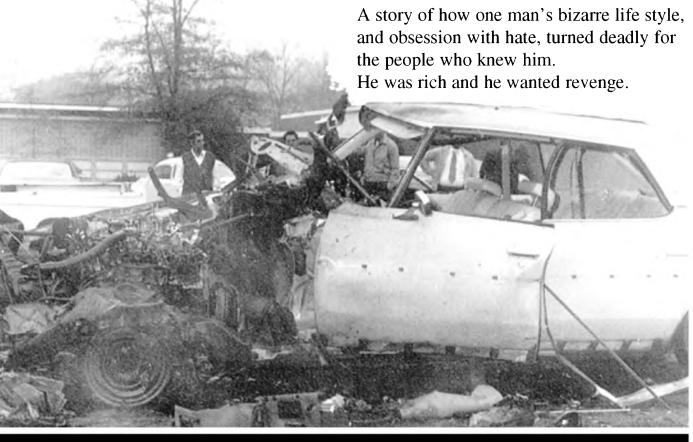


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The Obsession



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The Obsession

by Jon Jackson

They say that love and hate are a lot alike, that both run through the cracks and fissures of a man's soul and fill the dark, moist cavities that hide beneath its surface. On December the fourth, 1972, in a season of love, Loy Campbell, an attorney in Scottsboro, Alabama, bit off a big chunk of hate.

Only in the clear vision of hindsight can one say that one day began like any other. But for Campbell, this day ended like no other, that much is certain. Opening the car door at nine a.m., he slipped behind the wheel to begin the short drive to the law practice that he shared with his brother. Closing the door, Campbell inserted his key into the ignition and turned it. At that instant twelve volts, direct current, coursed from the car's battery, through the switch closed by the key, to a bundle of dynamite hidden beneath the hood of the car. The detonation left Campbell, a man who had no enemies that anyone knew of, fighting for his life and everyone who knew him asking one question: "Why?"

Born November 26th, 1927 in Langston Alabama, Loy Campbell was the son of schoolteachers hit hard by the Great Depression. Forced to move from county to county as each district ran out of money with which to pay their teachers, Campbell's parents nonetheless instilled in him the drive for excellence in both academics and athletics that earned him a scholarship to Vanderbilt. But Loy, in a fit of passion for his beloved football, chose instead to go to the University of Alabama. There he "majored in football and studied law on the side."

After graduating from Alabama with his law degree, Campbell opened a practice in Scottsboro in 1952. Soon, with the help of a wide smile and an engaging personality, he became quite popular in the small community. Within a few years Campbell began a life of public service, first as city attorney and then county solicitor. Elected to the Alabama House of Representatives in 1962, he served a four year term before retiring to Scottsboro to raise his family. And while many speculated that he would return to politics, possibly as a state senator, Campbell made it clear to everyone that he had no desire to go back into politics. One would think that a man such as this, a man living a quiet life in a community that he



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loved, would have no enemies. Yet somewhere, he did.

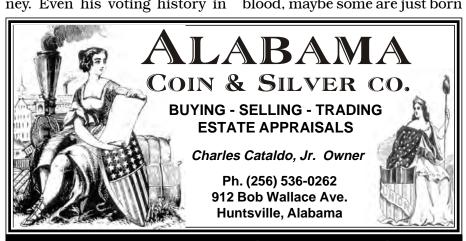
Shockwaves are funny things. Expanding from the center of an explosion they rip through space and matter at the speed of sound. In an explosion it's not the heat or the noise that kills, it's the shockwave. The shockwave that rips apart the bonds of matter and leaves things shattered. Loy Campbell lay in his car that cold December morning, shattered but still alive. In technical terms he had lost both of his legs, suffered numerous lacerations, contusions, and bruises both external and internal. Fancy words for the condition of shattered.

Within minutes medical personnel were on the scene. As they took Campbell to the hospital, law enforcement officials began the long task of finding the person or persons responsible. Some began by examining the remains of the car. Parts of which had been thrown several hundred yards onto a nearby school playground. It told them what Special Agent Donald Barrett of the ATF had already found with his experienced nose: nitroglycerin soaked into ammonium nitrate and wood pulp: Dynamite. Other officials began to question people who knew Loy Campbell. The records in his law office were searched for anyone who might have a grudge against the attornev. Even his voting history in

Montgomery was reviewed to see if it might have made anyone angry enough to commit murder. They found nothing. One observer called it "a totally senseless crime." Loy Campbell had no enemies.

Darlene Sullivan was a woman born on the wrong side of the tracks with no husband and two children in a time that still frowned on such things. How she got into a life of crime we can only guess, but April of 1974 found Sullivan in the Jackson county jail on theft charges. Then came the first real break in a case that had been cold since the day Loy Campbell had lain in the blasted wreck of his car seventeen months before. It came in the form of a friendship. Sullivan became friendly with the courthouse janitor and soon started giving out details of her life. The janitor passed at least one of those details on to Jackson County Sheriff's Deputy George Tubbs. She said she had information about the attempted murder of Loy Campbell. This got their attention. When questioned, Sullivan readily admitted that she had knowledge about the bombing but refused to cooperate until her bail was reduced and her release secured. That was the last they saw of Darlene Sullivan, for a while.

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to it. Whatever the reason, Sullivan turned up six months later in Orlando, Florida after a botched attempt at robbing a bank. She and her boyfriend, one Charles Hale, wrecked their getaway car and had had to flee on foot.

A few days later Sullivan sat in a cell, yet Hale remained at large and did not try to contact her. When the authorities began to question her about the Campbell case she saw her chance for revenge. With bitterness in her voice she told them a story that would chill even the most hardened police veteran.

Introduced to Hale only eight months earlier, he had moved in with her and the children after a two month courtship despite her knowledge that he was on probation from Draper Penitentiary and her suspicion that he was still dealing drugs. A month later Hale, high on drugs, told Sullivan that he had fallen in love with



her. "But," he continued, "there're things about me you don't know. I'm the one who blew up Loy Campbell." Sullivan then recounted how Hale showed no sense of remorse as he described how he had climbed under Campbell's car and wired the explosives to the car's ignition system. He explained that he had been doing the job for Billy Ray McCrary who, in turn, acted as a middleman for Hugh Otis Bynum. The Jackson County investigators could only look at each other in stunned amazement. While nothing that McCrary did would surprise them, Bynum was another mat-

Legends grow about the strangest things and in the criminal and law enforcement community of Jackson County, Billy Ray McCrary was the subject of many of them. Arrested an astounding fifty times before his fortieth birthday, McCrary had his fingers in everything from attempted murder to making whiskey. Yet somehow he managed to stay out of any serious jail time because of his gifts as a con man and willingness to say anything to avoid prison. And while they searched for Hale, still on the lam from the bank robbery, McCrary proved easier to find. He sat in the Jackson County jail, arrested again for bootlegging.

Bill Baxley, the Alabama State Attorney who had taken over the investigation, got directly to the point when he questioned McCrary: Talk or spend the rest of your life in jail. McCrary gave a counter offer: He would talk, but only for immunity in the Campbell case and if the bootlegging charges were



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dropped. Baxley had no real choice: Without McCrary he had no case. And so they struck a deal.

If anything, the tale that McCrary told chilled prosecutors more than Sullivan's had. The tale concerned not greed or coldbloodedness but raw, naked hate. The tale of Hugh Otis Bynum bordered on, if not overlapped, a sea of madness.

Bynum came from a wealthy family and his ancestors had been founding members of Scottsboro. While known to be worth millions, Bynum was also an eccentric who always wore the same shirts and pants and ate the same food everyday at the same restaurants - oatmeal for breakfast, mashed potatoes for lunch, and sausage and eggs for dinner. Bynum's anger stemmed from what he saw as a conspiracy against him.

From the tiniest things do the greatest insults grow. This one started with dove hunting and trespassing. In 1970 Bynum caught two black men hunting on his property and in a fit of rage he shot both of them. Although arrested and charged with attempted murder, Bynum quickly made bail and was released. In a South so recently dominated by Jim Crow many in the black community of Scottsboro and Jackson County felt that a rich, white landowner would never be

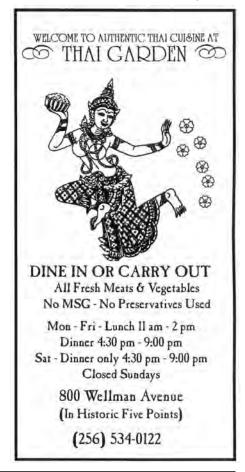
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prosecuted much less convicted of such a crime. The anger of the black community began to boil. The next night someone torched Bynum's barn and shot several of his prize-winning Angus cattle. The following night another barn of Bynum's was torched. Out of the incident came a deep, abiding hatred for the four men he saw as being responsible for his humiliation: John Reid-the mayor of Scottsboro-who Bynum accused of pandering to the black community, Jay Black—the district attorney who prosecuted the case. Bob Collins—the sheriff who had the audacity to arrest Bynum, and Lov Campbell whom Bynum hated the most. It turned out that in a bizarre twist to an already bizarre story, Campbell had defended two men who had been accused by Bynum of trying to burn his house down several vears before. Many in town believed that Bynum had hired them to do this in order to collect the insurance on the house. Whatever the case, the two men went to trial and Loy Campbell defended them and won an acquittal.

In Bynum's mind this could not be forgiven. And, as love will

do for some men, Bynum's obsession grew. From anger to hate and from hate to rage this feeling grew in the nooks and fissures and dark, moist cavities of Bynum's soul. In the fullness of time this feeling blossomed into a list. A hit list. A list that Bynum





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updated and revised whenever the mood struck him. Like a mistress or a bottle of whiskey's call to some men, the list called to Bynum. And like all things that blossom, the list eventually went to seed.

Bynum paid a visit to McCrary shortly after McCrary's release from jail in 1972. Attempting small talk for a few minutes, Bynum's impatience soon forced him to blurt out the reason for the visit. He wanted McCrary to find someone to kill the four men on his list. After a brief session of bargaining, the conspirators settled on two thousand dollars for Loy Campbell. Bynum insisted that he be first. McCrary then subcontracted the hit out to Hale who owed him a substantial drug debt.

While McCrary was being questioned, other investigators spread out into the community and began looking into the background of Bynum. What they found shocked them even more than the previous revelations.

When word leaked out that the police were investigating Hugh Otis Bynum, many in town found the idea absurd. If Bynum wanted some dead, they said, he would do it himself. His eccentricities, wearing the same

disturbed mind. Plunging beneath the surface, the investigators found a pattern of violence that stretched back years. Three charges of attempted murder, once cutting a man so badly that he needed over three hundred stitches. Several times he shot at people for no apparent reason. Once he went after a local attorney with a pistol. And another time he held the publisher of the local newspaper on the floor of a barbershop and threatened to cut his throat, supposedly because the paper had slandered his beloved cattle in an article.

But regardless of Bynum's behavior, Attorney General Bill Baxley realized that he needed more than the word of an ex-con to convict one of Scottsboro's leading citizens. McCrary himself offered, for reasons known only to him, to help the investigators by wearing a wire and meeting with Bynum again. Baxley agreed but on the condition that someone accompany McCrary. Baxley recruited Harold Wilson, an eleven-year veteran of the Alabama Highway Patrol, to pose as a rough talking hit man, the type McCrary could easily have met in prison.

A few days later McCrary and Wilson met Bynum at Tom's Res-

taurant on the Courthouse clothes and eating the same food, sat upon the surface of a truly Square in Scottsboro. McCrary Masters FEATURING: SPECIALIZED HAIR COLOR DEPARTMENT CONTEMPARY HAIRCUTS JUST FOR YOU BY "WORLD CLASS DESIGNERS" CONSULTATIONS ON STYLES CREATED "BEAUTIFUL" BRIDAL & SPECIAL EVENT STYLING Voted "One Of America's Top Salons" By Ladies Home Journal Magazine 883-6270 Main St. South Shopping Village Suite 106 - 7500 Memorial Pkway SW

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introduced Wilson as "the person who can do the job you want done." The men left the restaurant and got into McCrary's car. McCrary began asking leading questions, trying to force Bynum to incriminate himself. Wilson offered to kill the men on Bynum's hit list, beginning with Sheriff Collins for two thousand dollars. Bynum only responded with grunts and one syllable noncommittal answers.

