



A Free Born Woman

The court ordered the daughter, only thirteen years old at the time, to be brought before the bench where she was ordered to disrobe.

So-called experts, slave traders, doctors and anyone else interested examined the young girl, feeling her muscles, peering into her mouth, measuring her buttocks and even snipping samples of her hair to examine more closely.

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A Free Born Woman

The house was silent as James Fisher crouched on the floor, laboriously tracing the words on a note. If all went well he would be leaving Huntsville early in the morning with a pass in hand from his mistress, Mrs. Lane, stating that James, her slave, had permission to travel.

James flinched inwardly as he thought of the word "slave." Although he had been held in bondage for all of his life, he never thought of himself as a slave. He was a full-blooded Cherokee, determined to do what the courts had failed to do - set himself free.

Indian slaves were part of our country's horrible past that most historians have chosen to ignore. Almost from the very beginning of settlement in this country. Indians were seized and sold into slavery. In North Carolina the practice was so widespread that some historians have estimated that fully half of the Cherokee population were captured and sold.

In the years preceding the Revolutionary War, the Indian slave trade was one of the colonies' most profitable commercial tured Indians were marched to Savannah and Charleston where they were sold and shipped to the West Indies, New York and New England, Years later, when most of the Northern states did away with slavery, many of these Indians were "sold south" to the very places where they had been captured.

Ironically, many of these Indian slaves were sold to firms engaged in the importation of Black slaves from Africa, where they would actually be used to help capture the Africans. In return, the Black slaves were often used to help capture the Indians in this country. It was a vicious cycle driven by high profits and the need for an inexhaustible supply of cheap labor.

Although the Indians provided cheap labor, they were never considered adequate for the hard work required on the Southern plantations. They were highly susceptible to the white man's diseases and did not have the physique required for hard physical labor. As a result, the Indians were used primarily as domestic help while the Africans toiled in the fields.

By the beginning of the 1800s, the practice of seizing and selling Indians into slavery had largely stopped, mostly due to financial

enterprises. Vast caravans of cap-



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reasons. An Indian would bring a price of about \$400.00 on the auction block, while a strapping African in good health would often sell for \$2000.00.

Another major cause for the decline of Indian slavery was the fact that the courts never would decide exactly who could be sold as a slave. While there were strict laws governing the practice of African slavery, the issue of Indians fell somewhere in a gray area. Many states had laws stating that anyone held in servitude, as well as their children. was automatically a slave. Virginia had a law stating it was illegal to sell Indians unless they were slaves but declined to state what made someone a slave.

Most often the whole issue came down to what the supposed owner claimed, as once an Indian was deemed a slave he had no recourse in the courts.

In the early 1800s a young fullblooded Indian girl by the name of Maby Davis was living with a family near Knoxville, Tennessee. According to what she later related, her parents had experienced hardships and were no longer able to take care of her when a white family living

family.

After living with the family for several years, tragedy struck when the parents died. A short while later the couple's son took Maby to Nashville, where she was sold as a slave. Although Maby protested violently, it was to no avail. Although technically she could have pursued her case in court, in reality it was impossible.

To press her case she would have to get a white person to sign a bond, then find a lawyer and pay his fee. All of these things were impossible, and illegal, without the permission of the slave's owner.

Maby's new master, Eli Young, owned a boarding house in Nashville where she was used as a servant. Young owned several other slaves, one of which was Thomas Fisher, also a fullblooded Cherokee Indian. In 1816, Maby bore a son by Fisher, much to the owner's delight who now owned another slave. The father was evidently less than thrilled as he fled from bondage the same year. The following year, according to court papers, Maby bore a daughter by her master.

At about this time. Maby's







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

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

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
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— By Major John McCrae, May 1915

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

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was probably as content as possible for a slave. She had her two children, her master was not overly cruel and she was slowly but surely saving money.

Her life was shattered, however, when her owner announced his intentions of selling the family at a slave sale. He had suffered severe business losses and Maby and her children were practically his only remaining assets.

The daughter was sold to a plantation near Nashville and Judge George W. Lane of Huntsville purchased James, the son. Maby's owner, probably out of remorse, agreed to let her buy her freedom. Using the small amount of money she had been able to save as a down payment, Maby agreed to pay a certain amount each month with the loan secured by a mortgage on herself. If she missed a payment she would be repossessed.

Maby worked frantically over the next six years trying to earn every penny she could. Seven days a week she washed and ironed clothes, often into the wee hours of the morning with only a flickering lantern to keep her company.

Finally the day came when she was able to make the last payment on her freedom. Instead of rejoicing, however, she began to work even harder, putting in even longer hours and doing without necessities in order to save every penny.

In 1832 Maby hired an attor-

ney by the name of Thomas Crump. Patiently she explained how she had been sold into slavery, had a son by another Cherokee and a daughter by her master. She told how the children were torn from her and sold at auction. All she wanted now, she explained, was to have her children back.

Crump filed suit in court alleging that since Maby was born free she could not have been a slave. Therefore her offspring were entitled to their liberty, too. Papers were sent to Judge Lane in Huntsville who replied that he had purchased the son, James, in good faith and had no knowledge of the boy's Indian heritage. He asked that the suit be dismissed.

When the case came up in court it was immediately thrown out with the explanation that even if she had been born free, and there was no evidence that she was, the fact that she knowingly paid for her freedom acknowledged the fact that she recognized, and accepted, her status as a slave.

The attorney explained that for Maby to prove her children were free she would have to prove first that she was enslaved wrongfully. Once again Maby went back to work, again hoarding every penny to pay the attorney's fees.

Slowly her attorney began to collect statements from people who had known Maby when she was a child. The evidence sup-

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porting her claims appeared overwhelming but the attorney urged caution. Rather than file suit for both children, it was decided to sue for the release of the son first and use that judgment as a basis for acquiring the daughter's freedom.

Again. Judge Lane was served papers and again he replied, disclaiming all knowledge, and asking for the suit to be dismissed. A short while later the court ruled that although Maby was born free, the fact that she had a child by a slave, even though he was an Indian, made the child a slave too.

Although the law stated that a child born to a White woman, or a Black woman, followed the status of its mother, it was vague about the status of an Indian woman bearing children by a slave. The court used the argument that since Maby was neither Black nor White, the laws did not apply to her case. In addition, the court argued a law that dated from pre-Revolutionary War times stating that any Indian held as a slave shall always be a slave, as shall their offspring.

Maby was devastated by the

news, even though her attorney said he was sure they would win on appeal. In the meantime they would file suit for the daughter's freedom. The court's ruling, and the fact that the girl was fathered by a white man, seemed to ensure a favorable verdict.

Meanwhile, she went back to the wash board, working harder than ever to earn money for the legal fees. However tired she became, she took comfort in the fact that her daughter would soon be with her.

In Huntsville, Judge Lane was closely following the case. Besides the boy, James, he owned another Cherokee slave, and an unfavorable ruling could cause him to lose a considerable investment in "fancy slaves." These slaves, with light complexion, long black hair and trained for housework were a rage among wealthy Southerners at the time.

After acquiring James and training him as a servant, Mrs. Lane decided she also wanted a "fancy serving girl". She soon learned of a Cherokee girl in nearby by Athens and began to badger her husband to buy her.



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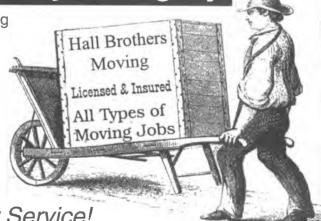
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Judge Lane was reluctant, however, arguing that the person did not possess a clear title and it could be costly if the girl was ever set free.

Regardless, Lane finally consented to buying the girl, but only after getting the seller to post a bond stating that if she was ever freed Lane would be reimbursed for the purchase price.

James was aware of his mother's fight to gain his freedom although it was difficult to learn many details. Maby was forbidden to enter the state of Alabama as a freed slave, unless a bond was posted in her behalf. Most of what he knew was overheard in the Lane household or gossip passed on by other slaves in Huntsville. After teaching himself to read and write he wrote several letters to his mother, but when Lane learned of it he was punished severely, along with being threatened with being sent to Louisiana where Lane owned an interest in another plantation.

In 1836 Maby's suit for her daughter's freedom finally went before a Nashville court. Her attorney argued passionately that as Maby was "free born" and the father of her child was also free born, and white, there was no justification for the daughter to be declared a slave.

The defense, however, had anticipated this line of argument. They offered rebuttal stating it was against the law for whites and Indians to have sexual relations and, strange as it may sound, since the alleged white father was never charged with a crime, therefore a crime could not have been committed. In support, an affidavit was offered to the court by Maby's exowner stating he had no idea who the father was.

Maby's attorney countered by arguing that the daughter's light

complexion alone showed she was fathered by a white man.

The court ordered the daughter, only thirteen years old at the time, to be brought before the bench where she was ordered to disrobe. So-called experts, slave traders, doctors and probably anyone else interested, examined the young girl, feeling her muscles, peering into her mouth, measuring her buttocks and even snipping samples of her hair to examine more closely.

In the end, the experts ruled that, although the girl was light complexioned, there was no overwhelming evidence that she had been fathered by a white man. Most likely, they concluded, her father was an anonymous slave which meant the daughter was a slave too and not entitled to the same privileges as



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a free born person.

The courts quoted a colonial Virginia law which stated that any Indian held as a slave shall be a slave forever, as shall as their offspring.

At about the same time, the courts heard Maby's appeal on her son's behalf. In short, the court ruled it was a moot issue as Tennessee could not impose its jurisdiction on a slave who resided, and was owned by someone living in another state. If Maby wanted to continue her fight she would have to do so in the Alabama district courts, most likely in the same district over which Judge Lane presided.

For the first time in her long struggle, Maby felt like giving up. Even though her attorney insisted they would win on appeal, Maby knew the process could take years and by then her children could be anywhere.

In Huntsville, it was several months later when James overheard the Judge and his wife discussing the outcome of the court case, that he learned of the final

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verdict. During all the many years that his mother had fought the case through courts, James lived with the idea that one day he would be a free man. Now that day seemed so far in the future as to be impossible.

Discarding all thoughts of the courts ever setting him free, James began to make preparations to flee. Numerous times in the past his mistress had given him passes, allowing him to run errands to outlying plantations. By studying them carefully he had learned to imitate her handwriting

One day, while Judge Lane was out of town, his wife entered James' room and caught him practicing writing. In a sudden flash of anger she snatched the pencil and paper from James' hand and ordered another slave to go get her brother,





Nicholas Davis. When he arrived, she asked that James be given a flogging and told of catching him practicing reading and writing.

Davis ordered James brought before him, and without any explanation, began beating him with the edge of a heavy board. James grabbed the board from Davis and began hitting him back. Terrified that a slave would have the audacity to strike a white man, Davis ran from the room. Mrs. Lane then sent a servant to fetch her father, Captain Davis. In a short while the servant returned saying that Captain Davis was busy but would be there the next morning.

