 years in Green County, Alabama, then went to Lee County Mississippi, near Carona. I left there the 2nd year of the war and went to Corinth, from there to Cleveland, Tennessee, where I joined the Federal Army and served three years and have been in Huntsville since I was mustered out.

Write Milton Anderson at Huntsville, care of the Journal.

- On Saturday last, at New Market in this county, a young man, George Norris raised a difficulty with another young man, Bud Powers, and the town marshal, William Mullins tried to arrest him. Norris drew his knife

and resisted arrest. Mullins struck Norris with his stick; and a young man, William Fuqua, threw a stone at Mullins, striking him on the head and knocking him senseless.

Attempts were made by other citizens to arrest Norris and Fuqua, but they drew their guns and the citizens being unarmed, they made their escape. Parties have been out hunting them, but to no avail, and it is supposed they have left the country. Our informant says that new brandy made at stills near New Market is the cause of the trouble and is causing a good deal more of trouble in the neighborhood.

- Near Huntsville on Sunday last, a boy killed his father. The facts, as told to us, are that the boy left the house of his father. Hawk Houston, and went to the farm of Mr. Wm. R. Dav. and Hawk went after him, and told him he intended to whip him, when he got him home. The boy got home first, and seizing a shotgun, fired the load into his father's heart. It is stated, almost incredibly, that the father, although shot and badly bleeding, drew a revolver and fired twice at his son as he ran off.

Shaver's top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- 1. An Alabama School Girl In Paris 1842-1844 the letters of Mary Fenwick Lewis and her family, by Nancy Rohr, \$15.95.
- **2.** Historical Markers of Madison County, Ala., with photographs & maps, by The Huntsville/Madison County Historical Society, \$18.95.
- **3.** Old Huntsville Photo Albums on CD Rom. Volumes I and II of a priceless collection of Old Huntsville photographs, \$15.95/each.
- 4. Cemeteries of Madison County by Dorothy Scott Johnson. Vol. I, \$25.00 Vol. II, \$27.00.
- **5.** Huntsville-Madison County Deed books, 1810-1819 by Dorothy Scott Johnson, \$20.00.
- **6.** Alabama Architecture Looking At Building and Place by Alice Merriwether Bowsher, \$39.95.
- 7. History of Huntsville/Madison County Elks Lodge Published in 1972 by James Record, \$20.00.
- **8.** Old Huntsville Book of Remedies & Recipes, Vol. II, by Cathey Carney. Over 300 pages of mouth watering recipes and timeless tips, \$15.95.
- **9.** Lost Worlds In Alabama Rocks Over 300 color photographs by Alabama Geological Society, \$25.00.
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The boy escaped and at last accounts had not been seen in the neighborhood, and no one has pursued him.

- For Sale roller top desk good as new, will sell cheap. Address H. R. Taylor, Huntsville, Ala. Box 512
- Once upon a time someone said, "When you do a thing do it well." Evidently burglars who last night ransacked John Cicero's store on the corner of Washington and Holmes Street believed in this teaching.

They entered through the rear door, but were not satisfied with merely breaking the lock. They took the entire door off and set it neatly to one side. Mr. Cicero early this morning reported the loss of more than 1,000 cigarettes, a batch of cigars, some boxes of candy and various other small items as well as \$6.00 which was in the cash drawer.

- Edward T. Sweeney, employee of a carriage factory here, is in Jail on a charge of wife beating and public drunkenness. The prosecution claims that on last Saturday night, Sweeney went home in a beastly state of drunkenness. He committed an assault upon and choked his wife, Mrs. Maud Sweeney and she was compelled to flee, attired in insufficient clothing, from her home on Jefferson Street, to the home of J. H. Bryant in the southern part of the city.

A warrant was sworn out against Sweeney in justice Vaught's court and Sweeney is now in jail in default of bail in the sum of \$700.00.

- Frank Pickard, one of the ad writers on the Mercury, and R.D. Carlisle figured in a dangerous runaway at the Southern Depot Sunday afternoon. Their horse became frightened at the approaching train and overturned the buggy, but neither of the occupants were hurt.

- Looking for Mrs. Frances W Gerkin, a music teacher, nearly blind, who left Norfolk, Virglnia some years ago and is reported to have been drowned while crossing the Tennessee River, near Ditto, four or five years ago.

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Memories

Mrs. Ruth Jerkins was 98 years old when we recorded her memories. She had lived in Huntsville most of her life. This is her story:

"When Mama and Daddy moved to town (1902) I never had any idea there were so many houses and people. We lived in this little three room house. Mostly what I remember about it is the mud. Whenever it rained the road in front of the house would be so muddy the buggies would get stuck. My brother and I were playing in the road one day right after it rained and my feet got stuck in the mud. That mud just sucked my shoes right off my feet. Mama really got mad at me because that was the only pair of shoes I had.

"When they declared war back in 1917 or 18, I was working at the telephone office. Mr. Hughes, my manager, would listen on the phone for a minute and then rush outside to tell the

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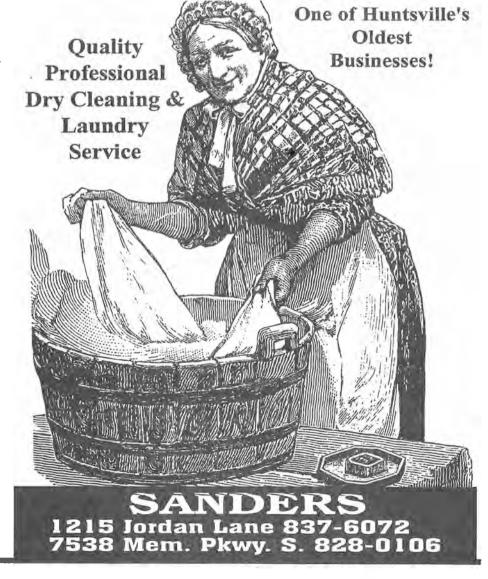
crowds what was happening. That night we stayed open all night and there was a crowd in front of the office the whole time, waiting for news.

"Cecil was courting me at the time and he couldn't hardly wait to enlist. The day that him and all of his friends signed up, they were so happy. They were scared the war would be over before they got a chance to do any fighting. I remember Uncle Cabe sitting on the front porch of the house that afternoon watching the young men and looking real sad.

"Uncle Cabe had fought in the Civil War and had lost one of his legs.

"When Cecil came back from France we got married. He had gotten gassed during the war and had a lot of trouble breathing for the rest of his life. He never talked about the war or the fighting to anyone as far as I know. He got a job in a garage and I kept working until I had Martha. We had a good life together. We bought a house and Cecil spent all of his spare time fixing it up. I made yellow curtains for the kitchen. I still have them somewhere. We gave \$700 for that house.

"When the banks crashed Cecil lost his job. He wasn't by himself, cause most of the people we knew were unemployed. He got a part-time job cleaning a bar after it closed at night and sometimes he could pick up a little day job. We had a patch of ground in the back of the house, and that summer I planted it all in green



beans. We had stewed green beans, green bean casserole and every other kind I could think of. We just about lived off those beans. I can't hardly eat green beans today without thinking of Cecil. He hated them awful, but he acted like he liked them.

"When Roosevelt got elected, times got a little better. Cecil got this job working in a CCC camp and he was able to send home a little money. He was a foreman or something, teaching other people how to work on cars.

"The preacher brought word of Cecil being killed. It was an accident that nobody could help. He was a good man and a good husband. I still miss him so bad sometimes.

"When the Second War started, Martha and I got a job in a defense plant helping pack ammunition. We were making good money, but there wasn't anything to spend it on. Just about everything was rationed. Martha met a young man and got married about then. He was a pretty boy. He was shipped out right after they got married and was killed on some island in the Pacific.

"It looked like things were changing so fast after the War was over. Everybody had money and jobs. I think that the '50s were the best time to be alive. Everybody was happy.

"Martha bought a television about that time. It was one of those real big box things and it had a little bitty picture screen on it. We didn't have an antennae so we took some clothes wire and run it to a tree in the back yard. For the sake of me, I never could figure out how they could send those picture through the air.

"Back when I was a little girl, riding in a horse and buggy, if someone had told me told me I would see men walk on the moon, why I would have said they were crazy.

"When Martha got married again it was about the happiest day of my life. John's a good man and has taken good care of her.

"Do I have any regrets? No ... I've had a good life. A lot of things could have been different, but the Good Lord has blessed me.

I hope my grandchildren can have as good a life as I have had.

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YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

Buried Treasure In Hazel Green

by Charles Rice

An oft told tale in northern Madison County concerns a buried treasure that supposedly was hidden 130 years ago near the town of Hazel Green. Now don't get excited and run off to look for it, because it is said to have been found long ago. Well, it just may have been - if it ever existed.

