

The Civil War Comes to Huntsville, Alabama



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The Civil War Comes to Huntsville, Alabama

by Jack Harwell

Like most of the country, Huntsville was asleep when America went to war with itself. The shots that started the bloodiest war in the nation's history were fired on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor at 4:30 on the morning of April 12, 1861. It was about thirty minutes earlier in Huntsville (there were no standard time zones then).

The attack on Fort Sumter came 113 days after South Carolina had declared itself independent from the rest of the United States and ninety-one days after Alabama had joined in the rising tide of secession. A secession convention had begun at Montgomery on January 7, and it had been clear from the beginning that the overwhelming sentiment was for withdrawal from the Union. It was just as clear that the representatives from Huntsville and northern Alabama did not share this

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sentiment. They were known as "cooperationists" because they favored acting in concert with the other Southern states and postponing secession. Three of their leaders — Nicholas Davis, Jeremiah Clemens, and David P. Lewis — were Huntsville men. All three would go over to the Union side before the war was over.

Some in Huntsville were uneasy over secession and the sight of the Stars and Stripes being hauled down from public buildings. They were mollified somewhat by the appointment of one of their own, Leroy Pope Walker, to Jefferson Davis' Cabinet on February 21. Davis' desire to foster southern unity led him to appoint one cabinet member from each seceding state; Walker had been named Secretary of War.

The 44-year-old Walker was an interesting choice for a high post in the Confederate government. He was a fervent secessionist but also favored cooperation. He had served as a judge and a legislator but by the time of his appointment he had returned to his home town

to practice law.

Walker brought little experience but plenty of energy to his new job in Montgomery. He worked almost unceasingly to insure that Southern troops were properly outfitted and supplied. He also petitioned the other seceding states to provide troops to garrison the Confederacy's coastal fortifications,



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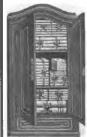
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realizing early on that this was the weakest point in the South's defenses. Walker's frenzied activities would lead him to resign his cabinet post for health reasons after just seven months.

By April 1861, Walker's attention was focused on the two Southern coastal forts still in Union hands, Fort Sumter in South Carolina and Fort Pickens in Florida. Abraham Lincoln had announced his intention to send ships to re-supply Fort Sumter, and R. G. T. Bearegard, commander of Confederate troops in Charleston, was determined that the fort be surrendered before that happened. On April 10, Leroy Pope Walker directed Beauregard to demand the Fort's surrender. When that failed, the next day the Secretary of War authorized Beauregard to "reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be most practicable."

The shooting began before dawn the next day. Huntsville would soon learn that their native son had given the order to begin what would be known by some as the "Second American Revolution." When Fort Sumter surrendered two days later, Leroy Pope Walker confidently predicted that the Stars and

Bars would fly over the Capitol dome in Washington by the first of May.

News of the fall of Sumter electrified both North and South. Northerners were indignant at being fired on by the rebels; Southerners were delighted at the idea of humbling the government of Abraham Lincoln, whom they considered responsible for the current situation. There was an immediate rush to arms on both sides. The Confederate Congress had already authorized Jefferson Davis to raise an army of 100,000. Abraham Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers and offered command to the officer considered by many to be the finest in the army — Col. Robert E. Lee. Lee, reluctantly, declined.

The men of Huntsville were not slow in taking up arms. A local militia company, the Madison Rifles, had been formed in 1855. Membership in the Madison Rifles had been considered a sign of social status at first. The company Captain was John Coltart, a wealthy businessman and son of a former mayor. Coltart's brother Robert was First Sergeant. After Alabama seceded and war seemed imminent, the Rifles offered their





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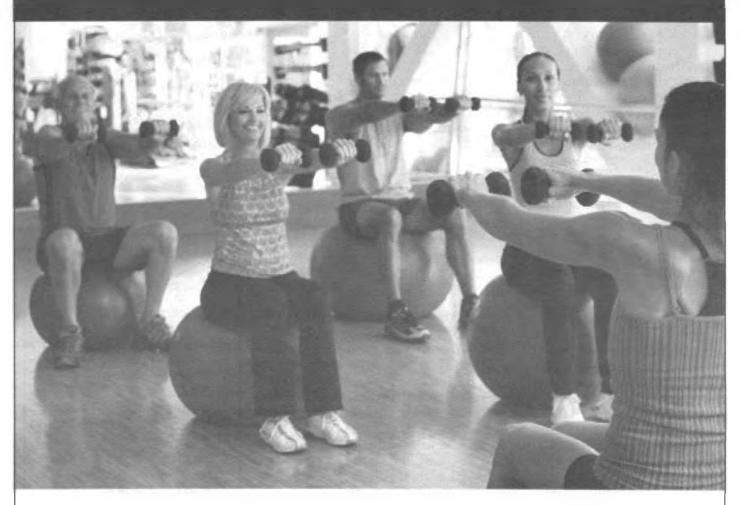
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services to Governor Andrew Moore; they were one of the first units in the state to do so. Two days before leaving for Mobile on March 28, the company was presented with its colors, sewn by the local ladies, and were treated to a "splendid oyster supper" where they heard a send-off speech given by former Governor Clement C. Clay.

As the Madison Rifles were preparing to leave for their post, another militia unit, the Huntsville Guards, was formed. They were led by Egbert J. Jones, a native of Limestone County and veteran of the Mexican War. Standing six feet five inches, Jones was nearly a foot taller than most men of his day. But it was not just his stature that brought him the respect of his men. Jones had the manner of a gentleman as well as a dignity that some mistook for a coldness of nature. This may have been brought about by the death of his wife after less than a year of marriage. He was a lawyer by profession, practicing at first in Athens but moving to Huntsville a few years before the war.

The Huntsville Guards left for the war on April 29, 1861. They were joined by another Huntsville company called the North Alabamians. The two units traveled to Dalton, Georgia, where they were assigned to the newly formed 4th Alabama Infantry. Three months later, at Bull Run, the 4th would cover itself with glory as the Confederates drove the overconfident federal troops back toward Washington. Toward the end of the battle, the Huntsville men were being led by General Bernard Bee as he made his famous declaration, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall," giving Thomas J. Jackson the nickname he would wear forever after.

But it was a bloody day for the 4th Alabama Infantry, who suffered 36 killed, 147 wounded, and three unaccounted for. Among the losses was Egbert Jones. Shot in the leg as he examined his wounded horse, he lingered for six week before succumbing to infection. His body was returned to Huntsville, where he was given a splendid funeral, said at the time to be the largest in the city's history. Jones was buried in Maple Hill cemetery next to his wife. His unit would serve gallantly throughout the war as part of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, but for the men of the 4th Alabama, war would never again seem glorious.

Meanwhile, the Madison

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Rifles had been sent to Mobile, where they boarded a packet bound for Fort Morgan, at the entrance to Mobile Bay. There they joined the 1st Alabama Regiment and, on April 8, set out for Pensacola, where they set up camp within sight of Fort Pickens, still occupied by federal troops. At Pensacola the regiment became the 7th Alabama Infantry; the Madison Rifles formed Company D. For the next six months they would remain, in the words of Sergeant A. R. Wiggs, "directly under the guns of Fort Pickens, which grins at us most horribly."

The 7th Alabama finally went into action on October 9, when a raiding party was sent to attack the Union camp on Santa Rosa Island. John Coltart led one of the three attacking columns. It was not much of a battle; two of the Huntsville soldiers were killed and the Confederates succeeded only in burning the Federals' camp. But it was a minor victory for the Madison Rifles. It was also the only fighting they would ever do. Two months later, the regiment was sent to Tennessee, and then to Bowling Green, Kentucky. They

continued to serve until the unit was disbanded on March 31, 1862, just a week before the great battle at Shiloh.

Back in Huntsville, the home front was giving its best to the cause. Because the South was industrially inferior to the North, the manufacturing of war material was an ongoing problem. Early in 1861, the Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian churches removed the bells from their steeples and donated them to the war effort. The bells were sent to Holly Springs, Mississippi, where they were melted down, cast into cannon, and sent back to Huntsville. They were thereafter known as the "Bell Battery of Huntsville."

But donated scrap iron could not win the war alone. For that, industry was needed, such as foundries to produce the guns and cannons needed by the army. In fact, one such firm was already in business in Huntsville. The Madison Iron Works had, before the war, produced such consumer items as cookware, farm machinery, and fencing. But in the summer of 1861 the company geared up for



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war production. Its first military products were three 6-pound guns. Before long, cannons and gun carriages were rolling out of the factory, located a block from the train depot.