James knew he was in serious trouble. The elder Davis had often expressed a desire to give the Indian boy a beating and was noted for his brutal thrashings. It was said that he had killed a slave named Reuben, and a girl named Rachel, by excessive beatings. He had lately struck, with a heavy board, an old man who used to tend him when he was a baby.

As soon as James finished his chores that evening, he wrote a note and signed his mistress' name to it. Walking the few blocks to the stage office he asked if he might take a stage to Nashville the next morning.

The clerk demanded his pass, whereas James showed it while explaining that his mistress was not used to writing passes for servants and she wanted him to look at it and see that it was done right. The clerk obediently wrote the proper instructions on the back of the pass.

Returning to his room James read the instructions and wrote himself a new pass. Hours later he was on the stage bound for Nashville.

If James was hoping for a family reunion, it was not meant to be. Ironically, after Maby Davis had spent years in court to prove herself a free born Cherokee Indian, that very fact was used against her when she was ordered West on the Trail of Tears.

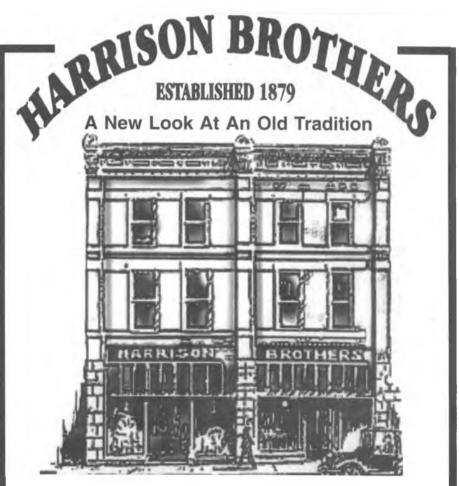
Nothing was ever heard of the daughter again. Probably she was sold to an owner in another state where she disappeared forever.

James Fisher eventually made his way to Boston, Mass., where he told his story to a newspaper editor. It was published in 1848.

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The News from 1907

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

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

- Once upon a time someone said, "When you do a thing, do it well." Evidently burglars who last night ransacked John Cicero's store on the corner of Washington and Holmes Street believed in this teaching.

They entered through the rear door, but were not satis-

"Wrinkles are something other people have, similar to my character lines."

C. B. Miller, Huntsville

fied with merely breaking the lock. They took the entire door off and set it neatly to one side. Mr. Cicero early this morning reported the loss of more than 1,000 cigarettes, a batch of good cigars, some boxes of candy and various other small items as well as \$6.00 which was in the cash drawer.

- Near Huntsville on Sunday last, a boy killed his father. The facts, as told to us, are that the father, Hawk Houston, told his son he intended to whip him soundly when he got him home. The boy got home first, and, seizing a shotgun, fired the load into his father's heart. The boy is reported to still be hiding out in the neighborhood.

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Mrs. Gilbert and Helen

By Malcolm Miller

In nineteen fifty I put an ad in the local paper to sell my nineteen thirty seven Ford car. Early on Sunday morning after the ad came out on Saturday I received a phone call from a sweet sounding old lady telling me that she and her daughter would very much like to see the car and take a test drive. Little did I know what I was getting into.

She told me to come to her cute little bungalow on Whitesburg Drive and to be there at one o'clock in the afternoon. I did as I was instructed and there waiting for me in the front yard ready to ride were Mrs. Gilbert and her daughter Helen, and ride we did, all the way down to the Tennessee River.

I wanted to turn back because there had been a drowning there and the police were trying to divert the traffic, however Mrs. Gilbert would have none of that so onto the bridge we went with the police yelling at me and Mrs. Gilbert yelling back.

Finally we got off the bridge and headed back up Whitesburg Drive and that is when Mrs. Gilbert told me that she was not interested in buying the car because it was thirteen years old, incidentally I put the age of the car in the ad.

Finally I got Mrs. Gilbert and her daughter back home and I realized I had been had. When I went to work the following morning I found out that I was one of the few people there that hadn't

As a child of God, your prayer is kind of like calling home every day.

had some type of run-in with Mrs. Gilbert and her daughter Helen. It seems that they would check the paper when they wanted an afternoon joy ride, call up some unsuspecting person and another afternoon ride was arranged.

A few weeks after my encounter with the couple I was walking to my car on the South side of the square and I heard someone yelling my name, I looked back and here they came - Mrs. Gilbert dragging Helen who was slightly crippled. I jumped in my car and drove away as fast as I could, not wanting to be victimized again.

Back in the late forty's and fifties downtown Huntsville was a bee hive of activity with cars parked everywhere and most of them unlocked. Mrs. Gilbert would pick out a nice looking car parked and left unlocked and she and Helen would simply get in the car and wait for the unsuspecting owner to return, then tell the owner that they must drive them home to the cute little bungalow on Whitesburg Drive.

I believe this particular practice came to a halt when they got in a car one day and demanded that the owner drive them home. The driver got in the car and took off like a maniac while they were pleading for him to stop. Mrs. Gilbert said "Who are you any way" and his reply was "I'm Soup Goodson, the biggest bootlegger in Huntsville."

He was incidentally telling the truth.

I don't recall hearing anything more from this Mother and daughter after that. Maybe they started riding the city buses but as far as I know they never again crawled into another stranger's car.



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A Trip To Town

by Mildred Thomas

The residents of Lacey's Spring and other points south of the Tennessee River were somewhat isolated from civilization for years, until the C. C. Clay Bridge was built in 1931. Before the bridge was built, the only way people could get to Huntsville and Madison County was by ferryboat at Ditto Landing.

Before there was a bridge across the Tennessee River, the postman and his horse or mule rode a ferry to the north bank, then went on to the train station at Farley to send off a sack of letters and pick up any mail coming in. Man and beast would then take the ferry south across the river and deliver their route.

At one time, Mr. Bill Thomas rented Hobbs Island where

he grew cotton and corn. He would take his farming equipment and mules to the ferry, cross the river, then go down Hobbs Island road to the island. When he got to the island, he would ford the Little River to the island where the animals and equipment would stay until the first stages of the plowing were complete.

Mr. Bill would do this two or three times a year. He and his sons, along with some hired hands, would board a large canoe type boat, (they called it a Yawl), at Johnston Landing and paddle across the Tennessee River to the island. They worked in the field all day, then paddled back to the other side before daylight's end. It was a hard life, but it was the only life we knew.

At this time a railroad ran from Huntsville to Whitesburg. Our train was transferred from the rails to a riverboat where it was carried to Guntersville.

Mrs. Berta Kay of Lacey's Spring was a large landowner and very nice lady. She thought it would be a nice gesture to take

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a truckload of youngsters to see a movie in Huntsville. The C. C. Clay bridge had just been built and at the time was a toll bridge, (I think the toll was about a nickel). Mr. Nat Hough was the toll bridge keeper. Mrs. Kay furnished a truck for about fifteen to eighteen of us kids and paid the toll for all of us to go over the bridge. Buford Garrett drove the truck.

The old truck was a ton and a half that was used to haul cotton and do work around the farm. It had high sideboards and we all stood up in the truck like cattle - singing songs, laughing and telling jokes. We had a lot of fun.

We parked at T. T. Terry's and walked to the Elks Theater that was on Eustis Street behind the Schiffman building. My sister Ebb, who was four years younger than I, had never been to the city before. So when she saw street lights for the first

time in her life, she didn't know what to think. She was so amazed that she just wanted to look at the pretty lights. We almost got lost from the others while I was trying to get her to come along!

Mrs. Kay bought everybody's ticket to get into the movie theater. I don't remember what movie we saw, but we had a wonderful time. On the way back home, about halfway between the bridge and what is now Hwy. 36 (which wasn't there then) the truck broke down. We had to walk at least two miles to get home.

The evening was one of the wonderful memories of my childhood and of a wonderful lady, Mrs. Berta Kay.

"Supreme Court rules that punishment of criminals violates their civil rights."

Headline from year 2030

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Confederate Heroes

He was a Confederate hero. Born in Huntsville, Alabama, Henry Bolden served in many theaters of the war and saw action in the battle of Nashville. When the Union troops began to overrun his position in bloody hand-to hand fighting, Bolden, who did not have a gun, picked up a stick and began swinging it furiously. When the battle was over, five dead Yankee soldiers lay sprawled about his feet.

Later when asked how he did it, his only reply was, "I knocked them in the head."

Henry Bolden was a black man.

Although few people realize it, there were a number of black Confederate veterans in Madison County. These men, all of whom were valued and respected citizens, earned a unique place in Huntsville history.

Essex Lewis, one of the best known and highly respected, went to war with his master, Colonel Nick Lewis, and saw action in Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. After the war he returned to Huntsville, where he worked as a farmer and as a janitor at the post office. Lewis was a loyal member of the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate veterans here in Huntsville.

In 1910 he was chosen to represent the Huntsville camp at a Confederate reunion in Richmond, Virginia. When Lewis died at the age of 106, his funeral was attended by an honor

guard consisting of ex-Confederate soldiers.

Another Huntsville black who saw service in the Civil War was Matt Gray. "Uncle Matt," as he was known, always wore an old gray, uniform with the bronze "Medal of the Confederacy" pinned to his lapel. He also was a member of the Confederate veterans organization here in Huntsville and had the distinction of a "special" chair being reserved for him at the monthly meetings. According to newspaper accounts of

One benefit of being over 50 years old, people don't view you as being a hypochondriac any more.

the day, the only meetings he ever missed were when he was sick. At his death, the Huntsville newspaper ended his obituary with, "Now Uncle Matt has gone himself to aid with the Rebel yell."



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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to **Beth Summers**, who was the first correct caller to guess the Photo of the Month for October. That adorable young girl was **Fran Hamilton**, our Tax Assessor, and she hasn't changed a bit! Beth moved to Huntsville with her husband **Harry** only 2 1/2 years ago, and she is a retired teacher's assistant. Harry's brother **Irv** lived here and told them what a great place it was to live, so they moved. Welcome to Huntsville, Beth!

I talked with the sweetest man the other day. **Ed Meeder** lives in Scottsboro with his wife **Karen**, and their 19th wedding anniversary is coming up on Dec. 4. He just wanted to tell his wife that she is the most special person he's ever known.

We were really sorry to hear that **Fred Johnston** had died recently. Fred was a charter member of the Church of the Nazarene on Cecil Ashburn Dr. He had several siblings, one of whom is the popular speaker **Johnny Johnston**. I remember Fred as always having a huge smile on his face when he greeted people. We send our sympathy to Johnny and all his family and friends.

Happy Anniversary to Bill



and **Linda Drake**. They recently celebrated their 36th - and everyone said it wouldn't last!