The swashbuckling story concerns the quite respectable Townsend family, early settlers of our region and very wealthy cotton planters before the War Between the States. We leave it to

Golden K Kiwanis

Placing Children First

you to decide how much truth there is in the tale.

The patriarch of this old Madison County family was one Parkes Townsend. Born in Lunenburg County, Virginia, in 1795. Townsend had left his home in 1827 to seek new lands in Alabama. He grew rich here and fathered a large family before his untimely death in December 1849 at the age of only 54. Even after his property had been divided among his heirs, it remained quite impressive. In fact, in 1860, just before the Civil War, Townsend's widow, Mary, still held title to \$30,000 worth of land, while her personal property was listed at \$74,870. This was a virtual fortune in those long ago horse and buggy days. Townsend's son Daniel owned \$20,000 in land plus \$51,685 in personal property, while another son named Samuel claimed some \$18,120 in real estate and \$151,000 in personal wealth. Exaline Townsend, apparently a widowed daughterin-law, owned land valued at \$36,000 as well as a personal estate of \$50,000. Clearly, the Townsend family was among the

wealthiest in Madison County.

This much of the story is verifiable. However, what follows clearly falls into the realm of legend. According to old timers around Hazel Green, in 1862 some of the Townsend family became frightened at the approach of the invading Union Army. Realizing the "thieving Yankees" would take everything they owned, they loaded several barrels with gold and silver and drove off one evening after dark. Allegedly, a slave or two accompanied them. Stopping at a large walnut tree somewhere near Charity Lane, the Townsends ordered the slaves to dig a deep hole and conceal the treasure. Then, imitating the bloodthirsty pirates of the Spanish Main, these respectable Alabamians supposedly murdered the inoffensive slaves and threw their bodies into the pit. Refilling the hole, the Townsend men returned to their homes to quietly await the return of peace.

So what do you think happened next? You guessed it. Somehow the walnut tree mysteriously disappeared during the course of the war, and the Townsends could never find their treasure again. Foolishly, it would seem, they rented the land to a stranger - a virtual sharecropper, more or less. After about two years, the stranger up and disappeared one day. No one around Hazel Green ever saw him again, but he reportedly bought himself a fine, farm in Tennessee and lived there happily ever after.

A good story, right? But realistically, could such an event actually have happened in Alabama? Slaves in the antebellum South had few legal rights, but one simply could not go about murdering African-Americans with impunity. Surely, the Townsends' other slaves would



have talked, and the Union Army would have taken action even If the Alabama authorities did not. Furthermore, were the Townsends really such a brutal lot? This prominent family remained in the area long after the war, and retained the respect of their neighbors - something that would not have been possible had they been viewed as murderers.

Perhaps something really did happen back in 1862. Maybe the Townsends hid part of their wealth and could not find it again. And just possibly a tenant farmer did discover it, and take off for parts unknown. But the rest of the tale has too much of the "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum" in it to be believed. It sounds rather like some of the old boys at the Hazel Green town "liars' bench" had been reading about pirates, peglegs, and Long John Silver and simply decided to spice things up a bit. After all, the real fun in any story is the telling of it, isn't it?

"I am not a part of the problem. I am a Democrat."

Al Gore

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Esslinger Arrested for Bigamy

from 1907 newspaper

Buck Esslinger, a farmer of Owens Cross Roads, and his wife Mollie Esslinger, were arrested vesterday and brought to Huntsville, the former on a charge of living in adultery and the latter on a charge of bigamy. Warrants for the arrest of the couple were sworn out by John Roan who claims to be the first and present husband of the woman. Roan claims that the woman has a suit for divorce pending in the chancery court and that although a decree of divorce has never been rendered, his wife married Esslinger and has since lived with him.

The defendants were arrested by Deputy Constable Ferguson. They were arraigned before Justice Vaught who fixed their bonds at \$250 in the case of Esslinger and \$1,000 in the woman's case. Both succeeded in finding sureties.

"Quite frankly, teachers are the only profession that teach our children." Al Gore

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Monte Sano Civilian Conservation Corps

by Walt Terry

In the mid-thirties the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), an organization created as part of Roosevelt's New Deal, built two camps in Huntsville, one at what is now the Eastern extension of Maple Hill Cemetary and one on Monte Sano Mountain.

The Monte Sano camp was situated on either side of the present Highland Plaza, near the south end of the plateau. This facility, as did the other camps, provided work and living quarters for young men out of work during the Great Depression. It also taught the men skills and a sense of social responsibility. It taught many of them to read and write. It gave hopeless men direction and purpose and self respect.

The main work for the Monte Sano camp was the construction of a state park, which included roads, trails, a water system, cottages, a lodge and an amplitheater. Most of the buildings still stand. The lodge was gutted by fire years ago, leaving only the stone walls and chimneys.

The walls of the entranceway to the camp grounds still stand on

the east side at the intersection of Highland Plaza and Monte Sano Boulevard.

Of the roads built, there was one to Natural Well on the east slope about 200 feet below the top of the mountain. Government officials considered developing this cave into a tourist attraction. CCC personnel were lowered into the 200-foot hole to investigate the possibility of digging a shaft alongside it to accommodate an elevator. Tourists would then have access to the extensive caverns at the bottom. These plans never materialized, probably from a lack of funding. Now only the shell of a small rock but remain.

On August 25, 1938, three years after the start of the project, the Huntsville Chamber of Commerce sponsored a dedication of the park, with Robert K. (Buster) Bell as Master of ceremonies. It was a festive occasion. The principal speaker was William B. Bankhead, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives and a former resident of Huntsville (and the Father of Tallulah). A night pagent was held depicting the history of Monte Sano.

And perhaps most important, the CCC's vital role in the realization of the park was recognized.

Since the dissolution of the CCC in the late thirties, the Monte Sano members have held annual reunions at the old horse stable in the park.

Swift Justice

From 1890 Huntsville newspaper

A speedy and conclusive trial was that of Ed Morrison, who killed young Henry Hunter in Madison County, Ga. at three weeks since. Eighteen minutes argument for the defense, sixteen for the prosecution, twenty for the judge's charge, twenty for the jury and then the verdict. One hour and fourteen minutes after the evidence closed the jury re turned a verdict of Guilty.

He was hanged the moming next.

Betsy Ross is the only real person to ever have been the head on a Pez dispenser.

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The Old-Fashioned Way to Give your Cat a Pill

1. Pick your cat up and cradle it gently in your arm as if holding a little baby. Position your right forefinger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth, pop pill right in there. Allow cat to close mouth and gently swallow.

2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind bed. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.

Retrieve cat from under sofa, and throw soggy pill away.

4. Take new pill from wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly with your left hand. Force jaws open firmly and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth shut for count of ten and gently stroke neck to push pill down, speaking reassuringly to your cat..

5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from championship football game he's watching.

6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, holding front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get your spouse to hold the cat's head firmly with one hand while forcing popsicle stick into mouth. Drop pill down stick and rub cat's

The first couple ever to be shown in bed together on prime TV was Fred and Wilma Flintstone.

throat vigorously.

7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy more pills and to get curtain repaired.

8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with its head just visible from below spouse's armpit. Put pill in at end of drinking straw and with cat's mouth open, blow pill into mouth with a small puff of air.

9. Call the fire department to get cat out of tree across the street. Apologize to neighbor who crashed into the fence while trying to avoid hitting the cat. Take last pill from foil wrap.

10. Tie cat's front paws to rear paws with pantyhose and bind tightly to leg of dining room table. Find heavy-duty pruning gloves in shed. Force cat's mouth open with small tool, push pill into mouth followed by large piece of filet steak. Hold head vertically and pour 1/2 pint of water down throat to wash pill down.

11. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room; sit quietly while the doctor stitches fingers and forearms and removes pill remnants from right eye. Stop by furniture store on way home to order new table. Place order for curtain repair.

12. Call vet to schedule a house call.

Huntsville History Festival Is Coming To The Big Spring Park!

Saturday, October 6, 2001 9 AM - 5 PM

Festival will feature

A Huntsville First for this many History Oriented Groups to come together at one time and place, to focus on Local History Organizations will feature display, exhibits, historical documents, photographs, and artifacts, tell their story, recruit members, and sell their publications, historical and patriotic items - Participants Invited Dance - Drama - Music - Storytelling Old Fashioned Food Re-enactors will portray defining moments in the area's history, including Indians, first settlers, and soldiers from America's wars and recall events of the past Vendors, local authors, and artists will sell books, and prints, about Huntsville A day that will be Entertaining, Educational, and Fun for the whole family Free to the Public

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

With pearls of wisdom contributed by the Liar's Table



We're so excited that **Walker McGinnis** is our new principal at Chapman Middle School! I've known Walter a long time, and he is a very fine man. He'll do a great job.

Congratulations to **Pearlie Stamper** who recently celebrated her 50th birthday. She's the lady who keeps the city council in line!

