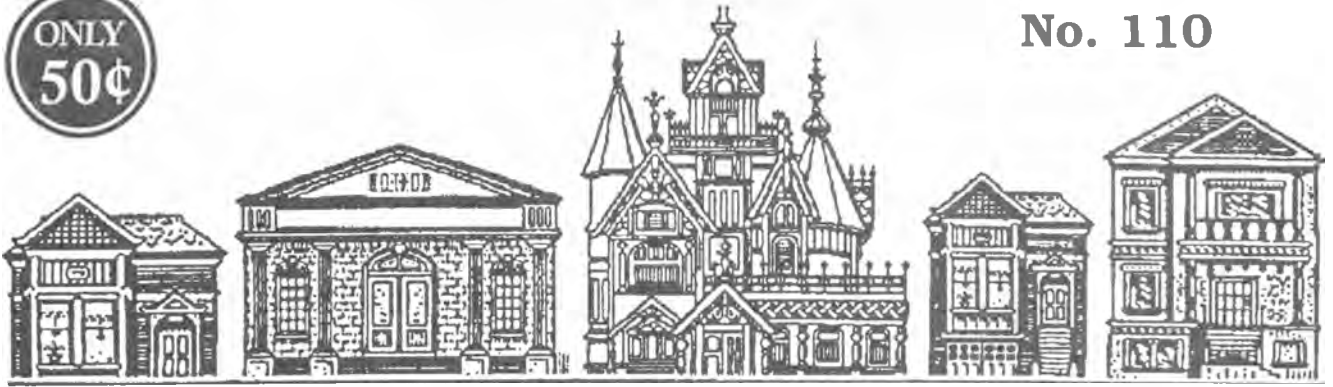


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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Last Dance

She was in love with two brothers and they were both in love with her. As all of Huntsville watched, waiting for violence to erupt, she continued to see both, unable to choose between them.

The town turned against the young woman, refusing to even talk to her. In the end she made a decision but no one would understand.

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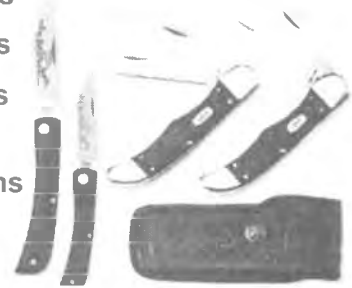


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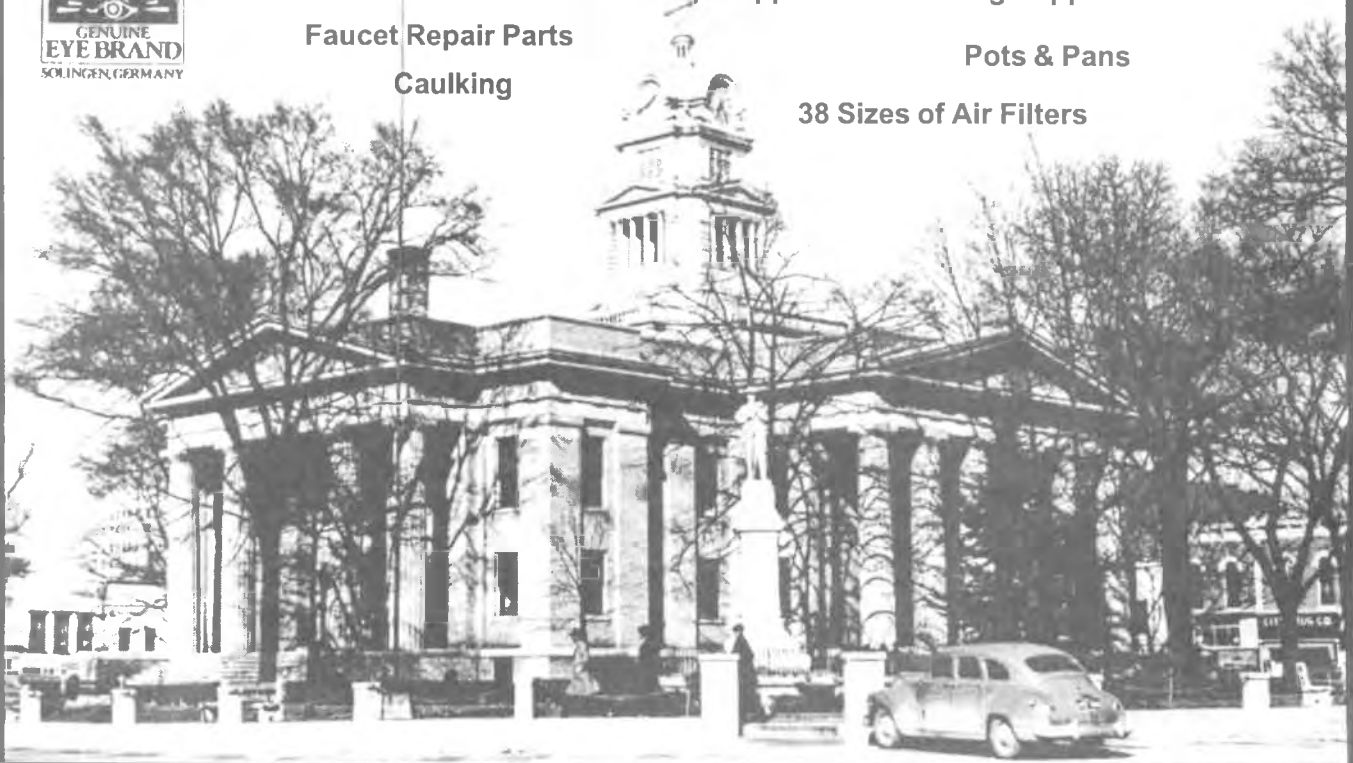
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The Last Dance

In April of 1884 the citizens of Huntsville were invited to a small lot on Meridian Street to witness a most unusual demonstration. The crowd had began gathering in the late afternoon and with each passing hour the anticipation grew. Finally, several hours after the sun had crossed the horizon and the evening had turned into a murky darkness, Mr. E.J. Beirne stepped into the center of the crowd and with a solemnity befitting the occasion, walked to the base of a small wooden tower. After pausing to be sure he had the gathering's undivided attention, Beirne reached up and pulled a small lever to its down position.

Instant bedlam broke out. Horses reared and tried to break their harnesses. Neighborhood dogs began howling and birds took flight from the surrounding trees in a noisy, chaotic attempt to escape the bewildering experience. Small children stood with their mouths open while their mothers struggled to pull them away to safety. Some of the men, unable to comprehend the strange phenomenon they were witness-

ing, reached into the pockets of their overalls and pulled out flasks in the hope that a strong drink would make the evening easier to understand.

E.J. Beirne had accomplished the impossible. He had turned night into day with the help of a new marvel called electricity.

Electricity was still a relatively unknown phenomenon in the 1880s. A few cities, such as New York and St. Louis, had service on a limited basis but no one had attempted to mass market it. Small companies sprung up across the country financed by investors hoping to get rich and usually led by fast talking salesmen who traveled from city to city trying to interest municipal governments. Needless to say, many of the companies had original ideas on how to illuminate the cities.

E.J. Beirne, superintendent of Star Iron Tower Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana was one of the most persistent and original salesmen. After carefully canvassing towns throughout the southeast he decided Huntsville was perfect for his purpose. Accompanied by his assistant, John Younger, Beirne met with the city officials and with the aid of detailed drawings and plans, explained his proposition.

He proposed to erect a tall tower in the middle of town and put in electric floodlights, powered



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by a small generator, "to illuminate the city to the furthest limits of its suburbs." He estimated the total yearly expense to the city at no more than \$1,200, including the labor for an "electricity manager."

While city officials were unsure of the idea, many people were more vocal about their beliefs. City hall was inundated with residents who complained the lights would make their chickens stop laying, it was unnatural and against God's will, and perhaps the most original, business owners complained their employees would not be able to sleep and would be worthless as labor.

Beirne refused to be deterred. He went back to the officials with a plan to erect a small ten foot tower as a demonstration. He was sure Huntsville's residents would change their minds once they saw "their city illuminated." Unfortunately, even the best laid plans can go awry.

When Beirne pulled the switch the light bulbs began glowing, first a pale dim yellow and then brighter and brighter as power surged through the wires. Just when people thought the bulbs could get no brighter, there was a loud popping and cracking sound as bolts of electricity jumped from wire to wire shorting itself out. Finally, with a last pop, the lights died leaving only a whiff of smoke trailing upwards. Beirne's assis-

tant, John, worked frantically to repair the damage but it was to no avail. The wondrous light machine was history as far as Huntsville was concerned.

The failure was devastating for Beirne. He had invested all his money in the scheme and was now flat broke. In the end he chose the course of many other salesmen; he left town in the middle of the night, abandoning the light machine and leaving an abundance of unpaid bills behind.

The story might have ended there if it had not been for his assistant, John Younger, who was owed several months back wages. After Beirne fled, John took possession of the tower with its wiring and generator. In a way John was probably secretly pleased as he was fascinated by the new science and wanted to continue experimenting with it.

