

A Lamp In The Window When she returned to the

house late that evening she was instantly confronted by silence. The kind of silence that only one who is separated from a loved one can understand.

And Lucille did what millions of other wives did that summer of 1943 - she sat down on the edge of the bed and cried.

Also in this issue: The Murder of Hubert Taylor

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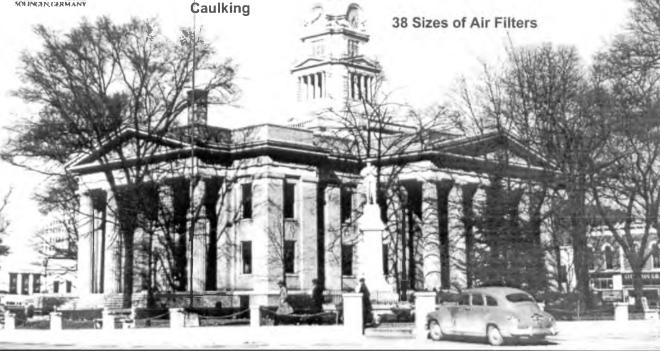


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A Lamp In The Window

Lucille Esslinger leaned on her hoe as she watched the mailman come to a stop in front of the mailbox. She and her husband Kenneth rarely received any mail, so whenever the mailman stopped it was a cause of great excitement.

In this case, as Lucille looked at the official looking envelope, she felt a sense of gloom descend upon her. Kenneth and she had talked about it almost every day, but it had done nothing to lessen the impact of actually receiving it. Though a war was raging in Europe and almost every able-bodied male in the community of New Hope had received his draft notice, Lucille had still held hope that her husband would not be called.

Silently she placed the envelope in her apron and walked back to their home. It was a typical share cropper's house; two rooms, heated by a wood burning stove and with an outhouse in the back. Regardless of their surroundings, Lucille and Kenneth still considered themselves

on their own land.

Lucille stoked the fire in the stove as she thought about the letter in her apron. Kenneth would still be in the field for another couple of hours and she wanted to prepare something special for him.

When they married she had thought her husband was the kindest and most wonderful man in the world. Now, a year later, she was even more in love with him. Several times she had wondered what life would be like if he was gone, but the thought was so horrifying that she immediately put it out of her mind.

Life without her husband would be completely unbearable, so she simply refused to think about it.

That evening, after they had completed dinner and she was clearing the table, Lucille took the envelope out of her apron and placed it on the table in front of Kenneth. The look on her husband's face, after he hastily read the notice, confirmed her darkest fears. He was being called up and had to report for induction in ten days.

lucky. 1943 was promising to be a bumper year for cotton and even after giving the landowner his share and paying the bills, hopefully there would be enough left over for the down payment



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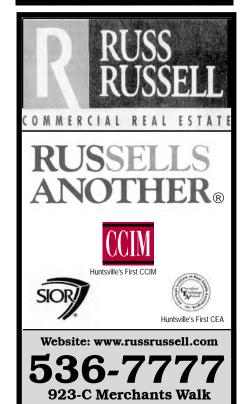
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If you're not sure, ask for Johnny Brewer! 8501 Whitesburg Drive - 883-0781 That night, lying in her husband's strong arms, would be the most memorable of their brief marriage. They talked of their dreams and of their love and of how soon the war would be over. Two young people, madly in love, dreaming of the future but with a fear of the unknown lurking in the back of their minds.

Kenneth had always been a hard worker but the next ten days saw him working harder than ever. Up hours before daylight, he would already be in the fields when the first glimmer of a new day began to peek across the mountains. And every evening, after working in the fields all day, would find him chopping wood for the upcoming winter by the light of a kerosene lantern.

Often, late at night, Lucille would carry a fruit jar of tea out to the woodpile where he was working and implore him to quit for the day. Laughing, Kenneth would take her in his arms and tell her that he wanted to be sure that his wife would be warm that winter.

The morning Kenneth was scheduled to appear for induction they got up even earlier than usual. After preparing breakfast they began the long trek to town. Not owning an automobile and declining to ask neighbors for a ride, they chose instead

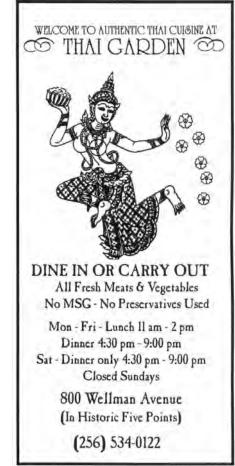
to walk. They had already talked about his departure and both had agreed it would be easier if she did not accompany him all the way.

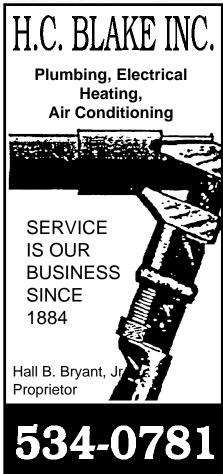
Two blocks from the bus station they paused, and after setting his bag down, Kenneth took his wife in his arms one last time to tell her that he would love her forever. Then abruptly, while choking back tears, he grabbed his bag and was gone.

During the long walk back home Lucille's mind was a frenzy of plans and ideas. She would finish the cotton crop and save every penny she could so they could buy their own farm when he came home. She would write every day and send pictures and clippings from the newspaper. Everything would be all right. She just knew it.

After returning home, Lucille spent the day working in the fields hoeing cotton. As she thought about the cruel war that had separated her from her husband, she attacked her work with a vengeance. The young cotton plants became Nazis and her hoe became the instrument of their destruction.

Unfortunately, the hard work was only a temporary relief. When she returned to the house late that evening she was instantly confronted by silence. The kind of silence that only one who is sepa-







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rated from their loved one can understand.

And Lucille did what millions of other wives did that summer of 1943 - she sat down on the bed and cried.

Although she worked from daylight to dark it was impossible for her to keep up with the growing cotton by herself. Where there had once been neat orderly rows, more weeds began appearing weekly. The harder she tried, the farther behind she got. It quickly became apparent that she would be unable to finish the crop.

Late one evening, as Lucille trudged tiredly home, she saw the landlord sitting on the porch waiting for her. Apologetic and with hat in hand, he told her that he was going to have to take over the crop. He had too much money Invested to take a chance on losing it.

"Of course," he said, "if you can get someone to help you, maybe we can do something."

Lucille knew there was no hope in hiring any farm help. Even Redstone Arsenal, where they were paying top wages, could not find all the hands it needed.

Reluctantly, she began to make arrangements to move. During the war, with gas rationing and overcrowded conditions, even a simple task like moving became a major chore. Finally, after days of trying, she found a neighbor who was willing to move her to town in his horse and wagon in exchange for some

farm implements that she no longer had use for.

Lucille went to work at the cotton mill and after several months of living with a relative was fortunate enough to be assigned a house in the mill village. The previous occupant had been fired for allowing Arsenal workers to board with him, a practice the mills discouraged for fear of losing workers to the Arsenal.

Lucille's life soon settled into a regular routine. Up at 5 o'clock every morning, work all day and back home by 6 that evening. Run to the mailbox to look for a letter from Kenneth and then write another letter describing her day.

Although a slow reader, she forced herself to read the newspaper every day to keep track of the war news. On her kitchen wall she taped a map of Europe where she would laboriously trace the advances of the Allied army. Every foot the Allies advanced meant the sooner Kenneth would be coming home.

Finally, after almost three years, Lucille received the letter she had been waiting for. The war had been over for months and the army was beginning to discharge its soldiers. Kenneth wrote to say that he would be arriving home by bus in a couple of weeks and that he missed her ter-

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ribly.

A friend later said that she had never seen Lucille look so lovely and radiant as when she received the letter from her husband.

Two days before his scheduled arrival Kenneth called a friend to say he was in Fort Benning, Georgia, being discharged and would be home in a few days. "Tell Lucille," he said as he hung up, "that I love her."

On the appointed day Lucille stood waiting at the bus station. Bus load after bus load of soldiers arrived to be welcomed home by their families, but Kenneth was not among them. Late that night, after being assured that no more buses were scheduled to arrive that evening, Lucille finally went home, only to return at first light the next morning.

Again, buses arrived and buses departed all day long but Kenneth was not on any of them. The same routine was followed for almost a week until she was threatened with losing her job if she did not return to work.

Kenneth and Lucille had been given a lamp when they first married and now she placed it in the window so he would be

able to find the house if he arrived home at night. Every night she would rush home after work to wash, do her hair, change clothes and then spend the evening sitting on the edge of a chair next to the lamp, waiting patiently for her husband who never showed up.

Her neighbors began to grow concerned and finally talked her into writing the War Department. Several months passed until she received a reply. Kenneth had been discharged at Fort Benning and given a travel voucher to Huntsville. The department was sorry but it had no further information.

Neighbors began to speculate on the fate of Lucille's husband. "Surely," they reasoned, "something must have happened to him. And it's not normal for a woman to keep waiting for so long and acting like nothing is the matter."

Finally a delegation of neighbors approached her. "Lucille," they said, "we've known you for

"I child-proofed my home, but they still get in."

Jean McIntosh, grandma

a long time and we just want to help. It's time you realized that maybe your husband is not coming home."

For what seemed like an eternity, Lucille stared silently at

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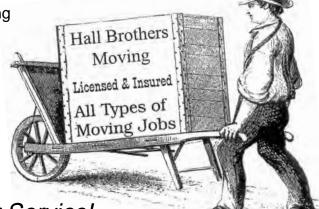
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them, as if she was looking through them. When she finally spoke it was with a deliberate calmness. "My husband said he would come home and I believe him"

Weeks turned into months and months into years and every night the lamp was turned on, a silent beacon to a long ago memory. Periodically, over the years, friends or neighbors would take an interest in the fate of Lucille's husband and try to discover what had happened to him. Letters were written to various organizations and inquiries made of police departments, morgues and hospitals. The answer was always the same. "I'm sorry but we have no information...."

Whenever someone would relay the latest inquiry to Lucille, she would scornfully reply that they were wasting their time with such foolishness.

"My husband," she would always reply, "is on his way home."

In 1956 some of the mill homes were torn down and Lucille moved to a small cottage at the foot of Chapman Mountain. Before her belongings were even unpacked, the lamp was once again placed in front of the living room window, where

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Ad seen in local newspaper

it continued its lonely vigil.

When she lived in the mill village, most people had been familiar with her story and had been sympathetic. Many of the residents, probably having seen enough suffering of their own, went out of their way to be nice to her, always asking if she had any word from her husband.

"No," she would reply. "He's on his way home and probably hasn't had time to call."

Now, living in a new location, she soon became known as "the crazy woman." Neighbors knew nothing about her except that she still believed her husband was coming home and that she turned the lamp on for him every night. That was enough to make people wary of her.

She rarely ventured out of her





Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- **1.** Through the Garden Gate: The Gardens of Historic Huntsville by Donna Castellano \$30.00
- **2.** Alabama's Canyons: The Bankhead National Forest by Charles Seifried & Jim Felder \$29.95
- **3.** Dr. Space: The Life of Wernher von Braun by Bob Ward \$29.95
- **4.** Lost Writings of Howard Weeden as "Flake White". Compiled by Sarah Fisk and Linda Riley \$22.95
- **5**. Killingsworth Cove on Hurricane Creek: Stories of an Alabama Family by Joe Floyd Broyles \$12.95
- **6.** Tales of Huntsville Caves by Huntsville Grotto, National Speleological Society \$12.95
- **7.** When the Germans Invaded Big Cove: The Old Spy Man by Billy Stone \$17.50
- **8.** Why is it Named That? 250 Place Names in Huntsville/Madison County (new edition with a few corrections) by Dex Nilsson \$13.95
- **9.** Scenic North Alabama A travel guide to Canyons, Caverns, Bridges (natural & covered) and Waterfalls, by Robert Schuffert \$27.95
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2362 Whitesburg Dr. Whitesburg at Bob Wallace Huntsville, Ala. 35801 house and when she did, she was often greeted by taunts from the neighborhood children. At Halloween her yard would be rolled with toilet paper and rotten eggs would be thrown at her front door. Every few years some neighborhood women would visit for a few minutes, more to satisfy their curiosity than anything else.

Ignoring her neighbors, Lucille continued to live in her dream world, turning the lamp on every night and waiting for the knock that never came.

More time passed and the friends who had sympathized with her began to die off. Every year there were fewer people who knew the story behind the lamp in the window. By this time, Lucille had become a virtual recluse and though she was still able to take care of herself, her family decided it was a good idea for someone to check on

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her every day.

In 1992, almost a half century after Kenneth had left for the service, Lucille's nephew stopped by one evening to see how she was doing. After knocking several times and not getting an answer, he used his key to enter the house.