Jean Allison brought Daphine Callins to breakfast for her birthday - they had a really fun time. Ozell Brown and Officer Moose from Scottsboro

DEVELOPMENT

stopped by to see us a couple of times this month. **Marvin Braly** was my Jack Palmer salesman for many years. Retired July 29. He brought his lovely wife to breakfast and they had a wonderful time. Happy retirement to you!

On July 23rd. Marcel and Sylvia von Wouderer and family from the Netherlands were visiting Spence and Becky Johnson. So Spence brought them all to breakfast. They were real excited about our "Southern breakfast." Becky's mom, "Boom-Boom" came with them.

We hear our good friend **Bob Ward**, who retired from the Huntsville Times, is coming out with a book about Wernher von Braun. Bob is a great writer and the book should be a good read.

Speaking of books, we hear another famous author from New York has been in town investigating the possibilities of doing a novel based in Huntsville.

We had very sad news from our police department - one of our

fine officers was killed in July 14 in a terrible wreck. Sure was a great loss to the department. Our sympathy goes out to his family and also to his work family who were very saddened over the sudden and unexpected loss. **Cedric Strong** - you're truly missed.

We want to say a great big hello to **Mary Medly** who had a knee replacement recently. Get well soon Mary!

My daughter **Linda** had a birthday July 16. **Janie** made her an upside-down pineapple cake. It was as good as the biscuits Janie makes.

Several politicians have begun to move around getting ready for next year. It's going to be a really interesting year. Lt. Gov. Steve has been here a few times. Mrs. Kaye Ivey, Steve Black and also some of our local fellas stopped by.

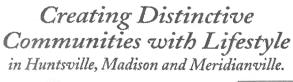
Don't forget **Trade Day On The Square**, Saturday, Sept. 8.

Photo of The Month

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

Hint: Well known in political circles and has a heart of gold.





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Sandra Steele, President

It's a ball of fun and you can also pick up back copies of Old Huntsville at the **Golden K Kiwanis** booth.

Our Governor **Don Siegelman** came to Huntsville recently and ate breakfast and lots of people came by to see him. We love you, Don!

Jessie and Cassie and Corky spent the night with me. We had a great time going to Burger King and Dairy Queen.

Mr. Leon Towery brought his sister **Janis MacHuffman** for her 72nd birthday to breakfast on July, 19. They had a real enjoyable time. He's done this for several years in a row.

Our congratulations go to **Mark Craig** on his appointment as License Director in the County License department.

Mitch Brown and his Twickenham Orchestra put on a wonderful performance on August 11 at the Grissom High School with their Elvis Show. Laura did a great job putting it all together. They honored me for which I am so appreciative. And our beloved Mayor Loretta was there and proclaimed it "Aunt Eunice Merrell Day"! Very fun and exciting time. I love you all so much. If you ever get a chance to see Mitch Brown with his show please go - it's Great! We raised lots of money for the Arthritis Foundation, with over a thousand people there.

We had several local politicians visit us recently. Our Sheriff Joe, Jeff Enfinger, Sandra Moon, Jane Smith, Glenn Watson, Bill Kling, Tommy Ragland and many others.

Our heart goes out to **Glen Watson** who has spent so much time recently taking care of his mother. He's a fine city councilman and a good son.

A great big "I love you" to

Kathy Isabell, who hasn't been well this year at all. Hope you're feeling much better soon.

My sympathy goes to **Byron Laird** and family on the death of
his sister. Also to the **Walker brothers** at Five Points restaurant
on the death of their mother. Also
to **Lisa** at Five Points Beauty shop
on the death of her mother.

Bill and Doris Hunter brought their guests to breakfast - Roy and Pat Fellows of California and Tom and Joey Jones of Colorado. They sure enjoyed the ham!

My longtime friend Lana Fisher brings her mom to breakfast on grocery-buying days and brought Mrs. Mattie Rose McGinnis also, who used to eat with me nearly every day.

Everybody take care and don't forget to come by and see me. Have a wonderful rest of the summer and try to stay cool! And just remember that I love you.

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Sweet Southern Soul

Ham and Red Eye Gravy

I Country cured ham, sliced 1/4" thick

1/2 c. hot water

Strong brewed coffee

Place ham slices in heavy skillet, and over medium heat cook til ham is brown - turn several times. Remove slices from skillet and keep warm. To the drippings in the pan add 1/2 cup hot water, stir really well. Cook til the gravy turns red, it will be liquidy. A little strong coffee may be added to deepen the color and add flavor. Serve hot over ham and homemade biscuits.

Meal-in-One

1 lb. ground beef or pork 1/2 c. sweet onions, chopped

l quart black-eyed peas, cooked and drained

It. dried basil

It. garlic powder

I t. salt

2 (15 oz.) cans stewing toma-

toes

Pre-heat your oven to 375 degrees. Brown the meat in a skillet with a bit of grease, add the onions and stir til the onions are clear. Remove from heat and add salt and spices. Grease a 3-qrt. baking dish, layer your meal with 1/2 meat on bottom, then 1/2 peas and next 1/2 tomatoes. Repeat, then top with drop biscuits (recipe follows). Bake for 30 minutes. If the casserole is layered in advance, heat til bubbly before adding the drop biscuits.

Drop Biscuits

2 c. all-purpose flour

3 t. baking powder

It. salt

4 T. shortening

3/4 c. milk or buttermilk

Sift your flour, measure. Add the baking powder and salt. Sift again then cut in the shortening til it looks like coarse corn meal. Add the milk to make a soft dough. Drop by tablespoons on top of your casserole.

Good Ole Grits

1 c. grits

5 c. water

2 t. salt

Butter

In a sauce pan, mix the grits, salt and water and cook over medium heat til it comes to a boil, lower heat. Cook covered, remove lid occasionally and stir. Serve hot in a bowl with a dollop of real butter, good with redeye gravy also.

Chicken Casserole

I 8-oz. bag yellow corn bread stuffing mix

I stick butter

1 can cream of mushroom soup

I can cream of chicken soup

4 large chicken breasts

2 c. chicken broth

Boil your chicken, don't use salt. Cool and pick meat off bones, save broth. Melt your butter and stir it into the stuffing. Use a greased 9xl3" casserole dish. Take 1/3 of the crumbs and layer into the bottom of the dish. Next comes 1/2 of the chicken pieces, then take 1/2 of each of the soups, followed by one cup of the broth. Do it again, top with the last third of the crumbs. Sprinkle just a bit of garlic salt over the top. Put in oven, uncovered, and bake for 45



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minutes at 350 degrees. This will serve about 8 hungry folks.

Green Beans with Dill Weed

20 oz. frozen green beans 2 T. dried dill weed 2 t. garlic salt

1/4 c. butter

Melt vour butter in a large skillet, add remaining ingredients. Cook and stir over high heat for about 5 minutes. Beans will be a little crunchy, serve right away.

Spinach Mix for Sandwiches

2 pkg. frozen chopped spinach, uncooked, thawed and squeezed

Ipkg. Knoff dried vegetables.

1/2 c. mayonnaise

I small can water chestnuts, drained and chopped fine 6 oz. sour cream or plain yogurt

Mix all well and chill for several hours or overnight. Serve with good homemade bread or crackers.

Easy Breakfast Strudel

I pkg. brown and serve rolls

2 T. butter, softened

1/2 t. cinnamon

2 t. nuts, finely chopped

2 T. flour

Put your rolls in a greased

baking pan. Just barely break apart the rolls but leave connected. Mix remaining ingredients and spread over the rolls. Bake in 400 degree oven for 8 minutes. As the topping melts, it will ran between the rolls.

Chewy Brown Sugar

1 lb. box brown sugar

3 eggs

2 c. self-rising flour

stick butter, melted

2 c. nuts, chopped

2 t. vanilla extract

Beat eggs, add sugar and beat til fluffy. Add flour, butter, vanilla and nuts, stir well. Pour into a 9 x 13" baking pan and bake at 325 degrees for 35-40 minutes. When cool, cut into squares - makes 24 squares. Good with a bit of home-made whipped cream and a sprinkle of more brown sugar.

Flameless Candy

Ic. sugar

I c. corn syrup

I 12-oz. jar crunch peanut butter

6 c. comflakes

Get out large pieces of waxed paper and place on your countertop. Combine the sugar and syrup in a 3 1/2 qrt. saucepan. Bring mixture to a boil over medium heat, then remove from

heat. Stir in the peanut butter, add the comflakes and stir til all is coated with syrup mixture. Drop by teaspoons onto your waxed paper. This should make about 36 candies.

Remember when Huntsville was so small you read the newspapers just to see if the gossip was really true?





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Old Fashioned Remedies

Note: These remedies are presented for amusement only. Please see a doctor for medical advice.

