



The Funeral of Patrick Davis

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Colonel Anderson immediately ordered Davis to be brought before him. Almost livid with anger, he accused the young boy of being a bushwacker. When Davis denied the charge, the colonel changed tact and accused him of being a spy.

Perhaps tiring of the game, Anderson put an end to it. "Kill him," he ordered, "Take him out of here and just kill him."

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The Funeral of **Patrick Davis**

Drive out into the rural countryside near Maysville, Gurley or Owens Cross Roads. Stop at a small country store and have a cold drink. If you are lucky there will be a group of old timers sitting around telling stories. You will hear stories about politicians, bootleggers, famous and infamous people.

Hang around for a while and someone may mention the brutal murder of Patrick Davis, almost a century and half ago, and of how his family had to bury him in the middle of the night. And then someone will bring up the name of Colonel Anderson. the Union officer responsible for Davis' death.

There will be silence for a few minutes until finally some old timer will say the words everyone was thinking. "May his soul rot in Hell."

Memories linger for a long time in small communities.

Edward Anderson was born near New York city and moved to Chicago with his mother and father in the early 1850s. At about this time Anderson became a minister, no doubt influenced by his father who was

also a minister. He quickly proved to be a capable and highly energetic preacher and soon became the leader of one of Chicago's largest churches.

Although limited in education, Anderson probably made up for it by his brashness and overbearing nature, two qualities that served him well in the new and wild frontier city of Chicago. A few years later Colonel William Lyon of the 13th Wisconsin Infantry said of Anderson, "I think he is the roughest man I have met lately. but he is talented and brave.'

When the storms of the Civil War began to sweep the nation, Anderson resigned his position as minister and enlisted in the 37th Illinois Infantry as its Chaplain. He apparently served the Regiment well, but with men winning glory on distant battlefields. he no doubt felt restrained in his limited role as a religious leader.

As the war began to drag on. attitudes toward the South began to harden. Union officers who once prided themselves with gentlemen's conduct were being replaced with a new, more callous breed who believed in not only defeating the Southern Armies. but in punishing its citizens as well.

Apparently Anderson's attitude began to harden also. In 1864, apparently with help from



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influential friends, he resigned his position as Chaplain and was appointed a Colonel in the 12th Indiana Regiment. Five months later the regiment was posted to Huntsville and the newly appointed Colonel was assigned the task of hunting down the partisans who controlled most of the mountain ranges in Madison and Jackson counties.

Although North Alabama enlisted thousands of troops to serve the Confederate cause, few were actually stationed here. As a result, when the Union Army invaded the Tennessee Valley, the little resistance they encountered was quickly squashed.

Many local men, imbued by Southern patriotism and embittered by the Yankee occupation, fled to the mountains where they organized themselves into guerrilla bands. The makeshift companies, sometimes as few as five or six and hardly ever more than thirty or thirty five at any time, adopted a strategy of "hit and run" tactics to harass the more powerful Union army.

Trains carrying Union supplies were ambushed and fired upon. Small groups of Union soldiers were ambushed and captured. Communication lines were cut, and as soon as they were repaired, cut again. Time and time again the Federals tried to put a stop to it but they always met with the same result.

The partisans would lie in wait and pick their own times to fight. When they encountered stiff resistance they would once again fade back into the hills. Any attempt to follow them into the rugged wilderness of the mountains was to invite almost certain death by a sniper lying in wait.

On June 26, 1864 Colonel Anderson received information that a group of partisans were in the area of Big Cove. He ordered Captain Robert Richards to take a company of soldiers and find them. After searching all day in vain, the company spent the night in Big Cove. Early the next morning they set out again and had not proceeded more than a mile when they encountered the rebels.

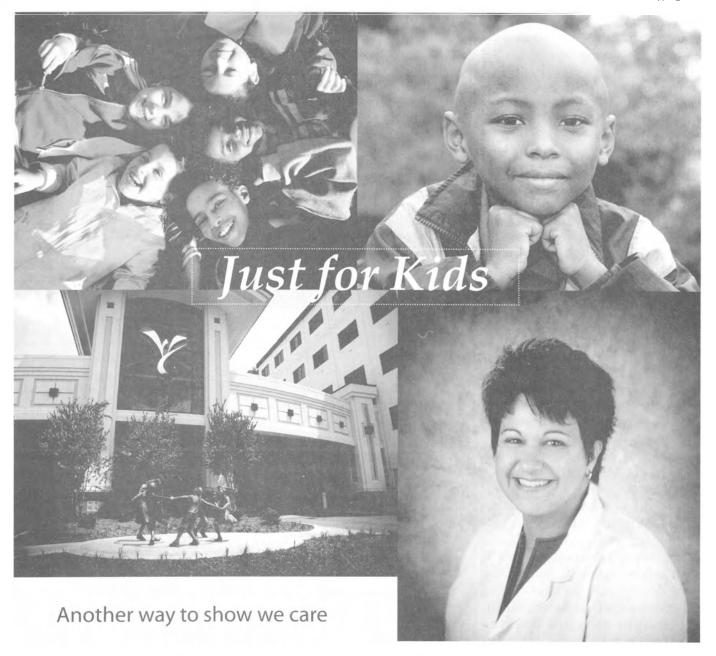
The partisans, under the command of Milas "Bushwhacker" Johnston, had stopped at the home of 79-year-old Littleberry Wade and were eating breakfast when the union soldiers appeared. Almost immediately the group grabbed their shotguns and began firing. In the next few minutes one Union soldier was killed, another wounded and eleven horses put out of action. When the firing stopped, Johnston quickly withdrew to the safety of Huntsville Mountain, leaving the Union soldiers in a disgraceful defeat.

Milas Johnston, with only seven raw recruits and armed









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with shotguns, had defeated a whole company of Union soldiers with no losses to themselves.

When Colonel Anderson heard the news he was infuriated. He had only been in command for a few weeks and had already suffered a most humiliating loss. Undoubtedly raked over the coals by his superiors, he vowed to crush the partisans.

Anderson issued new orders. All partisans were to be treated as outlaws and, if captured, were to be executed. Anyone caught or suspected of giving aid to them were to be treated in the same manner.

When Johnston heard of the new orders he sent a dispatch to Anderson asking if it was true. The reply came almost immediately. "The 12th Indiana neither asks nor gives any quarter."

While it may be considered odd that Anderson, a minister. could issue such orders, even more odd was the fact that his sworn enemy, Bushwacker Johnston, was also a minister. When the Union troops occupied the Tennessee Valley, Johnston's only desire was to stay out of the conflict and continue preaching. Despite this, the Yankees constantly harassed him be-

> "The pistol on a flower is its only protection against insects."

Seen on kid's science exam

cause his wife's two brothers were serving in the Confederate Army. After having his home burned three times and personal belongings looted he fled south across the Tennessee River. Once safely across he turned to look north toward the direction he had come from. Years later he described his feelings at that moment.

"Boys," he said, "I have come to the conclusion that God never yet made a man to be slobbered on by dogs; hence I'm going to give those fellows a turn."

The Yankees would soon discover that Bushwhacker Johnston was as good at waging war as he was at saving souls.

After Anderson's humiliating defeat by Johnston he moved his headquarters to Maysville, a vital crossroad between New Market, Hurricane Creek, Gurley and Vienna (New Hope.) Almost all of the citizens were loval supporters of Johnston, and Anderson believed that by harassing them he could cut off supplies and support for the partisans.

Almost as soon as Anderson moved into his new headquarters he received word that Johnston and his band, now numbering almost thirty men. were seen near Owens Cross Roads. Determined to put an end to Johnston, Anderson sent a company of cavalry to intercept the partisans. Instead, they rode into an ambush.

"As soon as they reached the

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proper point," wrote Johnston years later, "we gave the command to halt and surrender! But they showing fight, we were not fools enough to stand there and let them have the first lick."

Johnston gave the order to fire and within a few minutes one scout was killed, seven Union soldiers wounded and a large amount of supplies lost.

Johnston's men suffered no casualties and for the first time had first rate arms to replace their shotguns.

Colonel Anderson was livid with anger when he learned of the battle. Once again a "motley band of dirt farmers," armed with antiquated shotguns" had defeated a company of the United States Cavalry. In his fury he unleashed a reign of terror, the likes of which had never been seen before in Madison County.

Men were seized and executed on the mere suspicion of aiding Johnston's band. Homes were ransacked and burned. Livestock were slaughtered in the fields and whole communities terrorized.

Anderson was often at the head of his troops directing the carnage. His trademark was a silver 32 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver which he carried on his side. Although no doubt exaggerated, later accounts claimed he personally shot and killed more than fifty men with it.

In a thinly disguised memoir, published in 1896, Anderson relates a story about Nathan Bedford Forrest, a leading Confederate general, sending a message through the lines to him. Supposedly Forrest had been informed that whenever one of his men were captured they were always executed by a colonel who carried a silver pistol, with a single shot to the forehead. Forrest offered a five hundred dollar reward for the pistol and fifteen hundred for the colonel, dead or alive.

Despite Anderson's brutal tactics he was unable to stop Bushwhacker Johnston. Chaplain Joseph Foot, of the 13th Wisconsin wrote, "Johnston's guerillas hang about us con-

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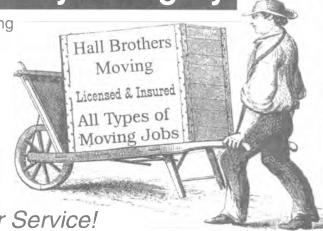
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stantly. They owe the Indiana calvary a grudge and attack them at every opportunity."

The battle between Anderson and Johnston entered a new, even more horrible, phase. Johnston attacked a Union scouting party; Anderson dragged two innocent men from their homes and shot them on suspicion of feeding the bushwhacker. Johnston captured one of Anderson's men; Anderson burned a farm nearby and shot the owner. Every time Anderson's soldiers seemed to be getting close, the guerillas would fade back into the mountains.

On August 11, 1864, Bushwhacker Johnston struck again. An entire wagon train was captured with four Union soldiers killed and another seven wounded. Even more humiliating was the fact that the wagons, horses and supplies simply seemed to have disappeared into thin air even though Union troops controlled all of the roads. It was common knowledge that the wagons and horses were hidden among the community but none of the citizens would admit to knowing anything.

The latest defeat served to make Anderson a laughing-stock. Many of his own men were

"They told me I was gullible, and I believed them."

Jenny Stewart, Athens

openly sarcastic of the colonel who seemed powerless against a bunch of "dirt farmers."

Anderson reacted in a predictable manner. Calling his officers together he ordered them to find Johnston and to crush the popular sentiment the guerillas enjoyed in the community. "By any means necessary," he added. The assembled officers were made fully aware that the future of their military careers would be in jeopardy if they failed.

For the next several days every available soldier scoured the countryside in search of Johnston and his men. Homes and farms were raided in search of supporters but all the men had disap-



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- 3. The Civil War Journal of Mary Jane Chadick; Huntsville during the Civil War, by Nancy Rohr \$16.95
- **4. When Spirits Walk:** Ghosts of Hazel Green, Dallas Mill & more by Jacque Gray \$15.95
- 5. Why is it Named That? 250 Place Names in Huntsville/Madison County (new edition with a few corrections) by Dex Nilsson \$13.95
- 6. 52 Weekends in the Tennessee Valley by Charles & Daniel Frew 24.95
- 7. Huntsville Sketchbook: full color paintings of the Huntsville area by the Botanical Garden \$39.95
- 8. Life in the Skillet: Good Ole
 Days in Lick Skillet, Ala. by Pastor
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On August 16, 1864, Mary Chaddick wrote in her Diary; "Heard this evening that John Clark, a member of our church and Sabbath school, had been murdered by the Federal soldiers under the most aggravated circumstances. These murders are becoming more numerous and alarming. They call their victims out of their houses and accuse them of feeding bushwhackers or some such pretense, and then shoot them down."

