



No. 219
May 2011



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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



A Family Tragedy

His new home was Cell 12 on Death Row, a 7 x 8 foot cell with a hole for a toilet. A guard's desk was located directly in front, allowing him to be watched 24 hours a day.

Orby Hethcoat, born & raised in Huntsville, never dreamed he would end his days in a place like this.

Now there was nothing left except waiting - waiting for visitors, waiting for mail, but mostly just waiting to die.

Also in this issue: Memories of the Civil War

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Domie Lewter
Mac Lewter

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A Family Tragedy

by Amber Chattee Saunders
as told to Tom Carney

Many older people say the spring of 1937 was the most beautiful they could remember. The mild temperatures, the crystal blue skies and the vivid hues of the early flowers all seemed to be harbingers of good fortune for the citizens of Huntsville. Even the dark storm clouds that formed daily over the Tennessee River, before moving north toward the city limits, appeared to disintegrate before reaching populated areas.

For James Hethcoat it was an especially good time. The Depression, which he had struggled against for years, was finally starting to recede and business in his photography shop on 9th Avenue was flourishing. His wife and five children were all in good health, his grandchildren visited him almost daily and Orby, his eldest son, had finally returned home.

Hethcoat smiled as he

thought about his son. Orby was a free spirit who never seemed able to settle down and stay in one place. The family always teased him, saying he never saw a road without wanting to follow it.

"But," Hethcoat thought to himself, "the boy always came home and that was the most important thing." His thoughts were interrupted when Sheriff Frank Hereford entered the shop. Hethcoat and Hereford had been friends for years and his first thought was maybe the Sheriff had some photography work for him. He had done occasional work for the Sheriff, photographing crime scenes and evidence.

The look on the Sheriff's face, however, showed the visit was much more serious. "James," the sheriff said, "I'm sorry but I have to pick up your son Orby."

Hethcoat looked at the sheriff for a long moment before replying. He knew his son and was sure it was nothing serious. Whatever it was, they would take care of it.

"What did he do?"

"James, I have a warrant for Orby for first degree murder. They say he killed a woman up in New Jersey."

Orby Hethcoat grew up in West Huntsville, the oldest son of a deeply religious family whose values were centered around church and family. While still in his mid-teens he quit school and went to work at Merrimac Mills. At about the

"Don't pick a fight with an old man. If he's too old to fight, he'll just kill you."

Old Farmer's Advice



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same time someone gave him an old beat-up guitar which soon became his prized possession. Orby was a natural musician and although he couldn't read music, he could play almost anything after hearing it for the first time. Within a few years he left the mill behind and started playing in local honky-tonks. With his easygoing manner and wavy black hair he became a popular feature in the clubs around town.

Almost everyone who knew Orby Hethcoat liked him. One person later described him as being an independent soul. You couldn't help but like the boy. He was always laughing and cutting up. "Just don't wait supper on him - he might show up and he might not."

Orby's biggest weakness, however, revolved around the ladies. While still a teenager he married a woman several years older than him. When that didn't work out, he soon met and married Pearl Lochart, who was also older than him. This marriage too was doomed to failure. Pearl wanted her new husband to settle down and provide a home, something that

Orby, still a youth, was unable to do.

With two failed marriages behind him, Orby was heart-broken. There was nothing left in Huntsville for him and like thousands of other young men with broken hearts, he decided to follow the open roads to see where they would lead.

Orby spent the next few years wandering from town to town picking up odd jobs and living from day to day. He played in bars in Texas and Louisiana, washed dishes in Arkansas and likely followed the harvests in the midwest.

Occasionally, without any notice, Orby would return home for a few days where he would regale the family with tales of his travels. His nieces and nephews would gather around him, enthralled, as he told of visiting strange places and meeting famous people. Just as their attention would begin to lag, he would reach into his bag and pull out another exotic souvenir which would lead to another equally entertaining story. His visits never lasted long; almost as suddenly as he appeared, he would be gone in search of an-

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other dream in yet another far away town.

In 1936 his travels carried him to Trenton, New Jersey where he played with the Tommy Dorsey Band for a short while. When that job ended, he got a job as a musician in another club in Trenton. It was there that he met Emily Coats, the only daughter of the wealthy and influential Coats family who had made fortunes in the textile business.

Emily was strikingly beautiful, with a slender figure and long blonde hair and like so many other wealthy debutantes, she was tempted by the wild and often promiscuous atmosphere of nightclubs.

Within weeks of meeting, the couple began living together in a small upstairs apartment over a watch shop. For Orby, the relationship seemed to be everything he had been searching for. Unfortunately, Emily seemed more into good times than lasting romance, especially when Orby had to work until the early hours of the morning,

leaving her at home alone.

One night, several months after they had moved in together, Orby took off early from work. When he arrived home, Emily was gone. Just as he started to look for a note, he heard laughter coming from the stairwell leading to the apartment. Curious, he went to see where it was coming from. Emily and a man, both obviously intoxicated, were wrapped in an embrace and showering kisses on each other.

Harsh words were exchanged. The stranger lost his footing and fell backwards onto Emily who stumbled and fell down the stairs. One look at her crumpled body was enough to confirm that she was dead from a broken neck. The stranger disappeared, leaving Orby alone with Emily's lifeless body.

In retrospect it is easy to say or imagine what Orby should have done next. Call for help, call the police or call an ambulance. In reality, he did none of these. Instead, after hastily gathering his few belongings, Orby fled the scene, not stopping until he was back in Huntsville surrounded by the protective shield of his family.

Three weeks later the FBI issued a warrant for his arrest and he was picked up.

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That afternoon, Mr. Hethcoat visited his son in the Huntsville jail where Orby told of the circumstances leading to Emily's death. "It was an accident," he pled. "I never tried to hurt anyone."

When visiting hours were over Mr. Hethcoat started to leave. Sheriff Hereford stopped him in the hallway and led him into an office. "James, I'm sorry about this. Is there anything I can do for you or the family?"

"Sheriff, it was an accident. I don't see how they can do this to him for something that was an accident."

Sheriff Hereford looked pained. "James, there's more to it than that. They found her body buried in the basement. That wasn't an accident."

That evening all the Hethcoat sisters, brothers, nieces and nephews gathered together hoping somehow to make sense of the terrible tragedy that had befallen one of their own. The whole range of emotions filled the small room with everyone handling their grief in their own way.

Some wanted to know why or how, others were worried about

what neighbors and friends would think. A nephew asked what they were supposed to say when people said their Uncle was a murderer.


Mrs. Hethcoat, who had remained silent until this point, spoke up sharply. "You will tell people that he is your Uncle and that you love him. And that, but for the grace of God, it could happen to anyone."

Orby was returned to Trenton, New Jersey to await trial. The family had tried to hire an attorney in Huntsville to represent him but Orby had refused, saying that when all the facts were investigated he would be found innocent. He also knew what an attorney would cost and knew his family didn't have the money. Unknown to Orby, the family hired James Boscarell, a well know attorney in Trenton to represent him.

Orby later wrote "...I turned my attention to Boscarell. He was not appointed by the court and I did not send for him. The first thing I knew, he just walked in and grabbed the case..."

The trial was almost a foregone conclusion. While most people understood how an ac-

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cident could happen, there was no explanation for Emily's body being buried in the basement. Orby, despite his attorney's advice, simply refused to talk about it, or explain it.

After a short trial Orby was sentenced to be put to death at the New Jersey State Prison.

"...I worked every trick I could to get a life sentence, but I didn't have a chance. The fact a man makes a mistake is no reason to burn him..."

Orby's new home was cell 12 on Death Row, a seven by eight foot cell that predated the Civil War. A guard's desk sat directly in front of the cell allowing a guard to watch him 24 hours a day. Breakfast, mostly oatmeal, was at 6:30, a sandwich for lunch at 11:30 and supper at 5:00. The rest of the day was spent waiting - waiting for visitors, waiting for mail, but mostly just waiting to die.

A guard described it aptly when he said, "A person on death row doesn't have any friends. If he ever did, they forget about him when he walks through those gates. People just don't want that burden."

Orby's mother and father wrote constantly, beseeching him to let them visit but he always refused. He begged them to forget about him, saying it would be easier for all of them.

Despite Orby's pleadings the family refused to give up. There was still hope for an appeal but justice was not cheap. Every mail delivery brought bills from lawyers for more money. The family, never well off, tried to meet every request hoping against hope that it might save their kin.

First to go was the family's life savings, then a small farm near Hazel Green, then a vacant lot in West Huntsville. Money was borrowed from banks, then friends but it was never enough. There was always another brief to be filed or someone else to be hired. By January 1938 all appeals were exhausted and a date was set. The night before the execution the warden visited Orby to explain the procedure that would be followed and to see if there were any last requests.

Orby seemed calm about his fate. He ordered a bowl of turnip greens and corn bread for his last meal. Just as the warden turned to leave Orby asked if he could have a guitar. The warden started to protest, but seeing the look on Orby's face, nodded to the guard that it would be all right.

Prison is a noisy place. That's



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the first thing people notice when they visit. Doors slamming, men cursing, the sound of men being marched to and fro. The noise is constant and insidious, 24 hours a day. Guards remembered the night before the scheduled execution as being strangely different.

As Orby began playing the guitar and singing the songs he had grown up with, the prison grew still as guards and prisoners alike strained to hear the rich baritone voice coming from the cell on death row.

At first he did the songs he had played in bars and honky-tonks and the old fashioned blues he remembered from working as a laborer in the fields. As the night crept on into the early hours of the morning his music took a different flavor as he began recalling the religious songs he had sung so many times in church with his family. Prisoners and guards alike listened to The Old Rugged Cross and cried when he sang Amazing Grace.

Sometime during the night he asked for a pencil and paper.

"Dear parents There is about fourteen hours left for me. I have given up all hope that anything can be done for me in relation to my case. ... Reverend Paxton will give you a last message from me."

In Huntsville, Orby's family had given up hope. There were no more letters to write and no more phone calls to make. The only thing left was the waiting.