We want to send out a special hello to our friend **Renee Pruitt**, who heads up the Huntsville Public Library Archives. We're thinking about you.

At **Councilman Glenn Watson's** last city council meeting the scene was very emotional. Many associates & friends of Glenn spoke about his accomplishments, and the room was packed. We wish years of success to Glenn, no matter what his endeavors are.

There are SO many folks who are interested in genealogy. Our cemetery, **Maple Hill**, is one of the oldest and best maintained in the state. We are thrilled to announce that our updated website, **www.oldhuntsville.com**, is back on-line now with all the names of the people who have been buried at Maple Hill. This is great news for those who love to look up in-

formation on their ancestors, throughout the world. There are more cemeteries on line as well, as well as stories, the monthly column, recipes, tips & remedies, etc. Take a look!

We met an interesting Civil War re-enactor last month, **Brian Bradshaw**. He was telling us that his brother-in-law, **Coach Leroy Baker**, had died last month. Coach Baker was very popular and coached football at both Grissom and Butler High Schools.

Speaking of great high schools, **Huntsville High** recently celebrated its 100th birthday, with a full slate of activities, including the homecoming game. It will be interesting to find out who the oldest living graduate turned out to be.

We talked with our friend Maria Binkley, a top-listing agent with Exit Realty, recently and found out that she has been spending alot of her time trying to help the impoverished people in Hyderabad, India. She started the Empower Bible College there last year, in addition to other activities.

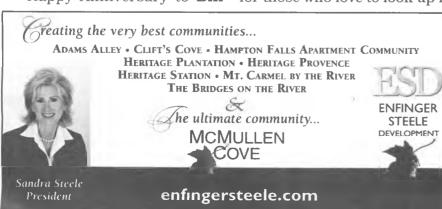
Photo of The Month

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 Twickenham boy started painting when he was just in elementary school.





We learned that **Winston DeShields, Sr.** had died recently.
He was a member of the Golden
K Kiwanis and a very hard
worker. He worked for years as
a sales consultant for **Parisian's**,
a store that many of us in this
area really miss. We send our
deepest condolences to Winston's
family and associates.

Congratulations to our new Mayor, **Tommy Battle**. We are really proud of you, and know you have quite a challenge ahead of you. We're with you!

Scott Reeves' Grandmother just had a birthday! Narvie Ann Reeves, of Geneva, Al., just celebrated her 86th birthday, in September. Scott, a computer technician who owns Solufix, tells us that he is so very proud of her.

Many in Huntsville really like the beautiful light that comes into their homes with stained glass windows. One company that works on churches as well as homes is **Lumpkin's**, and we didn't realize it had been in business (started by **Wayne Lumpkin**) for 37 years now!

We wanted to send our love to **Carrie Jean McClain**, who is the sister of **Jesse McClain**. She has been pretty sick recently, and Jesse thinks the world of her and just wants her to feel better.

Dick and Karen Maroon recently celebrated their 26th anniversary. Happy anniversary to you two! Many folks remember Dick from the years he worked in graphics on the Arsenal and then went to Command and Control - a total of 42 years Federal time. Speaking of Dick, he is so generous each year - he is a woodworker and makes the cutest wooden toys - hundreds of them a year - and gives them to Huntsville Hospital for kids there at Christmas time, as well as to DHR children.

Many remember **Albert Hall**, who was the State, Representative for Alabama prior to his death in November of '06. He

had just been reelected to his eighth term, serving District 22 in the Legislature from 1978 to his death at age 80. He was an incredible man, loved by so many, and quite a storyteller who loved history. We found out that a road was recently named in his honor - the stretch of U.S. 72 between Gurley to Shields Road. It is well-deserved.

Liz Hurley sponsored this year's Hurley Cancer Run to raise money to fight breast cancer. The amazing thing about this year is that there was a record number of runners - up by a thousand to nearly 3,600 entrants - who all did their part to raise \$116,000. We all know that Liz does an exceptional job at WAFF Channel 48, but she is a hero to thousands, as organizer of this Ribbon Run & Survivor's Walk for 5 years now.

The Friday night before the walk, 4 bartenders at **Mason's Pub** on Clinton Ave., downtown, decided to donate all their tips earned that night to support the Liz Hurley 5K races. The very generous bartenders are **Tony Bush, Courtney Grant**, that handsome **Tim Hastings** and **Corina Valdez**.

When **Jack** and **Peggy Gilstrap**, residents at Redstone Village Independent Living, decided to donate a beautiful fountain to the garden area at the facility, they thought they would be

doing it together. Sadly, Jack died unexpectedly a couple of months ago, so Peggy took over the duties and the fountain was dedicated in late October. It is a fitting tribute to a life well lived.

These are really **tough times** for most people, especially those on fixed incomes. Please remember as cold weather arrives, to always check on your older neighbors and friends.





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Simple Comfort Foods

Spicy Smokies

2 lb. smoked sausage 1 bottle barbeque sauce 1 green pepper, chopped 1 onion, chopped

Boil the sausage til hot, punch hole in skin. When still warm, cut the sausage into one-inch pieces. Place in frying pan with 2 tablespoon oil. Fry for a couple of minutes. Add green pepper and onion and cook for 2 more minutes. Remove to glass bowl, pour warmed barbeque sauce over the pieces.

Serve with toothpicks, you won't have any left!

Guacamole Dip

2 ripe avocados 1/4 t. onion powder 1/2 t. salt 1 tomato, finely chopped 1 T. fresh lime juice 1 t. garlic powder

1 T. chopped fresh cilantro

2 T. chopped green chili

Cut each avocado in half, lengthwise. Remove pit, then scoop out pulp into a bowl. Mash with fork and stir in remaining ingredients. Use as a good dip with Nacho chips.

Savory Hash Browns

1 bag (32 oz.) frozen hash brown potatoes, thawed

1 16-oz. container sour cream

2 c. Cheddar cheese, shredded

1 can cream of chicken soup

1 c. chopped onions

1/4 c. butter, melted

Heat your oven to 375 degrees. Combine all ingredients in large bowl & stir til blended. Transfer to a 13 x 9 inch baking pan and bake for one hour and top is brown.

Turkey & Brown Rice Salad

3 c. cooked brown rice, cooled

2 c. diced turkey or chicken

1 8-oz. can sliced water chestnuts

1 c. baby frozen peas, thawed 3/4 c. diced red bell pepper

l c. prepared ranch dressing Combine all ingredients in a bowl and stir. Chill well before serving.

Pistachio Salad

1 carton Cool Whip, large

1 lrg. pkg. pistachio pudding mix

1 lrg. can crushed pineapple with juice

2 c. miniature marshmallows

1 c. chopped pecans

Mix the pudding and pineapple together and pour into a

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bowl, add the marshmallows. Add the Cool Whip and pecans. Pour into a dish or mold and refrigerate for serveral hours before serving.

Oriental Slaw

3/4 c. mayonnaise

2 T. soy sauce

1 t. sugar

1 t. salt

Mix this and grate up a small head of cabbage. Add the mayo mixture to the cabbage and stir well. Add:

2 green onions, chopped, greens and all

1 can water chestnuts, drained and sliced

1 can bamboo shoots, drained

2 T. chopped pimiento

Mix this into the cabbage and refrigerate overnight.

Jelly Meringue

1 c. firm jelly 1 egg white Pinch salt

Into a bowl place all ingredients and with a good egg whip begin to beat as you would for cream. Continue til it holds its shape, use as a dessert topping.

Sweet Nut Chew Cakes

1 box brown sugar

1 stick butter

1 t. vanilla or almond extract

3 eggs

2 c. self-rising flour

1 1/2 c. pecans, chopped

Melt sugar and butter together. Add eggs, flavoring and flour. Mix well and add nuts. Batter will be stiff. Pour into a greased oblong 9 x 13 inch pan and bake at 325 degrees for 20-30 minutes. cut into squares when ready to serve - excellent with coffee!

Soy & Pineapple Chicken

3 lbs. skinless, boneless chicken breasts

1 c. canned pineapple chunks, unsweetened and drained

1 c. pineapple juice, not sweetened

1 c. chopped green onion

4 T. soy sauce

1 t. garlic powder

1 1/2 t. ground ginger

Wash and place chicken in a greased casserole dish, add the pineapple chunks. In a small bowl, combine the rest of the ingredients and pour over the chicken. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Great served with rice or pasta.





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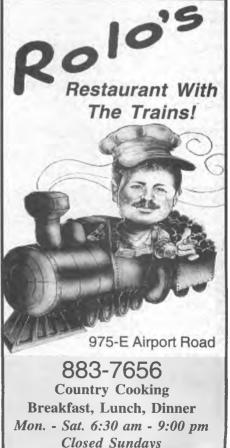
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A Letter

Feb. 13th 1896 Miss Jennie R. Powel Rogersville, Tenn.

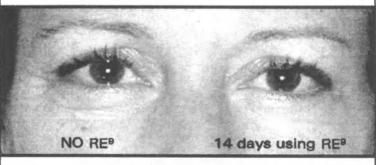
Dear Cousin: Our cousin, Wm. R. Larkin of Larkinsville, Ala., was down the other day, told me of your letter which he sent to George Clayton Hunt for us to read and requested us to write to you. I heartily commend your undertaking and will be more than glad to aid you in any way in my power. I don't know that I am able, or shall be, to give you any information as to our ancestry, as those who could have given me the information died before I was old enough to realize and appreciate its possible value and real interest.

While equally as proud of my Hunt blood, I have always felt pleased when told I was the Powel in our family. I am very much like my sainted Mother in all respects, though my most intimate friends tell me I have the will power and temper of my father. Well, it's a good mixture. I am a native of Franklin County, Tenn., where my mother was born and reared and died. She was Priscilla J. Powel. Her father was Ben-

jamin Powel, a merchant for many years at Winchester, Tenn., who came from near Philadelphia, Penn., so my mother told me. After coming South, he married Ellen Rutledge. All their children are dead unless Uncle Joe Powel is living who went to La., early in life. Some 20 years ago I had







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a letter from one of his sons, but have not since heard from them. I was named for my maternal grandfather. My father is George W. Hunt, in his 83rd year and still a very active man barring a sore on his face from which he has been annoyed many years.

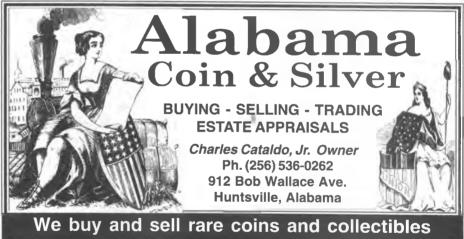
My great-grandfather, John Hunt, was the founder of this City and for whom it took its name. Uncle Wm. Larkin, a brother of Cousin Billie's father, David, often has told me when I was a mere child of living here with him when he built the first log cabin above the Big Spring and of his cultivating a crop or two of Irish potatoes just below it. My office, where I now write, is above that spring east, whose music, as it rolls over the dam, I hear most of the year and from the rear door look out and see where once was that "tater patch." I have often regretted and un-regretted coming here.

