

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALUEY

The Confederados

Their aged spokesman said they wanted his advice about returning to the United States. Root was deeply moved as he advised them not to return; they would be strangers in a new South with little chance to fit back into their former lives.

The Confederados had come face to face with the reality of perpetual exile.



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The Battle for Huntsville

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The Confederados

This year, in a little church amidst the jungles of Brazil, a small group of people will gather to celebrate their heritage.

The church will be decorated befitting its historic past. They will sing the songs of the South and will reminisce of ancestral homes. They will feel nostalgic for a time and place in Alabama, made familiar to them only by the stories handed down by their ancestors. Some of the people may talk wishfully of someday visiting Alabama, to pay respects to their forefathers and their heritage. But in the deepest parts of their minds they know it will never happen. They can never go home.

They are the exiles.

Contrary to most published accounts, the Federal troops were not benevolent occupiers of the South at the close of the Civil War. If anything, they were one of the most brutal occupying armies ever to set foot on American soil. Former proud Confederates were imprisoned, their homes burned

hordes.

Mere privates in the Union Army and petty officials of the Freedman's Bureau now held the power of life and death over men who had once led tens of thousands of soldiers into battle. The right to vote was lost, there was no appellate court system and often the ex-soldiers had to get permission to travel even a few miles from home.

Most appalling to the Confederates, however, was the hated oath of allegiance on which the Federals insisted. Many Southerners saw the oath as a repudiation of everything for which their loved ones had fought and died.

From the moment General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, many Southerners had decided to immigrate to a distant country rather than live under the iron heel of the hated "damn yankees."

The first major exodus occurred when General Joseph Shelby, along with the remaining generals, met with seven Confederate governors

and their wives and children made destitute. What few possessions they had managed to hang on to during the long war were now pillaged and destroyed by the blue-coated



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make plans at Marshall, Texas. After weeks of debate, the group decided to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico and offer their arms to Emperor Maximillian, rather than surrender. At the Fort Duncan Club at Eagle Pass, Texas, hangs an oil painting of the event. It shows the beragged Confederate troops, drawn up in columns and standing at attention as the Stars and Bars were furled for the last time.

The brigade, complete with artillery and wagon trains, were attacked countless times on the 1,200 mile march by Juarist forces opposed to Maximillian. Though suffering numerous casualties, the brigade arrived intact in Mexico City in August of 1865.

Emperor Maximillian, impressed with the determination of the Confederates, offered them the protection of the Mexican government and cheap lands to colonize. Most of the ex-soldiers chose to settle at Carlotta, an area that reminded many of the colonists of their lost southern homes.

Unfortunately, within a short time, the emperor was overthrown, throwing the country into chaos. Many Mexicans, remembering the

war they had lost to the United States years earlier, took their vengeance out on the new colonists.

What happened next is best described by quoting A.F. Rolle, one of the exiles who later wrote of his experience:

"The colony was destroyed almost overnight. With few weapons, supplies and practically no earth-works, the defenders grimly dug hasty defenses along the beaches. The situation became progressively more desperate. Some of the boats on which the Confederates hoped to escape were captured by hostile natives who put the colonists to the torch and threw the corpses into the ocean."

Many of the ill fated colonists reluctantly returned to the United States. The majority, however, chose to look elsewhere, preferring to face the unknown rather than return to a land on which they had turned their backs.

Dom Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, had for years been trying to lure American colonists to settle the wild regions of the Amazon jungle. With the collapse of the Mexican colony, many of the Confederates began seriously considering the

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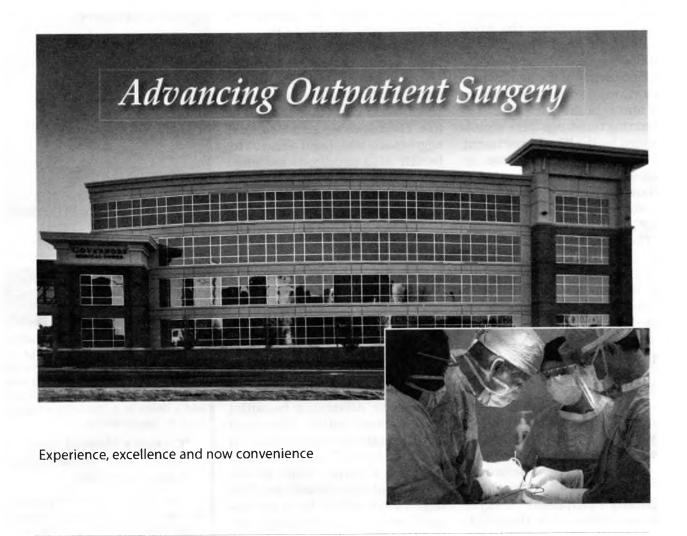
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South American country as a possible home. Emissaries from Brazil offered the colonists cheap land and agreed to help subsidize transportation costs for those willing to make the journey.

Another factor that undoubtedly helped persuade many of the Southerners was the fact that slavery, in Brazil, was still legal. Also, especially appealing to them was Dom Pedro's decision not to make them swear allegiance to Brazil.

Immigration companies began springing up all across the defeated Confederacy. Such notables as Col. William Norris, an ex-Alabama state senator and Ben and Dalton Yancey, sons of the indomitable William Lowdes Yancey, sold what few possessions they owned and chartered passage for the new land.

The voyage of one ship, The Derby, was probably typical in many ways of all the groups who made the exodus. Though most of the passengers had once been wealthy, they now possessed an average of less than \$200 per person. The ship carried 154 passengers and was crammed with household goods and farm implements. Almost all of the immigrants, unsure of the dangers that lay ahead, carried firearms and a plentiful supply of ammuni-

tion. Others, less practical, insisted on taking their dogs and cats with them.

The United States government, wary of so many people immigrating to a foreign country, tried to stop the exodus. Earlier it had sent General Sheridan to patrol the Mexican border and block the efforts of Confederates trying to leave. Now, with the Brazilian exodus underway, the U.S. government began using different tactics. Port Authorities condemned ships waiting for passengers and emigres were turned back for not possessing passports.

Legally, the only way the colonists could leave was to have passports, which Federal authorities refused to issue. Fortunately, the moral qualities of the occupying Union officials were such that a standard \$500 bribe usually sufficed for the ships to leave ports unhindered

Just how many Confederates chose exile in Brazil has always been a question shrouded in mystery. Charles Nathan, a resident of Brazil in the 1870s estimated 12,000 Southerners immigrated through the port of Rio De Janlero between the years 1867 and 1871. Brazilian authorities, carefully noting the many ports the emigres entered, have estimated that possibly as many as 20,000

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Confederates and their families made the voyage to Brazil.

United States records are strangely quiet about the subject.

Upon arrival in Brazil, the first stop for many was the Government House, a large hotel in Rio De Janiero that the Brazilian Government had placed at the disposal of the Southern immigrants.

There the immigrants were first exposed to the culture and habits of the country that was destined to become their homes. Some of the customs astounded them, as Eliza Kerr wrote soon after her arrival. "I shall never forget," she penned after witnessing her first torrential downpour during the rainy season, "seeing a procession of huge African Negroes carrying elegantly dressed gentlemen across the streets. The gentlemen, wearing silk hats and carrying umbrellas, would stand bolt upright, holding themselves stiff, and the Negroes would pick them up about the knees and wade the torrents, carrying them safe and dry to

the other side."

Brazilian natives, unable to pronounce the word confederate, soon dubbed the exiles "the Confederado's."

The first immigrants usually settled far inland, away from civilization. Charles Gunter, who led a group of 200, mostly from Alabama, settled in a wild, untamed region known as the Rio Duce. The trip required many days travel by canoe, with the families camping on the mosquito-infested riverbanks at night.

Much as their forefathers had done years earlier in Alabama, the settlers began building homes and clearing fields. Within a short time, as more settlers arrived, a prosperous community was born, complete with a school, shops and a flag pole with the Confederate banner proudly proclaiming their heritage.

Gunter's group, like many others, had settled on land that was extremely fertile. The rich soil and moderate temperatures allowed for a yearlong growing season, which produced an abundance of crops during the first years.

Unfortunately, there was no place to sell the crops. Roads that had been promised by Dom Pedro never materialized





(some of the areas would not be reached by roads until 1972). The only other way to reach the markets was by river which was too shallow for large boats and often times treacherous for canoes.

Within a few years many of the families began moving to an area near Santa Barbara where a railway was being built. The new community, simply called "the station" for many years, soon became the nucleus of the Confederate immigrants. Cotton fields were planted, and elegant homes, reminding one of Vicksburg or Montgomery, were built. A cemetery came into being when a local catholic official denied burial to a deceased exile. A small chapel was later built on the grounds that to this day serves as the official Confederate church.

Brazilian authorities, impressed with the Confederados, soon renamed the "station" to "Americano," in honor of them.

The exiles still considered themselves American, however. They were Confederates, but still Americans. Many of them still held a vague hope of some day returning home when conditions in the South improved. It only took two weeks for a letter to reach them from Alabama and every piece of news from "back home" was eagerly digested.

Unfortunately, newspapers in the states were entering a phase of yellow journalism, complete with lurid accounts of lynchings, race wars and crimi-

"A consultant is someone who saves his client almost enough to pay his fee."

Arnold P. Johnson, Athens

nal politicians gracing the front pages of every edition. For the exiles in Brazil, the newspapers only served to reinforce their belief that anarchy was running amok in the states.

Slowly the years passed, with the Confederates remaining a culture unto themselves. The children were bound by oath to marry none but Americans, a tradition not broken until well into the twentieth century. Most of the settlers had become fluent in Portuguese, but refused to speak anything but English at home.

General Robert E. Lee's birthday was observed as a holiday and the speeches of Jefferson Davis and William Yancey were taught in the schools. On special occasions, the old Confederates would don their gray



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uniforms and recount stories of valor on far away battlefields.

Time was standing still for the Confederados.

As the world entered Into the twentieth century, many of the exiles, now growing old, began to dream of returning home before they died. Though they were still unsure of the news filtering back from the states, their biggest concern was whether or not they would be welcomed back into a society they had turned their backs on.

In 1906, Elihu Root, Secretary of State for the United States, paid an official visit to Brazil to attend a meeting of the Pan American Union. On the agenda was a train trip, with scheduled stops at many stations along the way.

Word was received by Root that a delegation of Americans at Americana wished to speak to him. Though Americana was not an scheduled visit, Root never-the-less ordered the train to stop.

Waiting for him on the platform was a delegation of almost 400 Confederados and their families. A large Confederate flag adorned the front of the station.

Root's official biography, written by Ambassador Phillip Jessup, describes the event.

"Secretary of State Root had an experience which after twenty years he still could not describe without a break in his voice and tears in his eyes. A request was made that the train be stopped at a little station known as "American City." There, after the Civil War, had settled one of those small groups of Southerners who believed exile was preferable than to live under the "Yankees." Most of them were

from Alabama.