- Cramps in the neck or leg can be relieved by an application of whiskey and red pepper.
- To help a baby get through post-weaning restlessness, put molasses on the child's hands. Then give him chicken feathers to hold. During repeated attempts to remove the feathers first from one hand and then the other, the babe will tire and fall asleep.
- To cure deafness, drop a mixture of onion juice and and eggs into the ear.
- A few bay leaves sprinkled here and there will keep ants away. Another good remedy for ants is to clean your countertops with a mixture of vinegar and water, mixed equally.

Money may talk, but it sure is hard of hearing when you try calling it.

- For the croup in children, administer one teaspoon of goose oil and one teaspoon of molasses to a child each day
- Clothing that has been scorched by ironing should be laid in the bright sunshine.
- To overcome sleeplessness, eat a large plate of baked onions before retiring.
- To treat lock jaw, place moistened tobacco on the patient's stomach. Remove immediately when cured.
- Make traps for destructive grasshoppers by half-filling deep jars with a solution of water and molasses.
- To cure alcoholism, have the patient eat an owl egg without knowing what kind of egg it is.
- Use the skin of a freshly peeled banana to reduce the pain and discoloration of a bruise. Place the inner side of the peel on the banana and hold in place with wet cold bandages.
- If clothing has a musty odor, restore it to freshness by placing charcoal in the folds.
- Clean your piano keys by using a piece of silk cloth barely moistened with alcohol.
- To alleviate the pain of an earache that is not too severe, just blow cigarette or pipe smoke into the ear If you have a canker sore, several times a day apply ashes from a burned corn cob to the area.
 - To make your hair thicker,

massage the juice of water cress into the scalp.

- When the labor of childbirth is prolonged, blow snuff, held on a goose feather, up the mothers nose. This will induce a sneezing fit, resulting in delivery.
- Remove tar from your hands by rubbing them with lemon orange peel and then wiping them off.

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Professors Lost To Huntsville's Damsels

The following is taken from "Franklin College and Its Influences."

In 1843 I went to his Elm Crag School, but remained only a short time. I was not pleased with Elm Crag as suited to my wants at the time, and went to Old Lasea, Maury County, Tenn., and remained there three years.

When Elm Crag merged into Franklin College, I visited it occasionally. During one vacation the students of Franklin College were sent out on excursions.

My teacher, John M. Barnes, and I went with a crowd of about twenty students under the control of Professor Fall, of languages; Professor Loomis, of natural science; and Professor Cook, of music. Among the young men were the pick of the musicians at the college, who gave a free concert at every town or village we passed.

The people were so carried away with the music that they gave us an abundance of supplies all along our route (for we camped under a good tent every night).

When we reached Huntsville, Ala., we pitched our tent hard by the city, and announced a free concert in the courthouse that night (Friday). We had a fair audience, and the young men did full justice to the occasion.

The next morning a committee of gentlemen came to our tent and notified us that the city authorities had arranged with the two hotels for our accommodations free of charge while we remained there. The professors gladly accepted. Our camp equipage was taken in charge, and we were all assigned rooms in the two hotels.

Announcement was made at once for a free concert at night. In the meantime the professors, who were all young men, began to be introduced to the young ladies of the city; and the boys followed their example, till the city was all aglow with promenades, flowers, and bouquets. The boys seemed to be on stilts, and at night the courthouse was jammed, while flowers showered like meteors upon the musicians.

On Sunday, Professor Barnes preached a big discourse, and all the afternoon and night was spent by the young men in gallanting the lovely Huntsville girls.

On Sunday morning we were to move on, according to our programme; but another committee waited upon the professors, J. F. Demoville being the speaker, insisting upon a concert for the special benefit of the old people, in which an anthem, "The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fullness Thereof," must be rendered. It took but little persuasion to carry the point.

On Monday night the old people of Huntsville had the front seats, (two courthouses could not have seated the crowd.) Professor Cook, with all his boys, felt the magnitude of the occasion, and surpassed themselves on all former occasions, to the delight of all present.

On Tuesday morning we had to leave early to reach a barbecue which we bad been notified would be given us at Savannah, (sic) Ala.

When the time came, nearly every student and professor had a sweetheart that he must tell good-by. Huntsville girls did not rise in those day in time for calls from young men and give them a very early start; but there was no use in grumbling, for that call had to be made by the professors especially, if it consumed half the day. For a time the boys had no leader, till young Carmack, of Mississippi, assumed the role of leader and sent messengers all over the city to find the profes-Finally he got them "rounded up" and we all had to "double-quick to make the barbecue."

Submitted by Ancil Jenkins

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An Unmitigated Scoundrel

Charles 0. Shepherd was a well known figure in 19th century Huntsville. He was an educator by profession and was a member of the faculty at the Green Academy, the famous boys' school that was burned by Union troops in November, 1864. By that time, however, Shepherd was far from Huntsville serving with the Confederate army. He volunteered in the fall of 1861, enlisting in a Madison County company called the North Alabama Cavaliers.

Shepherd remembered his military service in a 1909 letter to the son of an old comrade. In it he did some straight talking about an "unmitigated scoundrel"

named Warren Reese:

Dear Willie:

Our company was organized in September, 1861, at Byrd's Spring, four and one half miles west of Huntsville. We remained in camp at Byrd's Spring until the Ist of November when we were ordered to join Forrest's command at Hopkinsville, Kentucky. We reached Hopkinsville about the middle of November and were enrolled in Forrest's command as Company 1. Forrest was then only a Lieut. Colonel, and was afterwards made full Colonel at Corinth, Mississippi.

At the fall of Fort Donelson, most of the Company were captured and remained in prison until the summer of 1863. We were reunited once more in Huntsville and remained there until September '63, when we were ordered to report to Gen. Joe Johnston at Dalton, Georgia. He sent us to

Gen. Wheeler at Tunnel Hill, Ga., with whom we remained until the close of the war, when we surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina in April, 1865.

Gen. Wheeler had our escort company. The notorious Warren Reese of Montgomery, Alabama, I expect you have heard of. He appropriated my company, for Davis had resigned, and I was captain of a second escort, and used the two companies numbering about 200 men as an escort or body guard until January, 1985. Then out of the two escort companies (mine and Reese's) and the fragments of other commands decimated by death and sickness and without officers. Wheeler formed the 12th Alabama Cavalry Regiment, of which he made Reese Colonel and Pointer (one of his staff) Lieut. Colonel.

It was a rascally piece of business and I protested against it and never did forgive Wheeler for it. I

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Poor Pointer, I liked him. He committed suicide in New York City about a month ago, driven to it by poverty. He had the same opinion of Reese I had, that he was an unmitigated scoundrel. We were enrolled in that regiment as Company 1, and your father and I surrendered with it at Greensboro, N.C. in April, 1865.

Give my love to Henry. Yours truly, C.O. Shepherd

1917 Want Ads

- For sale - Or will trade for Ford Touring Car, Rebuilt car with racing body, two seats, 40 gallon gas tank, new tires all around, four extra tires. Engine in A No. I condition. Address Exchange, care of the Mercury.

 For Rent - two furnished rooms for light housekeeping.
 Mrs. S. R Metcalfe, Phone 131

- Left by mistake at Mrs. T. W Pratt's residence - one serge skirt. Owner can have skirt by describing same.

- Bargain - 4 room house in good condition; \$500 or will trade for livestock. 80 acres of land \$800. Contact A.J. Hewell at the Market.

A Flirting Lawsuit

Of all the unique suits ever filed in Alabama that placed on the docket of the district court, this one in Birmingham takes the blue ribbon.

John Turner, a thrifty grocer, asks that Miss Etta Thompson, a pretty young lady in town, be required to pay him \$5,000 for flirting.

He had been keeping company with the young woman for some months, but she gave him up for another.

Referring to his suit Turner said: "This is not a breach-of-promise case, but a case for damages. I don't like flirting, and I am going to show people that this country is a very unhealthy one for that kind of business. I have been fair with the girl. I told her that I detested flirting and when I commenced keeping company with her I told her that I did it with

the intention of marrying her. I had every reason to believe that she wanted to marry me, too. Now she has gone to flirting with other people and I intend to punish her for it.

From 1890 newspaper

A \$25 Wife

from 1902 newspaper

Huntsville - John Kendall of Madison County was arrested yesterday on the charges of selling his wife to Lem Nobles for the sum of 25 dollars.

Apparently all concerned parties were happy with the transaction until Nobles was informed that he was also the owner of six children, whereas he promptly complained of fraud to the Sheriff.

Both men are currently residents of the jail and are expected to stand trial soon. Mrs. Kendall, and her six children, are residing at the home of Lem Nobles.