At first John tried to interest business owners and farmers in the lighting system but no one was interested. Although everyone liked the young light-haired man, he just was not a salesman. After repeated failures he finally took a job at a blacksmith's shop, although he still spent his off hours tinkering with electricity. The small room he rented soon became a maze of wires and coils as he tried first one experiment and then another. John seemed content with his new life. He was a quite, almost shy, young man

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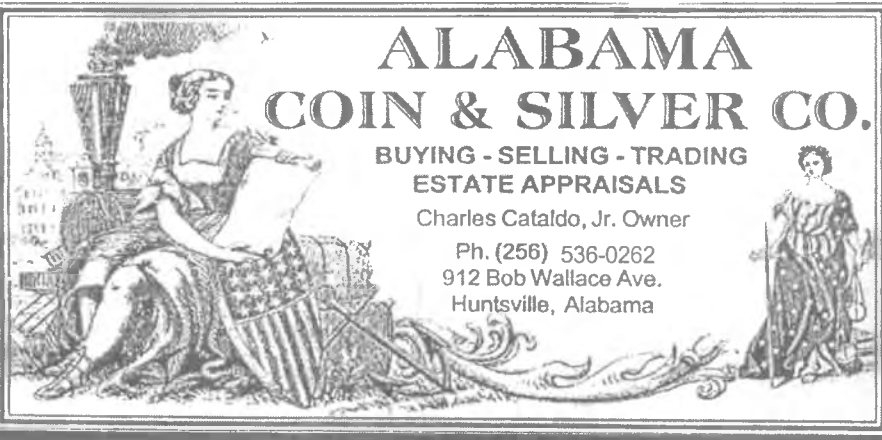
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who took life one day at a time.

Like most new inventions, electricity took time to be accepted. In 1887, after much public debate, the city contracted with the Jenny Light Company in Gary, Indiana to install 32 street lights. Instead of being upset about being passed over for the contract, John went to work for the company helping to string the wiring and install the generator on Miller Street.

The new lighting system enraged many of the residents, with a city editor even demanding the city get rid of them. In the end, however, most reasonable people accepted them and John's services were greatly in demand as residents began clamoring to have lights installed in their homes.

Strange as it may seem now, people traveled for miles simply to stand on the courthouse square and gaze at the street lights. People were both fascinated and amazed, a fact that a local entrepreneur by the name of Henry Fuller decided to capitalize on. In 1888 Fuller purchased a tract of land northwest of the city that included a large cavern known as the James Cave which he renamed Shelta Cave in honor of his daughter. Together with a small group of investors he intended to turn the cave into a major tourist attraction, complete with a dance floor, boat rides on an underground

lake and with electric lights providing illumination.

When Fuller approached John about installing the lights, the young electrician was ecstatic. After a quick trip to the cave to make sure the idea was feasible, he began sketching plans for the most elaborate electrical display ever seen in Alabama. Life could not have been better for John. He had finally gotten the job he had always dreamed of and, more importantly, he was in love.

Jennie Collier was almost the exact opposite of John. Where he was quite and withdrawn, she seemed filled with a zest for life and was ready to laugh at almost anything. Even their appearances were opposite, with John being light haired and Jennie's having hair described as being coal black. Almost everyone agreed they made a striking couple and before long there were rumors of a possible marriage in the future. First, however, they had to wait until John's business became established, a fact they hoped would be helped by the publicity from the Shelta Cave venture.

With this in mind, John spent almost every free moment drawing plans, ordering materials and trying to correct mistakes. Glass insulators from Chicago ended up in New Orleans. Wiring from New York took forever to arrive, and when it did, it was the wrong kind.

In addition to worrying about supplies, John spent hours deep in the bowers of the cave everyday drilling hundreds of small holes to anchor the wire connectors.

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Finally, with Fuller pushing to get the job finished, John decided to send for his brother Jake, who lived in Texas, to help him. Jennie had no idea that John had a brother and was shocked, but not nearly as much so as when he got off the train at the depot.

John and Jake Younger were twins, not identical, but so close that a man having several drinks would wonder about having a third after seeing the two brothers together. Equally strange was that both brothers had the same mannerisms, same way of talking and even the same dispositions. Jake would laugh when people questioned him, claiming he was the oldest one because he was born ten minutes before his brother.

With both brothers working, the project began coming together. John had planned on using two generators, with one providing power for the main lighting which would be encased in Japanese lanterns hung throughout the cave. The other generator, running at a reduced speed powered hundreds of smaller lights which flickered on and off like evening stars in the night.

Jennie was enthralled by the work and spent every possible moment watching and helping. As time went on she also began to grow fond of John's brother. When someone criticized her, saying it did not look proper to be spending so much time with her fiance's brother, she simply laughed and said they were so much alike it didn't make any difference which one she was with.

Perhaps it was inevitable, but Jake fell in love with his brother's fiance. Maybe it started off with an accidental touch of the hands, an admiring glance or maybe a subtle compliment, but for what ever reason, Jake was smitten. In

the meantime, Fuller was having trouble with financing and construction and the timetable for the grand opening kept getting pushed months into the future.

Although Jake tried to keep the affair secret, before long, as in any small town, everyone knew about it. Jennie would be seen one day holding hands with Jake and the next day she would be walking arm in arm with John. It was a bizarre courtship that had everyone in town talking and wondering which brother would win out.

As for Jennie, her great niece recalled over a hundred years later, "John and Jake both in love with her and strange as it may sound, she was in love with both of them. She simply couldn't decide. When she was with John she missed Jake but when she was with Jake she missed John."

After being delayed for almost six months, Shelta Cave finally had it's grand opening. Fuller had hired a band for the occasion and all of Huntsville turned out to witness what was billed as "The Wonder of North Alabama." Even the most reluctant person had to agree that the cave was every thing

Fuller had promised. It featured a huge oak dance floor, brilliantly lit by Japanese lanterns. Boats, guided by gondoliers dressed in colorful uniforms, were available for boat rides into the furthest reaches of the subterranean chambers. Overhead were strings of dim lights sparking like stars on a dewy night. All in all, everyone agreed it was the most romantic place they had ever seen.

To the amazement of all the other guests, John and Jake both accompanied Jennie to the grand opening. To say it was an unusual scene would be an understatement. Jennie would dance with one brother and then with the other one. With either brother she appeared like a young woman in deeply in love.

No one was ever sure exactly how it happened but late in the evening both brothers met on the dance floor. Without saying a word they began swinging at one another. The battle went on for what seemed like an eternity as the brothers fought, hitting, biting and gouging their way across the dance floor, up the steps and out into the dark night. The crowd stood silent as if no one knew



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what to do. Even the wisest men hesitated to become involved in an affair of the hearts. Finally, Fuller stepped in, and after firing his gun into the air, ordered both brothers off the property.

Jennie was still unable to choose between the brothers. In the weeks and months that followed she continued seeing both of them despite the fact the community was turning against her. Friends stopped visiting and when she would enter a store the other customers would make excuses to leave.

For John and Jake it was almost a constant battle of fisticuffs. Every time they saw one another on the streets they would start swinging. It finally reached the point where no one wanted to be around them for fear of becoming involved. Just when things could not possibly get any worse, they did.

A friend of Jennie's family visited one day and returned to town with the news that Jennie was pregnant. Jennie asked the friend to contact both brothers and have them meet her the following evening at the Shelta Cave where a dance was being held. A few hours later both brothers were seen purchasing guns.

The evening of the dance was

cold and dreary, with moisture hanging in the air like an unspoken promise of violence. Many people would have preferred to stay at home but word of the impending conflict had drawn a large crowd despite the gloomy weather.

John and Jake arrived at almost the same time and went to opposite ends of the dance floor, both dressed in their best clothes and with somber looks on their faces. A short time later Jennie arrived. People later said they had never seen her as beautiful as she was that night, dressed in a stunning new gown and with her dark hair piled high atop her head.

The room grew silent as she made her way across the room to where John was standing. Taking him by the hand she led him to the middle of the dance floor where the band had just began a slow melody. To all appearances, there was no doubt that Jennie was passionately in love.

When the song was over John retreated to his side of the room and Jennie went to Jake who had been waiting with a pained look on his face. Jennie signaled to the band to play the same song again as she welcomed Jake's strong arms around her. It was impossible for anyone to overhear what

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was being said but it was apparent from the way she caressed his cheek and the way he whispered softly in her ear that they too were in love.

Abruptly the song was over and with a last longing look at the two men she loved, Jennie made her departure. As the whole room watched the brothers to see what would happen next, they stood still at opposite ends of the room until finally, maybe five or ten minutes later, John gave a brief nod to Jake. Silently the two men made their way to the steps and outside. Just as the crowd started to follow them, a shot rang out, then another, followed by a flurry of more gunshots.

Almost as if on cue, moisture leaking from the rocks began shorting the electric wiring causing the lights to began flickering wildly, with a loud hissing and popping as eerie blue flames of electricity jumped randomly from one wire to the next.

The terrified crowd waited a few minutes to be sure it was safe and then rushed outside to witness the conclusion. Both brothers were gone. Several people claimed to have seen traces of blood but with the heavy rain it was impossible to be sure. Both brothers had disappeared, never to be seen in Huntsville again.

Several hours later Jennie's father was awakened by the sound of a horse and buggy in his drive. When he made his way through the darkened house to the front door to see who the visitor was,

he was met by Jennie who was carrying several boxes with her clothing.

Seeing her father, she looked at him with tears in her eye and said, "I'm leaving. It's for the best."

Her departure left more mysteries than answers. What happened to the brothers? Did one of them die? Who did she leave with?

Her great grand niece said that several years later the family received a brief note from Jennie. It was signed "Mrs. J. Younger."

Shelta Cave continued to operate as a dance hall and tourist attraction for several years but was never successful. In 1896 it was sold for back taxes.

A special thanks to Mrs. Luane Cannon for sharing a part of her family's story with us.



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Huntsville News From 1911

- 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. The jailer discovered his plight and administered medicine. Before eating the matches he wrote a letter to his mother companion and chief detectives.

- P. Hay, proprietor of the Huntsville Hotel News Stand this afternoon moved in his new quarters in the building adjoining the north side of R. E. & W. E. Pettus' wholesale house on Jefferson St in front of the McGee hotel. Mr. Hay is elaborately fitted up for business and invites all of his fiends and the public to call and see him.