"It was after dark when the train stopped at the little shack of a station several miles outside of town. The whole population was assembled; old white-haired survivors of the original exodus from Alabama, their full grown sons, women with babes in their arms, standing in a mass looking up at the cabinet officer from their old fatherland, their faces lighted by flickering torches and lanterns.

"Their aged spokesman said they wanted his advice about returning to the United States. Root was deeply moved as he advised them not to return; they would be strangers in a new South with little chance to fit back into their former life.

"The old men wept and the women wept, and the torchlight glittered on their streaming faces as the train pulled out of the station, while the

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Secretary of State of the United States stood on the rear platform, tears running down his cheeks unchecked."

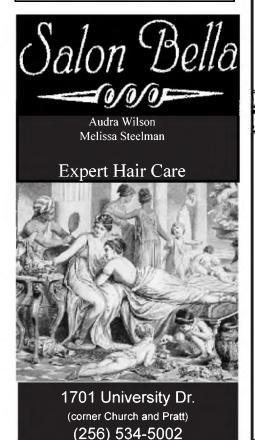
The Confederados had come face to face with the reality of perpetual exile.

Slowly, with thoughts of returning to Alabama being forced from their minds, the community begin to assimilate itself into the Brazilian culture. "Confederate" colleges were formed with many of its graduates becoming some of the most successful businessmen in Brazil.

Elsie Houston, great grand niece of the immortal Sam Houston, became one of the country's most popular singers. The Pyle family, originally from Marshall County, began

"The trouble with practical jokes is that very often, they get elected."

Will Rogers



a small company, specializing in a tasty orange drink, that would later sell its products in the United States under the name "Crush."

In 1944 the last of the old Confederate exiles died. His body was placed in the cemetery among the ranks of all the other soldiers in gray who had preceded him. His coffin was draped in the Confederate flag.

Though many of the descendants adapted to the Brazilian culture, in their hearts they remained Confederates. The small church was still packed to overflowing every Sunday. Regular fried chicken dinners were still held among the tombstones of the original emigres.

Though no one living in the community had any memo-





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ries of Alabama, many of the descendants still considered it "home."

In 1972, the Governor of Georgia, Jimmy Carter, along with his wife Rosalynn and his aide Jodie Powell, were invited to visit Americana during an official visit.

Surprised that such a colony existed, Carter readily agreed to the request. Over two hundred descendants of the Confederados gathered at the cemetery to welcome him.

As Carter walked slowly through the cemetery reading the names inscribed on the granite stones, he paused at one near the gate. The inscription read, "Private Johnathan Ellsworth, drummer boy of the First Arkansas Brigade."

Overcome with emotion, Carter quickly turned his head from the crowds as tears welled in his eyes.

Although Rosalynn Carter had no idea at the time, the grave of her great-uncle, W.S. Wise, a diehard Confederate, lay only a few feet from where she was standing.

In an interview with The Atlanta Journal, Carter later stated. "None of them looked upon their ancestors as mistaken. They didn't feel any self

pity."

"The most remarkable thing was," he went on to say, "when they spoke they sounded just like people in south Georgia."

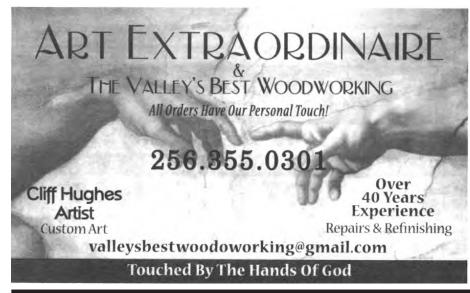
The city of Americana has grown to a bustling metropolis of almost two hundred thousand people today. There are only a few of the antebellum homes still surviving, squeezed in between office buildings and parking lots. Traditions of the old South, once lovingly nourished by its children, are fast becoming a part of Brazil's forgotten history.

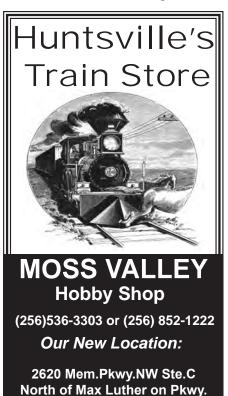
One tradition, however, has survived.

This year as we gather to celebrate our heritage and remember our forefathers, we can be sure that over 5000 miles away, another group of people will be doing the same thing.

They will gather in a little church, and they will reminisce of a home they have never known, in a far away place called Alabama.

The biggest difference, however, will be the tattered old Confederate flag still standing in the church, and the voices raised in harmony singing "Dixie," the same way they have been doing for well over a hundred years.





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Memories

by Tillman Hill

The old two-story house that was built in the late 1800s at the corner of Oak and Half Street that was later renamed St. Clair and Gallatin Street was to serve a lot of people in many different ways. It brought a lot of happiness, sorrow, joy, fun, health, comfort, and death.

In 1904 the City of Huntsville found themselves in possession of this house, whose late owner, Mollie Teal, was alleged to have been a wellknown Madam of a Sporting House (this one!). Despite her purported reputation, she was obviously public-spirited and generous so she was specific in her will that the house was to be used for a public school or a hospital.

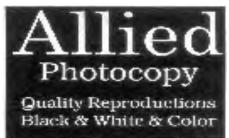
In 1904, the City of Huntsville, with a lot of help from some ladies in town, opened a hospital and it stayed a hospital until 1926. The hospital on Whitesburg Drive was built and then the old hospital was turned into an apartment house. It was used as an apartment house and rooming house until sometime during World War II.

During the war it became the Harlem Club. Jesse Smith who had a bootleg cafe on Meridian Street opened it up as a black nightclub.

I have already said that the old house had brought a lot of different things to a lot of people. Well it brought death to Jesse Smith on the morning of September, 1945. Henry White, a 29 year old former employee of Smiths' was said to have ended the cafe and roadhouse operator's colorful career with two blasts from a double barrel shot gun fired as Smith was entering the Harlem Club at about 7:00 in the morning, of which he was now the late owner.

This also brought the end to the old house. After the killing, the law came down on the club and after having been raided many times, it closed. About that time, Community Development came in and rebuilt that part of town.

Just as President Truman's order to drop the A bomb on Japan had ended the War, Henry White, according to the





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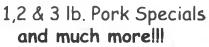
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There had been several shootings and killings between roadhouse operators in the last years. J.C. Bounds, who ran the White Castle, a roadhouse on MeridianvIlle Pike, was killed and nobody was ever convicted of his killing. There were two or three other people who were shot and to my knowledge nobody was ever convicted.

In the last eight months before Henry White allegedly killed Jesse Smith, Jesse was tried three times for murder and all three times, there was a hung jury. The last trial that ended in a hung jury was on August 27, 1945. Henry White was tried in February 1946. He was brought into the courtroom on a stretcher. He was reported to have Tuberculosis.

Henry White was brought to court again in May of 1946. The first trial was a mistrial. In May he appeared in court looking healthier and sat at the table during the trial. He was found not guilty. After all the killings and trials were over, the District Attorney came down on all road-houses.

I used to shine shoes in Jesse Smith's cafe inside and outside of the cafe. He always treated me good. I know his wife and her Mother and Daddy. Her Daddy ran a kindling and wood yard on Dallas Avenue and I have worked for him, splitting kindling at the wood yard. So I kept up with the killings and trials very close. It seemed like I knew everybody that was involved in this, but I was too young to really know what was going on.

The last time I saw Jesse to my remembrance, Grady Baswell from Lincoln and one of my cousins and myself went into Broadway's Place, a restaurant. Grady and my cousin were both a few years older than me.

We came into the cafe and Jesse was standing at the cash register talking to Mr. Broadway. By this time Jesse had a real bad name and people did not want to make him mad. Grady was mean and would fight with a circle saw and caused trouble about everywhere he went. Jesse had a felt hat on and he kept it pulled down over one eye, as was the fashion at this time.

The three of us walked to the back of the dinning room and started to set down, when Grady hollered, "Hell Fire! There is Jesse Smith," and then turned over one of the marble topped tables. You can imagine how loud it was when it hit the tile floor. My cousin and myself hit the floor. I would have run if I had not been too frightened to.

Grady jumped down behind the table and started to act like he was shooting a gun at Jesse. He did not have a gun and was pointing his finger at Jesse and saying "BANG," We laid there a few

minutes, then looked up and Jesse was smiling. I have never in my life been as happy to see a man smile!



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Madison County Hard Hit by Heavy Storm, One Killed, Many Hurt

Jan. 13, 1916

One dead, several children injured, many houses and churches demolished and property damage to the amount of thousands of dollars is the net result of a terrific wind and rain storm that passed over North East Madison county and this city late yesterday afternoon.

Following the receipt of Associated Press dispatches to The Daily Times yesterday afternoon telling of the great storm west of the Mississippi and that it would reach the Atlantic by Thursday, the storm burst upon Huntsville about 4 pm.

The day that been beautifully and sunshiny but as in the twinkling of an eye the calm and stillness of the day was broken into a thunderous storm. The streets were soon flooded and again about 6 pm the heavy rain and wind repeated itself. Huntsville city did not

suffer except for flooded conditions and the blowing off a few roofs.

But in the Cameron church neighborhood above Maysville northeast of here the home of Thomas Riddick, an old and respected citizen, was blown down and he was killed. Mr. Riddick lived several hours into the night but before Dr. Howard reached him there was no hope of recovery from medical aid. Mr. Riddick died about 11 o'clock last night. He was the father of Fred Riddick

and Archie Riddick, electric al engineer of Guntersville.

In the Maysville neighborhood, Walter Cawthon and John Cawthon each lost houses in the wake of the storm. John Rodgers and Gus Rodgers in that community also suffered a loss. One little child was hurt near Maysville and others were injured by flying timbers.

When the wind picked up two houses together with their occupants north of Maysville in the Hurricane community were completely blown away, and it was a miracle that no one was killed.





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News from 1921

Architect E. L. Love, along with his automobile and the driver of John Scott's florist wagon this afternoon at 2:30 experienced a collision at the Holmes and Greene streets crossing. No one was hurt.

The other night when the heavy bolt of thunder and lighting came McFarland's dairy on Meridian street north of town suffered the loss of five valuable cows. Other damage was done but fortunately Mr. McFarland and his family escaped serious injury.

Want to buy - second hand Ford car - Either two or five passenger; must be a bargain. State condition and price. Address: New Market, Ala. P.O. Box 15 John Brown, a department superintendent at the Lowe Mill, has purchased the old Echols property on West Clinton street and will remodel it.

Wanted - good cook, phone 639 or see Mrs. June Martin, Lowe avenue

Found - light bay mare, age 6 years, small, hair worn off hind leg, sore back, skinned place on side. Pea Ridge, southeast of Merrimack. W.W. Mitchell. Owner can have same by paying upkeep and this advertisement.

Lost - gold breast pin. Finder please return to bungalow, corner White and Randolph streets.

For rent - furnished room in private home - apply at 302 West Holmes street.

For sale - Oakland six touring car, newly painted, good tires, run less than 600 miles, price \$500. Baxter Brothers

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No, we haven't used it in 30 years.