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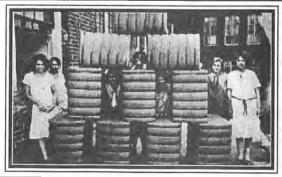
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Old Kuntsville

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The Elora-Huntsville Railroad

by Bob Brudendistel

uring the summer of 1886, parties interested in the new Huntsville Railroad were confident that they could raise the required \$40,000 subscription. By September of that year, the money had been secured, and hope was that the construction would soon begin with the new railroad to Huntsville. Several key prospectors from the area formed a local committee at Huntsville. Their efforts were intended to stimulate more trade and economic boost for Huntsville and Madison County.

Headed by Milton Humes, they traveled to Nashville to help with the money subscriptions. On October 9, 1886, the Board of Directors of Louisville and Nashville (L&N) Railroad Company met in Nashville. Representing their controlling interest in the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis (NC&StL) Railroad Company, they voted unanimously in favor of any action taken by the NC&STL to begin with the construction of a rail line leading from Elora, Tennessee to Huntsville, Alabama. L&N President John W. Thomas called a special meeting with the NC&STL Board of Directors to make final arrangements in reference to the matter. Once all subscription balances were paid and the final deed descriptions were entered into the Madison County probate records, construction was permitted on Huntsville's new connection to Nashville.

Work efforts were soon underway with at least 500 hired hands. The goal was to push the workers hard in an effort to reach an earlier then expected completion date with the construction of the railroad. Some of the names of the families and landowners who bargained, sold, and conveyed the lands required to build the railroad included Petty, Steele, Yarbrough, Fanning, Bostick, Stewart, Douglas, Hawk, Davis, Nuchols, Mastin, Penny, Kelly, Chapman, O'Shaughnessy, and many more. Many of these individuals were prospectors of the plan to help Huntsville prosper and as the Huntsville Gazette put it. "not be left in the dust".

By February 5, 1887, all deeds and legal descriptions to the property from all of the required landowners were sent to the office of probate records at the county courthouse to be entered in the deed record books. The county court clerk was being hit with bundles of these deed records, and soon, more help would be needed for them to make quick work with the entries. This same date, word was that the contractors, Holmes and Davis, were already concentrating their work forces at Elora, where a construction train brought in the required

dump carts, live stock, picks, shovels, and excavators from up in Nashville. Dirt would soon be flying as work was finally underway with Huntsville's new gateway to wealth.

The newly completed railroad would operate under the ownership and management of the NC&STL Railroad Company. This "Huntsville Branch" operation of NC&STL was highly successful for the railroad. The branch operation started out of Decherd, Tennessee stemming from the NC&STL Mainline track. The branch operation ran along much of what was once the Winchester and Alabama (W&A) Railroad. This railroad had previously been built out of Decherd, Tennessee in 1852, through the





county seat of Winchester, and then to Elora. The original plan was for this W&A rail line to be built to reach Huntsville, but a lack of funding forced the moneystrickened railroad to detour the line instead over to Fayetteville. The W&A was later ripped apart during the course of the civil war.

Following the war, the State of Tennessee foreclosed on the W&A rail line. It was not until 1877 that the NC&STL bought the W&A Railroad from the state, and soon after, Huntsville would finally see its connection.

In route from Elora to Huntsville, the path of the railroad followed very much of the same path as you can travel over today along Winchester Road. Several flag stops and stations were located along the rail line between Elora and Huntsville. These included Steele Crossing, Plevna, New Market, Fanning Crossing, Deposit,

Bell Factory, Mercury, Chase, Normal, and finally Huntsville. The railroad crossed over many of the larger creeks and rivers. The original trestle over the Flint River was built using wooden trusses and cut stone piers. This structure was soon replaced with additional concrete piers and opendeck steel girders. During the construction of the rail line, a temporary junction with the Memphis and Charleston (M&C) Railroad (today's Norfolk Southern) was built at what would later become known as Chase. This point was referred to as the "Fearn" Switch. and marked the very first junction of two major railroads in the history of Huntsville and Madison County.

Once the construction of the NC&STL was completed the remaining distance into Huntsville, the Fearn Switch was removed. The arrival point at Huntsville

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Old Huntsville Magazine 716 East Clinton Avenue Huntsville, AL., 35801 along The NC&STL formed a junction with the M&C. The NC&STL railroad came in around a curve located behind the current location of the former Dilworth Lumber Company building on Church Street. Part of the same track is still visible today, and is presently being used to store maintenance-of-way equipment.

During the 1950's, the entire NC&STL rail system was transitioned to operate under the full name, ownership and management of the L&N. By 1985, CSX Transportation Inc. had controlling interest. The last revenue train to run over the line from Elora to Huntsville was in 1985. Five miles of this rail line have been restored by volunteers with The North Alabama Railroad Museum (NARM), a chapter of the National Railway Historical Society (NRHS). The Madison County Water Authority owns a remaining large portion of the property and roadbed running through the northeastern sections of the county. The museum operates a train excursion out of Chase over the restored 5 miles of track that it owns. The headquarters for the museum is located at the Chase Depot, which was built to serve as a union depot with both the M&C and NC&STL. For museum schedules and ticket information. call (256) 851-6276.



Dear Editor



Dear Old Huntsville:

This story was told to me approximately forty years ago by a native Huntsvillian. The gentleman was well advanced in years, and considered to be a man of high regard. He spoke with great authority and detail. The story was interesting and he had my attention with the sincerity of his eyes and colorful speech, his words and phrases led me to believe the incident was true.

During the early phases of the construction of the "Times Building," Mr. Pierce had delivered to the site a complete printing press. As the construction continued the equipment was placed on various floors where it was to be used.

It was installed in such a manner that it could not by removed; i.e., no doors, windows or elevators were large enough to accommodate the equipment. As time went by the "seller" began to press Mr. Pierce for payment and threatened to remove the equipment. Pierce agreed to its removal only if they would not damage or modify the building in any way.

After a thorough inspection, much loud talking and badgering each other, it was determined that the sides of the building would have to be removed and the equip-

ment brought out the ground by the use of heavy equipment sitting in the middle of the street.

Mr. Pierce was not shaken by all the threats of being "Handled by the Law," and stood his ground to the point. The seller agreed to forget the whole mess and the printing press remained.

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A History of New Hope

by Jack Harwell

The land which today makes up the southeastern corner of Madison County was not within the original county perimeter as it was drawn in 1818. At the time, that area was still part of the domain of the Cherokee nation, the Indians making up most of the population of the Alabama Territory. But the area was not unknown to white settlers even at that early stage of Alabama history.

Before Madison County was even established, there was a Tennessee River ferry crossing not far from the modern city of New Hope. Andrew Jackson built a road to the site in 1813 as part of his campaign against the Creeks in south Alabama. Earlier, the general had established a military

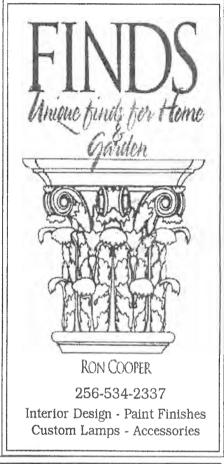
supply depot about four miles south of New Market. He called the depot Fort Deposit; the road which led thence to the river became the Deposit road, and the ferry became the Deposit ferry.

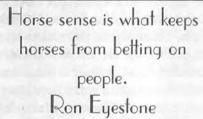
Due to its strategic location, the road became one of the busiest thoroughfares in those parts and in 1819 a tavern was opened on the road by one George Russell. Other businesses soon opened nearby, which catered to the increasing number of settlers thereabouts. Immigration was initially limited due to the fact that the land still technically belonged to the Cherokees. But by 1826, all the area down to the Paint Rock River had been incorporated into Madison County.

During the 1820s, a man named William Cloud operated a trading post near George Russell's tavern. For unknown reasons, Cloud became more closely identified with the little settlement than did Russell, and the folks there began to call their town Cloud's

Town. But Cloud moved on in 1825, purchasing a large tract of land on the Tennessee some miles west of the town. That area is still known as Cloud's Cove.

When land in southeastern Madison County went on sale in 1830, there were plenty of takers. Among these were James McCartney and Robert Owen, who bought a quarter section (160 acres) at Cloud's Town and laid off lots for a proper city. It was incorporated under





the name Vienna in 1832. But the city fathers ran into trouble when they tried to open the post office. Unbeknownst to them, someone else had already set up a town in south Alabama named Vienna, which also had a post office. The postal authorities informed the people in the northern Vienna that they would have to come up with another name for their facility. Looking about for ideas, the frustrated Viennese took note of the New Hope Methodist Church there in town, and decided that "New Hope" would be a fine name for their post office. Later, many of the locals came to refer to the entire town, not just the post office, as New Hope. In 1881 the



name change was made official, and it has been New Hope, Alabama, ever since.