Gun production at the Madison Iron Works ended in early 1862. Whether this was because of the death of one of the company's owners, John Young, in December 1861 or because of the Federal occupation of the city in April is unclear. But Huntsville had done its part to keep the fighting men supplied with the tools of their trade.

The war situation began to look less rosy in early 1862. On February 16, General Simon Bolivar Buckner had surrendered Fort Donelson, near Dover, Tennessee. Ulysses Grant had sent Buckner the message that would make him famous: "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." The fall of Fort Donelson meant the Union now controlled the two main waterways in Tennessee - the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers — and the news caused rejoicing in Washington.

On April 6, Southern troops under Albert Sidney Johnston caught Grant's Federals unawares at Shiloh. By nightfall the Union troops had been forced back three miles, but the loss of Johnston on the first day of the battle and Northern reinforcements on the second meant the Southerners had to retreat to Corinth, Mississippi. There, some of them boarded east-bound trains. They would arrive in Huntsville just in time to be met and taken captive by troops of the 3rd Division of the Army of the Ohio, led by Briga-

"A wise man is not as certain of anything as a fool is certain of everything."

Anon.

dier General O. M. Mitchel.

Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel was a man of many interests. Born in Kentucky in 1809, his first job was as a clerk. At age 16 he received an appointment to West Point, and after graduation in 1829 he served as assistant professor of mathematics for three years. He was admitted to the Bar, but in 1836 became professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Cincinnati College.

But his passion was astronomy. He founded the Cincinnati Observatory with donated funds he had solicited himself, and in 1845 became its director. The observatory was equipped with a 12-inch refractor telescope which Mitchel had purchased in Munich. He also published the first magazine devoted to astronomy. In 1859 he became Superintendent of



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the Dudley Observatory in Albany, New York. Each winter, Mitchel hit the lecture circuit, traveling by train, steamship, and stagecoach to Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other major cities around the country. He talked about planets orbiting other stars and other astronomical facts and was known for his ability to explain such things clearly. Although he was college

educated, much of his knowledge of astronomy was self-taught. At least one modern astronomer has compared him to Carl

Sagan.

O.M. Mitchel probably was America's best-known astronomer in 1861. But it was because he responded to his patriotic leanings and re-joined the army that year that his name would become linked in history with of Huntsville, Alabama.

The war had not yet come to Huntsville as

spring arrived in 1862, but the feeling was growing that it was getting closer. The clearest sign appeared in early April, as trains pulled into town with sick and wounded soldiers, the casualties of Shiloh.

But war was nearer than anyone in town knew. On April 8, O. M. Mitchell and his Ohio troops had set out from Shelbyville, Tennessee, bound for Huntsville. It was an exhausting march through the worst weather imag inable, and the men had reached Meridian-ville before they were allowed to make camp.

Mitchel's men arrived in Huntsville at 6:00 a.m. on April 11. The town was taken almost completely by surprise; there had been rumors of approaching Yankees, but most people



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did not take them seriously. A Memphis & Charleston train had just arrived at the depot from the west, carrying a large number of soldiers on leave as well as men who had been wounded at Shiloh. While the Union soldiers were surrounding the coaches, a second train which had arrived earlier managed to escape as the engineer took advantage of the confusion, threw the throttle wide open and sped away. Pursuing Union cavalrymen fired on the locomotive, killing the fireman, a black man. The Confederate soldiers, now prisoners of war, were marched into the depot.

Almost exactly a year earlier, the citizens of Huntsville had slept peacefully while the war began at Fort Sumter. Now many of them were sleeping just as peacefully, awakening to find that their town was occupied by the enemy. For Huntsville, the war had become frighteningly real.

Much of what we know about life in Huntsville during the war

comes from the diary of Mary Jane Chadick, wife of the local Cumberland Presbyterian minister. She was born and raised in the north but in the early 1840s her family moved to Lebanon, Tennessee. It was there that she met and married William Davidson Chadick. In the 1850s Chadick was sent to Huntsville and made minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Lincoln and Randolph Streets.

When war came Chadick enlisted as a Chaplain, but later he served in the infantry. Mrs. Chadick remained in Huntsville throughout the war, faithfully chronicling her experiences in her journal. When the Union troops entered the town on April 11, 1862, Mrs. Chadick and her friends went to the depot to tend to the sick and wounded Southern troops. Mitchel had







ordered them kept on the train, even though some of them hadn't eaten in days. During that summer, Mrs. Chadick would use her diary to chronicle life under the heavy-handed rule of O. M. Mitchel.

During the four months that Mitchel served as de facto military governor of Huntsvule he proved himself manifestly unsuited for administrative work, whatever his academic credentials may have been. He seemed to regard himself as more conquering hero than leader. Mitchel's quick success in taking control of Huntsville won him a promotion to Major General, but the new rank seemed only to have made him even more petty.

"General Mitchel complained that the ladies of Huntsville have given his officers the 'cold shoulder' by not having received them into their social circle!" wrote Mrs. Chadick. Two of his officers, but not Mitchel himself, were invited to a picnic by local Unionists. The vainglorious Mitchel had them

When Southern guerillas began damaging railroad property and shooting at Union soldiers, Mitchel responded by arresting twelve prominent citizens of Huntsville, more to show them indignity than for any crimes they had committed. But when the men signed a statement condemning guerilla warfare, Mitchel seemed satisfied and released them.

both arrested.

But at least Huntsville had escaped the fate of Athens. That city had been occupied on April 20 by one of Mitchel's brigade commanders, Russianborn John Basil Turchin. When a passing Louisiana cavalry regiment frightened off some Ohio soldiers and the local people had jeered the retreating Yankees, Turchin decided to punish the Southerners for their impertinence. He assembled his men in downtown Athens

and told them, "Men, I shut mine eyes for one hour," and returned to his hotel. The Union men then ransacked the town, looting homes and businesses, and raping some black women. Turchin was court-martialed and drummed out of the army, but Abraham Lincoln overruled the dismissal and promoted him to Brigadier General.

On July 1, 1862, O. M. Mitchel's reign in Huntsville came to an end when he was recalled to Washington. One of the reasons cited for his recall was failure to control his men. That charge was made by Mitchel's superior, Don Carlos Buell, a man whom Mitchel heartily detested.

Certainly no one in Huntsville was sorry to see Mitchel leave. Nor could anyone find tears to shed when Mitchel died of yellow fever in South Carolina four months later. The Huntsville Daily Confederate reported on November 12 the death of "his detestable lowness, Maj. Gen. O. M. Mitchel. No man ever had more winning ways to excite people's hatred than he. We have no space to do justice to his vices — virtues

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he showed none, in his dealings with the people of North Alabama."

Mitchel's place in Huntsville was taken by General Lovell H. Rousseau, a native of Kentucky. Although he was a strict disciplinarian, he was still considered an improvement over Mitchel – although almost anyone would have been.

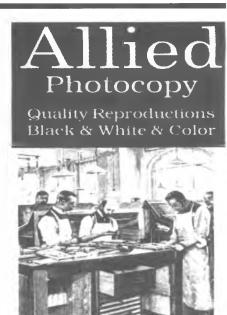
On August 31, 1862, Mary Jane Chadick was awakened before dawn by the sound of voices, running feet, and wagons. "Sprang out of bed and looked through the shutters to see what it meant," she wrote, "when, lo and behold, it was the Lincoln army making their anxiously wished for exit from Huntsville.

The Union Army was indeed abandoning Huntsville, and in no small hurry. The citizens of the town were delighted, although their mood was dimmed somewhat by a series of large fires that accompanied the federal retreat. The Yankees were burning what food they could not carry with them to keep it from the people of Huntsville. Later that same day, Southern troops reentered the city, led by Captain Frank B. Gurley.

The handsome young Frank Gurley was a native of the town that had been named for his family. He had enlisted at Maysville three months after the fall of Fort Sumter, and was sent to Memphis where he joined the cavalry battalion of Nathan Bedford Forrest. Gurley became separated from Forrest while recovering from illness in April 1862, and formed his own unit, which became known as the "immortal seven." He spent the summer harassing Union troops in eastern Madison County and was the first Confederate soldier to enter Huntsville after the Northerners' hasty retreat.

It was inevitable that the Yankees would come back to Huntsville. Union cavalry began a series in raids in north Alabama in the summer of 1863, and the area would remain under Union control almost continuously for the remainder of the war. The raiders seemed preoccupied with black men, taking as many as they could find and impressing them into the Union army.