After searching the rest of the house first, he discovered Lucille crouched in a corner of the bedroom, with a sheet wrapped around her, sobbing. Looking up and seeing her nephew, she began to cry again.

"He's not coming home is he? Kenneth's not coming home."

The nephew turned his head so his aunt would not see the tears in his eyes. Sitting on the floor he wrapped his arms around her and tenderly assured her that everything was all right.

"Don't worry Aunt Lucy, he's



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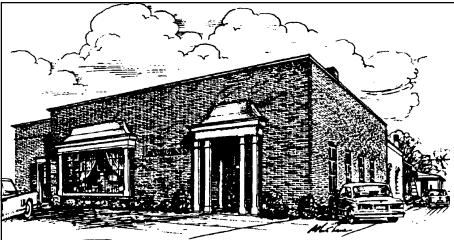
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Carefully he tucked the frail old woman into her bed. As she drifted off to sleep, a gentle smile played on her lips - the smile of a woman who still believed that love was forever.

Sometime that night, in the wee hours of the morning, Lucille died. Her body was found on the living room sofa, fully dressed and with her hair done up neatly. The calm and serene look on her face gave assurance to the fact that she was finally reunited with her beloved husband.

Neighbors gathered in nearby yards as the hearse pulled out of the driveway. A group of small children began to play a game, repeating the words they had heard their parents say.

"Crazy woman, crazy woman," they chanted over and over again, "the crazy woman's dead."



I Am A Brownie

The young daughter of William Howard Taft III, when asked to write a brief autobiographical sketch upon entering a new grade of Girl Scouts responded: "My great-grandfather was President of the United States, my grandfather was a Senator from Ohio, my father is Ambassador to Ireland, and I am a Brownie."



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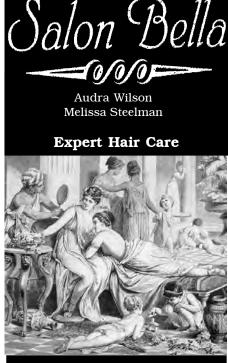
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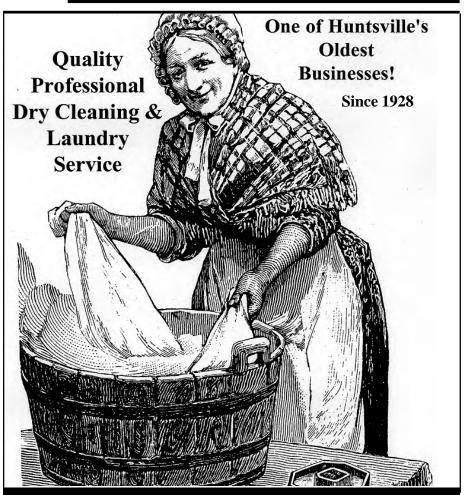
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Rodney Dangerfield



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The Missing Goat

by Paul Shaw

When G.W. and H.P. were kids, they wandered away from home on one of those rare occasions when their work was not a week behind. They came upon an old abandoned house and discovered an uncovered well. Their curiosity got the best of them and they just had to know how deep the well was and if it had water in it. They found a small rock nearby and threw it in the well. They listened and listened, but they never heard it hit the water or the bottom. So they found a bigger rock. They threw it in the well, but again they never heard a splash or thud.

Well, they thought maybe they needed something bigger. Soon they found an old crosstie and threw it in the well. Still they heard nothing. As they stood there listening for a sound from the well, G.W. looked back and yelled, "Look Out!"

A Billy goat with long horns was heading right toward them at blinding speed. They just managed to get out of the way, as the goat jumped in the well.

They didn't know what to do now but thought they better leave before they got in trouble.

But it was too late. A man came along, and said, "Boys, have you seen my goat?" Together they replied, "He just jumped In this well."

"Why, that can't be," replied the man. "He was right over there, tied to a crosstie'.

Corn Pudding

2 c. whole kernel corn1 can cream of celery soup1/2 c. chopped onions1/2 t. garlic powder

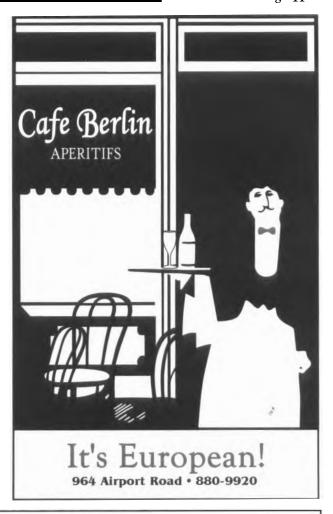
2 eggs

1/2 c. cream or half-and-half

Beat the eggs and add the corn. Mix sugar and flour together and add the cream. Mix all well and put it in a buttered baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes, & browned.

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The Battle of Madison

Headquarters Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, Madison Station, May 19, 1864

CAPTAIN: I would respectfully submit the following report of the attack made on this post by a force of the enemy, under command of Colonel Patterson, consisting of two regiments of mounted infantry and a battery of four 12-pounder howitzers, the entire force numbering about 1,000 men.

The attack was made at 8:30 a.m. on the Triana Road, on which two of their field pieces were placed in position, the remaining two pieces having crossed the railroad, together with a portion of the enemy's command. They, however, did not get into position, as the attack was precipitated by the enemy's being discovered by a forage train, which was just starting out.

As soon as discovered, the enemy opened fire from their two pieces on the Triana Road, having previously sent detachments to each one of my picket posts, five in number, guided by

some citizens who seemed to know the exact locality of each, encircling them and capturing them entire. On the first alarm my command was quickly formed in line, excepting three companies, who occupied the stockade in the rear of the depot building and behind some cotton bales. Two companies were thrown out as skirmishers, but the enemy appearing in such a large force in their front, I ordered them to fall back to the main column.

In the meantime the stockade was rendered untenable by the rapid fire from the artillery, so that the three companies were compelled to fall back behind the railroad embankment,



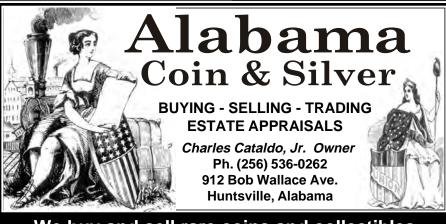
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where I at length formed my entire command, being satisfied that we were outnumbered nearly four to one, and having nothing to resist their artillery, it would be impossible to hold the town; my command the entire time keeping up a rapid and incessant fire, killing three and wounding 15 of the enemy. At this time the Rebel force appeared on both flanks and in my rear, which made it necessary to fall back still farther, which I did, in the direction of the water-tank toward Huntsville, dispersing the enemy in my rear by a few well-directed vol-

On arriving at within a halfmile of the water tank. I reformed my line, and after a short rest, again advanced toward Madison Station with a strong line of skirmishers, well-extended on either side of the railroad. The skirmishers drove the rear guard of the enemy from town, the main force having departed after burning the depot buildings and about 70 bales of cotton. My camp equipage was also burned, it, however, consisting of only a small number of tents, which were scarcely serviceable. The men, also, have lost all of their extra clothing and blankets. The dam-

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age to the railroad was slight and readily repaired. As soon as the attack was made, the wagon train, consisting of eight six-mule teams and three two-horse ambulances, were ordered on the Huntsville road. but were intercepted and captured, together with a small train guard and the teamsters. At about 12 p.m. reinforcements arrived. consisting of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel Heath, 120 men, and the Fifty-Ninth

Indiana Infantry, lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and 220 men. These, to-

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It's the soldier, who salutes the flag, and serves under the flag.

It's the soldier whose coffin is draped with the flag, who allows the protester to burn the flag.

Yes, it's always the soldier who is called upon to defend our way of life.

Contributed by Chuck Owens



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gether with 100 men from my regiment, moved after the enemy as rapidly as possible in a driving rain. Colonel Heath's cavalry came up with the rear guard of the enemy early in the afternoon, and kept up a constant harassing fire, but his force was too small to make a forcible attack.

The infantry came up just before sundown, the Fifty-Ninth Indiana deploying as skirmishers and driving the enemy before them to the bank of the river, but night coming on and finding that the transportation and prisoners were all across the river, our men fatigued, and ammunition almost exhausted. it was considered best by the commanding officers to withdraw our forces. They were consequently marched back to Madison, a distance of twelve miles from Fletcher's Ferry.

From reliable sources I learn that the enemy's loss at the ferry was 15 killed and 40 wounded. This estimate, I am positive, is not placed too high, which would make their entire loss 18 killed and 55 wounded. Of the number of prisoners from my regiment I have not been able to learn how many were wounded. I have but one man wounded with the regiment.

Liet. C. L. White, Actg. Asst. Adjt. Gen., Third Div., 15th Army Corps

Old Huntsville Trivia

1856 - The first telegraph comes to Huntsville. It was operated by the North Alabama Telegraph Company and the offices were located on Eustis Street.

1859 - The First Presbyterian Church is completed and the Courthouse gets a new tin roof.

1865 - On May 26, a cold rainy day, the last Confederate troops in Madison County surrender. The ceremony takes place on Monte Sano.

1889 - The Huntsville City Council, in response to a local pastors' petition, passes an ordinance "forbidding lewd women from riding on horseback in the streets of Huntsville."

1915 - Huntsville's first golf course is built by Leonard Atkins.

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Huntsville's First Newspaper

The first newspaper published in Madison County was the "Madison Gazette", founded Oct. 19, 1813. Only one copy, dated Oct. 19,1813, is known to be in existence. It is preserved in the American Antiquarian Society, Worchester, Mass.

The Gazette was a small fourcolumn paper, 11 1/2 inches by 18 1/2. The motto of the paper was "The Press is the Cradle of Science, the Nurse of Genius and the Shield of Liberty."

The longest lived of all papers in Huntsville's history was the "Huntsville Democrat", founded in 1822. During the Civil War its name was changed, temporarily to "The Daily Huntsville Confederate." When Northern troops occupied Huntsville, the paper was forced to flee the city. As the press struggled to stay ahead of the invading Northern troops, the paper was printed in various locations through out Alabama and Georgia. Toward the end of the war, the Confederacy was collapsing sofast oftentimes the publishers were forced to actually print the paper with the press still loaded on a wagon while fleeing from city to city. The paper would then be smuggled into Huntsville where it sold for 10 cents a copy.

The only known copy of the "Wagon Paper" is in a private collection in Huntsville.

"Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautitian."

Edna Pierce



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Tips From Liz

- * If you have bits and pieces of your scented candles left over, collect them in a coffee can, carefully melt them together (can catch fire easily so BE CAREFUL), add a wick and make your own!
- * To really shine your stainless steel sink, use mineral oil with a rag and buff dry.
- * A skateboard makes a nifty scoot-along seat when painting baseboards. This also works if you have grass to trim along a sidewalk.
- * A metal grapefruit spoon is great for opening up your detergent boxes - no broken nails!
- * Check with your favorite grocery store and find out which days they receive fresh produce, meat and fish. They'll be happy to tell you and it will sure make a difference!
- * If you have a sloped lawn that is slippery when you mow,

buy a used pair of golf shoes (with the spikes) and they'll keep you firmly planted in place!

* Some days I can't stop eating. While in Garden Cove recently a lady who works there told me about "Hoodia," which is a natural dietary supplement that suppresses appetite. They are capsules, and I started taking one a day, around lunch time. I have to say that it works, and it makes you feel like you just ate a good meal, but doesn't give you that speedy feeling or keep you up at night. I was thrilled! (But be sure

and check with your doctor with any dietary changes, this may not work for everyone.)

- * For inexpensive tissue during the colds and flu season, take an empty boutique tissue box and cut out the bottom. Slip in a roll of soft toilet tissue and feed first piece through the top.
- * For fresh dentures, soak them overnight in a small amount of mouthwash and water.
- * If you have arthritis and can't hold a pen, push it through a small rubber ball. It will allow you to get a better grip on it.

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South on Memorial Pkwy., Left on Veterans Dr. [3/10 of a mile past Hobbs Rd.]



Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

The handsome man in last month's photo was **Charlie Cox**, of Cox Associates, and we had so many readers who had the correct guess. However, only the first caller wins - and that person is **Sally Walker** of Huntsville. Sally says she plays alot of tennis and loves this cool weather. She has known Charlie forever and thinks the world of him. Congratulations to you Sally!

It was so good to talk with **Margaret Evans** recently. She works at Garden Cove and has so much good advice on nutrition and vitamins.

Happy birthday to a sweet one-year-old! **Colin Fuller,** of Atlanta, just turned one at a festive birthday party given in his honor at the home of his "Nanna", **Ellen Styles**, here in Huntsville. Mom **Rosetta Fuller** and daddy **John Fuller** were there too, along with proud Grandpa, **Harold Sanders**. Colin loves spending time with older brother, **Andrew**, who is 4.