The case had been well publicized here and as the final day grew to a close, curious thrill seekers began driving by the parent's house hoping to catch a glimpse of the murderer's family. Other people gathered across the street. Well-intended neighbors and friends stopped by with food and offered their sympathy. The preacher called to offer his prayers and support.

In Trenton, a prison barber shaved the top of Orby's head. The warden stopped by to tell him the Governor had refused to sign a last minute reprieve.

"Dear Mother and Dad ... I have just five hours left now, but don't think of how I am going. I am not afraid of that. I want you to forgive me for breaking your hearts... we will meet in another world at some future time ... There is not much for me to tell you right now ... Give my love to everyone and say that I went out like a man, unafraid. And now, this is the last letter. I love you more than I have ever known. Orby"

As the final hours crept by, Orby's brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews gathered at his parent's house. A soft, cold rain had driven the thrill seekers away but it also added to the gloom of the evening. Feeble attempts at conversation drifted off into silence. The only sound

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was the Lord's Prayer which Mrs. Hethcoat kept repeating over and over.

Mr. Hethcoat sat in a chair, away in a corner by himself, not saying a word but with silent tears running down his face.

Everyone kept looking at a large wall clock as it slowly ticked off the minutes and seconds. Finally the hands reached 8 o'clock and began chiming the hours. As the realization of what was happening hundreds of miles away began to seep in, they looked at one another trying to understand how and why. But there were no answers.

Mr. Hethcoat rose from his chair and turned off the overhead light, leaving only a small lamp to illuminate the sorrow. "It's over," he said, tears flowing down his cheeks. "May God rest his soul." As he left the room, Mrs. Hethcoat gathered her remaining children together and led them in a final prayer for her first born.

Three days later the family received a final note from Rev-

erend Paxton.

"My dear brother and sister ...I stayed with him until the end... He did all he could to make peace with God, he repented of his sins, confessed all, and went bravely to meet death ... The warden said he would hold the remains until Tuesday... Yours in God, W.J. Paxton"

It is not known if Orby Hethcoat ever explained why Emily's body was buried in the basement.

"My boyfriend has a 30 year mortgage, a 5 year car lease, a lifetime gym membership, and he's afraid of commitment!"

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- Oil Men to Visit Local Fields for Work. E. R. B. Martin and J. K. Mahan, millionaire natural oil operators from Pittsburg, Pa. and who have options on more than 20,000

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When the Circus Came to Town

by Judy Wills

In the days before movies and television, Huntsville residents were eager for any kind of traveling entertainment. They came in droves to see horse fairs, plays, and circuses. Even the famous Buffalo Bill Cody came to Huntsville with his famous Wild West Show.

The tradition of the traveling circus goes back to at least Roman times. It might be a group with only a few horses and dogs, but any circus, small or large, was assured a good audience. Even the fighting during the War Between the States didn't stop circuses from trying to perform, at least in the cities that were under Union occupation. A circus visiting Nashville in late 1864 just managed to get out of town before the major battle that occurred in mid-December. They were at times accused of spying and sometimes it was true, but garrison commanders had a hard time ensuring the loyalty of the troops and let the traveling performers hold their show anyway, albeit under heavy guard.

In late October, 1916, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus came to Huntsville. They were already billed as the "Greatest Show on Earth." R T. Barnum sought entertainers from all over the world and local people could hardly wait to see the circus

freaks as well as the wild animals. This particular circus featured over 130 horses, performing ones as well as the wagon pulling variety. In those days, the circus parade was a major event. Howard Harbin, a retired Madison County employee who had seen the parade as a small child, recalled that the parade would stop every now and then to put on a small skit. This was meant to whet the appetite of the crowd to come and see the main performance. The parade was to move along Jefferson Street and then Washington Street until it came to the site of the performance tents. This was a cleared tract of land on the east side of North Washington Street near the Southern Railway depot.

There had been great debate about whether the city of Huntsville should extend its corporate limits to include the

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site where the circus would be held. If the site had been inside the city limits, the city would have received \$150 plus a payment of \$75 for a permit to hold the parade. Some of the citizens felt that the circus was a bad thing to have and could contribute to the decline of morality in Huntsville, but the mayor and council were in favor of having the circus inside the city limits so that the city, instead of the county, could benefit from the sale of a privilege license to the circus. Other local cities had derived as much as \$1,000 from a visit from the circus. The opponents of extending the city limits were in the majority and the city lost the opportunity to receive a larger portion of the \$300 collected by the county.

Howard Harbin recalled that his family, who lived in Maysville, loaded into the wagon early in order to be in town before the parade started. In 1916 it was a two-and-a-half hour trip to Huntsville by wagon. The Harbin family found a good spot to watch the parade on Washington Street. When the parade broke up, the Harbins joined the crowd that followed the menagerie to the circus site. As they neared the site, a great commotion broke out. Harbin and his family saw smoke coming up from a little rise, just ahead of the big top. They moved away from the crowd to a place behind a grove of trees.

Just at that moment, horses started galloping in panic from over the hill. More than 100 horses had been stabled in a tent just over the rise. There were two rows of horses with a long manger that held grain and hay. They had been visited by scores of onlookers and horse fanciers. It isn't known exactly how a fire started, but most of the men were smoking cigars and apparently a discarded cigar butt was tossed into the manger. The weather

had been very dry that month and it did not require much to start a fire. With so many of the circus employees involved in the parade, there were not enough workers to put out the fire. The workers started cutting the horses loose, but the fire was spreading faster than they could release them. The tent caught fire and the screams of the horses were horrendous. Before the day was over 27 of the most seriously injured horses were shot to death and in the end a total of 130 horses had died of burns or been shot.

The disposal of animals had always been a problem in the city. The carcasses were hauled to a site that was at the corner of present day Owens and McClung, then, the site of the pest house. This disposal was of a magnitude that had not been anticipated before. State law provided that carcasses be hauled to a site where the odor of burning them would not reach residences. This was not possible on the pest house land so the circus officials contracted a local man who claimed that he could bury them at the required two-foot depth. The local contractor was paid \$ 100 for his efforts and started digging trenches.

The circus fire had been on Saturday and by the following Wednesday it was apparent that the job was too much for the man who had taken it on.

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Rather than allow the matter to grow into a law suit instituted by angry residents, Judge Archie McDonnell and Mayor T. T. Terry went to the site and put to work every available truck and wagon they could procure. Eventually, all the dead horses had been hauled to the site and enough trenches had been dug to hold them.

It was not the sort of revenue enhancing event that the city fathers had anticipated. The city and the county had to pay for almost all of the labor involved plus the hiring of the trucks and wagons. Efforts were begun immediately to get the circus to pay for the disposal but it was not an easy task and it would be forty-nine years before Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey would visit Huntsville again.

"It will be years - not in my time - before a woman will become Prime Minister."

Margaret Thatcher - 1974

Chicken Fried Steak

1 cup flour
Salt and Pepper to taste
1 teasp. onion powder
1 pound ground beef
2 cloves garlic, chopped

1 egg lightly beaten
1/2 cup milk
cracker crumbs
vegetable oil for frying

Put flour in a bowl with salt pepper and onion powder. Put cracker crumbs in another bowl. Stir garlic into the ground beef, form into patties and smash flat.

Combine milk and egg in bowl. Dip each patty into flour, then into the egg/milk mixture and then into the cracker crumbs. Fry in Hot oil til golden brown on each side. Serve with white gravy.



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You Can't Beat Cotton

by James Rosenblum

The moon hung low on the western horizon and to the east the gold-pink of the morning's first light struggled to push back the darkness. It was 4:30 AM, too early for me to arise, but not for those on the corner of Depot and Arnett Streets. Adjacent to my bedroom window a group of people had assembled, chatting, brown bagged lunches in hand, awaiting the possibility of a days work in the cotton fields. I was awake.

The cooling breeze of the previous evening had vanished and my bed uncomfortably soaked with perspiration no longer provided the comfort it had been designed for. I turned my pillow, readjusted my head, tried to coax my brain into sleep without success. So I watched the anxious

field hands as they waited for a day of labor.

The assembled group of day laborers were heavily into cotton. So was the corner grocer, the in-town merchants, the postman and everyone else in Huntsville, Alabama during the early 1930s. Cotton drove the economy of Madison County and was the very life blood of our tiny community of eight thousand souls.

I was enchanted with cotton, from the planting of the tiny seed to the weaving of "brown domestic" cloth used by my Grandmother to make bed sheets, aprons and other articles of clothing. During my early teen age years I observed many of the evolutions of cotton first hand. My Uncle operated a small "dirt poor" (meaning nothing would grow) farm, and during spring planting I

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helped him put in a sizable vegetable garden and a field of cotton. The cotton he harvested was of poor quality basically due to the abundance of red clay in the soil, poor irrigation, and the lack of adequate pest control. The old boll weevil actually ate him out of house and home. Several years of back breaking labor with little return convinced him to sell out and move to Florida.

After school my closest childhood friend and I often hung around the Huntsville Cotton Gin on North Patton Street. We were amazed how rapidly the gin sucked the freshly picked cotton from the queued wagons, separated the seeds into one bin and the cotton into another. In school we had studied about labor saving inventions of early America, and here we were watching Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin in action. It was a sight to behold.

I recall, with a great deal of nostalgia, the irritated words of the gin's foreman. "OK boys it's time you get on home. I'd hate to see one of you youngens get all caught up in one of them bales. Why just the other day that happened and we like to never got the little fellow out of there. He was almost a goner by the time we reached him. Now get on home." Just about twice a month my friend and I heard this message, but the foreman never dismissed us until our visit had been completed. I think he enjoyed us as much as we enjoyed being there.

And now, some seventy-five years later, I'm still involved with cotton. Last week at Atlanta's Macy's spring shirt sale the store personnel were pushing cottons over blends. A sales lady said to me, "You can't beat cotton, you know. It launders beautifully, is much cooler than blends and is an American tradition. We have a wonderful selection. You just can't beat cotton."