The enslavement of people of African descent had been the occasion for the war, if not the cause. Alabama was a slave state, but in Huntsville pro-slavery sentiment was not nearly so pronounced as it was in the cotton-



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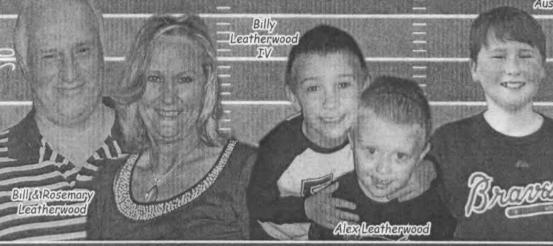
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growing areas to the south. By the mid-1830s, runaway slave notices were rarely seen in the newspapers, although they had once been plentiful. There was even an abolitionist paper, the Southern Advocate.

Interestingly, a number of local blacks fought in the war, but on the Southern side. Among them was Matt Gray, known as "Uncle Matt." After the war, Uncle Matt never missed a veterans' meeting and always wore

an old gray uniform.

By 1864, it was becoming more and more difficult for Southern armies to fill out their numbers. Many of the best of Southern youth lay dead at Shiloh, Antietam, and Gettysburg. Nor could the Confederacy rebuild its number through prisoner exchanges; Grant had ended that policy, realizing that it was only encouraging the Southerners to continue the war. Lee was watching his numbers steadily reduced during the Petersburg campaign, knowing he had no hope of replacing them.

The Southern cause began to depend more and more on raiders, men who ranged far into enemy territory on hitand-run raids. In the beginning, Confederate policy had rejected the notion of guerilla fighters. Secretary of War Walker had stated that for Southern troops to operate outside the accepted bounds of military conduct would make them no better than "outlaws and pirates." Now, in 1864, the guerillas were becoming almost the only means of projecting Southern power on the enemy. One of the most effective of these was known as "Bushwhacker" Johnston.

His real name was Milus E. Johnston, and he was a Methodist circuit preacher from Tennessee. He once called Huntsville "one of the neatest and most beautiful little cities to be found in any country." Johnston had no interest in

fighting at first, but because his wife had three brothers in the Confederate Army, he was frequently harassed by Union troops. Showing little regard for his minister's robes, the Yankees burned his house down and stole everything he had, including, he recalled later, the shoes off his feet. They had been just as hateful to his father-in-law, who lived in Vienna (now New Hope). His wife was even taken prisoner for a time.

Johnston escaped across the Tennessee River and swore revenge on his blue-clad tormentors. He was awarded captain's commission and given permission to raise a company. During 1864 Johnston's men crossed the river a number of times to attack Union troops. His most frequent victim was the 1st Indiana Cavalry, whose commander, Colonel Edward Anderson, had a reputation for ruthlessness.

In his first encounter with the 12th Indiana on June 26, Johnston had surprised the Hoosiers and put them to flight, even though they were looking for him. They met again west of New Hope on July 8, and this time the 12th lost ten men, two of them officers. On August 11, Bushwhacker Johnston struck again, capturing an entire wagon train. The enraged Colonel Anderson responded by arresting and executing an innocent

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teenage farmer's son named Patrick Davis, who had no connection to Johnston whatsoever. Anderson was later acquitted of the murder in a court-martial.

By December Johnston had rejoined his commander, Colonél Lemuel G. Mead of Paint Rock. On a bitterly cold New Year's Eve, Mead's rangers attacked soldiers of the 13th Wisconsin Veteran Volunteers who were guarding the railroad bridge over the Paint Rock River. Most of the Yankees were caught asleep. Those who could do so ran away. The victory was especially sweet because some of the Union soldiers were Alabama turncoats from Marshall County, led by Captain John B. Kennamer.

"What a contrast between this and a New Year's morning five years ago, before the advent of this miserable war!" wrote Mary Jane Chadick on January 1, 1865. Her husband had been home on leave in December but had had to flee when Union cavalry reoccupied Huntsville. Her 16-year-old stepson Eddie had also enlisted and had barely escaped capture when his unit was attacked just before Christmas. She would soon learn that Eddie had been taken prisoner in another engagement and was being held at Camp Chase, Ohio

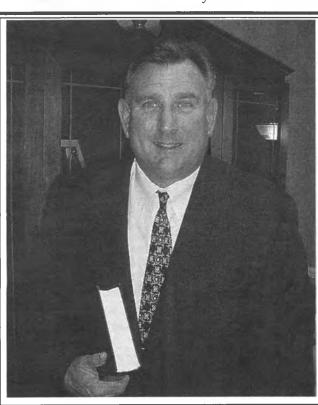
By now it was clear to all in Huntsville that the Confederate cause was all but lost. It was only a matter of time before Robert E. Lee would have to evacuate Richmond. In January, Jefferson Davis appointed a commission to represent the government in peace talks in Washington.

Lemuel Mead continued to fight, but he could not post-pone the inevitable for long. In February one of his company commanders had surrendered in Fayetteville, Tennessee. Then on April 2, Robert E. Lee abandoned Richmond. Lee surrendered his army to Grant at Appomattox Court House one week later.

Realizing the war was over, the Union commander in Huntsville, General Robert S. Granger, ordered Mead to surrender. Mead refused. Granger wired Genera George H. Thomas in Nashville for instructions. Thomas replied that Mead and his forces were outlaws and were to be shot at sight.

It was Bushwhacker Johnston who finally made the hard decision to surrender. At his camp on the slopes of Monte Sano, he called his men together and told them he was going to give himself up. Many, though not all, of his men agreed to go with him. On May 8, Johnston wrote to General Granger and told him of his intentions. It was arranged that Colonel William Given of Ohio would meet Johnston at a point on the Huntsville-Vienna road about halfway up the mountain. At the appointed time the next day, the deed was done.

The Union troops were understandably in a good mood and had brought along ten gallons of apple brandy to celebrate. Once introductions were made and the formality of surrender completed, everyone began to relax. Soon everyone was partaking of the apple brandy, which further heightened the



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mood. Johnston, the circuit preacher, declined to participate

in the drinking.

The Southerners were marched into the city to the Union arsenal, where Huntsville Hospital now stands, and surrendered their weapons. The next morning they were given their paroles and dismissed. The war was over.

Over half a million lives had been lost in the war. The men who gave those lives would be sorely missed during the rebuilding of the South. But with the end of the war, the return of the survivors would bring joy to many Southern homes. One of these was the home of Mary Jane Chadick, who awaited the return of her husband. William Davidson Chadick, and her stepson Eddie. Both made it home safely, and the Chadicks lived for many years in Huntsville. When the preacher died, Mary Jane moved to Arkansas to live with her sister.

After leaving his cabinet post,

Leroy Pope Walker served as a General in the field and as a military judge. When the war ended he returned to his law practice in Huntsville. He died in 1884.

Bushwhacker Johnston became Milus Johnston and re-

turned to the pulpit.

Frank Gurley, the young cavalryman who had ridden into town as the Federals left in 1862, survived the war, but just barely. He was charged with murder in an incident in 1862 in which his men had killed a fleeing Union officer. He was sentenced to be hanged but was granted clemency by President Andrew Johnson. When he died in 1920, he was buried with full military honors.

"The trouble with weather forecasting is that it's right too often for us to ignore it and wrong too often for us to rely on it."

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Local News Briefs in 1916

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

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

Successful Skin Grafting in Dallas Village

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

Deputy Sheriff N. L. Pierce today arrested 2 men - Celie Conley was charged with burglary and grand larceny and Will Wise on a peace warrant and using obscene language and both were placed in jail.

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

Mrs. Esther Daniels, the pretty 18-year old bride of Ashford Daniels of this city, is suing her new husband for divorce because he represented himself to be rich and turned out not to have anything. She says she is giving up on him

not because he only makes \$30 a month, but because she has observed that he is not worth more than \$30 a month and if anything, is overpaid at that amount. During the courtship he entertained her with fabulous stories about the number of plantations and banks he owned.





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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Sharon Brakefield was the first correct caller to identify the little girl from last month's magazine. The pretty girl was Jill Wood, who has been the editor and publisher of "Valley Planet" magazine for many years now. Sharon is busy writing 2 books while taking care of her Mom and children. Congratulations!

David Driscoll and his wife Lilie are very proud of 2 new additions to their family. Lilie's son Hayes Knapp and his wife Haley had two beautiful twins on July 20 in Fairhope, Al. Twins Cecelia **Hope** and **Tate Lewis** also have grandparents Ted and Camelia Lewis, and David Knapp and Lilie and David Driscoll.

Ken Owens of Huntsville just had a late July birthday and his message to everyone is - Retirement is the BEST LIFE EVER! Sweet wife Diane agrees with him & is retired too.