Tips from Liz

To build strong bones, aim for 1200 mg of calcium supplements if you're over 51, 1,000 daily if under 51.

- Avoid Cola drinks
- Jump rope

To slim down:

- Keep a food diary, you'll be amazed what you actually eat
- Drink peppermint tea, it decreases your appetite
- Decrease your portions
- Eat slowly, enjoy each bite
- Eat more tuna to recharge your brain
- Do yoga for all types of improvement, including the function in the brain's cortex
- Do your normal chores with your left hand if you are right-handed, and vice versa if your are typically left handed
- Take Omega 3 fish oil supplements (avoid the Omega 6) - I take one in morning and one at night and my arthritis pain is nearly nonexistent
- Eat oranges & other citrus can help to prevent obesity
- If you're buying organic food, be sure that products are marked "100% Organic".

Some safer foods to eat:

- Bottled tomatoes rather than canned tomatoes (the acidity of the tomatoes can eat into the lining of the tin cans and can impact your health)
- Popped popcorn rather than microwave popcorn - the microwave version contain chemicals in the lining of the bag that have been proven to be unhealthy to people.
- Organic potatoes rather than regular - root vegetables readily absorb herbicides, pesticides & fungicides that wind up in the soil, and even thorough washing won't help.
- Wild Alaskan salmon rather than canned salmon - the farmed version is high in contaminants and lower in Vitamin D than the wild.
- Grass fed beef rather than cornfed beef- farmers feed cows for

market to fatten them up with corn & soybeans. However the grass-fed cows have much greater levels of beta carotene, vitamin 3, omega 3s, calcium and is lower in saturated fat that is linked to heart disease. Look for Grass fed rather than cornfed beef always.





Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to our latest winner of the Photo of the Month. **Virginia Hardin** of Huntsville. Virginia was the first caller to correctly identify **Billy Joe Cooley** as the sweet little boy in last month's photo. Virginia is retired, and worked for years at Christmas Charities.

There are a couple of handsome twins who just celebrated their 55th birthdays - Happy Birthday to **John Bzdell** and his brother **Joe**. They both look like they're still in their 40's!

We were so sad to hear that **Buddy Chapman** had died in mid-February. We used to love seeing Buddy when we would go out, he always would have a huge smile on his face and surrounded by people who thought the world of him. We send our deepest sympathy to his sweet wife **Barbara**, sons **Bill Chapman**, **Reuben Chapman VI**, **King Chapman** and daughter **Brandy**.

Joyce Straka lives in Mis-



souri (we're sorry about that!) but is here in town visiting her son **John**, for several months. John is married to **Kim**, their daughter **Thalia** is mom to son **Camden**! Joyce's dear husband is **Marty**. Maybe you'll decide to stay here!

Happy birthday to a man who really knows how to write some good memories - **Chuck Bobo**! He turned 82 in February and always sees the positive side of everything!

Betty Gordon, who lives in Callahan, Fl. recently sent a note to us about her family, the Williams. 70 years ago in February the family moved from Hobbs Island to Hazel Green. Her brother Carl remembers that on that day it was very cold and snowing, sort of like it was here!

Kathy Ogle loves her sister Jerri Smith, of Huntsville, and both of them love reading about the history of this area. Kathy works in the office of **Dr. Ralph** DeJarnatte, a Ob/Gyn behind Crestwood, and Dr. DeJarnatte always does something special for his pretty wife Lisa. This year they went to Birmingham to visit their son Curtis who is in school to be a dentist. Also working in the office there are Cami Segers and Cathy Holliday. Cathy has been working there for 18 years and is known as the best nurse in Huntsville! Lisa, the doctor's wife, works there too so it's a real family affair!

We wanted to send a special Welcome to **Rebecca Freitag**, who is a new Teller Supervisor at BB&T bank on Church street. She is also having a birthday in March, so Happy Birthday to you Rebecca!

Also working at BB&T, **Kristyn Tavers** wishes her

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 girl is really into Green!



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7540-P South Memorial Pkwy Rosies Shopping Center Huntsville, Alabama (256) 883-4127 Open Mon - Sat info@ruthsnutition.com Welsh Corgi named **Mason** a really happy first birthday!

Nancy Milly moved to Huntsville with her husband John in 1960, with their five children. She was an active, energetic and giving person who worked for the Red Cross for many years, among the many other things she accomplished. She died in late January, and we send our deepest condolences to David Milly, her son, as well as her husband John, and the other brothers and sisters and many friends.

A special hello to our friend **Betty Marsh** of Huntsville!

As usual, when Lerov Cunningham has a birthday, he does it up right! His party this year, like past years, was held at LeeAnn's Bar & Restaurant, and it was PACKED! Tonv **Mason** was the featured entertainment, and he sounded better than ever. He was accompanied by Clyde Yarbrough, Leroy Cunningham, Danny Banks and other really good musicians. The music was amazing the crowd rollicking! Charlie Scott was there to take some good pictures and now we're out on the internet!

We talk with many new-comers to Huntsville and one thing we keep hearing is that the performances at **Merrimack Hall** are fabulous. If you have thought about attending one of their shows, you should do it. One coming up that I plan on going to is the **Buddy Holly tribute**, in late March.

It's hard to believe that **Gibson's BBQ** has been in existence for 54 years (April is their anniversary). We love it when a business is popular with residents and has staying power! The food at Gibson's is really good, home-cooked and hearty, and their pies are to-

die-for.

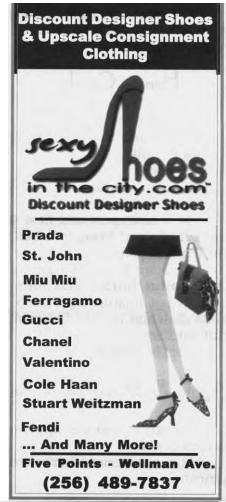
The Weatherly Elementary School held their annual Talent Show in late February, and what an entertaining night that was! The talent ran all the way from singing, to violin and piano recitals, to dancing both solo and with partners, to poetry reading, to ballet and modern dance - it was really incredible, how talented those group of kids are from Kindergarten through 5th grade.

One highlight of the night was when the Weatherly teachers got up and all performed "Pants on the Ground!" Hilarious and great fun. The Weatherly Elementary PTA is one of the strongest in the state, with all parents/grand-parents/siblings always in attendance at any activity the school puts on. And the teachers are great, really supportive and proud of the kids.

That handsome Ed Trentham turned 70 on Feb. 19 and his sweet wife Ann invited friends to attend a party. But the biggest surprise of all was when Ann & Ed's daughter Susan Trentham Owens traveled all the way from Tucson, AZ. as a surprise to everyone! Ed was thrilled that his daughter thought enough of him to

surprise him like that, good going, Susan!

Don't forget to attend the **St. Patrick's Day Parade** in Huntsville - it's great fun and has been going on for years. Check the Times for more information. Have a great March!







Everything Green

Because it's St. Patty's Day, of course!

Meringue Kisses

2 egg whites 3/4 c. powdered sugar 6 oz. mini semisweet chocolate chips

1/2 c. finely chopped nuts Green food coloring

Bring egg whites to room temp and beat them til foamy. Add the sugar gradually, continuing to beat, til very stiff. Fold in chocolate bits and nuts and green food coloring and drop by rounded teaspoonful onto parchment-lined cookie sheet. Place in 350 degree oven and turn off heat immediately. Without opening the door, leave meringues in the oven for 6 hours or overnight.

These can be stored in an airtight container. If giving as gifts, add them to the container at last minute because they absorb moisture and can get soggy.

Simple Wafer Dessert

1/2 c. butter

1/2 box confectioner's sugar

3 eggs, separated

1 lrg. box vanilla wafers, crushed

1 c. chopped pecans

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg yolks. Add 3 tablespoons water to the crumbs, fold into the butter mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and add the pecans. Place in square pan, refrigerate 12 hours before serving. This is very good with freshly whipped, green-tinted whipped cream.

Favorite Garlic Dip

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese3 T. milk5 large cloves garlicSalt

Parsley Paprika

Mix cream cheese & milk in small bowl, mince the garlic and add it to the cheese. Salt to taste and mix thoroughly. Garnish with paprika and sprinkle parsley over top. Refrigerate til used later.

Green Beans & Pecans

1 lb. green beans, or frozen

4 c. water

1/2 t. salt

3 T. butter

4 T. chopped pecans

1/4 t. pepper

1/4 t. cayenne (optional)

Wash and prepare beans. Bring water and salt to a boil, add the beans and cook, uncovered for about 10-15 minutes. Drain, set aside. Melt butter in a skillet, add the pecans and cook til golden, stirring often. Add the beans and toss til heated.

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YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

Mint Surprise

1/2 pint heavy cream, whipped

> 1/2 c. mint jelly 11/2 T. lemon juice

3 egg whites, beaten stiff

Chocolate sauce mixed with a couple of drops almond extract

Into the stiffly beaten egg whites, fold the first 3 ingredients, then freeze for 4 hours. When ready to serve, don't stir, but spoon mixture into sherbet glasses and cover with the chocolate sauce.

Sugary Spiced Nuts

2 c. pecans halves 1 egg white 1/4 c. sugar 1 t. cinnamon Dash Salt Green food coloring

In a large bowl, pour the pecans, add unbeaten egg whites and mix well til all halves are coated. Mix sugar, cinnamon, salt and a few drops food coloring, and sprinkle over the nuts. Mix all well, pour onto greased cookie sheet and bake at 300 degrees for 30 minutes.

Green Almond Crispies

2 1/2 c. powdered sugar 4 egg whites

1 t. cream of tartar 1 t. almond extract 1 c. chopped nuts Green food coloring

Beat all ingredients except nuts for 5 minutes, then add nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Bake at 225 degrees for an hour, turn oven off, leave in oven til cool.

Irish Apple Die

3 large tart apples 1/2 c. white sugar Tuice of one lemon 1 regular unbaked pie crust 1 stick butter 1 c. brown sugar 1 c. plain flour 1/2 t. cinnamon 1/2 c. pecans, chopped

Peel and slice apples into the pie crust. Cover with the sugar and drizzle the lemon juice over it. Cream butter with brown sugar and work in the flour, add cinnamon and nuts, mix til crumbly. Top the apples with this mixture and bake at 300 degrees for 25 minutes.

Fried Cucumbers

Pare cucumbers and slice them half inch thick, put in ice water for 20 minutes. Dry, then season each slice with black pepper, salt, flour and cayenne pepper. Fry in butter til done.



Website: pamaagency.com 708 Andrew Jackson Way - Huntsville, Al 35801





The Pioneers

The following account of Huntsville's early days was written in the late 1800s by Judge Thomas J. Taylor, a probate judge of Madison County from 1886 until 1894.

As more settlers move into what we know today as Madison County they were greeted by a vast untamed wilderness. From the year 1805 to 1809 transportation of supplies of all kinds was laborious and difficult and what few supplies did come into the county were often so expensive as to be out of the reach of the common settler. Forced to do without many of these necessities, the pioneers had to improvise.