New Hope, nee Vienna, prospered for many years as a stopover for southbound travellers. Although it never gained the prominence of its large neighbor to the northwest, the city did become a crossroads of sorts. In addition to the road leading to the river, another road led to the riverside settlement at Whitesburg. This road appears on an 1850 map of the county, and today, Hobbs Island Road follows this same route very closely. In fact, the modern bridge across the Flint River is at almost exactly the same location as Ashtons Ford, where the old road crossed the river.

During the Civil War, New Hope was not spared the ravages that armed conflict frequently visits on noncombatants. Confederate Irregulars in the county harassed occupying Federal troops on a regular basis. Unable to pin down these partisans in a set-piece battle, the soldiers would often vent their frustration on civilians, who were less likely to shoot back. They may have felt that such people were giving aid and comfort to their enemies; more often than not, they were right. New Hope would suffer its worst damage at the hands of the bluecoats late in the war. On December 15, 1864, the entire town was burned down. Returning Confederate veterans found their town a smoking ruin. Only the Masonic lodge and the post office survived the invaders' torch.

Eventually, the town was rebuilt and recovered its former attractiveness. But during the latter part of the 19th century, New Hope's people would suffer a different kind of calamity which would become all too familiar to their descendants. Due to its lo-

cation in the lowlands watered by the Flint, the town was flooded on a regular basis. The worst such deluge came in 1886. It was reported at the time that the waters rose so high merchants could row into the stores in boats. Another damaging flood occurred in 1896. The construction of dams along the Tennessee River has lessened but not eliminated the danger of flooding in the lower Paint Rock valley.

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Today, New Hope doesn't get as many overnight visitors as it did in pioneer days, but its historical importance cannot be denied.



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Signs of a Severe Winter

It's still a bit early to think about winter, but here are a few signs you should be on the lookout for, that foretell of a severe winter:

For every fog we have in August, there will be a sunny day in winter.

The squirrels seem busier than ever, their tails are very bushy and they begin to gather nuts earlier than usual.

Fur or hair on dogs, mules, horses, cats and cows is thicker than usual. The bark on trees is thicker.

Birds huddle on the ground, and eat up all the berries early. Your holly and dogwood trees have more berries than usual. Hickory nuts have a very heavy shell.

When you see butterflies gathering in bunches in the air, winter is coming early.

Wooly worms are everywhere, you see them before the first frost. Also, if the worms have a very heavy coat and the black band on their backs are very wide, it will be severe winter.

If we have a frost before November 23, it will be a bad winter.

Two frosts and a lot of rain means a bad winter is very near.

Pine cones open early. Laurel leaves are rolling up.

Wild hogs gather sticks, straw and shucks to make a bed.

The darker green the grass is in the summer, the colder the winter will be.

Sweet potatoes have a tougher skin.

Help Wanted

from 1862 newspaper

Huntsville - Maj. G. W. Jones, C.S.A. Quartermaster in Whiting's Division, of the Army of Virginia, was sent here by the War Department, some weeks ago, to procure clothing for the troops of his brigade; of which the immortal Fourth Ala. forms a part. We learn from him that he has secured 110,000 yards of woolen goods, and wishes to have 4,000 suits of clothing made as rapidly and as well as possible.

He invokes the aid of the ladies, whose patriotism has never yet failed to respond promptly and efficiently. The clothing will be cut at Herstein's Store, and all who wish to make, or have made, any of the required articles, will please go there at once and procure them. The Government will pay good prices for good work. This will be a fine opportunity for females in want of work.

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Shootout At The Masonic Picnic

By Charles Rice

The Masonic Fraternity is one that prides it self on fostering friendship and brotherly love. However, one social gathering sponsored by the Free Masons of our area surprisingly turned out to be anything but that.

The place was the Big Spring opposite Paint Rock Bridge — just inside western Jackson County, Alabama.

The year was 1869, and what was supposed to be a neighborly picnic turned into a bloody brawl.

The great War Between the States was only four years in the past and North Alabama was slowly recovering from the destruction inflicted upon it by the invading Union Army. Indeed, so complete had been the desolation that Northern churches had to rush food shipments to North Alabama that first post war winter to keep their Southern brethren from starving to death.

However, the country people were gradually rebuilding and the citizens looked forward hopefully to a better future. In such times of trouble, many men naturally turned to the world's oldest existing fraternal order, the Free and Accepted Masons. An outgrowth of the church and castle-building trade, the masons grew to prominence as a social order in England beginning in the mid1600s. The order quickly spread to America in colonial times, its membership including such prominent figures as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Paul Revere. The Masons accept membership from any male adult of good character,

so long as he believes in the Supreme Being.

As the "Ancient Charges" of 1723 stated: "A Mason is obliged by his tenure, to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the art, he will never be a stupid atheist, nor an irreligious libertine."

An added incentive for belonging had been observed by many a veteran of the recently ended conflict between North and South. The bonds of brotherhood had extended across the battle lines, and acts of kindness by soldier Masons on one side to their soldier brothers on the other had been common place.

Furthermore, the Masonic obligation to widows and orphans was especially appealing to those who had seen how quickly and unexpectedly death could come to us all.

Virtually every town of any size had its Masonic lodge in those days before television tied people to their homes, and those of North Alabama were no exception. Masonic lodges in 1869 existed at New Hope and Maysville in east-

ern Madison County and at Paint Rock, Woodville, Princeton, and Larkinsville in western Jackson.

In the summer of '69, the lodges in this area decided to hold a joint picnic at a place convenient to all: the Big Spring near Paint

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Rock Bridge, The day would have been unremarkable if it had not been for several uninvited guests. Their names were Jim and Hy Whitecotton. Neither man was a Mason and they had not come just for the meal.

Something of a legend in early Jackson County, the Whitecotton family's menfolk were true frontiersmen. They were uniformly brave and were good people to have on your side when it came to a fight. Heaven help you, however, if they were against you.

The Whitecottons were the sort of individuals that belonged on the nation's farthest frontier. They were simply too hot-tempered and undisciplined to fit into civilized society. Whitecotton men had fought in Washington's army in the American Revolution before several of them followed Daniel Boone's trail into Kentucky in the late 1700s.

One of their descendants, James Whitecotton, moved on to Alabama around 1830, marrying and settling in Jackson County on a hillside one mile northeast of Woodville. Jim Whitecotton and his wife, Louisa Turner, raised a family of seven sons and three daughters.

The Whitecottons, father and sons, were ordinary enough people when sober. But look out when they had been drinking! As

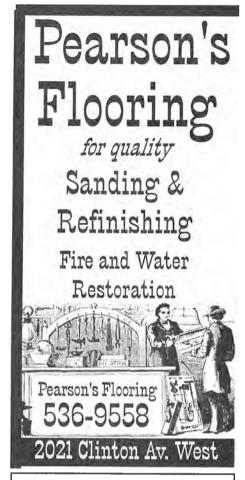
John R. Kennamer wrote in his History of Woodville: "There are many things that could be said truthfully about this family that might be better left to sleep in the dust of oblivion."

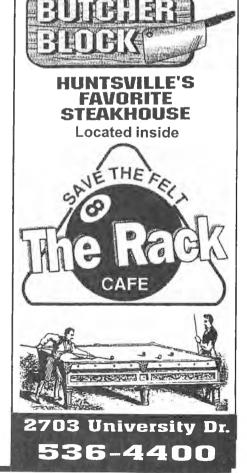
Jim's sons were Hiram, John, Isaac, Valentine, Tillman, Dearmon and James. John moved to Texas before the Civil War, serving there in the Texas cavalry. The other boys all joined the Confederate Army in Alabama, most of them serving under Lt. Col. Milus E. "Bushwhacker" Johnston.

One son, Isaac Newton "Pete" Whitecotton, became an officer in Capt. James H. Young's guard company for the Confederate nitre and saltpeter works in Jackson County.

Kennamer, wrote that Pete Whitecotton "was a terror to the union and also the Confederate families during the war." He died bravely in a man to man shootout with a lieutenant from the 13th Wisconsin Regiment near Red Hill in February 1865. Jim's other sons all survived the war.

The Whitecottons pretty much stayed out of trouble in the years immediately following the war. Then, for some unknown reason, Old Jim Whitecotton got into a knockdown drag-out fight with Pleasant Woodall during a trip into Woodville. The brawl might well







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have begun with remarks about the late war, since a few of the Marshall County Woodalls had openly supported the Union.

Most, however, had been loyal Confederates, and every Woodall could be counted on to defend the family name. Jim Whitecotton, at 57, was four years younger than Pleas Woodall. He was evidently a bit meaner, for he ended the fight by knocking Woodall down and hurling a keg of nails at him.

This didn't set too well with Pleasant Woodall's sons, who began looking for revenge. Jim Whitecotton's sons were only too happy to oblige them.