Roger Parton is sure proud of his mom **Donna Peacher**. Donna most recently is Director & Assistant Director of Alabama's PAC system. She has been a teacher for many years and loves to write. Her husband, and Roger's step dad Ted Peacher, just celebrated an August birthday. Donna, in fact, just celebrated a late July birthday - so happy birthday to come back to the students, teach-



you both! Also, Roger has 3 beautiful daughters whom he loves very much. They are Lyndsey, who's 15, Hannah, who's 13, and the littlest is Mahaley, 8 months old in September. Roger's wife is Shaunnah Parton and takes good care of the whole family.

Mr. A.J. Casey lives in Satellite Beach, Florida and has family here in Huntsville. His beautiful daughter was Liz Waggett, who died a couple of years ago of pancreatic cancer. Mr. Casey just had a fall recently and had to go to the hospital - I just wanted you to know we're thinking about you Mr. Casey with a lot of love and hope for a speedy recovery!

We were so sorry to hear that **Ed Trentham** had passed away. He leaves wife Ann, daughter Susan and son Steve. We will miss Ed's positive attitude and huge smile, he was very special.

Now that school is in session it sure sounds good to hear those kids' voices at Blossomwood Elementary in Old Town. Welers & staff!

It's so tough when you lose your best friend. Monroe Dugdale called us to let us know that her dear friend Jamie Thompson, Jr., of Meridianville, a retired veteran and law enforcement officer, had passed away recently. Jamie was married to Lisa, and was a friend to all, a kind man who loved helping people, and who was so proud of his country.

Happy Birthday to Barb Eyestone - Ron we hope you do something sweet for her!

Another anniversary for a special couple is that of Darryl and Linda Goldman. On Aug. 16 they celebrated their 42nd anniversary. Congratulations to you two sweet people. And a Happy Birthday to Darryl!!

We were heartbroken to hear that Waid "Chip" Ramsey died in Afghanistan in early August. Chip was Captain in the Alabama Army National Guard. When his unit was attacked in Paktika Province he suffered severe wounds from small arms fire. Chip was a good soldier, but he was a fabulous husband to wife Mary, and dad to their children Bradley Waid, 7 and Megan Alexandria, who just turned 5. He

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 has a 4-letter last name and a community named after his family.



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My sweet Mom, Dr. Annelie Owens who lives at Redstone Village, has a birthday Sep. 11-- I LOVÉ you Mom!

Dick and Dale Rhoades just celebrated their 44th anniversary in early August - I just love hearing about all these couples who have been in love so long!

Keith and Sandi Hester live in Madison and Sandi wanted to send special love to her Mom who is **Hazel Miles**. Hazel just had back surgery at Huntsville Hospital and is now there with a broken leg. But she's got a great attitude and says she just loves the staff there and they take such good care of her. Hazel's husband is **Arvel Miles** and they live in Florence. Sandi works at Dr. David Whitworth's dental office in Madison and loves going to work every day. She and Keith have 3 children - son John & his wife **Nicole** just celebrated their 6 year anniversary and have Braden who turned 4 in late August. Other son Josh turned 26 in early September and is married to Morgan. Sarah Hester is Sandi & Keith's daughter and she will be 17 in November. A really sweet family.

There's lots of birthdays and anniversaries going on in Jessie Bledsoe's life right now. Her daughter Rebecca and husband Jeff Grimm celebrated their anniversary and are parents to Matthew who just turned 10 in August. Jim and Nancy Bonner (Jessie's daughter) are also having an anniversary as well as birthdays in August and September. Jessie is married to her best

friend **Ed** (who is also celebrating a birthday) and their wedding anniversary was in August but with all this going on they'll put their celebration off til later!

If any of you remember Dr. J.D. Jones - a popular dentist in Huntsville back years ago - he and his wife Martha are still doing pretty well and Jessie Bledsoe worked for Dr. Jones as a dental technician for years. Dr. & Mrs. **Jones** have two children, **Danny** and Lisa.

There's a beautiful new baby girl in Huntsville who was just born Aug. 9. She is **Kassidy** Tanner Holman, and her parents are Laquanda and Terrance Holman. Kassidy joins big brother Tyler, who'll be six on Sep. 17, and who is thrilled. Liz Ford is the very proud grandma and can't wait to baby sit!

Happy September birthday to that handsome Sam Keith! The older he gets the better he looks!

The 37th Annual Beautification Awards at Redstone Federal Credit Union on Wynn Drive was packed. Excellent coordination was done by the Chairman, Joy Parker. Joy McKee of Operation Green Team made presentations as did Mayor Tommy Battle. We in Huntsville should be very proud of how clean our city is.

Kitty Lawson has decided it's way too quiet on Saturday afternoons at the Coffee Tree on Bailey Cove so beginning soon there will be "Market Place Saturdays", with vendors selling gifts, food, Avon, etc. With the cooler weather, it should definitely be one of your regular weekend stops!

A follow up on the story of Bulldog Daniel. The Daniel family suffered another tragedy in the loss of Bulldog's only child, Christopher Mark Daniel, who passed away June 26 of a massive heart attack. He was only 44, and the father of one child, Sarah Rose, who had just turned one year old. He is survived by his wife **Tanja** and his little daughter. We send our deepest sympathy to the family.

Enjoy this cooler weather and don't forget Sep. 10 for Trade Day around the Square - it's fun for everyone and you can get the old issues of "Old Huntsville"

that you have missed!







Latham United Methodist Church Favorites

Auburn Cream Cheese

1 pkg. cream cheese 1 pkg. Carl Buddig corned

beef

3 green onions Garlic powder Worcestershire sa

Worcestershire sauce

Chop green onions and cut up the beef. Blend with the cream cheese, add garlic powder and Worcestershire sauce to taste. You can use a food processor or just a hand mixer. This is good on Triscuits.

Kelley Copeland

Cheddar Cheese Ring

1 pkg. sharp Cheddar cheese, grated

1/2 small onion, grated

1 c. mayonnaise 1 c. chopped pecans

1/2 to 1 t. cayenne pepper

Strawberry preserves

Mix first 5 ingredients together and shape into a ring. Before serving, spoon strawberry preserves into the center. Best to let set overnight.

Susan Yarbrough

Chocolate & Caramel Pretzels

1 large bag Rolos candy 1 large bag small twisted

pretzels

Preheat oven to 200 degrees. Place pretzels flat on a cookie sheet covered with wax paper and top with a piece of Rolos candy. Put pretzels and candy in the oven for about 3 minutes, just long enough for the candy to soften. Remove from oven and place another pretzel on top of the candy and press to make the Rolo spread evenly across the pretzel. Allow to cool com-

pletely before removing from wax paper.

Amanda Clark

Marinated Tomatoes

8 tomatoes, peeled

1/4 c. fresh parsley

1/4 t. pepper

1/4 c. oil

1 pressed garlic clove

1 t. salt

1 t. sugar

2 T. tarragon vinegar 2 t. prepared mustard

Quarter the tomatoes and pour the sauce on at least 18 hours ahead.

Kelly Fugit Kattos

Martha's Chicken Casserole

5 bone-in chicken breasts 1 can cream of chicken soup

1 can cream of celery soup

8 oz. sour cream

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Gibsons

YOUR HOSTS: THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS 3/4 c. butter

2 sticks Ritz crackers, crushed Cook chicken breasts, remove bone and chop the meat. Mix chicken with the soups and sour cream. Pour into a 9x13" greased baking dish. Melt butter and mix with crushed crackers. Place over the top of the mixture and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Claudia Klus

Never Fail Cheese Cake

3/4 lb. cream cheese (4 small pkgs)

1/2 c. granulated sugar

1 t. vanilla extract

1 graham cracker crust

Icing:

1/2 t. vanilla extract

1 c. sour cream

5 t. sugar, rounded

Soften cheese, blend in sugar then add eggs beaten with vanilla. Beat til smooth and creamy. Pour into graham cracker crust.

Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Remove and pour icing over cake, return to oven and bake another 10 minutes. Cake should be refrigerated 5 to 6 hours.

Tip: I find 20 minutes is not long enough. Stick with knife to test doneness after 20 minutes.

Betty Booth

Admonition Cake

1 Duncan Hines yellow butter cake mix

Cook as directed and cool. Use string to split to four layers.

Frosting:

2 c. sugar

2 c. sour cream

12 oz. frozen grated coconut

(not flaked)

Mix the frosting the night before and let it meld flavors. Frost the cake on the top sides only - not on the sides.

Wrap frosted cake in Saran Wrap and store in the refrigerator for five days. Do not cut ahead of time.