Then Wilson spoke up. He told Bynum to make up his mind; otherwise he had "places to go." Wilson must have known something about anger because that day he played Bynum like an old six string. Consumed by his hate, consumed by the list, Bynum gave the man two hundred dollars as a down payment. Moments later Wilson and McCrary returned to the nearby Holiday Inn where Baxley was waiting.. While Bynum had not confessed to the attempted murder of Loy Campbell, Baxley felt that Bynum had given them enough. Warrants were issued for the arrest of Bynum and to seach his home.

Some people love a rumor



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like others might love a prized possession, a little whispered thing that they can tell again and again until it grows and matures, until it outlives the teller and breathes and breeds on its own. Rumors rarely live up to their billing. But when investigators arrived at Bynum's house, a subject of those rumors for years, they found a place that lived up to its billing. Weeds, vines, overgrown bushes, and junk choked the yard. The house itself, a broken-down two story that had not seen paint in years, stood on the vard like a teetering, drunken wife who had been abandoned by her husband and decided that only whiskey could heal the pain.

Inside the house investigators found almost no furnishings, only a mattress occupying the corner of one large room where



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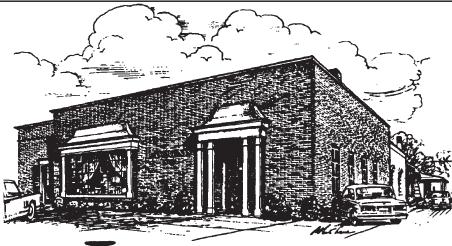
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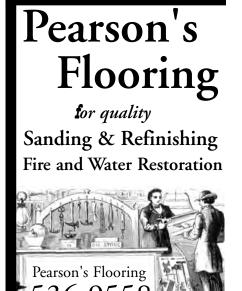
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Bynum slept. There they also found cardboard boxes that held newspaper clippings, records of cattle sales and documents dealing with his various court cases. In the closet hung two identical sets of khaki shirts and pants, apparently the only clothes he owned. In another room investigators found piles of soiled underwear, Bynum, it turned out, never bothered to wash the old ones, preferring instead to buy new ones when the old ones were too soiled to wear. Equally strange were the thousands of cardboard tubes from toilet paper rolls that Bynum seemed compelled to keep in another room.

On March 24th, 1975, two years, four months, and twenty days after the attempt on Loy Campbell's life, the trial of Hugh Otis Bynum began. Baxley led the prosecution while Roderick Beddow, a well known attorney from Birmingham, defended Bynum. Campbell sat in the courtroom, only a few feet from Bynum, and watched. "I think it was hard for Loy," a friend said later. "Although he believed the evidence proved Bynum guilty, he just had trouble understand-



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ing how, or why, a person could hate someone so much." The first part of the trial dwelled on the details of the bombing. Next the doctor's graphic description of Loy's wounds and how his legs had to be amputated had a sobering effect on the courtroom. But the best, as they say, was yet to come.

Funny thing about fame, sometimes it's clean and sweet, like a good night's sleep after a hard day's work, sometimes it's like getting sick in a parking lot after sleeping all day and honkytonking all night. Billy Ray McCrary was about to get a good dose of the latter, but for now he sat in the witness stand spinning a tale of deceit and horror. Enjoying his role as prosecution's star witness and playing his part to the hilt,





SANDERS 1215 Jordan Lane 837-6072 7538 Mem. Pkwy. S. 828-0106 McCrary described how Bynum had hired him to find someone to kill Campbell and how McCrary had, in turn, hired Hale to do the job. The courtroom buzzed with audible outrage over the fact that McCrary had been granted immunity.

When the defense cross-examined McCrary the court found out about the different schemes that he had used to con Bynum out of money for years. They ranged from setting up Bynum in crooked poker games and selling him worthless items to taking money for hit men who never showed up. One time he had sold Bynum a device, for twenty five thousand dollars, that allowed the operator to cheat at rolling dice. Afterwards he teamed up with other gamblers to cheat Bynum using the same device. McCrary's fame was being replaced by slime.

John Porch, the next witness, did even more damage to Bynum's case. A jewelry salesman from Huntsville, Porch testified that he had once conned three thousand dollars from Bynum by posing as a hit man. Porch said that he and McCrary split the money but that he had no intention of killing anyone.

The case ended with Hugh Bynum taking the stand and denying everything. Baxley though, on cross-examination, scored a big victory for the prosecution by getting Bynum to admit that he had indeed cheated people by using a rigged gambling device. This did not set well with the courtroom since many there had gambled with Bynum in the past.

On Monday, March 31st, 1975 it took the jury only five hours to find Hugh Otis Bynum guilty. The judge sentenced Bynum to the state penitentiary where he remained until he died in 1980. Until the end he remained totally obsessed by his hate list.

Billy Ray McCrary stayed out of jail in this instance. But his lifestyle made it impossible for him to remain a free man forever. In 1997, after several stints behind bars, McCrary was reported to be living somewhere in Jackson County.

Charles Hale is currently serving time in a federal penitentiary.

Darlene Sullivan served time in a federal penitentiary for women in Lexington Kentucky before being released. Her current whereabouts are unknown.

For the man that everyone described as having no enemies, the trial brought to a close the most painful episode in his life. Yet, in spite of all of his suffering, Loy Campbell refuses to be bitter. He returned to his law practice in 1975 and was eventually appointed circuit court

judge in Jackson County. He is currently retired.

Many of the facts in this story were taken from the book, "Lie Down With Dogs," by Byron Woofin who did an outstanding job in meticulously researching and documenting every detail of the case.

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The Ritz Cafe

by Susie M. Jennings

Up until the end of World War II, the small town of Huntsville was known a small mill town, where everyone knew their neighbor and folks were close and neighborly, because the times were hard and jobs were few.

As soon as Redstone Arsenal came into existence, this small town was forever changed. Some changes were good and some were not so good. It seemed there were jobs for everyone. I had just dropped out of high school expecting to find a job. If you have ever looked for a job with zero experience, you know what happened. So when I read the ad in Huntsville Times: "Waitress wanted: Good Salary, good tips, meals furnished", I walked from my home on Wells Avenue (in

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shoes too tight for my feet) to apply. I was hired.

I would like to say here that Herman Taylor and Herman Jr. were good to me and treated me respectfully. I was taught to carry six plates of food and how to safely deliver them to the table as well as six cups of coffee, the same. The first order of business was neatness and cleanliness in appearance, a glass of water for every customer. It was scary at the time but never have I been embarrassed to seek a waitress job since.

Every waitress that ever worked at the Ritz was given a nickname: Big Mamma, Bones, Legs, Grandma, Knucklehead, Susie Q, Pepper, and Thumper.

We were like one big family. Tempers flared sometimes. More often than not, situations were resolved and the work went on. When things got really bad, one of the bosses would invite you into the alley and you returned to your job with a new attitude. On any given day of the week, when you walked into the Ritz, you would be greeted by Herman or Junior with his pipe (a constant companion) and the hustle of packing lunches for arsenal workers and fisherman on their way for a day's outing. The smell of fresh coffee brewing, bacon, sausage and biscuits, and gravy. Sometimes country ham and red eye gravy would entice customers to come in and sample. The Ritz was well known for it's half



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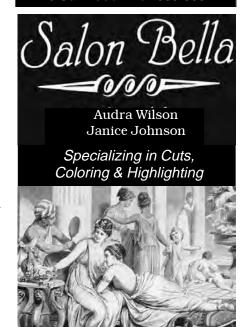
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dollar size biscuits with sausage and gravy. The early risers that I recall were Roscoe Roberts, James Record, J.C. Turner, Frasier, McDaniel, Jay Morgan, Murphy and Jimmy Brocato.

Employees on the AM shift, were Alene Stewart, Diane Upton (Big Mamma), who was teased often about her hairstyle. We never knew if she would report in as a red head, a blonde, or brunette. She loved to go to the Snuff Dipper's Ball on Saturday nights. She was loved by everyone.

Alene was called Grandma, for her love and concern for all of us in training. I recall Herman Sr. telling us to "get the lead out" meaning "get busy now". Herman Jr. would sit up front and listen to the radio while doing the accounting work with a pipe in his mouth and scratching his bald head and trying to figure out the day's tickets. There was one ticket that neither of us could ever decipher.

Junior made me angry one day. I was sick but he needed me to work through lunch, so I did. We both laughed about the fact that I worked more tickets that day than I ever did or have since.

While attending our reunion, Thelma Overstreet (Legs) shared with me her most embarrassing moment at The Ritz. She had started to set a platter down when the food on the plate slid off into the customer's lap.

An embarrassing moment for

me happened on a slow afternoon. I was told to skidoo (clean) under the counter where pancake syrup and ketchup was stored. By the time I fetched my bucket of warm soapy water and cloth, my boss's wife was standing right in the area where I was to be working. She was chatting with J.C. Turner (married to J.B. Webb's sister - another story). I finally excused myself to get access to the area and she moved over and continued to talk. I had almost finished my job when I noticed a syrup jar. Reaching for the jar, it slipped out of my hand and all of the syrup spilled into the boss's wife's shoe. She took it like a lady, but boy was my face red.

Jimmy Nayman was chef and I loved him from the first time I laid eyes on him. So did all the other girls - which I soon learned. I had just come through a bad marriage and would have loved any man who showed kindness to me.

Christmas was a special time at The Ritz. Someone named "Sarg" would bring in "white lightening" - a poor girl's champagne. Nevertheless, both cus-

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tomers and employees were joyful.

We often fed dignitaries from the courthouse (tips were good those days). I remember Judge Thomas Jones. He may have been short of stature but he stood tall, in matters of the heart. He would often drop in around two or three o'clock for two cornbread muffins and a glass of buttermilk.

I recall waiting on waiting on Dr. Werhner Von Braun. Mr. Taylor called me up front and asked if I knew whom I had served. When I answered no, he nodded toward the table where I received a very nice tip.

I recall a well known business man who often came in for lunch with his wife and friends.

The brain is an amazing organ. It begins working the moment you get up in the morning and doesn't quit til you get in the office.

On this particular day I did not recognize his wife in the group so I asked where the wife was. The group burst out in laughter then silence. He explained that this is she, wearing a blonde wig today.

Junior had a sign up over the door, which read "The world's most famous coffee drinkers have passed through these doors".

The one thing I would hold in my heart and my memories about the Taylor family is that they were never afraid to stand up for their convictions. Junior did what he believed right and his dad stood firm when everyone else (businesses) moved to the Parkway. The Swan Room was opened upstairs where Rachel's Beauty shop formerly was. During the last few years of operation there were several break-ins. The doors of the well loved and respected

Ritz Cafe were closed

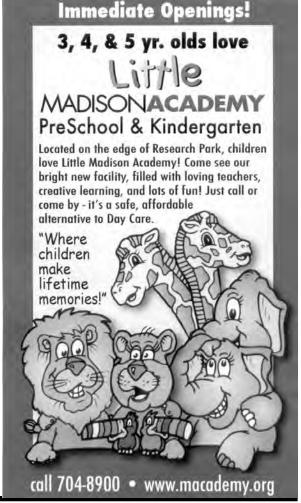
forever.

Rules For Bathing in the 1800's

- Bathe one hour before breakfast, or what is much better, one hour before dinner.
- The stomach should always be empty when we bathe.
- Never take the cold bath when the temperature of the body is below the natural standard.
- We should take exercise before and after the warm bath; the importance of this is every day evidenced where bathing is practised.
- After leaving the water, the body should be briskly wiped with a coarse towel, and immediately covered with sufficient clothing to excite or preserve the healthy temperature.
- We should never remain long in the water, from ten to fifteen minutes is sufficient for a good cleansing.



