

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Lord's Work

Brother Dave and Aunt Essie were well known in Huntsville. He was a minister from up north who spent his retirement ministering to the needs of the community.

His wife always had a smile for everyone and spent her time visiting people who were ill.

Uncle Dave and Aunt Essie seemed to be the perfect couple. They prayed together, visited people together and ministered to the sick together.

They also robbed banks together.

Also in this issue: The Indian War

Lewter's Hardware Store



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The Lord's Work

Hermitage Avenue in the summer of 1957 was a quiet Huntsville neighborhood; the kind where children played in the front yards and older people sat on the front porches fanning themselves with cardboard fans purloined from the local funeral home. One resident boasted that it had been so long since he had locked his doors that he no longer remembered where his keys were.

The first indication that something might be different came when a stranger in a dark suit approached a man who was mowing his front lawn. Speaking in a low but authoritative voice, the stranger told the man to go inside the house and lock the doors. Then he walked across the street where two children were playing and knocked on the door. When a woman answered he told her to get her children inside the house and lock the doors.

After looking up and down the street for a long moment, and seeing no one else outside, he raised his arm above his head and waved it in a circular motion.

Suddenly the air was filled with sounds of screeching tires as two black unmarked cars raced

to a stop in front of a house in the middle of the block. Four or five men dressed in dark suits and carrying shotguns jumped from the cars. Two of them ran to the rear of the house while the others approached the front.

Minutes later the neighbors watched in shock as a middleaged couple was led from the house in handcuffs. The man was Dave Saunders, known to most of the people as Brother Dave, one of the most respected members of the community. The woman, Aunt Essie, was his

They were charged with three counts of bank robbery.

Dave Saunders was born in 1914 near Hazard, Kentucky. His family was typical of the area; poor, hardworking and imbued with strong religious convictions. His father worked at a coal mine until one of his legs was crushed in an accident. After that he scratched at a small piece of land trying to raise a garden. The only cash money came digging ginseng and picking berries.

The only relief from the grinding poverty were the church services. For many people in

"If you see a bomb technician running, follow him."



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EMail - oldhuntsville@knology.net **Internet Home Page** www.oldhuntsville.com

Advertising - 534-0502

Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney

Gen. Manager - Ron Eyestone

Copy Boy - Tom Carney

Features - Stefanie Troup

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Appalachia, the churches were their only social contacts, and more importantly, it was a place where everyone could be equal. The typical service was led by a self proclaimed preacher who, accompanied by a guitar or a banjo, would preach hell, fire and brimstone. After the sermon would come the testifying - a time when members of the congregation stood up and talked about how Jesus had came in to their lives.

Dave had started testifying at an early age and by the time he was a young man had become a very eloquent and interesting speaker. Oftentimes he was invited to lead the services when a minister was not available. Many people expected him to take the next step and form his own church.

Unfortunately for Dave the church was more tradition than conviction. He was merely doing what everyone expected. The church would always be a part of his life, just like the mountains surrounding his home, but for the rest of his life, he would struggle with his faith.

In 1935 Dave was returning home one day from chopping wood for a neighbor when he spotted a car parked on the side of the road. It belonged to Mr. Elliot, a paymaster for the local mines, who had walked into the nearby woods to relieve himself. As Dave approached he

noticed a canvas payroll bag lying on the front seat.

Pausing only for a split second, he grabbed the bag and took off. After he had run several miles, he stopped to catch his breath and opened the bag. It contained almost \$1,600. For Dave there was no moral dilemma. He hated his life and had dreamed for years about living some other place. Now, suddenly, it was almost as if the hand of providence had reached out to help him.

Without ever returning home he cut across the mountains until he reached the main road. By hitchhiking and walking he made his way to Detroit. During the trip Dave had plenty of time to think. He was not sure what the future would bring but he knew he would never be poor again.

Within a few weeks he had transformed himself from being dirt poor into an elegantly dressed and immaculately groomed gentleman. He had always been a gifted speaker which added to the cultivated image he had created.

Many people claim it is impossible to give up, and to for-

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Alex Levine







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get, everything you have known in your past and in Dave's case this was certainly true. Despite his new cultured image he had a longing to be with people he could identify with.

He began attending a small "hillbilly" church and within a short time had become a valued member. Many people began attending just to hear the testimonies he routinely gave. An odd thing about testimonies is the fact that many people strive to out-do one another in talking about the sins they committed. If one person talked about being a drunkard before he joined the church, the next person would talk about being a worse drunk and a womanizer.

Dave was no exception. Although always careful not to be too specific, he talked about being a robber and stealing money. He talked about walking away from his family and never going back. Dave was by far the most eloquent speaker the church had ever seen.

About this time a split occurred in the church and some of the members asked Dave to be their new minister. After much thought, he agreed. Some of the other members, however, were highly upset and were determined that he would not replace the current minister.

After doing a little investigating they learned that Dave was from Hazard, Kentucky. Remembering his testimonies about being a robber they contacted

officials there. Three weeks later Dave was arrested and, after confessing, extradited to Kentucky where he stood trial. He received ten years.

When Dave was released from prison he drifted to Chicago where he settled into a life of petty crime. He had learned that looks were everything and by posing as a well cultivated gentleman, had no problems passing bad checks or buying things on credit which he would then resell. He was arrested several more times but appears not to have spent any lengthy time in jail.

Despite his life style he was still drawn to the church, although now he was careful about his testimonies. His life seemed to develope a pattern. He would attend a church and after a period of time would be asked to become the minister. He was always highly successful in building the membership and his revivals were eagerly anticipated.

Eventually, however, authorities would always show up with a warrant for his arrest. And each time this happened, members of the church would post bond for him and he would simply disappear.

Dave was pastoring a church, and hiding from the law, in St. Louis when he met Essie

"My luck is so bad that if I bought a cemetery, people would stop dying."

Rodney Dangerfield

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Bumgarden. She was short, overweight, an avid church-goer and reminded everyone of their favorite aunt. She was also a thief. One person later described her as the type of person who would spend all day cooking food to deliver to some sick old lady and then steal the woman's check book before she left.

Dave and Essie quickly became kindred souls, drifting back and forth across the country floating bad checks and holding revivals. While Dave was always the front man, it was Essie who provided the brains. In 1955 they were passing through Springfield, Illinois when suddenly Essie told Dave to stop the car. She then walked across the street and into a bank. Two or three minutes later she ran out holding a bag and told Dave to take off. They had just robbed their first bank, but it would not be the last.

Essie had been formulating a plan for months. She and Dave were both tired of the traveling, living under different names and always being just one step ahead of the law. They often talked about moving somewhere where no one

knew them; a place where they could join a church and be respectable in the community. As odd as it may seem, they both considered themselves deeply religious.

Her plan, as she explained to Dave, was to stop all the bad checks and credit scams. There wasn't really much money to be made anyway. Instead, they should go after banks where they would only have to rob one or two a year to live comfortably. Then they could settle down somewhere.

Dave said later they were sitting in a truck stop in Austin, Texas when they decided on where they would settle down. Dave spread a map on the table and Essie, after closing her eyes, randomly touched the map. Her fingertip was on Huntsville, Alabama.

Dave and Essie were flush with money from the Springfield robbery and had no trouble living up to their new image. Dave was supposed to have been a retired minister who had inherited a substantial sum of money. They had moved here, they said, to get away from the cold winters

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in Michigan.

Within a few months it seemed as if they had lived in Huntsville forever. Essie was constantly baking cakes and cookies for the neighborhood children who began calling her Aunt Essie. Hardly a day passed without her visiting, and carrying food, to someone who was ill. Everyone agreed - she was the perfect minister's wife.

Soon after moving here, Dave began stopping by the Bon Air restaurant for coffee every morning. It was the ideal place to meet people and Brother Dave, as he was called now, quickly became popular with the customers who met there every morning. Grady Reeves invited him to be on his radio talk show. Probate Judge Ashford Todd asked him to counsel a young couple who were contemplating divorce. J. Otis King, a popular and charismatic local minister. asked Brother Dave to accompany him on visits to the jail and hospital.

Although Brother Dave professed to be nondenominational, "The Lord is my church" he would say, he was often invited to preach at local churches and to give the benediction at civic meetings. Just how well he was accepted was illustrated one morning when he stopped at the county jail to minister to the prisoners. Ed Norton, the chief deputy, was sitting at a desk going through some old bulletins when suddenly he stopped and handed one to Dave.

"Looks like I am going to have to arrest you," said Norton.

Startled, Dave looked at the bulletin. It had his name and picture on it and said he was wanted

"My grandkids believe I'm the oldest thing in the world. And after a couple of hours with them, I believe it, too."

Linda Drake, Huntsville

for bank fraud. Fortunately the picture was old and did not resemble him much. Not knowing what to say, he silently handed it back to Norton who by this time was laughing.

"That's one of the best jokes I have seen in months," said Norton. "Brother Dave a criminal!" He then started a story about how he had found a bulletin one time for another man named Ed Norton.

Unfortunately, cakes, cookies and ministering cost money and it was not long before Dave and Essie began planning another bank job. This time it was a bank in Charlotte, North Carolina where they made away with almost \$9,000.

Later, when asked how they justified robbing banks and working as a minister at the same time, Essie replied, "We prayed about



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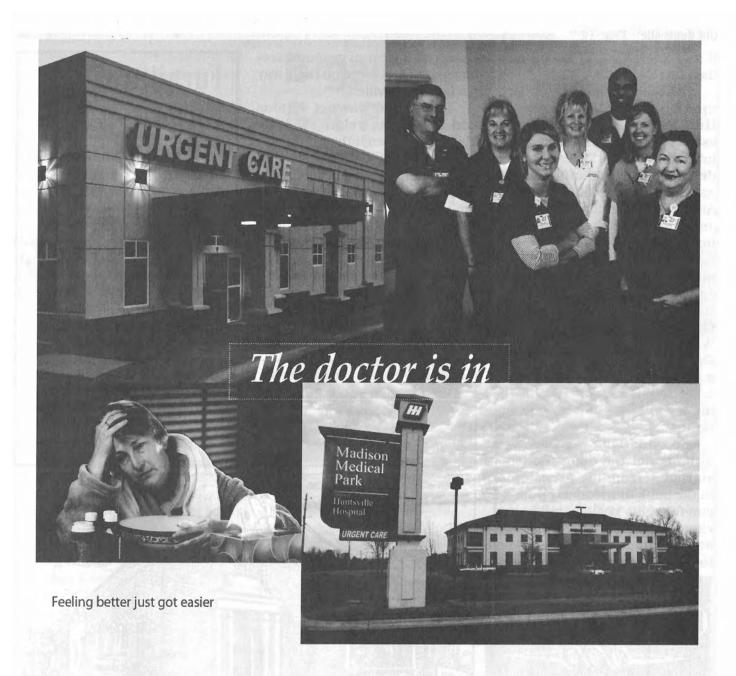


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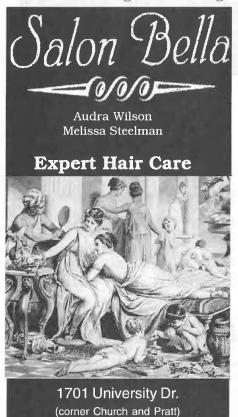
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it and knew we had to continue the Lord's work."