That same afternoon a squad of Federals were returning to headquarters in Maysville when they came upon seventeen year old Patrick Davis. Patrick was the oldest son of a widow named Lucy Davis and was the sole support for her and eight younger brothers and sisters. He was well known in the neighborhood for his good natured manner and his total disinterest in the war.

Davis had just finished



plowing and had taken his mule to the nearby Flint river to wash it and himself when he was accosted by the soldiers. The soldiers no doubt knew he was innocent but probably, because he was the only man they had come across that day, they placed him under arrest.

Arriving at headquarters they found an angry Colonel Anderson demanding results. The soldiers sheepishly admitted they had found nothing but then, perhaps as an after thought, mentioned they had arrested Patrick Davis.

The colonel immediately ordered Davis to be brought before him. Almost livid with anger, he accused the young boy of being a bushwacker. When Davis denied the charge, the colonel changed tact and accused him of being a spy. Still, they young boy contin-





ued to plead his innocence.

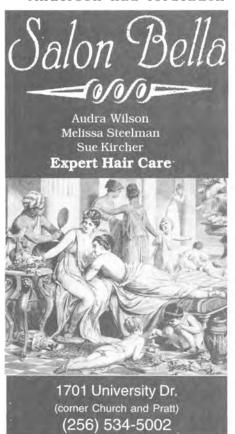
Perhaps tiring of the game, Anderson put an end to it. "Kill him," he ordered, "Take him out of here and kill him."

Young Patrick Davis was taken about half a mile from Maysville, tied to a tree and his body riddled with bullets. With his dying breath, and tears in his eyes, he continued to insist he was innocent.

When people in the small community heard the gunshots they knew what to expect. "Anderson has killed someone else." Late that evening a group of neighborhood women went to retrieve the body. Their horror turned to shock when they discovered the victim was Patrick Davis. The body was so badly mangled they would not let his mother view it.

"If it had been possible to search the three worlds, heaven, earth and hell," said Johnston later, "there would not have been found a particle of evidence against him."

Anderson had forbidden



groups of people from gathering, on pain of death, so late that night by the light of the moon and out of sight of the Yankees, Patrick Davis was laid to rest. It was a sad solemn occasion, with women walking along dark trails to reach the grave site and men coming down from the mountains to pay their last respects.

"We think that if there were ever tears in heaven," wrote Johnston, "there was a weeping there that day."

The next day Davis' mother appeared at Anderson's head-quarters demanding to see the colonel. "The brutal officer refused admittance to the mother of the murdered man," wrote



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Mary Chaddick, "but she forced her way into his presence, told him he had murdered an innocent man and broken a mother's heart, and that she would have revenge. She came to town and went to the officer in command and told them that, if they did not bring Col. Anderson to justice, she would mount her horse and go herself in search of the Rebel calvary."

Mrs. Davis was rebuffed by the Huntsville authorities, who probably thought she was "just another mother of a bushwhacker." The affair would have probably ended there if it had not been for Lieutenant John Weston, one of Anderson's own men.

Weston, like many other men in Anderson's command, was sickened by the cold blooded and senseless killing of young Davis. He had stood by silently as his colonel terrorized innocent people but now he felt something had to be done. Several days later he visited the widow Davis to pay his respect and inquire about what might be done to bring Anderson to justice.

Late that evening while Weston was talking to Mrs. Davis a commotion was heard

The closest some people ever get to a 4.0 in school is their blood alcohol content.

outside the house. Quickly running to a window, Weston saw the house was surrounded by rebels.

Bushwhacker Johnston had had the same thoughts as Weston and had come to offer his condolences to the widow and see if he could be of any help. When he saw a horse with a Union saddle, Johnston gave orders for the house to be surrounded.

Mrs. Davis' oldest daughter went out to talk to Johnston and explained the purpose of the Union lieutenant's visit. A few minutes later Weston emerged from the house and he and Johnston walked to a nearby tree where the sat and talked for close to an hour. No one is exactly sure of what was talked about that evening but we can be sure it had to do with bringing Colonel Anderson to justice.

When Johnston mounted his horse to leave he gave orders that "not a hair on the lieutenant's head

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be touched."

For the next week Lieutenant Weston traveled freely throughout northern Madison County. He would eat breakfast with Union soldiers and then travel to the nearby hills where he would share a cold supper with rebels. Although he was under the protection of Bushwacker Johnston, Weston did not really need the guarantee. Everyone, Union and Southern alike, detested the colonel who had become known as "Kill them all Anderson."

Finally enough evidence was gathered and Weston, accompanied by the widow Davis, presented the case to a special court of inquiry in Huntsville. The court found there was sufficient evidence to bind Anderson over for a general court martial. Almost immediately, probably through the intervention of powerful friends, Anderson was assigned to "special duty" in Indiana, hundreds of miles away from the scene of his crimes.

Regardless of his political connections, in November of 1864, Anderson was ordered to Nashville to stand trial for the murder of Patrick Davis. The evidence was overwhelming, with witness after witness taking the stand and testifying to Anderson's barbaric cruelty. The outcome was a foregone conclusion.

Or so they thought. In what would later be known as a travesty of justice, Colonel Anderson was found innocent of all charges. One officer of the court martial later said, "It was just about killing guerillas."

Needless to say, all the court martial records "disap-







peared" soon afterwards.

Incredibly, after the war Anderson returned to the ministry, even serving as the Chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic. He never visited Alabama again.

Milas "Bushwacker" Johnston and his band of partisans were the last Confederate forces to surrender in North Alabama. He too returned to the ministry. One of his first acts after the war was to preach the funeral of Patrick Davis who had been denied a proper burial by Colonel Anderson.

The services were held at the Cedar Grove church, a few miles south of Gurley. The church was filled to overflowing with almost a third being Union soldiers who had stacked their arms outside. When Mrs. Davis entered the church the soldiers stood as one and saluted the poor widow who had suffered so much.

Just a simple act of kindness; but enough to show that they were human, too.

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Western Union internal memo, dated 1876



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- Nine of J. R. Stegall's fine lot of hogs were impounded this week under the vagrant hog law. Mr. Stegall states that on Saturday night his hogs were closely put up in his lot, and on Sunday morning had escaped through the planks which had been removed either by a man or a hog. He claims that the or-

dinance does not apply where the owner of the hogs does not intentionally permit them to run at large and has been pardoned for this before. Justice R. W. Figg has been asked to test the question.

- The colored Cumberland Church laid the corner stone of their new church building on Church street Saturday evening, with interesting and appropriate ceremonies under the auspices of the Evening Star Lodge.

- A rope walking artist visited our town this week, but retired with paralysis on being required to take out city and county licenses before getting a chance to risk his neck.

- Deputy Sheriff Fulgham, yesterday, took Kitty Eldridge, a demented colored woman, to the State Asylum for the Insane at Tuskaloosa.





My First Eighty Years

by Malcolm Miller

On August tenth this year I will turn eighty years old, I suppose the first eighty is the roughest, down hill from here on. At least I seem to be going down hill pretty fast, but I will be scratching and hanging on as long as I can.

I have gone from a three or four room share croppers shack to a four bed room and two bathroom home. Along the way I have seen many changes. There are so many memories both good and bad to reflect on, but I must say the good memories far outweigh the bad.

I recall my mama's cool hand caressing my forehead when I was burning with fever as

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Call Johnny Johnston (256) 656-9575 a child. I also remember her pouring castor oil down my throat when she thought I needed a good "cleaning out." I recall the trips into town once a year for new clothes and provisions for the following year. Incidentally Huntsville at that time had a population of about twelve thousand, counting dogs and cats. I remember the first refrigerated water fountain I ever saw, it was in Lewter's hardware store, yes the same location where it is today. I drank so much of that ice cold water that I had a belly ache ALL day.

I think many times about my boyhood friends, Charley Gossett, Muley Taylor, Elroy Phillips, Floyd Markham, the list goes on and on and sadly to say they are all gone now, hopefully to a better place. I recall the first girl I was in love with, Emma Jean Avery, but you know she never did know it because I could never get up the nerve to even talk to her.

I saw four of my older brothers go off to fight in World War II



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and before the war was over I left school and joined the Navy. I had never been out of Madison County and I got stuck on the Island of Guam in the south pacific, boy talk about home sick that I was. I was on board ship when I became a barber. You see the ship's barber was sent home and I decided I could handle that job so I have been barbering either part time or full time since 1946. I didn't follow the trade full time for many years because I hated those old "sage hogs" who came to town with two weeks of beard, a mouth full of snuff and sour whiskey on their breath. Later on we stopped the shaving and I really enjoyed the trade. Incidentally, after I went to work for the post office in 1955 I was assigned a route that included parts of Fifth Street, now Andrew Jackson Way in Dallas village. Mr. Clarence Carrol ran a barber shop there and we were good friends. Along about that time a young kid from Mississippi came to work for Mr. Carrol. His name was and still is Floyd Hardin, Floyd and I are still friends till this day but I wonder if the rumor is true that Mr. Carrol bought Floyd his first pair of shoes.

Some of the things I recall growing up in Madison county and the city of Huntsville include, sitting on the court house steps with my brother Robert, eating cheese and crackers and listening to the preachers. There was one on every side of the building, I also remember sitting down on a toilet seat in Lincoln Village and the commode flushing and scaring me into a hasty movement, then watching the mill company trucks driving down the back alleys throwing out rolls of toilet paper, I guess the company wanted their workers to be clean from one end to the.... other. You see I never was used to in-

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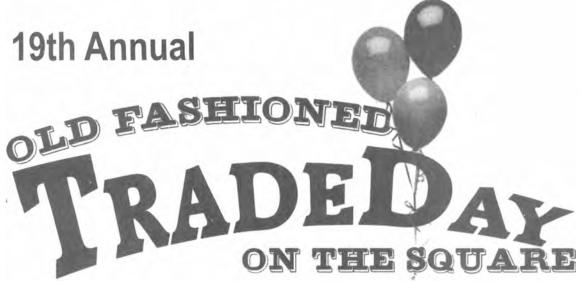
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So you see, as I reach my 80th birthday, I have much to be thankful for. I just hope the next eighty will be as good.

News From 1885

John Rosemeyer, well-known farmer in the Scottsboro area, while bordering on delirium yesterday piled his bedding on the floor in his room and set fire to it, then arming himself with a gun, bade defiance to his imaginary tormentors, when some neighbors heard the noise and rescued him. His eyes were burned and he was otherwise so badly burned that he cannot live.

- About 7 o'clock last night, a horse attached to the Butcher wagon of Mr. J. Price became frightened at something and rattled down Randolph Street at a lively gait.

When opposite the residence of Rev. F. J. Tyler, the beast concluded to take in the side walk, but the wagon objected to this and it became tightly jammed between the shade trees and the fence. The Negro driver was scattered over the road and badly hurt.

Hearty Beverages from 1890

Egg Nog - beat the yolks of 12 eggs very light, stir in as much white sugar as they will dissolve, pour in gradually one glass of brandy to cook the egg, one glass of old whisky, one grated nutmeg and 3 pints of rich milk. Beat the whites to a froth and stir in last.

Milk Punch - one pint of milk made sweet with sugar, a wine-glassful of brandy or rum, well stirred together; grate a little nutmeg over the top of the glasses. Serve with a straw in each glass.

Roman Punch - Grate the yellow rind of four lemons and 2 oranges upon 2 pound of loaf sugar. Squeeze the juice of the lemons and oranges; cover it and let it stand until next day. Strain it through a sieve, mix with the sugar; add a bottle of champagne and the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth. It may be frozen or not, as desired. In winter use snow instead of ice.

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Garfield Preached at Mooresville Church

In 1863, the 42nd Ohio Volunteers were camped at Bibb's Spring, a short distance behind the Bibb residence at Mooresville. One of the officers of the regiment was James A. Garfield.

Garfield, a native of frontier Ohio, was reared by his mother and older brother after the death of his father. When war came, he received a commission in the U.S. Army and served his country with distinction. Some of the villagers at Mooresville learned of Garfield's presence and invited him to preach at the Christian Church.

General Garfield, in writing to his wife, mentioned the invitation. "There is a church in the village of Mooresville near by and they have sent up inviting me to speak to them on Sunday. If I am not too unwell I have a notion to speak to them."