The scene was, now set for the events that took place on June 24, 1869, when the Masons gathered at the Big Spring to meet in friendship and harmony. Knowing the Woodalls would be there, 20-yearold Jim Whitecotton cleaned and oiled his revolver, He reportedly told his bride of only two months that he would either kill 24yearold David Woodall that day or "eat his supper in hell." Young Jim rode the rails to Paint Rock Bridge from his home in Gurley on a borrowed handcar, accompanied by his friend Arch Boman. Jim stopped along the way to test his pistol, making sure it would fire properly. Reloading, he and Boman continued on.

Meanwhile, Rollings Whitaker was preparing the meal, assisted by Joab B. Parkhill and several other Masons. James Nelson had set up a lemonade stand, and there was plenty of cold spring water nearby. The Masons would not permit anything stronger to be served. The barbecue was done and the meal almost ready when Jim Whitecotton arrived. He walked inside the ropes and began helping himself to whatever he wanted.

Whether by plan or simply by chance, Jim's 37-year-old brother, Hiram Whitecotton, was already there. So were Pleasant Woodall and his son Dave. As the Masons and their guests began lining up to eat, the Woodalls and Whitecottons suddenly spotted each other. The battle began immediately.

Strangely enough, Jim Whitecotton's pistol now refused to fire. Even more surprisingly, Hy Whitecotton's own revolver repeatedly misfired. Pleas Woodall tried to aim his double barreled shotgun, but one of the

Whitecottons knocked it aside and broke it before Woodall could fire. Jim and Hy now took to using their revolvers as clubs, drawing blood from both of their opponents.

It soon became evident that the Woodalls were getting the worst of the fight Sixty-two-yearold Pleas Woodall and 20-yearold Jim Whitecotton were going at it toe to toe until the older man had his shoulder knocked out of ioint.

Just when things looked darkest for the Woodalls, several shots rang out and Whitecotton fell to the ground mortally wounded as he felt the hot lumps of lead tear into his flesh.

Jim attempted to flee, trying to mount Dr. Lafayette Derrick's mule, which was hitched nearby. However, bullets found him first and he fell dead on the ground. As he had promised his wife, young Jim had gone to keep his dinner date with the devil.

As soon as the fight had begun, the crowd of picnickers had scattered like a frightened covey of quail. As Kennamer described it: "Men, women and children ran in every direction, screaming, hiding behind stumps, trees, under the riverbank, and many ran into the river, never stopping until they reached home."

However, our ancestors were made of sterner stuff than today's generation, and they were not about to let a little thing like a shootout spoil the day. William Isom, a burly blacksmith nicknamed "Judge" for his booming voice, bellowed for everyone to come back and enjoy the meal. Dr. Derrick reset Pleas Woodall's shoulder, and the crowd soon sat back down, wolfing their food as if nothing had happened.

Jim and Hy's bodies were



conveniently forgotten for the moment, and one of their own sisters was seen evidently enjoying the dinner as much as everybody else. When the meal was finally over, someone belatedly realized that something would have to be done with the dead men. Jim and Hy were accordingly brought to Woodville on the handcar. Here the bodies lav unwatched overnight in an empty boxcar on a railroad siding. The next morning the two bodies were dumped unceremoniously into an oxcart and taken three miles to the head of Thomas Cove.

There the two Confederate veterans were laid to rest in graves unmarked to this day, unfortunate victims of their own hot tempers. An inquest had to be held, of course, but no one could guite recall exactly who it was that had shot the Whitecottons. Anyway, most people seemed to feel the Whitecottons had got what was coming to them. As best as could later be determined, Henry Dillard, Thomp Houston, George Hulett, and Frank Cotton, all prominent citizens, were among those who did the shooting.

Ironically, Frank Cotton had

been Hy Whitecotton's captain in the Confederate Army. Most likely, these men had simply gotten enough of the Whitecottons' rowdy behavior. Quite possibly, though, they were responding to a Masonic appeal for help. It is something we will never know.

The Whitecottons mourned their own dead, but nothing further seems to have come of the incident. Within a few years, most of the family had left Jackson County and moved west. Old Jim Whitecotton remained a few years longer until he was threatened with prison for nearly killing a man in another of his fits of temper. He was released on the condition that he leave Alabama.

When Old Jim departed, noted Kennamer, "the people of this community were greatly relieved." Somewhat surprisingly, Jim lived to a ripe old age, dying with his boots off with his grandchildren in Texas in the 1890s.

The Masons continue to meet in friendship and harmony and still hold their annual fish fries and picnics. But there has never been another event to compare for excitement with that notable occasion in 1869.

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Getting By During The Civil War

by Marshall Wilson

In the early 1900's Marshall C. Wilson wrote of growing up in the Tennessee Valley during the Civil War. His memoirs are remarkable for the insight they give of the hardships the people of the valley had to face during the war.

Marshall Wilson was born in Franklin County and served as a school teacher in Tuscumbia. In 1897 he was elected president of the State Normal School. (Now the University of North Alabama.) He died in 1932.

Gen. Mitchell's troops swept the valley clean, and we had little food left. Alabama had never been a cattle country, but depended for meat mainly upon the sheep and hog. The grain was loaded and sent away to the army.

The horses and mules were seized on but ours were left, as we thought, but one morning we woke up to find that about 25 of our Negroes, most men and wellgrown boys, had slipped away in

the night, taking with them every horse and mule in the stables.

This was a staggering blow, but we soon saw there was some comfort in the loss of slaves. It had become serious problem to provide their food and clothing. The slaves remaining on the place recognized the responsibility, too. There was no more thought of planting cotton; the energies of everyone on the place were bent on one purpose of getting food and clothes. My father at this time organized all his forces - everybody was put to work, even the small children. The women were cutting, sewing, and knitting from early morning till late bedtime. The Negro women were spinning and weaving and some helping in the fields, the old men and little boys were cultivating the fields with hoes. A large crop of cowpeas was planted for food.

My father got some medical books to read and he learned to make some of the simple medicines. He went from place to place to see the sick and prescribe for them as though he were a physician. You know that in those days blisters were thought to be indispensable for inflammations, pneumonia, etc. There were no drugstores to furnish supplies we could not even buy a mustard plaster. My father had been experimenting with plants, trying to find a blistering agent. One day it was reported to him that the lightning bugs were eating all the leaves from the potato plants. We were growing potatoes on a large scale because it was a food that could be easily concealed in case of a raid. He found that some rows, at least were swarming with a bug that looked like the firefly, and he ordered the boys to knock them into the water. This was done, but some of the boys reported that their hands blistered. Then these bugs were gathered up, dried, pulverized, mixed with lard, and the mixture proved a fine blistering agent and was sent far and wide for this purpose. The bugs had never appeared before and never came again. Long afterward, we learned that they were the real Spanish fly.

My father also learned to make various colored dyes from roots and bark; cultivated indigo and learned to ferment the plant to get the blue dye. He also found out how to make cheese and taught the blacksmith how to make wrought nails.

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Singularly enough, one of the most precious of articles at this time was common salt. Now salt was needed to season food, but it was absolutely necessary to preserve meat, and the plantation depended for its meat supply on salt pork. On the plantations there were large smoke-houses where, winter after winter, many slaughtered porkers would be salted down and much salt wasted on the dirt floors, so this floor was dug up to the depth of two feet and the earth leached with water and the water evaporated off. We got bushels and bushels of salt this wav.

There was no soda, but we made a substitute for the lye of wood ashes. Parched rye was used as a substitute for coffee-it tasted something like the modern postum. For sugar, we cultivated the sorghum cane and made many barrels of molasses, and when this molasses was all out of the barrel, we usually found a few pounds of sugar.

Our writing paper gave out very early and at first we tore out the blank leaves from father's old ledgers, and when these were exhausted, we moistened the wallpaper on the walls, tore it off in strips and used the blank side. Sometimes letters went off, decorated on one side with a picture of George Washington crossing the Delaware, or with a wreath of roses. There were no pencils, but we learned to make very good ink from oak balls and copperas, and any boy with a pocket knife could make a perfectly good pen from a goose quill.

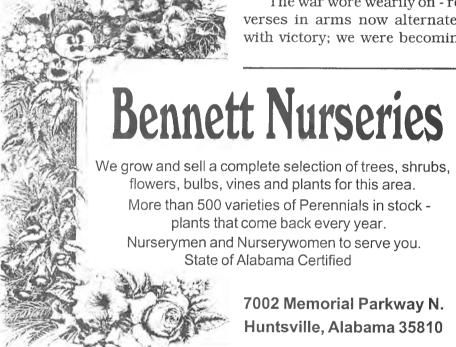
There was but one copy of Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book in the community, but the whole school used it by making out a schedule of time when each could have the book. I remember once walking five miles and

back to get the book for an hour to learn the next day's lesson.