- Tomorrow - the Real Live Buster Brown and his dog Tiger will 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)

- An argument for the good health of Huntsville speaks for itself in the little fact about the old negro who had lived here 106 years and during all that time he had not lost more than a year's time from actual labor.

- Will Jones, a negro bell boy at the Huntsville Hotel, made a murderous assault upon Lou Womble, second base man for the Huntsville team in the rotunda of the hotel last night. A bottle of ill smelling chemical was being thrown promiscuously around in the crowd and by accident some

of it struck the negro,. He thought Womble threw it and straightway drew a sharp knife and tried to stab him.

The negro was quickly surrounded by a crowd of irate ball players and trouble of a serious nature would have occurred but for the timely arrival of Night Chief Mitchell who landed the negro in the city prison.

- Farmers from Bell Factory district report a very heavy hail and rain storm day before yesterday. Hail fell in small chunks and cut the corn and other vegetation badly. Crops in some sections were badly washed out of the ground. For several moments it looked like a cyclone the people being badly frightened and a few injuries resulting.

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All's Well That Ends Well

From 1908 newspaper

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By and by a peculiar smell greeted his olfactories - a smell of burning woolen cloth - and, as it increased, he began to look about to see if his garments were on fire, and found out that the whole pocket had burned out of his coat, and that the fire was spreading.

He grabbed at the burning material hastily, but was so nervous about it that he frightened

the horse, and the animal bolted. To make matters worse, the lines were not buckled together, and one slipped out of his grasp while he was endeavoring to smother the fire with his other hand.

Still worse, the increased speed increased the breeze, which fanned the fire, and portions of it dropped down upon his pants, burning through them, and causing him to bounce up and down on the seat as though he were trying to settle down an unusually hearty meal. And there he was, horse running away, line dragging, and fire rapidly making the color of his leg rival the hue of his red flannel underclothing.

At last, by dexterous clawing, he managed to smother the fire, then stepped onto the shafts, recovered the line, and subdued the horse.

Exceedingly thankful to get out of his trouble with no broken bones, he rode on to the city in a subdued state of mind, and never thought of being profane until, just as he was quietly slipping into a clothing store, with the buffalo robe gathered round him to conceal the deficiency of his wardrobe, he met full in the face two lady friends, who insisted upon his escorting them home.

Wanted

Do you know of any Old Huntsville stories that have never been written? Complete discretion assured.

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We Are Not Sorry For Anything

In the latter part of 1865 an unidentified woman wrote her cousin describing the devastation the Civil War had brought to the Tennessee Valley. It is believed she lived near Mooresville at the time the letter was written.

November 15, 1865

"Dear Cousin Sallie:

Yours of Sept. 25 was duly received and should have been promptly answered had not sickness prevented.

"I wrote you in '61, indeed it seems a long time since we have heard from you; true I wrote your Father a line or two a year ago, and committed it to the care of the most reasonable man I found in all the Yankee army. I received his reply in January. It had been inspected and came to me by flag

of truce from across the river. I do not remember anything I wrote your Father, but the circumstances under which it was written can never be forgotten. Heaven grant I may never pass another such day.

Could you have looked in upon us but for a moment, you would have thought it impossible for life and reason to survive the torture to which mind and body were that day subjected. But that day had an end, and in safety we welcomed the much needed repose that night along brought us. But the act of dating my letter brings forcibly to my mind the fact that this day one year ago was the most miserable of all my life. The Yankee troops were then passing us on their way.

"Their orders were positive to burn and destroy everything on their march, and well they executed this most Christian order of this most Christian majesty. All day and all night one continual stream of wagons and guards poured by.

As darkness came on the work of burning commenced. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, the lurid flames of burning buildings lit up the heavens and dissipated the darkness of night. I could stand out on the verandah, and for two or three miles watch them as they came on. I could mark when they reached the residence of each and every friend on the road. I could see the first building fired, and then the torch carried round and round until I knew that everything on the premises was wrapped in flames; then hear the wild shout they raised, as torch in hand, they started for the next house.

The night was cold, but I never once left my post. With my sister and others I stood from dark until daylight, and watched

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their onward progress. I calculated the distance they travelled in a given time; how long it took to fire such a number of buildings, and ascertained almost to the very minute when the torch would be set to our own house. As the flames rolled on I could hear, or fancy that I heard, above the oaths, the yells, the eternal gab of the Yankee army, the screams of the frightened neighbors as the fire swallowed up the labors of a life time. Thus the night rolled on. The torch was several times brought to fire our house, but each time it was extinguished.

Consequently an order had been given to burn nothing on this place. I knew nothing of it. I looked abroad upon the smoldering ruins, the smoke almost suffocated me. I knew it was not long until daylight - but had no reason to hope that we would have a change of clothing, a mouthful of bread or a roof to shelter us. If it

was sin may Heaven forgive me if I prayed that I might never see the destruction, the deep distress, the morning would reveal to me.

That, too, has all passed and lives only in memory; but no one, I hope, will ever expect me to love Yankees. They tell us the war has ended, and some cry lustily, "Peace, peace." I have peered into the deep gloom that surrounds us and can scarce see a glimmer of that welcome visitant. The shadow of a great sorrow has darkened our land. He, who a short time since, was the pride of our Confederacy, the pure statesman, the Christian gentleman, the accomplished scholar, our beloved President Jefferson Davis, now ekes out a miserable existence in a Yankee Bastille. In proportion as his sufferings increase, our sympathy for him and hatred of his oppressors increase also.

"We are not sorry for anything we have done down here, are not repenting, are not whipped or subjugated, or anything of that kind. True, we were with numbers overpowered, but we battled upon our own soil, and for that soil we contended for every principle of honor and justice, and for the most sacred rights - for the sanctity of home, for self government, for the truths of god's word. The North fought for no principle and no right - her sole aim was to subjugate the South.

"We expected to go back to our home when the war ended, but

our house and everything there has been burned, and we have nothing to go to. This is now the poorest country in the world, and we are homeless wanderers through the desert. We had nothing left us and nothing to buy with, so I send you a scrap of our dresses we have been making. The cotton grew here and every thread of it was manufactured by the family. I wove it myself. We call it Dixie Silk."

The letter bore no signature.

I knew I was an unwanted child when I saw my bath toys were a toaster and a radio.

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Weigh Your Options When Hiring Health Care at Home

You've fallen and broken a hip. In the past you've been able to count on relatives and friends for support, but now your needs are much greater. You're requiring more care than they can provide and maintain their busy life schedules...nights, weekends and specialized care. Where do you start to find someone who can help?

Often times we find ourselves in crisis situations with little notice. There are several options when faced with this type of situation; hire someone to come into your home to care for you, ask a family member to take time away from their work and family to come assist you, or sell your home and move into a facility such as an assisted living or nursing home.

Of course there are pros and cons to each option, but statistics show that we live happier, healthier lives at home where we are most comfortable. If you do not wish to give up your independence and leaving your home is not an option, hire someone to help!

When hiring at home care, there are several things to consider. First, where do I look for an at home caregiver? When hiring out of the newspaper you will need to screen the applicants through work and personal references, conduct criminal background checks, and hire additional help to fill in when your regular caregiver has to be out of work. Also, know the law. When hiring an independent caregiver you are required to pay at least minimum wage as well as Social Security, and various other federal and state taxes. Consider your liabilities; is the independent person bonded and insured?

If this sounds like a tremendous amount of stress when you're trying to relieve stress then the other option is hiring an agency that takes care of the headaches for you. Hire an agency that screens their caregivers, insures and bonds them, conducts criminal background checks, takes out the taxes and provides backup staffing when your regular caregiver can not be there. However even choosing the right agency is important. Below is a checklist of questions you should ask prospective agencies to help you make an informed decision.

- Agency/Caregiver Relationship- Are the caregivers directly employed by the agency or do they work from a register? Agencies that directly employ their caregivers are fully respon-

sible for all aspects of their employment.

- Background Check & References- Does the agency check references and criminal background of all hired caregivers?

- Caregiver Taxes- Does the agency pay local, state and federal taxes?

- Availability- How many caregivers does the agency employ and what is the average turnover rate?

- Compatible- Does the agency understand the importance of maximum compatibility between caregiver and client?

- Transportation- Are the agencies caregivers allowed to provide transportation for their clients? Do they maintain current valid driver's license and insurance records on their caregivers?

- Proper Insurance- Does the agency insure their caregivers for liability and workers' compensation? Are their caregivers bonded?

- Pay Source- If you have a long term insurance plan or other special benefits, does the agency qualify for insurance reimbursement?

- Reputation- How long has the agency been in business?

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Facts You Can't Live Without Knowing

Q. Who was the first couple to be shown in bed together on prime time TV?

- Fred and Wilma Flintstone.

Q. What color was Coca-Cola originally?

- green.

Q. What company prints more money every day than the US Treasury?

- Monopoly

Q. What state has the highest percentage of people who walk to

work?

- Alaska

Q. What is the cost of raising a medium-size dog to the age of eleven?

- \$6,400

Q. What is the average number of people airborne over the US any given hour?

- 61,000

Q. How old was the youngest pope?

- 11 years old.

Q. What was the first novel ever written on a typewriter?

Tom Sawyer.

Q. How old were the world's youngest parents?

- They were 8 and 9 and lived in China in 1910.

How many people signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4th?

- Two, John Hancock and Charles Thomson. Most of the rest signed on August 2, but the last signature wasn't added until 5 years later.

Q. What is the shortest complete sentence in the English language?

- I am.

Q. How did Hershey's Kisses get their name?

- They are called that because the machine that make them looks like it's kissing the conveyor belt.

Q. What occurs more often in December than any other month?

- Conception.