"You're absolutely right", I replied, "You can't beat cotton."

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From 1911 newspaper

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Big Bargains in City Property - 1907

- \$5,500 - 2 story 7 room brick Smith residence on Randolph, large lot
- \$2,750 - 4 room tenant house on Adams Ave., with large lot, 3-4 room tenant house in rear
- \$2,600 - buys a nice 5 room cottage on East Holmes Street, hot and cold water
- \$5,080 - The old Gordon property on Lincoln Street opposite Presbyterian Church, large lot and brick house



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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



We have a winner in the Photo of the Month contest for April. **Barbara Henderson** was the astute caller who recognized the sweet boy as a young **Danny Banks**. Barbara is retired from Redstone Federal Credit Union and went to Butler High School with Danny, where she was in the band with him. Congratulations to you!

We were so sorry to hear of the death of **Elizabeth Jackson**, who lived in Huntsville from 1946 to 2006 when she moved to Plano, Tx. She was always known as "the kid with the better disposition" and just loved the history of this area. We send our deepest condolences to her daughter **Marcia Moore (Al Moore, son-in-law)**, sons **Edward Jackson and Kirk Jackson** as well as granddaughters **Rachel Moore and Caitlin Moore**, and many friends and family who will miss this delightful lady.

We are so very proud of our friend **Debra N. Jenkins**, who with her husband **Alan** founded and continues to serve as unpaid executive director of Merimack Hall Performing Arts. She was recently honored by

the National Council of Delta Zeta Sorority as 2010 Woman of the Year with a large reception. You're the best, Debra.

We met some really great folks recently at Huntsville Hospital, the **Cardiac Short Stay** unit. **Jamie Grindell** was the very sweet RN who took care of us and told us how she enjoyed coming to work everyday. **Oliver Nkiere** was the tall, gentle LPN with a beautiful accent who said he was of British/French descent. **Loree Wolf** was the Cardiovascular aid who knows so much about Huntsville history and remembered the unusual story about J. Otis King. **Laura Pruitt** was the nurse who showed both kindness and compassion.

From just an observer's viewpoint, that department works exceptionally well together and each employee is

totally efficient and organized. It's easy to see why Huntsville Hospital keeps winning awards.

Speaking of doctors, we met that good-looking **Dr. Jason Smith** recently. Not only is he great with patients, he is very knowledgeable about what he does.

If we weren't living in Huntsville, you'd swear you were in SoHo, New York while visiting the Kaffeeklatsch downtown. **Grant and Kathy Heath**, the owners, showed people that selling unusual and delicious coffees can be successful! If you haven't stopped by yet, go in to see them on Jefferson street - next to Kaffeeklatsch bar with the beautiful stained glass window. While you're downtown, stop in at **Harrison Brothers** just a couple of blocks away on South Side Square - you'll be amazed!

A big hello to our friend **John Bzdell** - we're thinking of you, our friend!

We heard from **James Rosenblum** recently, who now

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Photo of The Month

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

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Hint: This little boy not only knows all about the law, but he's also a great cook.



lives in Atlanta, GA. James was born in Huntsville in 1924, enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1941 and married a sweet girl from Gurley, Al. They had 4 children and James still has many relatives in Madison and Limestone counties. He is very proud of his 2 grandchildren & 2 great grandsons. James sent us a good story about his experience with Alabama cotton!

Amy McBroom asked us to mention that the Huntsville Pilgrimage Asso. will be holding their annual **Historic Homes Tour** on May 7. The homes are beautiful and the event always gets lots of traffic. Check the Times for more information.

Mildred Gargis recently wrote to us - she loves history and loves to write about it.

A friend of ours was telling us recently that his grandma had passed away and while cleaning out her closet found on old **Royal Crown Cola bottle**. It had a stopper on top with holes in the stopper. His young daughter thought it was used as a salt shaker but he told her that in the old days when there was no such thing as a steam iron, the women had to sprinkle their clothes with water - she would fill the RC cola bottle up with water, attach the holey top, and sprinkle her clothes prior to ironing!

Cloud Nine owner **Terese Stevens** is one active lady. In addition to running her busi-

ness, she belongs to a motorcycle club (Alabama Beemers) and is going on a cruise very soon. Then when racing season begins, she'll be doing that too!

If you have a chance to become part of your community's **Community Watch Program**, it is a great idea. All you have to do is be very observant, even if all you can do is sit by the front window and look out. Many cases have been solved by very watchful neighbors. Anytime something looks odd, if you see something that is just not right, go by your gut instinct and call the police # 256-722-7100. Put that number in your cell or memorize it - you could be saving a life!

Along with many others, we were so saddened to hear of the death of vet **Dr. Lewis McCurdy**, as a result of a horse riding accident at the end of February. He gave so many hours of his time for many years to the Greater Huntsville Humane Society, to help care for the animals that were housed there. He was on the Board of GHHS for many years.

We heard from **Rosemary Leatherwood** who wanted to let us know that her sweet hubby **Bill Leatherwood, Jr.** had a birthday on May 2. We won't say how many years he is but he is a young guy! Also, Rosemary's daughter, **Jamie Leatherwood Woods**, turned 33 in April. And the best news was

her new husband **Allen Woods** adopted her sweet son, **Chase**. Congratulations to the whole family!

Beth Mumaw tells us that this year marks a very big celebration for Elks Lodge #1648. By May, they will have awarded over a million dollars in scholarships for college students just from the Lodge along. A party is in the planning stage with food & libations and the Fairlanes will be playing - stay tuned!

Happy Mother's day to all you Mom's out there!

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 1/2 c. sliced almonds, toast-
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2 hours before you pre-
 pare this, soak your macaroons
 in cream, soften the ice cream
 enough to blend in a mixer.
 Mix in the macaroons and
 almond extract. Add toasted
 almonds and freeze.

Peanut Butter Fudge

4 c. sugar
 1 - 14oz. can evaporated milk
 1 c. butter
 8 oz. peanut butter, crunchy
 1 pt. marshmallow cream

Butter the sides of a 3-quart
 saucepan. Combine your sug-
 ar, milk and butter in pan, cook

over medium heat til it reaches
 soft-ball stage - when you drop
 a bit in a cup of cold water and
 it forms a soft ball. Remove
 from heat and add your peanut
 butter and marshmallow.

Beat til smooth, pour into a
 buttered 9 x 12" dish. Let this
 cool and cut into small squares.
 This will be very rich so cut
 small!

Honey Balls

1 c. honey
 1 c. peanut butter
 2 c. dry powdered milk
 1 c. corn flakes, crushed

Cream the honey & pea-
 nut butter together, mix with
 powdered milk and shape into
 balls. Roll in cereal and serve.

Your kids will love these!
 Great for those nutritious after-
 school treats.

Forgotten Crispies

2 1/2 c. powdered sugar
 4 egg whites
 1 t. cream of tartar
 1 t. vanilla
 1 c. chopped pecans

Beat all ingredients except
 nuts for 15 minutes, then add
 nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls
 onto greased cookie sheet. Bake
 at 225 degrees for an hour, turn
 off the oven and leave in there
 til crispies are cool, several
 hours or even overnight.

Little Cherry Cheesecakes

24 vanilla wafers
 2 8-oz pkgs. cream cheese,
 softened
 1 egg
 8 oz. sour cream
 1/2 c. sugar
 1 t. almond extract
 2 t. vanilla extract
 1 can cherry pie filling

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In the bottom of muffin tins, lined with paper cups, put one vanilla wafer. In a bowl mix the cream cheese, egg, sour cream and sugar. Mix well and add the vanilla extract.

In a small bowl mix the cherry pie filling with the almond extract. Pour the cream cheese mixture on top of each wafer to half full, bake in oven at 375 degrees for about 30 minutes.

Remove from oven and when almost cool, top with a tablespoon of the cherry pie filling. Serve immediately, you won't have any leftovers!

Baked Fruit

- 1 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 1 20-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 1 6-oz. pkg. dried apricots
- 1 12-oz. pkg. dried pitted prunes
- 2 11-oz. cans mandarin oranges

Place all ingredients in a large bowl, give it a lazy mix, then pour into a large buttered casserole dish. Cover with foil and bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

Marshmallow Pralines

- 1 lb. caramels
- 1 stick butter
- 1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened condensed milk
- 1 pkg. large marshmallows

Toothpicks

1 c. pecans, finely chopped
 In a double boiler, heat the caramels, butter and Eagle Brand til all are melted and blended. Using the toothpicks, roll the marshmallows in the mixture, then roll in the nuts. These can be frozen.

Gales' Chocolate Sunday Pie

- 1 env. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 c. cold water
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 c. sugar
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1 c. scalded milk
- 1/2 t. vanilla
- 3 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 1 c. heavy cream, whipped
- 1 oz. chocolate slivers
- 1/2 c. pecans, chopped fine
- 2 pie shells, deep-dish, thawed

Soften gelatin in cold water, let stand. Combine egg yolks, sugar, salt and slowly add the scalded milk. Cook in double boiler til mixture coats spoon, sticking to it.

Add softened gelatin and stir til dissolved, cool. Add vanilla, fold in egg whites, whip cream and pour all into the thawed crusts.

This will make 2 pies. Sprinkle chopped pecans and slivered chocolate over the top of the pies, chill thoroughly.



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The Taylors of Ryland

by Austin Miller

Mrs. Maud Taylor was born in 1899 and died in 1997, just shy of 99 years old. Her family consisted of her husband, Mr. Wess, three sons; Malcolm, Kenneth and Muley. There was one daughter named Maudine. The Taylors moved to Ryland in the early twenties on about seventy acres of land. Their house sat on a ridge over looking the Flint River and is located almost at the end of what is now Wess Taylor Drive. This was a spirited, rugged family of hard working individuals. They would have died of starvation before taking charity or a handout from either their neighbors or the government. It is said that Malcolm wouldn't send out invitations when he graduated from high school because in his mind it was begging.