During the first year, far from other settlements, they had to bring corn and salt on pack horses through the wilderness. The first settlers in Madison County had no mills for bread nearer than the neighborhood of Winchester. In those days this involved a tedious journey, and frequently the settlers would be without bread or salt for many days, subsisting on jerked venison. The first priority for every new settler, after building a shelter, was to plant and cultivate a corn patch and raise corn for bread.

There were no mills convenient for the first two or three years, and each family constructed a hominy mortar by burning or digging out a large bowl in the end of a large piece of hard, tough timber, in which they pounded their corn by the use of a large pestle worked by a sweep. Many families living at a great distance from mills subsisted for many years on bread pounded in these mortars.

Clean wood ashes were easily procured, and after they raised a corn crop, lye-hominy was a favorite substitute for bread. Bread from wheat

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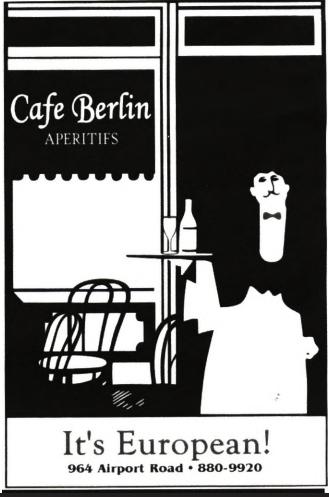
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flour was seldom seen, as the roads to Tennessee and Virginia were not yet opened. For many years little or no wheat was raised in the county. When the county had largely increased in population, flour was brought down the Tennessee River in considerable quantity, and Ditto's Landing was the rendezvous for the flatboats that supplied the area. A flour inspector was appointed at the landing to inspect, grade, and stamp the flour offered for sale.

Parched corn was the portable food of the explorer and hunter, on which, together with the game found in the forest, they were able to live for long periods of time during their hunting and exploring excursions. They had great abundance of meat and a variety of fish, flesh or fowl, but were frequently without salt, which first was brought from Nashville on flatboats, then over the roads in wagons. After boats were used in carrying cotton down the Paint Rock and Flint rivers, salt was frequently brought back, though it was hard work propelling the loaded boats against the current.

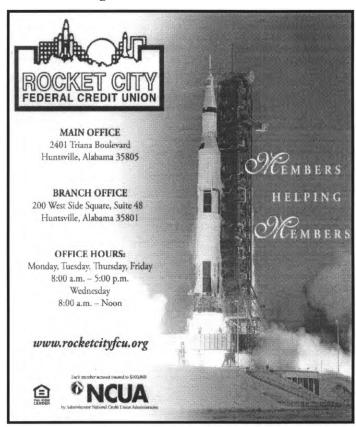
Iron was scarce and expensive, and many of the first houses built did not have a particle of iron used in their construction. The doors swung on wooden hinges and were fastened, if fastened at all, with wooden locks. The floors of the rooms were dirt or made of puncheons; the boards were laid on the roof and held fast by weight poles laid on each course, the lowest pole pegged down and the others separated and kept in position by timber pieces between them.

The settlers dug their bread trays and turned bowls and tableware out of the buckeye, bass-

wood, and other soft timber, but some of the more pretentious made a display of pewter table service. China and delphware were not in use, and the neat housewives scoured their pewter plates until they shone like silver and set them edgewise on shelves.

The tinkers, pliers of a profession now obsolete, traveled from house to house, repaired and mended the family pewter, and received in payment a little money and a great deal of barter in the way of family supplies.

At first they depended on game for a supply of meat which was shot or trapped, and in every family were two or three good steel traps. In hunting, the old-fashioned long rifle with flint lock was the universal weapon and as lead was essential they never wasted it and generally managed to keep a supply. Powder was also scarce and dear, but the settlers, when they could not buy it, were equal to the emergency. Sulphur was easily procured and they constructed hoppers in the mountain caves and made saltpetre. They burned willow for charcoal and made gunpowder. Though it may not have been as good and reliable as that made at the



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present time, yet it answered their purpose. These men were expert in the use of the rifle, and it was not considered an extraordinary feat to bring down a deer at full speed at a distance of seventy-five or eighty yards.

When our forefathers located in this county, they depended largely on dressed buckskin for clothing. From it they made covering for their beds, garments of every description, moccasins, sacks and hunting pouches, and it was cut into thongs for sewing purposes and twisted into ropes.

Many of the families had flax wheels, and with the flax, made cloth from it of excellent quality. Cotton was soon introduced, patches were planted for spinning purposes, and the old spinning wheel and cards, the loom and winding-blades and reel soon became common in every settler's house.

As there were no gins to clean the cotton, the family in the long winter evenings would pile it before the fire and all hands would clear it of the seed by picking them out with their fingers. In this way they would prepare enough of the snowy fabric for a year's supply for the wheels and looms of the family.



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Suspended from pegs inserted in the walls of the room were usually to be seen bunches of "shanks" of homespun thread ready for warping, bars, and loom.

The cloth made from this material was of a coarse nature and well-suited to the rough wear to which it was exposed.

From the bark of various forest trees and by the use of copperas and indigo the cloth was dyed in a variety of colors. Calico was almost unknown

and was worth fifty cents a yard, much too expensive for the average settler.

House furniture was of the rudest character. Shelves were used for cupboards, their dining tables were made of puncheons.

First they used bear's grease in their lamps, which were homemade, but when cattle became common they had moulded or dipped tallow candles.

In summer they retired early and seldom used a light except in sickness. In some places they would construct a cotton wick fifteen or twenty feet long, dip it in beeswax and rosin and wind it round a corn cob, making a taper that lasted for a long time. In those primitive times houses were generally small and families generally large, and they managed to divide sleeping spaces when it was time to retire by the use of curtains of buckskin.

Calls Him Clodhopper, So He Wants a Divorce!

Charging that she told him his ancestry was too common for her, called him a clodhopper and followed her verbal assaults with a bombardment of glassware which much blackened, cut and otherwise mutilated his countenance, Paul Oscar Werner has sued for divorce from his wife Frances C. Werner.

He added that she insisted on living at expensive hotels and wearing high priced jewelry for which he could not pay.

They were ejected six times from various apartments because he could not pay the rent, he said.

> From 1921 Huntsville newspaper



News from 1914

- Mrs. Esther Daniels, the pretty 18-year old bride of Ashford Daniels of this city, is suing her new husband for divorce because he represented himself to be rich and turned out not to have anything. She says she is giving up on him not because he only makes \$30 a month, but because she has observed that he is not worth more than \$30 a month and if anything, is overpaid at that amount. During the courtship he entertained her with fabulous stories about the number of plantations and banks he owned.

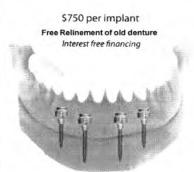
- For Rent two rooms, only one block to town, electric lights, use of telephone. Telephone 158, Party 1 or apply in person to home at 206 Green Street.
- John A. Royal is offering \$5 for information that may lead to the return of his wife. He is offering a reward of 21/2 cents per pound and says she weighs in at 200 pounds and is 38 years old. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She disappeared last Wednesday.
- At about 2 in the afternoon fire of unknown origin starting in the soft drink stand of Ben Morring at Dallas Village and destroyed the general mercantile store and its contents belonging to J. D. Bragg and also his residence adjoining.

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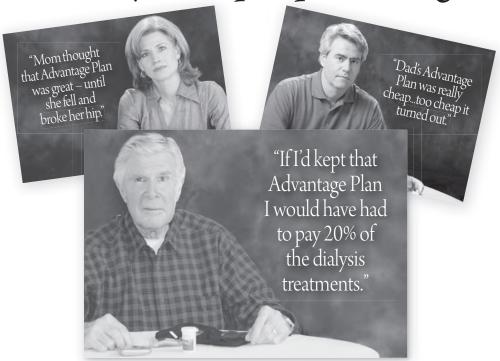


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Alabama Power Company - circa 1922 (next to the Schiffman building)



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The Battle for Huntsville

Terror gripped Huntsville as the horrible message spread throughout the community: "The Indians are coming! They're killing everyone!"

Men, women, and children, determined not to risk their fate at the hands of the bloodthirsty savages, began fleeing their homes. Within hours, the only people left to defend Huntsville from the impending doom were five courageous men who had barricaded themselves in the new courthouse.

The year was 1813 and North Alabama was plagued by marauding bands of Creek Indians. The battle of Fort Mims had recently taken place, with Indians killing hundreds of settlers. Reports of hideous massacres, scalping, and other atrocities spread like wildfire with every passing stranger.

Huntsville's population was about 1,500 souls, of whom 250 were slaves. The town, in its few short years, had already become a prosperous and thriving community. On the grounds around the courthouse, which was the town center, people would gather under the big, sprawling oak trees to buy and sell cotton, swap tales, and quiz passing strangers about news from other towns.

The first word of the approaching Indians came from a thirsty traveler who had stopped to water his horse. The citizens gathered as he told of savage warriors he had seen on his journey. One local gent passed the stranger a jug of spirits. The news of the Indians seemed to become even more ferocious as the jug made its rounds from man to man. The stranger spoke of being chased to the very edge of town by the red men. You could have heard a pin drop on the old courthouse square that day as the townspeople clung to his every word.

Gradually the crowd dispersed, with worried men pondering the best ways to protect their families. When a few men put their women and children in carriages for the journey north and out of harm's way, the panic began. Farmers left their tools lying in the fields, women left their food still hot on the stoves, everyone was trying to flee Huntsville as fast as they could.

Masters and slaves alike competed for any kind of transportation they could find. With the exodus north, plantations were abandoned and families separated as the cry became "every man for himself "

In a few short hours, Huntsville had become a ghost town.

Meanwhile the famous Indian fighter,



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Andrew Jackson, who was camped 25 miles away at Fayetteville, Tenn., had received word of the impending massacre. Rallying his troops, he ordered a nonstop march all the way to Huntsville, without rest or food. He reminded the soldiers of all the helpless families that would surely be killed if the army did not reach Huntsville in time.

As the soldiers marched south to save Huntsville, the frightened populace continued its scramble north. Gloom settled over the town as it became abandoned, and night grew near with no one left to defend it.

No one, that is, except for five brave men who barricaded themselves in the new brick courthouse, determined to defend to the death the town they had helped to carve out of the wilderness.

Capt. Wyatt was no stranger

to fighting Indians. He assumed command of the brave little group in the courthouse, knowing the odds were against him. But if he could delay the Indians, perhaps Andrew Jackson would arrive with his troops in time to save the day. Rumor had it that even Davy Crockett was headed toward Huntsville with his long rifle, determined to whip the red rascals once and for all!

It was a long, dark night as they paced to and fro in the courthouse, peering often out the windows. Capt. Wyatt, in an attempt to bolster his men's sagging morale, passed around a jug of whiskey, and then another ... and another.

Finally, with nerves at the breaking point, a shadow was seen darting behind the bushes in the courthouse yard. A shout rang out: "Indians, the Indians are here!" Men rushed to their posts and began firing.