Q. What separates "60 Minutes," on CBS from every other TV show?

- No theme song

Q. Half of all Americans live within 50 miles of what?

- Their birthplace.

Q. What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers, and laser printers all have in common?

- All invented by women.

Will Trade

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Huntsville Coffee Talk

by Aunt Eunice

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



Doris Lumpkin and **Kathy Isabel**. They had Christmas here January 3. They share fifty-three years of memories. They have the greatest time.

One of my very dearest friends left this life without warning. My dear **Lynda Cooke** was such a special person. God must have needed a special angel. My sympathy goes to **Conel** and family. I love you all, Then another shocker came when my good friend **Dr. Bill Hewith** passed so sudden. **Marie**, we love you so much.

I hear there are so many people running for the Sheriff's office that they might have to give us score cards to keep track. If our friend **Joe** had run again we wouldn't have all this trouble.

My great-nephew I hadn't seen in years walks in and it was so good to see him. He told me his Mom and Dad and he live in Scott, Arkansas. Maybe they'll come home and see us soon.

Hi. Here it is January already. I hope Santa was good to you all. I'm sure most of you were very good so I bet you all had a great Christmas. Of course, my family was home from Orlando and my sister was here from Bradenton, Florida.

Our old buddy, **Floyd Hardin** guessed the Picture of the Month. It was the beautiful **Miss Bobbie**, owner of the five Points Beauty Salon. Floyd, bring a guest and eat your country ham.

For many years **Peggy Hutson** has had her birthday breakfast with me on the 26th of December. Her guests this time included **Bob McNeil** and son **David** and his wife **Lisa** and her family, **Pat** and **Gordon Cattrell**. So sorry we missed her sons **Rick** of Texas and **Bruce** of Washington. I hope that maybe next year you both can be with us again. Love you both lots.

Doris and **Sherman** and their son **Jessie Henderson** from Eva, Alabama ate with us during the

holidays.

Lots of people celebrated their anniversary this month **Andy** and **Amie Friedenthal** of New Market had their 44th anniversary here for breakfast. **Buddy** and **Billie Ruth Christian** celebrated their 8th on December 17, and Mr. and Mrs. **Robert Pristo** had their 50th anniversary on December 14th.

Mark and **Lisa Congo** and family recently went to Wilmington, North Carolina to see their son **Ray** graduate from UNCW. He received a BA in History and plans to go on to Washington to get his Masters. Of course, the family is very proud of Ray.

Ben and **Mary Harris** of New Hope brought their friends **Stanley** and **Doris Farmer** to breakfast from Oshweken Ontario, Canada Six Nation Indian Reservation.

My dear friends always run late but they are three of the greatest and have so much fun together. They are **Martha Delaney**,

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the picture of this young boy, shown below, wins a free breakfast at Eunice's Country Kitchen.

Hint: Well known in the county but works downtown. Has lots of meetings.



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Sandra Steele, President

home and see us soon.

My longtime friend I had not seen in a while, **Benny Medlin, Sr.**, ate with me during the holiday and also my pal **Billy Baird** walked in and ate with us.

My good friends Ron Eyestone (mayor of Dogwood Hollow) and his wife Barb spent the holidays in Florida. Said it was a lot easier than putting up a tree.

So good during the holidays to see old friends. **Evelyn Rochelle**, an old friend of my sister, brought her lovely daughter, **Ann Davis** and her husband, **Mike** from Keller, Texas to breakfast. Evelyn is such a sweet lady. I love her lots.

The Huntsville Library is going to have a big showing around the first of April of the **Monroe Photograph Collection**. This collection is one of the largest and most unique set of Huntsville photographs ever assembled. A special thanks to our friend, **Gene Monroe**, for donating them to the library.

I've had a bunch of people in that are planning to run for some political office. One who has already decided is our good friend **Billy Bell**. He's running for Circuit Judge. It sure is fun to see how excited he gets.

We hear from reliable sources that **Randy Henshaw** is soon going to be announcing that he will run against **Jeff Enfinger** for State Senator. This might be one of the races to watch!

The Big 50— I have been in this location for Fifty years. That's a long time and lots of ham and biscuits. Thanks to you all for the great surprise! It was wonderful seeing everyone. Thanks to the Huntsville Times, thanks to **Mike Kaylor** and to all our fine TV people. And to everyone that came and called. Thanks for all the beautiful flowers, candy, and many gifts. Thanks for all my

friends across Alabama that sent me clippings out of your home newspapers. Thanks, **Bud** for the kind words in the Congressional Records. All the certificates of congratulations. Thanks to everyone, I love you.

Congratulations to **Mr. Cecil Ashburn** on the official renaming (on January 22) of that beautiful road off of Bailey Cove Rd. It is now officially **Cecil Ashburn Drive**. We love you and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Mrs. Jo Ann Butler, that was the best cake I've had in a long time. You are such a wonderful loving and caring lady. You sure followed in the footsteps of your Mom and Dad. What fine people.

It is so good to hear about the efforts of Probate Judge **Tommy Ragland** to preserve all the probate records in a special room at the library so people can do research. Without him they would have been lost.

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

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Sweets For Your Sweet

Tipsy Cake

4 egg yolks
 1/4 c. sugar
 Dash salt
 2 c. scalded milk
 1/2 t. vanilla
 1 pkg. Lady fingers
 Apricot jam
 1/2 c. whiskey
 Toasted almonds
 Whipped cream

Beat yolks and stir in the sugar and salt. Stir milk in gradually and cook over hot water, stir constantly til mixture coats your spoon. Chill, flavor with vanilla.

Split the lady fingers and spread with the jam. Put a layer in a glass bowl and pour whiskey over it, let the cake soak up the liquor. Cover with half of the custard, repeat layer of lady fingers sprinkled with whiskey and pour over remaining custard sauce. Garnish with toasted almonds and whipped cream.

Almond Chocolate Truffles

2 Pkg. Chocolate chips
 15-oz. sweetened condensed milk
 1 t. almond extract
 1 c. chopped toasted almonds

Melt your chocolate chips over hot water, remove from heat and add the condensed milk, vanilla and nuts. Chill til firm, shape into little balls and roll them in coconut or finely chopped nuts.

Peanut Butter Pie

1 4-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1/2 c. confectioners sugar
 1 c. peanut butter
 1/2 c. milk
 1 8-oz. tub whipped topping
 1 chocolate pie crust

In a mixing bowl beat the cream cheese and sugar til creamy, add peanut butter and milk. Beat slowly til smooth, 3

minutes. Blend in the topping til no streaks appear, pour into pie shell and freeze. When you serve, this is good with a topping of whipped cream and a drizzle of chocolate syrup, with a light sprinkling of crushed toasted peanuts.

Chocolate Popcorn

1 1/2 c. sugar
 1 T. butter
 1 square unsweetened chocolate
 3 qrts. freshly popped plain popcorn
 3 T. water

Boil your sugar, butter, chocolate and water til mixture spins a long thread. Pour hot over popped corn and stir til all kernels are coated. Delicious!!

Date Pecan Candy

2 c. sugar
 1 c. milk
 2 T. butter
 1 c. pitted dates, chopped
 1 c. chopped pecans

Cook the sugar and milk to soft ball stage. Add the butter, stir. Add dates and cook slowly, stirring all the while til dates are dissolved. Remove from heat and beat til mixture stiffens. Add the pecans, stir and pour on thin, damp clean cloth. Roll into a long loaf, let cook and slice thin.

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Hot Pineapple Casserole

- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 c. sugar
- 2 c. crushed pineapple
- 1/4 c. milk
- 4 c. cubed bread

Open can of pineapple but don't drain. Take the crusts off the bread, mix together all ingredients. Bake in buttered pan at 350 degrees for about 55 minutes.

Chocolate Puffs

- 1/2 c. Crisco oil
- 4 sq. unsweetened chocolate - melted
- 2 c. sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 t. vanilla
- 2 c. self-rising flour
- 1 c. confectioners sugar

Mix the oil, chocolate and granulated sugar. Blend in the eggs one at a time, add vanilla. Stir flour into the mixture, chill for 2 hours. Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Drop the dough by teaspoons into a bowl of confectioners sugar. Roll in the sugar, making balls. Place 2 inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake 10-12 minutes. They will puff up!

Coconut Sponge Pudding

- 2 c. scalded milk
- 1 1/2 c. sponge cake crumbs
- 1 c. grated coconut
- 1 c. sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- Grated nutmeg

1 T. rose or regular water
Pour hot milk over a mixture of cake crumbs, sugar, beaten yolks and coconut. Let stand for 30 minutes. Add nutmeg, rose water and egg whites which have been beaten to a dry froth. Bake 45 minutes at 350, serve with wine sauce.

Amaretto Love Fudge

- 4 c. sugar
- 2/3 c. Amaretto liqueur
- 2 c. half and half or light cream

In a large sauce pan combine all the ingredients and brush sides of pan with butter. Stir over moderate heat til your sugar is dissolved, bring to a boil and cook without stirring til it reaches 238 degrees on a candy thermometer, or when a drop of the mixture forms a soft ball in cold water.

Remove from heat and let stand til temperature drops to 140 degrees. Beat with a spoon til mixture begins to thicken slightly, then pour quickly into a foil-lined 8-inch pan. A Pyrex container, buttered, will work as well. Let it stand til hard and cool.

Cream Cheese Delights

- 16 oz. cream cheese
- 1/2 c. sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 T. lemon juice
- sugar wafers
- Foil baking cups
- 1 can Cherry or Strawberry

pie filling

Soften the cream cheese and mix together the rest of the ingredients. Put a wafer in the bottom of each foil cup, spoon 2 tablespoons of the filling mixture into the cups on top of the wafer. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool, then top with cherry or strawberry pie filling (tablespoon each).