Randy Whistrow, who runs the **Veterans Memorial Museum** in John Hunt Park in the old Air-



port area, accepted a donation recently from the Golden K Kiwanis club. He does a great job and wants to let people know that the museum is a must-see for those interested in what our military men and women have accomplished over the years.

We heard recently from **Glenna Christoforatos**, one of our Virginia readers who just loves Huntsville. Come see us!

Happy anniversary to **Brad** and **Tamara Grasham!** They were married only 3 years ago so they are still on their honeymoon!

Edith Thompson, of Arab, recently turned 86 years young! Her daughter **Carleen Whisenant** is so proud of her and Edith lived in Huntsville for years. Carleen's husband **Murray** is proud of both of them!

Barbara Lauster, director of the Weeden House, has overseen so many beautiful weddings there that it was only appropriate that her own wedding took place there! She married her sweetie **Gene** **Scott**, and she told us that so many people donated their time and talents for her special day. Folks like **Randy Roper** who did an outstanding job with the flowers, and the members of the Twickenham board, just to name a couple.

It was great to see **Anne Schrimsher** this month. She is heading up a project to put together a cookbook for the **Dallas-Rison Association** that is full of historical tidbits of the mills here in Huntsville.

Cecil Ashburn is a proud great-grandpa again! His grandson James Ashburn Reid and granddaughter-in-law Sandy Reid just had a 9-pound son whom they named Sullivan Gray Reid. Sullivan joins brothers James Ashburn Reid, who's 3, and Austin Reid, 5 so he'll really have to fend for himself!

Happy birthday to **Stefanie Troup!** She is by far the best daughter a Mom could ever have!

We were very sorry to hear of the death of **Sally Norris**. Sally worked for the law firm of **Lanier**,

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the youngster below wins a full one-year subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine.

Call (256) 534-3355.

Hint: This pretty young girl now teaches young people how to get signed by an agency.





Ford, Shaver and Payne for 19 years. Our sympathy to her loving husband James Norris and daughters Heather, Rebecca and Sarah.

We heard that **Jo Ford** had a very bad fall recently and we want her to know that we're thinking of her and send hopes for a speedy recovery. Her late husband **Terry** was a member of the Golden K Kiwanis for many years.

Our congratulations to newlyweds **Lou Vann**, 73 and **Mitch Mitchell**, 81, married by Pastor **Garry Jordan!**

It was good to talk with **Dana Lee Tatum** recently at 801
Franklin, Dana, you're looking great!

Since our **Mayor Loretta** announced that she will be running again for re-election, we don't hear much talk from others who are planning to run against her.

Some fairly new folks to Huntsville are **Mr. & Mrs. John Gilmore** - they've been here 3 years. We're glad you're here!

We want to say hello to our buddy **Floyd Hardin**, mayor of Lincoln. Stop by and see him sometime - he has some great stories of old Huntsville!

We know that our friend **Nancy Holliman** hurt her hand recently while carrying some heavy items - that can be so painful! Get well quick, Nancy! We love you.

A big happy birthday to **Margaret Tucker**, wife of the famous **J. B. Tucker** of Hurricane Creek. We heard she's only 39, but we're wondering about that! She's sure a sweet lady.

We hear that **Hall Bryant**, **Jr.** and his sweet wife **Susan** are going to be grandparents again! Their daughter **Tricia** and her hubby **Steve Connelly** are expecting a baby boy in January and we know Hall's going to be the proudest grandpa! Congratulations to you guys! Susan has plenty of practice with these little ones because this baby will be **#**

10 for Hall and Susan in just a 4-block area!

We talked with **Earl Stewart** recently and he sure keeps busy! What a sweet man!

Lola Stutts-**Blaxton** of Muscle Shoals recently had a visit from her handsome son Will Stutts. who is a legendary actor living in the Philadelphia, PA. area. Lola, Will and Lola's daughter **Diane Owens** of Huntsville went to Tunica to try their luck, but no luck!

Well, that's about it for now-but keep warm in these cold days ahead and try to layer on clothes instead of using your heat, specially if you use gas. We still love

living in the best place on earth - Huntsville, Alabama!!







Thanksgiving Favorites

Best Dill Dip

1 c. sour cream

1/2 c. mayonnaise

3 T. minced fresh dill (or 1 T. dry)

1/2 t. garlic powder

1 t.. lemon juice

1/2 t. onion powder

Mix all ingredients in bowl, cover and chill before serving with veges or crackers.

Appetizer Pie

8 oz. cream cheese

2 T. milk

2 1/2 oz. dried chipped beef

2 T. dry minced onion

2 T. green pepper, chopped fine

1/2 c. sour cream

1/2 c. chopped pecans

Combine all ingredients in casserole dish and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Remove

and serve with your favorite crackers.

Ice Cream Muffins

2 c. self-rising flour

2 c. softened vanilla ice cream Combine in a mixing bowl, beat til smooth. Fill well-greased muffin tins 3/4 full and bake at 425 degrees for 23 minutes and golden brown. For a variation, try stirring in chocolate chips or

Louisiana Pineapple Rice

1 c. uncooked rice

1 can crushed pineapple

1 1/2 c. sugar

chopped nuts.

3/4 stick butter

Cook rice and drain. Make syrup as follows; Pour pineapple, sugar and butter into a saucepan and stir well. Place over heat and bring to boil. Boil for 10 minutes. Mix with cooked rice and place in buttered casserole dish, bake 45-60 minutes at 400 degrees. This is good hot or cold and is excellent with ham.

Tarragon Chicken

2 T. olive oil

4 chicken breasts, boneless and skinless

1/2 c. corn meal

3/4 c. Kentucky Kernel seasoned flour

2 t. tarragon, dried

1 t. garlic powder

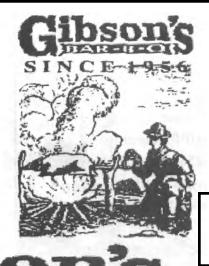
1/2 t. black pepper

1/2 t. cayenne pepper

In a large frying pan, heat the olive oil to hot. Mix cornmeal, flour and spices together. Coat the chicken well with the mixture, then add the breasts to the hot oil. Reduce heat and cook uncovered for about 45 minutes. Turn once.

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YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

Rare Roast Beef

For a good roast, cook as follows:

17-18 min/pound for rare 20-22 min/pound for medium 25-28 min/pound for well done

I like to rub the outside of the meat well with onion and garlic powder, Spike or other seasoning, salt and black pepper. Cook in uncovered, greased pan for just the minutes indicated.

Take it out and let rest for about five minutes to retain the juices, remove meat to a platter, then make a good gravy out of the drippings that are left in the pan. This is great with hard rolls and horseradish sauce.

Fried Cucumbers

Pare cucumbers and slice them about half inch thick, lay them in ice water for 20 minutes. Drain, wipe each piece separately, season with black pepper, salt, flour and cayenne pepper. Get skillet hot with butter, drop in slices and fry til light brown.

Onion-Roasted Potatoes

1 envelope Lipton Onion

Recipe soup mix

1/3 c. olive oil

1 t. garlic powder

2 lbs. potatoes, chunked into medium pieces

Preheat your oven to 450 degrees. Place all ingredients in a large plastic bag and shake til the potatoes are coated evenly. Pour the potatoes into a shallow, greased baking pan. Bake for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally, til they are golden brown and tender.

Strawberries & Cream

Fresh strawberries, washed 1 c. heavy whipping cream 1/2 c. white chocolate chips

Place cream and chips in a microwavable bowl. Microwave for about a minute, stir til chips are melted. Pour into fancy serving bowl, arrange strawberries on platter and start dipping!

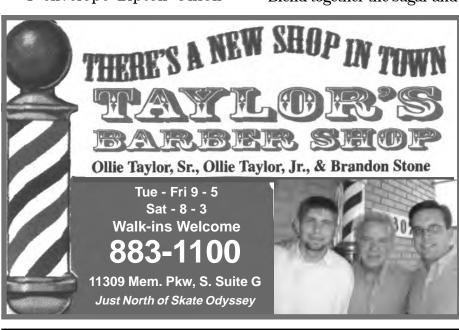
Best Coconut Pie

1/2 c. self-rising flour
1 1/2 c. sugar
4 eggs, beaten
1 t. vanilla extract
1/2 stick butter, melted
7 oz. flaked coconut
2 c. milk
Blend together the sugar and

flour, stir in the eggs and remaining ingredients. Pour into 2 greased 9-inch pie plates. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.









My First **Paying Gig**

by T.A. Miller

The summer of 1963 in Huntsville. Alabama doesn't bring to mind any monumental events or history making incidents. It was just the typical, hot, three months out of school, part of the year. But, for a twelve year old boy, soon to be thirteen in August, that summer spelled the beginning of a passion that I still follow today.

The seed that was planted that summer was music. Not just music by itself, but music that I was able to play, along with three other young men, that people actually listened to and appeared to enjoy. The most memorable part was, not only were we playing music in front of a captive audience, we were getting paid to do so!

I had been raised around music with my father, Malcolm Miller. My dad was, and still is, a musician and singer, but even

"Wedding dress for sale, worn once by mistake, call Deb for details."

Ad seen in local paper

more so, an entertainer. I learned a long time ago, by watching him, that you could make them laugh at your jokes or cry from your sad songs. You just have to watch responses and go with their mood. It never mattered how sad it was though, because he would have you laughing no matter your mood. He was always doing "shows" at schools as the "Master of Ceremonies" of talent shows, pageants, PTA fund raisers, and most any place that needed that type expertise. He was ready and willing to heed the call and deliver good wholesome family entertainment.

My exposure to those events, being around the music, the shows, and seeing the response of the audiences, let me know that I liked what I saw and somehow I wanted to be a part of this type activity, in some way, which takes us back to 1963.

My aforementioned father's "regular" job was that of a letter carrier with the U.S. Post Office. He had a co-worker by the name of Billy Frank Wilburn. Mr. Wilburn had a son, Benny, who was a young aspiring musician. Benny had a cousin, Eddie Dale Lones, who was also a guitar player.

Eddie Dale was very talented, for someone his age, on the guitar. Actually he was talented for someone any age. Eddie Dale could play lead guitar and copy popular radio tunes note for note. Remember, this was the era in music history of reverbheavy lead solos and the beginning of the British Invasion. Eddie Dale and Benny had a

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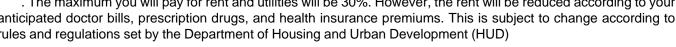
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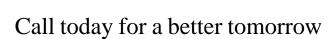
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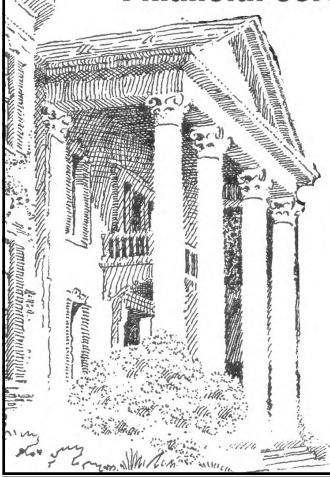
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friend from the Dallas Mill area where Eddie Dale lived, who was a drummer. His name was Tony Randolph. There weren't many drummers in our age bracket that were available to play and had their own drums. Tony had drums, beautiful, red, sparkling drums. And he could play the dog out of them.

The prerequisite for me, and most like me, for getting into a band was equipment. If you had equipment, you were in. Whether you stayed and successful depended on your talent, but the ticket in the front door was to have equipment. I am referring to drums, electric guitars, amplifiers, electric bass guitars, keyboards (organ in those days), and a P.A. system if you were really advanced. I had equipment, because my dad had equipment.

My dad and Mr. Wilburn talked at work and after several conversations, decided to put us together and see what happened. I was allowed to use my dad's Silvertone electric bass guitar and amplifier. Tony had his aforementioned drum set, Benny and Eddie Dale had matching Fender Stratocasters and amps.

We all got together one evening

"Love may be blind, but marriage is a real eyeopener."

Harold Seigel, married

at the Wilburn house on Redbud Drive in Northeast Huntsville. Benny thrashed the rhythm guitar on his Stratocaster, Tony pounded the drums to "Wipe Out", I tried to keep up on the bass, and Eddie Dale played with the smoothness of a pro. I guess he carried us from the start, until I could learn the bass parts and Benny the chords. Tony seemed to have no trouble finding the beat. The real difficulty lay within the vocal parts of our songs. Benny, who would rise to the position of lead singer (matter of fact the only singer) was actually pretty good from the start, but the vocal song







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list was minimal. Well, who needs words anyway when you have these fine musicians with their fine equipment. Besides, the louder we played the more we and the people listening seemed to like it. The vocal microphone was run through my big twin twelve bass amplifier and the increased instrument volume muffled the vocals, but Benny was able to rise above on certain notes with his more than adequate lung power. A majority of our songs were instrumentals anyway, which showcased our lead guitarist and allowed for more drum solos and breaks, which Tony handled with zeal.