Brother Dave had by this time become so well known in Huntsville that he was even asked to preside at marriages and funerals. When a local civic club decided to have a fund raiser he was asked to head the committee. Aunt Essie joined a sewing club and did volunteer work at the hospital.

In the summer of 1957, Dave and Essie decided it was once again time to raise money for the "Lord's work." The bank they chose was in Cincinnati, Ohio. While Essie waited in the car, Dave entered the bank and slid a note across the counter to the teller telling her to "put all the money in a bag and no one will be hurt."

Seconds later, as Dave was walking out the door, the teller started screaming. A customer in the bank immediately pulled a gun from his pocket and started chasing Dave. Just as Dave was about to jump in the car the customer fired, hitting him in the leg.



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Essie put the car in gear and seconds later they were on their way back to Huntsville.

The wound was not serious and there was relatively little bleeding although the bullet was still lodged in his leg. Late that night, after arriving home, Essie drove Dave to the hospital where the bullet was removed and the wound bandaged. Witnesses later said that "Brother Dave seemed to be embarrassed. He said he was cleaning an old gun and it went off. He kept saying he could not believe how stupid he was."

Dave and Essie had always been careful with their robberies

"If you try to fail, and succeed, which have you actually done?"

Paul Jeremy, Athens





but this time they made a fatal error. They had not changed their car tags and the customer who shot Dave recognized the tag as being from Alabama.

Authorities began the task of contacting every hospital in the state asking for information on anyone who had been treated for a gunshot wound to the leg. Within days they had a name -Dave Saunders - who also had numerous outstanding warrants against him for bank fraud, bad checks and burglary.

Brother Dave and Aunt Essie both pled guilty to three counts of bank robbery and were sentenced to thirty years in the federal prison. The fact they never carried a gun during the robberies was a big factor for the relatively light sentences.

Dave was released for good behavior after serving twenty five years. He currently lives in a nursing home in Chicago, Illinois and is a part time pastor of a small church. In his spare time he is writing his memoirs, called appropriately "The Lord's Work."

Aunt Essie served her entire sentence and disappeared after being released.

"Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered."

Seen in local Church bulletin

Bigamist Set Free

The case against Wm. Fuller, charged with bigamy, was ended yesterday by the discharge of the prisoner. When Fuller was brought into court for trial the prosecuting witnesses failed to appear and could not be found, there was nothing left for the court to do but to discharge the prisoner. Mrs. Fuller, number two, had been in the court room before the case was called, but could not be found when she was wanted.

from 1893 newspaper



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Heard on the Streets in 1884

The gifted authoress Miss Margaret O'Brien has been chosen sponsor for Camp Hardee, United Confederate Veterans, and will write a poem for the occasion which will be printed on satin and sold for the benefit of disabled Confederate Veterans.

- For sale four hundred thousand well-burnt brick at \$2 per thousand. Will sell at \$2.50 in lots of fifty thousand. Samples can be seen at the Democrat office.
- A Negro claiming to be 112 vears old was seen in the vicinity of the courthouse recently. He declares that he fought in the War of 1812.
- Found a pocket book containing a sum of money. Owner can get it by sending written description to "Pocket book" care of this office.
- Died at Paint Rock bluff, at the home of her father, James West, was Miss Mary West in the 22nd year of her age. She had suffered only a week from typhoid fever. The burial took place at the Hinds family graveyard on Sunday.
- At the Miller Bridge, 3 miles south of Guntersville, a large

crowd had assembled last Sunday to witness a big baptizing. Two belligerent young men in the outskirts of the crowd took the occasion to fight out an old quarrel. It seems that one of them had a pistol and fired a bullet into the other. who in turn got hold of the pistol and returned the compliment.

- Boyd Patterson got a flesh wound in the hip and Frank Machem was shot in the side, a glancing wound. Both were able to be brought to town the next day to arrange for trial. Capt. Tom Patterson made both their bonds and they went home, sadder and wiser boys.
- The six-year old daughter of Mr. W. E. Pettus of Huntsville was the victim of a sad accident last week. The little girl was brushing the floor with a little broom and knocked down a gun, which was discharged, the load entering the ankle of the child and shattering the bones of the ankle, making amputation necessary just below the knee.

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Man on the Street Broadcast

by Malcolm Miller

In the late forties and early fifties when radio was the main source of entertainment, there were many programs of interest both locally and nationally and local disc jockeys and announcers became celebrities. One of the most popular was Glen Slayton.

He was one of the first to do remote broadcasts away from the station where he worked. I recall when my brother Paul arrived at the old airport on Airport Road, after spending three years in a Chinese POW Camp, Glen Slayton was there along with, it seems, most of the citizens of Hunts-ville. Glen interviewed Paul as soon as he stepped off the plane. Later on Glen and Paul became fishing buddies.

This was also the era of local hillbilly bands doing radio shows and performing at local schools and gatherings. You notice I said hillbilly bands because that was what we were known as before they started calling it country music. Going to these shows at area schools was where I really got to know Glen Slayton. It would really help draw a crowd to have him MC the show.

I suppose the one thing that made Glen the most popular was a remote broadcast on Washington Street in front of the Lyric theatre. It was called the "Man on the Street Broadcast." Glen would interview passers-by and the ones that were lucky

enough to talk to him on the air were rewarded with movie tickets and cartons of double colas. Needless to say there were plenty of people willing to be interviewed on a radio station.

Glen finally left Huntsville, I believe for a better job in Birmingham and I didn't see or hear from him for many years.

Then one day he walked in the barber shop where I was working, Jerry's and Bills, and we had a happy reunion, however I soon found out that something had happened to Glen, I believe perhaps it was a stroke, and he never was quite the same.

A few years later Glen passed away ending just one more page of the history of Huntsville, A page that only lives in the memories of those of us who will never forget the "Man on the Street Broadcast."







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Hunting on Monte Sano

by Austin Miller

One Saturday morning in February 1967, Daddy, Uncle Robert and I went squirrel hunting on Monte Sano Mountain. When we started out about daylight it was clear and cold. A bluish tinted full moon that had moved west across the sky through the night was still visible. There was no wind and a heavy frost covered the ground and rooftops. The countryside was so white that it looked like a light snow had fallen.

Daddy had an old single barrel 12 gauge shot gun that I got with my cotton money when I was in the eighth grade, Uncle Robert had my grandfather's single barrel 12 gauge and I had a brand new 12 gauge Remington 870 pump.

When we started out it was cold, but as we started our climb up the mountain we warmed up in a hurry. Daddy was fifty-six years old, weighed about 250 lbs. and was six feet two inches tall. He was solid muscle and there was not an ounce of fat on him. Uncle Robert was almost two years older, weighed about 150 lbs. and was also six feet two. But he was stooped shouldered and appeared a lot shorter than Daddy.

That day, there was no evidence that they were in their late fifties. He and Daddy both went

up the mountain like it was a flat field. I think Daddy could have run all the way to the top. I didn't have any trouble with the climb either, but I was thirty years younger.

They both knew the mountain like the backs of their hands. In their growing up years, it was their playground. As boys this is where they hunted and cut firewood with my grandfather. Sometimes they hunted raccoons at night and had to find their way through the trees, sink holes, caves and rocks with lanterns. They searched the slopes for ginseng, bee trees, haws, muscadines and chestnuts. Rattlesnakes were plentiful on the mountain and there is no way to know how many they had found and killed. That day, they talked a lot about their past experiences.

One place we went to was a spring that they drank from as boys. They said it still looked liked like it did the first time they found it.

Just under the summit, we walked around what they called the bench road. It was a clear trail

around the mountain. I am not sure why it was there. Maybe it was a natural phenomenon or maybe it was an old logging trail. By the time we got to the bench road the sun was high in the sky. It had warmed up considerably and it was hard to believe it was so cold when we first started out.

Most of the vast variety of trees on the mountain had grown tall and slender. I didn't know the names of many of the trees but Daddy and uncle Robert did. They pointed out hickories, oaks, maples, locust, beech, ash, sweet gum, black gum and some I can't remember. Through the thick long limbs you could see a deep blue clear sky that seemed to be only a short distance from the treetops.

As we walked on, we came across Bill Gossett and his son Michael. I didn't remember any of the conversation but I am sure that Daddy asked him about his father, Clyde Gossett. Mr. Gossett and Daddy had been close friends since they were little

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boys and one of their favorite things to do together was hunt and explore the mountain.

Scattered on the ground all over the slopes were fallen tree trunks. The bark was gone and the big logs were weathered almost white. This made them stick out and you could see them clearly in all directions. Some were several feet in circumference and 30 or 40 feet long. Daddy and Uncle Robert said they were dead Chestnut trees. When they were boys the trees were alive and the mountains with covered with them. This was evident by the number lying on the ground. The trees produced a nut that could be eaten raw or roasted.

Either way they were delicious and very nutritious. Also, the wood was hard and slow to decay. It made good lumber, was excellent for firewood and thrived throughout the Appalachian chain. Around 1900, blight started in the trees in New England. It spread to the south in the 1930's and by 1940 all the Great American Chestnut's in the

United States were gone. For years, scientist have tried to regrow the trees. Sadly, they have not yet been successful. The loss of these great trees may be the biggest botanical loss in the history of our country.

We did not see the first squirrel or even a nest. We were gone several hours and did not fire the first shot. It was a failed hunting trip. But it is a day that still lives in my memory. It was a pleasure to spend time with Daddy and Uncle Robert. I enjoyed their excitement about the mountain; hearing them reminisce and seeing them find places they had known in their youth. Also, I had been back from Vietnam less than two months and it felt good to be home alive. That day, all was well in my world.



"By the time a man is old enough to watch his step, he's too old to go anywhere."