Orange Nut Balls

- 1 12-oz. box vanilla wafers, crushed
- 1 box confectioners sugar
- 1/2 c. finely chopped pecans
- 1 stick butter, melted
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
- 1 can coconut

Mix the wafers, sugar and pecans with orange juice. Mix by hand, roll into balls, then roll into coconut. Great for parties.

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Gunboats On The Tennessee River

Huntsville Sends Brass Cannon To The Rescue

(Taken from 1906 Huntsville newspaper)

The writer of these incidents has of late often wondered how many of Huntsville's citizens now living can recollect the fact of the early incident of the war that is my subject at this writing, and whether there can now be found any citizen of Huntsville, save about two others and the writer, that partook of the excitement of that occasion.

It will be sufficient to say that it took place at so early a part of the war that the condition of the minds of both observers and participants were very different then from what they would have been two or three years afterwards.

At that time there had been little experience, and war events had left no impression upon which to found probabilities for the future. Then the excited minds of citizens were filled with apprehension because the events of the future were unknown, and their minds were not in a condition to reasonably expect the

probable, but with nervous dread they shrank from the possible.

At this time Huntsville had sent two companies to the war, and others were following. A strong desire filled the minds of young and old to do what they could to lend a helping hand. Huntsville had at this time among her treasures one implement of war, of which her citizens were very proud that fate had left in her possession. This was a bright brass six-pounder cannon. Many a salute had it boomed forth on occasions of rejoicing and peace time celebrations. Now it was the will of the people that it should be made useful in the defense of Huntsville homes.

A small artillery company had been formed to make useful this possession. It was the proud desire of each member of this little band that he should become proficient in this arm of service. Books on military tactics were bought and read assiduously.

Fortune favored their aspirations in sending a West Point cadet who was familiar with the ar-

tillery manual and was ready and willing to render assistance by drilling that artillery squad.

It became quite an event each evening for the citizens to gather at the old market house, occupying the same spot as the present city hall, when the brass cannon with its shiny brass wheels was rolled out, and watch the drill. A little coincidence lies here in my narrative.

That ex-West Pointer and captain of the artillery company is now well known as the honored president of a Huntsville bank; and another, the present president of a Huntsville bank was at that time a high private in the squad.

It was sometime after these rehearsals that the events of the Tuscumbia campaign took place. By this time our captain had been called away to other duties and, many of the members had formed other military connections.

The citizens were startled one evening by the ominous news by

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telegraph that Federal gunboats were ascending the Tennessee River with the evident intention of devastating the town of the valley. Calls for help were sent out from Florence and Tuscumbia for all the neighboring towns in the valley to send all available help to stay the progress of the ruthless invaders. The alarm sounded in Huntsville. There was a hurried call to arms, for everyone who could bear them. While not understanding what could be done to effectively prevent the advance of gunboats, I was ungracious not to respond when the call was made by our brethren down the valley.

In the early morning hours there pulled out from the depot a train of flat cars with a goodly number of citizens bearing a motley assortment of guns, the men standing outside on the floor. Then last, but far from least, was the bright brass six-pounder with its glittering barrel and caisson mounted on bright red wheels attracting the admiration and attention of the gathering crowds at the towns as we passed. At each of these we picked up additional numbers, all armed and ready for the fray. Boxcars were not available and engineers were scarce. The writer had a position in the engine cab, and Capt. Harry Ryan was at the throttle driving the en-

gine.

It is barely possible that a singular incident about that time is mixed in the writer's memory with this event. Yet after the long interval of time, it seems clear in his memory that that prince of good fellows that everybody who has traveled the M.&C. R.R. in the last forty or more years knows, was this day driving the engine. He was then superintendent of this division of the road. I wondered then at his ability as an engineer. He has ever showed great qualities as conductor and superintendent. His qualifications, great then, have since improved, and the wonder has ever been in my mind why his position has not been advanced as his services and qualifications have merited.

That train of flat cars was well loaded as it pulled into Tuscumbia. It was a load of wondering and expectant men from every town in the valley from Huntsville to Tuscumbia. The train was received with cheers from another crowd as it drew up in front of the hotel. This latter crowd was individually equipped very much as was the one on the cars, with this difference, that quite a number were on horseback. These seemed, if possible, more excited than the rest. They would dash off, one or two at a time, and ride somewhere and

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after a while return.

It soon developed that there was no head. No one felt capable of assuming authority over their countrymen when they were in utter ignorance of what was to be done or how to do it. Another thing soon became plain - that there was no one that had any knowledge of where were the much feared and formidable gun-boats.

After the most diligent inquiry, no one could be found that had seen them or had seen anyone that had seen them. The riders that had come in from the river were in as much ignorance as those from the hills. All were filled with ardor and excitement, but without any idea of what ought to be done. The crowd was large that filled the streets and hotel. It swayed and congregated at different points' as persons would arrive from whom it was hoped news could be obtained.

An engine was cut out and

sent down the road, to go cautiously to a break in the road near the state line. They were to return with some information that was definite.

Time wore on heavily. When past the noon hour, the hotel did what it could to supply a semblance of a dinner to the hungry individuals applying for it. The proprietor made herculean efforts, and made a successful paying business of it financially, but as to meeting the demands made upon his hotel, his efforts were ineffective.

Many of the citizens did what they could to afford relief by taking as many as possible to their homes for dinner. Tuscumbia was renowned, then as now, for her hospitality. But the combined efforts of hotels, boarding houses and the hospitality of citizens, was insufficient to satisfy the warlike hunger of this accumulation of patriots. There might be a partial success in this, had there been any

thing for the crowd to do.

The hours of the afternoon began climbing upward. The crowd was impatiently waiting, looking down the shining track of the railroad to catch the first sight of the returning engine. Huntsville had helped the passage of the monotonous hours in furnishing its brass field piece for inspection.

As it stood firmly chocked upon its flat car, it was a strong attraction. At all times there was an advancing crowd around it, and the Huntsville contingent was happy in showing it off.

Jerry Clemens began a speech But this was not the only big gun that Huntsville had brought down this day to oppose a bold front to the enemy. What is it that a congregated assemblage of men filled with enthusiasm and wanting mostly want for their qualification: It is a timely speech from an able speaker. This the crowd wanted.

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supply that want in the person of the silver-tongued orator, Hon. Jerry Clemens. He was then as ever ready to respond to their call.

He had been a member of the Secession Convention that had taken Alabama from the list of Federal states and made it one of the number of the Confederacy. Here things had not gone his way. He strenuously opposed the disruption of the Union, but having seen that his opposition was useless, he finally gave in his adhesion and voted for the ordinance of secession.

He was listened to with close attention, but right in the midst of a brilliant presentation, the whistle of the returning engine dissolved the assemblage. The news brought by the engine was no news, for its tenor had for some time been anticipated. It had gone down to the break and had there met a hand car that had come from much farther down the road, and the fact was clearly established that there were no gun boats in these upper reaches of the river.

This being "a consummation most devoutly to be wished" there were hurried preparations for departure.

Again was the Huntsville contingent with those from the other towns loaded on the cars and soon were steaming away up the valley. It was pretty late in the night when Huntsville was reached, and still later when the members of that dejected band, wearied and hungry, hardly able to move their limbs along the streets, reached their homes.

It was an experience added to each one of their lives, and while there was nothing in the incident of which to be proud, they had the satisfaction to feel that it was a duty well attempted if not well done.

Revenue Raid

60 gallon still and its operator are captured. Deputy Collector Root made a raid near Arab in Cullman county and captured a sixty gallon copper still, 1,000 gallons of beer and four or five gallons of whiskey. H. J. Hill was arrested while at work in the establishment and was taken to Gadsden where he was tried before Commissioner Pickard and placed in jail in default of \$500 bond.

Memphis Excursion

An excursion train of six coaches filled with negroes and two of white people came up from Memphis yesterday afternoon and will return this evening at 6 o'clock.

At a very late hour last night crowds of the 500 negro excursionists were still walking the streets, weary and foot sore and unable to find a place to sleep the night.

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The Diary Of Mary Chadwick

Probably no diary in existence gives such a vivid description of Huntsville during the Civil War as the diary of Mary Chadwick. Imagine, if you can, what it must have been like to have your hometown occupied by the enemy, while your loved ones were off fighting in the war

The following excerpts are taken from her diary, written in 1862.

Saturday, April 12 ... Truly our town is full of the enemy. There is a sentinel at every corner. Everybody keeps the front door locked, and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it.... They have been searching the houses today for arms. We have not been molested. Servants are giving information of all the arms and soldiers who have been concealed....

April 21 ... Two prisoners at the depot made their escape this way: They put on Yankee uniforms and walked out of doors, stood awhile and then went back. Whereupon, the guard ordered them out, telling them that they had no business in there," so they

went quietly out and walked up town and made their escape! As soon as it was known, the remainder of the prisoners were hurried off, to Camp Chase, Ohio.

April 28 ... General Mitchell (Union) has been in a rage all the week on account of the cutting of the telegraph poles and lines, the tearing up of the railroad tracks, firing into trains, and holds the citizens responsible for the same, having had 12 of the most prominent arrested. It is probable that the work of our cavalry has annoyed him excessively, as they are constantly picking off his men.

May 12 ... General Mitchell complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the "cold shoulder" by not having received them into the social circle! Some of the Unionists gave a picnic and invited two of his officers, who accepted and went. The next day, he had them arrested. Some folks were malicious enough to attribute it to jealousy, because he was not invited himself....

June 9 ... There has been some cheering news from Virginia the past week. Something of the kind is needed to revive our drooping spirits, prisoners as we are. We hear no news but such as comes from the, enemy, and that is rarely ever favorable to our side.