This was not a family of slackers. Mr. Wess served in World War One, Malcolm in World War Two and Muley in Korea. Mrs. Maud always complained about not being able to serve in World War One because she was a woman. Like all Ryland people in those days, they grew their food. None of them went hungry; they raised a big garden as well as hogs, chickens, ducks and turkeys. Also, since this was a family that loved to fish there was always plenty of fish on the table.

When my brother Berns and I recently visited with Malcolm, Cleo, their daughter Joyce and her husband Benny it was mentioned that other things also sometimes made it to the table, such as opossum, squirrel and rabbit. They made their living raising cotton and cattle and Mr. Wess was a good tractor mechanic but I don't think he ever made much money from that trade.

Tragedy hit the family early when Kenneth, the second son, died in 1941 of stomach cancer. The family always thought it was caused by a hard lick in the stomach that he got boxing at a





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CCC camp in Washington State. Kenneth and his first cousin John M. Miller were as tough as the came and were not afraid of anything or anybody.

The Taylors had an old cemetery on their land. Over a period of time Kenneth and John M. dug up several graves in the cemetery looking for anything they could find. It is said that they carried gold teeth in their pockets that they got from the dead. One night after that John M. was walking by Ryland Cemetery when he saw something that scared him so badly that he ran home and fell through the front door in a panic. He couldn't explain what he saw or heard but he was so obviously frightened that the men took their shotguns and went back to investigate. Nothing was found. People speculated that it was an animal (cows and mules got out a lot in those days), a fire left by someone cleaning the cemetery or someone lying in wait to scare him.

In fact it is said that someone was working and burning stumps in the cemetery earlier in the day. But a practical explanation could not be determined because he couldn't coherently explain what he had seen. In any event, he was afraid to go by the cemetery at night the rest of his life. Kenneth died at age 19 and John M. was murdered a few years later, he was not yet thirty. It may all be just a coincidence but it does make you wonder!

In her later years, Mrs. Maud picked cotton for us in the fall. She used the money to travel and was not afraid to strike out on her own to places like Washington, D.C. and New York City. Mrs. Maud was the matriarch of a strong willed family and was not to be trifled with. But there was a softer side, she was a poet and wrote a collection of excellent poems about her family's life on the river.

She told me that when she and Mr. Wess were young, he wanted to go to the Road House at Cedar Gap every Saturday night. She didn't like to go because

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| Cheese Sticks | Chicken Fries |
| Fried Zucchini | Corn Nuggets |
| Quesadias | Fried Squash |
| Chicken Philly | Sauteed Shrimp |
| Classic Club | Fried Green Tomatoes |
| Filet Mignon | Fried Okra |
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| Popcorn Shrimp | Loaded Potato Skins |
| Fried Oysters | Fried Pickles |

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he would go drink with his buddies and leave her sitting alone. As the story goes, one Saturday night she danced with every man there at least twice. As soon as Mr. Wess saw what she was doing he wanted to leave, but she kept dancing and didn't stop until the road house closed. By her account, Mr. Wess didn't say a word on the two or three mile walk home and never again mentioned going to Cedar Gap. She would laugh and say there are always more ways than one to skin a cat.

In March every year suckers spawn on Flint River, locally they are called Red Horse. They were named this because of their red/orange color. The fish bite better when the river is dingy and swift. I don't know if people fish for them now but years ago when they were biting dozens of people lined the banks of the river. The fishermen simply stood on the bank with a rod and reel or long, strong cane pole and cast their line, anchored with a heavy piece of lead, into the water. A variety of bait was used from minnows to commodity cheese.

When they were biting, the kind of bait didn't matter. Hundreds were caught, most weighed several pounds; smaller ones were thrown back into the river. The champion every year was Mrs. Maud; there is no way to estimate how many she caught in her lifetime. When they were biting she could be found on the bank below her house from day light until dark. I have seen her catch one after another with people fishing on both sides of her not even getting a nibble.

Her granddaughter, Carol Taylor Turner, told me that Mrs. Maud believed that what you did on the first day of the year was what you would do the rest of the year. So she always made sure she fished on New Year's Day no matter what the weather was like.

Carol said that when Mrs. Maud was in her eighties, even in the coldest weather, she got her son Malcolm to build a fire on the bank so she could stay warm while she fished on New Years day. In our visit at Malcolm and Cleo's home the other day it was confirmed by all present that fishing on New Years day is still a Taylor family tradition.

The last time I saw Mrs. Maud was in the summer of 1990 when she was about ninety. Uncle Malcolm and I were riding around one

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Sunday afternoon and saw her outside. We stopped and talked with her for a few minutes. She was checking some little wire baskets that she had scattered around in the yard. We asked her what she was doing and she said she was catching lizards. We asked her why and she said "I can't go down to the river to fish anymore and I am down to catching lizards!"

When we got ready to leave, Malcolm said, "I had better go, my wife don't know where I am." To which Mrs. Maud responded, "These men and their wives, I never gave a *#@##* where my husband was."

Sometime later I was telling this to her son Muley; he laughed and said well it's a good thing because it wouldn't have made a bit of difference to Daddy if she had cared!

After spending many long days picking cotton beside Mrs. Maud and listening to her talk, I have reason to believe that they loved each other very much. They were both high spirited independent people with strong opinions that they expressed freely with the chips falling where ever they landed.

There is a little more to the story about the Sunday afternoon that Malcolm and I visited Mrs. Maud. The next day she told Muley that she had two visitors yesterday; Muley asked her who they were, to which she responded, "One was Malcolm Miller but I don't know who in hell the other one was!"

A subdivision now sets on

much of what was once the Taylor farm. Malcolm and his wife Cleo live in the house where they have lived for the last 60 years.


When the estate was settled Malcolm and Cleo got the land north of Wess Taylor road which is still undeveloped; in my opinion the best part, because it adjoins Flint River. They have two daughters, Joyce Taylor Chappell and Carol Taylor Turner. Both live in Tuscaloosa and both come home often.

Malcolm is the only one of

the original family left; he lives his days only a few hundred feet from the house where he was born. The old Taylor home now sits empty. The world and Ryland has changed many times since the house was built; more importantly, though, it was where the Taylors of Ryland called home for upwards of a century. It now seems to stand sentinel to a family that we will never see the likes of again and a life style once common in Ryland that is fast fading from memory.

Old Tips to Relieve Anxiety

- Chop a large onion into very small bits and add a tablespoonful of honey. Eat half the mixture with lunch and the other half with dinner. This will relieve tension.
- Eat fresh strawberries before or after each meal. You won't feel as edgy and they'll make your teeth whiter.
- Peppermint tea is a wonderful way of relieving moodiness and calming you down - drink it warm and strong.
- Surround yourself with calming colors. Green has a harmonizing affect, blue is gentle and gray is gentle.
- Eat lots of celery - has been proven to work.



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

November 15, 1865

"Dear Cousin Sallie:

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

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

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

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

As darkness came on, the work of burning commenced. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, the lurid flames of burning buildings lit up the heavens and dissipated the darkness of

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

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

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

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

That, too, has all passed and lives only in memory; but no one, I hope, will ever expect me to love Yankees. They tell us the war has ended, and some cry lustily, "Peace, peace." I have peered into the deep gloom that surrounds us and can scarce see a glimmer of that welcome visitant. The shadow of a great sorrow has darkened our land. He, who a short time since, was the pride of our Confederacy, the pure statesman, the Christian gentleman, the accomplished scholar, our beloved President Jefferson Davis, now ekes out a miserable existence in a Yankee Bastille. In proportion as his sufferings increase, our sympathy for him and hatred of his oppressors increase also.

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

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

The letter bore no signature.



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Sally Murphree, Athens



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Mary Jim Ailor
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Huntsville News from 1911

- William Moore is being held here for charges of forgery and bigamy. He tried to commit suicide in his cell by eating the heads of a large number of matches. The jailer discovered his plight and administered medicine. Before eating the matches he wrote a letter to his mother, companion and chief detectives.

- P. Hay, proprietor of the Huntsville Hotel News Stand this afternoon moved in his new quarters in the building adjoining the north side of R. E. & W. E. Pettus' wholesale house on Jefferson Street in front of the McGee hotel. Mr. Hay is elaborately fitted up for business and invites all of his fiends and the public to call and see him.

- Tomorrow - the Real Live Buster Brown and his dog Tiger will be at our store giving his famous shows of fun and frolic for the children - free. We want every child in Huntsville to see him. Don't forget the time, tomorrow (Tuesday) all day. The Cash Store - Ezell Bros. & Terry Co. (saves you money)

- An argument for the good health of Huntsville speaks for itself in the little fact about the old negro who had lived here 106 years and during all that time he had not lost more than a year's time from actual labor.

- Will Jones, a negro bell boy at the Huntsville Hotel, made a murderous assault upon Lou Womble, second base man for the Huntsville team in the rotunda of the hotel last night. A bottle of ill smelling chemical was being thrown promiscuously around in the crowd and by accident some of it struck the negro. He thought Womble threw it and straightway drew a sharp knife and tried

to stab him.

The man was quickly surrounded by a crowd of irate ball players and trouble of a serious nature would have occurred but for the timely arrival of Night Chief Mitchell who landed the negro in the city prison.

- Farmers from Bell Factory district report a very heavy hail and rain storm day before yesterday. Hail fell in small chunks and cut the corn and other vegetation badly. Crops in some sections were badly washed out of the ground. For several moments it looked like a cyclone, the people being badly frightened and a few injuries resulting.