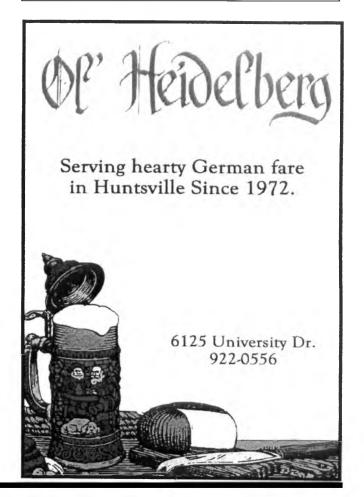












Huntsville Coffee Talk by Aunt Eunice

With pearls of wisdom contributed by the Liar's Table

This month's column is written by Cathey Carney.

Well, as most of you already know, **Aunt Eunice** has had a rough time during the past month but she says to tell everyone she is starting to feel better and looking forward to being back at the restaurant soon.

If anyone wants to send her an e-mail they can do so at **oldhuntsville@knology.net** and we will make sure she gets it.

Troy and **Genora Jones** were down from Riceville, TN. visiting the **Tuckers** on Hurricane Creek. They spent their time catching up on family news.

Leon Towery is back home after his heart surgery. He's doing great and says to tell his friends to stop by and see him.

We're so sorry to hear that **Judge Loy Campbell** is in the hospital. Our prayers go out to him and his family.

John and **Sue Shaver** recently returned from a long weekend in Chicago where they

relaxed and visited the art museum. John says they had intended going to a Cubs baseball game until they found out the price of tickets - they started at \$600 each.

Ann Eittreim continues to improve after a bad fall she suffered while visiting relatives in Iowa. Her husband **Kinley** Eittreim is a retired Lutheran priest.

Looks like the next mayor's election is going to be all about the ladies - **Loretta** and **Mary Jane!** Loretta's going to be hard to beat but Mary Jane is a fighter.

Isn't Huntsville a wonderful place? I stopped by a flower shop the other day and one of the salespeople (who had recently moved here from Detroit) commented that Huntsville was probably the only place in the country where someone could order flowers and have them sent to an **Aunt Eunice** - with no last name, no address and no phone number. He said he was the only person in Huntsville who didn't know who she was but says he

learned fast!

We sure have had a lot of anniversaries this past month. Our good friend **Ron Eyestone** - Mayor of Sweetbriar Hollow - carried his lovely wife **Barb** to Florida for their anniversary. We hear they had a good time.

Congratulations to **Cecil Ashburn** and his wife **Margaret** for 60 years of a wonderful life together. Boy, that sure is a long time!

Congratulations to Michael Meyer who was recently accepted into the Golden K Kiwanis club.

We hear our friend **Sam Russell** is working on a new play. We don't know what it's about but if it turns out to be as good as he practices law, it'll be a block-buster!

Our prayers go out to **John Gurley** who has been having a rough time lately.

Chuck and **Annelie Owens** just returned from a short trip to Asheville, NC. They love seeing the leaves change this time of year - hope they didn't run into

Photo of The Month

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

Hint: His family has been doing the same thing for years.





any bears up there!

There were so many people who loved and remembered **Jack Dempsey**, and attended his memorial service. **Ercie Baker** was at the service and reminded us of something about Jack that hasn't been publicized. Back in the early 80's, Jack was a volunteer at the Madison County Jail, helping the inmates to get their GED's. He was there on a regular basis, teaching them and giving them hope for the future.

Tom Gurley says to say that he hopes everyone had a wonderful Halloween and sends best wishes for a good holiday season. He and his wife **Donna** sure are looking forward to spending Thanksgiving with their daughter **Krisa** and son **John** who is working in Charleston, SC as a bridge builder.

Ken and Diane Owens are thrilled to have their son Brandon back from Reno, NV where he and his wife Susan have lived for the past 7 years. They are now living in Murfreesboro but sure do make a lot of trips to Huntsville!

Roger (Foots) McCauley, a former Thiokol employee, is on the way to a good recovery in Huntsville Hospital and thanks all his friends for all their calls and good wishes.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the friends and family of **Dr. Maurice Tipton**, He was born and raised in Sharp's Cove and moved to Russellville many years ago.

Our good friend **John Ashburn** tells us that his grandmother has not been well lately. Hurry up and get well!

We saw **Lori** and **David Smith** the other day, walking with their children near East Clinton school. They sure are a nice family.

Sam Keith sure is walking around proud these days. He's about to become a grandfather

and doesn't mind telling you about it!

Byron Laird, also known as "Tillie's husband," celebrated a birthday this past month. We won't tell you which one, but he passed the three-quarter century mark two years ago.

Linda Drace had a great time in Washington D.C. a couple weeks ago. She got to see all the sights and had her picture taken with **General Franks**. Says she still doesn't like to fly though!

Happy Birthday to **Todd Whitstone**. His wife, **Donna**, is one of the sweetest ladies in town and sure is proud of him.

We saw **Michael Dendy** playing drums at the Furniture Factory recently. Most of us old timers remember his grandfather, **Frank Riddick**, who used to be the sheriff. Michael sure does favor him.

Well, that's about all for this month, but Aunt Eunice says please remember that she loves all of you.

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A Different Thanksgiving

Sweet Potato Balls

1-12-oz. can sweet potatoes

1 egg, separated

1/2 t. salt

1/2 t. cinnamon

2 T. cinnamon

2 T. melted butter

6 marshmallows

Crushed corn flakes

Mash potatoes well, add egg yolk, salt, cinnamon and butter. Mix well. Mold potato mixture around the marshmallows. Beat egg white til foamy. Roll balls in egg whites, then in corn flakes. place in buttered baking dish, bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes and golden brown.

French Fried Onions

1 c. flour 2 eggs 2/3 c. milk

1 T. melted butter

Pinch salt

Peel your onions, slice in a bowl of milk. Let stand for 15 minutes, drain, dry with a paper towel. Beat eggs, add salt, butter, milk and flour mixing well to make a smooth batter. Fold in the onions, then drop them into deep hot shortening til golden brown.

Southern Greens

5 lb. mustard & turnip greens

2 lbs. ham hocks

2 qts. water

1 t. crushed red pepper Salt and pepper to taste

Vinegar

Cover ham hocks with the water and boil for an hour. Remove stems from greens and wash thoroughly in cold water. Add greens, red pepper, salt and pepper and 1/2 cup vinegar to pot. If there are turnips attached to the greens, peel, dice and add

to the pot. Boil for 45 minutes and greens are tender. Serve with hot pepper sauce on the side.

Cornmeal Dumplings

1 c. cornmeal 1/2 t. black pepper ham stock

While ham stock is boiling, pour some of it over the meal mixture and stir into the dough. Make it stiff enough to form balls the size of an egg and drop in briskly boiling stock. Reduce heat and simmer 20 minutes.

Fried Okra and Rice

6 slices bacon

1 pint okra

1 c. water

1 c. uncooked white rice

Salt/pepper to taste

Cut okra into rings, fry bacon and okra rings together til okra is tender. Add rice and water. Cook slow til rice is dry, then salt and pepper to taste.

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Old Style Beets

3 c. cooked sliced beets

1/2 c. sugar

1 T. cornstarch

1/2 t. salt

1/2 c. mild vinegar

Cook and stir last four ingredients, when clear add beets and place in pan, covered, over hot water for thirty minutes. Before serving heat beets again and add two tablespoons butter.

Mama's Baked Pork Chops

4-6 pork chops, center-cut 1 large onion, thinly sliced 1 large orange, thinly sliced salt and pepper

In a shallow baking dish, place a layer of onion and orange; salt and pepper pork chops on both sides and place in dish. Top with a layer of onions and oranges. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

Filet of Beef

1 filet of beef

2 cloves minced garlic

1 stick melted butter

2 T. freshly ground pepper

1/2 c. red wine

Saute garlic in butter, add pepper and wine. Pour mixture over beef, let marinate in fridge for 2 hours. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes til rare or medium rare.

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Meat Loaf with Topping

1 1/2 lbs. ground chuck

1 lb. ground pork

1 1/2 c. cooked rice

1 t. salt

1/2 t. pepper

1/2 t. garlic powder

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix all ingredients and press lightly into a 9"x 5" pan. Make top of loaf flat to allow for topping.

Topping for Meat Loaf

1 c. flour

1 t. baking powder

1/2 t. salt

1/2 t. sage

1 t. shortening

3/4 c. milk

1/2 c. corn meal

2 t. sugar

1/4 t. pepper

1/2 t. thyme

3 eggs, beaten

Combine in a mixing bowl the flour, corn meal, baking powder, sugar, salt, sage, thyme and pepper. Cut in shortening. Add eggs, milk, blend well. Pour over top of meat loaf, bake for an hour at 350 degrees.

Buttermilk Die

1/4 c. flour

1/2 c. butter, melted

1/2 c. buttermilk

1 1/2 c. sugar

1/2 t. vanilla

3 eggs

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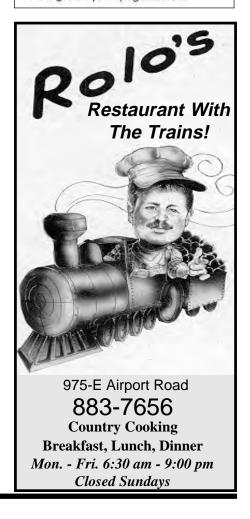
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- Too Many Items to List -

1 unbaked 9" pie shell

Mix all ingredients throroughly and pour into pie shell, bake at 350 degrees for an hour. This will disappear fast!





Ladies of the Night

by Judy Wills

The theme of the wicked lady with the heart of gold runs through our literature from the Biblical Rahab, the Harlot, an ancestor of Jesus, to that friend of Rhett Butler's, Belle Watley, in Gone With The Wind.

Huntsville has its own version, but it was fact, not fiction. Huntsville Hospital owes its existence to the generosity of the town's most colorful madam, Mollie Teal. She bequeathed her house, the most popular bordello in town, first to a friend, and then upon the friend's death to the city of Huntsville. It became the City Infirmary and operated until 1926 as a hospital. It was one of the most modern hospitals in North Alabama, even having its own School of Nursing. It remained in operation until Huntsville Hospital opened.

Mollie became quite well off financially as a result of her "business." She bought the house at the corner of St. Clair and Gallatin for a mere \$300 and a few years later was able to mortgage it for \$1,900, a debt she soon repaid. It was an ex-

travagant, well run house where a shot of whiskey could be had for 25 cents and the favors of an attentive lass would cost you \$5 for the night.

Part of the public's confidence in Mollie's probably was the fact that her girls had regular health inspections.

Miss Bessie Russell, for whom the branch library is named, was the widow of the physician who was charged with health inspections at Mollie's place.

Mrs. Russell remembered her mother talking about Mollie, saying "she was the most attractive person you ever saw." She always carried a parasol and when she took her afternoon ride in her long black carriage

with the two black horses, she was considered, by most people, to be an extremely glamourous lady.

Mollie was an acute business woman who knew the value of publicity. One year, during the 4th of July parade, she dressed her ladies in their finest garb and joined the parade, to the delight of many onlookers. She was not on the official parade schedule, but as an observer later commented, "She did add interest."

Mollie's ghost was said by many to have haunted the hospital for years after her death. There was a screen door that had a habit of slamming and hooking itself shut. The long time employees joked that it was Mollie checking on the customers.

Another legend concerns her grave in Maple Hill Cemetery. Ever since her death almost a century ago, fresh flowers have been periodically placed on her grave. No one knows who is doing it.