There has been some fighting

the past week between Gen. Mitchell's men and our cavalry in Jackson County, the result of which is unknown to us. The Federals brought down a great many wounded men, most of whom have since died.

We heard a day or two since that the Federals had burned the house of Mrs. Dillard in Jackson. A story was also circulated to us of her son. A soldier asked for some meat, and he accompanied him to the smokehouse and cut it for him. When the soldier said it was not enough, young Dillard then gave him the knife and told him to cut it for himself. After the soldier had put down his gun for that purpose, the son seized it and told the other that he was his prisoner. The soldier sent up a loud cry for help, Dillard threatening all the time to bayonet him if he

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did not hush. A struggle ensued, in which the Federal was killed and Dillard taken prisoner and carried to Stevenson. Some whisky, deeply drugged with laudanum, was given the guards by Dillard's friends. They partook of it, and naturally enough fell into a deep sleep. Dillard escaped and joined Stern's cavalry, with which he is now doing service.

June 11 ... Last night, the guard discovered 50 or 60 negroes at the depot, armed with Enfield rifles, drilling! They were dispersed and some or them taken to jail. Col. Burke, the provost, seems disposed to make the negroes keep their places. Nearly all the troops here are leaving for Chattanooga. Rumor says there has been fighting there, and the Rebel troops have gained a victory.

... A funeral procession is passing. A flag is thrown over the coffin. Must belong to the artillery, as there is a cannon in the procession. The band of music from headquarters is playing a dirge. These funeral processions pass two or three times a day of late, and sometimes there are two coffins in the hearse at the same time. When a member of the cavalry dies, his horse is led in the procession, as chief mourner, with the blankets and accoutrements of the deceased thrown over him, which looks inexpressibly sad.

... The Federal mails were seized yesterday between here and Nashville. The mischief, as usual, was laid to Morgan.

June 20 ... This has been rather an eventful day. Miss Sallie Matthews and Miss Row Webster were arrested this morning and carried before Gen. Mitchell for having attached Confederate flags to their grace hoop and playing with them when his soldiers were passing. Quite a spirited interview took place.

Old Huntsville Gift Shoppe

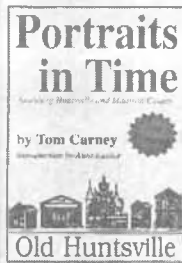
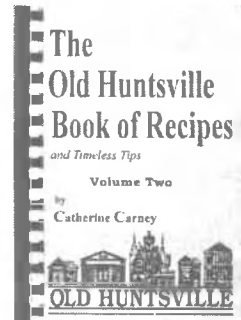


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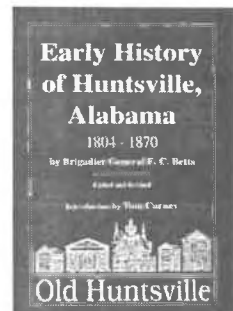


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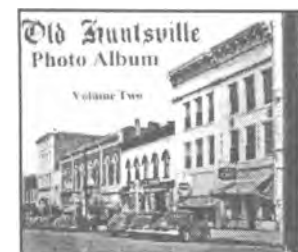
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The general asked Miss Matthew if she were a Rebel. She replied that she was one "over and above board." "Then he retorted, 'How dare you tell me this in my tent?' When the audience was over, he said to them, "Women, go home and behave yourselves. Henceforth, I shall keep an eye on you, and know all that you do!"

... Saw a Federal account this evening of the Battle of Seven Pines before Richmond. The slaughter was terrible. How many brave hearts have fallen! O, when will this dreadful war be over! And how many weary days, weeks and perhaps months will lapse before we can know how many of our friends are among the slain!

... We are very carefully guarded here so that we know nothing that is passing without, and very little within. All that we hear is rumor, rumor, rumor, with her thousand tongues. And we might add, a very small quantity of bacon.

June 21 ... The train was again fired into in Jackson County today, and 10 men killed and three or four wounded. A gentleman up there sent Gen. Mitchell word that he need not be punishing private citizens for these things, that he knew the Jackson County people had suffered too much already, and that he (Mitchell) had burned the house of a widow a few days since, and the men of Jackson intended to avenge it. He said they had formed themselves into two bands for that purpose and, as they were cut off from the army, they intended to stay there and aggravate him all they could.

When the news reached General Mitchell, he sent up a body of men with orders to burn every house in Jackson near the railroad between here and Stevenson.

They were met by the other party under flag of truce, saying that they (the Confederates) had about 50 Yankee prisoners in their hands and, for every house burned, they would hang a man. Where upon, the general countermanded the order.

June 25 ... An order has been given today that, if the stockholders of the new hotel do not take the oath of allegiance to the U.S. within three days, the hotel will be taken into the hands of the Federalists. Also provisions are forbidden to be brought to town, or passes given, except on the above

conditions

July 5... Quite sick this morning. After breakfast, Mrs. Mayhew came in to tell me that she was heartsick, that a little after the shouting last night, a Federalist came running down to her house to tell her that his colonel had just read out to the regiment that Richmond had fallen, the Rebel army was all cut to pieces and had fallen back eight miles from the city, that all the officers had been requested to read the above to the Federal regiments posted here. Don't believe a word of it.

July 8 ... Gen. Smith takes Gen. Mitchell's place here, and thus far has been more indulgent to the citizens. Went to see Mr. Turney this morning but was refused admittance.

July 9 ... Dr. Hudson and Mr. Holland took tea with us. In-

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formed us that nine houses had been burned in Jackson County today. Our cavalry in that region is annoying them dreadfully. A large amount of cotton has been taken and destroyed today between here and Fayetteville by our cavalry.

July 18 ... Visited Gen. Rousseau again this morning in company with Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Van Horton to ask permission for them to go out of the Federal lines, which was immediately and cordially granted. Had a most pleasant interview and came away more pleased with him than we thought it possible to be with any Federal officer. Rumor about the taking of Nashville unfounded.

... Dr. (Frederick A.) Ross (Presbyterian Minister) was arrested this evening on account (it was alleged) of a war sermon he preached last Sunday. Proved the accusations false, but was ordered

to prison, as he would not promise to keep his tongue. Upon Mrs. Ross' solicitations, was paroled for the night...

Sunday, July 27, 1862 ... Went to hear Dr. Ross preach this morning. Text: 'I am not mad, most noble Felix, but speak forth the words of truth.' A most excellent discourse followed first sermon since his arrest.

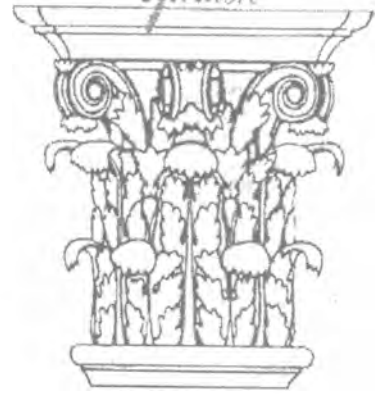
July 28 ... Last night, the Federals burned Whitesburg, leaving the women and children houseless and homeless. The light of the conflagration was distinctly seen from here.

July 30... Received a present of flour and butter from Mrs. James Robinson yesterday. Another sack of flour today from Mrs. John Robinson, and some salt from Mr. Stoddard. Truly I have some kind friends in Huntsville.

... Georgia Saunders arrived

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last night from our army and says relief is at hand, that the advanced guard of Price's army is at Tuscumbia.

August 4,... The Yankees are using the negroes today by the wholesale, and have commenced their fortifications around the town, Patton's Hill is being fortified, as it commands the town.

... Five hundred blacks were sent off on the train this morning toward Nashville to erect fortifications. There is a great panic among the negroes. But few are willing to go, and they are running and hiding generally.

They (the Yankees) are talking largely about burning the town, and if the "low-down pirates" are left to do as they please, they would soon sack and burn it. An officer said the other day that these people were too pampered in their pride, and he would like to see some of their fine houses destroyed.

... Another pirate said that he liked to stay in Huntsville, amazingly, that we have so many delicacies, and the climate is no warmer than in the North. A party of them went to the house of the widow Scruggs last week, and, after robbing the place of every peach, melon and turkey, they returned again in large numbers and surrounded the house, knowing that there were no whites on the place except three ladies. They (the women) bolted the doors and windows, and ran upstairs for

safety, while the brutes, aided by three negroes, uttering the vilest language, accompanied with curses and imprecations, clamored for admittance. A neighbor, seeing what was going on, started a servant on horseback to the courthouse, and an officer and guard soon made their appearance, whereupon the wretches dispersed and, of course, escaped punishment.

... There is a negro colonel walking around town today as large as life. His regiment is said to be above here on the railroad. So they are arming the blacks. Truly, their course must have become desperate.

August 8 ... The trains were again fired into last night, between Elkton and Pulaski. Gen. Rousseau declared that he intends to make Drs. (F. A.) Ross and (J. M.) Bannister (Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, respectively) ride the trains, as they are prepared to die, And his men are not. ... Spent the day with

Mrs. Watkins, in company with Mrs. Powers. Mr. Fennel's cotton burned last night. Supposed to be work of his own negroes.

... Several houses were burned in Jackson County yesterday. Also several markets, among them Mrs. Vincent's, Mr. Crutcher's, Mr. Spragins', Mr. Sledge's and Mr. Word's. They kicked Mrs. Word out of doors and slapped Miss Anna's jaws.

August 24 ... Great stir in town today among soldiers. The 10th Ohio, "the heroes of Carnifax," have moved their camps up by the graveyard, and we now have all the Federal force in our neighborhood. They appear to be moving their sick and stores, and the rattling of the wagon wheels along the streets is terrible to one with the headache.