Frankie Earle

Chocolate Peanut Butter Die

Crust:

7 whole graham crackers 6 T. butter

1/4 c. Splenda

Filling:

1 (1.4 oz.) pkg. sugar-free, fat-free instant chocolate pudding mix

11/2 c. skim milk

1/2 c. crunchy peanut butter

Sugar-free Cool Whip

For crust, crush graham crackers and mix with Splenda and butter. Press into deep dish pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes, cool.

Whisk pudding into milk til smooth. Whisk in peanut butter

slowly til smooth.

Pour filling into cooled pie crust. Spread Cool Whip on top and chill.







OFFICIALLY SOUTHERN

by Derek Robertson

Being born and raised in the South, I have taken the things we commonly say and our way of life for granted. I assumed our traditions and day-to-day routines were the same throughout the rest of the country. I discovered, after I joined the Army and had the good fortune to travel and live elsewhere in the United States, that our unique ways and things we say were not the same. In fact, I discovered we are in a class all by ourselves. This is a good thing because it means we Southerners are original and genuine.

I am still reminded of our time honored ways and the distinctiveness of our way of life every day from my wife. My better half is not from our great state; she is originally from Long Island, New York. I met and fell in love with her during one of my assignments for the Army. When folks ask her where she is from she tells them she is not from Alabama, but she got here as fast as she could. Until she married me, my wife never lived or traveled anywhere else in this world. Her only experience with people and customs were from her home.

An example of when I realized I took things for granted was when I was reassigned to Fort Rucker, Alabama. This was the first time my wife lived anywhere else other than New York. Other than me, this was her first experience of Southern living. Like many people when they move, there are many things involved in setting up the new home. We stayed close to home for the first few days after moving and concentrated on emptying our boxes. However, the time off I took was up and I returned to work.

The day I returned to work was also the first day my wife decided to venture out on her own and learn the lay of the town. The town where we lived was much like any small town in North Alabama. At the end of the day when I returned home from work, I asked her about her day. She said everyone in town must know me. I told her I did not know that many people in the area and asked her why she would make that statement. She said everywhere she went people sitting on the front porch, driving by, or sifting under shade trees in chairs, were waving at her. I chuckled and told her it was not because they knew me, but rather they were just being friendly. She was astonished that total strangers were just being friendly and waving their hand to say "hello". I was proud of the people from Alabama and their friendliness.

That happened over eleven years ago, and my wife is still entertained by our customs and ways of doing things. Even though she swore she would never say "ya'll" or "fixin" she has succumbed to our way of talking, too. As the





years went by, she has transformed into a wonderful Southern lady. She loves catfish, enjoys gravy and biscuits, Alabama football and church every Sunday.

Today, it would seem she has experienced almost everything needed to be southern. A few days ago she said some-

thing that made it official.

We live in the country in Northeast Alabama with a couple acres of property. We have flower gardens, a large vegetable garden, a dog, a cat and chickens. Recently I bought a baby goat for my daughter. The goat's motner would not nurse him and therefore had to be bottle-fed. I thought this would be a great opportunity to teach my daughter responsibility. She named the goat Bullet and everyday she let him out of his pen

and played with him. One afternoon, soon after we brought Bullet home, I called my wife from work to check on the family. My wife was in a pleasant mood and was telling me all about her day. During our conversation she asks me to hold on while said something to our daughter. I hear my wife open the back door and she yells, "Sarah Jane Robertson, get that goat off the top of the picnic table for goodness gracious sakes, we eat there! Go put him back in his pen!" My wife immediately returns to our conversation and pleasantly, as if everything is normal, requests me to bring home a gallon of milk. I am laughing hysterically. She asks me what is so funny. I told her after hearing her say that to our daughter - if she wasn't before she was now officially Southern.

I asked her if she ever thought, in all her life, and being from Long Island, New York did she ever expect to say something like that to one of her children. She laughed too when she realized what she said. My wife continued saying, she never imagined she would ever have to correct a child about a goat, but was glad she lived in a place where it was possible to do so.



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The Funeral of Amy Chapman

During the early 1930s the government hired writers, under the auspices of the Federal Writers Program, to collect oral histories of what they realized was a fast disappearing way of life. One of the subjects interviewed was "Aunt" Amy Chapman who was born a slave on a plantation belonging to Reuben Chapman, a native of Huntsville and the Governor of Alabama from 1847 to 1849. Although Amy Chapman spent most of her life on the plantation in Livingston, Alabama, she was occasionally "brought" to Huntsville to work as a seamstress for the Chapman family.

Nothing is known of the author, Ruby Pickens Tartt, but one can surmise from her writing that she was probably not from the South, as she was unfamiliar with many of it's customs. As far as is known, this is the only story she ever wrote. Regardless, the simplicity and beauty of the narrative

speaks for itself.

On Tuesday morning of last week, Aunt Amy Chapman, one of our oldest citizens, passed away. Although she had reached the age of ninety-five, Aunt Amy still possessed an extraordinary vigor of both body and mind far beyond her years.

Only a few days before her

Kites were used in the Civil War to deliver letters and newspapers.

death she had met me and asked me to drive her home. "I'm tired and my feet hurt," she had said. "I want you to take me home." "Why Aunt Amy," I asked. "What have you been doing here lately?" "I bin picking cotton," she replied and as I did not think she was farming this year I expressed surprise. "Oh," she answered, "Tain't my cotton, hit's other folks' cotton. Didn't have nothing else to do, so I thought I might as well help in de fiel's."

And it was in the cotton field that she suffered the stroke which proved fatal. She never rallied, and four days later "at first light" she passed away peacefully, as if in sleep. Perhaps it was fortunate that death came so swiftly, as a lingering illness with its consequent helplessness and dependence on others would

have been unendurable to Aunt Amy.

Nothing could have been more abhorrent to her staunchly individualistic old soul, than the thought of being constantly under obligation to anyone. She never asked a favor

of me, except to drive her over on Saturday when she went to buy her weekly provisions, or to take her home when she was tired, that she did not immediately force upon me some sort of paymentin-kind; a bucket of figs, eggs, or vegetables from her garden.

When I heard that she was ill and went to her house to see if I could do anything for her, her son Hewey showed me a box of sweet potatoes washed clean of dirt which she had dug for me. And I remembered the last time I had seen her: when I had taken her home in my car, she had insisted against all my protests that she would bring me some potatoes soon for my kindness to her. Even in her illness she had thought to tell Hewey to be sure to give them to me.

She was born a slave on Governor Chapman's place. She learned to be a seamstress and did sewing and weaving for her "Ole Miss."





According to her own account, Governor Chapman was good to her, but he owned around three hundred slaves and had several plantations; and he spent most of his time with his family at Huntsville. One overseer he dismissed upon learning that he treated the slaves with cruelty. But it was a white overseer, a Mr. Hewey Leman, who was the father of Aunt Amy's children. "I didn't want dat man, but he wuz de overseer an he beat me till I had ter have him - twarn't nuthin' else ter do," she told me once.

Mr. Leman (the overseer) was married and a curious relationship seems to have developed between his wife and Aunt Amy after Mrs. Leman became used to the situation. The couple took two of the children into their own home to live with them, Mr. Leman averring that since the scandal was out anyhow, he might as well own them! Before his death, he provided liberally for them, giving each a house and a piece of land. And when Mrs. Leman became seriously ill, it was Aunt Amy who nursed her till her death. One wonders about the Lemans - what curious compulsions, what distorted forces of the human psyche motivated Hewey Leman? What fates compelled Mrs. Leman to accept a situation so hopelessly impossible?

Aunt Amy was too jealous of her independence to go and live with one of her married sons, and I was often anxious

about her, wondering how she would manage if taken suddenly ill. But when illness came, her neighbors forgot her former aloofness of attitude and were kind. Several of them stayed with her to the end, taking turns sitting up with her at night and seeing to it that she was kept as comfortable as her condition would permit. And on a Wednesday afternoon on a lowering, threatening day, fifty or sixty of them accompanied her to her last resting place in the old Chapman buryingground, a most out-of-the-way and almost inaccessible place.

According to her wish, Aunt Amy was buried on the plantation where she was born. There, on top of a limestone hill commanding a splendid view in all directions of once proud acres, her sister was buried, and they dug her grave beside Aunt Mary's. A few stops down the hillside were other graves unmarked, members of her family who had gone before.

The burying was set for two o'clock. (According to custom the actual interment is referred to as the "burying.") The funeral is preached later on a Sunday to be appointed by the family, sometimes after a year or more has elapsed. In this case, Hewey told us that he had set the funeral for sometime soon "before cold weather set in," and that it would be held at the Baptist Church, of which Aunt Amy had been a member for over eighty years.