Billy Crystal

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Tips from

· Stale tobacco smoke is the worst lingering smell - to get rid of it just put a few teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a large bowl of water and set it in the room. The room will smell fresh in the morning.

 To make rice beautifully white and keep the grains separated when boiled, add a teaspoon of lemon juice to every quart of water in which it has cooked. You will not notice the lemon flavor in the rice.

· If you've run out of ideas on decorating children's birthday cakes, try this. Take a few animal crackers and dip them in frosting, either several different colors or all the same color. Stick them around the edge of the cake.

* Tired of that dry, itchy winter skin? Use your old leftover suntan oil in the shower and smell good at the same time! Just soap down as usual, rinse, then pour some of the oil on a washrag and spread.

* Remember to throw those wood ashes into the garden or around trees and shrubs to keep

the soil sweet.

* When trying to stretch whipping cream by adding the white of an egg do not whip together. Beat the cream and egg separately and combine when ready to serve. The cream will be of a much better consistency.

* When you finally find something that you have been looking all over the house for, put it back in the first spot you thought it might be in. That's probably where it really belongs.

* A very effective makeup remover is Crisco. Jı st massage it onto your skin and wipe off with tissue.

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Dear Daughter

Thanks to Nell Porter for allowing us to print this letter.

September 20, 1891 Mrs. Sally Sandlin Daughter,

I seat myself this beautiful Sabbath to answer your letter that you rote sometime ago. I was glad to hear from you and to know that you was well and doing well. Sally I have nothing to write to you that would interest you no more than we are all well, hoping that this would find you and Len both well.

What to say? I recon that you think that I mite rote you soone. I could have wrot a letter a long time ago, I just kept thinking I would write. That is the only reason that I have for not writing sooner. Well, Sally if you will excuse me for not writing no sooner, I will try to write you a letter once a month.

Dear Daughter, if I could see you with your rosy cheeks, loving smiles, & a kind heart with them lilly white hands clasp my one, that would been briter to me than the britest star that ever shone.

Sally I recon you would like to no something about how times is hear. They are very hard times here money for horses & cattle & hogs cheap, corne & wheat is a veary fair prise. Every thing else is.

Sally I recon you would like to no what sort of a crop we have got. We made 60 bush-

els of wheat, a few oats, I have got about 2 acers of cotton. We have got a fine corn crop. We ant tending mutch of our land in corn. The land that we rented will make 10 barrels per acer. I have got a fine sweet potato patch made rite smart of arch potatoes. No cabbis no garden no chickens hardley heap of ducks.

Sally we had squirrel and chicken for breakfast this morning, two big possomes for dinner. I dont no what for supper yet. Sally the children talkes a heap about sister Sally. There is another little boy here he come here the 20th of March 6, months old today. His name is John T. Buckhannon after the

governor of the state, don't you think that will dough. I must close for this time. Sally you & Len write to me just as soon as you get this.

I remain your affectionate father over till death.

Henry Rutledge

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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

I know many of you remem-Sheriff retired Patterson, who served several years ago. Well, he was on the ball this month because Joe was the first caller to correctly identify the Photo of the Month in January. The adorable boy was Louie Tippett, owner of United Cleaning Service and the Historic Lowry House. Joe said now that he's retired he and wife Jane just do what they want to do, and of course he has a long list of daily chores to do. Congratulations!

We were really sorry to hear that **Joe Sloan**, **Sr.** had died recently. Joe was a Southern gentleman who loved his family and friends. He was a member of the Golden K Kiwanis and a Navy officer. He leaves son **Joe Jr.**, daughter **Belinda**, in addition to grand/great grandchildren. He gave back to others all his life. He will be missed.

It was fun spending time with that excellent bartender **Britt Crossly** recently. Britt works at Chop House on Washington downtown, and in his spare time he works for Hunt Corp Properties. His wife **Stephanie** is a full time student, and his beautiful young daughter, **Brynn**, is just 20 months old. Just ask him - he'll



show you a picture of Brynn!

Sam Keith is sure proud of his daughter Leeanna. She lives in New York with her husband Brian Plane and son Marshall and is a published author. But the most exciting news is she just had another baby - a beautiful girl whom they named Anne-Louise Renee Plane. Another set of grandparents who can't wait to see the baby are Buck Watson and wife Janet - this is the first grand daughter for the gang and do you think they'll spoil her? Nah.

We were so sorry to hear of the death of **John H. Martin**, of Huntsville. He was just 82 and a Navy vet, as well as a long-time Golden K Kiwanian. We send our sympathy to wife **Doris** and their family and friends.

Louis Clark, of Athens, Al. is sure a lucky man - his daughter Kim Green thinks the world of him! Her brother, Tim Clark, had a birthday Feb. 4 and her motherin-law, Madeliene Green, had a Feb. 1 birthday.

Dr. Virgil M. Howie was a name that thousands of people will remember. He was a Huntsville pediatrician who graduated from Vanderbilt. He was one of the first doctors here to accept black and welfare children into his practice, who couldn't pay. Because he believed all children deserved love and medical care, he started running independent research afterhours from his office regarding children's diseases. Dr. Howie died at 81, leaving wife Evelyn and sons Mitch, David, and John; daughters Carol, Helen, Sarah and Tricia. We know the family is so very proud of him.

Many were saddened to learn of the death of **Boots Ellett**, at only 74. He owned and operated the legendary **Boots Restaurant** on Parkway near Governors drive for 34 years, starting in 1960. He had the best steak and hamburgers in town. Boots was a kind, funny man who worked really hard. We send our deepest sympathy to wife **Joyce**, son **Boots**, **Jr.**, daughter **Lynne** and the many friends and family he leaves.

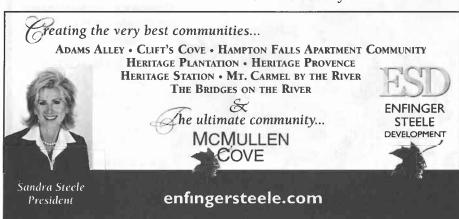
Photo of The Month

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 Huntsville boy is an avid hunter & fisherman who was really into the music scene starting in the 60's.





We met a really interesting guy lately. **Brad Cardwell** works for Merrill Lynch, and moved here in 2004. He and wife **Allison** (a dental hygienist for **Dr. Douglas Hammond**) are very proud of son **Jack**, 4, who just started playing basketball at the YMCA. He attends Hampton Cove Christian Academy, and the family enjoys attending Willowbrook Baptist Church each week.

I am so proud of my cousin. His name is **Rheinhard Mey**, he is a very well-known and loved singer/songwriter who performs and lives in Germany. His aunt is **Annelie Owens**, of Huntsville. He had a birthday recently and celebrated with family and friends. His concerts throughout the years are consistently sold out. Happy Birthday, Molla!

Our neighbor and friend **Dick Maroon** was interviewed in the
Times recently for his work in
providing handmade wooden
toys for children for Christmas.
Since reading about him, many
people have sent donations, supplies and wood to use on this
year's toys.

Dick is a kind, gentle man who just wants to see smiles on the faces of these children who are sick and in Huntsville Hospital, or at DHR. We are so proud of him - he goes to his workshop every day of the year to make these toys, at his own expense, and last year made over 300 toys to hand out. He's been doing this now for 24 years. We know wife **Karen** is proud of him too!

We were so sorry to hear that **Tim Jose** had died, at age 80. Tim was a WWII vet, retired executive from Chrysler Corp., and a member of many civic organizations. We send condolences to wife **Rita**, and his 3 sons **Mitch**, **Kevin** and **Kurt**, all of Huntsville, as well as daughters **Christine**, **Lisa**, **Brenda** and **Tammy**.

A rollicking party was held again this year at **Sam Keith's** garage, in 5 Points. Some of the

guests were Buck & Janet Watson, John & Rebekka McKinley, Jim Sieja, Jimmy Tolen, Jim Caneer, Wyatt and Marilyn Poe, and Tom and Ann Schulman of Athens. Food was great, and the ambiance perfect!

We ate breakfast recently at Edith's Taste of Home and while there met Lynn & Philip Moore. with daughter Haley who just turned 17 and attends Grissom High School. Talk about a busy couple. Philip is a member of Rocket City Brass, 5 members who play classic, rock and blues all over town and elsewhere. He plays the tuba and teaches private music lessons for 25 years now. Philip also is one of the major organizers of "Tuba Christmas" along with 43 tuba players, which thousands of people enjoy each year.

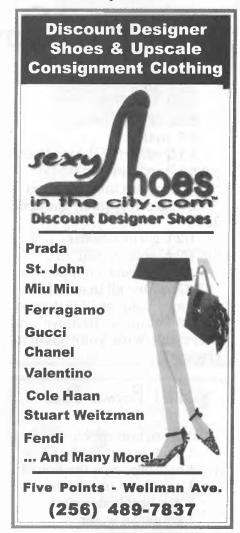
Lynn's brother **Robbie Robinson** just had a birthday Feb.
1. Lynn's parents are **Coach Robinson** and wife **Odessa** who live in Atlanta. Their great nephew **Steve Penley** is an artist who has his artwork on exhibition in many cities. A great family.

I loved catching up with **Meckel Richardson** recently at Carrabba's for lunch. Meckel works there and also at Ruth's Chris Steakhouse. He is a sweetheart and one busy man!

Gladys Waggett, 86, died peacefully in her sleep recently.

She was dearly loved and cared for by son **Joe Waggett**, **Jr**.. We send our deepest sympathy to Joe, his wife **Liz** and the other family and friends.

That's it for now - have a great Valentine's Day!





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Savory Winter Fare

Appetizer Pie

8 oz. cream cheese

2 T. milk

2 1/2 oz. dried chipped beef, cut into small pieces

2 T. instant minced onion

2 T. green pepper, chopped fine

1/2 t. garlic powder

1/2 c. sour cream

1/2 c. pecans, chopped fine

Combine all in a casserole dish and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Remove and serve hot with your favorite crackers.

Hot Brown Rice

3 green onions, chopped

1 stick butter, melted

1 c. brown rice, uncooked

1 small can mushrooms

1 can beef consomme

1 soup can water

1/2 t. each oregano, thyme and garlic powder

Salt and pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Spray a 2-quart baking dish with cooking spray. Add all ingredients and bake for an hour. Stir after 30 minutes, cover for the balance of the baking time.

Spicy Pinto Beans

2 c. dried pintos

4 c. water

1 onion, coarsely chopped

8 oz. salt pork, diced

2 t. Tabasco sauce

Salt and pepper to taste

Wash beans, pick over them to get the pebbles out. Soak overnight in water. Drain beans and put them in a large pot with the water and salt pork. Bring to boil, lower heat and simmer uncovered til tender - about 3-4 hours. Serve with a big ole wedge of cornbread.