In Nov. 1882 my father married Mrs. Tulliola McCalley whom he had known in his early life when he lived here and run the old Huntsville Bell Tavern for Woods & Yeatman of Nashville, Tenn. My stepmother is a most excellent woman in com-

fortable circumstances and took a great fancy to me - alone because she couldn't help it - and would have me to locate here to practice my profession. I had enjoyed a fine practice at Winchester for the previous ten vears. Having heard of Huntsville, its wealth and culture, I decided to stay here - alone on the strength of its prestige, and 'durn me, if I ever struck a"deader" town. I didn't have a dollar, not a book, and my mother never seemed - and has not yet realized that made any difference.

She was like the fellow who came into my office a few year's ago, after hearing me make a "celebrated" speech in a criminal case, and said, "Why in thunder haven't you been practicing law since you came here." I replied, "I have been trying to make money to buy me a library." "Damn it," he says, "you don't need any books, a man who can talk like you. I never heard such







a speech." Cousin Billie Larkin happened to be in town that day, and in hunting a man he wanted to see, wandered up in the courthouse and heard me. He is one of the "Old Guard" who is proud of and loves his kin. If I have aroused your curiosity, you can get him to tell you about the speech.

To go back: after practicing law a year or so my partner, Paul Jones, died of consumption. On his deathbed he said, "Hunt, next to my family, my greatest upset in dying is that I can't live a year or two longer so as to leave you in a fine practice."

In 1884 I bought an interest in a weekly paper, The Mercury, and took sole editorial charge advocating protection, more railroads, turnpikes & diversified farming. I was at the inauguration of the branch railroad which came in from Nashville and got it built.

In 1885 Aug. - I turned my paper into a daily - established it - and in 1887, bankrupt in purse & health, retired. Then Col. J. F. O'Shaughnessy of N.Y., who was the chief spirit of the North Ala. Improvement Co., took me in to assist his Genl. Manager, Capt. S. H. Buck, who resigned the P.O. of New Orleans to take the position here. That enabled me to rest and regain my health. I have gone back to my first love - the law - though as a diversion. I represent about 12 foreign papers in corre-

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2215 Holmes Ave. 534-5637 spondence from here, and If you read the Chattanooga Times you will see my "work."

I was born and reared on a farm and am proud of it. Have done all kinds of work on a farm. Although my father had plenty, at 9 years of age I was making shoes and for 8 years made all our family used - finally had a full set of tools - gave them to one of the negroes and all I have now to point to my childhood genius and glory is a pair of Morocco slippers I made for my youngest brother, George Rutledge Hunt, when I was 14 years of age and he 5.

For this heirloom, I am indebted to my sister who preserved them. She has three very lovely and interesting children and lives with us. Her name is Adaline Bradford Hunt Nelsonnamed for her Aunt Adaline Powel who married Col. Joe Bradford of this State, a very wealthy man when the war broke out. He equipped a Company



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and went to the front. He had a daughter, Lavinia, a very brilliant woman, who married Col. Chilton who was killed during the war. A brother, John Bradford, was killed at Battle of Seven Pines, Va. Mr. Nelson is a partner in the "Alcorn Woolen Mills," Corinth, Miss. Three of us are dead-Ellen, Margarett, & David Hunt.

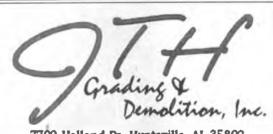
Our Hunt kin were the founders of Huntsville, Texas; Missouri, Ala., Tenn., Hunt Co. Texas. I have gotten to talking to you and telling you all I know of our people, simply to let you know us as we are and have been, only for your personal information and not for any publication. I must stop. Come to see us. We will be glad to see you and will try to make it pleasant for you. Geo. and I are "old" bachelors, but I hope the ... (illegible word) of redemption will yet save us. Now, I mean what I say-- come to see us. Will be glad to hear from you. Love to all the kin.

Ben P. Hunt

News from the Year 1899

- Lost - somewhere between the Baptist Church and the Public Square, a large double Shawl, all wool, black and white plaid. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at the newspaper office.

- For Rent - the large and commodious store room with ware room attached, and the enclosure included, situated at the foot of Jefferson Street and adjoining the Railroad, now occupied by Joe T. McGehee & Co., will be rented for one year. Contact Mrs. Geo. Neal at her residence on Franklin Street.



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Huntsville in 1904

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- 3 saw and planing mills
- 2 carriage and buggy factories
- 4 latest aproved steam cotton gins
- 3 cotton oil mills
- 2 fertilizer factories
- 2 sheet and tin working establishments
- 2 bottling works
- 1 soap factory
- 1 electric light plant and electric railway
 - 2 steam laundries
 - 3 daily newspapers
 - 6 weekly newspapers
- 2 lime kilns, latest improved
 - 1 cabinet factory
- 8 commercial printing offices
 - 1 business college
 - 3 bakeries
 - 1 foundry
 - 1 gas company
 - 3 cold storage plants
 - 2 monument works
 - 1 cotton compress
 - 2 candy factories
 - 6 nurseries
- 5 sash, door and blind companies
 - 1 stave factory
 - 11 cotton mills
- 2 spoke and handle factories
 - 1 hoop and stave factory
 - 1 fiber and veneer factory
- 1 roller factory to supply cotton mills
 - 1 mattress factory
 - 1 ice factory
 - 1 flouring mill
 - 1 broom factory
 - 2 machine shops
 - 3 brickyards

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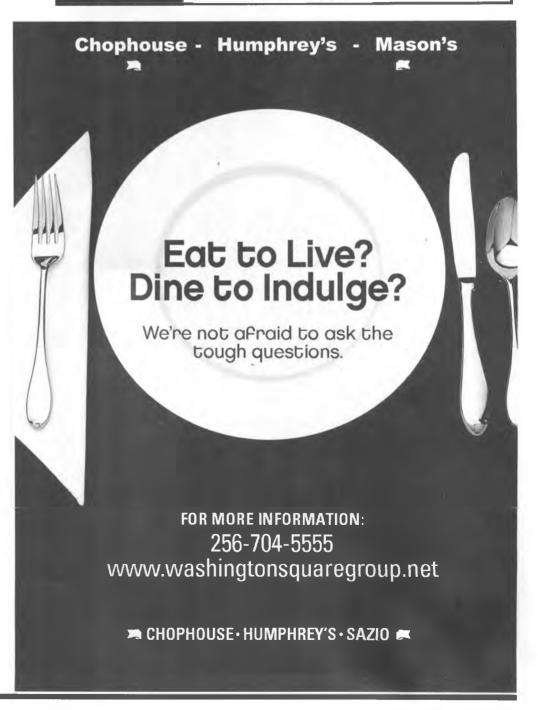
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City Council News from 1906

The city council held an interesting meeting last night and passed several ordinances that are of interest to the general public.

- Mayor Smith stated that on the advice of John Wesley, a paving expert, the entire cost of the paving will be passed on to the property owners. The paving ordinance was changed effective immediately.
- An ordinance was also passed providing for the grading of the extension of Locust

Street, laying the street with concrete gutters, stone curbs and granitoid sidewalks.

- Permission was granted the owners of the little frame building on Washington Street occupied by the Davis tin shop for roofing the building with tin.
- The members of the Fire Department will be allowed vacation for the summer.
- The Hospital Association stated that an annex is being erected to the city hospital and just recently permission was asked for the right to remove this new structure when the lease of the association runs out. This was granted.
- By a vote of the council, water meters will be placed on the pipe furnishing water to the livery stables.

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Times Have Changed



Washington Street and Clinton Avenue in the 1930s



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Life's Lessons and a Butter Churn

By Theresa Hanvey Fallwell

As a little girl growing up in Hurricane Valley in the 1940's, I observed and internalized daily life on the farm where my grandparents. Walter and Ethel McGehee, lived. Even before I was old enough to understand the quality of their character or work ethic, I somehow knew these people were special, and I had an appreciation for them that defied words then, and still does

tivities of farm life seemed to take on a spiritual nature with my grandparents, almost on par with Sunday worship. For example, the routines associated with bringing milk and butter to our table were not just habit or work, but were reverential toward God and appreciative of all His glorious nature.

Before dawn every morning my grandparents began a long, hard day's work. Granddad started the fire in the old wood burning stove while Grandma trekked out to the smoke house and cut off a slab of bacon or ham and proceeded to cook it with eggs, grits, apples, coffee, and fresh biscuits with homemade butter and jam. Grandma, the daughter of a circuit riding preacher, sang hymns while preparing breakfast. Granddad drew two buckets of fresh water for Grandma's kitchen and two buckets for himself. After delivering Grandma's buckets, he headed to

No wife can endure a gambling husband - unless he's a steady winner.

the barn with me following behind. As he walked through the barn whistling and clanging all his metal buckets together, he stopped and grabbed several ears of dry corn from the corn crib and stuffed them in his overalls or the pockets of his flannel jacket.

He greeted all the animals and

they greeted him in return. The mules, chickens and the cats each responded in their own way, and as he worked his way through the barn the parade of uncrated followers grew. When he reached the shed where the milk cows were housed, he stopped and called each by name and petted them.

He usually named his milk cows after all the The most mundane, daily ac- young girls in the area. His favorite cow of all time was named Mary Jim, named after a young girl who lived in the log cabin on the place. He gave each cow an ear of

corn. Still talking to them he pulled down his three legged stool, placed his metal pail full of water under the cow, and positioned himself to milk. First, he washed the cow's teats and utter apologizing for the cold water. He always asked her if she had a load of good milk or if she had been into the

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bitter weed in the pasture or found the new patch of clover under the apple trees. With a good natured laugh he set up a rhythm by pulling two teat in turn, delivering quick spurts of milk into the clean bucket. All the cats he kept in the barn for mice control positioned themselves around the cow he was milking. Granddad would squirt a stream of warm milk toward each cat's mouth. The accuracy of Granddad's aim and the ability of the cats to catch those streams of milk always amazed me.

After he finished milking the first cow, he would thank her and move on to the next cow. This process was repeated again and again. Following milking, the cows were turned out to pasture with a good bye pat on the rump, while numerous cats could be seen lying in the sun outside the cow shed grooming themselves. Buckets of fresh warm milk were taken to the house to be processed after breakfast was eaten. On cold mornings, the warm milk was used immediately on oatmeal or in coffee. If the fresh milk was not to be used for butter or buttermilk, then it was strained to remove any straw or grass that might have blown in during milking and poured into clean quart jars with lids. These jars were then carefully slid inside a long, cylindrical metal well pipe and lowered into a sulphur well outside the back door. The sulphur well water was not good to drink, but the water and the depth of the well kept the milk cold.