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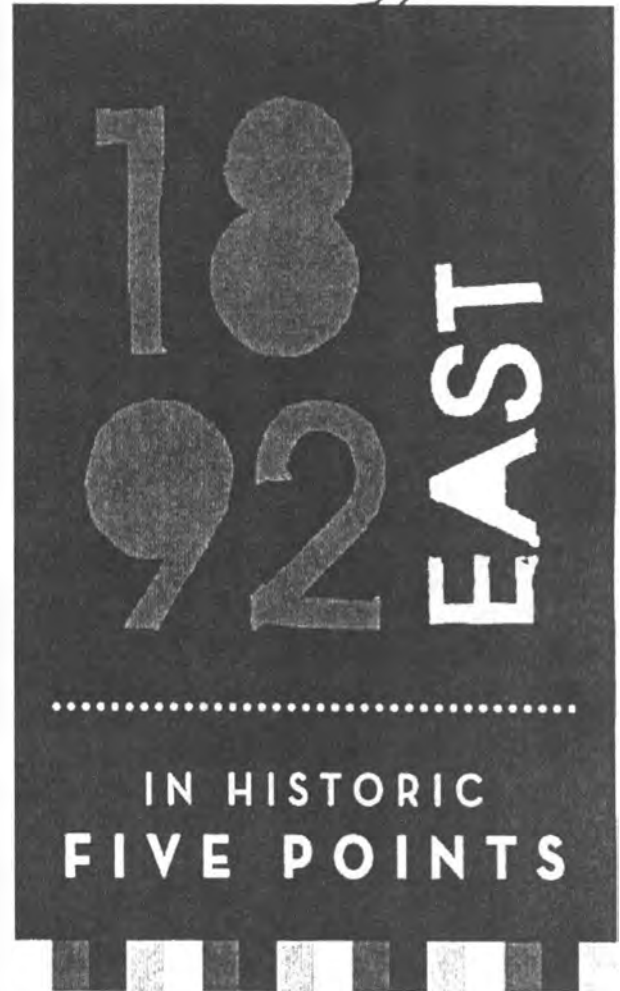
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Sold Into Slavery

*Heart Rendering Account
Details Cruelty Of Huntsville,
Alabama Judge*

*Reprinted from an 1843
manuscript*

I have lately been introduced to a very intelligent and interesting young man, whose mother was a full-blooded Cherokee. He showed me a very interesting letter from her, and several from his sisters; one of which brought tidings of his mother's death, and enclosed a lock of her hair, fine, black, and glossy, and beautifully braided. He kept it very carefully in several envelopes of paper. His name is James Fisher. He has suffered shameful treatment from the people in Alabama, and was thereby induced to seek warmer

hearts in a colder climate. He told me his story, with liberty to publish it when I was sure that he was safe in another land. Here it is, as he told it to me.

I was born in Nashville, Tenn. October, 1817. My mother's name was Maly Davis. Though an unmixed Cherokee Indian, she was kept in slavery all her life. My father's name was Thomas Fisher. He fled from bondage when I was a small child. They pursued, but

never caught him. My mother was a very industrious woman. By washing and ironing, she earned money enough to buy herself for \$800.

After my mother had bought herself and sister Ellen, there

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was a suit brought in favor of some of the others, who had been taken with her; and they were proved to be Indians, and set at liberty. My mother consulted a lawyer, named Grundy, to know if her children could not likewise be proved free. He told her it would cost more money to carry on the suit, than it would to buy the whole of them. This discouraged her, and she gave it up. When I was in my fifteenth year, the widow Stump sold me to a man who kept a boarding-house in New Orleans, by the name of Shawl. He paid \$500 for me, and I lived with him, as a house-servant, for four years. He was a drinking man, and when he was in liquor, abused me.

Parts of the manuscript describing his first escape attempt are missing. The story takes up again after he has been captured and is waiting his fate in Nashville.

In the midst of this, my old master, Mr. Shawl, came to Nashville, with an execution to be served on me, as Mr. Gamble's property, to satisfy some old judgement or claim. But he lost his suit, because Judge Lane, of Huntsville, had a mortgage on me, and came to Nashville to secure me. There was quite a squabble among them, who should have me; and all this time, mother was trying with all her might to buy me. At last, I was very unwillingly obliged to go to Huntsville with Judge Lane, as house servant, coachman, etc. The judge promised to use me well, and let me visit my mother once a year.

However, I had serious doubts

"My wife wanted to see my paycheck go farther, so she took it with her to Paris."

whether my poor old mother would ever be able to comply with the rigid terms Judge Lane exacted. I therefore thought it wise to learn to write, in case opportunity should offer to write myself a pass. I copied every scrap of writing I could find, and thus learned to write a tolerable hand before I knew what the words were that I was copying. At last, I met with an old man, who, for the sake of money to buy whisky, agreed to teach me the writing alphabet, and set me copying. I spent a good deal of time trying to improve myself, secretly, of course.

One day, my mistress happened to come into my room, when my materials were about, and she told her father (old Capt. Davis) that I was learning to write. He replied, that if I belonged to him, he would cut my right hand off.

After that, he sometimes talked to me an hour at a time, to convince me that I was better off than I should be if I was free. He said slaves were better off than their masters, much better off than the free colored people, and vastly better off than they would have been if still in the



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wilds of Africa; because there they fought, killed, and ate each other.

"But here," said he, "masters are bound by law to provide well for you, will be punished if they do not do it." He told me that the reason why they murdered and devoured one another in Africa was because there were no white people there to make them behave themselves.

Judge Lane was circuit judge of several of the counties where he lived and was what would be called a kind master; but he did not let me know, that she had written several letters to him, trying to buy me.

Though forbidden by Law from learning how to read and write, letters from and to slaves were common. Normally a slave would pay a white person to write the letter and the person receiving it would pay to have it read

I will give an extract from the last letter my dear mother ever wrote to me.

The reader can imagine that some pangs shot through my heart, on hearing it. "Dear Son, I am very sorry to learn from Judge Lane's letter, which I received yesterday that it is impossible for me to free you, under any circumstances whatever, unless I can comply with paying the full amount of money that he must have for you, and that all down. He also informs me that he could not do without you, and would not hire you out under any circumstances."

When I spoke to Judge Lane about it, he asked me if I was dissatisfied with

living with him. I told him I would as soon live with him in the condition of a slave, as with anybody.

"If you had your freedom, you would not be so well off as you think," said he. "I have all the trouble of thinking for myself and all the rest of you."

I told him I greatly wished to relieve him from the task of thinking for me I should much prefer to think for myself. He smiled, and said I was a fool.


Twelve days after this, my master had occasion to go to Mobile. When he started, he charged me to mind whatever

Miss Lane told me.

My mistress was naturally irritable, and crabby and before master had been gone three days, she ordered her brother, Nicholas Davis, to give me a flogging. He came into the kitchen, and struck me on the arm with the edge of a heavy board. In a sudden flash of anger I snatched it out of his hand,

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Maxine

pushed him against the wall and choked him a little. He ran and told his sister I had nearly killed him.

She sent a servant to tell old Captain Davis, her father, that he must come the next morning to give me a flogging. The old Captain had often expressed a wish for a chance to give me a good thrashing. He was noted by his severity to servants. It was said that he had killed a man named Reuben, and a girl named Rachel by excessive beating. He had lately struck, with a heavy club, a poor old man, who used to tend him when he was a baby. He had a big whip and made a point to conquer or kill everyone he undertook to flog. I was not willing to fall into the hands of this old tyrant. He was sent for on Sunday morning and as soon as I got my kitchen work done that day, I set myself to writing passes, till I got one that suited me. It was a permission to go to Nashville and stay two weeks, signed with my mistress' name. In the evening I went to the stage office, and asked the landlord if I could take passage to Nashville the next morning. He demanded my pass. I showed it, telling him that mistress was not much used to writing for the servants, and she wished him to look at it, and see if it was correct, if not, he would please to send it back again, and she would alter it as he said; but that mistress wanted him to write her a few lines about It.

He wrote accordingly and I went back to my room, read the note, and burned it. I then went back to the tavern, and paid my passage

to Nashville the next morning, I rose before anybody was astir, carried my trunk to the stage office, and hurried back to prepare breakfast for the family. I had just sent it in, when I heard the stage horn, I ran up to the tavern, and toward the stage just starting to come to the house for me. I jumped in, and in four days was safely landed in Nashville.

Judge Lane still holds an Indian woman, with her six children, as slaves. She is of the Creek nation, and her name is Susan. He bought her from Mr. Tanner of Athens. When I first went to live with the judge, Mrs. Lane used to be often teasing him to buy Susan for her, but he replied that Mr. Tanner had not a good bill of sale; she was a full-blooded

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Creek Indian, and that if a suit at law should ever be brought, she would be set free. However, Mrs. Lane at last persuaded him to buy Susan, on condition that Mr. Tanner should refund the money if she was ever declared free. He paid \$2,500 for her and her six children.

When the Creek Indians were removed to Arkansas, by order of the government they went past the house where we lived. Susan went out, with some of the other servants, to look at them. The moment they looked at her, they knew she belonged to their tribe. They stopped, and gathered round her, and made signals for her to go with them. She could not understand their language; but they pointed to her and her children, and then at their women and children, and then along the

road they were traveling. They took one of her children and carried it some distance, and we had trouble to get it away from them. Susan would have gone with her tribe, but Judge Lane stood by all the time.

I have often heard her tell how she came to be a slave. A blacksmith by the name of Taylor went among the Creek Nation to work at his trade. Susan's mother, a poor woman, gave her to the blacksmith's wife to raise when she was a little girl and she became much attached to the family, that when they left the tribe, she went with them. She says that Mrs. Taylor always

"It's only the good girls who keep diaries - the bad girls don't have the time."

Tallulah Bankhead

told her she would be free when she was a woman but before that time arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor died and their son sold Susan. She has been a slave ever since.

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My Favorite Month

By Malcolm Miller

My favorite month of the year growing up in the thirties was without a doubt the month of May, although December and Christmas did run a close second. There were many reasons that I liked the month of May. The thing that comes to mind right off - May first was the date that I could pull off those long handled underwear. Also May first was the day I was allowed to pull off those worn out shoes I had worn since last fall and go bare foot. There was a strict rule at our house, no matter how hot it got we were not allowed to pull off those long handles or shoes until the first day of May.