Potato Soup

3 slices bacon, cooked crisp

1 sweet onion, chopped

1 carrot, chopped fine

3 c. potatoes, sliced thin

1 t. garlic powder

1/4 t. cayenne pepper

Salt and pepper to taste

1 c. water

1 c. Cheddar cheese, shredded

3 c. milk

1/2 c. cream

After you have cooked the bacon, crumble it and set it aside, saute the onion and carrots in the drippings.

Add water and potatoes to a saucepan and simmer til the potatoes are tender. Add all spices and milk, heat to boiling point. Add cream.

When serving, sprinkle with the crumbled bacon & cheese. This is just the best on a cold night.

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Hot Macaroni & Cheese

1 c. uncooked macaroni

3 eggs, slightly beaten

3 c. milk

1 1/2 lbs. Cheddar cheese

Cook macaroni in salted water for 8 minutes, no more. Drain. Mix eggs and milk, pour the macaroni into the egg mixture. Spray a 9 x 13" baking dish with cooking spray and layer into the dish, in this order: macaroni, cheese, macaroni, cheese. Sprinkle top with black pepper. Bake at 400 degrees for about 35 minutes.

Lizzie's Fried Chicken

1/2 c. plain flour

2 t. seasoned salt

2 t. pepper

1 t. paprika

1 t. garlic powder

1/2 t. cayenne pepper

3 lbs. chicken breasts, with bone and skin

In a large bag, combine flour, salt, pepper, paprika, cayenne and garlic powder. Clean chicken breasts thoroughly and pat dry. Add them one at a time to the bag and thoroughly coat with dry ingredients.

In a deep, heavy skillet, pour enough oil to measure 1/2" up the sides. Heat til thermometer

reaches 350 degrees. Add chicken pieces carefully in a single layer, cook for 10 minutes, turning once or twice so chicken browns evenly. Remove pieces to a rack and cover loosely with foil.

Grandma's Bread Pudding

1 loaf dried bread, in pieces

1 t. vanilla extract

3/4 c. sugar

2 eggs

1 c. warm milk

Mix all in a large bowl, pour into a baking pan. Bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot - this is great on these cold winter nights and is known to make you sleep like a baby.

Best Coconut Pie

1/2 c. self-rising flour 1 1/2 c. sugar

4 eggs, beaten

1 t. vanilla extract

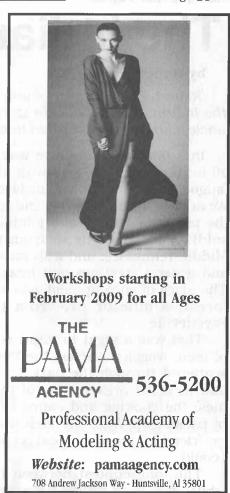
1/2 stick butter, melted

7 oz. flake coconut

2 c. milk

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







The Indian War

by Robert Paine

Robert Paine was a young boy in 1814 when the Indian wars began. He starts his story with his uncle who had been drafted into the army.

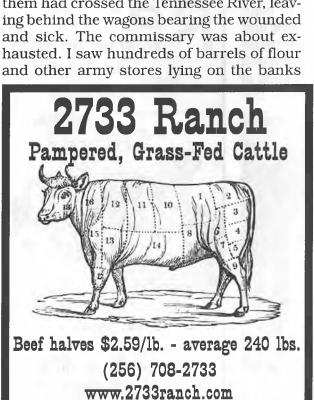
In a few days my uncle was equipped, and was off for the war. I was sent with him to save him from fatigue, and to bring back his favorite beautiful horse. We arrived at the place of rendezvous, Fayetteville, at the prescribed time, and joining a large number of soldiers just coming in from various sections of Middle Tennessee, and with music, floating banners, and general greetings and huzzas, went into camp. The place of encampment was a magnificent natural forest, a mile or two from the little village of Fayetteville.

That was a night to impress a boy. The number of men, wagons, horses, the hundreds of campfires scattered through the dark forest, songs, laughter, and then the organization of the respective companies, the cooking and eating of breakfast, followed by packing up. When my uncle was too sick to proceed, my friend left me to wait and get my uncle home as best I could.

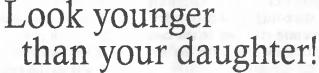
The long contest between the Indians and the whites had been settled for a time by Jackson's Tennesseans in favor of the latter race. The vic-

torious soldiers left the Indian territory.

The long line of vehicles accompanying them had crossed the Tennessee River, leav-









of the Tennessee River, unfit for food, while the soldiers were suffering for subsistence. Indeed, the unsound condition of some of the food issued to the army had been a prime cause of disease and death. And when the wagons containing the better part of the stores passed, with the main body of soldiers, out of the Indian Nation, the sick and worn-down whose homes were in the southwestern part of Tennessee found themselves huddled together on the bank of the river, almost entirely destitute of food and tents, unable to endure the long and circuitous trip by land, and without the means of going down the river.

Among others thus unfortunately detained, was the command to which my uncle belonged. To add to my trouble, he relapsed, and his death seemed inevitable. I succeeded, however, in getting him into an old Indian home, and nursed him with a tender and loving care. He repaid it by his gentleness and hopefulness.

No preparation seemed to have been made for this contingency. How or when this crowd would be removed, or be cared for while staying there, no one could tell. They lined the riverbank and roamed the swamp for game. That was a

restless and strange crowd; soldiers, Indians, and Negroes were huddled together.

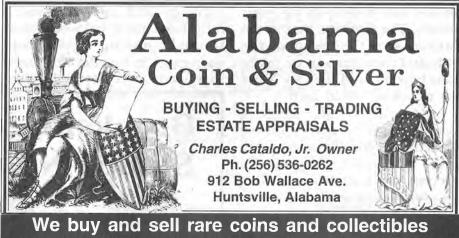
As for me, when I could be spared from the hard bunk of my sick uncle, I was trying to get medicine or food for the sufferer. I tried to kill birds and squirrels, and hired Indian boys to assist me in it, and was surprised that with bow and arrow they could beat my gun. Game soon disappeared from the camping place, and we could not get enough food for the sick. Time passed away slowly and sadly.

At last an old, very large hulk of a flatboat, which had brought down corn and meat for the army the year previously, was found not far from the camp, and it was determined to repair it and use it as an ark of safety.

"Ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy."

Steven Wright







At once the wildest enthusiasm seized the whole crowd. By early dawn next morning a rushing throng was moving to the "ark." They swung my uncle in a blanket and bore him along; my horse and gig and myself were put into the boat. At one end of the long craft they improvised a bed and protected it from rain and sun, and allotted that as the place for their Major and his nephew. Then with a thundering shout of 'Farewell to war,' responded to by the wild whoop of their Indian allies on the shore, they cut loose and slowly drifted away on the bosom of the beautiful Tennessee.

War was over, and we were going home. It was our wish to stop at a place called Ditto's Landing, where the river passes within ten miles of Huntsville, and where the volunteers from North Alabama and Middle Tennessee would debark for their homes. The fear was that in the darkness of the night on the wide and rapid stream we might pass beyond, and then we knew not where we could land.

"Here it is." The sleepers awoke instantly, and soon we drifted so near the shore that some leaped on it in time to prevent the boat from passing

"Love is when you tell a boy you like his shirt, then he wears it every day to school."

Nikki Jones, age 8



by.

The ark had served its purpose. Its freight was discharged at the right place and thence diverging to various points, and the barge was left to its fate.

I was deeply affected to witness the separation. I, who had witnessed their meeting in Fayetteville the year before, where I had gone to bring back my uncle's horse, and had been so delighted with the pomp and circumstance of war as to beg to be a 'soldier boy,' had now witnessed the contrast in this illstarred company of suffering, sick, and wounded remnants of various regiments who were leaving behind them hundreds and thousands who will sleep until the trumpet of God shall awake them. Nor did they, in their haste, forget my dear uncle. They lifted him out, and waited until he was snugly seated in the carriage, and as they respectfully bade their beloved Major farewell, hoping they should soon meet in Fayetteville, where they were to be formally mus-



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tered out of service and receive their backpay.

The route to Huntsville was through a fertile, level, and finely cultivated country, most strikingly in contrast with the wild unbroken forests, the bayous, and treacherous marshes of the Indian territories through which we had lately passed. The Bell Tavern was the terminus of that day's travel.

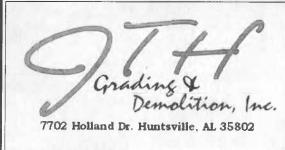
A nice, well kept hotel, with attentive servants, clean beds, and good food well-prepared, and free from the intrusion of gamblers and drunkards, is a benediction to a weary traveler, especially if he be sick and suffering. Such seemed that place to us. But even here my uncle found himself too ill to proceed, and we were detained. However, we had skillful physicians and drugstores, and he again rallied for a last effort to reach home.

At nightfall, on the second day's journey from Huntsville, we reached home, and my precious charge was delivered over to my father and mother. Words cannot express their gratification, but when with tenderest hands they bore his emaciated body into the house and found it needful to put him to bed at once, my mother's heart was deeply troubled. She could scarcely recognize him as indeed her brother; but the best medical skill, combined with constant attention and a reso-

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Fried Squash
Sauteed Shrimp
Fried Green Tomatoes
Fried Okra
Bourbon Glazed Salmon
Loaded Potato Skins
Fried Pickles

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lute purpose to be present, if possible, at Fayetteville, to make his final report as an officer and receive his discharge, so sustained him that he began to convalesce.

Unfortunately at this critical period a quack doctor persuaded him that he had a remedy which would promptly relieve him and enable him to go to the disbandment. Weak and exhausted in body and mind, he too readily believed what he ardently hoped for, and, became the victim of the confidence-quack.