But as I had taken the wrong turn and lost my way twice, I was late in arriving. Probably I would never have found the burying ground had not Hewey

> "When I was born, the doctor said to my mother, 'Congratulations, you have an eight pound ham."

> > **Bob Hope**



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3308 Seventh Avenue Huntsville, Alabama 35805 www.lindasprinting.com linprint@lindasprinting.com sighted me from the hill and sent a man to guide me. Even then, I had to abandon the car and cover the last part of the in the direction of the spring, way on foot.

or two were drawn up on the hill at a respectful distance, screened by the cedars. The closer relatives were seated and recognize the beauty of together on an automobile cushion placed on the ground to one side. Hewey came up to speak to me, then returned to take charge of the digging of the grave.

This was the responsibility of the friends of the family and fields touched fellow church members and with the first colthey gave their time and labor ors of autumn. to the sad duty. As only a few At a farther inches of topsoil covered the solid limestone, it was an arduous other limestone process. A strong Negro man hewed at the rock with his pick, working his way the length of the grave, then back again. Then, as he jumped out panting with exertion and covered with sweat, two young Negroes took his place with shovels, throwing the chips out in two mounds, one on each side of the grave. the distant rum-Some of the men worked with cigarettes drooping from their lips, but there was no disrespect A damp breeze, in this, for they meant no disre-

The men assembled, alternated; when one became tired he handed his shovel to another

who was rested and the digging went steadily on. A smaller boy disappeared down the hillside and after a time came back with Several wagons and a Ford a bucket of water and a dipper, which were passed gratefully from hand to hand.

I had time to look about me the scene. On all sides the land

sloped away from the hill, disclosing pleasant valleys and peaceful hay distance rose hills crowned with the cedars so indigenous to this county, and against the horizon where black rain clouds lay, lightening flickered and ble of thunder could be heard. unexpectedly cool, stirred my hair, and with its coming it was as though one could lay one's finger on a single moment out of time and say suddenly, "Fall has come,

ger Summer."

I heard one of the men standing near the grave announce in a low voice that they had come to the "last tier." He moved over to speak to Hewey's wife who was leaning on her crutches, her broken ankle propped comfortably before her. She told me that two weeks before Aunt Amy had made the long trip to town



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to see them, "She said the spirits tole her to come see us, en I wuz afraid then that sumpin was gonna happen," she said.

Now the grave was finished, dug to the appointed depth of four feet and its bottom leveled to hold the casket steady. In lieu of a trestle, a sapling was cut from the nearby thicket and laid across the grave lengthwise. Steadied on this, first the outer pine covering, then the coffin of light purple were lowered in, and silently the men threw in shovelfuls of dirt until it was covered and the grave a quarter filled.

Then began the simple burial service, in most respects equivalent to that read in white churches today. At its conclusion, the preacher lifted his voice in prayer which soon became a high-pitched, but melodious chant, the congregation joining in with "Amens." It was a very brief, but sincere and dignified service, and one which I am sure Aunt Amy would have wanted. The lavender casket, too, would have pleased her, as would the robe to match, which Hewey had selected.

Soon the men were again at work with their shovels filling in the grave. Each worker rested his spade against the mound's side, iron point in the soft earth and handles pointing toward the sky. The effect was strangely impressive, but when I asked about it later I was told only, "It is customary." The ritual apparently had been followed for many years that its significance had been lost with usage. To me it seemed symbolic, perhaps, of the toiler who has laid away his tools at last and come to rest.

The preacher asked if there were flowers to be placed on the grave, and I was pressed to come forward first with my bowl of zinnias which I placed at the head of the grave, levelling a place first with my hand so that the vase would stand upright without tilting. Then

the others stepped forward one at a time with their drooping clusters of flowers mixed with short sprays of cedar.

And whether following my lead, or in accordance with a custom of their own I do not know, these they did not lay on the rounded sides of the mound as one would have expected. Instead they made small hollows in the earth in which they placed their bouquets, so that they stood upright also.

We stood a moment with heads bowed while the preacher pronounced the benediction, then made our way back down the hill and across the peaceful hay fields of Aunt Amy's "homeplace." She had been returned to

the soil from which she had sprung and was one with the land which she had loved so intensely.

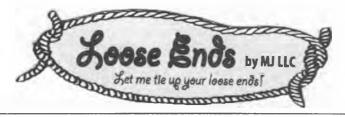


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Huntsville **Restaurants & Cafes**

BY CHARLIE LYLE

Huntsville in earlier times had many cafes but

not so many restaurants.

One of the cafes was a very popular restaurant called Broadways where young people could go and dance. It was located where Ropers Flowers used to be.

There was the Post Office Cafe, Huntsville Cafe, City Cafe, the Ritz Cafe (owner Junior Taylor) who had glass displays cases of every kind of cigarette

known to man.

There was the Big Spring Cafe, next to the spring, Wimpy's Cafe and Pool Room next to the Grand, the Pub, a favorite of HHS students at Five Points, Pub Jr. located where California and Whitesburg split. The Tavern atop Monte Sano was a favorite of teenagers to dance and listen to the juke box on one side and included a restaurant on the other side. Checkered table cloths on one on the other side. Checkered table cloths on one side and a huge fireplace on the other. A favorite of Governor Big Jim Folsom and incidentally the place where this writer played his first dance band job, the Hilding Holmberg Orchestra.

Probably the most famous restaurant of Huntsville's history was the Central Cafe. People from all walks of life came to the Central. You would find professional people, workers, party goers, gamblers, musicians, outlaws, in-laws, social elite, preachers, construction workers, and on and on.

Over the restaurant was a lounge, called the Mirror Room, the walls and ceiling were all mirrors. The restaurant stayed open 24/7. One time the Central was renovated, but there were no keys for the workers to lock up their tools.

There was a waiter named Scotty who usually forgot the order and had you to order again. He was a legend in the cafe whom everyone liked, but for a tip he liked a grain of which

for a tip, he liked a swig of whisky.

There were some well known friends and politicians that used to meet there. There was Senator Sparkman, and Milton Cummings (a prominent cotton buyer) whose family used to work in one of the cotton mills. He never forgot his roots. He gave

away refrigerators, stoves, furniture, money whatever a friend needed. He also had a scholarship fund and usually refused to let anyone pay him back or tore up the checks. Well does this writer know that.

The other people involved were Will Halsey, head of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. George Mahoney, who owned the clothing store next door where people like Mayor Speck Searcy and some others met and then wandered over to the Central for coffee. The reason this coffee group was so important was that these were the people who were responsible primarily for the Huntsville Arsenal and later Redstone Arsenal to come to Huntsville in the first place.



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COMING TO HUNTSVILLE

BY DONNA H. PEACHER

My husband and I came to Huntsville as a young couple from Chattanooga in 1961. I still remember my first glimpse of this Alabama city as we topped Chapman Mountain. It was dusk and all the city's lights were ablaze. It was simply beautiful, sprawling over the valley bordered by Monte Sano. I was so excited to be beginning a new life here in North Alabama.

Some of the excitement quickly wore off when we arrived at the boarding house to which my husband took me. It was an old, rambling thing furnished with faded, overstuffed furniture on a more faded carpet. Apparently, it was difficult to find apartments in this town!

We spent the next week

scouring the "for rent" ads, looking for a furnished apartment, as the only furniture we owned was a television set. Feeling discouraged at the lack of decent, reasonably priced places to rent, we nonetheless, kept looking. Then we found a basement apartment listed. It turned out to be in an absolutely huge, pillared mansion on a great hill in downtown Huntsville. My heart leapt when I saw

must lie within its walls. You can imagine my shock when we were escorted down the outside basement stairs and into a dark, dank room. When the light, a bare bulb dangling on a wire from the ceiling, was switched on, the room was still very dimly lit. It was downright spooky! As I looked closer at the ceiling, I could see electrical wiring running around over exposed boards. I thought I saw a spider it, envisioning the splendor that crawling up there. It was truly a

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basement! As I edged toward the tiny open kitchen, I saw the dinette table. It was a rather old picnic table with two benches! When we were lead toward a gaping black doorway to the bedroom, I turned and ran. It was a dreadful experience and to make matters worse, they were asking (as I recall) over \$100.00 per month for rent. At the time that was considered a lot, by us at least!