The battle of Huntsville was

Gunshots rang out through the night as the stalwart defenders fired, reloaded and fired again, pausing only long enough to wipe the powder stains from their tired faces and to take another sip.

As the sun rose over Huntsville that next morning, it revealed a scene of utter devastation. All around the courthouse square, windows lay shattered, doors were shot off their hinges, and the acrid smell of gunpowder hung heavily in the air.

Gen. Andrew Jackson and Davy Crockett marched slowly into town at the head of the brave Tennessee volunteers. With guns primed and loaded, the soldiers slowly fanned out across the square. Veterans of a hundred Indian battles, they were amazed and at the same time terrified at the devastation the night's battle had wrought.



The great battle fought in Huntsville that night might have gone down in history books except for one small detail.

There had never been any Indians!

The brave courageous defenders of our fair city, inspired by numerous bottles of whisky, had been firing at mere shadows.

News from the Year 1916

- Wanted - I am a wealthy young farmer and desire a housekeeper or companion. Fact is, I would like to come South and prefer a young lady of the South to share my life. Please communicate with G. Y. Watts, RFD No. 3, Eldorado, Kansas

- Lost - Gentleman's small pearl handle knife; two blades. Return to the Daily Times for reward. I live in Dallas Village

- Dr. Caldwell has the distinction of performing a successful skin grafting operation on a little five year old girl. He operated on the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wright in Dallas Village. The child had been seriously burned and had just reached that stage permitting skin grafting and the skill of the splendid physician was remarkable. A very moving note was that quite a number of able-bodied men bared their arms and permitted their skin to be grafted in order to save the life of the little girl. Her case was a very bad one but with the successful operation by Dr. Caldwell it is believed she will come out all right.

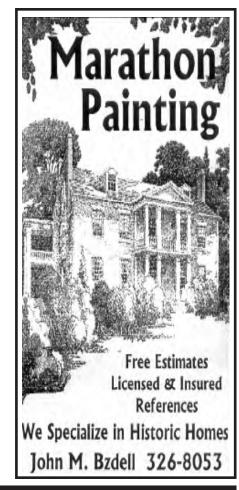
- Deputy Sheriff N. L. Pierce today arrested 2 men - Celie Conley was charged with burglary and grand larceny and Will Wise

on a peace warrant and using obscene language and placed them both in jail.

- S. L. Terry, who recently purchased the goods formerly belonging to Ezell Bros, and Terry Co., corner Washington and Clinton streets announces that the new store will open on Jan. 8, 1916 with the largest bargain sharing ever to happen in Huntsville. Due to the critical illness of Mr. Terry's mother, the big public sales opening has been postponed for a few days, but notice of opening will appear in the newspaper.

- Mrs. W. J. Humphrey continues to be seriously ill at her home on East Holmes street.

- Brothers collide in Auto accident. Thos. N. McAllister, manager of the Huntsville Transfer Co., and his brother Alex McAllister, manager for the local plant of Armour and Co., collided with their cars at the Times corner on Holmes and Greene streets this morning. Neither were badly injured but the cars are very damaged. Thos. N. was slightly injured. Alex's car was turned over and he was pinned underneath it for a period of time.





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A Love Story

by Austin Miller

Essie Shepard Phillips, born in 1915, was one of eleven brothers and sisters, four boys and seven girls. In the late thirties, Essie married Emmett Orville Phillips. All Ryland families were poor in those days but Emmett's family owned a farm and was better off than some. It was not much of a farm but a farm all the same. The land, poor and rocky, was between the two mountains on what is now Dug Hill Road; the locals call the area Possum Hollow. Because the farm was surrounded by mountains, people teased the family about the sun not coming up until noon and having to wipe the owl manure off their

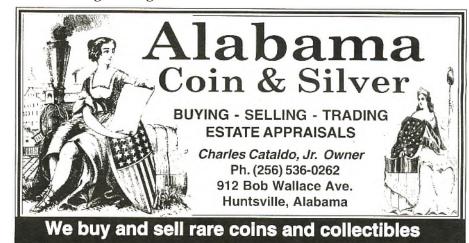
clocks every morning before they could see what time it was. A small white frame house in the hollow is where Essie and Emmett lived most of their married life.

I remember Essie from the first grade. She worked in the lunchroom at Central School and watched after me closely. She would remind me about my manners and if I had any kind of mishap she was there to help. I also remember her husband, he was a

The economy is so bad that Hot Wheels & Matchbox stocks are trading higher than GM.

friend of Daddy's; they played basketball together at Central School. When he and Essie visited Mrs. Shepard, Essie's mother and our closest neighbor, he would lay on his back on the front porch, propping his head against the wall with his arms back over his head enabling his hands to act as a cushion against the brick siding. Any time, I saw him out there I would go talk to him. Usually my dog named Old Shiner was with me and he would tease me about turning him into dog sausage.

He served in World War II. I don't have the details of his war record but he served in combat in Italy. When he was stationed in the U.S. before he went overseas, Essie moved near the Post and got a job at Montgomery Ward. After the war they came back to their little home between the mountains. One night he came in late and went directly to bed; the next morning Essie found him dead. I remember the funeral. I was too young to go but I was in Shiloh churchyard after the burial and I remember



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some of the family walking by crying. Essie cried at the mention of his name for years, there is no doubt that she loved him dearly.

Shortly after the funeral, Emmett, Jr. was born. Essie had no money and no means of support so she moved in with Mrs. Shepard and became our closest neighbor for over 45 years. One day soon after she moved in, she left Emmett, Jr. with Mrs. Shepard, walked to Ryland and flagged down the morning east bound passenger train to Huntsville. In the afternoon she came back home with a job at Montgomery Ward. The store at that time was located on the north side of the Square; it moved to the Parkway in 1959.

Essie sold men's clothing her entire career. Many years, she was the top sales person for the store and always the top in sales for her department. She was a hard worker and knew her job. If there was a retail sales hall of fame, there is no doubt that Essie Phillips would be in it. If Essie had been able to keep all the profit she made for Montgomery Ward, she would have been a wealthy woman. After her husband died she never dated or even as much as had lunch with a man. She was a very attractive woman who sold men's clothing and there is no doubt that she had many, many offers. I don't think she ever got over the loss of her husband and besides that she was totally devoted to her son.

In the spring of 1990, Essie was seventyfive years old and still in good health. I was walking by her house one Sunday morning after picking up the paper at our mailbox on Ryland Pike. She must have seen me on the way to get the paper because she was standing in the door waiting on me when I came back by. She was beaming; the night before

she had attended her High School class reunion at Gurley. There was a good turnout and she visited into the wee hours with old friends, some of whom she had not seen in years. She said she had been so excited that she had not slept a wink all night. The thing she was most excited about was getting to dance with her old high school boy friends.





Mike Crawford, Broker



Leon Crawford, Trainer



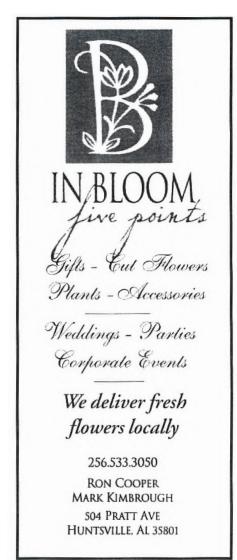
Sometime, things change fast. About four yeas later; I was again walking up the drive after getting the paper. This time, Emmett, Jr. was waiting outside to meet me; he said, "Austin, can you stop by and see Mother, she is not doing well." I didn't want to stop because I had several other things to do and I was in a hurry. I stopped anyway and we had a good talk about old times.

On the wall above the sofa was a picture of Essie's husband in uniform, a picture that always hung somewhere in the house. I told her about my memories of him and I remember thinking that after all these years she still loved him as much now as she did when he died nearly forty five years ago. When I was leaving, she asked me when I was going to move back to Ryland. She said you know this is your home and nobody else loves you as much as we do! That was the last time I saw her; she died three weeks later.

Essie was a good neighbor for nearly half a century. In all those years there was never a

squabble or cross word spoken between our families. I know there were aggravations and miffs but they were never exchanged. Essie loved to talk and confided her daily life to Mama and Daddy. We knew all about the Shepards and Phillips, her ups and downs at work, the names of her co-workers, the names of all of her bosses and the details of in-house things that went on at her work. This helped me learn early that a good neighbor is a blessing from God. If we had searched the world over. I don't think we could have found one better than Essie Phillips.

I am sorry to say that this story ends on a sad note. Her beloved son Emmett Jr. died several weeks ago; he was sixty. God gave Emmett a great personality and many talents. In his youth he was an outstanding basketball player and one of the best baseball pitchers in the county. He was a good student and got his college degree from Athens College, now Athens State University.





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He also attended law school and did well but had to drop out before he graduated because of money. There is no doubt that he would have made an outstanding lawyer. More importantly he had three fine children, a girl and two boys. I didn't have much contact with him in the last few years but he was one of the boys that grew up on our hill at Ryland and that alone gave him a special place in my heart

"Son, you've got a good engine, but your hands aren't on the steering wheel."

Bobby Bowden/Coach

The Liar

William Little was a liar. Evervone on the rough frontier of Texas in the mid 1830s had their own story to tell, but few were as outlandish as Little's.

Little, when drinking with his rough-hewed friends, would tell of his home in Alabama, where he had been a successful attorney and had owned vast plantation holdings with many

The frontiersmen would merely chuckle under their breaths and change the subject. They all had a past they were running from and that is what drew many of them to Texas; a chance to start over again.

There was a small grain of

truth in Little's stories, however. He had been a lawyer, though one Alabama paper labeled him as "the worst barrister in the state."

Little's legal career came to an abrupt end when he murdered a man for making advances toward his wife. Shortly afterwards he abandoned his pregnant wife and fled to Texas.

Once in Texas, Little got caught up in the war fever that was sweeping the territory and offered his services to the small Texas army. Probably realizing he faced possible death in combat, William Little resumed using his real name.

Every man dreams of winning immortal fame and William achieved it at the Alamo. Near the old walls of the ruined mission stands a simple granite monument. The inscription reads. "Defender of the Alamo ... William Travis."



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Polio

by J. Creighton Smith

The summer of 1945 struck fear in every mother's heart in Florence, Alabama, including mine. I wasn't allowed out of the house except to go to Sunday school and church on Sundays. Everything was going as planned for the summer, or so my parents thought, my baby sister was due to arrive on or about August 23rd and I was so excited. You see, I had been praying for a baby sister for quite sometime.

We had already named her Melinda Allison Chandler. Allison was to honor Charles Allison Simpson, my mother's father.

However I put a real jinx into my parent's plan when on July 4,1945 my mother found me screaming with a high fever and curled up into a fetal position. My father had gone fishing and there was no way to get in touch with him, this was way before

cell phones.

So I cried and Mother rocked me until Daddy came home. Upon seeing me he scooped me up and the three of us ran to the car and straight to the only hospital we flew. Upon arrival the nurses took me from Daddy's arms and strapped me to a gurney, up the elevator and into an operating room we went.