Apparently the General was not "too unwell" because he delivered several sermons in the Mooresville Church.

General Garfield left Mooresville with his unit to fight at Chicamauga. Following the battle, the General resigned his commission to enter Congress. In 1880, Mr. Garfield was elected the twentieth President of the United States.

Wrong Sermon

During the Civil War, a local Episcopalian minister, John Murray Robertson, was locked overnight in a chicken house at Whitesburg by Union troops.

His crime was leading his congregation in a prayer for Jefferson Davis. It was midwinter and bitterly cold, but Robertson surprised and annoyed his captors by surviving the night. The frustrated Federals then took him across the river and released him.

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Dear Sons

The following letter was written by W. P Nance who enlisted in the 10th Alabama Cavalry. He was captured near Huntsville in December of 1864. He was sent to a prisoner of war, Camp Chase, in Ohio where he died of Pneumonia three months later.

March 5/64 Walter & Frank

Boys, I am gone from home and do not know when I can come home and depend on you Boys to make a living for Lou and the children. You must work well and make plenty of corn to feed every thing. Plant your corn early and work it well. Plough deep and close. Drop what corn you want to stand so you will not have to thin any.

Walter you and the boys must obey what Lou tells you. Be

good Boys. Keep out of town and do not keep bad company and go to church every Sunday.

Frank, if you have 2 Plow Horses you must Plant 30 acres in corn and plant the best ground you get. Walter when you write send me 3 or 4 fish hooks so 1 can catch some fish. 1 can get lines. Cousin William is 6 miles from here. I see Brice one time.

My horse stands it well. I think he is improving. Boys I will write you again.

Be good Boys for you are the only ones to protect Lou and the small children. I remain yours.

W. P. Nance

"Golf is invented by the same people who think music comes out of a bagpipe."

Anonymous

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Heard On The Street

by Cathey Carney

We had a winner for the Photo of the Month for July. The photo was of **General George Turnmeyer**, who is a resident of Redstone Village, and the street going up to the Village is Turnmeyer Drive! The astute lady who guessed is retired teacher from Decatur, **Inez Simmons**. Congratulations to Inez!

Happy Birthday to **Karen Maroon**, she and sweet hubby **Dick** live in Twickenham and just love the neighborhood.

A 7th birthday will be celebrated by **Hannah Troup** in August. Her Dad, **John Troup**, has an August birthday as well and Hannah's Mom, **Stef**, will celebrate their wedding anniversary with John in August too!

Harold and Debbie Fanning are celebrating 34 years of wedded bliss this month. Harold wants to send out a special hello to his in-laws, Tom and Hazel Sharp, who live in Maysville and just love our North Alabama history.

Malcolm Miller, the talented gentlemen who writes for "Old Huntsville" occasionally, will celebrate his 80th birthday on Aug. 10. We hear his wife **Lois** is throwing a huge party for him. Happy Birthday, Malcolm! His brother **Paul Miller** lives in the VA home on Meridian Street, and we recently heard from **Rudolph Strickland**, who remembers

Our good buddy **Leroy Cunningham** recently opened up a new store on Andrew Jackson selling wicker, accessories and new clothes. Stop by and say hi to him and Betty Jo!

fighting in the Korean war with

Paul, and thinks the world of him.

Mason's Pub patio down-town was recently the location for a rocking birthday party for Joyce Russell, of New York Life, along with her Beta Sigma Phi sorority sisters and their husbands. We won't say exactly how old she turned, but it'll about 10 years before she hits 70!

We met the nicest group of professionals lately. **Dr. Steven R. Smith** is an ENT surgeon near

Crestwood, and his staff is so nice. Lora Abernathy, RN; Carla Henderson, who greets you when you come in; and Kathy Matt are just a few of the sweet people we met there. Sami Brewton works there as well, and Betty Smith is just the nicest lady (and wife of Dr. Smith). They are the best.

It was wonderful to hear that **Star Market in 5 Points** will be enlarging! It will feature a coffee shop, organic produce, a pizza oven for their Terry's pizza's, and a full-service deli and bakery. People already love Star Market and have been shopping there for years (since 1944) so the improvements will just make it that much better! Manager **T. J. Morris** is that smiling face you see there every day!

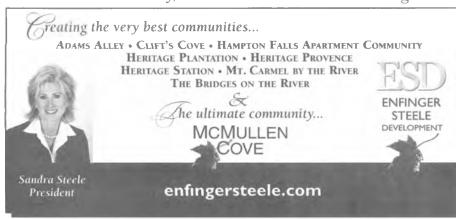
We met a really interesting man recently - **Mike Sales**. He just celebrated his 36th wedding anniversary with his pretty wife **Selma**. Their son **Micheal Sales**, **Jr.** and his fiance **Courtney** just married and relocated to Wash-

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the youngster below wins a 1-year complimentary subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine.

Call (256) 534-0502
Hint: This little boy is the book man.





ington, DC. Michael Jr. was a teacher at Oakwood College before they moved, and his dad and mom are very proud of him!

Many were shocked & disappointed to see the "Closed" sign on the **CVS Drug store on Andrew Jackson**. It had been in that same location for over 10 years, under the fine management of **Greg Mattix**, and catered to many of our elderly customers.

Tony Mason and **Rudy Mockabee** are really packing them in at Lee Ann's off of Church street. We hear there's standing room only some nights.

We were really happy to meet up with **Iris Booth** recently. Her dear Mom **Inez Booth** recently had a 94th birthday! Inez has so many interests and passions in her life - she says that's what keeps her going!

We are SO proud of **Debra Jenkins**, and her husband **Alan**, who have completely renovated the **Merrimack Hall** on Triana, as a performing arts center. They open on Sep. 6 with the musical comedy "Menopause the Musical". Find more information at www.merrimackhall.com, and Debra is the lady in charge!

Happy birthday to both Martha Gross and Pam Gross. Martha is the mom of Kathy Harless who works at Dr. Whitworth's dental office in Madison, and Pam is Kathy's sisterin-law.

Our good friend **Jesse Hopkins** recently underwent surgery for a pacemaker, and we hope that he is doing well. Jesse is a member of the Golden K Kiwanis Club here in Huntsville and that guy is so full of energy!

It was really sad to hear that one of our oldest buildings burned downtown, when the **Olde Towne Brewery** burned. We were glad no one was hurt, however, and know that the brewery will come back soon.

One of the dearest ladies I've ever known is **Tami Sims**, owner of Ladies First Boutique on Whitesburg. She is getting ready to have a huge sale on her merchandise for the month of August, as her business is closing.

We recently had dinner with our friend **Diane McWhorter**, along with **Darryl** and **Linda Goldman**, at Mason's Pub downtown. Diane is a writer whose last book won the Pulitzer prize. It was great to catch up and get together with good friends.

Redstone Village had some excitement lately when the **Past National Billiards Champ** showed them what he had. Hosted by **Chuck Owens, Rob Hall** of Huntsville gave a demonstration of some amazing shots!

A group of our friends went down to the Furniture Factory lately and said they had a great time. They saw **Donna Hays** and many folks there that they haven't seen in years.

This is a perfect time to pull out those comfortable walking shoes and take a walk around **Old Town, 5 Points and Twickenham historic districts.** It's really interesting to see all the work that is going on with the older homes, and the gardens are really beautiful! And you KNOW how much energy you get by taking a brisk walk.

Have a great August!

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1 c. mayonnaise

1 can artichoke hearts, drained and chopped

12 oz. skim milk mozzarella cheese, grated

1 c. Parmesan cheese, grated

Triscuits

Mix all except crackers and pour in baking/serving dish. Bake at 325 degrees for 25 minutes. Serve hot with Triscuits.

Best Chipped Beef Dip

1 c. chopped pecans

2-4 t. melted butter

8 oz. cream cheese, softened

1/4 c. milk

2 1/2 oz. dried beef, minced 1/2 t. garlic powder

18-oz. carton sour cream

4 t. minced onion

Saute pecans in butter til lightly browned, drain on paper towels and set aside. Combine the remaining ingredients, mix well. Spoon into greased 1 1/2 quart baking dish. Top with pecans and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve hot with assorted crackers or Bugles. Keep warm in a chafing dish.

Stuffed Mushrooms

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1 lb. bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled

1 lb. fresh mushrooms

Remove stems from mushrooms. Combine the cream cheese and bacon and stuff the mushroom caps with the mixture, cheese facing up. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes and mushrooms are tender.

Stack Salad

1 medium head lettuce

2 c. diced celery

2 c. diced onions

2 grated carrots

1 can English peas

2 c. mayonnaise

5 T. Parmesan cheese, grated

Take a round mixing bowl and place your cut-up lettuce in first. Layer the cut up celery next, then the onions, then the carrots, then the peas (drained of course). Finally add the mayonnaise. Sprinkle the Parmesan cheese over the mayonnaise and let stand overnight before serving.

Fried Cabbage

Fry a pound of bacon til crisp, crumble and set aside. Cook one shredded cabbage in the bacon grease, and top with bacon.

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Poor Man's Slaw

5 fresh tomatoes, chopped 3 cucumbers, peeled and chopped

> 2 Vidalia onions, chopped 2 green peppers, chopped

Put all in a large plastic bowl, add salt and pepper. Use freshly ground pepper if possible.

Cover and shake a few minutes - then back in fridge for 2 hours to mix flavors. This is great as a side salad and you can use the liquid as a really good dressing!

Puffed Rice Candy

1 c. sugar 2 c. puffed rice 1/2 t. vanilla extract pinch salt

Put sugar into heavy iron frying pan to melt.

Stirring constantly, mix sugar til its melted and turns a light brown. Don't burn- it browns FAST!

Add salt, vanilla and puffed rice, mix together and pour at once onto a buttered slab or dish.

With a wet rolling pin roll it out flat, and when cold break it into small pieces very much like peanut brittle.

Lizzie's Date Nut Candy

1 lb. pkg. dates, pitted

1 c. pecans, chopped

2 c. sugar

1 t. vanilla

Boil sugar with 3/4 cup water til it spins a good long thread when you take a spoon out.

Add vanilla, then pour it onto the nuts and dates. Stir until very stiff.

Turn into a wet clean cloth, cover and flatten out, patting gently with hands. When cold, break into blocks.

Sweet Dixie Cake

4 eggs

1/2 pint heavy cream

1 1/2 c. sugar

1 1/2 c. self-rising flour

1 t. vanilla extract (or almond if you prefer)

Break the eggs into a bowl and beat til light and foamy - at least five minutes. Add the cream, beat another 5 minutes. Pour in the sugar, beat well.

Blend in the flour and extract. Pour in a greased tubular pan and bake at 350 for 50 minutes, or in two 8-inch cake pans for 30 minutes. Dust with confectioners sugar while still warm.

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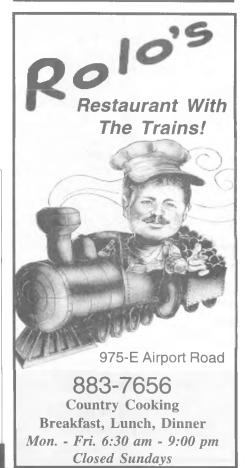
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Delicious Local Honey from Bobby Fanning



Unexpected Help

by Johnny Johnston

When a man failed to live long enough to raise his family or gather and save riches to maintain his family after he was gone, that responsibility sometimes fell to the oldest child.

That is the basis of this story told to me by a long time local resident Mr. Marlon Young of Owens Cross Roads.

In the 13th year of the life of Marion's father, Marvin Young, Marlon's grandfather, died while farming land near their home close to Sparta, Tennessee. He also was a revenuer for the U.S. Government which according to his son may have gotten him killed.

Since they didn't own land, Marvin wasn't given the opportunity to take his father's place in the fields. Because of the father's occupation the family may not have received the community help as they otherwise might have.

The family had to leave with practically nothing. Marvin, at age 13, managed to put together a few resources, mainly an old farm wagon with a canvas cover, a little food to last a few days and a team of mules to pull the wagon.