The month of May was special for many other reasons like getting to eat polk salad after a winter without green vegetables of any type, also the dew berries were getting ripe along side the country lanes. You never heard of dew berries? They were much like straw berries but they grew wild and they were very tasty.

Also along about this time the green onions and leaf lettuce were ready to eat right from the garden and if you haven't eaten a salad made from cut up green onions and leaf lettuce with salty meat grease poured over it, you haven't lived. High cholesterol, we had never heard

of such a thing. We usually worked and played so hard we wouldn't have had a problem with that.

Some schools and communities would have the dance around the May Pole and that was an event that many children looked forward to. The May Pole had many colored streamers and each child would have a streamer and go over and under each streamer until the pole was covered with many colors of streamers.

I remember when the weather got really warm in spring and everyone would open all their windows and let the breezes blow in. Another good thing about May was shortly after May first School would be out. I remember sitting at my desk in school and staring out the windows and day dreaming, knowing summer vacation was just around the corner. My mind certainly wasn't on what ever it was the teacher was saying, I was thinking about what I could be doing if I was outside.

May first, once again brought

out the fishing poles. When we lived on the farm bordering the Flint River one of our neighbors was the Taylor family, their son, nicknamed Muley, was one of my best friends. Muley didn't really care about fishing but his Mom, who every one called Miss Maud, truly loved to fish. She had a large pile of

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corn cobs in their barn lot and you could rake the cobs aside and there were hundreds of large red worms just right for fishing. I would go over there and if Miss Maud wasn't busy she would go fishing with me. I spent many days fishing with Miss Maud. Many times she would stop fishing long enough to go to her house that was just up the hill and fix our dinner. I didn't know it at the time but I was building a life time of fond memories to look back on in my later years.

Life was simple back then, we never had any money to speak of but I feel like I was lucky because I had a loving family and six older brothers that were my heroes and role models. I had parents who seldom went to church, however, Papa read the bible to us regularly. They were very strict with their seven sons and were well respected in the community. I can truthfully say that I never heard a curse word uttered in our humble home. I suppose my upbringing helped in making me feel the way I feel even today.

Material things don't mean a whole lot to me, as long as I can stay halfway healthy and my family is all right and enjoying the beautiful days of May.

"Those who trade liberty for security have neither.
John Adams

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Huntsville Isn't Old Huntsville Anymore

By Doug Raney

I moved to Huntsville with my family in 1965, my Dad worked for the Civil Service and was transferred to Redstone Arsenal. Our first home was some rooms rented in the Addison White home on McClung Avenue.

I remember the yard having walnut trees and the house was very big. The next place that we moved to was on Monte Sano mountain and was a duplex. We later moved to another house on Panorama Drive and there was the foundation of a house next to it.

We used to take people that visited us to the Burritt

Museum. I remember going to Parkway City Shopping Center, Miracle City Shopping Center and Dunnnavants Mall, as well. We used to quite often get hamburgers at the Hardees there and also Jerry's and Jack's hamburgers, too. For chicken there was of course KFC and also Minne Pearls, Yogi Bears Honey Fried Chicken and briefly, Sweet Sue. Roy Rogers roast beef was also around for a brief period of time, there are some still in existence in the Washington, DC area.

I also remember seeing movies at the Lyric and Martin theatres downtown and going

to the Madison Theatre after it had just opened. We often went to the Woodys and Whitesburg drive-ins, as well.

I remember when The Mall opened in 1966 and going to Pennys and Lovemans department stores and the fountain in the middle of the mall. There was also Heart of Huntsville Mall and Haysland Square Shopping Center. I also remember going to Millers Dept. Store, as well.

I remember there were also some apartments that were on the right side of the road off of Governors Drive going towards Guntersville, they were soon

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abandoned and I have always wondered what the story was on them. Not far from there was a Hills Grocery Store and later named Winn-Dixie Quick Check and a Maytag Laundromat and an ice cream shop nearby and Snow Whites Restaurant.

I remember also going to an M&J Grocery Store near Whitesburg Drive-in quite often. Down the street was Brunos where we also bought our groceries, I remember they sold stuffed Bruno bears; Star Market was also a popular grocery store that we shopped at in my early years.

Of course, who could forget the Dwarf Restaurant that had a neon sign of a lobster?

Throughout the time that we lived there, my dad used to take me to Nichols Barber Shop on Meridian Street and quite often Mr. Nichols cut my hair and sometimes we would eat at the Bon Air restaurant. The other two barbers at the shop were Mr. McGee and Mr. Hewitt.

On television I remember Johnny Evans and later the Benny Carle show and Grady Reeves. I went to pre-school at Monte Sano Methodist Church and Kindergarten and first grade at Grace Lutheran school. We later lived on Garth Road in the Jones Valley area.

We left Huntsville in Aug. 1969 and moved to St. Louis, Mo. and then moved back to Huntsville in March of 1970. I attended Roger Chaffee Elementary School for the remainder of the year.

I saw a movie for the first time at the Alabama Theatre and thought that that was the fanciest theatre that I had ever seen. I went back to Grace Lutheran for third grade and was in Miss Lange's class and that was my favorite class of all time.

I was in the Cub Scouts that year and Mrs. Terry Alger was the Den Mother, the woman that Terry's Pizza was named after.

That year I also went to the Space Museum and that was a

treat for a kid at that time. My grandmother visited from Missouri and we took her to Helen Keller's house in Tusculumbia and she loved going there.

The last place that we lived was off of Lily Flagg Dr. across from Lily Flagg Club and I used to go swimming and learned to swim there. I remember helping mow our lawn and how big the yard was and that it was an all day job and the summers were

very hot there, as well.

We left Huntsville in Aug. of 1971 for Okinawa and we moved to Northern Va. in 1976 and have lived there ever since.

We came back Huntsville to visit in 1976 and there were few changes. I came back in 1991 and it had changed drastically and more so in 2006 and 2008. I did attend service at Grace Lutheran that year and the Church looked the same as it looked when I first

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saw it in 1967.

I only lived in Huntsville for six years as a kid, but I will always have fond memories of the City. I miss what Old Huntsville used to be like during that time.

News from 1911

- Miss Willie Harris is reported to be seriously ill at her home on Adams avenue.

- Woman wanted to take care of children - she will be allowed one day every other week to do as she pleases. Extra consideration will be given to any person who is skilled in reading and writing.

- Found - a burgundy wool buggy lap robe on Franklin Street. Owner return to this office and recover by describing the robe and paying for this ad.

- For rent - three nice upstairs rooms furnished or unfurnished for gentlemen, preferably. Location, central and on the car line. Apply to "W" care of the Daily Times.

- Yard man wanted - on Franklin Street.

- Wanted - a good nurse, white or colored, who can do general housework and care for two small children, can get good position and good salary by applying to this office.

- New 4-room cottage corner 6th St. and Pratt Avenue for rent cheap apply to J. E. Pierce. Serious inquiries only.

- Looking for nurse and live in for 6 children - board and meals for pay. Apply at the paper.

- A wagon crash on Holmes street in which the bridegroom, his parents and his best man were riding and were more or less seriously injured was not

enough to cancel the wedding of Philip Schaeffer to Miss Beatrice Weil. Mr. Schaeffer, his wedding suit torn and dirty and with several bruises on his neck and face, took the hand of his bride and quietly answered questions put to him by the minister. The best man limped and was considerably shaken up, but did his duty effectively as if he had not been hurt.

The parents of Mr. Schaeffer had to be propped up in chairs, but they gave their blessings to the bride and groom. Afterwards a toast was

proposed to the couple wishing them good health and happiness.

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Origins of the Bobo Community

by Chuck Bobo

The Bobo community in north Madison County has a stoned past dating back to the early 1800s when it was known as the Golightly community, named for Hugh Golightly who acquired land there in 1834.

Though complete records are not available, some records show that Golightly was born in about 1797 in South Carolina and moved to Tennessee and then acquired land in northwest Madison County in 1834. On 10 Sept 1834 he received title to 40.73 acres and on 14 Oct. 1834 he acquired another 39.82 acres, also on Golightly Springs Road. Golightly Cemetery is a part of one of these parcels.

An eight-foot tall stone marker marks the site of Golightly's grave which is surrounded by a heavy cast iron fence, erected by a relative, R.W. Golightly.

His wife, Sarah E. Wilson Golightly, is buried about five miles away in an old abandoned cemetery on the former East Limestone Road, which ran from Athens to Fayetteville. A similar cast iron fence surrounds her gravesite with a similar stone marker.

The story is that Hugh Golightly had a violent temper and she asked to be buried five miles away "so she could not hear his voice in anger." She was visiting friends where she died and was buried there.

A local folk tale is that Mr. Golightly is buried standing up with his rifle in one hand and a jug of whiskey in the other and that she is buried standing up with a broom in one hand and a rolling pin or butcher knife in

the other. While this is a local folk story, it is unproven, so far as the writer knows.

The area around Hugh's land was known as the Golightly community until the late 1800s when Arvi Joseph Bobo and his family moved from Ohio to land they had acquired in that area, and that will be subject for a follow-up story

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Memories

by Jane Barr

When we came to Huntsville in 1950, with the Von Braun group from El Paso, Texas, we lived in the College Hill Apartments. They were two-story, across from Huntsville Hospital, Women and Children's Center on Governors Drive.

I had a friend who lived near Maple Hill Cemetery. I would drive to her house and we'd walk through the cemetery to her mother's home on East Clinton Avenue. We'd stop along the way, read the names on the headstones and like sponges absorb Huntsville's history. I would take a can of soup and my friend would take some soup crackers. Her mother always had some left-overs made into sandwich spread, like chicken or something. She also had home-made cookies.

My friend and I, being young

married gals, didn't have to contribute anything to lunch so our can of soup and crackers lasted a long time. In fact, I don't ever remember using them when we visited Pearl (Mrs. Don French).