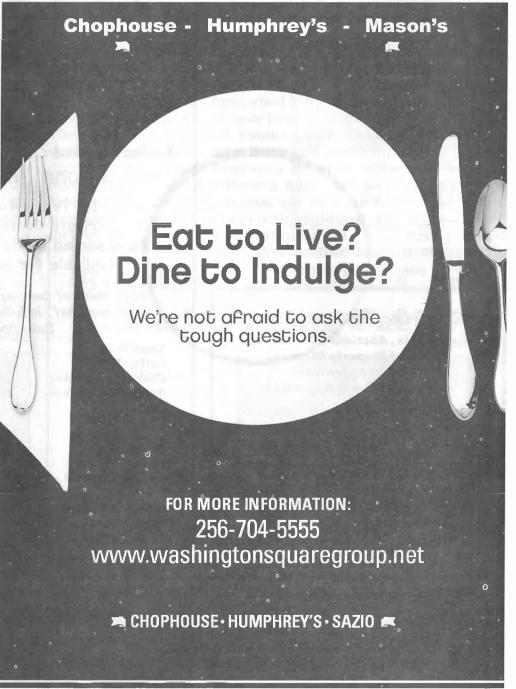
A quick relapse and breaking down of his vital forces followed, and amidst the bitter tears and heart-rending grief of the family, he calmly and resignedly closed his life.

We buried him near a Baptist church, which stood on an eminence that overlooks the pretty valley of Cross Water. It was the burying ground of the neighborhood.

In after years I went in search of his grave, but was surprised and mortified to find no trace of church or cemetery. The dead were forgotten, and their memorials had perished.

The very men who had turned pale at the rumor of an Indian raid, and had fled with their wives and children to less dangerneighborhoods, heartlessly drove the plow over the sacred spot where rests the dust of the brave volunteers who promptly stepped between the fugitives and the uplifted tomahawk, and paid the penalty of their patriotism with their precious lives.





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- * When you feel fatigued, just press your knees hard together for a minute, this increases your blood flow.
- * If you are prone to gallstones, drink olive oil! Drink it warm, every 8 hours, while lying on the floor. It helps to open the bile ducts.
- * For a cough, roast a big ole lemon. When it splits open, take a teaspoon of the lemon juice with a half teaspoon raw honey every half hour til there's no more juice in the lemon.
- * For a headache, try Li Shou. This is the Chinese activity of wildly flailing your arms around vigorously to make more blood flow to your arms and less to your head.
- * To keep your feet warm during this cold weather, sprinkle a little cayenne pepper in your socks before putting them on.
- * To kick the cigarette habit, eat a little piece of raw ginger when you feel like smoking. It's strong and burns, and works.
- * Another smoking tip each day, wait an hour longer before having that first smoke just keep putting it off til you don't want one any more.

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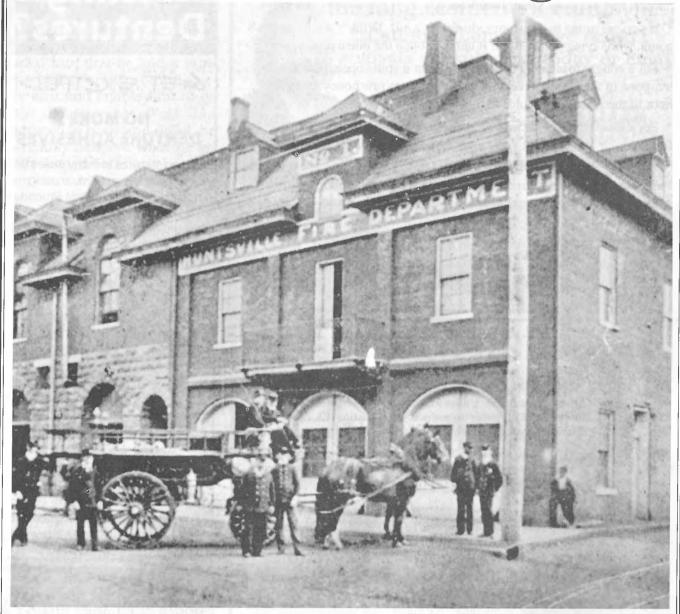
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Huntsville, Alabama 6 Aug. 1864 Dear Brother-in-law

May these bare lines meet with you in good health. I am so far right hale and hearty. I want to let you know in short how it looks here and what happens. We have so far been fortunate, having still lost no man through the enemy, although the bushwhackers are fairly thick in the vicinity.

Our regiment HQs is near the city on a hill where there is a fortress with 8 cannons which can be used over the city and all around the whole region. The city is very beautiful but has gained much damage through the war already. We have no danger, only if we should be attacked at night, and if that happens the whole city will explode into the air and burn up, what the citizens know well enough and therefore are always afraid it should happen.

One sees few whites almost not as many as blacks which are

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Old Huntsville - 716 East Clinton, Huntsville, Al. 35801 very friendly giving up the hat to the soldiers. We perpetually have 50 to 80 blacks that must hew timber for new fortresses, or do other work. These were slaves in the country about here and must work whether they want or not, there is always a guard by them. I have good hours since I am the

company's bugier, I need to do no watch, and no rifle to carry. Only to practice an hour each morning. However, the boys have it fairly hard, every other day on picket, and each day a unit goes out to scout after bushwhackers.

The old man who lives in the flat, his son who is in our company, you know him also, he is a handsome big boy, will probably die, since he has an extreme fever. Yesterday he was admitted into the hospital, and last night he jumped from the

window 3 stories high since he is sometimes out of his head. I visited him this morning, he said he had not hurt himself, that can't be.

I remain your dear brother-inlaw and brother.

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My Little Baby Buzzard

by Susie Parton Bryant

This story comes from my memory of childhood, and my child-like understanding of where my baby brother really came from.

Imagine for a moment the physical attributes of the common vulture, or as we know it in the south, the buzzard. The buzzard is a very large carnivore. The buzzard is covered with thick, sleek, long, black feathers. This allows them to float high above the trees where they can scope out the foul, rotting carcasses of some poor helpless soul of an animal. How does this illustration of the common buzzard compare to the soft tenderness of a baby?

The country around New Market was a quiet and simple place to grow up. The grass always seemed greener, the sky bluer, the sun warmer, and the birds seemed to sing louder. The bird that sticks out the most in my mind is not that of a song bird, but rather the makings of my baby brother.

One day when I was a little girl, I asked my father, "Where did my baby brother come from?" My father gathered me into his lap and the story began. "I found

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him at the buzzard tree," he said.

I knew exactly where he was talking about. This tree could be seen in a distant field adjacent to our house. This tree stood out from all the rest. It seemed to be as tall as a skyscraper. It was old and gray, it never had any leaves, even in the spring and summer. The base of the tree was thick and as it got taller it began to become very narrow and it had only 2 prominent branches that protruded from the very top, they were almost like nubs from where the longer branch had broken off. It had no life at all, except for the family of buzzards that were perched at the top.

As the story continued, the sun began to set on this particular pleasant fall day, my father and mother were taking a walk down the gravel path that went right past the buzzard tree, when my father heard a faint cry. He began to investigate and right there on the ground lay a little baby buzzard. The little buzzard was so tiny and frail. The fall must have been very traumatizing for the little baby. He lay there on the ground gasping for breath and with every little breath he made only a small crying sound.

My father picked him up and gently wrapped him in his coat. He carried him home and put him in a little box that was lined with soft warm flannel. Then he placed a small lamp above the box for added warmth.

The little baby buzzard was so happy in his new home. He soon began to eat more and began to grow strong. One day as my father was giving the little buzzard a bath he noticed that his skin was very smooth underneath his



feathers. My father began to gently pull out the little feathers and discovered that little baby buzzard had soft baby skin. Little baby buzzard would hop everywhere he went, never did he even try to used his wings, so my father clipped off the little wings and little baby arms grew in their place. My father thought that if he grew arms in the place of wings, then maybe he would grow feet in place of little bird feet and to everyone's surprise he did. The baby buzzard began to look just like a little boy. Well, he still looked kinda funny because my father could not actually clip his head off, but he did trim his tiny beak and little lips grew in their place. My little baby buzzard still looked funny because he still had beady bird eyes. They were as black as coal.

While playing with my little buzzard everyday in the bright sunshine his hair began to change colors, it was now a golden brown. Now it was time to learn to talk. I would talk to my little baby buzzard brother, my father said not to call him a buzzard anymore because it might hurt his feeling, so now he is my little baby brother. As I talked to him and read him stories he began to learn words and sentences. Before long he started talking as much as me. Now he could go to school. We took him everywhere and no-body ever knew his special story.

My brother and I are now grown and the story from our childhood brings many hours of laughter and joy to our lives. My little baby buzzard, oops, I mean my little baby brother was very happy that our father walked down that path that day. So that's how I got a little baby brother!

We still like to drive by and see where the buzzard tree used to stand. Of course as change goes, it is no longer there but in my mind the huge, gray tree still stands there as tall as a skyscraper. The memories will last forever.

My father was Herman Frank Parton, he was born on April 19, 1940. He lived in the New Market area until 1978 when he moved to Denver, Colorado. He passed away on September 16, 1980.



Lynching in Huntsville

The lynching of the white man, Mike White, and two negroes, Ben Evans and Eph Hall, at Huntsville, Alabama, Wednesday for the murder of Schoenberger, the butcher, was witnessed by 3,000 people. White protested his innocence to the last. White's life was insured for ten thousand dollars. The insurance company is not expected to pay.

From 1878 newspaper





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Huntsville in 1887

from 1887 Huntsville newspaper

As showing that the spirit of progress and new life are abroad in Huntsville, it will not be amiss to note the changes and buildings in the course of construction.

Work on the street railway is going forward and will be pushed to an early completion. Fully a half mile of track has been laid, and this week will likely see a mile completed. As stated elsewhere, this street railway will be extended to the new mammoth hotel on Monte Sano.

The work of remodeling, repairing and furnishing anew the Huntsville Hotel begins in a few days - just as soon as the architect completes the designs, at which he is now engaged.

While the city is well and

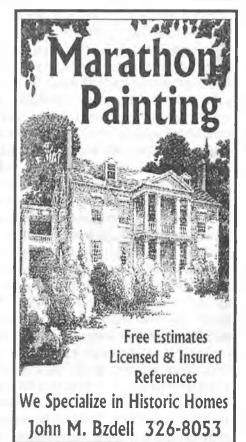
amply lighted with gas, a company has just been organized with large capital and have applied to the city for right of way for the erection of posts in the city for Electric lights. A new bank is also being discussed, and its establishment is among the early probabilities. This enterprise is but an evidence of faith gentlemen of capital and fine business judgement have placed in Huntsville's future which grows brighter each day.

Important improvements will also be made at once to the already handsome hotel of Mr. Henry McGee, adding new designs to its artistic appearance.

A number of new store and residence buildings are in process of erection, and contracts let for others to be completed this year.

On the vacant lot between the Huntsville Hotel and Opera House, Col. Jas. F.

O'Shaughnessey will erect a block of three large, three-story business houses, and will







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Mr. J. R. Stegall has just completed one of the largest, handsomest and most splendidly arranged Livery Stables in the South.