He had been asking around for a job and was turned down everywhere he went. Someone told him he had word from a big land owner in a place called Big Cove. Big Cove, he was told was "across that big mountain east of Huntsville, Alabama".

Marvin was assured the landowner would agree to give him a job if he would just show up. Marvin put his grieving Mother in the wagon along with his three sisters and started down toward Alabama.

The trip must have been near





impossible. First he had to cross the river which ran from Putman and White County and several other rivers and streams which flowed down to the Tennessee River. He had to coax the mules up and down the hills fighting the weather, illness, varmints and the youthful desire to just give up.

Food was very difficult to obtain. The family resorted to begging food from farmers while on the old dusty, roads which were washed out in many places. Mrs. Young would cook corn bread

when the wagon was parked long enough to fire up a kettle. Cornbread was the following day's meals on many days. Marvin would stop at places and work for food for the family.

I can imagine Marvin going into the neighborhood stores to trade a day's work for food or maybe some grain for the horses. I would suspect he plowed a few fields on the way just to exist another day.

We don't know how long it took them to make their way down to Big Cove. Marlon seems to remember his father saying it was a 2 to 3 week period. He probably camped out for a day or two in communities like Gurley trying to get provisions and directions to move on down to Big Cove.

We do know that he found the land owner's huge farm about mid afternoon one day. He, along with his mom and sisters, were filled with excitement about the new job and a place to live for a while. He had hoped that his mother and sisters could stop worrying, if only for a

few days. Perhaps he might even be able to work extra jobs after dark or on Sundays to help the family get along. He must have known that without an education he could only perform farm work or something requiring unskilled labor.

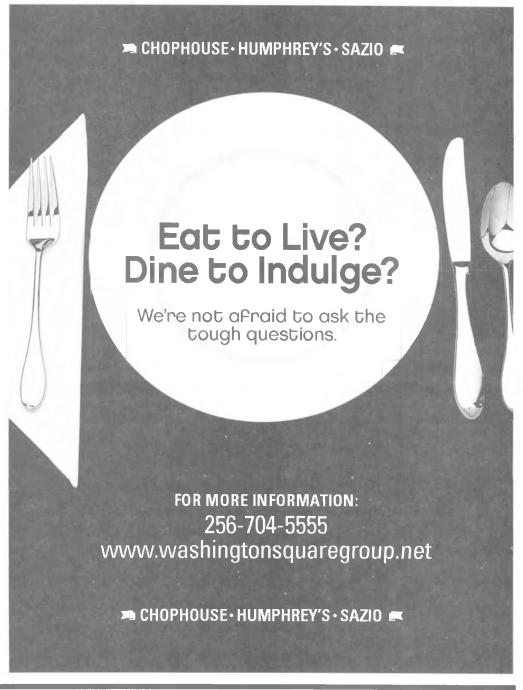
One thing was for sure, at 13 years of age, Marvin Young had total responsibility for his Mother and Sisters. They had left everyone, and everything, they knew behind them.

He walked up to and knocked

on the door of the landowner and told him who he was and that he had a promise of a job on his farm. The land owner told him he didn't have any jobs for him.

He had given that job to someone else a week before and said he should have arrived earlier.

Marvin was whipped; he simply had no direction to turn but knew he had to have someplace to stay so he asked the farmer if he could camp out on his grass. The farmer gruffly said "OK but just for the night". Marvin, with



tears and disappointment in his eyes walked back to the wagon and told his family what the man had said.

There was no place to go, no way to make a living for his family. Marvin felt he had let his family down, especially his late father who had died trying to provide for his family.

After what must have been a small and quiet supper in the darkness of a stranger's yard, Marvin and his family did what they had done for several weeks. They spread their blankets on the ground under the wagon and tried to sleep.

Marvin told his family years later that he had never been so afraid in his life at the expectations of not having food and shelter for his family.

Suddenly about one or two in the morning he was startled by horses coming down the nearby road. He jumped up and ran as close as possible to the road without getting in the way. He then saw something that made chills run up and down his back.

There were about 20 horse-back riders dressed in white robes; their heads covered in frightening hoods with just a momentary glint from eyes that were almost hidden from view in the dark night.

Half the men were carrying flaming torches that sent a strange light throughout the night. Marvin had heard about the Ku Klux Klan and how some people were treated in Alabama, but why were they here? Had he done something wrong? He began to run back to the wagon crying and yelling to his family to hide; hide and run. To Marvin's relief the riders went on by. They were not after the Young family after all.

The riders rode their horses up to the porch of the big farm house where the landlord and his family were sleeping. Banging on the door and yelling his name they told him to get on the porch "right now".

He came outside unprepared for the 20 or so armed and angry men. He asked what they wanted.

The leader of the mob yelled at the landlord to "listen and listen well. You sent word to that boys' family out there to come on down here because you had a job for him. Now you tell him you ain't got no job for him."

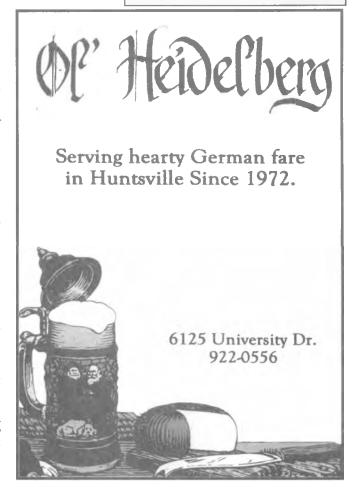
The farmer replied. "I ain't got no job for him, anyway he ain't hardly big enough to work nohow."

The mob

leader was curt in his reply "Well that ain't right, you take that boy and his family to Huntsville tomorrow, get him a job and his family a place to stay. Now you're gonna do that and do it tomorrow or we'll come back and burn you out."

> "Heard your wife left you How upset you must be. But don't fret about it... She moved in with me!"

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They got on their horses and rode off just as they had come, torches burning, yelling and cursing all the way and leaving the landowner a little less comfortable than when they came up.

The next morning the farmer saw that the Young family had plenty to eat for breakfast. Afterwards he harnessed his own horses and drove the family across the old Big Cove Road to Huntsville. The farmer contacted people he knew, got Marvin a job at Lincoln Mill and the family a house to live in. The farmer then went back to his farm in Big Cove.

Marvin Young held his job at the Lincoln Mills for over 30 years and finished his working life at Pitsingers Grocery Store in downtown Huntsville.

Southern Johnny Cakes

2 cups of cornmeal 2 tablespoons lard

2/3 cup of milk 1/2 teaspoon of salt

2 teaspoons baking soda

Mix ingredients into a stiff batter and form eight biscuit sized "dodgers".

Bake on a lightly greased sheet at 350 degrees for twenty to twenty-five minutes or until brown. Or spoon the batter into hot cooking oil in a frying pan over a low flame.

This was a favorite of Southern troops.

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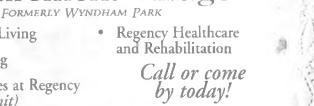


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The Wrong Prayer

by Harold Fanning

When I was growing up, it was a tradition for the preacher and his wife to eat Sunday dinner with a different family in his congregation each week. Along with the pastor and his wife it was also customary for the chairman of deacons and his wife to accompany them.

In those days southern tradition never allowed the children apt the dinner table until all the adults ate first. To even think of sitting down at the table with adults was considered tremendously disrespectful, and the offender could suffer serious bodily harm as well as other various consequences if he or she even attempted to do this. I always dreaded the Sunday when the pastor would come to eat at our house, because that always meant the conversation around the table would turn to some great theological debate over tithing, women wearing pants, Christians attending movies, or the proper length of a man's hair. Some of these long-winded debates could drag on as late as 3:00 P.M., and by that time the kids were near the point of famine. Still, none of us dared ask if we could eat because to do so could result in a good licking with a leather strap thoroughly dished out by your father.

I remember one particular Sunday when it was our family's turn for the preacher to have dinner at our house. I knew Sunday was coming and, to be honest, I dreaded it all week

long because I knew it would be an all-day affair. I knew I was going to have to answer all the standard questions that preachers ask kids - things like if I wanted to be preacher when I grew up, or if I was being a good

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Or toll-free (Alabama only) 866-709-4908 Christian boy in school, and so on. I knew better than to protest his impending visit to my parents, because to confess that you did not want the preacher to eat dinner with you ranked up there with actually ostracizing the Lord from your house.

On this particular Sunday in mid-August the temperature was over 100° in the shade. Back then the church had no air conditioning, which naturally necessitated the windows being opened. There were no screens to keep the insects out, so to keep cool everyone used paper fans that had been donated to the church by the local funeral home. These also doubled as insect swatters for the various creatures that might happen to fly through the open windows. Most of these fans had Bible pictures on them such as Jesus carrying a sheep, Jesus standing at the door and knocking, Noah and the Ark, or Moses on Mount Sinai. During an election year some of the local politicians donated church fans with the standard biblical pictures on the front, but when you turned them over there

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Saturday & Sunday Brunch 10:45am - 3:pm with complimentary Glass of Champagne Reservations required

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(1 child per Adult Entree)

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Banquet Rooms available - Small (30 people) and Large (50 people)

would be a political advertisement on the back. Sometimes there would be a photo of the candidate holding a Bible and standing with his family or in front of the church, just so the voters would know they were good Christian folks.

Things in church were fairly routine from one Sunday to the next, we would all sing the great hymns of the faith like "Amazing Grace," "How Great Thou Art," and "Great Is Thy Faithfulness." About the only time things got exciting was when the preacher's elderly mother would break loose and start shouting. Church members today are not usually accustomed to individuals getting so happy about their relationship with the Lord that they leap to their feet in unrestrained excitement, but in those early days it was a common

Another bit of excitement us boys could look forward to would be trying our best not to laugh as an insect buzzed around the preacher's head during his sermon. We found it humorous observing him attempting an occasional swat while trying not to be conspicuous about it - especially if the bug was one of those determined ones that likes to fly up your nose or in your ears despite your best efforts to keep it out.

On this particular Sunday - the dreaded Sunday when the pastor and chairman of deacons were to eat at our house -- my mother gave me strict orders to be sitting in the car after church and not lollygagging around with my friends like I usually did. She was in a hurry to get home and have things prepared by the time her guests arrived.

On the way home I said something to the effect of, "Man, I sure wish I could eat with the grown-ups today." To which my mother surprisingly responded, "Well, I think you may be old enough to join the adults. You

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just be careful to mind your manners, though!" I have to admit that bit of good news was more exciting to me than a stray dog discovering a hambone.

We had not been home long when our special guests came pulling into the driveway. After a bit of small talk about how great the service went and how wonderful the preacher's sermon was, we all sat down to eat. I had no sooner settled down in my seat at the table than our pastor looked at me and asked, "Harold, would you do the honor of saying grace over the food?" I was so intimidated by the prospect of praying in front of a professional clergyman that every thought in my brain made a hasty exit. I absolutely had no idea what to say, so frantically I simply bowed my head and desperately tried to think of something that would sound as spiritual as possible. And then that is when it happened - one of those sentences that come out of your mouth that leaves an indelible mental scar for a lifetime: "Dear Lord. please pass me the mash taters!"

My father immediately sprang to his feet as though he had just sat down on a thumbtack and yelled, "Boy! You come with me this very minute!" It was only at that precise moment when it dawned on me that the words I'd spoken were not the proper thing to say. My dad

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grabbed me by my right ear and marched me all the way to the woodshed where I was left to sit in fear of my impending punishment for what seemed an eternity. I was completely mystified by my lapse into temporary insanity. Why had I said that? Maybe it was just the aimless stupidity of youth, but it sure made me realize that sometimes the tongue can take on a life of its on. Later on, after I was allowed to come out of the woodshed, my dad explained to me very pointedly the error of my ways.

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News from 1923

- Three cases were docketed in city court Saturday morning. Wm. Jordan appeared and pled guilty and was fined \$10. The other two defendants, Will Ikard and John Kennedy of New hope, forfeited their bonds and \$10 by not appearing.