During that time (1950) my husband and I went to West Virginia to visit his parents. On the way we stopped to visit a friend. My husband traded something, I don't remember what, for a used 10" console TV. We brought it back to our second-floor apartment at College Hill. My husband climbed

out the window and installed a TV antenna on the roof. We were the only ones in the apartment complex with a TV (one of the first in Huntsville). I'd bake cookies, some friends would bring cokes, and we'd all gather around the TV, most of us sitting on the floor, enjoying shows that made us laugh. Oh, for the "good ole' days."

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Memories of the Civil War

by Rowena Webster

After having been in Huntsville a few days, the Federals came like a cyclone into the City, while I and my youngest niece (Miss Rosa Turner) were staying with friends (Mr. and Mrs. Matthews). Miss Turner was placed in school. I never received such a shock as when a servant girl at daylight proclaimed, "Miss Rowe, the turnpike is black with the Yankees - I can hear them, a mile off."

While I never was the least afraid of them, I was startled beyond measure. I looked out of the window and discovered that they had come to stay. Men, women and children were panic stricken, although none ever showed the least fear of them. Every woman in the City was aiding Confederate soldiers to escape, even disguising some of them in female attire. Soon they had all escaped. One of the first who was captured was a brother of General John T. Morgan. I said to the officer who held him captive, "I hope you will be kind to him." He replied, "I will."

Soon Gen'l M., of Astronomy fame, Federal Commander, had possession of the City. A greater

tyrant never lived in revolutionary times. An Ohio Regiment was encamped on Popes Hill, near us. They would pass every day to water their horses at the famous Big Spring of Huntsville.

One of them chanced to see Miss Sallie Matthews and Miss Rosa Turner, playing with grace hoops wrapped with red, white and blue. The soldiers were quite amused until they saw a tiny Confederate Flag attached to my arm. Altho it was simply hanging on my arm, one ordinary soldier without any authority rushed in the yard saying, "Miss, I want that flag."

I replied, "You haven't the bravery to capture one on a battle field, but ask for a baby flag from a woman?" He replied, "If you don't give me that flag, I will put a case of smallpox in this house and one in the house opposite."

I said, "Bring your smallpox case, I am not

Women are like roads - the more curves, the greater the danger.



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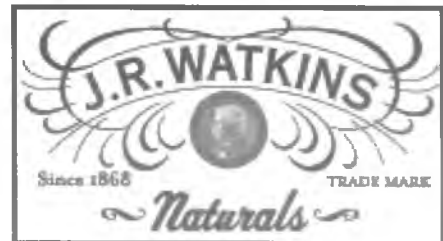
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afraid of you, nor your small-pox," and I immediately tore up the flag, placing it in my pocket, and threw the hoop into a reservoir at the foot of the hill, saying, "If you are a good diver, you can get that hoop." In the meantime the Captain came up with his Company and saw me destroy the flag and put it into my pocket, saying, "You shall not have this flag."

He informed the Officer, and the next day Mr. Matthews, his daughter Sallie, Rosa Turner and I were arrested. Mr. Sam Matthews ordered his carriage, saying we had to go into Camp by order of Gen'l M. I rebelled and said I would not go if they brought a regiment for me. Seeing that Mr. Matthews was in earnest, I was compelled to yield and remarked to him, "I am very indignant and vexed but if I have to go, I will try to be a lady, even among my enemies." On arriving at Camp several officers offered to assist us out of the carriage and escort us to the tent, but we all refused to accept their offer.

Under the trees, in Gen'l Lowe's grove, the tents were arranged and the General's son received us with far more politeness than his father, say-

ing the General would receive us in a few minutes. Not in the least excited, I waited my summons. Soon we sallied to the tent "green backs" placed before him. The young school girls were a great deal frightened and kept on their veils. Mr. Matthews, being a stammering man, was very slow in his introductions, first introducing the girls. I awaited my presentation and my wrath began to stir at the thought of being held to account for such a trifle.

I sneered, looked to the right and to the left, and was a long time taking my seat, trying to keep as calm as possible. When Gen'l M. began his questions, asking Miss Matthews if she had not insulted his soldiers, she replied, "I did not; one of them asked me for the little flag and I gave it to him." Then I said, "It was not larger than my hand." He said, "I don't care if it was a mite, it was a flag." Then turning to me, he said, "Don't you know that you are in open rebellion?" I said, "I am a Rebel open and above board." Growling like a lion, he said, "No man, or woman, or child shall say that they are Rebels in my tent." I replied, still more firmly, "I am a Rebel." He then said, "Don't you know that I could send you to

Fort La Fayette in five minutes?" I replied, "That is very rapid traveling." I could see a lurking smile pass over his face, and he said, "Are you a lady?" I replied in a most indignant manner,

"Who doubts it?" He then said, "You women, get to your homes."

He was surely no gentleman but an arrant coward and a tyrant. He seemed particularly bent on insulting the women and children and went into the Army for gain. No worse order was ever given in the days of the French Revolution than that he issued to old Gen'l Turchin (a Dutchman) when he told him to march into the town of Ath-

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ens, Alabama and to give the soldiers the liberty of the town for two hours. And they surely obeyed the order, in every sort of mischief and crime of which soldiers are guilty, without restraint.

The people of Athens will never forget this outrage, as long as any inhabitant is left to tell the story. At the home of Judge C. they completely demolished the place, to punish the family - they pitched their tents as close to the house as they could get them and never removed them until they had orders to leave.

All of the vehicles, carriages, buggies and everything of the kind were rolled miles away, unless they destroyed them by chopping them up with axes or hatchets. One of their chief delights was to strew molasses and lard all over the carpets, break up the furniture and smash the mirrors, and to leave nothing that they could possibly destroy. Had not the Rebels, in their shrewdness, bid much of their provisions, they would have perished. This Ohio Regiment

did the fighting of that command for they went out 1400 strong and only fifty survived, but this old General never went out with them - he was too busy buying and selling cotton and enriching himself.

One day in Huntsville, Alabama, a rumor came that a Confederate General, with 10,000 Indian soldiers, was crossing the river a few miles off, which created a great panic among the Federal troops. Artillery, infantry and every available piece of armor was ordered out. Such clashing and clattering of arms through the streets we had not heard before. This gave the ladies a chance to exult and clap their hands for joy, hoping that the Yankees might have to retreat. It was soon found to be a false alarm and the citizens had to quiet down.

Arrests were daily made of quiet unoffending citizens, and never did they have any peace while this branch of the army remained. We often kept the Yankees in hot water, reporting that Forrest, Morgan or some famous General was in the

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neighborhood, when we had no tidings from them. It was a mere ruse to defend ourselves from insult.

On one occasion Gen'l M. gave an order that the Rebel ladies might attend the burial of a nephew of Gen'l C. Whether it was a kind streak he took or whether it was to ascertain the feeling of the ladies we did not know, but we believed it was the latter, and altho they were using all of the horses and carriages in the city, every lady in town robbed all of the gardens of flowers and each carried an immense bouquet and walked behind the hearse for a mile and a half to decorate, not only his grave, but all of the Rebel Soldiers' graves in the cemetery. Gen'l M., might have known that it was a good time to show their principles and they never lost an opportunity to exhibit them.

The first Yankee soldiers that I encountered, I was walking with my lovely friend, Mrs. William Mastin, Sr. and I shut my eyes as I passed. She remarked, "Miss Rowe, it is all lost on them for they will think that you are a blind woman."

Some of us went to an old Baptist Church, out of use, and found many soldiers there waiting to be exchanged. They were always a jolly, wholesome set and one of them remarked, "People cannot say that we don't stand by our church."

Shortly after the Battle of Shiloh Major C. arrived, limping on crutches. We had told him, when he left, not to come back wounded in the foot and limping on crutches. Miss Fannie Donegan had told him if he was wounded to come to their house and we would nurse him. The Yankee Surgeon attended him and the surgeon remarked that Huntsville was a lovely place, so full of flowers early in the Spring that it was like a fairyland. Maj. C. said, "Doctor, the flowers are nothing, the society is charming, so refined, so cultured."

A short time after, many of our soldiers returned, wounded from this battle. One Sabbath about a dozen Yankee soldiers

came to arrest Major C. We endeavored to conceal his crutches and disguise him, but they rushed into his room saying that by the authority of Gen'l M. they must arrest him. Maj. C. seemed calm, but the ladies, Miss Mary H. (to whom he was engaged at the time), Mrs. B., her mother, Miss Donegan and I, were very indignant and asked them if it took twelve of their men to arrest one of ours. We thought Maj. C. was getting along very well with his wound but from imprudence he was threatened with lockjaw and his features were rigid and extremities cold. He threw a book at the head of a servant to awaken him and sent him to wake Miss Fannie Donegan and myself. We went to him, kindled a fire, gave him a strong toddy, put a cloth of laudnum on his foot and heated it with

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our hands. He declared that we had saved his life.

A short time after this, when he joined his command, he was married to Miss Mary H. at Brentwood, Tennessee and returned to his command without his bride.

We had two soldiers concealed on the flat roof of Mr. Donegan's house - Mr. W. and Mr. R - we used to pass their food to them every day until they could steal a chance to escape from the Yankee soldiers. They finally made their escape and joined their command. One day a woman, in deep mourning and heavily veiled, was seen getting over the cemetery fence to decorate some Yankee graves, when a man's boots were seen and some of the Rebel ladies discovered that he was a Rebel spy who brought letters to them through the lines.

Miss Fannie Donegan and I had never seen the burial of an officer so, as one of the noted Yankee officers had died, we concluded to conceal ourselves in the dense shrubbery and watch the procession as it was passing the cemetery. The body was in an ambulance, draped with crape; his war horse was draped also; the officers were riding with reversed arms; many soldiers; a band was playing the dead march with muffled drums. It was a solemn sight to us.

The cemetery was just a short distance from Mr. D's residence, near enough to hear the guns and cannons fire quite frequently, for he was Col. of Artillery and was a great loss to them.