The growth of Huntsville is solid, based on a sure and certain growth that will be permanent, and is not the flashy outgrowth of a "boom" on paper and speculation. Its future is not only assured but no city of the South has brighter prospects and more encouraging evidences of realizing its every promise and hope than Huntsville. To see it and know it is all that is necessary to be convinced that what we have stated is true.

Land that sold thirty days since within two miles of our city for thirty and forty dollars per acre, today readily commands sixty dollars per acre, and in sixty days more will be sold for one hundred dollars per acre.

This is not unnatural, for real es-

tate eligibly located within three and a half miles of as beautiful a city as Huntsville is, with a population of at least six thousand inhabitants, intrinsically and really worth two hundred and fifty dollars per acre. We have our streets as well macadamized and as well lighted with gas as any city of its size North or South.

Huntsville now has a cotton factory of ten thousand spindles, and the varns made are equal to any in quality of any factory in the Union. This company has recently just doubled its capacity, which is the result of an increased demand for

their goods. This factory has never been able to meet the demand, and will continue to increase its capacity until able to do so.

It is only a question of a short time when there will be factories here for making domestics and calicoes of all grades.

The Huntsville cotton seed oil mill, of which Major M. J. O'Shaughnessey is President, is one of the largest and most superior, in all of its details, in the country with the most improved and latest machinery of all kinds.

The saw and planing mill of Mayhew & Myers, though of recent birth, has proved very successful and meets to a great extent, the large and increasing public demand for this character of goods. Logs are brought here by rail and sawed up and dressed, and made into doors, window sash, weather boarding and shingles.



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The Legend of John Gunter

Most accounts claim John Gunter was born in Scotland and emigrated to America at an early age. During the Revolutionary War he sided with the British and afterwards was forced to flee because of his Lovalist sentiments.

Instead of heading north to Canada, as most Loyalists did, Gunter traveled south into what was known at the time as the "Great Indian Nations." Much evidence suggests that he was a salt trader, possibly buying the salt in Knoxville and traveling the length of the Tennessee River trading with the Indians. Around 1785 Gunter's travels brought him into North Alabama, to a small Indian village named Creek Path, the site of presentday Guntersville.

The chief of the small settlement was Bushyhead, a Cherokee of the Paint Clan. Bushyhead and his group of followers had backed the British in the Revolutionary War and they too had been forced to flee southward at the end of the hostilities. The Cherokee depended on trade with the whites for essentials such as salt and gunpowder, so John Gunter was probably tolerated, if not exactly welcomed when he first appeared at their village. Legend has it that Gunter was already fluent in the Cherokee language.

Chief Bushyhead, who at first probably considered Gunter a necessary evil, soon warmed to the quiet and unassuming young man. The chief would spend days patiently relating Indian lore and teaching Gunter the

ways of the Cherokees.

If the chief seemed to place great emphasis on land, he had good cause. As the white settlers moved into North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee, the Cherokees had been pushed farther south until now they resided at the very southern fringes of what had once been vast tribal lands.

Finally the day came when John Gunter was no longer considered a visitor. For all practical pur-





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poses he had become a Cherokee. He wore his hair long like the Indians, spoke their language and had adapted to their customs. The Indians had begun to trust the young man and literally considered him to be one of their own.

The chief, while realizing his tribe was dependent on the whites for trade, nevertheless wanted to keep contact to a minimum. The perfect solution seemed to be to make Gunter their agent in dealing with the whites. After much consultation with the council, the chief signed a treaty with Gunter which said, "As long as the grass grows green and the waters flow, the Indians can have salt."

To seal the treaty, Bushyhead gave his 15 year-old daughter (though some sources say she was 13), Ghe-go-he-li, to the 35 year old Gunter as a wife. Later, Gunter anglicized his wife's name to Catharine, or Katy.

The next twenty years were an idyllic time for the Gunters. They built a large two-story house near Big Spring Creek where they raised seven chil-

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dren. A nearby warehouse contained the hides and ginseng he received in trade with the Indians. The only contact with whites were periodic trips to Tennessee to trade, or an occasional flatboat that might drift down the Tennessee River.

Within a few years Creek Path, or Gunter's Landing as it was known to the whites, became an important trading post. Indians from throughout North Alabama would travel to the settlement to trade for salt or gunpowder, while the whites occasionally traveling through the Indian Nation would find it a convenient place to stop and obtain supplies.

Gunter became recognized as a leader in the tribe, often being called upon to settle disputes with neighboring tribes. When Chief Bushyhead died, Gunter became the leader of the Creek Path settlement.

However content he may have been, Gunter probably realized it was a false illusion that could not continue forever. He had traveled throughout the "white" world and knew it was simply a matter of time before the whites began moving into the valley.

His prophecy proved true in the early 1800s when he received word of a white man, John Ditto, settling at Ditto's landing. A few years later he heard of a settlement at Hunt's Spring, followed soon by whites taking up land at nearby Muscle Shoals.

When some of the young warriors wanted to take up arms against the settlers, Gunter preached caution, saying there were too many of them and any conflict would end in disaster for the Cherokees. Instead, he urged a peaceful coexistence. "The federal government," he said, "has promised that we can keep our lands."

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In preparation for the inevitable, Gunter had raised his children in both worlds. They were fluent in both the English and Cherokee languages and easily fit into either society. As one contemporary said, "They looked white but did their thinking in Indian."

Gunter and his family prospered. Like many other Cherokee families, they were slave holders and had vast amounts of acreage under cultivation. By 1810, Gunter was known as one of the wealthiest men in the Tennessee Valley. Much of his success was in being able to be both Indian and white without taking sides.

Regardless of Gunter's reluctance to take sides, he was forced to do so in 1813 when the Creeks waged war on the whites who had settled on their lands. General Andrew Jackson and Davy Crockett had camped nearby and while waiting for their supplies to catch up, raised a regiment of Cherokees to help fight the Creeks.

Though the Creeks were traditional enemies of the Cherokees, there was still a reluctance to fight on the side of the white man. Gunter, realizing that Jackson could be a powerful ally for the Cherokees, urged his tribesmen to join the campaign. Over 200 Cherokees finally enlisted with Gunter's son, Edward, serving as Major.

If Gunter thought that having an ally such as Andrew Jackson would solve the Cherokees' problems, he was mistaken. Under increasing pressure from white settlers the Cherokees, in 1819, were forced to cede their lands north of the Tennessee River. Edward and John Jr., two of Gunter's sons, were instrumental in the treaty, which caused an uproar throughout the Indian Nation.

The Cherokee Nation at this time consisted of two factions. One faction, led in part by the Gunters, believed that peaceful coexistence was the Cherokees' only hope, while the other side was adamant against giving up any land.

The Indians' concept of land ownership was something the whites could not understand. Where a white man could purchase and sell land at will, the Cherokees believed the land belonged to the tribe and could not be sold. While an Indian might farm or live on some land, it never actually belonged to him, but to his people. Unfortunately, if an Indian sold the land to a white man, the white man's law recognized the sale as legal.

Even so, a few individual Indians, having become accustomed to white ways, had begun to sell the land they lived on. The Gunters, led by their father, did not agree with the treaty, but realized that the Nation

could not contest the sales successfully in a federal court, so they urged the Indians to accept it.

Reluctantly, the tribe agreed to do so.

The Indian Nation had always been a sore point with most of the

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white settlers who resented having a "foreign nation" with its own laws in their midst. In an effort to break up the tribal lands, the federal government offered the Indians "reserves" of land. By leaving the reservation, an Indian could take ownership of a piece of land to which he had free title. This proved attractive to many Indians who wanted to live like the whites.

At the same time the federal government began pressuring the Indians to migrate west to the new Indian territory (present-day Oklahoma).

Land sales by Indians to whites had reached a point in 1825 where the Cherokee Council was forced to enact special legislation forbidding Indians from selling land.

Regardless of the law, some Indians continued to sell land. In 1828, as a last resort, the Cherokee Council met and passed the "Blood Law," which stated that any Indian who sold land to the whites could be put to death. Edward and John Gunter, Jr., were again delegates to the convention.

Numerous Indians, though no one knows how many, were executed under this law. This served to infuriate many Indians who thought the whites should be the ones put to death.

Time and time again Gunter preached restraint to the young warriors who wanted to make

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war against the whites for taking their land. Still fighting for peaceful coexistence, Gunter sent his youngest son John to the new Indian territory to observe firsthand the conditions there. Hopefully, he thought it would be a place where the Indians could live in peace.

John's report to his father was devastating. The Indian territory consisted of barren lands over which intertribal warfare had broken out, and the whites were subjecting the Indians to more laws which had the effect of making them second-class citizens.

At about the same time, Gunter's daughter Martha met and married Hugh Henry. According to custom, Martha received land from the tribe to farm and live on. A short while later her husband sold the land, which was his right under white law.

This was the crushing blow to John Gunter. He was too much of a white man to take vengeance on his daughter's husband, but too much of an Indian to ignore it. He banned his daughter from ever stepping foot in his house as long as she was still married to Henry. The fact that Henry was not killed by the Cherokees was probably due to the respect they had for Gunter.

John Gunter was an old man by now. He had preached peace-

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ful coexistence with the whites and had raised his sons to be leading figures in the Cherokee Nation only to see the white man break all of his promises. Where once he had hoped the Indians could migrate to another land and once again be a powerful tribe, Gunter realized now it was undoubtedly all a pretense on the government's part.

Sensing his days were numbered, John Gunter had his will drawn up — a move highly unusual for an Indian. By using the white man's law, Gunter hoped to insure his family's future. The will stated that the land left by Gunter could not be sold or used by anyone except his family, and though he left much property to his daughter Martha, it was stipulated that she would not receive it as long as she was married to Hugh Henry. To make sure his will would be enforced he named four of the leading Cherokee chiefs as his executors.

Ever since he had arrived at Creek Path (today Guntersville) almost half a century earlier, Gunter and his wife had often walked to a nearby hill where they would sit for hours watching the lazy river wind itself through the valley. They had watched the history of the South travel down the river—first there were Indian canoes, then crude log rafts, followed by keelboats and steamboats. They had watched the peaceful little village next to the river grow from nothing into a bustling community of almost 800 Indians, with two stores and a ferry.

"Money can't buy happiness. But it does bring you a more pleasant form of misery."

Spike Milligan

But where once boats called at Gunter's Landing with supplies of salt and trading goods, the cargo they carried now was much more tragic. It was the time of the Indian Removal, and Gunter's Landing had become a major shipping point for the Indians being sent west.