- Mrs. White and Mrs. Schiffman were present representing the Library board and stated that the Library was in need of a heating apparatus in view of the fact that it was heated by the same furnace that heats the city hall and that after the city hall closed in the afternoon the library had to close on account of being without heat. The council voted to install gas heaters in the library to be used to heat the building.

- There was only one case in City Court this morning, that of Floyd Wallace, colored, who was up on a charge of disorderly conduct. He pled guilty to hitting a Negro woman in the head with a hatchet and was fined \$10.

- Mr. John Rison Jones and children are indisposed at their home on West Holmes Street.

-With his neck broken by a fall from a power line pole, George Corgin, 25, lineman, has refused the edict of physicians that he must die and is waging a game fight for his life here. "Don't tell me that," he grinned gamely when told that by all medical rules he must die. "For I'm not going to die. I'll fight it out and show you that a broken neck can't stop me!" He is reported to be doing as well as expected.

Mark Magnant

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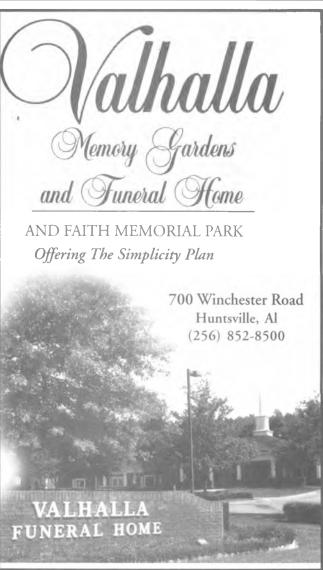


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7500 Memorial Parkway South #122 Huntsville, Alabama 35802-2297 Business 256/883-6600 Fax 256/883-6650 stevecappaert@knology.net -Walter L. Harris, who has been associated with the W. L. Halsey Grocery Co. of this city for several years, leaves with his family tomorrow for Fayetteville, where he will represent the Trigg-Dobbs Co. R. B. Searcy has succeeded Mr. Harris as city salesman for Halsey Grocery Co., and has already assumed his duties.





A Letter From **Brownsboro**

The following letter was written to Mrs. Martha Hendricks of La Porte, Indiana, by her 19 year old son James.

Private James J. Hendricks was a member of Company A of the notorious "Anderson Red legs," a Union outfit that was a terror to North Alabamians in 1864.

Officially known as the 12th Indiana Cavalry, regiment's colonel, Edward Anderson, was actually tried for murder in Nashville in 1865 but found not guilty.

The leader of the bushwhackers was Bushwhacker Johnston.

The war was hard on the family of Martha Hendricks, since two of her sons (including James) died of disease and a third was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg.

James Hendricks wrote this letter on August 18, 1864 from Brownsboro, Alabama. One suspects he exaggerated the Confederate casualties considerablu.

Dear Mother,

We have just came in from a wild goose chase and I have eaten a good dinner of hardtack and meat and now I am clear to write.

There is little that would interest you as I know of unless it is a little affair that happened yesterday. A squadron of bushwhackers lay in ambush waiting for the train when some of the Anderson redlegs, or the mudsill 12th, came up in their rear and fired a single volley.

Killed 18 and the remainder scattered and ran, but unlucky for them they ran into another scouting party which captured nine more.

The remainder was seen down the river about three miles and I have been trying to catch them.

I would like to catch the leader of their band, (Bushwhacker Johnston) but he does not let us see him. I have his description and want to stay until he is caught. If I get a sight of him he is gone. I can hit him twice out of three times [at] five hundred yards.

But the mail is fast going out so you must excuse haste and poor writing. Cal [his brother] is getting along very well. I am well.

James Hendricks.



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Decca Recording Co., rejecting the Beatles, 1962

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or admission into the freshman class, an applicant must have completed his fourteenth year; for advanced standing and he must have a corresponding advance of age. All applicants

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must provide satisfactory evidence of unexceptionable moral character, especially the testimony of their last teacher. If they

have been members of any other college, a certificate of honorable discharge will also be required to enter the freshman class at its formation.

The candidate must stand an approved examination on arithmetic, geography, the English, Latin and Greek grammars,

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To enter upon advanced standing, an applicant will be examined on all the preceding studies of the class to which he aspires.

The grammars used in examinations of applicants, are Murray's. or Kirkham's English, Andrew's & Stoddard's Latin. all of which examinations will be rigid.

The faculty would state that applicants are found, almost universally, deficient in elementary branches; in arithmetic, the grammars, and very frequently also in geography. It will not be inappropriate to urge upon parents and teachers, the importance of a thorough and faithful preparation according to the

foregoing statement of requisitions.

The classes are regularly formed, on the first day of January of each year. This is the most favorable time for entering.

Applicants will, however, be examined at any period during the term time, when they may present themselves.

All persons coming to the University for the purpose of seeking admission, must report themselves to one of the officers as early as the next day after their arrival in Tuscaloosa: and are not at liberty to lodge in the dormitories, or to take their meals at the Hall, until they are regularly admitted.

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Gerald Ford



Escape from the Railroad Depot

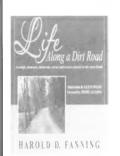
A personal account written shortly after the war.

The excitement in the city was very great, as telegram after telegram gave the reports of what was taking place on the bloody battlefields of Shiloh, for many of our Huntsville boys were there. While they were absorbed with the news coming from the telegraph office, the people were taken by surprise by a carrier riding in hot haste down the Meridianville pike. shouting to everyone he saw, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!"

It was that fateful cry, long and fearfully anticipated but now suddenly sprung upon them, that made livid the faces of women and children. The cooler heads among the men were trying to sift the truth from the excited horseman, when his report was verified by the coming of another galloping horseman.

Hardly had this validation of the truth settled

upon the excited listeners when the long whistle of an incoming train from the west was heard. "What train is that, and who are aboard it?" was asked with



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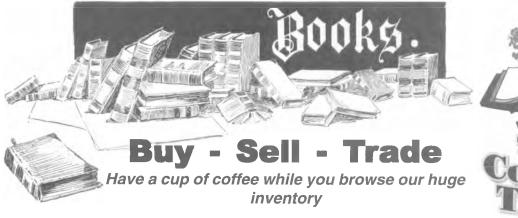
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blanched lips. A few of the older men rushed to the depot and before the train stopped saw that it was a military train with Southern soldiers aboard, bound for the east. Realizing the danger of the situation, one man rushed forward to the engine and shouted to the engineer, "Go on, go on! Don't stay, the Yankees are right here and will catch you."

The engineer looked back to the conductor who had also heard the warning, but who for a moment hesitated, weighing the report in his mind, then finally deciding from the earnestness and character of the man, gave a quick motion for forward to the engineer who quickly pulled open the throttle, but it was too late. Before the steam pressed upon the piston, the train was surrounded by Yankee cavalry, who with leveled revolvers forced the engineer to close his throttle.

The train and all that it contained was now in the possession of the enemy. A company of Confederate soldiers were on board. These men had performed gallant service at Manassas and as a reward were given a furlough to their respective homes from which they were now returning. They were now few in number, without arms and surrounded.

The Yankees (Fourth Ohio Cavalry) took possession of them as prisoners and marched them into the depot - the same old freight depot that is there today.

This regiment of cavalry was soon followed by the rest of the command of Brig. Gen. O.M. Mitchel, who took possession of Huntsville with its old men, women, and children, and for some time after ruled them with a rod of iron.

His boast was that he would soon scourge them into submission.

In the disposition of his forces he had made a quick movement, took Huntsville by surprise, and overwhelmed its citizens with pain and sorrow for he fed his troops from their scant stores. His provision train was too far away. Bridges had been burned and no one could tell when his wagons would arrive. In the meantime his soldiers must be fed. "They had fought bravely," he said, and were entitled to the best of rations and all the good things the country afforded. If they were given voluntarily, well and good! If not, they would be taken. The boys in blue knew where to find what they needed.

The women of Huntsville gathered together in solemn council, for upon them the grim reality fell most heavily. How could they meet Mitchel's demand of their scant stores of food? Even more desperate was the plight of their own kind. If Federal soldiers were this hungry, how was it with those poor boys in gray, cooped up within the

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old walls of the depot? They must be starving. It was unanimously resolved that this condition must be rectified.

A committee of two ladies was appointed to visit the general and obtain his permission for them to feed the prisoners.

In answer to their appeal, he granted a very generous denunciation of all rebels, especially female rebels.

"Yes, " he replied, "you may feed the prisoners, but you must feed my soldiers, too."

"Very good, general, but may we begin at once with our poor boys in the depot? They are starving. They have had nothing to eat since you came now, two days ago!"

"Starving! They deserve to starve. They have been fighting the Union army in the east. They are a part of the same set," thundered the irate general.

The eyes of the sober matron twinkled a little and a smile played upon her lips as she replied, "Yes, General, we have heard that they were there."

The brows of the officer narrowed, remembering that these were the same brave Confederate troops that had carried the day at Manassas. Churlishly he muttered, "and for that you want me to feed them?"

"Yes, for that we want to feed them. But, General, all brave soldiers feed their prisoners."

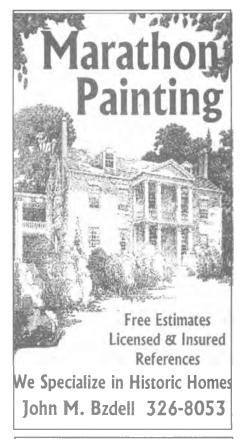
The scowl upon the general's features smoothed a little as he caught the pleasant smile upon the lady's comely face.

"Well, take your order for permission to feed the prisoners. What else do you want of me?"

"A pass, please," she replied, "for messenger and provisions."

The general signed to an officer in the rear. "Adjutant, write a pass for female bearer to deliver provisions twice a day to prisoners."

He turned away to other business. The pass was written and received. The two ladies who had remained standing in that august presence bowed their thanks.



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Maxine



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It was with a quick step and a light heart that the two ladies left the headquarters of Gen. Mitchel and hurried down the street. Hardly had they left before they noticed a young Negro clad in a Yankee's blue coat. After recognizing the figure as Joe, one of their house servants, the ladies burst out laughing, exclaiming, "Why, with that blue coat he looks just like any other Yankee."

The friends walked on thoughtfully for a few moments when the first speaker exclaimed as though talking to herself: "Good, we'll do it sure." Then Joe, Joe," she called out to the servant. "Stop there, I want you."

The boy stopped at once at the command of his mistress' voice. He turned back to her, a little scared at his being thus caught.

"Joe, where did you get that coat?"

The boy hesitated and with an apologetic grin, replied:

"I got him from a Mr. Yank. He give him to me."

"How came him to give it to you?" was the stern question.

"He give him to me for cleaning up his horse and rubbing up his saddle, and shining up his boots and his spurs."

"Very well! You are sure that he gave it to you? Are you very sure?"

"Yes. Missus: I would be scared to wear it if he didn't."

"Very well, then. Now listen. I don't want you to wear that coat on the street. I want you to take it right home and give it to Aunt Susan to take care of for you. Do it right away. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Missus. I takes it right home."

That evening before the sun went down an irregular procession of ladies, beginning at the eastern side of the town and adding to its number as it passed the different houses, proceeded to the

depot. Some had with them servants carrying baskets and others carried their baskets themselves. All the baskets were loaded with provisions covered with napkins or papers to screen their contents.

There was some trepidation in their ranks caused by their unusual errand and the uncertainty of their reception by the soldiers of their avowed enemies, but all were brave at heart and willing to face all opposing obstacles to accomplish their purpose.

Reaching the platform of the depot, they found the first large enclosed door guarded by a squad of blue coated soldiers. The other doors were tightly closed. The sol-

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diers stood at attention. Two pair, a little distance apart, crossed bayonets, thus making two arches under which the processing was permitted to pass.

The leader of the ladies was a handsome woman large and imposing in appearance. She had laughing eyes and a smiling countenance. She was perfectly fearless of danger. She was one who had given her sons to the army. Her large house (now unhappily one of the things of the past) was ever open to shelter a Confederate soldier. She was not afraid to express her wants to a Federal general as she had this day, nor to Federal soldiers with bayonets.