While Mollie Teal is the most



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colorful and best known of Huntsville's "Fancy Ladies," she was certainly not the only one. Minnie Maples' establishment, though smaller than Mollie's, was equally well known around the turn of the century. She and her employees advertised their wares by dressing up and promenading on the city's sidewalks. Heavily made up, wearing big flowery hats and exquisite clothing, they attracted much attention on their daily excursions.

May Wells, June Martin, Jewel Earl, and "Gashouse Carrie" were other prominent Huntsville madams, but in the 1920s and 30s the best known was Hazel Battle. Her house was located near the present day site of Meadow Gold Dairy, and though illegal, had the reputation of being a well regulated house. The only disturbances were an occasional police raid when some of the girls would be jailed long enough to get their health checkups.

Many of Huntsville's outstanding citizens were regular patrons of the houses, as evidenced by an incident that happened in the late 1800s. One of the bordellos caught fire and the fire department quickly showed up and extinguished the blaze, which proved to be minor. Needless to say, the girls were so impressed by the brave, courageous firemen that they invited them to stay for a while and "relax."

And needless to say, when word spread among the volunteer fire department of the madam's offer, other firemen, even from out in the county, begin showing up, "to make sure the fire is out."

Unfortunately, the Huntsville Police Department chose this exact time to stage one of their raids. The firemen were promptly arrested and thrown in the calaboose. Furious, the volunteer firemen resigned, leaving Huntsville without fire protection until the matter was straightened out.

Some of the prostitutes married well. Miss Bessie Russell remembered that her husband was astonished at the number of young men who married women

right out of the houses. Though "polite society" never mentions the fact, there are still several elderly matriarchs in Huntsville today who got their start in a much more colorful place than the Huntsville Country Club.



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Life In The Good Old Days

In the 1800's, 95 percent of all Americans lived on farms or in towns of less than 2,500 people.

Less than 1/3 of people had ever traveled more than one hundred miles from where they were born (except for military service).

Half of the women could write their names, while 2/3 of the men were literate.

The average working day was 12 hours.

Most women married at 23 or 24 and most men at 26.

There were no right and left shoes - all were straight. Each person alternated his or her shoes from right foot to left foot daily so that they wore evenly.

The average family consumed 12 gallons of alcholic beverages every year.

Less than 1/2 of the people had ever seen a doctor.

About a third of the women who married were pregnant on their wedding day. They could expect to become pregnant every two or three years thereafter, having 5 to 10 pregnancies in a lifetime.

Most women married their first beau.

The Grand Shine Dry Cleaners

One of Huntsville's unique attractions in the late 1940s was the Grand Shine Dry Cleaners that offered on the spot dry cleaning and pressing for the individual with a busy schedule.

Unfortunately, many of his clients were farmers who only owned one suit, and it was the one they wore to town to do their shopping. Many of these farmers wanted to have their suit cleaned while in town, but, not having another change of clothes, were forced to hide in the restroom while the employees hastily drycleaned the suit.

In an effort to rectify the problem, Mr. Johnson acquired a large barrel which he placed in the front lobby of his establishment. The front of the barrel was fitted with a hinged door allowing customers to enter, where they could remove their clothes and wait for them to be cleaned.

It also gave the customers a chance to converse with other people who had business in the shop.

The price was 50 cents a suit, or 65 cents if you used the barrel.





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A Brave Man

One of the Alabama regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the battles around Richmond.

The Alabamians, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing, to the utter mortification of the officers and men, their flag which remained in the hands of the enemy.

Suddenly a tall Alabamian, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked a squad of Yankees, who had possession of the flag, with his musket, felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and

returned safely back to his regiment.

The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades all greatly praising him for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergeancy on the spot, but the hero cut everything short by the reply:

"Oh, never mind, Captain! Say no more about it. I dropped my whisky flask among the Yankees and when I fetched it back, well, I thought I may as well bring the flag back too!"

Son Is A Thief

If anyone has knowledge of the whereabouts of my son, Jere Williams, please notify the sheriff. He has stolen the stock and furnishings of my home to pay off gambling debts. Any man buying such is forewarned.

from 1902 newspaper

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Isaac Criner

by Tom Kenny

In 1802, Isaac Criner, Joseph Criner, his uncle and Stephen McBroom his cousin, followed an old Indian trail from eastern Tennessee, and crossed the mountains into present day Madison County, near New Market. After exploring the nearby countryside, Joseph Criner selected a site and the men constructed a substantial two room cabin before returning to Tennessee for their families. In the spring of 1803 the group returned and temporarily lived in the cabin they had built for Joseph Criner.

Isaac, who had brought his mother Rebecca and brother Granville with him, built a cabin adjoining a spring near the mountain fork of the Flint River a few miles from the home of Joseph. McBroom picked out a home site near present day Gurley. His cabin was the last to be built. The Criners and McBroom were the first settlers of Madison County but they were not the first white men to set foot in it.

John Ditto, or Ditteau, had visited the Big Spring, and built a shack nearby but did not stake out a homestead. Ditto was a trader and a wanderer. In a short time he picked-up and moved near present day Ditto's Landing on the Tennessee River where he set up a trading post and later

established a ferry service. Samuel Davis came to the Big Spring prior to John Hunt. He constructed a foundation for a cabin and left to bring his family to what he hoped would be their future home. John Hunt had come down the old trail and stopped over for a spell at David Larkin's place below Salem town. He arrived at Criner's cabin and stayed there for a few days. During his visit, Isaac Criner gave Hunt a description of the Big Spring and directions

for getting there. The next morning before Hunt left he was given a goodly supply of fresh baked bread, made by Rebecca Criner, Isaac's mother. When Hunt reached the spring he found the foundation left by Davis. He built a cabin on the ready made foundation.

When Davis returned with his wife and children he found Hunt occupying his site. This must have been an interesting encounter, but it appears Davis gave way to Hunt. Isaac Criner later said

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Davis came by his place and was going to settle near present day New Market.

Isaac Criner's homestead was about a mile outside the boundary line of the land acquired by the Federal government from the Chickasaw and Cherokee Indians. It was situated on a narrow strip of land that was not acquired from the Indians until 1819. Criner would often be removed from his home by the United States Army, and he would go over to land he held within the 1805 purchase and remain there until the soldiers departed. About this time his cabin was burned by the Indians. He had built a larger log cabin near the site of his future plantation home. This construction may have disturbed the Indians and brought about the burning of the smaller cabin.

Criner had a good, friendly relation with the nearby Indian tribes. His only problems were of a negligible nature such as petty thefts of anything not nailed down. Everything had to be brought into the cabin at night or it would not be there in the morning. Fortunately, Criner had the good sense not to shoot at prowling thieves.

Isaac Criner owned two slaves who were excellent car-

penters. These men supervised and built his plantation house from yellow poplar wood. It was the largest house in the neighborhood and required a year to complete the work. The larger cabin was moved back to make way for the new construction and was later used as slave quarters.

Seven rooms were laid out with four of the larger rooms making up the main part of the house. A dividing wall separated the two upstairs rooms. To go from one upstairs room to the other, it was necessary to come down to the first floor and then go up another stairway. This was devised to give the girls the pri-

vacy of one side of the dwelling and the boys the other. Slave quarters were built at the rear and west side of the residence. Outbuildings consisted of a large smokehouse, a storage building and a big kitchen with a huge fireplace.

During the Civil War, the Criners received many frights from the Yankees. The worst occurred after a skirmish, not far from New Market on the road between Hazel Green and Winchester, in which General McCook, a Federal officer, was killed while being borne along in an ambulance. His regiment was enraged and began burning houses throughout the area.

The soldiers had taken the Criner's horses and their house was in line to be burned. Martha Criner took her father's Masonic emblem and went to the Union General and begged him to spare their homes and return their



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horses.

He agreed not to burn the house but said it was impossible to return the horses.

Then she begged him to give her only her horse.

The General laughed and said, "Why out of all that number you wouldn't even know your horse."

"Just watch me." she cried. Running among the hundreds of horses, she gave a whistle. Within seconds, a single horse detached itself from the thousands of others in the pasture and trotted over to where she stood.

Isaac Criner lived 93 years. His good habits of life surely contributed to his longevity. He used neither whiskey or tobacco, coffee or hot tea. His spring was about 200 feet from his front porch and every day his habit was to go to that spring, winter or summer, wash and bathe his face and head and return to the house before using a towel. Many times his hair would be frozen by the time he finished his morning ritual.

A true hardy pioneer type, though a clean one!

Want Ads from 1907

Wanted - agent for Nashville Banner. Pays forty dollars a month. Must be reliable and a hustler. See John H. Lackey, Huntsville Hotel.

Wanted - white woman for house work and place for a boy twelve years old for his board and clothes to work around the house or farm. Apply at Salvation Army quarters, 703 Pratt Ave., or call phone 181.

Lost - two \$10 bills, one gold certificate and a silver certificate, between Clinton and Madison Streets. Reward for return to J.M. McKee.

For rent - two furnished rooms heated by furnace. Men preferred. 242 Walker Street. \$1.50 a week.

For sale - 40 acre farm near New Hope. Includes two mules, 6 head of cattle and good barn. Also all implements needed to set up farming. Will take \$4000 in notes or currency. Contact at the newspaper office.



"I'm just afraid the Volkswagen car is going to open the door to a whole lot of foreign business."

Comment made in 1957

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(Across The Street From Jerry Damson Honda)

Rules for Teachers in the Year 1882

Below are the actual rules imposed on all Alabama schoolteachers by the Board of Education

- ${\bf l}$. Each day teachers will fill lamps and clean the chimneys.
- 2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal each day.
- 3. Make pens carefully. Whittle nibs to individual tastes of students.
- 4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings if they go to church.
- 5. After ten hours in school, the teacher may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
- 6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
- 7. Every teacher should lay aside a goodly sum from earnings to benefit his declining years so that he will not become a burden to society.
- 8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to be suspected of his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
- 9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase. of twenty five cents per week in his pay, providing that the Board of Education approves.

Downtown in 1909

- The policemen on day duty presented an imposing sight when they began their rounds on horse back. From now on every section of the city will be

covered during the day by the mounted men. This has been the law for years but it has been neglected and many of the policemen found it more comfortable to walk than to ride horseback.

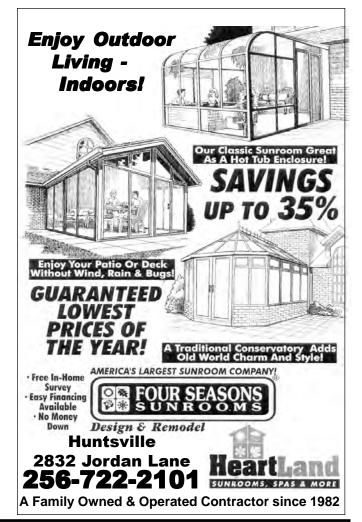
- That deer in the court yard is going to cripple someone yet and who is going to pay the damage? Is the county responsible? Put the buck in a fenced-in corner of the yard or else have him removed entirely from the court yard.

For Rent in 1911

7 room house on Randolph Street. Will make improvements if rented for a year to suite the tenant. \$25 per month.

4 room house in good condition on Pratt Avenue. Will rent for \$10 per month.

3 room apartment on square. Will rent for \$14 per month





Letter from a Yankee Soldier

Huntsville, Alabama, May 22, 1864 Friend Lucy:

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

I will write you a few lines anyhow, if they are not so interesting, as George says, and we have been here nearly two weeks, and I am very much pleased with the place. I think this is the most beautiful country I ever saw. Nature has done everything for this country. Allowing me to use the phrase it is God's own land, beautifully supplied with the necessary, and blessings of life. You don't know about beautiful flowers up north. We have them here of every variety and description and the richest color imaginable. I wish I could send you a sample of them and have you enjoy them as they look here. Huntsville is enthusiastically a city of flowers.