After several practices on Redbud, which by the way, turned into mini-concerts for the people of the neighborhood, especially the young ladies, which I was starting to notice and become more interested in. I can still hear my mother referring to those young ladies as "feisty tailed gals". We still kid her as adults, that her recognition of this behavior was that it takes one to know one. I will probably get killed for mentioning names, but

The cardiologist diet - if it tastes good, spit it out.

the main two girls at all of our practices were Barbara and Becky. No last names, but if you read this, know that it was my pleasure to have known you both and your support of our long ago band is remembered and appreciated even today.

With the help of Tony's brother, Rafel, and after many practice sessions we booked our first gig at the Martin Theater R.C. Cola Shows on Thursday morning. To get into the show you had to have seven R. C. Cola bottle caps. For the caps you saw a B grade western or horror movie and heard the vibrant (or maybe vibrating) sounds of Tony Randolph, Benny Wilburn, Eddie Dale Lones, and Tommy Miller, known as THE EMOTIONS.

We even had matching clothes. All black shirts, pants, shoes, and wrap-around sunglasses. The shirts were embroidered on the back "The Emotions" in red. By today's standards, they look more like Goth bowling uniforms. But man we were cool and it watered that seed and scratched that itch that I yearned for in the shows I had seen my dad do. Later in the summer we also played the same type gig at the Center Theater in West Huntsville on Triana Blvd. That location was more in my part of town and made it more of a home venue for me.

Many years and scores of music have passed along the way with numerous other music playing partners. I have been fortunate enough to play some large venues around the country to local and area clubs, parties, churches, and functions. I have gone from the guy that played the electric bass and never opened his mouth on stage to sing or even talk, to being a single entertainer





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to lead singer and front for the group I currently play with. I have to mention that on and off for over 20 years we have played together as TA, Pat, and Curtis. And once again in my life I am blessed with great musicians as partners in Pat McQuiston and Curtis J. Hall.

Even though I have come that distance and played with many different people and styles, you can still hear the influence of "The Emotions" and some of those way back songs in a lot of the music that we play.

Old-Fashioned Hard Sauce

1/4 c. butter
1/2 t. vanilla
1/2 c. pulverized
ugar
1/2 t. lemon juice

Cream the butter, work in the sugar gradually. Beat until frothy and add the flavoring. Serve with a hot pudding.

Help Wanted

from 1862 newspaper

Maj. G. W. Jones, C.S.A. Quartermaster in Whiting's Division of the Army of Virginia, was to Huntsville by the War Department, some weeks ago, to procure clothing for the troops of his brigade; of which the immortal Fourth Ala. forms a part. We learn from him that he has secured 110,000 yards of woolen goods, and wishes to have 4,000 suits of clothing made as rapidly and as well as possible. He invokes the aid of the ladies, whose patriotism has never yet failed to respond promptly and efficiently. The clothing will be cut at Herstein's Store, and all who wish to make, or have made, any of the required articles, will please go there at once and procure them. The Government will pay good prices for good work. This will be a fine opportunity for females in want of work.

Only a true Southerner can point out to you the general direction of "yonder."

Barbara Fortner

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Caleb Daniel

by Austin Miller

Caleb Daniel appeared to be a typical black share-cropper. Like all Ryland black people of his time (born in 1897), he gave humble deference to white people. By looking at him or hearing him talk there was no indication that he was a successful cotton farmer, owned two farms, had white tenants and was one of the biggest bootleggers in Madison County. Caleb knew the power of politics and money and used both to stay in business. Stated another way, he paid off Law enforcement officials and they left him alone.

Caleb lived at the end of Moon Town Road on Flint River. This is where his still was located. If you were on the river and wandered up the creek behind his house someone would come to greet you and courte-ously guide you away. Caleb was in a mean, dangerous business but there were things he wouldn't do, and one was, he would not sell to minors.

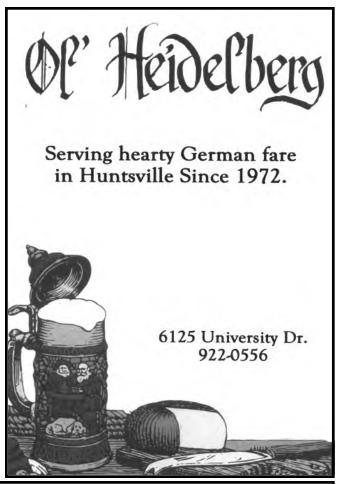
My friend Bill Gossett tells about trying to buy whiskey from him when he was a teenager. Caleb told him, "Yas-suh, I will sell you all you want, all you have to do is go get Yo-Daddy." That of course ended the transaction. Also, Caleb was a good neighbor that kept more than one white family from starving during the depression.

My grandparents didn't sharecrop with Caleb but one Christmas when Mama was little they had no food or money. On Christmas Eve, Caleb and his wife Mary brought food and gifts. It was all they had that year for Christmas

Ora Henshaw often told about his first contact with Caleb when he moved to the Clay Kennemar farm. It was in the early thirties and Caleb was one of his closest neighbors. Ora came out of Paint Rock Valley and had never known or talked to a black person. They were not allowed in the Valley. Into the sixties, blacks couldn't even come in on delivery trucks. In the seventies, signs were still posted warning blacks to get out by sundown. If they ignored the signs and moved in anyway, their house would quickly be burned to the ground.

This was the environment the Henshaw family came out of when they became neighbors of Caleb Daniel. When Ora discovered he had black neighbors, he didn't know what to think. He decided that the best thing was to have nothing to do with them and keep all his stuff locked up so they wouldn't steal it.

One day, shortly after they moved in, Ora and his father, Mr. Tom Henshaw, were working feverishly to get a new tin roof on Ora's house before sundown. It was getting late in the day and heavy rain was expected that night. To Ora's surprise he looked up and saw Caleb and his son Cannal coming across the field with their hammers. Without saying a word, they climbed up on the roof and started putting down tin. It was get-



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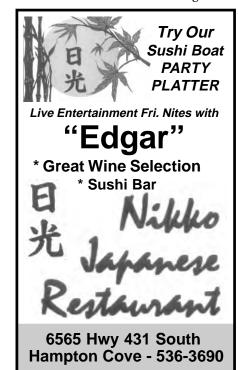
ting dark when the four of them finally got the last piece nailed in place. Soon after that, Ora was visiting Caleb on the creek at his still. Ora may not have known much about black people but he knew about making whiskey. In those days in Paint Rock Valley, there were more whiskey stills than houses. Ora may have advised Caleb but he didn't pursue bootlegging. He joined Shiloh Church and became one of its most loval members. If the church door were open, Ora and his family were there. His mother, Mrs. Carrie Henshaw, was my first Sunday school teacher at Shiloh Church. In later years, I heard Ora say that, he couldn't have asked for a better neighbor, bootlegging and all, than Caleb Daniel.

Shortly after Gaylor and I

I have a million dollar figure, but it's all in loose change!

moved to Atlanta in 1971, the cover on the Atlanta Journal/ Constitution was a full-page color picture of a black man picking cotton. The caption read, "Scenes from the Past." It was an up close picture of Caleb with a big grin on his face pulling a cotton sack with both hands full of cotton. It was on his highway 72 farm. The article said that the photographer was passing by and was so fascinated by the sight that he stopped and took the picture. Caleb Daniel may have been the last person in Madison County to pick cotton by hand.

Caleb's property on the river is still undeveloped. His house is still standing as well as some of the tenant houses. It all looks about like it did when Ora Henshaw moved to the Kennemar place in the early thirties. It is one of the few visual relics of the past left in Ryland. If Caleb were living, I believe that's exactly the way he would want it.



The winter of 1932 was so cold that Niagara Falls froze completely solid.



It is a credit to his heirs that they have not sold out to the encroaching developers that have brought suburban sprawl to Ryland. Also, his property on the highway is still undeveloped; it is currently worth a fortune and will likely skyrocket in value in the next few years.

Caleb died in 1976 at the age of seventy-nine. He and Mary are buried in the black section of Ryland Cemetery just a few feet from the hundred or so year old hog wire type fence that separates the two sections. It is about the same distance from one of two Miller family plots in the cemetery. In a departure from the way he lived his life, he and his wife Mary have the biggest tombstone in the entire cemetery.

For Sale

From 1901 newspaper

One gold and diamond engagement ring - 1/2 carat square diamond - fiance ran off and I have no need of it.

Contact at newspaper office

His Wife Put An **End To It**

While on patrol one night, a Huntsville city policeman was directed to go to a certain address and apprehend a suspect accused of drunken and disorderly conduct.

Desiring more information before he walked into a domestic squabble, he called his dispatcher and asked for exact information on where the subject was located.

After a pause, the dispatcher replied, "On the kitchen floor his wife just knocked him out with a skillet."

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Disorderly Houses Ordered To Leave

from 1907 newspaper

In the end, that dissolute section of the city that has become notorious in the courts of Madison County and of the beautiful and picturesque Huntsville will soon be nothing more than other sections of the city. All of its boarding house owners and boarders must be out of the city by next Saturday.

Acting upon instructions from Mayor Smith, the police have given notice to a large number of keepers of disorderly houses that they and all of their boarders must be out of the city by Saturday. They are given just that time to make their arrangements to leave.

There will be an almost general exodus of the "women of the town" and only those who have never given trouble to the police will be allowed to remain. Those who stay will be required to conduct their places in an orderly manner or they too will be given notice to leave. Minors will no longer be permitted to frequent the establishments. Mayor Smith will be commended for this move.

Police Court News From 1907

- Mary White, Ret Wales and Jenny Humphrey were fined \$100 each with the option of working out the fines at the rate of .50 cents the day for running a bawdy house.

Charlie Mason, a young man who was caught in the house was fined \$100.

Mary Davison, an inmate of the house, was given 24 hours in which to get out of the city and unless she is gone by that time she must pay a fine of \$100 or begin a term of 209 days labor

- Dave Pointer was fined \$5 for using profane language in the presence of females.
- Lacy Clemens was fined \$5 for leaving a team unhitched.
- R. Dervis, drunk and disorderly, was fined \$20.
- F. L. Oates, drunk, was fined \$10 and John Sutherfield for drunk and disorderly and for carrying a pistol was given a term of 60 days.

If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he homeless or naked?

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Old Huntsville Trivia

1866 - Madison County is recovering from the Civil War. More than 5000 rations a day are distributed at the railroad station in an effort to combat starvation.

1885 - The Huntsville Mercury, a local newspaper, is founded by R.E. Spragins and Robert L. O'Neal.

1894 - Robert Donnell High School in Gurley goes co-ed to the strong protest of local dowagers. An editorial of the day states that "co-ed schools are sure to lead to wickedness among the youth".

1899 - City fathers pass an ordinance making it unlawful for any female to enter a pool or billiard hall. Supposedly, Carrie Nation was the first to do so in Huntsville.

1908 - Madison County becomes the first county in the

state to use gas-powered buggies and motorcycles to deliver mail.

1910 - The spring, located downtown, finally gets a name. Mrs. Grace Walker appeared before the city governing body with a request that the spring be named the Big Spring Park. The motion barely passed.

1921 - Huntsville's first supermarket, Piggly Wiggly, opens with J.S. Comer as the manager.

1930 - A mad dog runs amuck in Bryant's Alley, biting fifteen people, all of whom had to take the dreaded rabies treatment.

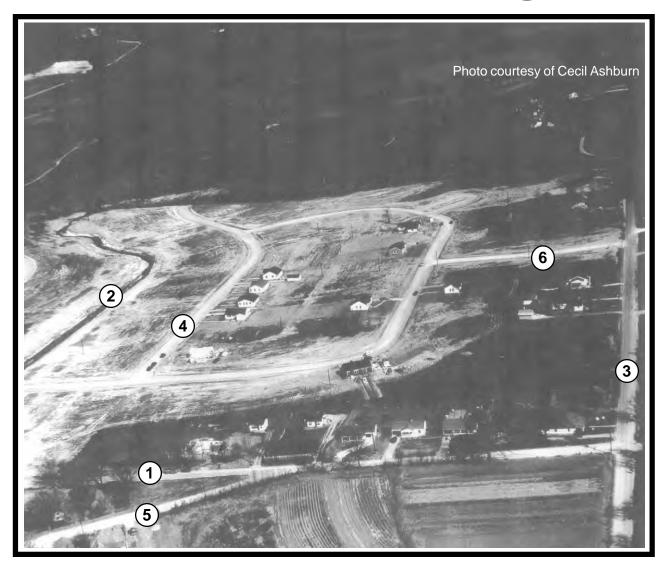
1933 - The first state unemployment office opens in the Madison County Courthouse. Unemployed people were lined up for three blocks on the day of the opening.