She stepped forward under the arched bayonets to the officer of the guard, and smilingly presented him with the general's order. He read it, blushing, and deferentially stood aside motioning her to enter, which she did with her servant. She turned and bade the others follow. This they were ready to do. Soon they all found themselves on the inside and were cheering the artillery boys with smiles as well as with sustenance.

ciated both, and for a time, were happy.

The officer of the imprisoned command held a little confidential conversation with the leading lady, and arrangements were soon made that resulted in lessening, to a considerable extent, the number of Confederate prisoners in the old depot.

Among the prisoners was one who was a superb violinist. He was said to be unequaled in the Army of Virginia. His violin had gone home and back with the furloughed violinist. The chief diversion of the company was in his music and in the resulting dance of the lively lads when the spirit was on them.

The supply of food settled into a routine. The next evening, a little before the expected coming of the food supply, the spirit of music and dance was on the imprisoned soldiers.

An empty box near the center of the depot furnished a seat for the violinist. A rattling piece of music from his instrument drew the attention of everyone within a considerable distance. A large detachment of Federal

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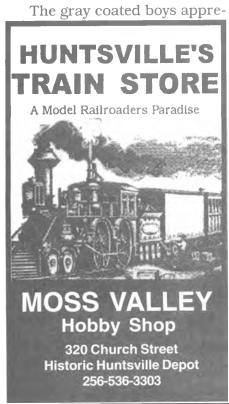
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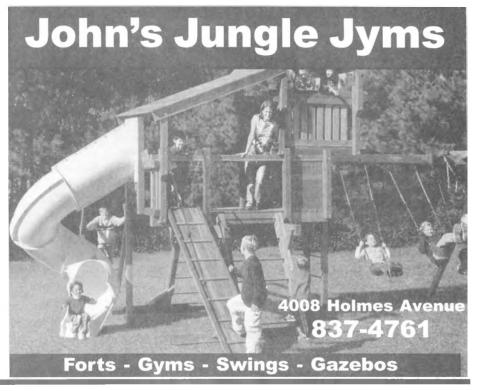
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soldiers were camped nearby to furnish guards for prisoners and stores. Quite a crowd of idle soldiers soon gathered upon the platform.

The Confederate boys drew near their musician. Soon, some dance music set their feet and bodies in motion, and then the dance was on. It was such a dance as the blue coats had never seen. As the music quickened and varied, so too did the dance.

Soon the eager crowd outside the guard pressed near to see and hear. The guard itself with its good natured corporal became absorbed and Interested in sound and motion and allowed the numbers outside to press within the doorway.

It was at this time that the deputation of food bearers arrived. The officer at the door passed in one old colored woman with a large basket carelessly covered with a cloth. He lifted the comer a little and scanned the loaves of bread and buttered sandwiches, dropped the cover and motioned her to return and take in the other baskets and return them, as he now would permit but one person to enter.

A plank partition at that time separated a room at the northeast corner of the depot from the rest of the building. Inside of this the baskets were quickly carried and emptied by the eager hands of the prisoners.

Within the first basket, well wrapped in a newspaper, was a large blue overcoat and cap. A young artillery man, the first selected to run the blockade, was soon enveloped in this overcoat and surmounted with the cavalry

Watching his opportunity when the Federal soldiers milled about the door and who had gradually encroached within the

building were absorbed with the dance and music, he quietly stepped out of the little room and sauntering along the wall, joined the blue coats near the door. When all was ready the music and dancing ceased, and the gray jacketed boys were called to supper. All was then confusion, and the bayonets of the guard pushed out the rabble of blue coat onlookers near the door, and with them the sheep in wolf's clothing.

Reaching the platform the young man dropped out of the squad of blue coats and struck into the street heading to the

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Queen Victoria's surgeon, 1873



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courthouse. This he had hardly reached with he was met by a boy who, turning to the left, piloted him to a large house near the outside of the town.

Here he turned over his cap and coat and was given a good supper and portable lunch, furnished a place to sleep until nearly daylight, when a guide passed him between the pickets and gave him directions how to safely reach the Confederate lines across the Tennessee River.

The next afternoon and for several succeeding afternoons as long as prudence permitted, that basket with its enclosures went to the Confederate prisoners, where the same scene was enacted and other prisoners were allowed to escape.

This practice was continued for several weeks until the remaining prisoners were transferred to prison camps in Illinois where they set out the rest of the war in captivity. According to legend, one of the escaped confederate soldiers returned to Huntsville after the war and married the young lady responsible for his rescue.

Policeman Stabbed

from 1881 newspaper

Isham Davis, a colored lamplighter and policeman of Huntsville, was stabbed in the back on Saturday night, while in the discharge of his duty, by two colored rowdies, who were arrested and are now in the lock-up. Davis is a quiet, orderly man, well thought of by all citizens. York C. Davis, of Fayetteville, is his son.

"It seems like the oldest one always gets in trouble even if she didn't do it."

Lindsey Smith, age 7

A Most Unusual Robbery

A most unusual robbery took place at the Huntsville depot on Sunday night. Two bandits, armed with pistols, overcame the night shift employee and made off with forty 50-pound sacks of sugar from a train car. It is believed this was the work of whiskey makers.

from 1931 newspaper



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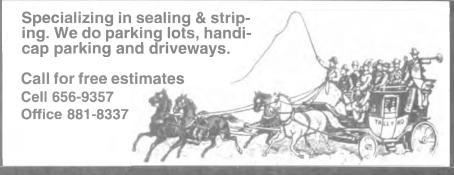
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News From the Year 1963

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Kennedy Sends Federal **Troops to Alabama**

In an effort to reestablish order in Alabama, President Kennedy has sent federal troops to the racially divided area. On May 6, about a thousand Negroes were arrested in Birmingham after a protest march against the state's segregation policies. Violence erupted, prompting JFK to use U.S. troops. U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy continues his efforts to orchestrate negotiations between Negro and white leaders; in one proposed deal, Negroes were asked to halt their demonstrations until the new city administration officially takes office. Yet, Negro leader Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. considers such plans to be "too little, too late."

Malcolm X, a more radical Negro spokesman, assailed the Kennedy administration for its inaction and its condemnation of Black Muslims, saving, "Imtead of attacking the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Committee, Kennedy attacked Islam, a religion."

The president returned to Washington today after a oneday tour of the South, where he hailed the civil rights struggle and asked for Negroes to fight peacefully.

Court Rules Poor Must Have Lawyers

The U.S. Supreme Court held today that states must supply free legal services to all poor persons facing criminal charges. The case involved Clarence Earl Gideon, convicted of breaking and entering a poolroom in Florida and sentenced to prison. His request for a lawyer during his trial had been denied. The new Supreme Court ruling, one of the most important in the current term, overturned a 1942 decision of the high court that had held that the United States Constitution required appointment of counsel only in cases involving the death penalty or in such special circumstances as an illiterate defendant.

Alcatraz Prison Closed

The federal prison on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay became a hollow, echoing shell today with the removal of the last 27 prisoners. The prison was well known for its incarceration of such men as Al Capone, Alvin Karpis and countless other incorrigibles.

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New York Papers End 114-Day Strike

New York newspapers rolled off the presses today for the first time since some unions went on strike 114 days ago. Said one union leader: "This should be the strike to end all newspaper strikes."

Avid readers, happy to end the fast, eagerly snatched up the still ink-wet editions at newsstands. There were cheers, too, at the eight newspapers whose 19,074 employees had been idled by the longest and costliest newspaper blackout in New York's history.

It was estimated that the economic losses in circulation and advertising totaled between \$190 and \$250 million, while employees of the affected newspapers lost more than \$50 million in benefits and wages.

Soviet Union Puts First Woman in Space

Chalk up another first for the Soviets in outer space. Junior Lieutenant Valentina Tereshkova has become the first woman to blast off and circle the globe. She came back to earth today after her Vostok VI capsule made 48 revolutions in just under three days. Tereshkova was called "my space sister" by a male astronaut, Lt. Col. Valery Bykovsky, who was circling the earth at the same time in another capsule. The two flights are apparently part of the Russian plan to dock two capsules together in outer space.

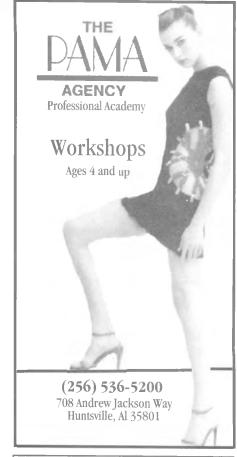
Khomeini Arrested during Iran Rioting

More than 30 Muslim religious leaders were arrested in Iran as riots spread from Tehran to other cities. One of those arrested was the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Iranian security officials say Khomeini and others were trying to topple the regime of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi.

The fighting in Tehran became so intense that the shah and his family took refuge at the summer palace in Saadabad.

Shiite mobs were allegedly recruited and paid by the religious leaders, who are opposed to the shah's land reforms and new rights for women. Three unveiled women were massacred by one mob.



"I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way."

Seen on local accident report





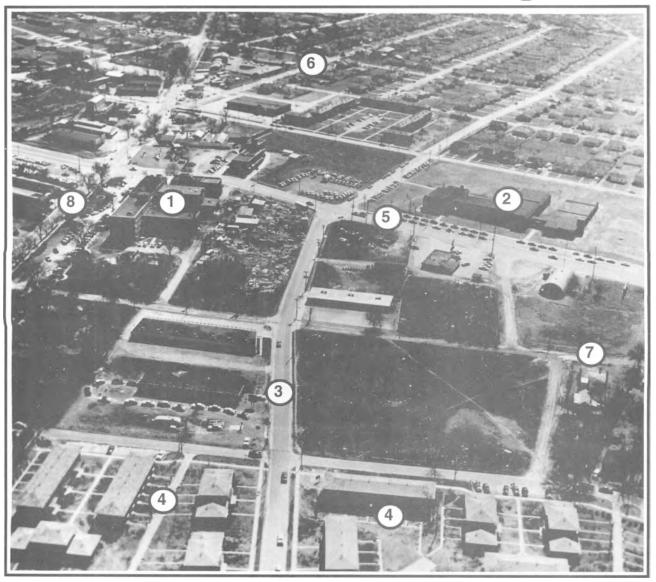


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Government Experts Verify Chittim Wood Found Growing on Monte Sano

Supposed to be growing only in Jerusalem.

from 1912 newspaper

Local lumbermen have samples of the famous Chittim timber which has been discovered by government experts in Madison County, in the vicinity of Huntsville, and much discussion about the same is being indulged by the lumber people. The timber found is not very extensive, the forest of the same being but sparsely built up. The timber is supposed to be growing only in Jerusalem.

It will be remembered that interior work of the great temple at Jerusalem, told of in the Bible, was built of dense Chittim wood. It was not believed that there was any of this timber anywhere. Government experts in looking over the Alabama forests investigated trees which natives were calling Chittim wood and they have pronounced it the real article. The timber, of course, will be preserved, and an effort made to bring about a growth. The samples of the wood on hand here are prized highly.

Here Chittim wood has been known to exist on Monte Sano since Huntsville was laid out in town lots nearly a century ago. Chittim wood was first hauled to town and sold as firewood. For the past twenty-five years local mechanics have been working it into walking canes, gavels, police clubs and many different kinds of furniture.

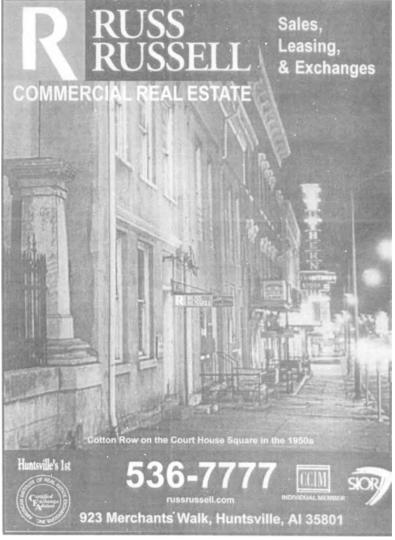
The Smithsonian Institute sent representatives here during the early nineties to investigate the wood and extent of growth, and now have a block on exhibition in the Institution at Washington.