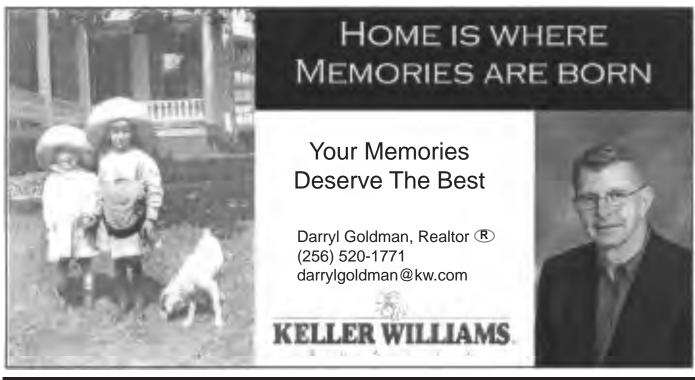
Although I was only four and a half years old, I can still tell you what it felt like to be tied down and have a spinal tap with nothing to deaden the area prior to starting the procedure, unbelievable pain. The test came back POSITIVE, I had polio.

I was then put in a large room with children with varying degrees of the disease, some in iron lungs, some in regular hospital beds, and some like me in baby beds. You see I was so humiliated, having to sleep in a baby bed, because my parents had long since moved my baby bed into the nursery awaiting the arrival of my sister to sleep in it. I was to be a big sister and all of a sudden I was a baby again. The swish-swish of the

iron lung still rings in my ears to this day.

I had to lie flat on my back, no pillow, and my feet up against the foot board of the bed. I was put in diapers along with other children my age because one just wet oneself and had to lie there soiled as there





were not enough nurses to take us to the rest rooms. I was lucky enough to have a therapist lady exercise my arms and legs twice a day. My neck, back, left leg, and both ankles were affected. I remember her smiling and making me laugh, we played games like peek a boo and I spv.

Our meals were served in the hall on solid doors placed on concrete blocks, children sat on the floor. We were taken to and from meals stacked in wheel chairs, scrambled eggs were served every morning for breakfast, they tasted horrible.

To this day I heave when I smell them.

My parents could only see me through a window five to six feet away from my bed, looking from the outside of the building into the inside. No toys were allowed to pass to or from the hospital. One day, one of the nurses

put me in a wheel chair, along with several of the other children and took us to get into a whirl pool tub. When I tried to stand up, I collapsed.

You see, I weighed less than thirty pounds and was becoming weaker and weaker as the days went by.

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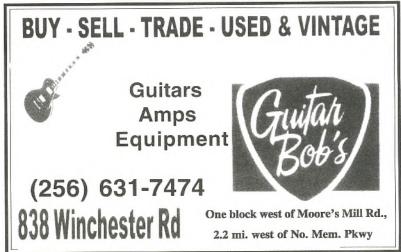
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I was so scared that I never looked into the sack attached to the head board of the bed until the day I was being released from the hospital, to find it full of toys. I was petrified of the nurses and certainly wasn't going to ask any questions for fear of having something horrible happen to me again, like another spinal tap.

One day, Mother and Daddy brought me a doll. I named her Francis, she had blond hair and was wearing a pink





dress and coat, with black patent shoes and a purse to match. I still have Francis to this day. She is in a box along with a million memories from yesteryear. I finally had something that I could hold on to and call my own. I talked to Francis, making up all kinds of stories about what we would do whenever I was allowed to leave the hospital.

I would tell her of all of the fun things we would do whenever I was allowed to leave the hospital, my imagination would go wild. I would pretend to be riding in a gray convertible, the man across the street from where I lived had one and on Sundays he would take us for a ride. It was so much fun to ride down West Bluff Street in Florence, Alabama with the wind blowing through my hair.

During this time I couldn't touch or feel my parents arms around me. There was no one to say I love you or kiss me good night, just a mean old nurse that

stripped me of my clothes, put me in diapers and left me all day to lie in my own waste.

Finally the day came when I was going to get to go home. I slipped Francis to Mother and Daddy that morning, with the instructions to take her home with them and then come back for me that afternoon.

Years later my father told me that they drove immediately across the river and threw her overboard, then raced to the toy store and bought another doll just like Francis to have waiting for me when I got home. The chance of the polio germ being brought home from the hospital with me and giving it to the new baby was more than they could stand. I was one of the very fortunate children, I made a full recovery.

One of my father's daily routines was to place me in a tub of hot water, he had a thermometer and he was instructed to have it reach 107 degrees, the heat was

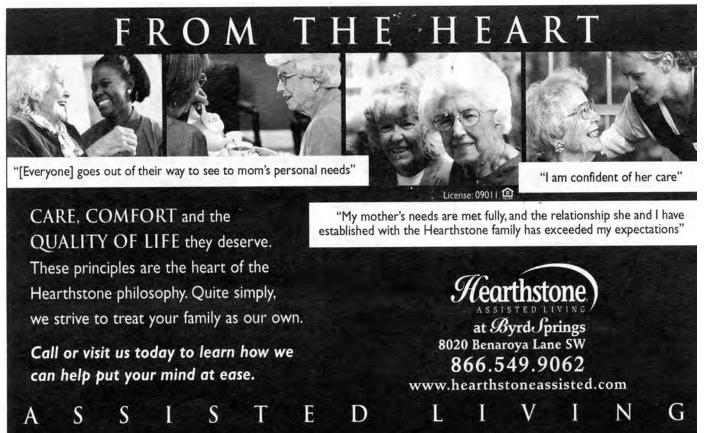
to help my muscles. The Sister Kenny method was also used on me, that was to heat woolen pieces of material in a steamer, they were taken out with tongs and wrapped around my arms, back, and legs, then white sheeting enclosed the woolen wraps.

The tears are rolling down my cheeks tonight as I write this, just like my father every time he placed me in the tub, saying "SUGAR, I'm so sorry but I have to so this."

The reason I have taken the time to write this story is to urge all mothers to vaccinate their children against this dreaded disease, their child may not be as lucky as I.

In India polio strikes children every day, and I wouldn't want any child to go through what I went through that summer in Florence, Alabama. GOD saved me, will he save your child?





Coming Home to Huntsville

by Chuck Bobo

I was born in Limestone County and grew up in Madison & Morgan Counties. As a young man I moved around a lot - Missouri, Illinois, California, Florida, the Bahamas - but I always had a soft spot for my home here in Huntsville, Alabama.

In my youth, years 1928 to 1941 I remember my father moving a sawmill from the Madison Cross Roads area to Lacey's Springs and driving a wagon pulled by a team of horses across what is now the Arsenal. I remember that a black man, Porter Moore, worked for my father and he and I drove the wagon.

One time we made arrangements to stop for a night with a farmer, and we had our horses with us. The man told me I could sleep in the house with him ad his wife but that Porter would have to sleep in the barn. I remember that I wouldn't stay in the house with them but preferred to stav with Porter in the barn. The lady cooked breakfast for us the next morning and Porter was told he could eat on the back porch. Again, if Porter ate on the back porch, I did too.



When I was a little older my friend Jim Webb and I lived at one period in the Gladstone Community north of Huntsville on Pulaski Pike. He was three or four years younger than me but we had some common memories. Both of us hunted squirrels in the hickory woods on the farm of Mr. Robert White. We swam in the swimming

hole on Beaverdam Creek at Pulaski Pike. Jim's father managed Huntsville Wholesale Nursery at Gladstone and most of the boys in the community had summer jobs at the nursery.

Mr. Ozzie Beverly was the blacksmith for the nursery. He taught me how to shoe horses, a knowledge which served me well some 12 years later when

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I got on the staff of one of my generals in the Air Corps.

General Archie Old who was from Dangerfield, TX had horses with him and I boasted to him that I knew all about horses. I got the job of taking care of his horses when he was away from the base, meaning I had to arise at 5 in the morning to go to the stables.

I remember the cafe in Huntsville that used to be just north of the Big Springs and made the best hamburgers in town. I could come to town with a quarter on Saturday and could go to the movies, get a bag of pop corn and then a hamburger and still go home with 5 cents left. Later when I got older I moved out of town and found that for the price of a round trip air fare from the Los Angeles area to Huntsville, I could fly to Nashville and get a rental car for a week and still have enough money left over to buy gasoline for a week.

Several times when I would come back to Huntsville to visit I would inquire at the Times or the Huntsville News about a newspaper job. Almost every inquiry brought a job offer and weekly pay at about the same daily rate I was getting elsewhere. On a couple occasions I asked about public information or writing jobs at Redstone Arsenal. While the pay there was somewhat higher than at the Times, it was still not as much as I was making in the other cities I had lived, so I had to pass them by.

I realized when I retired that I had to get back to the town that I loved. I am still amazed at the difference in this area when I moved back in 1999 from those early days of my youth, in the 30s and 40s. But I've never regretted coming back home.

A Letter from 1932

Dear Mama, I hate to ask you this but I need some money. I have looked everywhere but there are no jobs here in Chicago. If I can get some money Carl and I are going to Detroit. We hear there are jobs there. If that don't work out I recond I will just come back home. If I am going to be broke I would rather do it at home where I can at least be with people I know. The people here are real unfriendly and won't give you the time of day. We went to a church last night that was passing out meals but by the time we got to the front they had run out. Send the money to Junie. With all my love, Tom Edwards

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Memories of the First Butler **High School Band**

by Billy Henderson

The Butler High School band was first organized in 1952 under the direction of Mr. William H. Myers. He took a group of students, most just beginners, and taught us enough so that we could play at the football games that year. Mr. Myers was very young when he came to Butler High School. He came from Murray State in Kentucky.He could have passed for a student. During the fifties and sixties the Butler High Band won many awards at state band competitions each year at the University of Alabama. This was the results of his leadership and teaching.

Mr. Myers passed away several years ago. My wife and I talked about how nice it would be to have a reunion of the band members of the fifties, but it would not be the same without Mr. Myers.

Our first uniforms the first year were green sweaters with

gold B's and gray trousers or skirts. A Band Parents club was formed and immediately started fund raisers to buy the first band uniforms. My dad was very active in the Band Parents Club. He also chaperoned on several band trips. The first uniforms were green hats and coats with

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gray trousers.

We debuted with the new uniforms the first football game of the '53 season. As the band started marching on the field at half time, John Moon, as if to be late for the show, came running out onto the field in red long Johns with uniform in hand. We gathered around him as if to scold him for being late. After he finished dressing we continued with our first half time band show.

I played snare drum with good friends Lindsey O'Rear and Wendell Scott. My brother, David Henderson, played bass drum. He was in Music Appreciation class and was told he had good rhythm and should be in the band. I met my present wife, Barbara Allen, who joined the band two years after it was organized. She played clarinet and was a Majorette her last two years of high school. Many of my high school friends played in the band. Many have passed on. Several of the first Drum Majors and Drum Majorette were, starting with the first one, Lindsey O'Rear, Carole Osborne, Ralph Green, Jerry Mitzner, Danny Banks, and Eddie Kennedy.

As the old saying goes, "Those Were The Days" applies to the first years of the Butler High School Band. We still cherish those memories.