On their return, after the procession was out of sight, three grave diggers came along;

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Miss Donegan asked the first one if they had buried an officer. He said, "No, it was one of their men," I said, "That is not so, I know it was one of your officers." He passed on; a second one came by, she asked again if that was not one of their officers. This one said the same thing and denied it. I said, "I will ask the next one." The third one passed; I halted him and said, "What officer was that you have just buried?" He said he was not an officer. I said, "I know better, he was one, for I have noticed you have buried five or six of your men and did not make any parade over them - did not even fire a gun - now this man had all of the honors and flourishing of trumpets accorded to him, there is no use in denying the fact." He at last acknowledged that it was an important man they had lost.

Daily degradations were committed as long as the Federal soldiers were in our midst. Many say that this is the result of war, but I am sure they must have had many an officer who was merely vested with a little authority who took advantage of it and abused it by all the arbitrary acts they could show. Many had never commanded soldiers before, and showed even their own soldiers the greatest tyranny, but when their regular officers commanded they were born gentlemen.

They were always polite and controlled their men and were willing to have wrongs redressed and grant favors, when not unreasonable. You may say that about one-third of the latter class controlled their army, while two-thirds were turned loose to do what they pleased. Most of the population of Huntsville were Confederates and would have died before they would have denied their principles,

In the beginning, I admit, that we often tantalized the Yankees by walking along the

streets and giving ourselves the titles of our noted Generals - but take it to yourselves, if you were about to be robbed of all your possessions and accumulation of wealth which was honestly gotten by your parents and your rightful inheritance, would you not have felt the same way, especially when the parents and grandparents of these Yankees had bought and sold slaves?

They were once as much their property as ours.

"All my wife wanted for her birthday was a little card - preferably American Express."

Tommy Shortner

Cinnamon Bars

- 1 c. butter
- 1 c. flour
- 1 c. sugar
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 t. cinnamon
- Dash salt
- 2 c. chopped pecans

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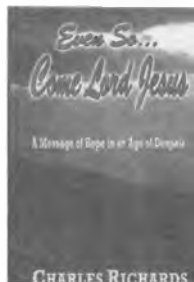


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The Trolley Cars

by Gwen Ray Walker

In the late 1890s Dallas Mill was already underway and big plans were in the works for Merrimack Mills. The need for a transportation system to link those two areas and their villages with Huntsville proper was seen. This would make it easier for the employees of the mills and others who lived beyond walking distance to be able to do their shopping and attend to business in town.

In July of 1899 the Huntsville Railway, Light & Power Company was organized with a capital stock of \$100,000 of which Tracy Pratt invested \$99,700. Pratt was awarded the first franchise. The effect of the system was far-reaching as it made it easier to travel around the area and it opened up vast tracts of land for residential and commercial development.

The first spike was driven in 1899 and in February, 1900 the first trolley made its first run with James T. Baker at the helm and carrying Superintendent Cauffield of the newly formed Huntsville Electric Light Company which obtained the franchise from Tracy Pratt.

In time, the streetcar system had ten cars, five open cars for summer weather and five enclosed cars for wintertime. When there was a ball game or other large event, all the cars would be put into service to accommodate the crowds. Old timers remember packing picnic baskets and catching the trolley out to Brahan Springs to spend the day and play.

The route ran from Merrimack Mill up to Seventh Avenue, did a little dog leg turn up Fourth Street to West Clinton Avenue. It proceeded up W. Clinton to Jefferson Street, turned right and went around the Courthouse and then down Washington Street to East Holmes where it made another right and followed East Holmes out to Five Points. At Five Points it turned onto Pratt Avenue, made a left on Russell Street and made its way to

Stevens Avenue. There it made another left and stopped on Stevens for Dallas Mill and later for Lincoln Mill. It then made its way back.

Old photos of street scenes in the downtown area clearly show the tracks in the streets. A car could carry 28 people and cost a nickel, one-way. If you rode to either end of the route, it would cost you another nickel to ride back. The streetcars ran from 6:00 a.m. to midnight, passing their stops every 15 minutes.

A life long resident of Madison County and Huntsville, the late Leonard Bragg, Sr., remembered riding the streetcars and even remembered that sometimes they would be involved in traffic accidents with careless automobile drivers as the autos began to come into use. He recalled one that caused two fatalities. It is certain that they scared many a poor horse or mule out of its mind.

In 1914 the franchise was transferred to Alabama Power Company which operated the system until 1931 when the cars, old and worn out, were taken out of service and the system replaced with more efficient gasoline powered buses. On Monday, February 23, 1931, the last streetcar made its run.

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Ann Ray Walker remembers her father, Herbert Ray, taking her on this ride as a small child. Little did she know that she was seeing a chapter in Huntsville's history close.

When one thing comes to an end, something else has a bright new beginning. At 2:00 p.m. on that same day, four new, red, Reo buses were put into service. The Huntsville Daily Times announced that "These commodious vehicles will carry a maximum of 24 passengers. They are 27 feet long, 9 feet high and 8 feet wide. Each is equipped with full upholstered leather seats and modern equipment. It has also an automatic ventilating system and an electric heating system which makes them comfortable."

A ceremonial ride was taken by 100 guests, city officials, and business leaders, to inaugurate the newest rapid transit system that Huntsville had to offer. The franchise for the buses was purchased by Preston Adams of Anniston who owned Huntsville Transit Co, and as late as 1963 was still operating a bus service.

A footnote in the Huntsville Daily Times on that February 23, 1931 stated; "The friends of the motormen who have so faithfully driven the streetcars will be glad to learn that they will be the drivers for the buses. Each has been thoroughly trained and has proven his ability to handle the machines. Each has been supplied with a new uniform purchased from Fowler Brothers.

A sad note for us today is that not one streetcar was preserved. They were stripped for scrap metal and then taken out into a field, doused with gasoline and burned. Only faded pictures and memories remain.

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A Letter Home

Huntsville, Alabama,
6 Aug 1864

Dear Brother-in-law &
Sister

May these bare lines meet with you in good health. I am so far right hale and hearty. I want to let you know in short how it is here and what happens. We have so far been fortunate,

having still lost no man through the enemy, although the bushwhackers are fairly thick in the vicinity.

Our regiment is near the city on a hill where (there) is a fortress with 8 cannons which can be used over the city and all around the whole region. The city is very beautiful but has

gained much damage through the war already. We have no danger, only if we should be attacked at night, and if that happens the whole city will explode into the air and burn up, what the citizens know well enough and therefore are always afraid, it should happen.

One sees few whites almost not as many as blacks which are very friendly giving up the hat to the soldiers. We perpetually



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SATURDAY, MAY 28th, 2011 @ 2:00pm: *HUGE SALE*, featuring Tony from Ohio. Starting at 2:00pm *outside* selling Tools, Hardware, and Mechanical Parts & Equipment. We'll go *inside* around 4:00pm for some of Tony's BEST-ANTIQUÉ Furniture, Collectibles, Glassware, Advertisement, Tray Deals, and other Miscellaneous & Unique Items. Additional "hand-picked" local & out-of-town haulers and estate items will be available for bidding.

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Wilson Hilliard, ASL #97

Bill Ornburn, ASL #683

Charles Thorpe, ASL #392

have 50 to 80 blacks that must hew timber for new fortresses, or do other work. These were slaves in the country about (here) and must work whether they want or not, there is always a guard by them. I have good hours since I am the company's bugler, I need to do no watch, and no rifle to carry. Only to practice an hour each morning. However, the boys have it fairly hard, every other day on picket, and each day a unit goes out to scout after bushwhackers, but to now have found no opposition. Last night the report came that a 400 man enemy cavalry was approaching, whereupon the pickets were immediately doubled, but did not let themselves be seen just yet, should they attempt it, so we are ready for them, in order to welcome (them) warmly.

The land here is excellent and very much cotton was planted, but the fences are all gone, therefore (they) must widen deep ditches around the fields as fences. For 2 weeks it has rained almost every night here, huge bad storms move through the valley.

The old man who lives in the flat, his son who is in our company, you know him also, he is a handsome big boy, will probably die, since he has an extreme fever. Yesterday he was admitted into the hospital, and last night he jumped from the window 3 stories high since he is sometimes out of his head. I visited him this morning, he said he had not hurt himself, that can't be. We all regret his loss since he was an excellent corporal.

There is talk in circulation that we are coming to Indiana for the election, which I much doubt since we are necessary here, still it could be possible.

We are 310 miles from Indianapolis, it is very hot here, but yet we have good water, there is a spring here as large and even stronger as the long branch.

I wanted to receive a few lines from you, how you are and what gives otherwise. The next time I will write more, since I am

in a hurry. If we should come to Indianapolis, then I will also come home, the company can go as it wants. In anticipation of your answer, I remain Your dear brother-in-law and brother

My address is John Drexel, Company CO 13th Ind. Cav. Huntsville, Alabama



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Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the Captain finally reached his own lines he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern, and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heart-broken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted. The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confed-

erate. But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician. The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found

on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform. This wish was granted. The haunting melody, we now know as "Taps", used at military funerals was born.


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Roseanne Barr

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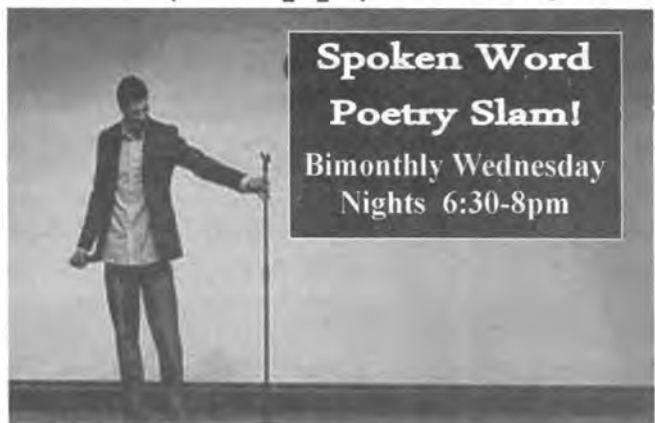
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