Looking For Family

from 1900 newspaper

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

Write Milton Anderson, care of the Journal.





New Hope Burned

During the Civil War, New Hope was not spared the ravages that armed conflict frequently visits on noncombatants. Confederate irregulars in the county harassed occupying Federal troops on a regular basis.

Unable to pin down these partisans in a set-piece battle, the soldiers would often vent their frustration on civilians, who were less likely to shoot back.

They may have felt that such people were giving aid and comfort to their enemies; more often than not, they were right.

On December 15, 1864, the entire town was-burned down by the Union Army who were determined to "clean out the nest of bushwhackers."

After giving the residents only a few minutes notice to evacuate, the town was torched.

Within hours the town was a smoking ruin. Every business and home was destroyed. Only the Masonic lodge and the post office survived the invaders' torch.

The butcher backed up into the meat grinder and got a little behind in his work.

Deputy Sheriff Shoots Up His Own Auto in Bootlegger Chase

from 1925 newspaper

Mistaking a car driven usually by himself, a deputy sheriff, in a chase for suspected dry law violator, poured a volley of shot into his own car Wednesday night in which he had an idea a bootlegger was riding. No one was injured, though the car is said to have the dent of quite a number of bullets fired by the officer.

The chase for suspected bootleggers was not in vain, as a man driving a Ford car suspected of containing liquor, was caught, but with no liquor being found in the car, the man was permitted to go on his way.

The chase was a long one and rather devious, through several streets in what is known as Patton addition.

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Tips from Liz

- * When you take your vitamins in the morning, it is very important that you eat something with them. Vitamins on an empty stomach aren't nearly as effective as when you eat a bit of breakfast.
- * Remember to take your calcium supplement later on in the day, not with your vitamins.
- * Occasionally when I find something that really works, I like to tell my readers about it. I had pretty bad arthritis in my hands and hips, and talked with Hester at Costco, about Joint Juice. It's a drink that contains Glucosamine which is very good for arthritis and lubricating the joints. I had been taking pills with this same ingredient but it was not too effective. I tried this Joint Juice, took one can each morning, and after a week my arthritis pain was gone. I couldn't believe it. In talking with other people, many have had the same results.
- * If you use the computer alot, when you have to replace your mouse get one that has the button in the middle it allows you to scroll up and down the page without having to click on the scroll bar arrow on the right of the page much more efficient.

plants and flowers with chemical bug spray, don't do it in the morning. That's when bees and other harmless bugs are out and very busy, and you don't want to kill them. Spray later on in the day.

- * A really good bug repellent that is harmless to nature is to put a few cigar or cigarette butts into a bottle of water, let it sit out in the sun a couple of days and put a sprayer on it. Spray plants (not edible ones) where you find bugs and you won't see them the next day! They hate it.
- * If you have a sunny area that needs some color, consider Knock-out roses. They are nearly care-free, grow to about 4-5 feet tall, and really fill in a space.
- * One thing I learned from active seniors, don't stop moving. Once you sit down and don't

m o v e you're goner. You need to move your muscles. otherwise they will cease to be able to move, and atrophy. Walk whenever

you can, and just keep moving.

* Watching fish has been proven to lower blood pressure. Now's the time to install a pond in your yard, many are easy to assemble and you can add something to your outdoor living area that your family will enjoy for years! Plus, the sound of falling water is very soothing!



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The King and I

by Teresa Wallace as told to Tom Carney

When Aunt Dee called to tell me she was getting married to Vernon Presley, Elvis' father, my first question was "Elvis who?"

I was twelve years old at the time and, like every other girl in America, madly in love with Elvis Presley. If someone had told me then that Elvis was about to become a very special part of my life, I probably would have thought they were crazy!

My family was a typical middle class family with my father working at Redstone Arsenal and my mother keeping house. We lived in a small house on Kildare Avenue and though I was an only child, the house always seemed full of neighborhood kids waiting for a slice of my mother's pie, or just hanging out listening to records.

Dad and his sister, Dee, were especially close so when she decided to get married it seemed only natural that she do it in Huntsville surrounded by her family. For Dee it was like coming back home. She had lived here years earlier when she was a nurse's aide at Huntsville Hospital and was eagerly looking forward to seeing many of her old friends.

Although the family had talked some about possible problems with the news media, we really had no idea what to expect. If we were naive at the time, we soon learned better.

Even before the announcement hit the papers our house was besieged by reporters. Every time we carried the garbage out, or tried to go to the store, we were blasted with thousands of questions about Vernon and Dee, and of course the main question: "Have you talked to Elvis and is he coming to the wedding?" The telephone rang so much we finally just gave up and took it off the hook.

One of the most hilarious things at the time were the press reports. We would send someone down to the newsstands to get all the papers and then spread them out on the floor to read the articles. Almost everything printed was wrong!

After Dee and Vernon got married at Judge Pennington's on Whitesburg Drive, they spent their honeymoon in a rural secluded part of Hurricane Creek



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known as the Ray Ranch. We went out to see them several times and to me it was just like any other family gathering. Vernon was so much like any other Uncle that it was easy to forget he was Elvis' father.

Regardless of how nice Vernon was, my thoughts kept going back to Elvis. Before they left I finally screwed up the courage to ask if they thought I could ever meet Elvis.

Vernon's face broke into a big grin as he reached down to hug me. "Honey," he said, "why don't you just come live with us sometime?" I didn't know it at the time but Vernon and Dee had already talked to my parents about the idea.

Several months later I was at Graceland. After Vernon and Dee welcomed me they explained that Elvis was still asleep and would be down later. My cousins wanted to take me out to the stables to show me the horses but the only thing I could think about was finally seeing Elvis. I was wearing a prim "Sunday dress" and was terrified of getting it wrinkled, so at the first opportunity I found a chair at the bottom of the stairs and waited... and waited. After what seemed like hours Elvis finally came down the stairs. He was dressed in a black suit with a yachting cap perched jauntily on his head.

Spotting me sitting rigid in the chair, Elvis came over and introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Elvis. Welcome to the family." Then he bent down and kissed me.

At that moment I fell in love forever.

That weekend began a pattern that would continue for almost ten years. Go to school in Huntsville during the week, catch the Southern flight to Memphis on Friday evening and spend the weekend with Elvis and his entourage. Summer vacations and holidays were spent the same way.

At first it was like living in a fantasy world. I had my own bedroom, next to Elvis' and closets stuffed full of clothes. If I wanted something to eat or drink, a servant was there to wait on me.

It was important for Elvis to have people around him. Even in the early sixties his popularity was so great it was impossible for him to leave the confines of Graceland without escorts and guards. Graceland, in a sense, became Elvis' own private world, with few people allowed past its gates.

At any given time there would always be between 15 and 20

people living at Graceland. Besides Elvis, Vernon, Dee, Elvis' grandmother and my three cousins, there were always members of Elvis' entourage scattered throughout the house.

And then there were Elvis' women. So many of them came and went that no one ever paid any attention to them. Even girlfriends of Elvis' friends were not safe. One time, feeling morose about his love life, he confided to Dee that he had been with over a thousand women but still had not found the right one. He was in his early twenties at the time.

Sometimes, if he was bored, he would wander down to the gate and talk to the fans. If he spotted a particularly attractive girl, he would tell one of his bodyguards to "fetch her" up to the mansion. Needless to say,

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and that no one person takes will stand if the Supreme Co support a corrective revision	responsibility for drafting it into the law, but nevertheless the law urt refuses to hear the case challenging it. Please initiate and to the 1998 Anti-obscenity Act that will allow me to choose what
I do and do not purchase for	use in the privacy of my bedroom. Also I

there were always thousands of girls to choose from.

Although I was living at Graceland much of the time I still attended Madison Academy School in Huntsville during the week. It was like living in two completely different worlds.

A year or two later Priscilla moved in. Priscilla was only fourteen years old at the time and Elvis had gotten her father to agree to it by saying she would be chaperoned by Dee and Vernon. In reality, however, chaperones were left behind when she entered the gates of Graceland. We were both left to do practically anything we wanted.

Priscilla and I were about the same age and we soon became good friends. There was a beauty shop across the road from Graceland and we would spend hours every day there getting our hair and nails done, and mostly just gossiping. It almost became a hangout for us as it was one of the few places we could go without having escorts or guards.

Looking back, the whole situation was almost sad. We were both just kids and enjoyed listening to records and watching television, but if Elvis wanted Priscilla's company, she had to stop whatever she was doing and go to him.

In a sense, we were all kids, Elvis included. It was impossible for us to go out so we had to provide our own entertainment, and if it was extravagant... well, that was Elvis' way. When someone mentioned riding go-carts, Elvis ordered a whole fleet. During the filming of one of his movies he had grown to like riding horses, so he ordered horses for all of us. When one of his entourage set some cherry bombs off, Elvis thought it was such a great idea he literally ordered cases of them. He terrorized the household for weeks until he finally tired of them!

Sometimes the pranks were almost bizarre. Elvis became fascinated one night with a movie that showed someone shooting a TV with the picture tube exploding into a million pieces. Before anyone knew what was happening, Elvis pulled a gun and shot the TV. Satisfied at the explosion, he then began shooting out every TV in the house. For years afterwards, whenever he became bored or wanted to get someone's attention, he would shoot the TV's.

The only person who ever dared say anything to him was his grandmother, who would roll her eyes and say, "Lord, Elvis, those things are expensive! You're gonna put us in the poor house!"

There was also a tender side to Elvis that many people never saw. He could hear about someone in need and tears would well up in his eyes. His entourage always tried to keep these people away from Elvis, otherwise he would have given away everything he had. In one of his televised concerts, *Aloha From Hawaii*, he noticed an elderly lady sitting in the front row and before anyone

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could stop him, pulled off his cape and gave it to her. The cape was emblazoned with thousands of dollars worth of precious stones!

Giving gifts was Elvis' way of telling people they were special. Over the years he gave me everything from jewelry to a French poodle. When I graduated from high school he tried to give me a Mercedes convertible, but my father put his foot down and said

We had a movie theater in the house and many nights we would watch movies until the wee hours of the morning. Elvis never watched any of his own movies but the rest of us did. The only movie he ever forbade us to watch was Love Me Tender. It reminded him too much of his mother.

Elvis was a night person. He would sleep until 2 or 3 in the afternoon and then we would all gather around the table to eat breakfast & lunch. He loved eating and sometimes the meals would stretch out for hours, interspersed with breaks to read the paper or watch something on TV. Oftentimes, by the time he finished his breakfast, it was too dark for outdoor activities. Elvis solved this problem by having floodlights installed throughout the grounds.

The few times we ventured out beyond the Graceland walls to go to a movie or theme park, Elvis had to rent the whole place to insure he would not be mobbed. One night we stopped at a gas station and people immediately recognized him. Before we could get away, the whole car was surrounded by fans and one woman had actually thrown herself on the hood with a crazed look on her face. As terrified as I was, I can only imagine what it must have been like for Elvis.

As the years passed, Elvis' contacts with his fans became limited to the fan mail he received. Literally thousands of letters would arrive each week. Priscilla and I would try to read as many as we could and pass the interesting ones on to Elvis. The sheer volume of mail, however, made it impossible to read them all so they were passed on to the fan club. Occasionally, Elvis would read a letter that touched him in some way and he would ask us to send the writer a stuffed animal. One of our favorite fans was a lady who used to write letters to Elvis every single day, sending them by certified mail. For some reason we could never fathom why she called Elvis, "Poopsie Woopsie."

Every day when we saw the mailman coming up the drive we would vell to Elvis, "Here comes Poopsie Woopsie!"

It was always guaranteed to bring a blush to Elvis' face!