Fresh, sweet, unpasteurized milk that was destined for butter was strained and poured into containers that had been sterilized with boiling water. Then the milk was allowed to clabber, that is the cream would rise to the top and the milk would become slightly thick with globules of butter as a result of time, warmth, and beneficial bacteria. In the summer, milk clabbered overnight, but in winter the containers of milk were placed behind the wooden cook stove and turned several times during the day.

Clabbering took much longer in the winter, usually two or three days. Grandma would check the milk regularly to see if it had clabbered sufficiently. She would tilt the container to see if the milk held together and pulled away from the sides, and if a certain slightly pungent odor was present. From watching her, I decided it was a fine

art to determine when the milk was ready. Churning too soon resulted in sour milk that would not make sweet butter, and leaving the milk too long resulted in separation which also compromised the quality of the butter.

When the milk was sufficiently clabbered, Grandma pulled out her churn. It was a 3-5 gallon tan colored, cylindrical shaped stoneware jar with a stoneware lid that had a hole in the middle and a wooden dasher. I remember it also had some blue writing on the side. She filled the churn about half full of the clabbered milk. Next, she arranged herself in her special straight back chair that was very low to the ground, and began to test the setting. She moved the chair and churn next to the screened back door in the summer or near the wood





stove in the winter, not only for comfort, but to ensure a better temperature for making butter. As soon as she was satisfied with the temperature and any drafts, then she started the churning process.

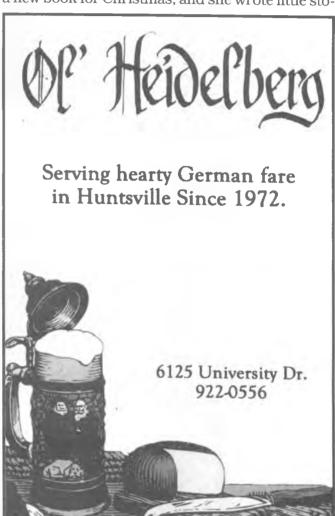
The dasher which looked like an X with a long broom handle attached was placed in the chum and the stoneware lid was slipped down over the stick. The dasher was then moved up and down in a rhythmical fashion going all the way from the bottom of the churn to the top violently agitating the milk to separate the fat from the liquid. Once she established the rhythm and heard the sound she wanted, she turned it over to me along with a book. In addition to churning with my right hand, I was expected to read orally to her and turn the pages with my left hand.

It was while churning that I discovered the wonder of books. I read Grandma's choices such as Snow White and Rose Red, Gulliver's Travels, and Alice in Wonderland over and over. My reading/churning session went on for about 30-45 minutes, and both my reading and churning were expected to maintain a certain pace. Grandma was quick to intervene if either sound was "off."

Grandmother would periodically check the contents of the churn. When she deemed the process done she would gather the clumps of butter together from the top of the milk using a flat wooden paddle. She then poured the remaining buttermilk slowly through cheesecloth to gather more of the globules. All the clumps of butter were placed on cheesecloth over a bowl to drain. Fresh, cool water was poured slowly over the butter to freshen it. The butter was allowed to drain again. After draining, the mound of butter was placed on a wooden board and worked to remove any remaining water and smooth out the texture. A little salt was added and the light colored butter was packed down into glass butter molds. Once molded the butter would be patted again and again to remove excess liquid. Grandmother was very quick in turning the mold in circles with her left hand and using a wooden paddle with her right hand to press out the liquid. She kept her butter molds in the sulphur well so that they would be cold and the butter would be easier to mold.

The final touch was her decorative indentations. She always used the same pattern, two paddle marks at equidistance from the sides of the mold at north, south, east, and west. The butter was then covered with a cloth and stored in the well to keep cool.

I learned to read and to love reading while churning butter. We didn't have a great many books, but each one was a treasure to be savored again and again. My Grandmother always gave me a new book for Christmas, and she wrote little sto-



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ries about her early life in the Territory of Oklahoma for me to read while churning.

Churning in Grandmother's kitchen was very pleasant. She was always there shelling peas, snapping beans, peeling potatoes, making jams, or doing something constructive while I churned.

I believe that in the process of milking the cows and churning the butter, I learned profound life lessons including a love of reading, compassion toward animals, a strong work ethic, a respect for nature, and an understanding and appreciation of how meaningful life's daily chores are when accompanied by a spiritual attitude as my grandparents demonstrated daily in words and deeds.

"This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Lewis to come forward and lay an egg on the altar."

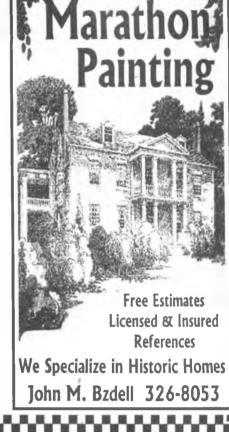
Seen in church bulletin

Trying to Find Family

I desire to find my mother and sister, who used to belong to Mr. Angelo Steele. My mother's name was Sarah Steele and my sister's, Harriet Steele. I was carried from Huntsville to Canton, Mississippi during the war and have never seen or heard from them since until my return to Huntsville on August 20th in search of them. I have learned that my mother married a man at Bridgeport, Alabama by the name of Jolly who has since died.

Write me at 1237 Ferrett Street, New Orleans, Louisiana where I now live or leave notice with the Editor of this paper and I am greatly obliged.

Taken from 1896 Huntsville newspaper





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Making Clothes

by **Peggy Montana**

There's an unforgettable scene in *Gone With the Wind*,- Scarlett O'Hara is standing at the window and clutching the emerald green draperies bordered with gold fringe. She is frowning as she thinks about her financial troubles. Her dress is worn, faded and certainly not in the latest fashion. Never one to be conquered, Scarlett suddenly realizes that these draperies can be put to better use. It is not long before she appears wearing a striking dress of green velvet and a hat trimmed with flowing gold fringe.

The truth is that during the Civil War in America, many women did the same thing. Well, maybe they were not that dramatic, but they often had to do the best they could with what they had.

In December of 1900, Virginia Clay Clopton wrote an article for *The Tribune*, a Huntsville newspaper. In the article she gives us a glimpse of what the women of our county were doing to clothe themselves and their families. The women told how they cut up their dresses to make clothes for the children. One family had some white wool blankets; the mother had them dyed and made a suit for her son.

A "Miss Laura" remembered that once during the war, Mrs. Frank Mastin amazed her friends when she appeared wearing an attractive outfit. Her friends wanted to know where she had obtained such a beautiful fabric. She was reluctant to tell but it did finally come to light that she had made her dress out of one of her bedspreads.

Many a dress was made out of both lace and muslin curtains. The women and girls

learned to make hats out of straw, triming them with real flowers. The hat boxes were used as a base for a hat, while old silk dresses and scraps of silk or velvet were used as a covering.

For more practical clothing, stories were told of how every scrap of woolen cloth was "carefully picked to pieces and spun into thread and knitted into socks or gloves." William T. Bennett, of nearby Gurley, told of his mother making shirts for her son who was

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home on furlough from the army, Her son had only one shirt and it was ragged. She had a black silk dress that she used to make some shirts for her son before he returned to join his unit.

Mr. Bennett also said that his mother raised a few sheep. She would card, spin and weave the wool into cloth.

The children had to clean the wool (Mr. Bennett said they "had to pick it") before it could be carded. He said that he had rather "plow in the pouring rain with the water following me in the furrows" than have to help clean the wool.

The women did sewing for the Confederate soldiers. According to Mr. Bennett, the fabric was given out and when the garments were finished, they would be returned to a location in Huntsville. The scraps of fabric that were left over, sometimes as much as a yard in length, were used to tie up the clothing before it was returned. These scraps of cloth were given to the women as payment for their work. Mr. Bennett said that

they were glad to get it. There was enough fabric to make a coat or shirt for a child.

Cotton bedspreads, lace curtains, wool blankets or emerald green velvet draperies it was all that an ingenious woman needed to provide a new outfit for herself or a member of her family.

1895 Editorial

We would like to know why it is that in Huntsville, where the relations between the races seem to be better than anywhere in the South, a colored man cannot be elected policeman, or drawn on jury.

Colored people enjoy most all the rights of other citizens here, but the mayor and aldermen are always afraid to elect one on the police force. When we had Democratic mayors we had a colored man on the police force but under our Republican mayors we are given the cold shoulder. We would like to know why it is thus.

From 1885 Huntsville paper

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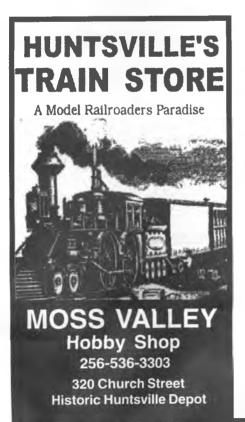
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Battle at the Baptist Church

by Charles Rice

Christian churches are supposed to be Houses of the Lord, places of sanctuary where one can go to escape the worries and woes of the everyday world. However, a Baptist Church in Huntsville's Lincoln Mill village became anything but that one strange September night some half a century ago. In fact, the sleepy little church suddenly exploded into a raucous free-for-all in which the women matched the men in ferocity.

The bizarre incident apparently came about at least in part over the efforts of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) to unionize the mill workers during those bleak depression years of the 1930s. Union backers felt the CIO would stand up for their rights and improve their standard of living. Union foes feared the Northern owners would retaliate by closing the mills and moving elsewhere, something the Yankee capitalists had already done several times in the South.

The labor dispute seems to have spilled over into the church, where Rev. C. V. Headrick enjoyed the backing of the union. The CIO's opponents had become dissatisfied with their minister, apparently feeling he was meddling in matters that didn't concern him.

There were other complaints against the preacher as well, but the union dispute obviously was the major grievance. Headrick's adversaries already had tried several times to have him replaced. On the night of September 3, 1939, their impatience finally got the better of them.

Rev. Headrick was presiding at a conference in the divided mill village church. William Adcock, the local CIO leader, was on hand to give his support to the clergyman, which can only have angered the union opponents. Near the end of the meeting, a woman member of the congregation at last rose from her seat and forcefully shoved the preacher out of the pulpit. Other women quickly intervened, and the Lincoln ladies went at it hammer and tongs-kicking, punching, kneeing, slapping and pulling hair.

Not to be outdone by their spouses, the male members of the congregation promptly chose up sides and joined in the brawl. World War II was just breaking

out in Europe, but a visitor at the Huntsville church might well have thought he was at the battlefront in Poland.

According to newspaper reports the next day, two men (Ingle Gant and Tom Bragg) were

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stabbed, while several others were taken to Huntsville Hospital emergency room with head injuries. A number of the ladies were somewhat bruised and battered, but none required medical attention. Only one person was arrested, Dillard Adcock, who had stabbed Tom Bragg before being struck over the head by Olen Graham. Labor leader William Adcock, Dillard's brother, had also been hit over the head with a heavy object, probably a chair.