My own tasks in this new economy were varied and were shared for the most part by my little Negro playmate. (We were about seven years old.) We went back and forth to carry leather to the shoemakers and then to bring the shoes home (there were some forty people on the place to shoe). It seemed to me the shoemaker was always drunk when we called, and never had the work done. Then we were sent all around the neighborhood to ex-

change garden seed; to borrow a tool or lend one; to carry news or gather it, and to do errands generally. I think our gala days came when we were put to melting up tallow and molding it into candles. or to bringing up pails of lye for the soap kettle and keeping the fire going. I believe we were fairly happy, but even we children had our anxious moments and talked of what we would do if the Yankees came upon us while away from home. Once we were tested and ignominiously hid under the floor of an old house by the roadside.

The war wore wearily on - reverses in arms now alternated with victory; we were becoming





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poorer and poorer. Still we had no thought of giving up and worked all the harder. I remember working all day for days scraping lint from old linen tablecloths and sheets and tearing off bandages to be sent to the nearest hospital. During these years, every yard of cloth was used for clothing, bedding, for table; in fact, every yard required for the forty people on the place, as well as for blankets and clothing for many soldiers, was spun and woven on the place, and in these four years we didn't spend five dollars for anything. There was nothing to buy.

I have seen my mother working whole days, working and sizing the thread for the looms. About this time. I learned the art of platting straw in several different patterns and mother sewed the braid into straw hats which we bleached with sulphur, and we used for hat bands strips of black silk torn from old worn-out dresses. I could not possibly make anyone understand the isolation in which communities lived. The railroads were torn up, the steamboats burned: the roads mostly impassable. Our heavy old carriage could hardly have gone over them, even if there had been horses to draw them.

One day we had a merry surprise over the arrival of a stately old lady who lived five miles away. All of her horses and mules had been taken: she wanted to visit us but couldn't walk the five miles. Old Ben, her carriage driver, was called in and asked if he could hitch two yoke of oxen to her carriage. He said he would try; so about noon we heard loud cries of "Gee! Wah! Come! Get up!", and then we saw Mrs. Harris' big carriage slowly coming up the hill while she was leaning out the window, waving gaily.

But most of the times were ter-

ribly serious. There was far more weeping than laughter. Women sometimes grew white-headed worrying for news of their sons. By this time, there were no mails, no newspapers. The only news we got filtered in as rumors caught from carriers bearing dispatches. We often hear a rumor of a great battle, and then wait days and weeks in suspense before knowing anything. Sometimes, if the front were not too far away, my brothers would send their servant, George, on horseback with their letters and some gathered up from their friends. We were always on the lookout for George, though he came only a few times a year; and then we dreaded to ask him questions, or to open the letters. Every time there would be heavy tidings for some of the neighbors and my father would go as comforter to the house of mourning to read over and over his son's letters telling how this boy or that had died fighting for his country.

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Birth Order Traits

Were you the youngest in your family? Perhaps the serious oldest child? Or were you the only child? Here are some of the characteristics of each of these children, see if some of them apply to you.

You are first born - the oldest child tends to be very aware of responsibilities, is very organized and, at the same time, cautious. Perfectionists tend to be in this group, always pushing themselves and rarely meeting their high self-expectations. Often persons in this group are bossy or tend to be bosses in business.

You are next to the oldest, within three years - You are very competitive, especially if the gap between you and the first born is small. People in this group try harder than any other age group, they tend to take more risks, and many entrepreneurs are next to the oldest in their families.

You are the middle child - You instigate constantly, and your favorite line is, "It's not FAIR!" Excellent mediators fall in this category, because they can see both sides easily. They also make good debaters, and often play the Devil's Advocate. Philosophers, counselors, politicians and ministers often are middle children.

You are the baby of the family - If you're in this group, chances are good that you're one of the best con artists in the family. You easily understand people, and are usually very perceptive. Some of the best sales people

come out of this group, as they understand what drives people and what people want.

You are an only child - If you are in this group you are very creative and have a vast imagination. You are used to creating your own world with imagery and no one ever criticized it. Your friendships are intense and loyal, but with few people. One example of this age group was Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was both creative and imaginative but had few close friends.

A Long Haired Guitar Player

Grady Reeves was a story teller. He could keep an audience enthralled for hours, spinning yarns about people he had met and things that had happened to him. And like all good storytellers, he was not above poking a little fun at himself.

In the mid 50's Grady was booking entertainment at the old coliseum, when it was on University Drive. He was constantly besieged by entertainers, all wanting a chance to perform. One young man kept calling constantly, until finally Grady agreed to give him a chance.

On the night of the performance, the young man showed up with his band, after driving from

Nashville in his beat up old car. The car had guitars tied on top, drums sticking out of the truck and most of their dirty laundry in the back seat. Grady wasn't too impressed with the boy, he had long greasy black hair, a pale complexion and wore clothes that even a blind man wouldn't buy.

But Grady, being the nice guy that he was, told the boy to go ahead and get on stage. There were almost 100 people in the audience that night and Grady carefully watched their reactions to this young unknown. The audience was restless, not at all impressed by the new singing sensation.

Meeting the young man backstage, Grady, who was always known for his honesty, had a talk with the young performer. "Son" he said, "I been watching those people out there, and your stuff ain't gonna work. You might ought to go back to Nashville and get that truck driving job back."

The young man didn't take Grady's advice, though, and a few months later he recorded his first song. Elvis Presley never drove another truck.

After the ship has sunk, everyone has their opinions on how she could have been saved.



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History They Never Taught You In School

* The 1900 Olympic Games, held at Paris, were a fiasco from start to finish. In fact, the French Government even refused to call them the Olympics. Fearing they would draw attention from an industrial exhibition held at the same time.

The foot races and field events took place in the middle of a Parisian park, the Bois de Boulogne, and the French refused to damage it. Thus the foot races were run on grass, while the hammer and discus throwers invariably saw their best tosses disappear into the trees. The marathon was staged through the middle of downtown Paris, and all but the French runners got lost. To make matters worse, the French runners blatantly cheated, taking shortcuts to finish first, second, and third. American Arthur Newton, who took the lead early and was never passed, was told he had placed fifth. Equally bizarre were some of the "sports" included by the French: croquet, billiards, checkers, and fishing.

* Dr. William West Grant (1846-1934), a native of Russell County, Alabama, set a record that will be hard to beat. As a teenager, Grant joined Clanton's Battery in 1863 and spent 16 months as a Confederate artillery man. Later moving to Davenport, Iowa, he became a distinguished physician, studying in London, Vienna, and Berlin. Grant was as a doctor in the Colorado National Guard during the Spanish-American War of 1898, and became Surgeon General of Colorado the following year.

Unbelievably, he returned to uniform for the third time in September 1917—52 years after Lee's surrender The 71 year old ex-Confederate spent all of World War I on active duty.

* American Linda Siegal stole the crowd at the 1979 Wimbledon

Championships, but not for her skill with a tennis racquet. For her match against top rated Billie Jean King, the 18 year old Californian wore a fashionable backless outfit. However, the strenuous activity soon took its toll on the seams. When Linda bent over at one point, she noticed her dress was becoming a bit revealing. "But when I got back on the court," she said, "everything just fell out!"

A British spectator shouted, "Now that's what I call a deuce," and the crowd exploded in laughter. The red faced Miss Siegal stuffed herself back into her dress and continued playing, losing the match to King.

Nevertheless, Linda had won a unique place in sports history as the only woman ever to play topless at Wimbledon.

If you have done it right, being an adult is alot more fun than being a child.



Heard on the Streets - in the Year 1911

- New 4-room cottage comer 6th st. and Pratt Avenue for rent cheap - apply to J. E. Pierce

- Nick Jones is looking for a good, cheap cow - he will trade or buy - call him in care of the Times.

- Tomorrow- the Real Live Buster Brown and his dog Tigerwill be at our store giving his famous shows of fun and frolic for the children - free. We want every child in Huntsville to see him. Don't forget the time, tomorrow (Tuesday) all day. The Cash Store - Ezell Bros. & Terry Co. (saves you money)

- William Moore is being held here for charges of forgery and bigamy. He tried to commit suicide in his cell by eating the heads of a large number of matches. Women companions had returned apparently from a hotel on a mission to his mother to get help, The jailer discovered his plight and administered medicine. Before eating the matches he wrote a letter to his mother, companion and chief detectives.

- A local woman, asserting that for months she had been abused and threatened by her husband. Mrs. Ethel Olsen, formerly of England, and later of Huntsville, sent a pistol bullet at her husband in a crowded street near the courthouse here late Sunday, missed him and powder-burned a passerby.

She declares she fired to protect her face from a dash of muriatic acid which she charges her husband was preparing to cast at her. She was arrested and charged with assault with intent to murder.

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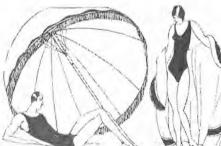
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