When we left I was in tears, feeling deep despair and wondering when or where we would ever find a decent place to live. We had only one place left on our list and, with heavy hearts, we made our way to it. It, too, was downtown on Walker Avenue. The driveway led to the back side of a white Victorian house. I held my breath as we drove around to the large back yard. Much to my relief, there appeared a two story, neat brick building. We discovered it to be a 4 unit apartment building with one vacancy. Imagine our surprise at finding a very neat and almost new one bedroom apartment, with a delightful, airy kitchen and living room. I recall that the bedroom had a cherry bedroom suite that I dearly loved. It was fully furnished and the rent was \$95.00 per month. Needless to say, we grabbed it. We lived happily in this little apartment for more than a year prior to building our first house. We were still living there when our first child, a son, was

It was an interesting and happy time. As a footnote to this story, one day the floor began to shake. I was frightened as I had no idea what was going on. Our building was literally trembling, as were all the dishes in the cabinets! I ran to the neighbors and asked if we were hav-

ing an earthquake. She laughed and explained that it was the Saturn 5 being tested on Redstone Arsenal. Wow!

From that day forward, I have been enthralled by our Space Program and try to follow all its happenings as closely as possible.

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STORY-TELLERS & SONGWRITERS

BY LEO LARKIN

There are story-tellers and there are songwriters. Homes, church-families, and communities are blessed to have either one. Some tell their stories, some write them and songwriters sing them.

There is a rising songwriter in North Alabama by the name of Shane Adkins. Shane grew up in northern Madison County in the country where bob-whites strolled in the driveway and owls swooped down at him and his brother, Dan, when they got too close to their nests.

The brothers swung on grape-vines, played in the creeks with their dogs and paddled down Flint River in whatever they could get to float. One man from our church, Mr. Iim Corlew, quail hunted in the fields around their house. He took Shane and Dan with

him, saying he didn't need a dog because the boys knew where every covey was hiding. Dan could tell him where everybody's property line was. When he was 14 years old he took piano lessons from Catherine Smith, the pianist at their church.

Shane comes from quite a musical family, and he writes with nostalgia about Flint River, the train through New Market, and picking purple-hull peas in his mama's large garden. In another song, he

"A bargain is something you really don't need at half the price."

Jane Smith, Huntsville

wrote about an old haunted house where Elizabeth High-Brown-Routt murdered many of her husbands in "One Mile East of Hazel Green."

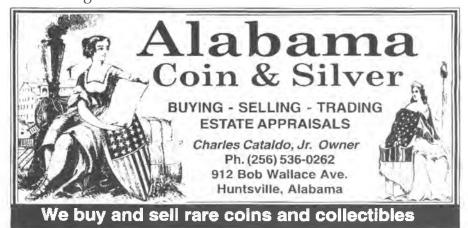
More songs tell about his "Stomping Ground," where the Tennessee River makes "a big old grin," and his wife's "bestus" cooking. He wrote about his granny's cooking in "Beans and Taters" and performed it on the Grand Ole Opry.

If you haven't been to the "Walls of Jericho," this one will make you want to visit the local gym to get in shape to survive the rigors of a hike in this

natural wonder. A recent song is "Three Cheers for Lily Flagg."

He writes with humor and also can bring tears to your eyes and make you homesick. I would call him a cross between Tom T. Hall and Ray Stevens. He wrote about his wife in "Monkey Toed Gal" and says the song was funny until the radio stations started playing it. He then wrote "Close to You" to make up for it.

Even here, in North Alabama, we love the beaches of the Gulf coast. Shane wrote "By the Gulf of Mexico" to bring some more memories and dreams





to us. Not only is he an extraordinary songwriter, he also has a voice to match it. Deep and velvety, he can cast a spell when he sings. Other accomplishments are two International Fingerstyle Guitar Championships, one in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, the birthplace of thumbpicking and one in Winfield, Kansas, where there were 40 contestants from all over the world.

Shane has recorded four CD's of his own and one with his mother and step-father. He performed a concert this spring in France where his performances were very popular. He especially learned some French music for that audience. He has performed in the "Songwriter's Showcase" at the Huntsville Von Braun Civic Center. Shane performed at Grand Ole Opry "Bluegrass Night" at the Ryman Auditorium, and was a performer for the Chet Atkins Appreciation Society.

Shane still lives in the same place in Madison County with his wife, Lisa, and son, Jim. He still floats down the Flint River by canoe and walks thru the woods and fields. From home the stars are easily seen at night which is a perfect setting to reminisce and write meaningful stories with beautiful music.

If you love bluegrass and great guitar picking and local songs, check Shane out on your computer at http://shaneadkins.com/ or just Google him.

Huntsville has SO many talented musicians and it's great to know that we have young talent up and coming for the future!



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* The Death of Col. Cyrus F. Sugg

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city but lessons we learned from his progressive efforts will aid in future growth. To the good wife, who is bowed in sorrow, we extend heartfelt sympathy.



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PAUL BOLDEN: MADISON'S MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER

BY IM WALDEN

The days were dark and dank and defined by snow and clouds; and then there was the cold. A bitter, bone-numbing cold it was. It was a cold that never allowed a man to get warm. A cold so despised that it made a man angry. That was the cold in late December in 1944 in Northwest Europe. The cold was as much an enemy as the Germans.

It was different on the morning of December 23rd. That day broke bright and clear. Although the cold persisted, the clear skies allowed Allied planes to drop supplies to beleaguered troops and provide close support to ground troops hard pressed by German attacks.

Germany had gathered a quarter of a million men in late 1944 and launched a surprise attack against the Americans holding the lines in the Ardennes forest that straddled Belgium and Luxembourg. The Americans had been pushed back all along the front creating a huge bulge in the lines. For a week the Americans were hard pressed to hold the lines, but now that the weather had broken, the Americans were on the attack.

Company I of the 120th

Infantry Regiment of the 30th Infantry Division was assigned the task of clearing the Germans out of the tiny Belgium hamlet of Petit-Coo. Staff Sergeant, Paul Bolden was one of these men.

Sergeant Bolden had joined the Army in 1942 in Madison, Alabama and by December, 1944 was a Staff Sergeant fighting in the "Battle of the Bulge," as the German offensive was called by the American press. Bolden was born on June 15th, 1922 in Hobbs Island, Alabama in a nondescript farm house. He ended up in Madison before the

war and enlisted from there.

Bolden's company advanced on the town of Petit-Coo and immediately began to take shell fire and small arms fire from their front. Tank fire was pounding the company on the left while heavy weapons took a fearful toll on the men of Company I. With the company pinned by German fire, Bolden and a comrade took the initiative and advanced on the house the German fire was coming from. Thirty five German SS troops occupied the house and laid down a fearful and dread-



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ful fire on the Americans. The SS troopers consisted of mostly young men at this point of the war, but were bolstered by a few battled hard veterans of the Russian Front.

Bolden and his buddy took positions across the street from the house while the rest of the Company provided supporting fire. The American M-l rifles made a crazy, crackling splat against the German occupied house. Sergeant Bolden advanced against a hail of bullets and made his way next to the wall of the house. Quickly tossing in a fragmentation grenade and a phosphorus grenade through a blasted out window, Bolden used the surprising effect of the grenades to take advantage of the German confusion. Bursting through the door, firing as he entered, he killed several Germans. The SS troops regained their balance and returned fire, wounding Bolden several times. Sergeant Bolden exited the house and lay dazed on the sidewalk. Gathering his strength, he reentered the house killing all the remaining Germans. His heroic action saved the men of Company I and allowed the Company to advance and secure their objective.

For his action, Sergeant Paul Luther Bolden was awarded his nation's highest honor: Medal of Honor. His citation reads:

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point in Petit-Coo, Belgium, on 23 December 1944, when his Company was pinned down by extremely heavy automatic and small-arms fire coming from a house 200 yards to the front. Mortar and tank artillery shells pounded the unit, when

STYLE

S/Sgt. Bolden and a comrade, on their own initiative, moved forward into a hail of bullets to eliminate the ever-increasing fire from the German position. Crawling ahead to close with what they knew was a powerfully armed, vastly superior

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force, the pair reached the house and took up assault positions, S/Sgt. Bolden under a window, his comrade across the street where he could deliver covering fire. In rapid succession, S/Sgt. Bolden hurled a fragmentation grenade and a white phosphorus grenade into the building; and then, fully realizing that he faced tremendous odds, rushed to the door, threw it open and fired into 35 SS troopers who were trying to reorganize themselves after the havoc wrought by the grenades. Twenty Germans died under fire of his submachine gun before he was struck in the shoulder, chest, and stomach by part of a burst which killed his comrade across the street. He withdrew from the house, waiting for the surviving Germans to come out and sur-

"Those who hammer their guns into plows will plow for those who do not."