Tensions obviously remained high and Christian behavior was clearly the loser that day in Lincoln Village. In fact, it was later learned that another fight had taken place nearby several hours earlier on Meridian Street. A union organizer named Pearson had called a non-union worker named Sharpe a "scab" and several other uncomplimentary names. Sharpe took offense and attacked Pearson. An unamused Judge Price issued arrest warrants for both men.

All things considered, the Lord just might have preferred to look elsewhere on that incredible September day. Brotherly love was certainly lacking in that part of our always surprising city.

Did you know that Susan Lucci is the daughter of Phyllis Diller?



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Growing Up in Huntsville 1917 - 1930

by Thomas B. Oglesby

I was born one hundred feet from the outhouse! No big deal, so was every other child born in my neighborhood in Huntsville, Alabama. We all lived in the Lowe Mill village which consisted of frame houses, 4-5 rooms built on stone or brick pylons with space under the houses being open for storage, an excellent place for the children to play during foul weather and in the summer.

We had all of the conveniences we have today, just in a different format. The cotton mill was two blocks from home. the company store was one block away, the school two blocks, the drug store three blocks and the trollev street car track was 4 blocks, if you needed to go to town. In fact, we didn't have a car nor did many of the neighbors. So we had no worries about if the car would start, car insurance or gas bills. Gasoline, however, was advertised as five gallons for a dollar.

Male adult family members worked and the main function of mothers was to raise the children, usually helped by grandmothers, most whom lived within the household too. There was good close family fellowship, especially on cold nights with the fireplace crackling with wood or coal and us kids jockeying for space in front of the fire. Grandma's walking cane would keep us in good order.

My grandmother was a very enterprising soul. She sold Dr. T. A. Dutton's Marvelous Discovery, a mail order medicine, for one dollar a bottle. Uncle Charlie, the mailman, delivered a carton of twelve bottles on Thursday. Saturday was the big day with customers calling and getting the weekend cure. I assume the medicine was a fore runner of Hadical

She did have some competition for a short while. A new preacher moved in on the street. He was noted for the men who gathered in his back yard on Sunday afternoon. Later we learned that he was serving up some homemade spirits (homebrew) to the group.

I believe the sheriff visited one Sunday afternoon and the preacher was gone by Monday morning.

School was a great opportunity to get out of the house for children. I attended the 2-story brick elementary school two

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The teacher was in full charge. Any bad conduct on our part resulted in a minor hand slap with a ruler in front of the class, the medium infraction was a trip to the clothing room where the class could hear you yelling between the switch blows, and the granddaddy of all, was a trip to the principal's office. There you cooled your heels in the outer office for a while before facing the principal. That punishment echoed throughout the neighborhood also by word of mouth and students would eat standing up for a while. Then the principal would walk you home with full details for your parents of whatever you may have done in school. As mentioned earlier, discipline was no great problem.

And speaking of the principal, he won a new black Ford 4-door touring car at the Madison County Fair in 1926. He parked it at the front entrance of the school and we kids had to jump a ditch to get in the building.

We led an interesting young life. In the spring the roving gypsy bands would show up at the end of the street. Two ladies dressed in flowing colorful clothing would work each side of street knocking on doors. Most had very little luck selling the trinkets, jewelry, etc. A standard myth was not to let the gypsies in the house, they might put a spell on you. Stories always floated around about how the gypsies would steal your children, put them in the wagons and cart them away. I also understand we had some children

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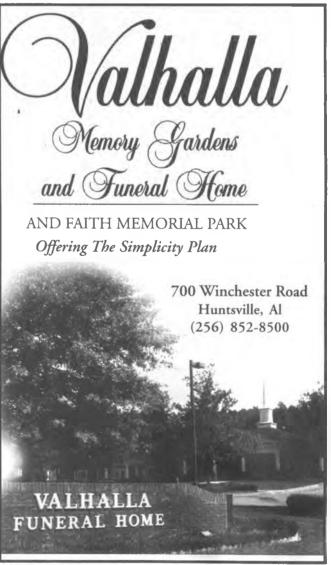
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that the parents would have given to the gypsies, but they would not take them. I hope I was not in that bunch.

The neighborhood was about six blocks long with three streets. Running behind the houses and outhouses was an alleyway used by many





people and services, including the "honey-wagon" which made weekly trips to empty the containers in the outhouse.

A routine operation until one day after a heavy rain, the "honeywagon" got stuck.

Well, here came the wreckers, more people joined in the excitement, from a safe distance you can rest assured, and down wind, too.

More wreckers, more people, until finally 6 wreckers, 2-horse teams, and one block and tackle rig, and the wagon was towed off. After that, the schedule was changed to twice a week.

We lived in what was called "Tornado Alley" a section of Alabama that seemed to invite tornados most anytime of year. I recall children would be playing in the yard & the sky would be darkening and the wind blowing. We would then move to the back yards until we heard someone call out "Here it Comes," and we'd head for the storm cellar near the back door.

The cellar, a big hole in the ground, contained two beds, water, a little food and maybe a candle. Until some brave soul cracked the door, we stayed put, sometimes all night.

As I reached the age of 9 or 10, I was permitted to roam a little more. I fished in Pinhook

Creek. It was called that because you used a pole, a string and a bent pin baited with a piece of chicken skin out of the kitchen. I remember some big ones, maybe, 4-5 inches that was proudly carried home. I think the cat was happy anyway.

Pinhook Creek was fed from the Big Spring downtown. This was a large underground spring that gushed out from under the main street downtown. A beautiful park-like setting with walks and benches. That channeled to a nice clear creek about 20 feet wide with walks for several blocks. Many groups used the creek for religious activities on Sunday afternoon.

Some young fellows (no names please) would spend the week catching snakes, put them in a bag and on Sunday afternoon walk downtown to the spring. While most activities were going on downstream, they would release the snakes into the spring. We would make a fast track down to the activities (baptizing) and watch the gathering leave the water in many fashions, paddling, swimming, yelling, and some even walking on water.

Lots of group lunches were left for the brave and the hungry.

Halloween was a special time. No fancy costumes like we see today. You might con your



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sister out of a dress, flour sacks with eye holes were popular, and some blackfaces.

A major activity was to swap porch furniture between the families. Maybe turn the pigs loose that were in the back yard pigpen, and since the trolley track ran in the woods in the next block, the brave ones would hitch a ride on the rear of the trolley and pull the trolley pole from the overhead power line. The trolley had to stop, no power, then the conductor would have to dismount and replace the power pole. Some of his language was not covered in the English class at school. A milder form was to soap the tracks with a bar of octagon soap and the trolley could not get up the hill until the conductor got out and wiped the track down. We learned a few more words from that also.

Our mail was delivered each day by "Uncle Charlie" who drove a one horse carriage through the neighborhood. His horse was noted for curing the whooping cough, a medical problem for children growing up. Parents would watch for Uncle Charlie's carriage, and then hold the child's head up to the horse's mouth and let him blow his breath on the child. Next day, the whooping cough was gone.

That remedy, along with the cold remedy of placing a mustard

plaster on the child's chest and letting him wear it in school all day was well remembered too. Maybe, the odor of the strong mustard cured other children as well since you could smell it 20 feet away. You had to wear it for 2-3 days, but the cold was gone.

Let's stop here. That was 72. years ago and I still remember.

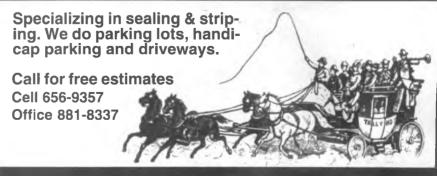
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Tips from Liz

- * When your gray hairs are becoming more obvious and you have a couple of weeks to go before you have it colored, part your hair in a zig-zag rather than a straight line. The grays will be much less obvious!
- * Aloe lotion has good results with arthritis sufferers. Just rub the lotion onto the spot that hurts, and the pain will be diminished. Be sure and buy a lotion that is at least 70% aloe (like you find in Garden Cove on Pratt Ave.)
- * If you like mushrooms, buy them sliced rather than whole you don't have to wash them as they are pre-washed. The whole ones need cleaning.
- * There is lots of news lately about the dangers of microwaving food in plastic as the ingredients in the plastic may leech out into your drink/food, etc. Buy ceramic or microwavable glass containers to put your food in, don't heat it up in the plastic container.
- * If you must drink tap water out of your sink, only drink from the cold side as the hot side has more lead in it.
- * You can use your favorite face lotion as a cleanser. Just rub the lotion onto your face at night, then scrub with a washrag that you've dipped in warm water. Clean!
- * Many folks have trouble sleeping (especially now with economy worries). Some tips:
- * Keep your bedroom colder at night - most people sleep better in cooler temps.

Liz Ford

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* Warm milk and honey does the trick for many people - your grandma was right!

* Take a hot shower right before going to bed.

* Reading a book or magazine works with lots of people, especially if your book is boring.

* I found that when I slept on my stomach with my face pressed into the pillow, I had more wrinkles in the morning. And some didn't go away! So now I sleep on my back, so the wrinkles can move away from my face towards my ears - no more fine line wrinkles!

* Our small businesses are really struggling now. Instead of spending your money at the big box grocery, restaurant & clothing stores, why not shop at the locally-owned stores such as Star Market, Rebecca's, Propst, Lewter's, etc. They really need our support now!





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News From the Year 1865

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Lee Surrenders

Washington - News has been received here that General Lee has met with General Grant and has agreed to surrender the forces under his command and to work toward a complete surrender of all Confederate forces still in the field.

As news of the surrender began to spread across this city, joyful celebrations have begun. A crowd of about seven thousand gathered in front of the White House while tens of thousands more have taken to the streets. The situation is dangerous in that so many guns are being fired into the air as the celebrants throw all caution to the wind. It is feared that peace may bring more casualties to a city already devastated by four long years of war.

The terms offered by Grant are generous. He will take no prisoners, but simply secure the paroles of officers and men not to take up arms until properly exchanged; for while the principal Confederate army has been vanquished, the war is not over yet. Officers are permitted to keep their sidearms and officers and men can keep their horses and personal effects.

Everyone will be permitted to return to their homes unhindered by Union authorities as long as they observe their paroles.

Richmond in Turmoil as War Ends

Richmond - President Jefferson Davis has fled the capitol of the Confederacy along with many of his principal advisors. Reports are that he was attending church when word was received from General Lee that the situation appeared hopeless. He immediately left the church and convened a special meeting with his military and political advisors.

The War Department and Treasury were seen hastily packing crates of government papers.

As news of General Lee's surrender spread throughout the city, mobs have begun looting commissary supply depots. Mass desertions from the ranks are taking place in all military units as soldiers lay down their arms and prepare to return to their homes.

Reports of Federal Units on the outskirts of the city has caused widespread panic among the citizens as they make plans to flee.