1935 - The poor house, sometimes known as the Alms house, is torn down. The house was located at the end of Hermitage Avenue.





Times Have Changed



Blossomwood Subdivision in 1949

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- 3 Big Cove Road
- 4 Woodmont

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- 6 Olive Drive



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News From The Year 1964

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Beatles Invade America

A mass shriek of delight erupted yesterday afternoon at Kennedy Airport the moment the Beatles' plane touched down, and the frenzied adulation from fans never ceased during the Liverpool quartet's first day in America. The British rock and rollers - John Lennon, 23; Paul McCartney. 21: George Harrison, 21; and Ringo Starr, 23 - rose steadily to the peak of pop stardom in Europe the past year. Their latest record, "I Want to Hold Your Hand," has now skyrocketed to number one on this side of the Atlantic, and judging from the scene yesterday, it appears Beatlemania is conquering the U.S.

Thousands of teenagers overwhelmed the airport yesterday morning, as disk jockeys offered constant updates on the flight and non-stop sets of Beatles music. Police struggled to contain a wild surge in the crowd at 1:20 p.m., when the plane finally landed, and again soon after, when the group, their

shaggy hair tousled by the breeze, emerged to wave.

The pandemonium followed the musicians into Manhattan where a huge gathering outside the posh Plaza Hotel, where the group is staying, waved banners proclaiming "Beatles We Love You" and chanted "We Want The Beatles" on into the evening.

During their stay in New York City, the Beatles will appear live on "The Ed Sullivan Show," which may prove as big a boost to their careers as it once did for Elvis Presley, and perform two sold-out shows at Carnegie Hall.

Von Braun Smoking Too Much Moon Dust?

When Wernher Von Braun said today he believed man would walk on the moon in his lifetime, his remarks were met with much skepticism. One critic said Von Braun has been smoking too much moon dust.

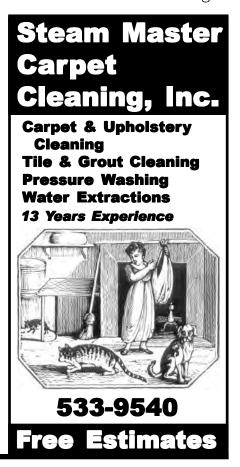


Cassius Clay Wins Title From Sonny Liston

The brash, cocky kid incredibly, kept his word. Cassius Clay left a bleeding, wounded Sonny Liston in his wake as he ascended to the world heavy-weight boxing championship.

Only three of the 46 sports-writers were present who thought Clay could fell the giant Liston. And yet after six rounds, Liston was the victim of a 22-year-old upstart who had bragged he would "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee."

It was Liston himself who said he could not come out for the seventh. An aide said Liston had hurt his arm in training.



MacArthur Dies

General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who led the Allied victory over Japan in World War II, died today at the age of 84. His death, following a series of operations, seemed to fulfill his observation in a farewell speech to Congress in 1951 that "old soldiers never die - they just fade away."

His illustrious military career that ended with a presidential dismissal spanned nearly a half-century. He won the Medal of Honor in World War I, served as chief of staff of the Army in the 1930's before becoming Governor General of the Philippines, commanded Allied forces in the Pacific in World War II and in the Korean War, and directed the postwar occupation that reshaped Japan.

A man of military brilliance and imperious pride, MacArthur was relieved of command by resident Truman in 1951 for questioning the administration's Korean strategy. His body is to lie in state in the Capitol.

Jack Ruby Found Guilty

"We find the defendant guilty of murder with malice as charged in the indictment and assess his punishment as death," announced the jury in the trial of Jack Ruby, killer of President Kennedy's accused assassin Lee Harvey Oswald. Ruby's lawyers lambasted the jury before a television audience of millions, calling the verdict "a violent miscarriage." Melvin Belli, chief defense attorney, declared he would appeal the decision outside of Dallas "where there is justice." The prosecution thanked the jury for a fair verdict.

Hoffa Headed to Jail

James R. Hoffa, the President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, was fined \$10,000 and sentenced to eight years in prison today, after his conviction last week on charges of jury tampering.

Hoffa's attorneys announced plans for an appeal but there is little hope the verdict will be overturned.

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The Trial of Elizabeth Routt

by Chip Knight

It really wasn't much of a trial, but it remains well known in Madison County to this day, over 150 years later. The charges didn't amount to much, she had accused him of defamation of character, so it wasn't even a criminal trial. But it did pack the courthouse so that people were flowing out the doors and onto the grounds, and bets were being taken in at least one tavern on who would win. People in Madison County were fairly evenly divided in their support of Mrs. Elizabeth Routt, the plaintiff, and Abner Tate, the defendant. Things had gotten so out of hand that fist fights had broken out over the subject, and one shooting had occurred. There had even been talk of imposing martial law, but that was just talk, as there were no troops available for that.

Mr. Tate and Mrs. Routt had gotten into a disagreement which had begun as an argument over loose cattle. Unfortunately, the records do not show whose cattle were loose, but the argument had grown all out of proportion, as neither was the type who could back off once the disagreement had started and the accusations grew. There were claims of crop damage by the loose cattle, and each claimed that the other had shot, or permitted shooting over the other's fields, endangering humans and livestock alike. Whether it was related or not, Tate was injured at one point by a shotgun blast, supposedly fired by one slave or another who had, again supposedly, been hired by Mrs.

Routt.

Tate had finally reached the point where he had openly and publicly accused Mrs. Routt of murder. She had married and buried six men over the space of a few years, and he claimed that a hat rack in the fover of her home with six old hats on it was proof that she had done them in and was using the hats like notches on a pistol to maintain the count. He was so angry that he wrote a book which he had paid to have published, and which laid out his claims of her foul deeds of murder. When Mrs. Routt heard of, and then read the book, she drove her

buggy from her farm near Hazel Green to Huntsville, hired an attorney and brought the charges of defamation of character against Tate.

The trial itself had consisted of insults hurled at each other by the plaintiff and defendant, and then, later, by their attorneys. The judge had not been able to maintain any semblance of order in the courtroom, despite banging his gavel and telling the parties involved of the penalties if they continued their misconduct. The judge realized that he had lost control of the case and that he could no longer keep order either in the court-





room or in the county. He finally ordered the case to be continued, hoping that time would permit all the parties to calm down enough to go ahead with the case in a reasonable manner.

Mrs. Routt's maiden name is not recorded, but as a young girl, she had married a man by the name of Gibbons; nothing more is known of him, neither his first name nor his occupation. Mr. Gibbons died a couple of months later under what were called "mysterious circumstances." She then married a man named Flannigan, and again, nothing more is known of him, except that he died three months after the marriage.

Even today, these things would cause a fair amount of gossip to spring up, but that did not stop her from taking a third husband by the name of Alexander Jeffries. He was an early settler of Madison County

who had built a log cabin on a five hundred acre land grant in 1817. By 1837 he was a successful planter and had built a proper plantation house about a mile east of Hazel Green. He was quite a bit older than Elizabeth, who was still in her early twenties.

Elizabeth Jeffries became the mistress of Mr. Jeffries' plantation, enjoyed the role thoroughly, and, with his teaching, learned how to run the place efficiently and

at a profit. She loved the life-style, living in a plantation house with its wide verandah and many columns, with its tall ceilings to help cool the rooms in summer, and with an adequate staff to run the place effectively.

This was perhaps the happiest Elizabeth had been in her entire life but unfortunately Mr. Jeffries died before they had been married a year, and was buried quietly on the property.



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With her marriage to Jeffries, Elizabeth's social status had increased a great deal as had her monetary worth. That, unfortunately, increased her gossip value, for then, as today, those who have not tend to envy those who have. Even then, there were rumors about her three dead husbands, all of whom had died within a short period of time.

Elizabeth's fourth husband was a man named Robert A. High, and he was a state legislator from Limestone County. He survived for about two years, and, of course, the local gossip held that he lived that long because he was often in the Capital and away from home and his wife. He eventually died at the Hazel Green plantation, and was quietly buried there.

She next married Absalom

Brown, a wealthy merchant from New Market, a Madison County community not too far from Hazel Green. Brown seemed to be a perfect candidate; he was fairly young and he was a hard working and successful merchant. From all appearances he was in perfect health and was quite active but he too died within a short time..

Unknown to Brown, much less to Elizabeth, he had apparently damaged his liver at some point in his life; upon his death, it was necessary to bury him immediately, as his body was grossly swollen.

Needless to say, a considerable amount of gossip was generated over the neighbors not having even seen the body before it was buried.

Her next attempt at marriage was to Willis Routt. Routt's oc-

TIMOTHY JAY FOOTE



Attorney at Law

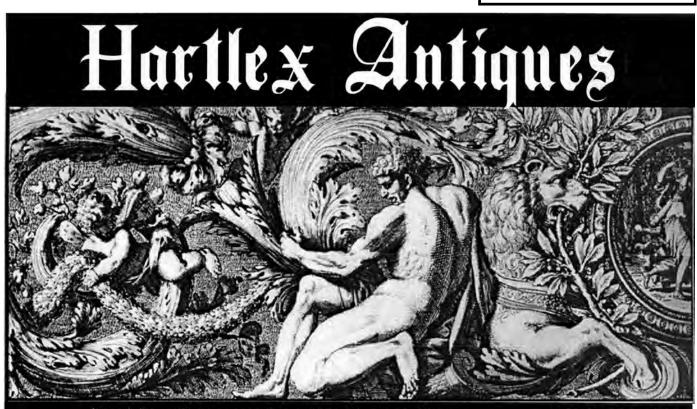
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cupation is not known, so her last husband is nearly as unknown as Gibbons, her first. It is known, however, that he did not live long and was buried quietly.

Elizabeth gave up. However much as a woman of the 1840s needed a husband, she finally realized that she was destined not to have one.

She had gained greatly in material wealth, and was, in fact a very wealthy woman with a successful five hundred acre plantation, numerous slaves to work it and a great deal of money in the bank.

She was at the point where, without a husband, men would try to call on her who really just wanted to get at her money and she grew more and more bitter and more and more isolated.

Elizabeth at this point decided to free two of her slaves. She asked them to be quiet about it and they were, but, nonetheless, the legal paperwork had to be filed in the Courthouse.

Despite the primitive communications of the 1840s, word spread immediately that Mrs. Routt had freed two of her slaves. The news had just about the same effect as if she had buried a couple of more husbands.

Abner Tate had lived near Mrs. Routt's plantation for quite a few

"Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents & listen."

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years, and had seen the beautiful young woman over a number of years, both casually and socially. A married man himself, Tate had refrained from paying a great deal of attention to Mrs. Routt or to her affairs. He even tried to put aside his strong negative feelings when he learned that she had freed two slaves.

Abner Tate's wife died about the same time as Mr. Routt and, after a reasonable period of mourning, he began to find his attention turned increasingly toward his neighbor, the widow Mrs. Routt. Actually, he became infatuated with her and believed himself to be falling in love with her, although they had actually had no contact since the deaths of their spouses.

And then some of his cattle got loose and into one of Mrs. Routt's cotton fields. She got into her buggy and drove to Mr. Tate's place and told him in no uncertain terms that his cattle were damag-

ing her cotton and that he must immediately get them back on his property and that he might have been as a second control of the control of t







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have to pay her for the damage to her crop. Tate felt that he had been rejected and began to brood and then to grow angry. He was the type of person who either liked you or hated you, or in the case of Mrs. Routt, loved her or hated her. The incident of the cattle and her response to it turned his love to hate. He resolved to "do her in."

His first claim was that her cattle had damaged his crop, never mind that the opposite was really the case. Mr. Tate was rather savvy, and he knew that local gossip would carry his story quickly, and that Mrs. Routt tended to be rather quiet so her version would likely not be believed. Not satisfied with the switch in the cattle story, he zeroed in on Mrs. Routt's former husbands, all now dead. and began to tell tales about how she had actually murdered them.

Although there was no evidence to support his claims, the "grapevine" still picked up the story and it spread throughout

"I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day, but I couldn't find any."

Joey Theibold

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(256) 859-7477 1-888-622-1049 Madison County. Not yet satisfied, he began to openly accuse her of murder, and, finally, wrote a book laying out his claims of her notorious murders. Those claims, he stated, were supported by her hat rack with six old hats on it.

Elizabeth Routt finally could take no more of Tate's harassment, and filed a lawsuit claiming defamation of character. She was normally a quiet person, but

not one to be taken lightly when she spoke.

It really wasn't much of a trial, and in fact, it was rather ridiculous, with her shouting in the courtroom like a fishmonger's wife.