Growing up at Graceland was fun but it also provided some embarrassing moments. One time I was still upstairs getting ready when my date arrived. When I came down the staircase Elvis had my date cornered, asking what his father did for a living, and how much money he earned. This was my first date with this boy and

Stucco

I felt like dropping through the floor! Just as we started to walk out the door. Elvis called out to the young man, "By the way, are your intentions honorable?"

I turned to give Elvis a dirty look, only to see him doubling over with laughter.

I was twenty-one years old in 1969 and Graceland had begun to lose much of its youthful innocence. In its place there was a certain hardness that is still difficult to explain. Elvis had begun taking ever increasing amounts of drugs, and although he was never really that open





about it, still, we all knew.

The drugs and the erratic lifestyle caused him to begin gaining weight, which in turn caused him to take even more drugs. Elvis had always been an outgoing person but now he seemed to withdraw inside of himself, practically living in his bedroom at times.

Elvis' affairs with other women had become legendary and though we never talked about it in front of Priscilla, we all assumed she knew. That, the lifestyle and the constant stream of people living at the mansion seemed to weigh heavily on her. Everybody Elvis knew, even his family and friends, seemed to be a threat to Priscilla for his attention.

Elvis and I had grown close over the years. I had lived with Elvis at Graceland for almost eight years and during that time we had developed a bond difficult for many people to understand. Some days we would spend hours at the piano vocalizing or simply just talking. Though I didn't know it at the time, I later learned that other people thought Priscilla was jealous of the time I spent with him.

Things came to a head one evening when Priscilla and I got into an argument as we were preparing to go to the movies. Harsh words were exchanged and though Vernon and Dee tried to smooth it over, too many bitter feelings had been bared for things to ever be the same between us.

As we prepared to leave, I started to get in the car with Dee and Vernon when Elvis stopped me and insisted I ride with him

A thief fell and broke his leg in wet cement. He became a hardened criminal.

and Priscilla. As the car pulled out of the drive Elvis tried to make small talk, but Priscilla just sat still, coldly staring straight ahead.

Suddenly, without any kind of warning, Elvis pulled me to him and gave me a long, passionate kiss on the lips. He then looked at Priscilla, as if daring her to say something. She refused to look at Elvis, or I, and just continued staring out the window.

With that kiss, I knew my days at Graceland were over.

I never visited Graceland again until years after Elvis' death,

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Edward Jones
MAKING SENSE OF INVESTING

but we continued to talk on the phone. He always asked about my personal life and wanted to know everything I was doing, but never said much about how his own life was going. Sometimes I would start to hang up and he would ask me not to... to just talk to him a while longer. I got the impression that he was so lonely.

In 1973, Elvis came to visit me in Huntsville. I wasn't home at the time so he visited with my father. My father later told me that Elvis was dressed in a disguise with a blond wig and beard. That was the only way Elvis could visit anyone without having a mob scene.

During Elvis's last concert in Huntsville, I spent the evening with him at the Hilton Hotel. I still loved him, but the Elvis I had known was gone. He seemed empty and there was an infinite sadness about him that could almost bring tears to your eyes.

At one point he walked over to the window and stood there for a long time, looking at the people down below and the cars coming and going. Finally, when he pulled himself away, he turned to me and said in a low voice, almost a whisper, "I would give anything to be like them."

A few hours later I stood behind the sage in the Von Braun Civic Center and listened to him perform for my last time. I had heard the songs and the routines a thousand times before but as soon as Elvis walked on stage, I

knew something was different this time. The far-away look on his face, the way he would pause for long moments staring into the audience, even the selection of songs, were different.

Everybody backstage knew that Elvis wasn't simply giving a concert this time; he was baring his soul for everyone to see. The audience sensed it too, and when he broke into the song, *My Way*, you could have heard a pin drop anywhere in the Civic Center. There was total silence from the audience as they listened, mesmerized by the lyrics. By the time he finished the song, there wasn't a dry eye in the house, including mine.

We all knew the song was about Elvis Presley. He did it his way.

"The most adorable bride of today will be someone's mother-in-law in the future."

James Spencer, Arab

Just Mean

from 1893 newspaper

William Curtis, prisoner in the County jail, has gone on a hunger strike. He has refused to eat since nine-o'clock Tuesday morning and as his meals are carried to him he either refuses it or knocks it from the hands of the jail attaches.

Much attention was attracted by his constant pounding on the third floor of the jail Tuesday and Wednesday. When asked about his mental condition, attaches at the jail replied that "he's just mean. That's all."

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The Tailors's Apprentice

In the early 1800s, the Tennessee valley was beginning to see the establishment of villages and towns, complete with merchants and tradesmen to cater to the needs of the populace. In November of 1818 two towns were incorporated in Limestone County. One of these towns was Athens, the present county seat. The other, incorporated three days before Athens, was the village of Mooresville.

Mooresville was home to an excellent tailor by the name of Sloss who was extremely adept at cutting the "Prince Albert" style frock suit for gentlemen. One day in the early 1830s, a young tailor's apprentice named Andrew called at the shop for Mr. Sloss. Andrew had come with the purpose of learning the art of cutting this stylish garment. He was a good student and even managed to sell some of the suits he made in the village. In a few weeks he had mastered the desired skill and was gone. This incident would not be worth mention except for some notoriety this young man received before arriving in Mooresville, and some he would receive later in his life.

Andrew, originally from Raleigh, North Carolina, ran away from his home for fear of being arrested after throwing rocks at a neighbor's house.

A few days after Andrew left North Carolina, the following article against harboring or employing said apprentices, on pain of being prosecuted was published by James J. Selby.

TEN DOLLAR REWARD

"Ran away from the subscriber, on the night of the 15th instant, 2 apprentice boys, legally bound, named William and Andrew Johnson. The former is of a dark complexion, black hair, eyes and habits. They are much of a height, about 5 feet, 4 or 5 inches. The latter is very fleshy, freckled faced, light hair and fair complexioned. They went with two other apprentices, addressed by Messrs. Wm., and Charles Fowler. When they went away, they were well clad in blue pants, light colored homespun coats and new hats, the maker's name in the crown of the hats is Theodore Clark. I will pay the above reward (\$10) to any person who will render up Andrew Johnson alone. All persons are cautioned against harboring or employing said apprentices, on pain of being prosecuted. James J. Selby"

Young Andrew fled through South Carolina, and in 1826, moved to Greenville, Tennessee. a town he would call home for the remainder of his life. In Greenville he worked in a tailor shop, eventually opening a shop of his own. Shortly thereafter, he sought Mr. Sloss in Mooresville.

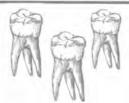
Perhaps Mr. Selby would have upped the ante had he known that Andrew Johnson, one of those rock-throwing escapees for whom he was advertising, would later become the seventeenth president of the United States.

REWARD

May 18, 1879 - In consequence of my husband departing suddenly without notice, I am obliged by the laws of our state to advertise for his whereabouts before taking ownership of the house I live in.

Therefore I offer a 5 cents reward to the person who can identify his whereabouts, on the condition my husband does not return. Contact me in the city of Nashville. E.L. Brown

Outside of the Box Implants



For patients with chronic periodontal (gum) disease, with little bone to support the teeth, the future used to be bleak. There is a new, breakthrough procedure that has allowed these people to again enjoy the foods they used to, like apples, corn on the cob, etc.

The mini implant is truly a life saver in many circumstances. It is referred to as a mini because it is relatively small. Many patients who have a history of periodontal disease are left with very little bone, sometimes needing painful bone grafting from other parts of the body, like chin, hips or jawbone. Instead of that, we, most of the time, can create a particulate graft; a graft made from bone particles that are synthetic, bovine or human. We can place the implant and the teeth at your same visit.

Come in today to see us for a free consultation. If you have a panalipse Xray, please bring it, otherwise we have to charge for one to help with the diagnosis.

Eugene H. Scott, Jr., D.D.S. (256) 533-0434 401 Lowell Drive #17 Huntsville, Alabama 35801

No representation is made about the quality of dental services to be performed is greater than the quality of dental services performed by other dentists.

News from 1923

Sheriff Chas. P. Lane made his first raid last night when he, assisted by Deputies Yeatman and Watson, destroyed a still in the Northern part of the county, three miles west of Elkwood. The raid was made about two o'clock this morning and about two thousand gallons of lightning had been poured out. There were no arrests made but the Sheriff says he thinks they were a little too early as it was evident that a run would soon have been made. This was the Sheriff's first experience in the raiding of stills and when asked what kind of still it was, he said he did not know as it was the first one he had ever seen.

- Under a delusion, according to his wife, that he was being pursued by the Ku Klux Klan, Earl Brandel shot and possibly fatally wounded Frank Radic, hotel man, in a crowded restaurant last night. As he fired the shot Brandel yelled, "I got that Klux," police stated. When placed under arrest, Brandel told the police, "They're getting everybody but they'll not get me!"

- County Solicitor Addison White, to whom an alleged flogging of Jesse Warren, in the Hazel Green neighborhood was reported, declared yesterday that he will make a thorough investigation of the occurrence and if facts warrant it, will cause arrests to be made if identification of the masked men can be obtained.

- According to reports received here, George Macaloy, residing in Dallas village, was beaten about the head and body with a flatiron in the hands of his son-in-law, Fred Maples, Sunday afternoon, during a fracas between the two men.

Macaloy was rushed to Huntsville, where he received medical attention. No arrests were made.

- For Rent - one furnished room in private home. \$10 per month. Call at 302 West Holmes street.

- For Sale - pedigreed Flemish Giant Rabbits. Phone 653 or 270. D. S. Blackwell, Special Agent located over Young's Drug Store

- Improving - Mr. Charles Shaver is reported as doing nicely after having his tonsils removed at the City Infirmary yesterday. - The erection of twenty new cottages at the Lowe Manufacturing company's mill is well underway with carpenters and other workermen being busily engaged on the work. The houses are of pretty design, modern and well constructed. The new homes will be occupied by employees of the mill and will add greatly to the appearance of the mill village, which is kept scrupulously neat and sanitary in all respects.

Immediately in front of the entrance to the office of the mill there is a large bed of beautiful flowers upon which several spraying streams of water are kept constantly at work giving the flowers a fresh and inviting appearance.

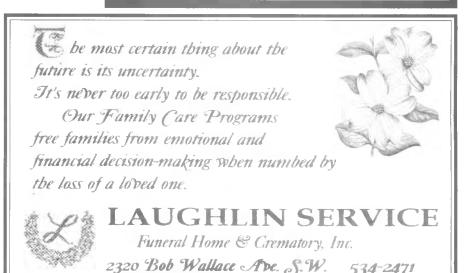


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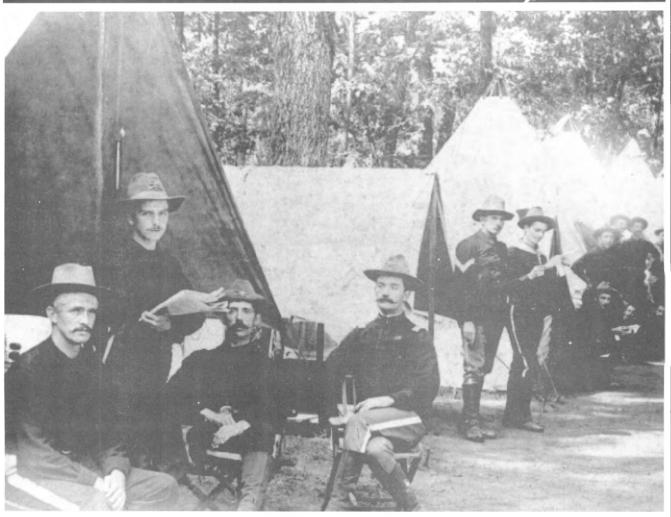
Ladders **Faucet Sets**







Alhen life was simple...



The year 1898 saw more than 14,000 soldiers camped in Huntsville as the nation prepared for the Spanish American war. A bicycle race track was built near the Big Spring and Shelta Cave was a popular place for people who wanted to dance the night away,

Those days are long gone, but the folks at Propst Drug store still believe in offering the same dedicated, personal service that makes our city a special place to live.

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