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General Lee Issues Final Message

General Order No. 9

After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them: but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest. I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endured them to their countrymen.

By the terms of this agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray

that a Merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your Country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R.E. Lee Genl.

General Watie Surrenders

General Stand Watie, commanding the last Confederate fighting unit, has surrendered. This event comes over two months after General Lee surrendered at Appomatox.

Watie is a Cherokee Indian who has raised a large number of Indians to fight under the Confederate banner.

This news comes several weeks after Gen. E. Kirby Smith, in Texas, ordered his troops to stack arms for the last time. It was widely rumored that Smith would order his troops into Mexico where he would continue the fight. In the end calmer heads prevailed.

With this news the horrible war finally came to an end.



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Sally Johnson, Scottsboro



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We see these men every day in Huntsville. Some of them are our family, neighbors and friends. Others are the nameless people we see at the Senior Citizens Center or at the drug stores getting their prescriptions filled.

They are the men who place their hand across their hearts at parades when Old Glory passes in review.

about They talk country's heritage with pride but few of them ever talk about a time, over a half century ago, when they were the heroes.

In June of 1944 the world was preparing for the biggest military invasion in the world's history. Huntsville had watched, and cried, as its fathers, brothers, uncles and cousins had boarded trains and ships bound for the staging grounds in England.

England was a vast armed camp, with large parts of it surrounded by barbed wire and under the tightest security. Every field and vacant lot was crammed full of jeeps, ammunition, medical supplies and the thousands of other things an invading army would need. Soldiers everywhere were doing what they had been doing for

ages ... waiting.

Leon Towry was stationed at Bath, England when he managed to get a one-day pass to visit London. After touring the city all day he stopped at the train station to use the rest room. While trying to sort his change out to get the correct amount to place in the slot, he heard a horrendous explosion. A V-1 rocket had exploded just a short distance away.

Jack Hines worked in a medical corps supply center. Among the thousands of items coming and going through the warehouse

was a shipment of ten thousand large canvas bags. A cold chill enveloped him when he realized they were body bags. He wondered how many of his friends would need them.

At the staging area for the 82nd Airborne Division, Chaplain George Wood spent his time comforting the troops. The division had been confined behind barbed wire for weeks and with each passing day anxiety mounted. Wood, an Episcopal priest, had initially opposed the war but changed his mind when



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Hollywood 18 Theater 3312 S. Memorial Pkwy. Huntsville, Al. he realized that many soldiers had no source of spiritual comfort.

On the night of June 5, 1944 the 82nd Airborne began boarding the planes and gliders that would take them to the coast of France. The soldiers were so heavily laden with parachutes. weapons and extra ammunition that they had to be literally pushed into the planes. Chaplain Wood, although not required, had already decided he would follow his men into battle. He carried a Bible in his pocket, a first aid kit and a cross on his helmet. An officer had earlier suggested the Chaplain carry a weapon for personal protection. Wood politely declined.

Dennis Franklin was with the Army Air Corp. He realized the invasion was beginning when he saw vast armadas of airplanes flying over. A few hours later some of the planes began returning. Franklin remembered one crippled plane making a "belly landing" at the far end of the runway. When the rescue team reached the plane they found evervone on board dead, killed by anti-aircraft fire. The pilot, whose body had been riddled with flak, was still clutching the controls. "Only God," remembered Franklin, "could have landed that plane."

In the early hours of June 6, airplanes carrying over 13,000 American paratroopers began crossing the Normandy coast. Many of the men had dozed on the flight but as the anti-aircraft batteries began their devastating fire everyone was jerked into wide-awake consciousness. Chaplain Wood recalled the noise being deafening,

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with the skies lit up in what seemed like a colossal fireworks display, as the planes twisted and turned trying to avoid ground fire. A young man sitting next to him spent the flight

writing a letter to his wife. When he finished he gave it to the Chaplain and asked that it be delivered if anything happened to him. Several weeks later, Father Wood mailed the letter, along with



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a letter of condolence.

Chaplain Wood was among the paratroopers who landed near St. Mere Eglise shortly after one o'clock in the morning on June 6. The landing troops were scattered over a large area and it would be several days before some units were completely regrouped.

The airborne soldiers had been issued toy "crickets" to use for identifying one another in the dark. After landing, and finding himself all alone, Wood began anxiously snapping his cricket as fast as possible trying to get someone's attention. Suddenly a voice came out of the darkness. "Chaplain, quit snapping that damn thing or we will all be killed!"

The pitch dark hours before dawn were mass confusion as the Germans began to realize an invasion was underway. The sounds of bombs and shell-fire were interspersed with the piercing screams of the wounded. Isolated units fought in total darkness, with the only illumination

coming from exploding shells and burning buildings. Within minutes of landing, Chaplain Wood was busy giving last rites to many of his comrades.

In the waters off Utah beach a vast armada of ships were assembling in preparation for the landing. Hilary Burton, of the 29th Infantry, was in one of the landing craft. An eerie silence, broken only by the sounds of the motor and the waves, had descended over the crafts. Some of the soldiers were praying. Others were taking last looks at pictures of loved ones.

Practically all of them were sea sick.

As dawn began to spread over the smoke-filled countryside, hundreds of landing craft began to disgorge their human cargos onto the narrow beaches. Men who only a short time before had been working in cotton mills and grocery stores waded through waist deep water as withering machine gun fire and exploding shells cut huge holes in their ranks.

Tom Moon was on the U.S.S.

Tuscaloosa. He remembers the sky being lit up by tracer fire and watching the paratroopers jump into the darkness. He remembers the ship's guns firing constantly, the paint melting off the barrels and the barges that sank after hitting mines, carrying soldiers to a watery grave. His most painful memory is of dragging the wounded and the dying from the water.

Emmett Deaver remembered being so terrified he almost blacked out while waiting to dis-

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embark from the landing craft. A kindly sergeant standing next to him noticed and said, "Don't worry son, I'm scared, too."

Seconds later, the sergeant was dead.

On board another landing craft were Bob Storrs and Bud Drake who had been close friends since early childhood. The pilot of their boat refused to take the men close to the shore within range of the German guns. All around them they saw heavily laden soldiers struggling hopelessly in the deep waters, many drowning because they had been dropped into waters too far from shore. An officer on Storrs' craft aimed a pistol at the pilot's head and ordered him to take them to the shore. The pilot complied.

Minutes later as they rushed the beach, a bullet found Bud Drake and his body sank into the bloody waters. Storrs plunged into the sea again and again in search of his friend, until his commanding officer forced him out of the water and onto the beach. Almost immediately his right hand was shattered by a shell.

Ralph Sturgill of the 147 Combat Engineering Battalion was among the first to hit the beach. His job was to help clear openings in the barbed wire entanglements for the soldiers behind him. His memory was that of deafening noise and the cries of the wounded. By the time a foothold had been established on the beach over 80% of the men in his platoon were dead.

Aubrey Darron was among the first wave to hit Omaha beach. Three hours later he was the only

> "Discharge Status: Alive but without my permission."

Doctor's comment on Athens patient chart one in his platoon still alive.

A few miles up the beach Kenneth Barker and Luke McCarver were among the men who assaulted a fortified cliff known as Pointe Du Hoc. The cliff was almost two hundred feet of sheer terror with German guns controlling every inch of the beach below. McCarver remembered thinking he was never going to see his home again. Despite the terror in his heart, McCarver climbed the rope ladder. hand over hand, as his

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buddies died around him. Barker also made it to the top but was captured shortly afterwards and sent to a POW camp in Brest, France. Almost one out of every three soldiers who assaulted the cliff died.

J.B. Tucker was stationed in Norwich, England with the Army Air Corp. He realized the invasion was underway when crippled, bullet-ridden planes began limping back to the air base. He was loading bombs onto planes when a German fighter crashed a few yards from him, shot down by antiaircraft fire.

People in England were anxiously waiting for news from the Normandy beach heads. Jack Hinds remembered waiting for a hospital ship to come back from the beach head. When hours had gone by without any sign of the ship he started to think the casualties were much lighter than expected. Later that afternoon they heard the ship had been sunk.

As the sun began its slow rise over Normandy, scenes of horror and devastation covered the bloodstained beaches. Men with their heads wrapped in makeshift bandages helped drag other wounded men to the safety of shell holes. Burning tanks, trucks and jeeps were intermixed with the sounds of exploding shells and wounded men screaming in agony.

Hilary Burton earned a Purple Heart after advancing only a few feet on the beach. Emmett Deaver was wounded in the shoulder and seconds later took another hit in the leg. A medic who was trying to bandage the wounds fell lifeless across his body after taking a machine gun burst in the back.

Benny Scott was assigned to temporarily guard two German prisoners. Other units, wanting a place to dump their captives, began leaving their prisoners with him. In a matter of hours he found himself all alone. guarding hundreds of German POW's.

By late evening on June 6, 1944, the beaches of Normandy had claimed almost 10,000 Allied casualties. Despite the high cost in human lives, the soldiers had established a foothold in Europe and they would keep marching forward until Hitler's war machine was totally defeated.

Heroism did not end once the beaches were secured. Hundreds of other brave men, who now call Huntsville home, trudged ashore in the following days to do battle with America's enemies.

Joseph (Jiggs) Roper, Jimmy East, William Hughes and Joe Bickley landed on D-Day +3.

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Glenn Brooks, golfer

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Who Should You Be Selling Your Rarities To? 914 Bob Wallace Ave. SW, Huntsville, Ala. 35801 Located just east of Hwy 231, Mon-Fri. 11-6.30, 256-536-0262 Their job was to secure communications, which often involved climbing telephone poles while the enemy took pot shots at them. George Melochick was a rifleman with the 134th Division. He saw towns bombed to rubble heaps and he saw the dead and the dying. He said mere words would never be able to do justice to the heroism he saw all around him. All the medals he won that day could never erase the memories.

Clarence Hollingsworth was a medic with the 95th Infantry. His unit was assigned the deadly task of clearing the hedgerows for the armor to go through. Every hedgerow was a veritable death trap with German machine guns

"I was thrown from my car as it left the road, I was later found in a ditch by some stray cows."

Seen on local accident report

dug in every few yards. He never shared his memories about the war but another medic with the same unit described it as "days of agonizing terror with friends dying in your arms."

Walt Terry was aboard the U.S.S. Atlas stationed a few hundred yards off the beach. Ships all around him were burning and sinking. He remembered the

smoke, noise and the utter chaos that enveloped the whole land-scape. He said the ship's crew were in harm's way but in no manner compared to the men who had to wade ashore in the initial assault. Later when he realized the terrible cost in lives he felt saddened. "There were so many young men who would never return home."



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Leon Towry landed in Le Harve, France "scared as hell with people shooting everywhere. But we knew we had a job to do."