There are a great many fine private residences in this city. I passed one the other day that particularly pleased me. It was built of freestone, in the Gothic style of architecture, the doors guarded by sculptured lions, birds, etc. The grounds were laid out in terraces covered with shade trees, evergreens and flowers. There were several fine arbors and I counted some twenty marble statues distributed throughout the grounds. I think if I was the owner of such a place,

I would be contented, get married and settle down for the remainder of my life on this earth.

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

We have excellent quarters in the Huntsville Court House. The whole of the second floor is assigned to us for practicing and sleeping rooms. Our dining room is just across the street. We have an old darky and his wife to do our cooking and they are pretty good cooks. The General is pretty much pleased with his bunch and is going to get us the appointment of post band. If he does so, we will probably stay here during the war or until our time of enlistment is out. I am so well pleased with my position that I would not change positions with a captain. We are situated here, we enjoy ourselves, as we

only have to play for the government about an hour and a half out of 24. The rest of the time we do what we please. The General gives us privileges that but few solders get. The band has been out serenading nearly every night since we have been here for the officers on such occasions. The best of' wines and liquors are placed before us. To partake of this is an awful place for a temperance man. I don't think I am in much danger. I was never much of a hand to drink spirits and less so now than ever.

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

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shall expect an answer soon. Most respectfully yours,

Theo. Pomeroy
1st. Brigade Band
3rd. Div. 15 Army Corp.
Huntsville. Alabama

A Confident Politician

In one of the most unusual elections in Huntsville's history, the winner could not be found to be sworn in!

Erwin Wallace, in 1850, was running for the position of mayor, when sensing he did not have enough votes to win, decided to move to Mississippi. When the votes were counted, Wallace was declared to be the winner, and a search party was formed to try to locate and induce him to return.

Old Huntsville Trivia

1869 - John Hays catches a 104-pound sturgeon in the Tennessee River and auctions it off at the market house for \$3.50.

1871 - Thirteen gas lamps are put on city streets and Huntsville appoints its first official Lamplighter, Aaron Franks.

1877 - The county poorhouse, located off Whitesburg Drive near what became the airport, is sold to Willis W. Garth.

1877 - Huntsville is not a Mardi Gras city - the third annual Mardi Gras celebration is a complete flop.

1889 - The Huntsville city fathers pass an ordinance that forbids lewd women to ride through Huntsville on horseback.

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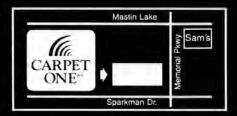
My mind works like lightning - one brilliant flash and it's gone.

Paul Firenzi



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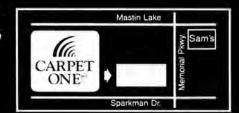
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Country Ham Breakfast from Aunt Eunice's with purchase of \$500 or more. Bring this ad in



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News From The Year 1928

News From Huntsville and Around The World

City Fathers Earn Pay

Huntsville - Local wags agree the city fathers are earning their pay this year as they struggle over some of the hardest decisions they have faced in years.

*Topping the list is the controversial bridge that has been proposed to be built across the Tennessee River at Whitesburg. Opponents claim the bridge will be a costly eyesore serving only the privileged few who own automobiles. The present design offers no means for pedestrians or livestock to cross the river other than riding in an automobile.

*In another highly controversial decision the city has voted to get rid of the horse watering troughs located downtown. The decision was based on a recent survey that showed automobiles narrowly outnumbering horses in the city limits.

*A proposal, offered by the owner of a livery stable, to ban gasoline pumps within the city limits, was not voted on.

*City chambers were packed

nance enforcing one-hour parking on downtown streets was introduced. Business leaders were adamant in expressing their beliefs that such an ordinance would destroy their business. The city is now rumored to be investigating the purchase of automatic parking devices that would require money to be deposited before a person would be allowed to park.

Huntsville Selected For Spring Training Camp

News was received here today that the Albany Senators, a well known baseball team. has selected Huntsville as their spring training camp. Other teams are reported to be adjusting their schedules so as to play in Huntsville. A large boost is expected in the local economy.

at end in U.S. to overflowing when an ordi-Stamford - In a speech before 70,000 cheering supporters Herbert Hoover accepted the Republican nomination for President.

Hoover is running on the campaign slogan, "A chicken in every pot and a car in every garage." In speeches across the nation Hoover has proclaimed that "poverty in America is at an end and never again will anyone go hungry."

Hoover says poverty

When asked about recent reports of the stock market being over-valued, he dismissed any suggestion that a crash could occur. "This country will never see another stock market collapse."



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Production of Televisons to Begin

Newark, N.J. - The Daven Corporation has announced plans to produce and sell viewing boxes described as televisions. The boxes will feature a three inch glass screen mounted in a wooden cabinet about four feet tall. The viewer is expected to sell for \$75, a price prohibitive to most of the general public. Plans have already been announced for a more advanced model, with tuning controls, to be released next year. The new model will be more costly.

Montgomery Ward to open downtown store

Huntsville - Officials of Montgomery Ward have announced plans to open a new store on the north side of the courthouse square in the Fletcher building. The store is expected to employ 20 or 25 people and offer the latest styles in clothing and home fashions. There are also plans to incorporate a soda fountain into the store's layout; a fact that will surely be appreciated by the courthouse crowd.

For the first time Huntsvillians will truly have onestop shopping.

Wall Street Has Hard Day

March 28. Fortunes were both made and lost in vesterday's record trading on the New York Stock Exchange.

The biggest day in Wall Street history found 4,790,270 shares changing hands as the tickers stuttered fitfully in trying to keep up with the day of frantic trading. At one point, the stock tickers fell 33 minutes behind the actual trading on the floor, thus adding to the general confusion.

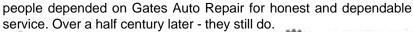
It was a day of spectacular changes, a feverish battle for the dollar. Even within the space of just ten minutes, price swings

made the difference of millions of dollars in the open market value of the leading securities.

General Motors, whose stock had soared to record highs earlier this month, proved to be the center of attack yesterday, retreating down the ladder in breathtaking jumps. By day's end, its stock had declined more than eight points from a high of 198. Other big losers during the day included Chrysler Corporation, Hudson Motors, Hupp Motors, United States Steel, Vanadium Corporation, Atlas Powder and Du Pont.

Gates Auto Repair Co., Inc. **Dehaan Gates** Owner / Manager

In 1939 Huntsville was recovering from the Great Depression. Money was hard to come by and

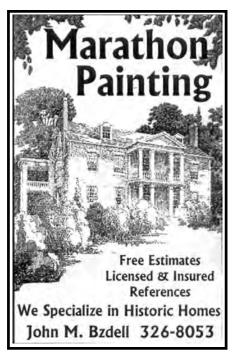




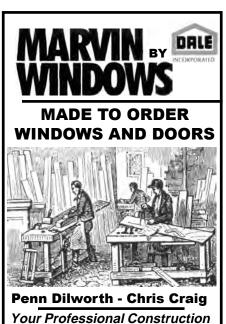
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Fistory of Madison County "The Early Settlers" Written by Judge Taylor in the year 1890

If asked what were the first necessities of early pioneer life, most of us would say bread and salt and it is natural to suppose that the procuring of these articles was the first care of our ancestors, yet they were sometimes compelled to live a while without either. Unless the emigrants happened to settle near an Indian village, which was not done in this county as the settlements had no permanent settlements here, the procuring of these articles frequently involved a journey of fifty or a hundred miles and transportation on pack horses.

When my grandfather settled at Estill's Factory near Winchester (around 1800) he brought his bread and salt near Nashville the first year and although the early settlers had to go up to the neighborhood of Winchester for their first supplies, yet that involved a journey of forty or fifty miles which took a large amount of time and labor and if their bread gave out they substituted jerked venison.

They made it an object the first year to make corn enough for bread and as there were no mills each well regulated family made a hominy mill by burning and cutting a large bowl in the end of a large stick of timber and using a pestle, usually run by a sweep. Many who were far from the mills used bread made in this way for many years.

After they had made a corn crop there were different substitutes for bread. Lye hominy was one of the best and most common because everybody could procure clean wood ashes for the purpose and there are but few better preparations of Indian

corn than a good quality of lye hominy.

Flour, or wheton bread, was but seldom seen as it was brought from Tennessee and Virginia, but as the country increased in population most of the flour was brought down the Tennessee River to Ditto's Landing, where there was a flour inspector to see that the flour was properly graded and branded.

About meat there was never any great trouble for game, especially deer, was abundant but to keep a supply of salt was a matter of serious difficulty. Salt first came from Virginia and East Tennessee and was sometimes hauled all the way from Virginia salt works to Huntsville. Some of the early settles went to Nashville after it and brought it down on pack horses.

When it had to be brought in sacks on pack horses, a two bushel sack was an adequate yearly supply for a large family.

The salt manufacturers at the head waters of the Tennessee were soon abundantly able to supply the country and it was hauled down the river in wagons over rough roads to all parts of the county. Sometimes the keelboats that carried cotton down Paint Rock and Flint brought back a load of salt, but it was very hard work to pull a

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boat up the current with even a light cargo.

At first many depended on game for a supply of meat which they shot or trapped and every well regulated family had one or two steel traps. For hunting they used the old fashioned flint lock rifle. Powder was scarce and dear but they were equal to the emergency. They knew how to take saltpetre out of the dirt in the numerous caves; they bought sulphur, burned charcoal or willow trees and manufactured their own powder. This, although not always as reliable as the product of the present day, yet answered a good purpose.

They generally could not get within short range of their game and were expert shots with their long rifles. To bring down a deer at full speed at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards was not considered a remarkable feat.

Buckskin was in general use and from it was made clothing, moccasins, hunting pouches and coverings. It was used for sewing thread and twisted into ropes. Flax was introduced later and did well; many had flax wheels and after a while began to make linen.

Here and there, even today, we see counterpanes and table linen of excellent quality and fine finish, made seventy or eighty years ago. Soon each family had its little cotton patch and as there were no gins to clean it of the seeds, they would in the long winter evenings pile it around the hearth and pick out the seed for

the year's ginning. The wheel, cards, reel and loom were indispensable and were frequently of home manufacture. The industrious housewife generally had the walls of her cabin ornamented with great festoons of white thread reeled into hanks ready for the warping bars.

When cattle became abundant the ordinary tallow candle, molded or dipped, was used in lighting their house but they retired early in summer and had open wood fires in the winter so did not have much occasion for light at night unless there was sickness in the family. In the pine woods they would make a wick

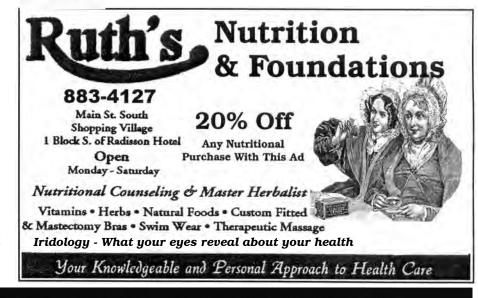
twenty or thirty feet long, dip it into rosin and beeswax, roll it around a corncob like a coil of rope and pull out the end and light it. By keeping it pulled up above the coil it would make a very good light and last for a long time.



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When bedtime came, if the family was numerous and the room small, the big boys would go up a ladder into the loft where they would pass the night. But boys were not particular where they roosted and frequently slept in the yard under the tress or went hunting and when growing tired would kindle a fire and lie down and sleep until daylight.

Although the life of the early settlers were full of hardships and privation, yet they were a cheerful and social people and managed to spend a considerable portion of time in the sports and social amusements of the age. They were many and varied and of a character to develop fully their physical nature.

Any person familiar with the lineage of the higher classes would naturally infer that the turf would take precedence of the higher sports after the county had made some advancement in civilization. Thus we find that horse racing was a favorite sport with all classes; at first in the shape of quarter or scrub races. Then at a later date when sporting men began to import thoroughbreds regular race tracks were established.

There was a race track near the present residence of Dr. C.A. Robinson that was well patronized by the sporting men of the day. Samuel and George Ragland, James Camp, Richard Pryor, Nat Terry, the famous sporting character John Connally of Greenbottom Inn, were all ardent patrons of the turf and trained some very fine horses.