Places that should be lost

The Scottsboro Citizen says that "Snatch'em" is the name of a business place between Larkin and Princeton. Brother, we can do you better'n that. We have a business place between Gurley and Maysville called "Whowoulda-thought-that." and another, six miles from Gurley called "Pulltight." from 1897 newspaper.

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1864 Civil War News from Jackson County

Recent advises from Jackson County, Ala., represent the terrible devastation throughout the county, except where there are mountain hideaways and fortresses favorable for guerrilla operations.

We are told that Maj. Lemuel G. Mead is operating in that county with five companies, and with good effect - that he recently captured and brought out 20 prisoners. He remains, with his men, in the county and subsists them there, at points, where it would be dangerous for the Yankees to travel and they are discreet enough not to attempt it.

There are three Tory companies there - one raised in Jackson County, the Captain of which is (Ephraim) Latham, who deserted from the 50th Ala., (in which he held the rank of Lieutenant) about a year ago.

The other two companies are from DeKalb County, Alabama. The Yankees feel contempt for them and stigmatize them as the 1 st Alabama Tory Battalion.

We are told that one of the miscreants - Sample by name, not long since, went to the house of Elias Barbour, a true Southerner, and beat Mrs. Barbour

"Familiarity breeds contempt - and children."

Mark Twain

Liz Ford
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684-1957

with a hickory stick, and only desisted when her daughter, heroically, seized an axe and drove him off.

We are also told that an old "Rebel" woman, living near Bellefonte, was struck by a Yankee with a stick on the back of her neck, breaking it.

The Courthouse and all of the block on the West side of the Square in Bellefonte have been burnt by the Yankees.

One of the parties from whom we get our information represents that he was under arrest at Stevenson and had an opportunity to learn the sentiments of Sherman's Corps on the question of reenlistment, and they, generally, declared that they would not reenlist. Another said he did not believe over ten men to a company had reenlisted.

"Rich bachelors should be heavily taxed. It's not fair that some men should be happier than others."

Oscar Wilde

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News from the Year 1924

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Adolf Hitler Sentenced to Five Years in Prison

Munich, Germany - Adolf Hitler, the leader of the ultra right NAZI party, was sentenced to five years in Lansburg prison for his role in leading an attempted armed revolt against the Bavarian government last year.

More than sixty journalists from around the world covered the trial, which at times took on bitter overtones, as Hitler dominated the court room and, by his arguments, placed the government itself on trial.

The judges were clearly sympathetic to his cause as they allowed him to frequently interrupt witnesses and cross examine at will.

In his arguments Hitler proclaimed it was the right of every German to resist the present German government who, he said, were traitors to every brave soldier who had fought in the war. In one of his most impassioned appeals he claimed, "Germany was not defeated on the battlefield - Germany was defeated by the traitors, Jews and Communists who still run this country's government." At the end of his speech he was given a noisy ovation by the spectators in the room who had waited days for a chance to hear the fiery orator speak.

The five-year sentence is expected to put an end to the fledgling Nazi party.

Huntsville to Add 12th Grade to Schools

After heated arguments on both sides it was decided last night that Huntsville schools would implement a 12th grade into its present educational system.

Lem Archer led the argument against the proposal, saying that an additional year of schooling was foolish and would deprive parents of much needed labor. "You can't learn nothing in 12 years that you can't learn in 11," he insisted.

Many people in the audience applauded the words.

Loafers to Enjoy Reading in Courthouse Restrooms

The Ladies Aid Group of the Central Presbyterian Church have started placing magazines in the restrooms of the Madison County Courthouse.

According to Mrs. Mary Smith, the Restroom Matron, the organization had become aware that many public figures are spending more time in the restrooms than in their offices, and by placing reading material at their disposal, it is hoped that the otherwise wasted time might prove to be productive.

The magazines will be changed each month.







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3300 Year-old Tomb of King Tut Opened

Today, as hundreds of onlookers watched in amazement, the sarcophagus of the boy-king, King Tut, was opened after being closed for 3,300 years.

Howard Carter, the Egypotologist who led the scientific project, was himself overcome with awe as the lid, carved of heavy granite, was carefully removed by native workers.

As lights were aimed inside the casket, Carter gently rolled back an ancient linen shroud revealing a heavily engraved gold figure holding a scepter against its breast.

The remains of a wilted wreath of olive leaves encircled its forehead and a golden gilded serpent covered the temples. Lustrous crystal, chiseled by ancient craftsmen, formed the eyes of the golden figure.

Already, however, a controversy is brewing as religious leaders openly condemn the defiling of the ancient King's grave. A crowd of several hundred people, spurred on by the leader of a nearby Mosque, gathered outside the tomb demanding that the foreign scientists leave mediately.

Plans to view the actual

mummy have been postponed until the leaders of the expedition can work out the details with local leaders.

Lily Flagg Gets Electric

Residents of the Lily Flagg community gathered today to marvel at the miracle of electricity as workers ran the last wires connecting it to Huntsville. It is estimated that in 50 years at least half the people in Alabama will be supplied with electricity.

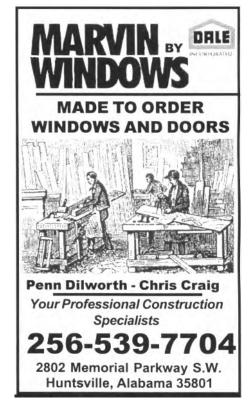
J. Edgar Hoover to Head the F.B.I.

Washington, D.C. - It was announced today that J. Edgar Hoover will be appointed head of the newly formed Federal Bureau of Investigation. Hoover is relatively unknown and, for this reason, the administration chose him over much more qualified candidates.

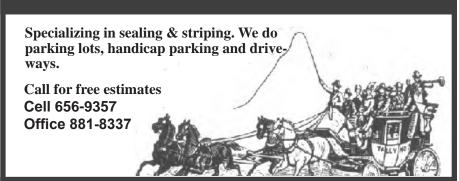
Hoover is not known to have any political or social ambitions and is the type who can remain content in the obscure position as the head of the F.B.I. No one has yet decided the main responsibilities for the F.B.I.



There are two ways to go to jail in Alabama - commit a crime or be elected to office.



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The Mayor of Dallas Village

by Malcolm Miller

Floyd Hardin was born in Iuka, Mississippi on August 7, 1938. As he grew up he loved to visit his uncle in Huntsville Alabama, Mr. J. C. Beene, who owned a large dairy which he later sold to Meadow Gold. That was when Meadow Gold Dairies began in Huntsville.

It seems that each time Floyd visited his uncle in Huntsville, the more he fell in love with the city. Finally after finishing Eaton Barber College in Little Rock, Arkansas he immediately headed back to Huntsville at the ripe old age of seventeen to start his career as a barber.

Floyd had heard that there was an opening for a barber at the prestigious Hotel Russel Erskine barber shop but first he had to meet with the Madison

"One of the worst things about being self-employed is you can't say that you gave at the office."

John Bzdell

Important Notice:

The cost for a subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine has increased to \$23 per year, effective January 1, 2010.
This applies to both renewals and new subscriptions.

Thank you for your support of "Old Huntsville"

County Board of Barber Examiners in order to get a license to work in the county.

Mr. Clarence Carroll, who owned the Fifth Street Barber Shop in Dallas Village and which had been in business since 1902, was in need of a barber. Mr. Carroll hired Floyd on the spot and that started a career that began in 1955 and still continues today.

Finally Floyd bought the shop from Mr. Carroll in 1969 and continued in the same location until 1979 when Floyd bought a Mill Village house on the corner of Stevens and what is now Andrew Jackson Way. In doing so he changed the name of the shop to Jackson Way Styling Salon because by that time he had added several barbers and hair stylists.

Mr. Carroll continued to work there many years till he was in his nineties, usually working one day a week near the end.

Floyd has had his share of bad luck and heart breaks. His first child, a tittle girl, died at

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Mary Jim Ailor

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twenty-seven months and it seems his young wife could never really get over the loss. Then in 1978 his wife passed away leaving him to raise their ten year old daughter Kristi alone. His life was totally devoted to raising his daughter and running a growing business. Floyd did not remarry.

I first met Floyd Hardin in 1956, he had only been working for Mr. Carroll a few months and I was beginning to deliver my first mail route after being a substitute carrier for about a year. From the first time we met we really became good friends, and five days a week for the next ten years I stopped in and talked to Floyd and Mr. Carroll. Being a part time barber myself, we had a lot in common.

Floyd started out as just a teenager not knowing hardly anyone in the neighborhood but with his out-going personality within a year's time every one knew and liked him. In fact since Aunt Eunice closed her cafe his shop is the main meeting place for politicians and business men.

In September last year Floyd went into surgery for clogged arteries in his neck and it seems every thing went wrong. He ended up in ICU with two strokes, but Floyd Harding is a fighter. When I went to his home to interview him for this story he said that he felt like he is the luckiest man in the world. In fact he seemed to be back to his same old self.

He said that he had turned the business over to his daughter Kristi but he still plans to work four hours a day or so, and I'll bet he spends a lot of time visit-

Money can't buy happiness but it sure makes misery easier to live with.

Johnny Malone, Athens

ing with his many friends and customers, sitting in that swing on the porch of the shop.

Floyd was on the Madison County Board of Barber Examiners but he recently resigned. He is still involved in many things though. He is on the Personnel board of Madison County, the Judicial Committee, the work release program and the pretrial committee so he doesn't have time to be out sick.

Incidentally, once a year, I believe he said one Monday in May, he holds a huge feast at his shop serving fifteen hundred to two thousand of his closest

friends. Many of the cooks and servers are city and county officials.

It never fails to impress me that every time I see Floyd he shakes my hand and says "If I can ever help you, just let me know."

Sometimes other people say that but I know deep in my heart when Floyd Harding tells me that, he sincerely means it.

"How awful to think that what people say about us may be true."

Linda Thompson, Gurley



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The Calhoun House

by Stephanie Troup

In 1833 Judge William Smith hired William and Thomas Brandon to build a house for him. This home would become one of the largest in the southeast, spreading over 12,000 square feet, and housing one of the most extensive art collections in the state. It would also remain empty for years, maintained by a staff of servants, while its owners lived in Europe.

The initial purchase to begin the building of the home was an order of one million bricks. Construction began and progressed slowly because Judge Smith was not easily pleased. The building went on for seven years. In 1840 Judge Smith died, never seeing the completion of the house. His grandson-in-law, Meredith Calhoun, as executor of the Judge's Will, supervised the completion of the house.

The house faced Eustis Street and included a five-foot brick wall surrounding the entire block of what is now Lincoln, Eustis, Randolph, and Greene Streets. The 12,000 square foot house sitting within the brick wall was formidable and imposing with three stories, seven windows across the facade, and a gleaming copper roof.

In his collection of articles on celebrated Huntsville homes, Pat Jones wrote that the house sat on the "highest spot in the block...Wide stone steps ran the length of the small porch in front." He said it was outstanding and unparalleled for beauty and elegance.