Chuck Owens was in the states, preparing to ship out, when he heard the news. He had a feeling he would soon be in the middle of it. A few months later, in some long-forgotten village in Belgium, he earned his first Bronze Star.

Legions of other brave men followed in their footsteps in the weeks and months to come. These men went on to fight in battles which have become immortalized in our country's history. Obscure names like Remagen and the Bulge became words of courage for the families waiting anxiously at home.

Benny Scott came home with an assortment of medals. His family never knew what they were for. Paul Bolden and Bushy Bolton both received the Medal of Honor. Hal Wentworth received the Bronze Star and a Purple Heart for leading a charge against the enemy in a small French town. He doesn't remember the name of the village and says he doesn't want to.

Bob Storrs returned from the war, married and raised a family. In 1994, the fiftieth anniversary of D-Day, he broke down crying while watching the ceremonies on TV. Only then did his family know he had been there. There are thousands of other stories about these brave men but most will remain untold. They came home from the war, hid their medals on a closet shelf and put the memories behind them.

These men, and the thousands like them, were Huntsville heroes. Today they rest. Their battles are over.

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Thousands of maps and brochures were printed and distributed, advertising the route through Huntsville as the "Florida Short Route." The brochures, along with providing directions, were full of traveling tips such as "Do not attempt this road during wet weather - wait for at least three hours of full sunshine," and "a person skilled in automobile repair may be found at blacksmith shop at mile 73.8. If he is not there, inquire at the general store next door or the nearby church as he is frequently at both."

Below are directions from Huntsville to Gadsden. Although the distance was only 84 miles, motorists were advised to allow 3 1/2 hours for the trip - in fair weather.

Huntsville - Court House on left, First National Bank Building on right, Jog straight ahead South

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Mile 5.8 - Lily Flagg - Cross RR track; straight thru four corners; straight thru at 9.7.

Mile 11 - Whitesburg - The Tennessee River, bear left around store house. (Caution) Do not cross river at Ferry located just around curve to right. Turn right over iron and wood bridge following road straight ahead with poles. Cross wood and iron bridge at 12.4 then bear right over winding road. Cross RR then pass church at 13.9.

Mile 14.6 - Hobbs Island - Station on right; straight thru, following gravel road and poles. Pass church on right at 16. Pass school house on right at 16.6. Cross wood and iron bridge at 18.1. Sharp turn to right at 19.1, straight ahead; keep to right at 20.7, keep to right at 21. Church on right at 21.4. Straight ahead and turn right at 24.4.

Mile 24.6 - New Hope - Post Office on left. Straight thru; bear left with poles at 24.8. Bear left at 25.4. Cross iron and wood bridge at 26.2. Keep straight

ahead at 27.2. Old school house on right at 28.4. Church on left at 29. Keep straight ahead with travel at 29.4. Cross culvert and bear left at 30.

Mile 32.1 - Cottonville - Store on left, straight thru; Fork; take left at 32.7. Church on left at 33. Cross two wood culverts at 34.4 Go over long winding hill at 36-2. Sharp turn to right at 37.6. School house on left at 38.7.

Mile 42.8 - Bear right down hill to Tennessee River Ferry;

cross here to Guntersville; ferry runs day and night. Necessary to call for ferry at night as it anchors during the night on the Guntersville side. Two large gasoline power ferries each handling five cars. Toll \$1.00. Go straight out from ferry. Fourcorners; turn right.

Mile 44 - Guntersville - four-corners; Courthouse on left; straight thru. Brick church on left at 44.1. Pass watering trough in middle of road, at 45.5. Go thru

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covered bridge at 46.4. Go up winding road to Sand Mountain.

Mile 48.3 - Top of Mountain. Irregular four-corners; bear left thru covered bridge at 51.7. Go thru bridge again at 52.4. Pass Cemetery on left.

Mile 54.4 - Albertville - Four-corners; straight thru. Cross RR station on right at 51.7. Forks keep right at 56 2. Cross iron bridge at 58.8. Cross RR at 60.

Mile 62 - Boaz - Straight thru; Post Office on right. Pass church on right; thru covered bridge. Forks; take left. Cross RR. Church and school house on right at 65.8.

Mile 68 - Descend long winding road with wide sweeping curves. At bottom of mountain cross iron bridge and bear left and then right over another mountain at 76.2. Four-corners; straight thru at 78.3. Turn left, RR on right at 78.4.

Mile 78.7 - Attalla - Bank on left; Four-corners; straight thru with trolley, crossing RR. Keep straight up hill at 78.9. Cross concrete bridge at 79.6. Cross RR at 80.

Mile 81.3 - Alabama City - Post Office on right; cross RR and follow trolley. Cross concrete bridge. Forks; take left at 82.2. Bear right; pass Southern RR shop on left at 82.6. Cross RR. Four corners; meeting trolley; turn left.

Mile 84 - Gadsden - Court House on left.



"If someone betrays you once, it's his fault. If someone betrays you twice, it's your fault."

Eleanor Roosevelt

Excerpts from the 1912 Grand Jury Report

To Honorable James H. Ballentine: Judge of Law and Equity Court:

We the Grand Jury, having completed our labors, beg leave to submit this, our final report. We have endeavored to follow your charge faithfully and to do our duty fearlessly.

We have had before us 588 witnesses and have returned 241 true bills out of a docket of 758 cases. We were confronted with witnesses, especially those summoned in the alleged election fraud and illegal selling of whiskey, who had been so intimidated or persuaded that they held to the lie in spite of positive information by reputable witnesses.

Indeed our information is that a large number of witnesses in these cases had been instructed to lie and stick to the lie and thereby escape citation. Many witnesses whom we were informed had positive evidence upon which we could indict were actually persuaded to join the "bird gang" and flee the county.

Our probe into the illegal selling of liquors or "bootlegging" was as deep and far reaching as we could possibly make it. It is surprising beyond belief to know that "bootlegging" exists in every part of the county in a more or less degree, but it is rampant, especially in the city and outlying districts. (Merrimack alone is excepted.)

We are informed that even the night hacks and omnibus lines are quickly in touch to supply the demand of the



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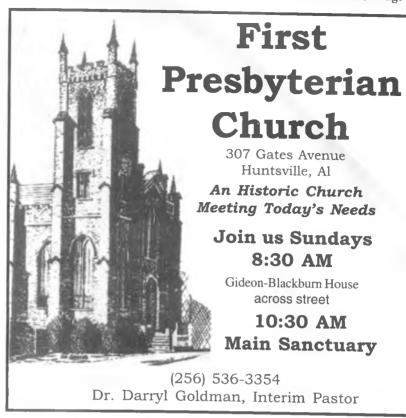


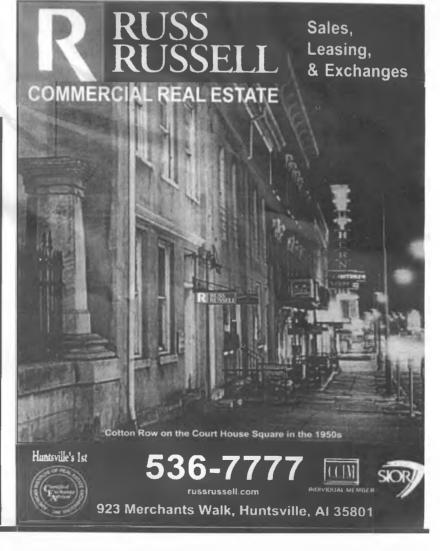
belated traveler or citizen.

We are informed that two restaurants, one located near the Southern Railway and the other near the N.C. & St. L. Railway, are nothing but dens of vice, openly and notoriously selling whiskey and beer at certain hours on week days and Sundays. We are informed that the so called restaurant near the Southern Railway was closed by an injunction out of the Law & Equity Court and divested of all its contents, but that it is now operating in full blast in spite of that injunction which we are informed had never been dissolved.

We can only ask: Is it a fact that the officers of the law are winking at crime? This Grand Jury asserts that a murder was lately committed near this restaurant located near the Southern Railway, one Joe Pyncheon, was foully murdered and his remains carried a safe distance and placed upon the Southern Railway track that a passing train might cover up the crime - Pyncheon had sold his cotton and had displayed fifty dollars in this so called restaurant and some time during the night was lured away and beaten







into insensibility.

He was heard to beg for his life, pleaded not to be killed and our Witnesses on whom we relied for indictment were so intimidated that they chose to lie out of the fact that they were practically eye witnesses to the cold blooded murder.

We are informed that this den at the Southern Railway sells from three to five barrels of whiskey a week, but we were powerless to indict the proprietor. We not only recommend as a Grand Jury but we ask the City Commissioners to forthwith revoke the licenses of these so called restaurants or soft drink stands and to put the ban upon these properties from ever being used for like purposes again.

Located as they are, near railroads, they are bound to degenerate into just such dives as they are now because of the class of people who loaf about and frequent such places, especially at night. We have frankly admitted our inability to indict the proprietors, we therefore put it up to the City Commissioners to destroy these notorious dives which we know they can and ought to do for the sake of decency, law and say nothing of their sworn duty.

We are informed that the Twickenham Club is also among the favored. That liquor is being handled and served contrary to law and gambling is allowed, but we are powerless to indict.

Other Grand Juries have recommended additions, changes and repairs of various kinds, we recommend nothing of the kind whatever but we are bold to declare that we condemn the whole Courthouse building as utterly unfit and unsafe for the preservation of nearly a century's collection of the most valuable records, which if destroyed could never be replaced

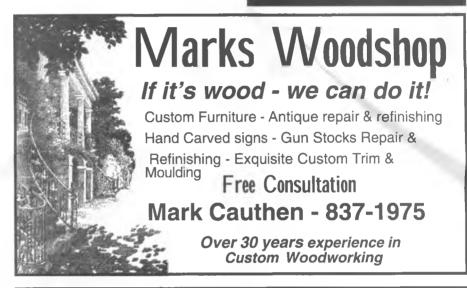
and would perhaps cause the loss of a life time of work of many deserving citizens. The vaults and safes are respectively, simply jokes and junk.

Such pretended protection is criminal. We have endeavored to be true to our oaths, therefore we can only hope that future Grand Juries will be as earnest as we have been to further check the open and flagrant violations of law.

WALTER F. SMITH Foreman of the Grand Jury

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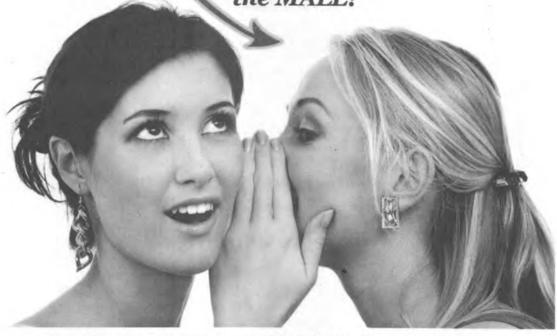
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