John Connally's race track, four miles north of Huntsville, was a great resort of sporting characters and there Connally raised and trained "Grey Gander," the champion of the south that is said to have been victorious against the finest racers between Nashville and New Orleans.

Card playing came to be a favorite game and gambling got to be such an evil that laws were soon adopted for its suppression and were vigorously enforced, yet many handlers of the boards claimed their nativity in this county.

While the people were generally sober in their habits, yet temperance was not considered a cardinal virtue. Among the wealthy part of the community it was the universal custom for

the old fashioned sideboards to be well garnished with a good assortment of decanters containing fine liqueurs. Pure corn whiskey was a universal beverage and our ancestors partook of it freely. Yet, while the majority of them drank it every day, bur few of them were drunkards and it was not so deleterious in its effects as the liquors of the present day. Many of them lived to a good old age, but while they do not appear to have suffered





in health or fortune, they did untold injury to their children who cultivated an appetite for intoxicating drinks that resulted in the deplorable spread of intemperance in our land in after years.

I have said nothing on the subject of education and I would consider it a great injustice to our people to leave the impression that they took no interest in the education of their children.

Green Academy was incorporated Nov. 26, 1812. Trustees were selected and they advertised for proposals. Powers Spring (now Underwood), Watkin's Spring, the Big Spring near Meridianville, Brahan's Spring, and the lot on which the public school building now stand were among the applicants for the location of the academy.

The trustees selected the old Green Academy, now the public school, lot and I think their choice was wise and judicious. The erection of the school was pushed forward with the characteristic energy of the period. With the exception of Washington

Old Coins Wanted

We buy old coins and coin collections, all types and sizes. We also buy Gold, Silver and Diamonds.



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Academy at St. Stephens, incorporated a year earlier, this was the oldest institution of learning in the state and the most prominent until the establishment of the State University in 1821.

The Act of Incorporation authorized the trustees to raise four thousand dollars by a lottery, a favorite method at that time, but I have no evidence to show that the trustees availed themselves of that provision of the law. In the year 1816 the legislature donated five hundred dollars to the

Academy. It is possible that the Academy owed its prosperity to the public spirit of our citizens and it is a great misfortune that a list of the students has not been preserved.

"Could somebody come up here and tell me what this button does?"

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Happenings From 1907

- John Merts has been held over for trial on the charge of beating his mule. Merts claims self defense.
- John T. Howland is visiting his brother Charley Howland at the McGee Hotel.
- James Murphree will leave for Cincinnati next week to purchase the fixtures for the new Henderson National Bank. The fixtures will be mahogany and marble base and mosaic tiles.
- There was a row on Randolph Street the other day when Jenny Green announced to her parents that she was going to marry a lad who hails from New York. The elder Green, a veteran of the Grey, has made it known that no child of his will ever marry a yankee.

- Mr. John Sutherland, about 50 years of age, died yesterday from hydrophobia. He was bitten about six weeks ago and was sent to Atlanta. He died in awful agony, six men being required to hold him.
- Children will not be allowed in the pool rooms in Huntsville. Mayor Smith has given instructions to the police on the enforcement of the city laws and minors will not be allowed to enter pool rooms in this city. Proprietors will be required to remove their curtains so that people can see in as they pass along the street.
- Renters of the stalls in the city market have been notified that they must keep their stalls clean.

"If you can read this, thank a teacher. If you are reading it in English, thank a soldier."

Seen on a Huntsville bumper sticker

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A Penny In The Parking Meter

by Bob Cochran

My family moved to Huntsville from Birmingham in September, 1956, when my dad got a job at the Army Missile Command at Redstone Arsenal. Because the population of Huntsville was booming at that time, we lived in an apartment on Harrison Avenue for several years.

After finishing fifth and sixth grades at Blossomwood School, I attended the old Huntsville Junior High on Randolph Street. Sometime in early 1958, I discovered the fun of collecting coins. At first, I just went through my folks' change, and they let me keep Lincoln pennies I needed to put in the holes in a couple of coin albums I bought at the old Grand newsstand by the Twickenham Hotel.

I later became a charter member of the Rocket City Coin Club, and the members told me how I could buy a \$50 bag of loose pennies at the bank, go through them and replace the ones I wanted, roll the coins and trade them back in. Even with all these opportunities, I was still

lacking a few of the "rare" coins - one of them being the 1914D ("D" for the Denver mint, where the coin had been made).

In the fall of 1959 I was attempting to make the Huntsville Junior High football team. Of course, we practiced after school. I don't remember the reason now, but my mother had told me that, instead of me walking the 6 or 8 blocks home, she would pick me up in front of the City Drug Store on the Square about 5:30. So after practice I walked up to the Square, bought a 3-scoop ice cream cone and waited for her. I must have been early, or she was (as usual) late, but after I finished the cone, she still hadn't arrived.

The parking meters around the Square at that time had a little window in them, and the last coin that had been put in the meter was visible in the window. Just to pass the time, I started walking up the East Side Square, glancing in the windows at the coins. I hadn't even made it to the old Goldsmith Bank Building on the corner when fortune smiled on me for the first time that day!

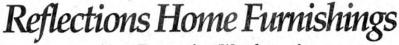
There in the parking meter window was a 1914-D Lincoln Cent! The chance of such a coin being there was infinitesimal, but what luck I had that the front of the coin, showing the date and mint mark, was showing, instead of the back of the coin - which, on all of the billions of Lincoln

Cents minted up to that time (1958) were Exactly The Same!

After I caught my breath, I had to think how I was going to get my hands on that coin! My mother pulled up a few minutes later, and I told her what had happened. She told me that I should remember which meter it was in, and that we could contact the Police Department the next day to see when it would be emptied. Then, I could ask







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whomever at the Police Department if I could go through the coins from the parking meters, pick out the one

I didn't want to hear any of that. I went into the City Drug Store and asked the man behind the counter if he knew when the meters were emptied. That's when fate smiled upon me for the second time that day!

The man may have been Tom Dark, I don't remember. He thought for a moment and told me that the meters would probably be emptied that day! He said that the policeman usually came by about 6 p.m. I went back outside and told my mother that I wanted to wait, and at the same time made sure I had some money in my pocket - in case the policeman wanted a "finder's fee."

She said "OK," and headed home. I sat on the curb by that parking meter, determined to stay as long as it took to get that coin. About a half-hour had passed by when I saw a policeman riding a motorcycle with a white box coming around the Courthouse. I saw him park the motorcycle over on the south side of the Square, about in front of the Harrison Brothers Hardware Store. My first reaction was to run over to him and tell him what I wanted, but I decided to wait - kinda "be cool," y' know.

He emptied all the meters on the South Side Square, and then started walking over towards where I was sitting on the curb. The events that took place next were almost anticlimactic as far as the story goes, but I can remember them like it happened five minutes ago.

He said "Hello, whatcha doin' T?" Even though it was a warm day, I was shivering with excitement. I told him that I was a coin collector, and that there was a penny in the meter that I really would like to buy from the City for my collection. I suppose my

answer caught him off guard, because he had a puzzled look on his face. He said, "Fine, but which one do you want - I've got hundreds here!" I pointed at the

parking meter front of me and said, "I want that one, the penny in the window." He had a special key in his hand, more like a wrench. He inserted the tool into the meter, turned it a couple of times, and then took the bottom part off. He dumped the contents into my hand, probably no more that 25 or 30 coins. I nervously

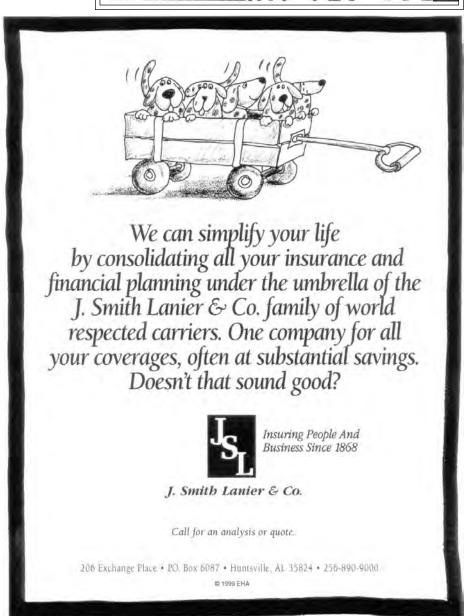
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looked through about two-thirds of them before I found my prize. "This is the one," I said. I handed him back the others, dug into the pocket of my jeans and handed him a penny to replace it.

I've always hoped I was polite enough that day to thank him, and I'm sure I did - over my shoulder, as I headed home. The old Elk's Theatre was a blur, as was the church on the corner as I turned right and ran toward McClung Hill. I raced down Adams Avenue, turned left onto Locust, over to California and down towards Hermitage Street. I passed Colorado Street, which was still a dirt road at that time, and the homes of my friends Elvis Larkin and Raymond Wilensky. I knew I would see them at school the next day, and I couldn't wait to tell them what I had found.

There was a large vacant lot on Hermitage Street at that time facing the homes where my friends David Holmes and "Buster" Uptain lived. We played ball in that lot for several years; several homes occupy the space today. At the west end of the lot was the house where another friend, Freddie Atkins, lived. His father drove a bus, and he occasionally showed me coins he had picked out of the fare box; I'd have to show my penny to

him, too.

We lived in a second floor apartment, and I'm sure I was hollering all the way up the stairs. This whole trip couldn't have taken five minutes! My mother was in the kitchen, but she stuck her head around the corner to look down the stairs as I was coming up. "Did you get it?" she asked. "Yeah, I did!" "And it only cost me another penny," I yelled back.

When I showed it to her, she said that it was "real nice." I'm sure she was happy for me, but to her it was just another penny.

I had the fun I expected the next day, showing my prize to my friends and some other coin collectors at school. After a while, my interest in the 1914-D waned slightly, as I concentrated on the other dates and mint marks that I

needed to complete my set. I eventually completed the set, but I did have to buy one coin, a 1909-S with the designer's initials ("VDB," for Victor David Brenner) on the back. It's the only coin rarer than the 1914D.

I wound up selling my collection of Lincoln Cents in late 1968, so I could pay the tuition for my last year at Auburn. But I held back the 1914-D as long as I could, hoping I could keep it. But I couldn't, and sold it for \$50; quite a healthy profit, even in 1969.

I signed up for an exercise class and was told to wear loose-fitting clothes. If I HAD any loose-fitting clothes I would not have signed up in the first place!

Joannie Willard



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Aunt Sealy

by Ruby Crabbe

The first time I saw Aunt Sealy, I had no way of knowing the joy and happiness that short plump woman would bring into my life.

Aunt Sealy was a black woman who earned her living by washing and ironing for people in Dallas Village. She also did work for a few families in Lincoln Village. No matter how hot the sun, or how cold the day, Aunt Sealy toiled long and hard, bent over a washboard in someone's back yard. Every time you saw her you would see the little cloth sack and walking stick she carried everywhere she went. At the end of a hard day she was never too tired to stop and say a few kind words to everyone she met. To say Aunt Sealy was a permanent fixture in Dallas Village would be putting it mildly, she was a permanent fixture in the hearts of all those folks who were fortunate enough to know her.

I remember the early mornings when the kids would gather together to see who would be the first one to see Aunt Sealy coming down the street. We would all run to meet her and by the time she got to where she was going half the kids in Dallas Village would be behind her. All the children loved Aunt Sealy and she dearly loved all the children.

Mama had to be on her job at the Dallas Textile mill every morning by 6 o'clock. Bless Aunt Sealy, she got to where she would come to our house every morning to "help" Mama get us kids up and ready for school. Mama didn't ask her for her help because she knew she couldn't pay her on the meager salary she made.

Aunt Sealy cooked our breakfast every morning and the only pay she asked was the food she ate from our table.