The judge finally continued the trial to her great relief and once again Elizabeth gave up. A short while later she dropped the charges against Tate.

Shortly afterwards Elizabeth Routt and her son disappeared from Madison County.



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From 1901 newspaper

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The Miracle Worker

In the late fall of 1958, a strange caravan pulled into Huntsville. After erecting a large tent on an empty lot near Washington and Pratt Avenue, they immediately began passing out handbills throughout town.

"Religious Revival." the handbill read. "Come see the sick healed and miracles performed before your eyes."

Traveling revivals were nothing new to Huntsville. Almost yearly, miracle workers or religious healers would appear in town to stage week long revivals promising to heal the bodies and save the souls.

Of course, the faithful were always expected to make generous donations.

This revival troupe, however, was different. Just how different soon became apparent when Huntsville got a good look at the newest miracle worker.

A tall man, slim with dark hair. Preacher Ramone was clad in a stylish suit, crafted from light burgundy satin, heavily inlaid with gold brocade. He was just different enough to stir the curiosity of Huntsville's natives.

The first night there were maybe 15 or 20 people scattered throughout the large tent, waiting to be healed, saved, or amused.

The show opened with Preacher Ramone giving a passionate plea to the faithful. After working himself to a feverish pitch, he motioned to his helpers waiting in the

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wings. Slowly, with a chorus of singers singing softly in the background, the helpers rolled a coffin onto the stage.

Just as the choir finished, and with everyone in the audience waiting to see what would happen next. Preacher Ramone raised the lid of the coffin to reveal a body.

"Folks," he cried out. "I promised you a miracle and I am going to show you one! We're gonna pray over this body for 7 days and 7 nights and on the 7th night the boy will rise from the dead!"

Needless to say, the next night the tent was almost full of expectant and curious people staring at the body lying on stage.

Of course. Preacher Ramone did not neglect to take contributions. Every few minutes a plate would be passed, with the preacher exhorting the people to help him continue in his work.

The tent was full on the third night, and overflowing by the fifth. On the sixth night, police had to be called to help with traffic control. The plates that had been passed around the first nights were now replaced with washtubs, and even they were not large enough to hold the money donated by the thousands of people who were now showing up each night.

Photographs of the coffin with the body were sold for \$2 a piece, and for an extra donation, one could actually go up on stage and place their hands on the coffin. For another \$1 the people could have their picture taken with Preacher Ramone, in all of his burgundy glory.

Early on the morning of the seventh day, people began flocking to town from points all over North Alabama. Eagerly they gathered in the field around the tent, waiting, and talking of the miracle scheduled to happen that night. By 5 o'clock in the evening the crowd waiting was estimated to be over 4000 people.

And they waited.

Finally, around 8:00 PM., a small delegation took it upon themselves to enter the tent to see what was holding up the show. The chairs were still in place, the coffin still sitting on the stage, propped in an upright position ... but the body was gone!

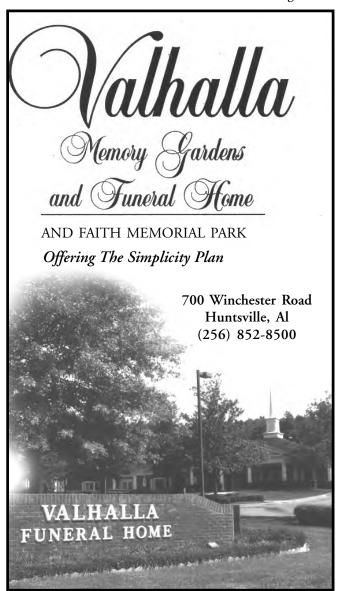
So was the choir, Preacher Ramone and thousands of dollars that had once belonged to Huntsville's citizens.

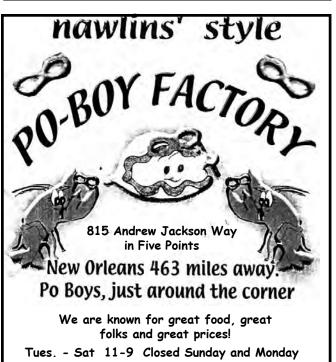
The following week, a creditor from Louisville. Kentucky, showed up with a court order to repossess the tent.

Ramone was never heard from again.



Einstein couldn't speak fluently when he was nine years old. His parents thought that he might be retarded.





The Hotel de Riddick

from 1933 newspaper

Thomas T. Terry, the southside square businessman who made the slogan. "Great is the power of cash" a household word, is now offering a \$5 reward to the first guest lodged in the new county jail.

The new jail, located on North Washington Street, is a marvel of modern technology with indoor plumbing, electric lights in each room and escape-proof cells enabling it to lodge 18 guests at a time.

After touring the new facilities. Mr. Terry proclaimed that the grand opening of the "Hotel de Riddick" should be immortalized in history thereby sparking his offer of a reward for the first prisoner to be arrested and lodged within its confines.

All that is needed to collect the reward is to provide proof of identification along with a copy of the arrest record certifying the individual spent at least one night as a guest of the county.

An additional reward of \$2.50 is offered to the arresting officer.

Local wags predict the "Hotel de Riddick" will do a landslide business on its opening day as many of Huntsville's shiftless elements compete for the reward and a place in the history books.

> "Car in ditch, Driver in tree. The moon was full, And so was he.

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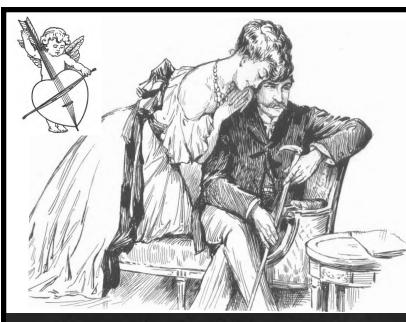
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The Murder of Hubert "Hugh" Taylor

by Debora Hill Nichols

July 31, 1937 was a typical sultry hot sumthe early morning hours (shortly after 1:00 a.m.) the lives of two Huntsville families were changed forever. The Hubert "Hugh" Taylor family was the first of these families. The Taylor's were a rather poor family struggling to get by during difficult times. Hugh, a stove repairman, who was known to drink too much at times, and his wife, Mary "Mae", who worked in the cotton mill, lived in a ery. The Taylor's had six sons: Herbert, Albert, Leo, Thomas, Raymond and Eugene and one daughter, Elsie. Their children ranged in ages from six years to twenty-two years. When the sun rose on this hot summer day, this family would find their lives to never be the same. Today, this family would plan the funeral of their beloved husband and father.

The other family caught up in this tragedy was the family of Silas B. Worley, a long time Madison county law enforcement officer. *The* irony of this situation was that Mr. Worley was known by the Taylor family and even considered a friend, known by Hugh Taylor's children

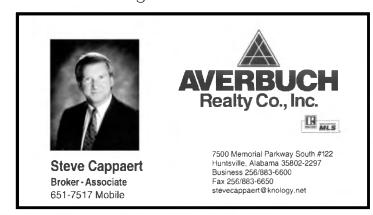
as "Uncle Si."

So what happened to turn this night into a night-mare for both families? The whole truth surrounding the following events obviously went to the grave with Hugh Taylor and Si Worley, but the following accounts were taken from *The Huntsville Times*, Mary "Mae" Taylor Howell and Elsie Taylor Hill.

July 31, 1937 was a typical sultry hot summer day in the city of Huntsville. However, in the early morning hours (shortly after 1:00 a.m.) WILL BE GIVEN TO GRAND JURY: Deputy Held the lives of two Huntsville families were changed Without Bond On First Degree Murder Charge."

According to the paper, Worley was being held without bond and the Circuit Solicitor, John McEachin, stated, "It looks like a plain case of first degree murder to me, judging from what the witnesses have said."

"Mae", who worked in the cotton mill, lived in a simple home behind the Meadow Gold Cream- my grandmother, Mary "Mae" Taylor Howell, the two ery. The Taylor's had six sons: Herbert, Albert, of them were walking home from the West Clinton Street





store owned by W. M. Hambrick where there had been a dance. My mother was only fourteen at the time and she was walking along on one side of her father while her mother walked on the other side. Both she and my grandmother stated that Hugh Taylor was not drinking on the night of his death and did nothing to provoke the incident that took his life. Hugh Taylor, his wife and daughter, along with at least one other witness, who was actually in the company of Mr. Worley that night, all pleaded in vain for the deputy not to shoot Hugh Taylor.

According to the story in the *Huntsville Times*, Worley, Houston Taylor (not known to be any relation to Hugh Taylor) and Ernest Jolly were standing across the street from the store where the dance was held, when Houston Taylor is said to have sighted Hugh Taylor and shouted, "There he goes, let's get him." Accompanied by his companions, Worley ran across the street and grabbed Taylor by the belt, saying, "Come on, let's go." According to Jolly, Deputy Worley pressed the barrel of his revolver against Taylor's temple, but sheriff's deputies claimed that Taylor provoked the attack by first hitting the officer.

Hugh Taylor is said to have pleaded, "Don't hit me, Mr. Worley, I'm going home." On another occasion, Worley is alleged to have told Hugh Taylor, "If you don't stay away from down there (the Hambrick store), I'm going to get you." The *Huntsville Times* gave this account of Jolly's statement: "Taylor's wife said that she would take her husband home." Jolly said that when he asked the deputy not



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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, NY 10010 to shoot Taylor, the officer whirled upon him, saying, "Get back, you, or I'll shoot you." At this point he pointed the revolver at Jolly.

According to the August 12, 1937 addition of the *Huntsville Times*, the first court hearing (arraignment) was held with Houston Taylor, Ernest Jolly, Si Worley and the widow, Mary Taylor being among those who testified. The defense called seven witnesses to the stand in addition to the accused.

Houston Taylor, who testified first for the defense, stated he had heard someone cursing and threatening to kill Worley. This was when they saw Taylor, his

wife and one or two others walking on the other side of the street. The witness reported that they crossed the street at which time Worley had his flashlight in his right hand and that he grabbed the victim by the belt with his left hand.

According to the witness, Worley did not have his gun in his hand at this time but did pull it when the victim grabbed the flashlight and began hitting the officer. He stated that Worley shot the victim after he began hitting the officer with the flashlight. The witness identified the flashlight on exhibit in the court as the one he saw in the dead man's hand.

Houston Taylor did report hearing Mrs. Taylor beg Worley not to shoot her husband. Houston Taylor also testified that, "After the shot had been fired, they didn't wait to see if the man was dead, but climbed into their car and drove to the jail.

Upon redirect from the defense attorney, Houston Taylor stated, he and Worley left the scene after people began "ganging around."

Worley told the court during his testimony he didn't know how he fired the shot that killed Hubert "Hugh" Taylor. He testified that he and Houston Taylor heard Hugh Taylor cursing and making threats and that Hugh Taylor told him, "You can't arrest me," when he attempted to take him into custody. He reported that Hugh Taylor had something in his hand until he knocked it out with his flashlight. Worley reported he grabbed the victim with his left hand and later shifted his flashlight to that same hand with which he was holding Taylor by the belt. This was when Jolly came up to him telling him he couldn't do that.

According to Worley's testimony, this is when he pulled his gun. Worley then testified that he was going across the street holding onto the victim when the



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victim grabbed the flashlight and struck him first on the hip. Worley stated at this point, "I rapped him with my gun," and Taylor again hit him, this time on the head. Worley reported this lick blinded him a little and he "sorta dropped" to his knee. Worley then stated, "I don't know how it happened, but when I rose up as he jerked, I gripped my gun and it went off after he had addled me with he flashlight on the head." When questioned about a flashlight on exhibit in the courtroom, Worley said it was not the one the victim had struck him with but was similar to it. Worley denied having heard Taylor's wife, daughter or anyone else beg him not to shoot the man. Worley was questioned about the difference in the size of the two men, with Worley admitting he weighed 225 pounds, "But I'm not a stout man like I used to be." Hugh Taylor was a much smaller man weighing between 140-150 pounds.

Ernest Jolly testified for the Just can't find the time to juggle your busy schedule to go shopping? We're here to assist you! The Silver Fox Grocery Box was designed for the elderly and homebound. Custom Boxes available. S&H depends on destination Dorm Boxes Available For The Silver Fox Grocery Box is

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prosecution and stated that he did not hear anyone cursing or making a threat. He repeated what he had told investigators the morning of the shooting about Houston Taylor having sighted Hugh Taylor and shouting, "there he goes, let's get him." Jolly testified that Worley had his gun in his hand when he started across the street and he grabbed Taylor, telling him, "Let's go." Jolly stated that Worley struck Taylor with the barrel of his pistol and Taylor staggered into the deputy's arms. He said the officer struck him again, and at that stage he begged Worley not to do it again, telling hint "He'll go home, or go with you, Mr. Worley." Jolly said the deputy struck him once more, and then shot him as Taylor lay in his arms. It should be noted at this point, when Worley was questioned by Prosecutor Johnston about shooting Taylor as he lay in Worley's arms, beaten into near unconsciousness, Worley gave no reply. Jolly denied seeing a flashlight during the entire difficulty and also denied that Worley was at any point on his knee as testified by both Worley and Houston Taylor. Jolly also testified that Worley had already been in a fight that night with a man named Busby which

is contrary to what Houston Tay-

lor had testified.