(Noon). Mr. Samuel Coltart, the mayor, has just called me to tell us that the Federals will evacuate our town at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and no matter



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how great our joy is upon the occasion, no demonstration must be made on our part while it is going on.

Gen. Lighte (Actually Gen. W. H. Lytle, whose command evacuated Huntsville, Aug. 31, 1862) sent for him and requested him to tell the citizens this, as he could not be answerable for the conduct of the troops when leaving. He had received kindness from the hands of the citizens, and did not wish them to be molested. We have heard of people being intoxicated with joy. That is precisely our condition at the present. As night approaches, many of them appear to be drunk. From present appearances, they will not get off tonight.

... My kind friend, Mrs. John Robinson, gave me a cart load of green corn today for the purpose of drying for the winter. Great stir among the Feds this morning. Perhaps they are going to leave us at last. It is certain the 15th Kentucky, camped at Green Academy, are cooking rations.

George and Uncle Tom just came from Mrs. Robinson's with the corn, and say that the Feds have barricaded the pike and are looking for an immediate attack from our cavalry.

August 31 ... Awoke a little after midnight by the sound of heavy tramping of feet, the sound of voices, uttering the most dreadful curses, the rattling of wagons in the street. Sprang out of bed and looked through the shutters to see what it meant, when, lo and behold, it was the Lincoln army

making their anxiously wished for exit from Huntsville. Could hardly believe it, so joyful the thought.

(2 o'clock). Learned that the army, as they marched out on the pike, took all of James Robinson's negroes but one. Frank Gurley (local guerrilla cavalry leader) has been in and arrested James

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Hickman (Negro trader and hotel proprietor who had traded with Federals during the occupation) and John King, (clerk, who must have also traded with the enemy, and gone again.)

Returned at 5 o'clock with a company of cavalry. A perfect crowd of ladies and gentlemen rushed to the square to greet them, and Capt. Gurley was literally crowned with wreaths of ivy and flowers. Some Feds, who had been out on picket duty, came in, not having received notice that their army was going to leave, and gave themselves up.

Weird News From 1875 Newspapers

- A man was found dead on a country road in Kentucky, with fourteen bullet holes in him, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death by undue excitement."

- A man awoke the other night in a startled manner, crying to his wife,

"My dear, I have swallowed a dose of strychnine."

"Well, then, for goodness sake," she replied, "be still, or it might come up!

- The maddest man in Georgia is James Leigh. He was a candidate for member of the Legislature and being a conscientious man voted for his opponent, who was elected by just one vote majority.

- A lazy man fell a distance of fifty feet the other day, escaping with only a few scratches. A bystander remarked that he was too slow to fall fast enough to hurt

himself

- An Arkansas sheriff carried a bullet in his head for thirteen years and when they removed it the other day he became foolish. They are looking for someone else to shoot him again.

- A Tennessee farmer tied one end of a rope around his waist and lassoed a bull with the other. He thought he had the bull, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the bull had him.

- A young woman chased a man in Huntsville, caught him and clung to him until a policeman came. A year previously he had ended a friendly acquaintance by stealing her jewelry and she had never ceased looking for him. He is currently serving a long term in the county calaboose.

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News From New Market

(Editor's Note: In the late 1800s, New Market was a bustling town second only to Huntsville in size in Madison County. Mrs. S.H. Hambrick, whose family had connections with early New Market, in 1968 found a bundle of 17 issues of the New Market Enterprise from 1888 and 1889 in the attic of her home near Manchester, Tenn. Following is the third of a series of articles based on the contents of those eight-page weekly tabloid newspapers.)

by Waylon Smithey

Volume 1, No. 4,
July 14, 1888

For those readers who were not that familiar with the town, the following paragraph was run in this and other issues of the newspaper:

"New Market is situated in the northern part of Madison County,

on a plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, in latitude 324 deg. 54 min. north, and longitude 86 deg. 27 min west from Greenwich, 17 miles northeast of Huntsville, on the Nashville & Huntsville Extension of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, within four hours' run of Nashville, in a beautiful valley, at an altitude of 835 feet, nestling down beneath the majestic Cumberland Mountains, with a lovely creek running through the town. It is abundantly supplied with springs and wells of pure, cold freestone water."

In Page I Local Briefs-

"We regret to learn that our old and esteemed citizen, Mr. W.F. Hereford, was severely bitten on the calf of his leg a few days ago by his viscous jack."

"G. L. Terry sent in the largest peach of the season. It measured 11 inches around and weighed 11 ounces."

"Mr. Bradford Smithey, of Hurricane, was here Tuesday and reports crops never better and in finer condition. Large crops of oats and wheat have been harvested and are now in good condition in shock awaiting thresher."

"We regret to hear of the illness of our oldest citizen, Mr. Isaac Cook. Mr. Cook celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birthday last Tuesday."

"Mr. Wm. A. Cochran, of this place, left on the 7th inst., on a visit to relatives at Larkinsville, Ala. We wish him a rich, rare and racy time."

"Mr. Bradford Hill, an old ex-Confederate member of Col. Russell's regiment, fourth Alabama cavalry, was in town a few days ago with a large lot of cedar. He owns a valuable lot of cedar and farms lands in the mountains, from which he derives a good living. Mr. Hill accepted the inevitable results of the war, like all good and true soldiers, and has ever since labored for the comfort and welfare of his family and the prosperity of his county, and now subscribes for the *Enterprise*."

Merchant J.W. Cochran advertised for 100 bushels of peach seeds and 10,000 pounds of dried peaches and apples. The editor added this note, "The demand for dried fruits is practically unlimited in the United States, besides statistics show that many thousand pounds are annually exported to foreign countries, particularly to England, with whom we exchange many hundred million dollars' worth of products annually. We, therefore, earnestly request our citizens to utilize every peach and apple of this season's growth. Make full and ample preparations for drying them all by beginning now. We can assure them that their entire surplus can be sold at good and remunerative prices for all their labor and outlay."

Mention also was made of the fact that huckleberries were coming into the market in large quantities. "Mrs. Sharp, of Mint



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Spring, has marketed 15 or 20 gallons this season. We regret to learn of the failure of the mountain crop of this berry, which will make the supply short. Many dollars were added to the family revenue by this crops last year.

Folks were reminded on Page I that "the ladies of the Baptist church will serve ice cream today in the front yard of the Hambrick House."

The editor chastised the citizens of New Market for losing a contract to their nearby neighbors in Tennessee:

"Mr. J.N. Martin, of Huntland, Tenn., has a contract for delivering 1,300 cedar poles to the N.C. & St. L.R.R., at the point. We regret that our own people do not reap all the advantages of our railroad facilities. Let us wake up and gather into our own pockets these shekels that of right belong to us. Another contract has been awarded under our nose. It requires eternal vigilance to keep ourselves abreast of these times."

Following is the next installment of the History of New Market column:

"Just two miles, in the northwest direction from New Market, a village was established called Hillsboro, containing a few houses and two stores. One was kept by Esquire John Angel, who was a merchant and justice of the peace. It is still marked on the old maps.

"New Market, however, superseded Hillsboro, and in 1832 the stores were closed up. At this date there were four stores: Patrick & Staples, W.W. Humphries, William D. Hayter, Holding & Echols, and a saloon kept by Peter Turner, a Scotchman. Then Alfred and Albert Johnson, twin brothers, opened a store; then John Ford and Absalom Brown, then Pulley & Criner. Joseph Brown was the tailor, who fashioned the dress coats for the citizens, swallow-tails, with brass-buttons, rolling collar made very stiff and hard, the broad-cloth was imported and first-rate goods, pants were made with a small flap before, elaborately stitched, resembling a trap-door.

"Ezekiel Sluder was the saddle and harness maker; Jesse Randolph, millwright; all his time was employed in keeping up Miller's Meals' and Shotwell's

mills. Jesse Lilly had a wool-carding machine, and made the spinners of thread, taking the cotton, ginning and carding and spinning the thread in one operation. Negro women seldom worked in the field- they made cloth and carpets. The old-fashioned spinning-wheel was heard from sunrise to sunset, with its musical boom filling the air with thrift and profit to the busy household, keeping time to the twittering martins who built their nests in large gourds suspended to a pole.

"These were happy days. Every one kept open house and were profusely hospitable."

Missing

I am searching for my mother who was a slave on the Wade plantation near Nashville. At the end of the war she was reported to be going to Huntsville. She is about sixty years of age and goes by the name of Nanna.

I can be reached at the newspaper.

(from 1868 newspaper)



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Favorite Rural Recipes

Warning: These recipes are presented for amusement and historical purposes only. The possession of a still and the manufacture of spirits is against the law and can result in heavy penalties. Also, spirits not properly made can seriously damage your health. Do not try these recipes!

Big Cove Corn Whiskey

- 50 lb. Corn, whole kernel
- 50 gal. Water
- 10 cup Yeast

Place the corn in a feed sack and buried in the warm moist center of a manure or compost pile for about ten days. When the sprouts are about a quarter inch long, the corn is fully "modified" or malted. Wash the corn in a tub, rubbing the shoots and roots off in the process, then skim them off. Place the grain in an open wooden barrel, mash it with a pole, add five gallons of boiling water and when the mash cools down, add the yeast and let it sit and ferment. Some people may cover the vat with plastic to slow the evaporation. Fermentation will normally take between 3 to 7 days depending on the temperature.

First Run

Place the mash in the still pot.

Gradually heat the mash and expect the first condensate to begin dripping in the receiver in about an hour between 170 F and 180 F. Collect all that comes over on this first run. About 2 hours later when 205 F is reached, stop collecting. You should have about 12 gallons of distillate that will be about 40 to 60% and by-products (80-120 proof) Throw away the residue in the pot, rinse it out and flush out any solids that may have boiled over into your tubing.