Then came the night my family and I will never forget. It was the last time we ever saw our be loved friend, Aunt Sealy. That

night will stay etched in my memory as long as God grants me the privilege of life.

On this cold, wintry night the ground lay hidden under a blanket of snow, and the still falling snow promised another foot or two before morning. And everywhere the air was filled with our

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enemy - the North wind. At around II o'clock that night someone knocked frantically at our back door, and with every knock could be heard someone crying loudly. When Mama opened the door there stood Aunt Sealy, almost frozen to death. She was shaking and crying so hard her words were hard to understand. When she was finally able to speak she told us that some boys had torn her house completely down. You see, Aunt Sealy lived in a tent beside the railroad tracks. Her tent was located between Beirne Avenue and the Dallas Mill. That little place had been her home for many years. She told us she had no place to go, on that night so many years ago.

Mama assured her she did have a place to stay, and that place was with us. She told us to just fix her a pallet in a warm place, behind our cook stove. We fired that old cook stove up for all it was worth, and it wasn't long until Aunt Sealy had a nice warm place to sleep.

Next morning Aunt Sealy was gone. When our household woke up we found the pallet quilts neatly folded but no Aunt Sealy. We hunted for days and days but no one seemed to know where she was. She had just simply vanished. After all these many years I still wonder what happened to her. I know it is impossible to do; but I wish I could reach back to the morning she

left us just to tell her how much we all loved her.

She was our beloved Aunt Sealy.

Rest of the Story

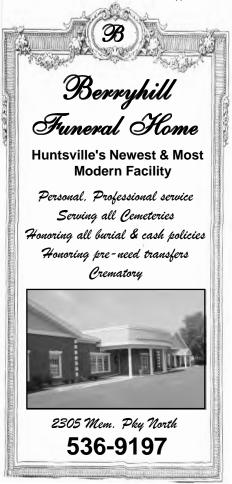
It was a hot, sweltering summer day in New Market when a salesman walked up the drive to the home of Don Giles. Don's pa was sitting on the old porch, rocking and whittling on a piece of wood.

As the salesman walked up, a large dog in the yard began to growl in a low, menacing manner. "Does your dog bite?" the salesman asked the old man.

"No, he don't," Giles said.

The salesman took a few more steps toward the porch and the dog suddenly tore off one entire leg of his pants. The salesman screamed, "I thought you said your dog didn't bite!"

The old gent looked up from his whittling and said, "Ain't my dog."





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Uncle Jim

by Millie McDonald

My mother and father were old fashioned parents. They believed that children should use their imaginations, entertain themselves and above all, stay out of trouble. They also believed that it was their responsibility to take in any poor relatives. Oddly enough, we had only one such relative — our Uncle Jim.

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

Mom was never anxious for Uncle Jim to visit, because she did not trust him, but she tolerated him because he was my dad's brother. Even though we were extremely poor, my mother believed in sharing what we had, such as food and clothing and Uncle Jim knew she would share with him.

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

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

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

Under these conditions, it was not hard

for us to use our imaginations and entertain ourselves.

The toys we had were homemade toys that my dad carved from wood obtained from a nearby field. The only storebought toy we

had was a pair of wooden wheel skates, which were donated to my sis and me by a good-hearted neighbor.

To stay out of trouble, my parents felt that we could either play in our fenced yard or in our cellar. My sis and I liked to play





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7500 Memorial Parkway South #122 Huntsville, Alabama 35802-2297 Business 256/883-6600 Fax 256/883-6650 stevecappaert@knology.net in the cellar because there were so many games we could play there.

Our cellar was different than most cellars, because it was divided into sections. An outer part of the cellar was used for storage, the next section was called our fruit cellar, for my mother's homemade jams and jellies, and the largest part of the cellar was the middle portion, which contained the coal furnace toward the back, with a wide area around it, where one could skate or play.

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

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

We played many other games in the cellar, such as Jacks, Hide and Seek, and School. When we played school, we would turn the old buckets upside down, sit on them, and take turns being the teacher. We always finished the

game of school by singing "She'll be Comin' Round the Mountains."

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

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

flew into Mom's fruit cellar, knocking down jars of jam and jelly with an exploding crash.

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

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And Much More!

Memories

by Arlene Stice

I was born in West Huntsville in May of 1940. My parents were Marion E. Gurley, Sr. and Grace Gurley and we resided at what was then 608 Seventh Avenue, just below Triana Boulevard where Seventh and Triana crosses.

My mother took my brothers and me to Sunday School and church at the West Huntsville Baptist Church on Triana where 8th Avenue crosses. It was a sandstone church, fairly large with a matching parsonage. The Rev. J. Vernon Rich, a very likable man, was the organizer and pastor.

At that time my father did not have any interest in church, but he allowed us to attend. In the early fifties he started going with



us occasionally and in 1952 he was baptized at the West Huntsville Baptist Church by Reverend Rich.

Shortly after being baptized, he was called to be a minister. During the next year he was invited to preach at many different churches in Madison County and surrounding counties. His family would attend with him.

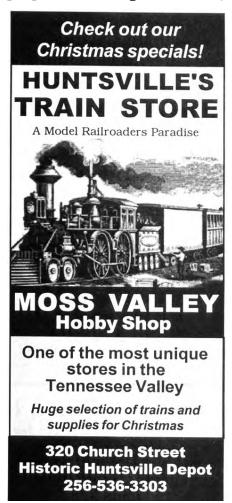
The West Huntsville Baptist Church decided to build a mission to help the people of the Ninth Avenue area. They built it across the road from the old "Boogertown" projects next door to a small grocery called Dorning's Grocery. The mission was a small concrete block building, painted white, with a steeple. It seated approximately 75 to 100 people.

The members of the West Huntsville Baptist Church chose my father to be the Pastor of what they named the Ninth Avenue Mission. Its purpose was to help the "Boogertown" people. This project had been built for the people who worked at the Old West Huntsville Cotton Mill.

I can remember some of the members names: Ocie Sparkman, Estelle McMeans, she later married a man with the last name of Yarbrough, who also attended the church, Margie Farrow, and her family (Sandra, Elizabeth, Buddy and Jimmie

McDaniel), Rev. Will Clark, Bill Sims and his wife, A.D. Hunt and his wife Adella and children, Gene and Yvonne Sims and family, Rev. Ollie Hall and family, the Fields family and the Shasteen family. There were many others whose names I can't recall.

Daddy did a lot to help the people in the neighborhood by



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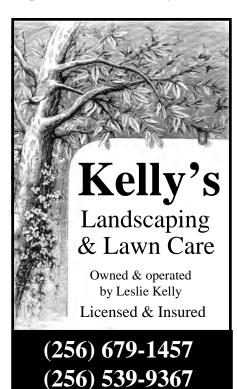
For several years the Ninth Avenue Mission had a radio broadcast every Sunday morning before time for Sunday School and Church services. It was broadcast on the WFUN radio station which is now out of existence.

Daddy had fifteen minutes to preach and the choir would come and sing. The choir director was Bill Sims and the piano player was Estelle McMeans. I still have some tapes of the services at the station.

I married Frank Stice at the mission on Thanksgiving Day 1958. I left Huntsville and moved to Kentucky with my husband where we still live today.

The mission work continued and was so successful that after eight to nine years of services they decided to be independent of the West Huntsville Baptist Church. Daddy became the first and only pastor of the Nine Avenue Mission, which no longer exists.

They became the West Lawn Baptist Church and stayed at the



same location until they found a lot located in an empty field in the West Lawn area. There was no road going into this land. Daddy had to go before the Huntsville City Council for permission to build the West Lawn Baptist Church and to get a road built. The council gave permission and the work began.

Daddy not only supported this morally and spiritually, but physically got into the work. He did carpenter work, plumbing, electrical, laying tile, and anything else that was needed. The road was built and named 17th Street.

After about a year, my father was called to pastor the Hurricane Grove Baptist Church at New Market on Upper Hurricane Road. Daddy, Mama, and my youngest brother, Tim, moved to County Lake Road in Madison County.

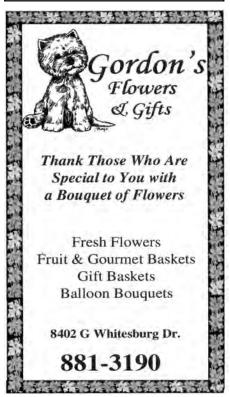
He pastored this church for fifteen years before retiring as a minister. He and my mother lived on County Lake Road until he passed away in Oct 1979. My mother continued to live there until her death fifteen years later.

My father performed many weddings and preached many funerals during his ministry. I know there are many people in Huntsville and Madison County who remember my father Marion E. Gurley, Sr. and his ministry.

What to Do When a Person is Struck by Lightning

Persons struck by lightning should not be given up for dead for at least 3 hours. During the first two hours, they should be drenched freely with cold water and if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt and continue the drenching for another hour at least.

From 1855 newspaper





Whipped and Brideless

They don't permit a drunken man to marry in Huntsville. On the contrary, they whip him and give his bride to another. An illustration of this occurred, when a couple appeared in church and requested the priest to marry them.

The priest, detecting an unsteady gait in the bridegroom, refused and called the young man a "boozing swine". Indignant at the untimely inebriate, the father of the drunkard seized him by the collar, dragged him out and belabored him with a stout cudgel, in the hope of making him sober enough to marry.

The bride's father, however, took a more practical view of the situation, and, declaring the engagement off, said that any eligible candidate for his daughter's hand might wed her on the spot without incurring any expense.

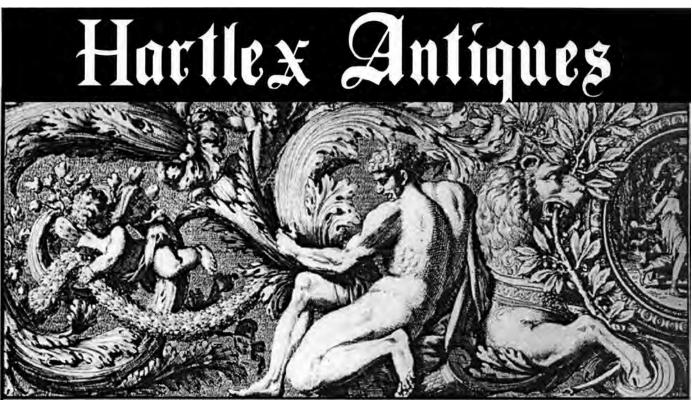
Two aspirants came forward, and after inspection by the bride, and interrogation as to their worldly condition, one was politely dismissed, and the other took the "Boozing swine's" place, and was made a happy husband.

From 1890 newspaper

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Heard on the Streets in 1891

- Henry Horne, white, who resides in the northern part of the county, had been lying in jail for sometime now on a charge of being unlawfully married - he having a living wife, was turned loose vesterday on bond for his appearance at next term of Circuit Court.
- Contractor J. L. McCracken was awarded the contract to build a handsome two story residence on Franklin street for Mr. Solen Whitten.
- For Sale a three room cottage on Walker Street. The lot is 60 feet front, 200 feet deep. Terms cash. Apply to E. R. Latta
- Charlie (Buck) Monroe, after several months absence, has returned to the city and will in future be associated with his brother. D. C. Monroe, in the tonsorial line at the McGee hotel. Both of these young men are competent and skilled artists in their business and will please the public with their work. They extend their friends a cordial invitation to call on them.
- For sale new residence on Maiden Lane, two blocks off the Square. Apply to M. K. Cooper
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annual exhibition and fair of the Huntsville Agricultural & Mechanical Association. A larger number than was anticipated was present to witness the day's attractions. Several made up races were enjoyed by the assemblage, among them being a freefor-all trot with entries of horses belonging to gentlemen of this city and county. The race resulted in Mr. Tom Young securing the premium, he owning the winning horse.