When the widow, Mary Taylor, was called to testify, her testimony was virtually the same as that offered by Jolly. She said she and her daughter both begged Worley not to shoot Taylor and that



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Worley had threatened to shoot Jolly if he didn't get out of the way. The victim's wife testified that she called an ambulance after her husband had been shot, then rushed back to his side and kissed him before he was removed. When questioned by the defense, my grandmother stated she had stopped by Hambrick's Store, after leaving work at ten o'clock that night. She reported they stayed at the dance until around 1:00 a.m When questioned by the defense attorney, Griffin, about her husband being drunk, she said he was not. She also said she didn't know whether Worley was drunk, but added, "He seemed awful mad or nervous - something was definitely the matter."

According to my mother, Elsie Taylor Hill, her testimony was the same as that of her mother and Jolly. She always denied that her father had been drinking that night although she admitted that he did drink too much at times. According to her, she testified that Si Worley grabbed her father and said, "Let's go." She said at first her father (she called him Poppa) said, "I can't go now, I'm going home with my wife and daughter." At this point Si Worley hit Hugh Taylor with his gun and he begged him not to do it again, telling him he would go with him. Unfortunately, Si Worley chose at this point not to stop until he shot Hubert "Hugh" Taylor.

On November 28, 1937 the *Huntsville Times* ran a story stating Si Worley would go on trial for first degree murder on Tuesday. However, on November 30, 1937, they ran another story showing that his case was put off because his doctor had testified going on trial at that time "would be endangering his life."

Finally, on March 1, 1938, the headlines in the *Huntsville Times* read "Worley Pleas Self Defense." During this trial, Worley's attorneys M. U. Griffin

and Earle Ford attempted to show that Worley was attempting to arrest Hugh Taylor for obscene language and drunkenness when the latter resisted and struck Worley.

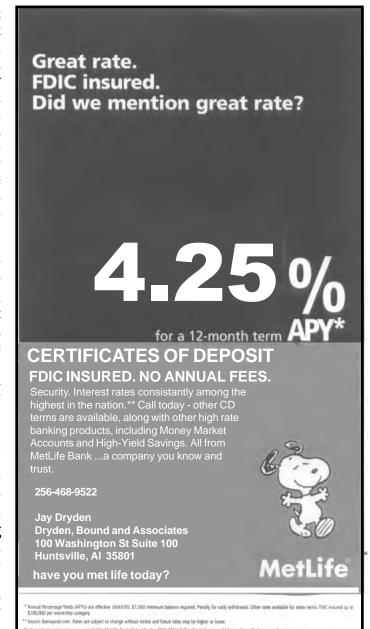
The majority of the testimonies given, however, showed this not to be the case. During the hours of testimony, the jury heard the same testimony that was given

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in the pre-trial hearing. After only a short deliberation of a few hours, the verdict of guilt for first degree murder was reached. Unfortunately, the jury could not reach an agreement on the sentencing of Worley.

The jury foreman, Dwight Wilhelm, asked Judge Richardson if it was mandatory for the jury to set the sentence and the presiding judge stated it was. He explained that if they could not reach an agreement on the sentence, a mistrial would be declared. Almost 24 hours after the jury received the case, the judge dismissed the jury due to their being unable to reach an agreement.

According to the *Huntsville Times*, the jury's deadlock was officially reported as being brought about by one member who held out for a sentence of not more than a year and a day. Other jurors favored longer sentences. Worley was released under the previously set \$5000 bond until another trial date was set.

The new trial opened on June 23, 1938. Through that day and part of the next, this new jury heard the same testimonies that were presented in the previous trial and the pre-trial hearing. This time Worley was again convicted, but for the lesser crime of first degree manslaughter. On June 25, 1938, Worley was sen-

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tenced to five years in prison. Worley's attorneys immediately filed notice of appeal. Worley was released on \$2500 bail to await his appeal.

The Huntsville Times ran a story on April 11, 1939 with the headline, Worley Loses in High Court. According to the story the Alabama Court of Appeals had affirmed the five year manslaughter sentence for Worley's conviction in the death of Hubert "Hugh" Taylor. Worley had asked that he be granted a new trial based on one of the jurors who convicted him being "prejudiced," and that juror having had expressed the intention "to see that he was convicted."

However, the Court of Appeals said the trial judge did not err in refusing to grant a new trial, and that testimony in the case was amply sufficient to have sustained a verdict in a higher degree than that returned by the jury.

According to stories told by family members, Worley served less than half of his five year sentence. Truly not much for taking the life of another man. Maybe Silas Worley's name is familiar to some of the readers. Worley, his father and his brother were all mentioned in the book by Fred Simpson, Sins of Madison County. Silas Worley's father was actually tried for participation in the lynching discussed in this book, but was acquitted.

Whatever caused the events that transpired that night may never have a clear explanation, but one thing is certain and that is it changed the lives of both families. It seemed so distant to me for many years that I did not think of it until my mother or someone else brought it up, but a few years ago, as a part of genealogy research, I made the decision to obtain a copy of my grandfather's death certificate. When I read under cause of death: "Death was instantaneous, caused by gunshot wound in left chest," I became angry for my mother, her brothers, her mother and all my siblings and cousins for the loss of a father, husband and grandfather. I wonder why a man, who according to the Huntsville Times had been given a fif-



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teen month sentence in federal prison for conspiracy to violate the prohibition law, was given a gun to carry as a part of law enforcement in Huntsville? Of course, times were quite different then.

In recent months, I have been in touch with family members of Silas Worley, Robert Worley and Patricia Smith, and they, like me, have no answers as to what really led up to that night. Stories range from having something to do with bootlegging to both men going with the same woman, although both were married to someone else. The story that seems most prominent in their families and mine is that a woman was involved.

Whatever happened, neither family was ever the same.



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Due to my husband running off with that Davis woman and abandoning his wife and 4 children, I have no choice but to sell his farm equipment, buggy, horse and donkey. All items can be seen at my home in New Hope. Contact newspaper to get in touch with me. (from 1892 newspaper)





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Jim Britt Dies

Spent 66 Years In Poor House

from 1933 newspaper

Jim Britt. who has been an inmate of the county alms house for the past 66 years died yesterday at the age of 72 years old, after an illness lasting for four weeks.

Jim Britt was the son of Kinch Britt, an infamous spy in the employ of the Federal Government during the Civil War. Kinch Britt was rumored to be the cause of many atrocities committed here by the bushwhacking gangs that terrorized the Tennessee Valley. The senior Britt was reportedly killed by Captain Mac Robertson during an attempted raid on a house he was visiting at the time.

After Kinch Brltt's death, his widow placed their son in the county alms house before hastily leaving town. Jim Britt was 6 years old at the time.

Jim Britt spent the next 66 years, with no friends or family, as a ward of the county and a resident of the poor house. It is believed that Madison County holds the record for maintaining a person in the poor house for the longest period.

"Dear God, I went to this wedding & they kissed right in the church. Is that all right?"

Child's note to God

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from 1889 newspaper

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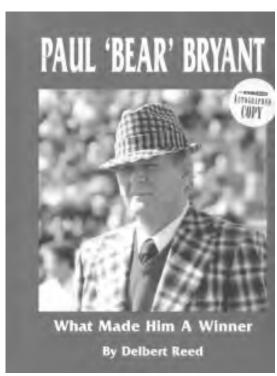
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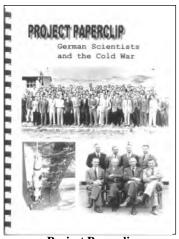
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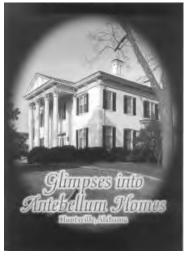
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The Legend of Lily Flagg

by Cathey Carney

Even though not as old as some homes still standing in Madison County, the Watkins-Moore home at 1619 Adams Avenue bids strongly for a unique place among colorful local history. For this was the location of the only reception ever held for a cow.

In the 1850's the home was built by the Watkins family. James L. Watkins passed the land on to his son Robert H. Watkins. At the time this home was built, Huntsville was renowned for having some of the most beautiful homes throughout the South. This started a building feud in Huntsville and Watkins was not to be outdone.

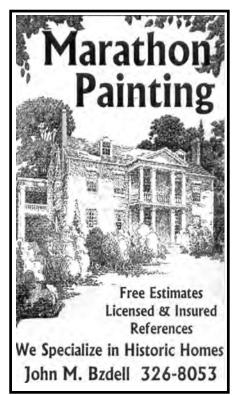
The building of the home began. Craftsmen were called in from other states to create plaster of paris molding. All the woodwork inside the dwelling was made of walnut, & frescoes were put together painstakingly in sections. Slaves were put to work, making hand-pressed brick for its walls. Two stairways led to the second floor of the home, with a third going directly to the tower on the roof which consisted of two floors. There was no other structure like the tower anywhere near Huntsville. On clear days, one could see as far as the Tennessee River from the lookout in the tower.

Robert Watkins built this magnificent home as a gift to his beloved bride, Margaret Carter. She didn't live long in the home, however. Soon after the home was completed, the Civil War began and the men went away to war. Margaret had just given birth to their first child when Yankee forces reached Huntsville. When the Yankees spread their tents all over the yard of the mansion, the alarmed servants ran in to tell the weakened mother the news. She was extremely agitated, and died a few hours after being notified.

When Samuel Moore acquired the home In 1890 he continued to improve the interior of the home. Such rare items as bathtubs, lighting fixtures, and marble mantles from Italy were brought in.

Mr. Moore was quite a colorful character. Even though he was a renowned bachelor and a member of the State Legislature, he loved parties and people. Prominent visitors never missed a tour of his home, and many local celebrities married there, surrounded by flowers and gaiety.

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people, he loved his cow, whom he had named Lily Flagg. This was not an ordinary cow, but had just returned from the state fair In Chicago where she had taken top honors as the world's greatest butterfat producer. He was as proud of her as if a daughter had taken top honors in a world beauty contest.

So to celebrate her success he decided to honor her with a grand reception. He spared no expense in the preparations. He had the home painted a bright yellow for the occasion. A fifty foot dancing platform was erected at the back of the mansion and was lit by one of the first electric lighting systems in the southeast. Lanterns were hung everywhere, flowers were in abundance. It was to be a gala event fit for a queen.

When prominent officials received their invitations, they noticed a picture of a cow on the front. On the evening of the event, guests dressed in formal attire formed a long line that wound its way to the small stable at the rear of the property, where the little Jersey stood almost hidden by roses. She stood very calmly, surveying the crowds of people. She was honored by people from as far away as Washington.

When the Italian orchestra from Nashville began to play, the dance plat-

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Huntsville Times

form quickly filled up. Special tables were set up all over the property to hold exquisite foods and pastries. Champagne flowed freely and it is said that this was one of the best parties held in the Huntsville area before or after.

The event lasted until the early morning hours, and older residents said that they would never forget the extravagant party held in honor of the little cow.

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The Old Courthouse

by Jack Harwell

Let's take a walk through Old Huntsville and see how the town used to look. It's just possible we might see and learn some things we have missed here before. After all, our town has been around for two hundred years so there's a lot to know.

A good place to start would be the courthouse square. It is, after all, the center of town, and just a very short distance from the Big Spring, site of John Hunt's pioneer cabin. You have been by the courthouse many times, but you may not have considered the history behind this old site. We'll see some of that history now as we tour the Old Town.

The town was first surveyed

in 1810 on the rise above the Big Spring. It was planned as twenty blocks - five blocks long, four blocks wide. Each block enclosed three acres. In order to accommodate the spring within a single block, the streets were angled 34 degrees off true north. That's why, if you look at a map, the north-south streets such as Washington and Jefferson do not run precisely north and south.

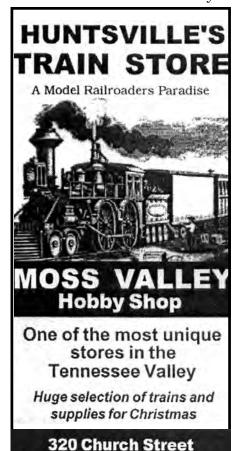
The town planners designated the block just east of the spring as the public square. It was centrally located, and contained an elevated rocky knoll which made it slightly higher than the surrounding blocks. At that time (1810) the town was still known as Twickenham, in deference to the wishes of LeRoy Pope. On July 5 of that year, a commission designated Twickenham as the seat of Madison County. Immediately, plans were made to erect some sort of governmental structure on

the public square.