Meredith Calhoun, his wife Mary, their three boys, and the Judge's widow and Mary's grandmother, Margaret Smith, lived in the house. In 1842, Margaret died, and shortly afterwards the Calhoun's eldest son, Willie, experienced a crippling spinal injury. Possibly the most tragic event for the Calhoun family during these years was the death of their middle son,

John, at the age of four.

Grief-stricken, the Calhouns decided to travel abroad to seek medical care for their son Willie in France, but it was hinted that Mrs. Calhoun herself was so distraught and ill that she required medical care as well.

While the Calhouns lived in Europe, the palatial house stood empty for years and was maintained by a staff of servants. The interior was filled with the Calhouns' art collection that they had amassed during their travels. It was considered by many to be the largest and finest private collection in the South at the time.

During the years that the great house stood empty, a friend and neighbor of the Calhouns, Mary Lewis, commented that the house "...looks sad.... flourishing with mellowness over its sad history".

The house was very attractive to occupying troops during the Civil War. Unruly prisoners were kept in the underground kitchen behind barred windows. Other parts of the house were used as a hospital and the rooms were crowded with beds,



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not only for battle wounds, but for the many soldiers who were stricken with measles. In 1867 the house served as military headquarters.

The house was rented in 1874 and used as a dance studio, and in 1876 it became the offices of the U.S. Circuit Court for the Northern District of Alabama.

The most illustrious event in the Calhoun house's history was the trial of Frank James in 1884 for a payroll robbery three years earlier. Huge crowds came from far and wide to witness the trial or just to be near the excitement. James was quite a celebrity and when he was acquitted, the sympathetic crowds cheered.

The house, the remaining art collection, and the entire block were sold to Milton and Ellelee Humes in 1887.

From 1895-1898 the Calhoun House served as the location for

a boy's school, the Huntsville Academy.

In 1907 a fire struck the house, and the burned out building remained an empty eyesore close to the heart of downtown Huntsville until 1909 when it was sold to L.C. Sugg for \$10,800.

This is the house that cost Judge Smith over \$75,000 to build in the 1830's.

In May of 1911 after another fire, the Calhoun House was demolished. It is now a parking lot, located directly to the right of the YMCA (now law offices) as you look east. Today there is nothing to remind one of it's past glories and drama except for the historic marker at the location, which describes the trial of Frank James that took place there.



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Old News

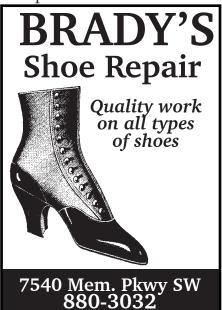
From the Year 1885

- Two days ago the "stickringing" man took possession of the corner of Randolph Street and the square, and he has done a thriving business. Yesterday the "Electric Shock Battery" man installed himself on the other corner and his machine attracted a large crowd-all day long.

- In the case of H. W Binder, the man who placed a cross tie on the track of the M & C Railway, three miles below the city, it was yesterday decided by Judge Richardson to send him to the State Lunatic Asylum at Tuscaloosa.

Binder, it will be remembered, was the same man who attempted to hew down the flag staff at the National Cemetery in Chattanooga, and also raised considerable Cain at the engine room of the Bell Factory a while ago.

- For rent - The valuable plantations belonging to the Estate of the late Josiah Springer, deceased. Apply to Allen R. Campbell.



- New Colored Church - The colored Cumberland Church laid the cornerstone of their new church building on Church Street Saturday evening, with interesting and appropriate ceremonies under the auspices of the Evening Star Lodge No. 6 A. F & A. M.

- We are glad to see Mr. C. H. Halsey, the popular proprietor of the Huntsville Hotel, out again, after several days of illness during the past week.

- Stolen last Thursday night from Thomas Gore near Huntland, Franklin County, Tenn.

a black horse mule. A reward of ten dollars will be paid for the return of said mule and ten dollars for the apprehension of the thief. The lucky man can address the Mercury or Thomas Gore, Huntland, Tenn.

- Dr. J. J. Dement has added another to the list of his building enterprises which have contributed so much to local property, by contracting for the erection at an early date of a handsome brick store, 86 x 100 feet, on the present site of Wright's Boarding House, between the Dement Block and the store of J. R. Kress.





Golden K Kiwanis

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Golden K members present a collection of school materials to Pamela Donald, Director of R.S.V.P (Retired and Senior Volunteer Program).

When you buy a copy of "Old Huntsville" from the paper racks and 'Honor' boxes, the 50 cents you pay supports the activities below:

Alabama Science Fair, Anybody Can Play Playground, Boy and Cub Scout Troop 400,
National Children's Advocacy Center, Downtown Rescue Mission,
Huntsville Achievement School, Huntsville-Madison County Public Library,
Huntsville-Madison County Senior Center, Head Start Huntsville,
Riley Behavioral & Education Center, Huntsville Salvation Army,
Reading Is Fundamental, R.S.V.P School Program, Sci-Quest Hands-On Science Center,
St. Jude Women's & Children's Clinic, Toys for Tots,
Madison County Special Olympics, Veteran's Memorial Museum
and scholarships for
Alabama A&M, Calhoun Community College
and University of Alabama, Huntsville

We meet Thursdays at 7:30 a.m. for breakfast and interesting programs at the Huntsville Senior Center, 2200 Drake Avenue Senior men and women are invited to be our guests for good fellowship.

Life in 1902

- The average life expectancy in the U.S. was forty-seven.
- Only 14 percent of the homes in the U.S. had a bathtub.
- Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone. A three-minute call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars.
- There were only 8,000 cars in the U.S. and only 144 miles of paved roads.
- The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.
- The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.
- The average wage in the U.S. was 22 cents an hour.
- The average U.S. worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.
 - A competent accountant

could expect to earn \$2,000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.

- More than 95 percent of all births in the U.S. took place at home.
- Ninety percent of all U.S. physicians had no college ed-

ucation. Instead, they attended medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and by the government as "substandard."

- The cost

of sugar was four cents a pound. Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen. Coffee cost fifteen cents a pound.

"As pets go, I like pigs.
Dogs look up to us and
cats look down on us. Pigs
treat us as equals."

Winston Churchill

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An Elephant on Clinton Avenue

On December 15, 1968 North Alabama was riveted by the news of a possible major archeological find in Huntsville. William Thomas Young, a resident of 507 East Clinton Avenue, was working on replacing a floor in his home, and upon finding a pile of loose bricks underneath, decided to remove them. What he discovered next would earn his home a spot in Huntsville trivia for all time to come

A skeleton, the biggest that anyone had ever seen, was uncovered.

Immediately, speculation began about the bones. As the

"Show me a sane man and I will cure him for you."

Carl Jung

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word spread, gawkers began lining up on the street trying to get a view. Old history books, with pictures of dinosaurs, were hastily retrieved from dusty attics and neighbors began talking of the huge creatures that once stalked this region.

Unfortunately, the puzzle was quickly solved and Hunts-ville missed the opportunity of becoming the site for a major archeological dig. A local historian remembered hearing tales of an elephant being buried somewhere on Clinton Avenue



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and by putting two and two together, solved the mystery.

It seems as if a circus had come to town in the fall of 1893 and erected its tents about a half-mile outside of town in a location now known as Five Points. As the circus was packing up and getting ready to leave town, one of its elephants died.

Circuses and traveling carnivals were notorious for leaving sick and dead animals behind, so when Sheriff Jere Murphee heard of the dead elephant, he quickly informed the circus that they could not leave town until the carcass was buried.

Mr. Bradshaw, the manager of the circus, then hired a local man by the name of Gentry to bury the carcass for the sum of ten dollars. Although some people may think that ten dollars was a large sum of money, it was also a very large elephant. Mr. Gentry hitched his team of mules to the carcass, the circus left town, and everyone was happy.

In retrospect, it seems as if Mr. Gentry might have been a bit on the lazy side, for instead of digging a hole to bury the carcass, he took the easy way out. In the 500 block of East Clinton, there had at one time been an old brickworks, and adjacent to the works was a large hole from where the clay for the bricks had been dug. It was here that Gentry dumped the carcass, and finished filling in the hole with old bricks and rubble.

And it was here, years later, that homes were built, with Mr. Young eventually buying the one with the secret.

"An armed man is a citizen. An unarmed man is a subject."

James Lanier, Arab

A Bitter Legacy

No one in Huntsville, in 1902, was surprised when they learned the Rodgers and Ricketts families had been involved in a gunfight. The families had been feuding for years and the latest incident began when the elder Rodgers was accosted by members of the Ricketts family while on his way to town. Harsh words were exchanged and both parties returned home to "gather their kin-folk."

Late that evening Jim Ricketts and Halbert Rodgers met on the banks of the Flint River. Both were armed with shotguns. Hatred between the two families was so great that both parties immediately began firing.

The first blast caught Ricketts full in the chest and neck. A second later Rodgers fell to the ground grievously wounded in both legs. Although Rodgers and Ricketts would live many years after the gun-fight, they would both remain crippled for the rest of their lives.

Jim Ricketts and Halbert Rodgers were both only thirteen years old.

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Partial List contains: 30 + Hummel Figurines, outdoor Porch Rockers, 4-piece "Bassett' Bedroom Suite, Pair of Matching Maple Twin Beds, 8-piece "Singer" Dining Room Suite, pictures frames and mirrors, Cookie Jar Collection, LOTS of Costume Jewelry, Old Pocket Watches including: 7-Jewel Elgin (rare Multi-color Dial); 7-Jewel Elgin with Fob; 7-Jewel Waltham (Key wound in a coin silver case); 7-Jewel Waltham (was awarded by city of Boston to John A. Connelly, Jr.); 15-Jewel Waltham in a railroad style case among many others. Dressers and Chests, Lamps, Glassware, Tray Deals.... Much, Much More!

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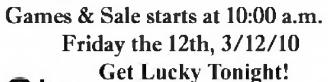
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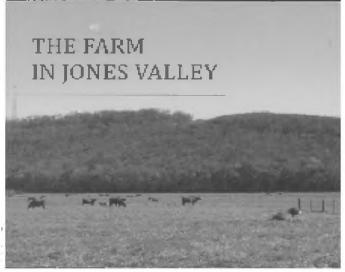
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Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

- **1.** The Farm in Jones Valley by Ray Jones \$18.95
- 2. Glimpses of Huntsville in the 1950's by "Riverboat John" Ferguson \$18.95
- 3. Wicked North Alabama by Jacque Procter Reeves \$17.95
- 4. Huntsville Then And Now by Fred Simpson (limited supply) Special price \$20.00
- 5. When Spirits Walk: Madison County Ghost Stories \$16.95
- 6. Murder in the Heart of Dixie by Fred Simpson (limited supply)
 Special price \$18.00
- 7. Historic Photos of Huntsville by Jacque Gray Reeves \$39.95
- 8. True Tales of Old Madison County by Virgil (Pat) Jones \$7.95
- 9. Huntsville Air and Space:A History in Photographsby Gary Wicks \$21.99
- 10. Southern Turkey Hunting: A Family Affair by Ray Jones \$15.00

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