- Fresh candy made daily at J. N Mazza's
- The temperature will take a tumble today. The cold wave bearing down on us from the Northwest caused heavy frosts as far down as Indianapolis last night. This means fair weather for the Fair.
- The following personal property will be sold at the C. Q. White place, near Hazle Green, on Monday, October 26th, 1891, to wit: One Surry and Double Harness, Farming tools, Cider press, Corn Sheller, five cows and four calves, one Wardrobe. Terms cash, or on credit.

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The Last Gathering

The Grants first moved to Jackson County, Alabama, around 1834, settling on 200 acres of land granted to Thomas Grant for his service in the War of 1812.

By the time the Civil War began, Thomas Grant had nine grandsons. Five of them enlisted in the Confederate army, while the other four became Union soldiers. All of them served in North Alabama, within a few miles of where they grew up. In 1864, while cutting wood, Thomas Grant suffered a fatal heart attack.

Word was sent to all the children and grandchildren of the upcoming burial. The next day saw the whole family gathered at the cemetery to pay their last respects. Five young men dressed in Confederate gray stood on one side of the casket and the four Union men stood on the other side. When the time came to lower the casket, all nine young men helped, and when it was done, they looked at one another across the grave. Slowly and almost awkwardly, they reached across the still open grave and shook hands with one another.

Almost seventy-five years later, Mrs. E. Grant still remembered the tears on her uncles' faces that day. She said it was almost as if they were saying their last good-byes before they got back on their horses to return to the war.

Out of the nine grandsons, four were killed in battle, one was captured and died in a Federal prison, and two others were wounded.

The family never got together again.

A Skeleton Unearthed Showing Signs of Prehistoric Dentistry

Charles Noel, of Ohio, has been examining a number of Indian mounds in this vicinity, while excavating a mound of the Fearn farm, found a skeleton which partially crumbled away when brought to the surface. Enough was saved, however, to show that the aborigines practiced a form of dentistry. All the teeth in the skull were sound save two, and these were filled by pearls.

From 1888 newspaper

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A Peculiar Incident

A letter from Decatur tells of a peculiar incident in Morgan County. Frank Wilson was at the point of death after a lingering illness. His brother John was offering up a prayer for him. In the course of the prayer John Wilson said, "Oh, Lord, I am willing to give my life, if it be required, to save my brother."

A moment later he fell dead. His brother died that night, and the two were buried in the same grave.

From 1899 newspaper

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Tips From Liz Household Advice, Beauty Tips

Household Advice, Beauty Tips and Common Sense

In the winter I like a good smell from the kitchen but don't necessarily feel like cooking. So I get a small pan of boiling orange juice to which I add: 4 cinnamon sticks, half a teaspoon of ground cloves, a teaspoon of nutmeg, peels from tangerines or oranges and a dash of allspice. Lower heat and simmer, add liquid as you need it.

Never marry anyone who has more problems than you - be it financial, family or emotional.

You can remove any paper that is stuck to a table by dampening the area with olive oil

If your windshield wipers smear on your car windows, wipe the windshield and the blades down with rubbing alcohol.

Vinegar is great for cleaning any chrome.

Before using vinegar to remove rust stains from your bathtub, make sure that both the bathtub and the room temperature are as warm as possible.

To chase your blues away, eat 2 bananas a day - they contain Serotonin and Norepinephrine, which help prevent mental depression.

If you are selling your home and have some prospective buyers coming over, try baking a pan of fresh brownies right before they arrive. The delicious aroma of baked chocolate added to the cozy atmosphere may just speed along the decision making of the buyers.

Your hair will come alive in the cold weather if you add a cup of apple cider vinegar to 2 cups water, and rinse your hair with this mixture after you wash it. A very effective makeup remover is Crisco. Just massage a bit of it onto your skin and wipe off with a tissue. This will leave your skin feeling moist.

If you get congested at night, try propping up your pillows a few inches more than usual. Also, invest in a cool mist humidifier or warm mist vaporizer.

If you notice a lot of moisture in your bathroom linen closet, store a few pieces of charcoal to absorb the excess moisture.



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The Cross on the Mountain

by Jon Jackson

For anyone who grew up in Huntsville, the huge concrete cross on the side of Monte Sano was a landmark. While the cross is highly visible to almost all of Huntsville, its history is virtually unknown to most. Sitting on the Burritt Museum nature trail, the cross has, since it's erection in 1963, attracted a lot of attention. No one is sure how many of Burritt's 100,000 plus annual visitors go to the foot of the cross but officials believe that many of them do. Although called the Monte Sano Cross, it actually sits on Roundtop Mountain, one of a series of mountains that runs through Huntsville.

The current cross is the third to sit on the mountain. The first was erected in the early 1900's. No one really knows a lot about it. The Monte Sano Civic Association erected the second in 1956 during the Easter season. The 30-foot wooden cross sat on a bluff overlooking Huntsville. When Sam Thompson sold the property to John and Robert Moorman in the late 1950's, the cross had to be moved. The Burritt board minutes from May 2. 1960 state that a request had been made to move the cross to the Burritt Museum property. On May 27 the minutes state that, "Mrs. Moorman has been notified [that] the cross could be placed on Burritt property." That is when the Ministers Associa-

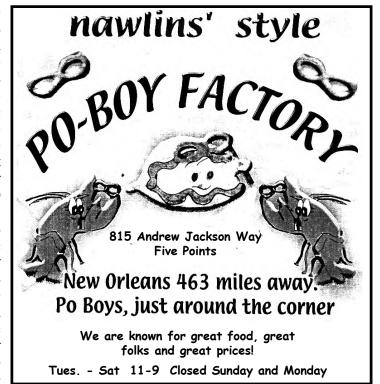
"I have a tip that can take 5 strokes off anyone's golf game - it's called an eraser."

Arnold Palmer

tion stepped in and the third cross project began and on December 5, 1960 the Burritt board approved the site for the new cross.

ing the cross when no one in Huntsville wanted the job. The cross is hollow, composed of steel reinforced concrete cast in

Soon the Ministers Association began collecting funds for the erection of the cross. Estimates of the amount raised vary from \$3.500 to \$15,000. but no one is really sure just how much was raised. The Southern Cast Stone Company took the job of fabricat-







sections and brought in three sections by truck to Huntsville when completed. At 70 feet tall and 31 feet wide, the cross dominates the mountain side and is the most visible structure there.

When it arrived the only vehicles that could erect it on the site belonged to the U.S. Army, which refused to become involved in the matter because of its religious nature. But, as the Reverend Edward "Ted" Gartrell said in a 1990 interview with the Huntsville Times, one of his members soon came to the rescue. "Milton Cummings," said Gartrell, "was the President of Brown Engineering at the time, and he somehow contracted out with Redstone Arsenal to use their vehicles. The army wouldn't touch it but Milton somehow found a way around it."

A road was then cleared by the Madison County Commission to the site for the trucks and a crane to erect the cross. James Record, chairman of the Madison County Commission at the time and a member of the Burritt board, volunteered the county to clean out the area, which says cost about \$5,000. Record was later quoted as saying, "I think it was well worth the money be-

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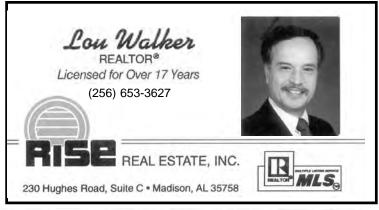
533-9506

cause the cross is one of the best things to ever happen to Huntsville and Madison County. It's a landmark I am very proud of." With everything in place, the erection of the structure began and H. A. Godsey, a member at Faith Chapel, operated the crane. One of the workers had to be lowered down into the first section to weld it to the base but after that construction proceeded quickly.

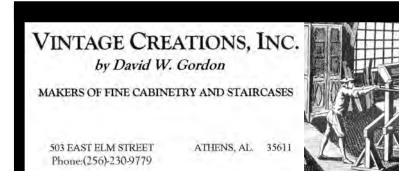
Next came the issue of lighting. The Ministers Association wanted to string white light bulbs around the cross but the Burritt Board of Directors quickly voted that down. Dr. Francis Roberts,

a member of the board, later said, "I don't remember a great deal about the cross when it was erected, but I do re-

member the Ministers Association wanting to put white bulbs around it. We were totally opposed to that, but we did agree to let them put a foot light at the base." The lighting committee of the Ministers Association. chaired by the Reverend Edsel Keith, moved quickly to put up the 12 floodlights. The Association then asked the Burritt Museum to pay for the electricity to light the cross. The museum declined since it was having trouble just paying its own bills. Instead, a separate meter was placed on the property for the cross lights and until 1975 the city of Huntsville paid the bill. In '75 the city







elected to stop paying for the lights because the upkeep was becoming prohibitive. The bulbs themselves cost around \$1,000 and many had been either broken by vandals or burned out from continuous use. Since then the bill has been paid by anonymous donors and Huntsville Utilities will not release the names. But according to Gartrell, "I wouldn't be surprised if it had been Milton [Cummings] because he was very interested in the project."

While the cross was not erected under controversy, it has seen some in the ensuing years. The biggest one came in the 1970's when Huntsville decided to adopt a flag. The one selected had a boll weevil, a rocket, and the cross. When some people in the community objected to the religious symbol the idea was quickly dropped.

Today the Burritt Museum keeps the bushes around the base trimmed, but very little else can be done because of the city's slope ordnance prohibiting clear cutting on the mountain side. Around the base today one will find thorns and wild roses, which help to protect the cross from vandals.

"Old Huntsville" magazines are now available at:

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When I was young we used to go "skinny dipping," Now I just "Chunky Dunk".

Sara XX

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Hermit John Hunt Dead

from 1916 newspaper

Alone he lived, alone he died - did Limestone county's man of mystery, whose charred body was found in the ruins of his cave home, east of Athens on the Nick Davis road.

The recluse was called John Hunt, when he went to Athens a quarter of a century ago and bought 25 acres of land near Athens.

He dug his home, rather than built it. Into the earth he bored and excavated a large room, over which he built a roof and called it home. In later years he added two more rooms, both underground. Hunt claimed his grandfather settled Huntsville and from the family name the city received its name.

His pathetic death last week, under mysterious circumstances, brought to light the weird story of the hermit's life. Hunt had been a federal army man during the civil war and he received a pension from the government. Together with the money he received from selling a few farm products, he eked out a meagre existence.

One of the strange features of the hermit's life, now being related by Athens people, is the fact that Hunt never sold a chicken, though he raised hundreds in the woods about his home. On the other hand, he treated them much as he would a human being. At noon he frequently rang a big bell to call them to be fed.

"They are too near and dear to me to be sold," he explained to curious visitors, who visited his dugout by the hundreds.

The recluse treated them all with civility, but never claimed their friendship. When he first moved to Limestone, the section in which he settled had few people in it. Later it built up, but he continued to keep himself withdrawn from human companionship. Recently, negroes passing by the hut, found only the smoking embers left. A hurried investigation was made and in the ashes the body was found. It was buried by the people of the neighborhood in the Athens cemetery.

It is declared that Hunt willed his strange house to Limestone county.

Medical Miracles

from 1905 newspaper

John Maples, a citizen of Dallas Mills, was arrested and lodged in jail today on a charge of practicing medicine without a licence. Maples evidently is an accomplished hypnotist and has been using his skills to supposedly perform medical miracles. Last week he is reported to have charged Kenneth Gilbert \$7.00 to cure him of alcoholism.

Gilbert celebrated the event by going on a drunken spree and is also lodged in the jail.

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While our prices have gone up slightly we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family. doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with us.

A Hardware Store....
The Way You Remember Them

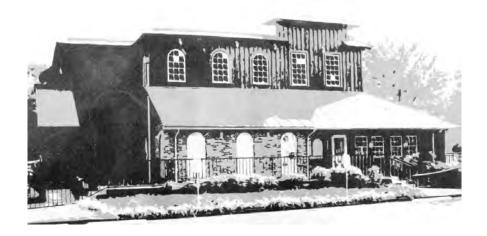
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