Caution: Too high heat will cause the mash to boil over through the tubing, clouding the distillate and possibly clogging the tubing. The more slowly you heat, the less impurities will be in the finished product.

Second Run

Gradually heat the first run distillate in the pot and begin collecting the condensate in the receiver between 160' F and 180' E In about an hour, when 204 F is reached, stop collecting. You should have about 10 gallons of 70% alcohol plus by-products. Discard the residue from the pot as before.

Third Run:

Gradually heat the second run in the pot. Action is fast. The temperature moves rapidly to about 170 F. Discard whatever distillate comes over before 170 F or that which comes over before the trickle steadies into a solid stream. Stop collecting at about 184 F in about 45 minutes. You

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should have about 5 gallons of about 85% alcohol. Throw away any residue in the pot.

Hurricane Creek Corn Whiskey

60 Lb. Cornmeal

40 Lb. Dried sprouted corn.

50 Gal. Water

10 cup Champagne yeast starter.

Sprout and dry forty pounds of corn. Crack or grind the malted corn and mix it with the cornmeal. The grist as its now called, should be mixed with hot (about 180' F) water and kept at about 150 F for several hours. Mash the mush in a tub full of hot water and replenish the hot water periodically, Stir this mixture occasionally to help the *mashing or conversion* along. Put the mash in the fermenter and add boiled water to the fifty-gallon mark. Stir in the yeast when the mixture cools and proceed with fermentation and distilling as in the previous recipe.

White Castle Bathtub Gin

1 Pint 180 proof ethyl or grain alcohol

1 Pint Distilled water

5 to 10 ea. juniper berries

Steep, soak or simmer the juniper berries to extract the flavor. Mix the above ingredients and age for thirty minutes. This will grow hair on your chest if you don't go blind.

Hobo Gin

1 Pint 180 proof alcohol

1 Pint Distilled water

3 Drops Noiroit Gin Flavor

You needn't age this one as long as the previous recipe. It's not going to make any difference!

This is the famous "bathtub" gin made famous during prohibition.



Prohibition Made Many Home Owners in Huntsville

from 1912 newspaper

As a direct effect of the doing away of both the saloon and dispensary in Madison county over 50 houses previously used as shot houses have now been sold to families desiring residences. In addition, we have positive evidence that at least 250 new homes have been built with money that would otherwise have been spent at the dram shop.

Investigation also reveals the fact that probably had its effect in lessening our population within the corporate limits to this extent: Probably 100 to 150 families who were renting cheap houses in the city limits have moved out into small humble cottages built by the earnings that they have been able to accumulate.

These homes represent maybe 1,000 in population, It speaks well for prohibition any way you take it. This is just a thought that may enlighten our people and will mean for a continuation of the present laws regulating the liquor traffic.

Veterans

from 1904 newspaper

The commander of Camp Egbert J. Jones is deeply pained to announce the death of our respected and beloved comrade Felix Sibley, who died on the 19th after a long and painful illness.

All Confederate Veterans are requested to meet at the late residence of our comrade on Randolph Street and attend his funeral in a body.

Ben Patterson, Adjutant

Daniel Coleman, Com-
mander

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Grave Yard Camp Out

by Jerry Wilbanks

As a Boy Scout and Explorer Scout, around the late fifties and early sixties, our troop would volunteer to do clean up work around the neighborhood of Merrimack Village. Once in a while we would find ourselves cutting grass, chopping weeds and picking up around Merrimack Cemetery. We tried to keep the appearance of the place presentable and access to the site unimpeded. Occasionally there would also be minor vandalism to address, such as overturned gravestones, graffiti, litter, etc. Even at that time, the cemetery had few visitors, but our goal was to keep the place from taking on a neglected atmosphere.

Afternoons and early evenings, we would work there with our mowers, sling blades and rakes. As darkness began to creep over the landscape, the Merrimack Cemetery became a very spooky place indeed. We were nervous and jumpy and in a big hurry to finish up and be on our way. Of course, around the other guys and the scoutmasters, a fellow had to

put on a brave act, but the old expression "whistling past the graveyard" was sometimes appropriate.

The cemetery was fenced and a kind of rutted track ran around the outside of most of it. There were plenty of trees and brush shading this track. You could drive your Mopeds and motor scooters back into the brush along this trail and be out of sight, if that was what you wanted. Just when, exactly, we had the idea to camp out in that desolate, forbidding area, I don't remember. It was the kind of thing you might do on a dare, and at that age we just couldn't pass up a good dare. Besides, we sometimes actually enjoyed being frightened out of our wits; as long as we had our friends there with us.

Let me mention here that this half-witted camp out scheme had nothing whatever to do with the Boy Scouts. We knew that our scoutmasters would not hear of it, so we never involved them in any way. It was a genuine, unofficial adolescent activity, ill-conceived and poorly executed.

However, as I said, we made the decision and began to make plans and prepare for the adventure. On our most recent clean-up expedition, we scouted out the perfect spot. It was a small clearing back in the brush that others had used for cozy get togethers,

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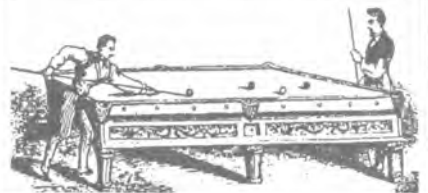
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complete with fireplace, consisting of pit, bricks and a makeshift grill for cooking. There was also thick logs cut into stools. We cleaned up all the chili cans, beer bottles and cigarette butts and declared the place habitable (for one night anyway.)

The four of us arrived at the site doubled up on two motor scooters: I rode on the back of Rick's Lambretta and Gil sat behind John on the Cushman. We had army surplus duffel bags containing air mattresses, sleeping bags, bug spray and enough canned goods and snacks to feed the proverbial Hogan's Army. We had battery powered flashlights and lanterns, ponchos in case of rain and two thick canvas pup tents (treated with a waterproofing material which felt waxy to the touch.) For protection we brought along assorted pocket knives, short baseball bats, and one pump model air rifle, our general plan was to pitch our tents, prepare dinner over the crude cooking fire, and then to stay awake as long as possible swapping tall tales and making occasional forays in and around the cemetery to show off our coolness in scary situations. The weather promised to be good, although it was very hot and there were a few clouds overhead.

Allow me to set the scene. This was a very tiny cemetery with a powerful lot of history and legend surrounding it. Everyone in the village had some story to tell about this little, abandoned graveyard and these stories were usually the kind to set the goose bumps marching up and down your spine. Most of the gravesites and the people buried there had been long neglected and forgotten. If there was anything supernatural going on there, we wanted to know for ourselves, One story we

had heard about involved a gravesite where the tombstone would not remain upright, No matter how many times the stone was righted, it would always be discovered tipped over the following morning. This was a thing we wanted to check out, so we located the stone and, with some difficulty, lifted, it into an upright position. There was also the claim that if you stood by a certain grave after dark you would feel something clutching at your ankle, like strong cold fingers reaching up through the dirt! Some people had reported seeing a body hanging from a tree in the graveyard, a tree which was located near the grave of a suspected suicide. However, no body had ever been recovered. Other strange goings-on had been noted here: unearthly sounds, unexplained glowing objects and the appearance of a shambling figure strolling about the grounds after midnight. The tradition of horrors went on and on.

At about dusk we all sat around the fire, heating up canned goods (chili, beef stew, beans, etc.) As we ate our dinner the talk be-

gan. First of all, we had a kind of contest to see who could think up the most clever epitaph. I don't remember who came up with them, but the most memorable were "of course I knew this was coming, but not so soon!" and "Now my life is ended and I have no idea what the whole thing was all about!"

A light rain had begun pattering down, so we decided to retreat into the tents and hunker down in our sleeping bags. The rain soon turned into an electrical storm, complete with strobe-like visuals and crashing sound effects. As often happens in these situations, we drifted off to sleep and didn't wake up until morning.

My wind-up alarm clock went off at 6:00 AM and we tumbled out of our shelters, all groggy and wild haired. It took a while to get the drowned fire started, but we finally got it going and began cooking bur breakfast of hash and scrambled eggs. We sat around

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on our wet log stools, eating from our army surplus mess kits and feeling pretty good about our ghost-hunting expedition. We had braved the most haunted spot in the village I (maybe in the whole town) for an overnight stay and had faced down all the horrifying stories and legends connected with the place,

After breakfast, we got all our stuff together and packed into the duffel bags. We were just about ready to leave when someone remembered that we had to get into the cemetery and check on the amazing collapsing tombstone. Guess what? It was turned over! We assured each other that the stormy wind of the night before was responsible for tipping over the tombstone. Even though the thing weighed about half a ton.

Sure, We'll believe that.

Always forgive your enemies
- if really annoys them.

Local News From 1913 Newspapers

- Hearing of the case of Jas. B. Mitchell, who is alleged to be insane, was resumed before Judge S. Morgan Stewart yesterday. Hon. Erle Pettus, solicitor, filed a motion protesting against the hearing on a writ of lunacy because the crime charged against Mitchell is a felony. The motion was overruled and the hearing proceeded. Several witnesses were examined and the case went over until today. It is apparent that Mitchell does not wish to be adjudged insane despite wanting to summon the President of the United States as a witness..

- 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 of murder. She tells a story of her husband's alleged cruel treatment of her and their children.

- The Daily Times takes pleasure in announcing that another large shipment of handsome presents for paid-in-advance subscribers, both old and new. The presents are dreams, consisting of handsome burn metal berry sets, table sets, fruit sets, etc. etc. If you have not already done so send us your heck for a years sub or you can pay it on delivery of premium and your present will be turned over to you at once.

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