Legends still abound about Gunter, old and crippled with age, walking among the imprisoned Indians, offering solace when he had nothing else left to give.

It is said that Gunter once again let his hair grow long and began dressing in the Indian fashion.

Shortly before his death on August 28, 1835, John Gunter suffered a stroke. As he lay on his deathbed, legend has it that a group of young Indians visited Blinds, Shutters, Drapery,
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him, asking for advice.

"I'm too old to give advice," he said. When pressed about what he would do if he was younger, a fiery look came into the old man's eyes as he remembered his youth and all that he had seen.

"I'd be a warrior," he finally replied. Three months after his death the treaty of New Echota was signed, forcing all the remaining Indians at Guntersville into exile in Oklahoma.

REWARD

Ran away from the subscriber in Madison County. Ala. about the first of May, a Negro fellow, named Austin, of common height, very stout, and about thirty years old; has short narrow white teeth, those in front considerably separated, and has a scar on his forehead as a result of a dog bite. \$100.00 reward shall be paid to the person delivering this man back to me. - Stith B. Spragins

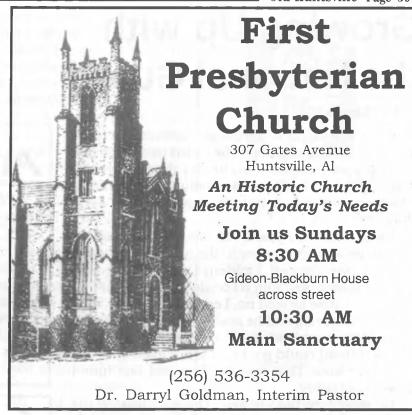
from 1837 newspaper

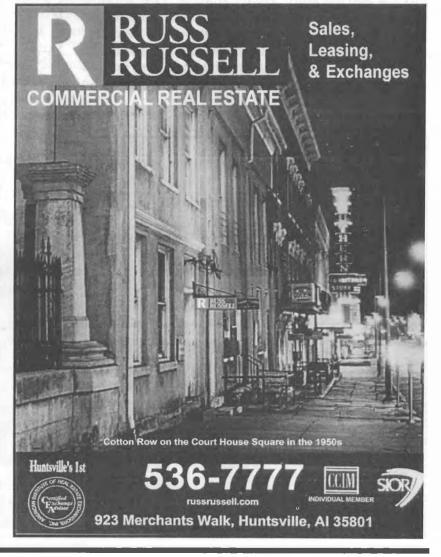
Hospital Opens

Sept. 11, 1897, Weekly Mercury

The ladies of the United Charities have done a grand work for our city in establishing the City Infirmary on the corner of Randolph and Green streets. In some localities it is believed that only charity patients are received and cared for, while in another portion of the city people think that only paying patients are admitted. The management wants it understood that all, both rich and poor, are admitted and everyone receives all the attention and care that an experienced nurse can give.

There are now five patients at the hospital, only two of them are charity, all doing splendidly. The building has been renovated from top to bottom and put in as good sanitary condition as it was possible to do. Miss Tweed, the lady in charge, is a lady of considerable experience, culture and refinement and understands her business.





Growing Up with the National Guard

by Tillman Hill

When World War II started the Alabama National Guard was the first group to be called into the Army.

Everybody was excited the day they left. Every street had somebody that was going off with them. I don't remember the date, but I guess it was early 1942.

I was about 10 years old, and all the boys in the Village were going over to the Armory on Dallas Avenue to see them off. I told my Daddy I was going. I should have asked him if I could go instead of telling him because he said no, I could not go.

I started crying and he made me go back into the house. After everybody left, he came into the house and said that I could go. I told him I was not going over there now. That was the first and last time I sassed my Daddy.

He went into the kitchen. The sink was by the window and as Daddy always shaved by the window for the sunlight, he kept his leather razor strap hanging next to the sink. He got that razor strap, and boy, you ain't never been beat until you've had a good beating with a razor strap! After the whipping he told me to go over to the Armory and see the boys off. So with red eyes and a burning butt I was there waving bye to the boys going to war.



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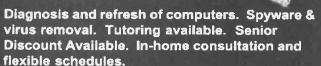




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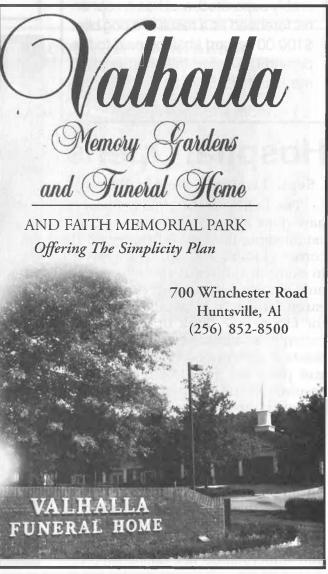
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Soon after the National Guard left they started the Alabama State Guard. Everybody wanted to do something for the war effort. The State Guard was made up mostly of men either too old or too young to join the Army. There were a lot of World War I veterans and boys too young to join the army





so they enlisted in the State Guard until they were old enough to go into service.

One man who joined the State Guard and later went into the Army was one of the two men from Madison County to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. His name was Bushy Bolden and he was a professional boxer. He was my hero even before he went into the Army.

A lot of businessmen joined the Guard. My Daddy was one of the first men to join and I went everywhere he went. Before long I became the official "mascot" for the Company. My Daddy carried me out to A&M College, where there was a tailor shop, and had an Army uniform made for me. I attended all the meetings and helped out in the supply room. Mostly I did whatever I was told to do.

When Chauncey Sparks was elected Governor, the company was sent to Montgomery to march in the inaugural parade. Of course, being the mascot, I got to tag along. We went down in an Army truck and stayed at the warehouses behind Kilby Prison. They had prisoners to help around the place and I will never forget one prisoner who had a pet crow who sat on his shoulder all the time.

I also got to go to Dauphin Is-

land for a two-week training camp with the company.

The evening before we left was spent loading the trucks and getting ready to leave. After spending the night at the Armory we were awakened early the next morning and driven downtown to a place on Washington Street where we ate breakfast. We were on our way about daylight and best I can remember, we got to Mobile about 1:00 AM and then continued on to Cedar Point.

The island at that time had a small fishing village on one end and a county training camp, complete with barracks, on the other end which was where we stayed. Also on the island was Fort Gaines, an old Spanish fort which used to guard Mobile Bay. The fort was in ruins at the time, with old rusty cannons and cannon balls lying about. Having an old fort to run around in gave me a strong sense of being Tom Sawyer. The place was all mine!

The fort was later turned into a state park and is a big tourist attraction today.

Being on the island for two weeks was an experience that a kid like me could only dream about. The men trained all day while I stayed in the barracks and straightened up. The men did most of the work but I shined

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shoes and washed clothes after they left. The men paid me for doing chores and after two weeks I had saved some money.

By this time I was about 12 years old and I had other fish to fry. I was working other jobs but I continued to work at the Armory. About 1946 they started to rent the Armory out for dances every week, and Frank McKinley hired me to clean up afterwards.

I had a key to the place and I would get there very early to clean so I could go to school or work, depending on what time of the year it was.

In the wintertime the first thing I did was to go upstairs to Frank's office and build a fire. At this time they were selling beer at the dances and beer bottles were everywhere, and of course there was a little bit left in many of the bottles.

One morning, after I had built the fire, I started back downstairs and noticed Mac, a buddy of mine, sorting through the bottles looking for something to drink.

Mac often hung around the Armory, telling me stories and helping with the chores. He was much older than I, and was also my idol. Though I supposed I knew he was an alcoholic, the meaning never really sunk in until that morning.

After watching Mac drink

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(256) 859-7477 Or toll-free (Alabama only) 866-709-4908 leftover beer for a few minutes, I went back upstairs and stayed for along time. It hurt very much. He was still "my friend," no matter what.

When I finally came back down he had passed out.

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News From the Year 1901

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Oklahoma Territory Open

Aug 9. Oklahoma Territory has grown by 2,080,000 acres overnight, and a lucky 6,500 homesteaders have staked their claims. Federal agents acquired the fertile land south of the Cimarron River from the Commanche, Kiowa and Apache for \$2 million. Ranchers and railway barons lobbied for the purchase, seeking grazing grounds and increased traffic, respectively. Miners know the area offers coal reserves, and farmers believe the soil is good for corn, wheat and cotton.

Previous expansion in Oklahoma had been a chaotic affair; in the 1889 land rush the mad scramble resulted in at least one death. This time, authorities submitted nearly 170,000 would-be claimants to an orderly lottery. The winners are required to remain on their allotments for five years before obtaining titles.

The land would have been available to the public sooner if the Indians living on the eastern half of the territory had not known their rights and exercised them so well. The tribes there have written constitutions and well-established systems of self-government.

They demanded, in addition to the cash payment, a 160-acre allotment for each member of their tribes.

Daring Train Robbery in Arizona Territory

In a scene from the old west, three bandits on horses stopped and robbed a train near Flagstaff, Arizona. The tracks had previously been blocked with a large fire. They took their time robbing the passengers, even taking time to stop and chat.

Oldsmobile Horseless Buggies To Be Built In Quantity

Ransom E. Olds predicts he will produce and sell over 400 of his curved-dash Oldsmobiles before the year is out. The \$650 vehicle, which resembles a horseless buggy, is affordable by many middle-class families. Still, Olds cannot assume the public will prefer his experimental internal-combustion engine to a steam-driven one.

"His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of morbid curiousity."

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Stock Market Takes a Dive

May 9. In the largest single-day break on Wall Street since 1803, mayhem ruled today as previously rational men punched and kicked each other in the scramble to unload their plunging stocks.

Quotations started falling at about 1 p.m. By closing, some prices had crashed a full 20 points. The situation was so critical that bankers conferred late into the night to find a means to prevent total financial catastrophe. Although this plunge has been predicted by some, it caught many by surprise. All eyes had been on the phenomenal rise in Northern

Pacific stock, which gained 70 points in three days. It remained unscathed, with a net gain of 16.5 at the end of an otherwise disastrous day.

Auto Club Gets Speeding Ticket

May 11. Members of the Automobile Club of America were arrested today in Morristown, New Jersey, for breaking the speed limit. The drivers violated the posted eight-mile-an-hour ordinance during a cross-state race. Witnesses said the auto enthusiasts had reached speeds up to 30 miles per hour. When the gentlemen stopped for lunch at a local hostelry, the Morristown justice of the peace presented them with a lump fine of \$10.