Twickenham, of course, was never a popular name, and the sentiment was to name the town in honor of its first settler, John Hunt. By an act of the territorial legislature, Twickenham officially became Huntsville on November 25, 1811. In that same month, the first courthouse was opened on the square.

Compared to later courthouse buildings, the first one was a modest affair. It was a two-story brick structure, and occupied only a part of the square. The lower floor housed the offices of the courts and county officials. At the northwest corner of the square stood a small jail, with a public pillory.

Unassuming though it may have been, the first Madison County Courthouse played a starring role In the early history of our



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6125 University Drive - Suite D-14 - Huntsville 971-3402 - Hours Mon-Fri 9:30 - 5:30 - Sat 9:30 - 1:30 state. Although the state constitutional convention was held one block south, the first meeting of the state House of Representatives took place on the ground floor of the courthouse on November 7, 1819. Two days later, William Wyatt Bibb was sworn in as the first Governor of Alabama there at the courthouse.

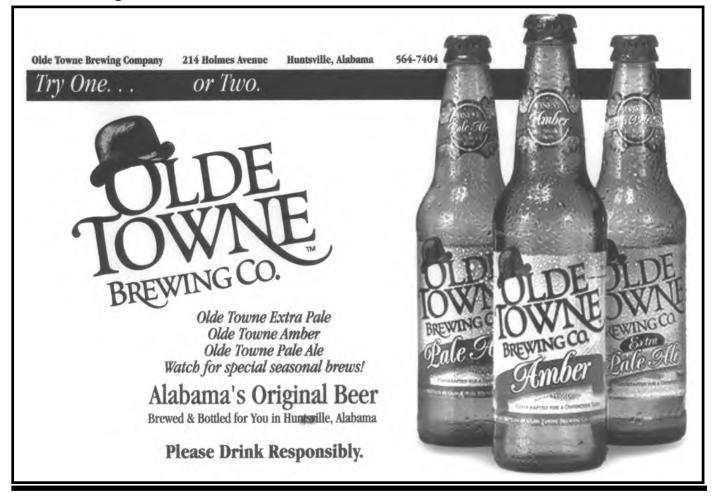
The first courthouse did not have a long history. The town quickly outgrew the quaint brick structure. By 1830 the population of Huntsville had grown to 2.000, and the town now extended a quarter mile from the square. The original 60 acres had grown to 160. Further, the courthouse was becoming rundown, and the adjoining jail was in even worse shape. A letter sent to county officials in 1825 by Robert Caruthers, the jailor, and John McBroom, the sheriff, complained that the jail had become so dilapidated that it was becoming difficult to hold

prisoners there. In addition, the roof leaked, and the walls and floors were becoming rotten. At the time, the county was deeply in debt and could do nothing. But such conditions as the sheriff and jailor had described would have to be remedied.

The county enlisted the services of one George Steele, an architect from Virginia whose work in Huntsville would long outlast its maker. Thanks to a new courthouse tax passed by the legislature in 1835, the county now found itself in a position to afford a new structure. Steele drew up the plans for the new courthouse, and local builders William Wilson and James Mitchell were awarded the construction contract. Ground was broken in July 1836.

The second Madison County courthouse would be a much grander work than the first. The foundation was of blue limestone quarried on Russel Hill, just west of the town. White limestone for the exterior came from Monte Sano. Before construction began, the entire square was graded level, and the material from this





job was used to pave the surrounding streets. So massive was the finished building that consideration had to be given, in laying the foundation, to the large caverns below.

A stone wall with rounded corners, set back fourteen feet from the street, surrounded the courthouse, as did an iron fence, which would become very popular as a hitching post. The courthouse contained a full basement, and was topped off by a dome.

The second courthouse was completed in 1838 at a cost of \$52.000. It was considered so outstanding in design and construction that it was featured in the book Lost America, by Constance Greiff (published 1971), which lists some of the more interesting examples of early American architecture which, unfortunately, have not survived to the present.

This building would stand for 75 years, longer than any other Madison County courthouse (so far). It saw the city through the Civil War and the industrial expansion of the 1890s. Except for the addition of a clock in 1849, its appearance was little changed during that time.

On February 15, 1913, a mass meeting was held to study the question of replacing the courthouse. The sentiments expressed at that meeting would be echoed when the issue came up again fifty years later. Some wanted a new courthouse, some said the old one should be repaired, and others wanted a new building at a different site, so the old building could be preserved for posterity.

The decision was made to remodel, but the renovation process had scarcely begun when it became apparent that the old building was beyond repair. The county would have to replace the courthouse.

The third courthouse was not dissimilar to the its predecessor. It would also be built of stone, with large columns all around. The clock from the old courthouse would be installed in the new one.

Construction proceeded mostly without incident, except for one incident in March 1914. A cog wheel from a hoist being used to place one of the stone columns on the north side broke loose and flew across the street, doing some damage to businesses there. Two workmen were injured. The last scaffolds were torn down on May 29,





1914, and the courthouse was complete.

But there was still one item to be tended to before Huntsville could release its hold on the nineteenth century. For years, the iron fence around the courthouse had been a source of controversy. It was used to hitch horses, and local doctors complained that the resulting animal waste created an unsanitary condition. Petitions brought to remove the fence, but these were opposed by downtown merchants, who feared a loss of trade if customers who went shopping on horseback were discouraged from entering the city. A law was passed making it illegal to hitch animals to the fence, but this was later repealed.

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the courthouse fence was a source of contention. The Civic League hoped the fence would be removed during construction of the new courthouse in 1914, and suggested a fountain and shed in its place. But the fence stayed.

Finally, people began to realize the health problems created by piles of manure in the downtown streets - typhus was a recurring problem in the last century and Huntsville had suffered an epidemic in 1898. In September 1921, the fence was ordered removed. The order came from Dr. Carl Grote, the first county health officer. The existence of such an office was indication of the changing attitudes of the times.

It is this 1914-era courthouse that the longtime residents of





Huntsville remember from their youth. It graced a typical small, quiet Southern town, but in the end was overtaken by events. If you can remember this old building, now nearly three decades departed, you can remember a different Huntsville, one that was perhaps closer to its roots than it would ever be again.

The Bon Air Restaurant

The old Bon Air Restaurant was noted for its down-home atmosphere and delicious home-cooked meals. It was a favorite place to eat for all kinds of people.

One day, Dr. Wernher von Braun and two other German scientists who worked for NASA were having lunch there when a couple sat down at the next table.

They were obviously Yankee tourists, with Bermuda shorts, cameras slung around their necks, and two handfuls of guidebooks.

The Yankee lady, upon hearing von Braun speak, leaned over as far as she could.

After intently eavesdropping for a few minutes, she turned to her husband and said, "I just love these Southern accents."

"Two can live as cheaply as one, as long as one doesn't eat."

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In Flanders Fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe: To you from failing hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it high. If ye break with us who die We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders Fields.

- By Major John McCrae, May 1915

Two weeks after writing this, Major McCrae was killed in action - on the fields of Flanders

David Baker - Clyde Barclay - Emmett Boylan - Bill Brown - Martin Burke - Neil Cocker Hugh Cort - Winston DeShields - Gordon Dison - Kinley Eittreim - Ernest Francis - Vic Grimes Bill Grunwald - Ed Hardin - Steve Harris - Harley Hope - Jesse Hopkins - Chester Huskins - Bill Ivy Andy Karabinos - Hartwell Lutz - John Martin - Hank Miller - Archie Murchie Tom Neely - Chuck Owens - Wilbur Patterson - Wendal Payne - Pascual Rico - Roscoe Roberts Donald Royston - Bill Russell - Bill Sevey - Reggie Skinner - Joe Sloan - Walt Terry John Vaughn - Ben Vizzier - Ray Weinberg - James Winning - Sam Zeman

Hunt Family Letters

Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 13th, 1896

Dear Cousin:

Our cousin, Wm. R. Larkin of Larkinsville, Ala. was down the other day, told me of your letter which he sent to George Clayton Hunt for us to read and requested us to write to you.

I am a native of Franklin County, Tenn. where my mother was born and reared and died. She was Priscilla J. Powel. Her father was Benjamin Powel, a merchant for many years at Winchester, Tenn. who came from near Philadelphia, Pa., so my mother told me.

After coming South, he married Ellen Rutledge. All their children are dead unless Uncle Joe Powel is living who went to La. early in life. Some 20 years ago I had a letter from one of his sons, but have not since heard from them. I was named for my maternal grandfather.

My father is George W. Hunt, in his 83rd year and still a very active man barring a sore on his face from which he has been annoyed many years.

My great-grandfather, John Hunt, was the founder of this City and for whom it took its name. Uncle Wm. Larkin, a brother of Cousin Billie's father,

If you drink, don't park. Accidents cause people.

Sonny Johnson

David, often has told me when I was a mere child of living here with him when he built the first log cabin above the Big Spring & of his cultivating a crop or two of Irish potatoes just below it.

My law office, where I now write, is above that spring east, whose music, as it rolls over the dam, I hear most of the year and from the rear door look out & see where once was that "tater patch."

I have often regretted and un-regretted coming here. In Nov., 1882, my father married here Mrs. Tulliola McCalley whom he had known in his early life when he lived here and run the old Huntsville Bell Tavern for Woods & Yeatman of Nashville. Tenn.

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Then Col. O'Shaughnessy of N.Y., who was the chief spirit of the North Ala. Improvement Co. took me in to assist his Genl. Manager, Capt. S. H. Buck, who resigned the P.O. of New Orleans to take the position here.

I represent about 12 foreign papers in correspondence from here, & if you read the Chattanooga Times you will see my "work."

I was born and reared on a farm and am proud of it. Have done all kinds of work on a farm.

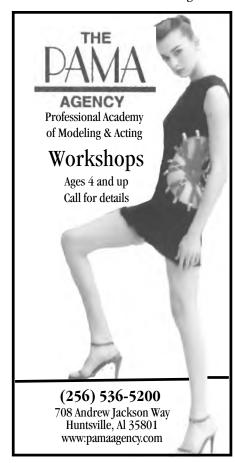
Although my father had plenty, at 9 years of age I was making shoes & for 8 years made all our family used.

Three of us are dead - Ellen, Margarett, & David Hunt. Our Hunt kin were the founders of Huntsville, Texas, Missouri, Alabama, Tennessee, Hunt Co., Texas.

I have gotten to talking to you & telling you all I know of our people, simply to let you know us as we are & have been, only for your personal information. I must stop.

Come to see us. We will be glad to see you & will try & make it pleasant for you. Geo. & I are "old" bachelors, but I hope the ... (illegible word) of redemption will yet save us. Now, I mean what I say - come to see us. Will be glad to hear from you. Love to all the kin.

Very Sincerely, Ben P. Hunt





City News From 1907

- John Williams, an old man who was arrested a few days ago for drunkenness, was ordered released and directed to leave Huntsville at once. Williams is quite an old man being 72 years of age and Mayor Smith took pity on him.
- By reason of an open switch on the Southern railway freight train No. 306.- J. Edward, engineer and switch train No 431 with Conductor Miller in charge collided on the side track on Meridian Street late yesterday afternoon, wrecking and derailing two cars of the regular train, demolishing the pilots of both engines, smashing the front of a car and the trucks of the end of the switch train No one was hurt.
- Hon. W. T. Lawler, probate judge of Madison County, entered upon his 4th year of office on Monday morning with every deed mortgage left on the books from the past year. Business is heavier than ever and the probate office is especially busy.
- Mrs. Elma Wesley died of apoplexy in Merrimack. A long time resident of Merrimack Village, she died last night after a few days illness with apoplexy. She left three daughters.
- The bursting of a water main leading from the city pumping station to the standpipe caused no end of trouble Saturday and Sunday. A leak was found in front of the Schiffman Building on the southeast corner of the square early Saturday morning and a force of men set to work to dig

down and make the necessary repair. The job was bigger than they thought it to be. When the hard crust of the macadamized street was removed the escaping water burst forth and flooded the street. The flood washed out a bed down the gutter and being unable to get in the storm sewer at Randolph Street, passed on down to Clinton and flooded that street also.

- Three buildings on Jefferson Street burned Sunday Night in a blaze that is supposed to have originated from a live wire in the grocery store of C.K. Brown. Losses of about \$2000 were suffered by the store owners, including that of James McKee who lost a large stock of wallpaper valued at \$900.



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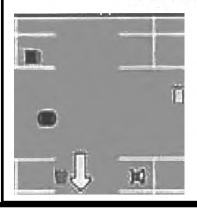
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