Jacksonville Fire Leaves 10,000 Homeless

May 3. A defective wire at a factory in Jacksonville, Florida, is thought to have sparked the worst fire in the city's history. The fire caused about \$15 million damage and left 10,000 to 15,000 people homeless.

An area two miles long by a half mile wide was razed and about 130 blocks were scorched, many in the heart of the business and residential sections of town. An estimated 1,300 houses were destroyed, along with hotels, theaters, shops and churches. Casualties could not be immediately determined. Fed by strong winds, the blaze spread so quickly that firefighters were unable to get it under control. After about ten hours, it finally burned itself out.

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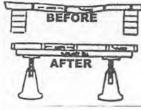
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In the latter part of 1865, an unidentified woman wrote her cousin describing the total devastation the Civil War had brought to the Tennessee Valley. It is believed she lived near Mooresville at the time the letter was written.

November 15, 1865 "Dear Cousin Sallie:

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

"I wrote you in '61, indeed it seems a long time since we have heard from you; true I wrote your Father a line or two a year ago, and committed it to the care of the most reasonable man I found in all the Yankee army. I received his reply in January. It had been inspected and came to me by flag of truce from across the river. I do not remember anything I wrote your Father, but the circumstances under which it was written can never be forgotten. Heaven grant I may never pass another such day.

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

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

As darkness came on, the work of burning commenced. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, the lurid flames of

"Always borrow money from a pessimist. He won't expect to get it back."

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

The night was cold, but I never once left my post. With my sister and others I stood from dark until daylight, and watched their onward progress. I calculated the distance they traveled in a given time; how long it took to fire such a number of buildings, and ascertained almost to the very minute when the torch would be set to our own house.

As the flames rolled on I could hear, or fancy that I heard, above the oaths, the yells, the eternal gab of the Yankee army, the screams of the frightened neighbors as the fire swallowed up the labors of a life time. Thus the night rolled on. The torch was several times brought to fire our house, but each time it was extinguished.

Consequently an order had been given to burn nothing on this place. I knew nothing of it. I looked abroad upon the smoldering ruins, the smoke almost suffocated me. I knew it was not long until daylight - but had no reason to hope that we would have a change of clothing, a mouthful of bread or a roof to shelter us. If it was sin, may Heaven forgive me if I prayed that I might never see the destruction, the deep distress,

the morning would reveal to me.

That, too, has all passed and lives only in memory; but no one, I hope, will ever expect me to love Yankees. They tell us the war has ended, and some cry lustily, "Peace, peace. "I have peered into the deep gloom that surrounds us and can scarce see a glimmer of that welcome visitant. The shadow of a great sorrow has

"The secret to staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly, and lie about your age."

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darkened our land. He, who a short time since, was the pride of our Confederacy, the pure statesman, the Christian gentleman, the accomplished scholar, our beloved President Jefferson Davis, now ekes out a miserable existence in a Yankee Bastille. In proportion as his sufferings increase, our sympathy for him and hatred of his oppressors increase also.

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

aim was to subjugate the South.

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

The letter bore no signature.

A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class because it was a weapon of math disruption.



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A Wife's Letter

Mrs. Mariah Cotton, of Madison County, was typical of the women who kept their homes going while their husbands were away at war. She, with her seven children (all under twelve), was left to run the farm with the help of a hired slave.

August the 21, 1862 - my dear husband,

I now seat my self to rite you a few to let you hear from me and the children, the children is all well at time and as for my self I am not at all sick but I trouble all most to death about you. It all most breaks my hart to think that you are gone so farr off from me and the children but I can only hope that the time is coming when you will get home to us all again.

I hope thes few lines may find you well everything is doing very well. You stock is all doing very well so far I hant much of importen to rite to you for I cant hear of eny thing but war all the time. They say tha are fixing for a big battle at richmond again I want you to rite to me weth you git this leter.

Your wife, M



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Oil Discovered in County

Taken from the Weekly Democrat, 1880

Huntsville has a new sensation in the discovery of coal oil on the farm of W. T. Crawford, who resides on a part of the old Mack Jones plantation, 34 miles in a northwestern course from Huntsville. We learn that Mr. Crawford commenced digging a well near his ginhouse last October and after reaching a depth of about 40 feet stopped digging on getting to a seam of limestone rock. Subsequently, he began to blast the rock, and reaching a depth of 12 or 15 feet, encountered a strong smell of coal oil.

Having had some experience in supplying pumps for the oil wells in Pennsylvania, his attention was arrested, as he believed, by the discovery of an abundant source of oil. A piece of the excavated rock retained a strong oil smell some time after it was brought to the surface of the ground, and the surface of the water in the well is covered with oil.

These indications of a coal oil bonanza have so impressed Mr. Crawford and some of his friends that they set about getting up a company to establish a coal oil factory.

The Company, under the name (we believe) of T.B.

Crawford & Co., believing that like indications of coal oil exist in this section, propose to procure from owners of land leases of large tracts - say 10,000 acres - with a view of sinking wells for oil, and we have seen one or their printed blank leases. We trust that the enterprise will

prove successful, and that there may be "millions in it."

"My mechanic told me, 'I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder."

Steven Wright



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Legends From The Grave

by John Crow

If you look at any tourist information on Huntsville, Alabama there almost always is reference to the beautiful Maple Hill Cemetery. The literature will usually make reference to the beauty of the dogwood trees in full spring bloom, or perhaps the fact that five former Alabama governors are buried there, or maybe tell of the section where the Confederate soldiers are laid to rest. What it won't tell you are the many legends associated with the cemetery.

Now my archaic but trustworthy Webster's Dictionary defines, for our purpose anyway, a legend as being a story of some wonderful event, handed down for generations among a people and popularly believed to have a historical basis, although not verifiable: distinguished from a myth. What follows is a humble effort on my part to relate to you a few of the legends surrounding Maple Hill Cemetery, and then go one step beyond and provide the historical basis for the legend.

When the night is strangely still, and the quiet is not even broken by a cricket's chirp or a night breeze rustling, a lonely sound comes from a lonely mausoleum. It is the whispered creak, creak, of a rocking chair rocking. It is the young ghost of Mary Chambers Bibb, tragically poisoned in the full bloom of her youth, and buried upright in her rocking chair by her grief-stricken husband, where she rocks the years away ... rocking. ... back and forth ... rocking.

In the early 1830s two pretty cousins were always at the cen-

ter of the many prominent social gatherings in Huntsville. It seemed that where ever the girls were you would also find the dashing Bibb brothers, the sons of Alabama's second governor, who would come to the parties by carriage from their family estate at Belle Mina. It wasn't too long before gossip had it that the two couples were smitten and a double wedding seemed to be in the offing. This was confirmed when it was learned that the girls were having wedding gowns specially designed and made in Paris, France.

Whenever the stage coach would arrive there would be the girls, eager to check the baggage for any package addressed to them. But alas, there would be no gowns, for Paris had run out of the proper fabric. Finally, in early 1835, a parcel did arrive, but it contained only one gown. It was decided that Mary Chambers would proceed with her wedding plans to William Bibb



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and the wedding was then scheduled for February 26, 1835.

Oh, gentle reader I hesitate to put to paper what follows next, for in steps a grim and sinister Fate. It seems, as is common with young people, that the excitement and anticipation of the coming event created a "pimply" situation on the young girls' complexions. Their faithful and dutiful "Mammy" had a remedy for such situations. She took from a cabinet a bottle of "salts" and Mary Chambers volunteered to take the first spoonful. After taking that tragic first swallow, Mary grasped her young throat and in gasping breath rasped out, "I've been poisoned!"

The poor Mammy had grown farsighted in her old age and had taken from the cabinet a bottle of oxalic acid instead of "salts."

The shocked, heartbroken William Bibb made the honorable and loving decision to proceed with the wedding plans. Exactly three months after the wedding, Mary Chambers passed away. The sorrowful, heartbroken William Bibb erected for the remains of his beloved wife the city's first mausoleum.

This new structure in the cemetery was a rather startling sight for the citizens of Huntsville. They had never seen a "grave above the ground" before. For the bewildered townsmen there could only be one explanation. Poor melancholy William had entombed his wife in her rocking chair.

Nevertheless, true or not, I have been told by reliable personages, that on a quiet night, if you listen carefully, and if you are walking by old Maple Hill Cemetery, you can hear the creak, creak of a rocking chair rocking ... back and forth ... just rocking.

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A Letter

The following letter was apparently written in 1898 by James Dooley. A special thanks to Margaret Foster for allowing us to print it.

Dear brother,

I hope these words find you doing well. We finally got our uniforms and we left on the 18 last for Huntsville, Alabama where we are now. We are camped behind a big house and the men say used to belong to a governor.

So far there ain't much to do in camp cause we don't have no guns yet. We are supposed to get them next week. All we do now is march, sleep and do nothing. Jim H. is here with me and he got in a spite of trouble for fighting with some Indiana boys. He got extra guard duty but it don't bother him none.

There is a lot of meanness here with the soldiers fighting and drinking all the time. One of the saloons tried not to sell the men drink so the boys tore the place up good. John G. got cut up bad but nothing to bad.

There is a good many negro soldiers here but they are camped some place else. They are a sight to see when they go strutting around town but the people here can't say nothing. No one wants to fight with them for they are fierce fighters and

"The process of turning steam back into water again is called conversation."

Read on 7th grade science test

all carry knifes.

The men say we are not going to be here long and then we will go to Cuba. They can have it as far as I know. If I had known what this army life was I would have stayed home. I am supposed to be on feed detail but have it eluded every day. When they leave I go back to my tent and play checkers with the men.

There are some fair women here but they are sassy with all their fine ways and act like they are to good for common men. Jim H. tried to meet one but she wouldn't have it. The men here are not bad but they charge two times for everything and won't give you time of day unless you pay for it.

There is ahouse here but they charge to much so a common soldier can't afford them. About the only people who go there are officers and they have plenty of money. There is nothing else going on in Alabama to write about so brother I will close for now.

Your affectionate brother down in Dixie.

James D.

"Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other real well."

Tammy, age 6

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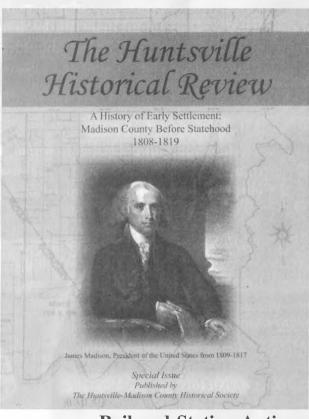
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