Thomas Jefferson

render. When none appeared in the doorway, he summoned his ebbing strength, overcame the extreme pain he suffered and boldly walked back into the house, firing as he went. He had killed the remaining 15 enemy soldiers when his ammunition ran out. S/Sgt. Bolden's heroic advance against great odds, his fearless assault, and his magnificent display of courage in reentering the building where he had been severely wounded cleared the path for his Company and insured the success of it's mission."

On August 29,1945, Sergeant

Bolden was honored (along with Madison County's other Medal of Honor winner, 1st Lieutenant, Cecil Bolton) by the citizens of Huntsville and Madison County with a luncheon and a parade leading to Goldsmith-Schiffman Field where ceremonies were held. Later that night a dinner was held at the Russel Erskine Hotel in which Governor Sparks spoke, and other dignitaries such as Lt. Governor and the Mayor attended, even Mrs. Mickey Rooney was there for the ceremonies along with Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson.



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S S I S T E D L I V I N G

Paul Bolden risked his life and suffered great wounds in his act of honor that was recognized by a grateful nation with the awarding of its highest military honor, the Medal of Honor. No where in Huntsville, Madison or Madison County, except the Veteran's Museum in John Hunt Park, which is named after him, is Staff Sergeant Bolden's selfless act recognized. No street, nor park, nor school, or other building, or anything has been named to honor Sergeant Bolden. The new high school in Madison would have been a fitting memorial to Bolden and his selfless act, as he enlisted there and the citation lists Madison as the city of honor. We need a fitting tribute for Staff Sergeant Paul Luther Bolden in this community.

Staff Sergeant Bolden died on July 21,1979 and is buried in the Moon Cemetery in Owens Cross Roads. Make time to visit and honor a true hero and fellow citizen, Staff Sergeant Paul Bolden: winner of the Medal of Honor.



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TIPS FROM LIZ

* Did you know that fidgety people lose more weight than people who sit around? You burn more calories by being active and moving around more. Makes sense, doesn't it? Start

fidgeting!

* If you don't sleep that well and notice dark circles under your eyes in the morning, why don't you try raising the front of your bed up by 1-2 inches? You can put a board under the two top legs (under your head) or get casters that fit under them. It makes a difference.

* When traveling, always put a towel in the tub before you take a shower. Oftentimes the tubs are very slick and the towels will prevent you from

slipping.

* If you put all the stuff you want to take to work with you in the morning in one "to-go" spot, you will begin checking that spot every morning and not forget things.

* Fall is upon us, and if you get chilled at night invest in a good goose down comforter-you wouldn't believe how warm and cozy you feel under

one of those.

*If someone you don't know calls you to tell you to move your money to a bond fund in preparation for the millennium, DON'T do it. This is the latest of frauds intended for older people and they are using fear to defraud you of your money. Remember to NOT give anyone information about your money or credit cards over the phone, ever.

* Put your bathroom light on a dimmer - that way you don't blind yourself in the middle of the night when you use the bathroom.

* A very good marinade for steak is lemon juice, Dale's sauce and Worcestershire with a bit of garlic powder thrown in. Measure equal amounts in a Ziploc bag, throw in your steak and let it marinate in your fridge overnight. Cook over hot coals on your grill and your friends will come over to see what vou're cooking!

* Don't forget to tell that

special person that you love them every single day, you never know when it's the last day you'll

see him/her.

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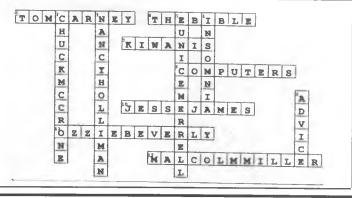
5 LB. MUSTARD & TURNIP GREENS

2 LB. HAM HOCKS
2 QUARTS WATER
1 T. CRUSHED RED PEPPER
SALT & PEPPER TO TASTE
VINEGAR

COVER HAM HOCKS WITH THE WATER AND BOIL FOR AN HOUR. REMOVE STEMS FROM THE GREENS AND WASH IN COLD WATER TIL CLEAN.

ADD GREENS, RED PEPPER, SALT AND PEPPER TO HAM HOCKS IN LARGE POT. IF THERE ARE TURNIPS ATTACHED TO THE GREENS, PEEL, DICE AND ADD TO THE GREENS IN POT. BOIL FOR THIRTY MINUTES AND GREENS ARE TENDER. SERVE WITH VINEGAR ON SIDE.

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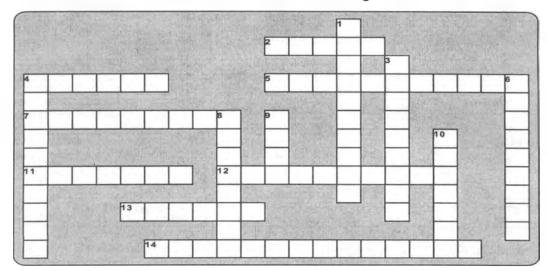
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Old Huntsville Crossword Puzzle

The information for this crossword puzzle comes from this issue! See how well you can do! Solution will be in next month's magazine.



Across

- 2 Used to deliver letters and newspapers
- 4 They gave him a medal, but no tribute
- 5 Wrote "Monkey Toed Gal"
- 7 He's still here
- 11 He was born an 8-pound ham
- 12 The best life ever!
- 13 Jefferson Davis' Secretary of War
- 14 Not worth more than \$30 a month

Down

- 1 This General gave another General a famous nickname
- 3 His 'ceres' are blue. Her 'ceres' are beige.
- 4 Her recipe never fails
- 6 The General's famous nickname
- 8 Don't misrepresent the goods when you sell this
- 9 Get him off of the picnic table!
- 10 Published the first American astronomy magazine

Unusual CITY NEWS -HUNTSVILLE, **ALABAMA**

The following event was reported in a 1904 North Alabama newspaper: Mrs. C. Robinson, while adjusting her hat, stuck the hatpin into her head where she once had her skull fractured, and the indications are that the pin penetrated the brain. Mrs. Robinson has lost the power of articulation.

* Mrs. Sallie Rutherford, of Lacey's Spring, was stricken in the spring of 1904 with what was labeled "inflammation". She fell into a coma and her jaws were so tightly locked that no food, liquid or solid, could be administered to her. Known as "The Sleeping Woman", her case attracted national attention and physicians from all over visited her. After 57 days without food or water, Mrs. Rutherford awoke and quietly asked for something to eat. Alas, she was unable to digest any food that she ate, and after lingering a few more days she died of starvation.

* An 1890 discussion as to the merits of wearing a corset was finally settled by an athletic con-

test. The ladies involved divided into two teams and competed in events consisting of a high leap, a long leap, a tug-ofwar, and a foot race. The non-corset wearers won easily, and swore never to don a corset again.



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Tweetie's Pet Tips

* If you have a kitty that is scratching the furniture, just spray the area with a spritz of

lemon juice.

* Ear mites in your cat or dog's ears can be solved with simple olive oil. Just steep the oil with a couple of garlic cloves overnight, then use a few drops in each ear. Repeat every other day for a couple of weeks. The oil will smother the mites and will moisturize the skin inside the cat or dog's ear.

* If you have an anxious pup when you leave the house, put a bit of peanut butter into a dog toy. The yummy toy will keep your pet occupied & busy til you

return home.

* If you have a cat or dog in heat, try a diaper - just cut a hole in it for the pet's tail. Sort of acts

as a chastity belt.

* Your dog wants to play with you! Try hide and seek, with one person hiding while another stays with the dog to keep him from following til you're ready.

* If you have a long hallway in your home it's perfect for fetch. Make it more interesting by getting your dog to sit or lie down, then throw a ball as a

reward.

* Set up weekly playdates with your friends who have pets.



You could even set up a "Yappy Hour" with your friends who have pets with a little adult beverage for the adults, while the dogs socialize.

have a dog or cat with dry skin, add a capful of fabric softener to your pet's bath water to reduce dander. Something else that works is a teaspoonful of Wesson corn oil added to his

food each day.

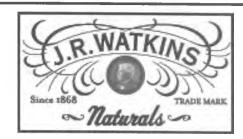
* Using Johnson's Baby Shampoo during your pet's bath is a gentle way to help rid dander and excess hair. This will lessen the amount of allergy-causing dander and shedding

* When other pet owners don't clean up after their pets and you find the remnants in your yard, just try sprinkling the grass with cayenne pep-

per. The pet will get the message very clearly.

* If you have a dog that barks, just put some unpopped popcorn kernels into an empty soda can and tape the opening. When the dog barks, shake the can. He won't like the sound.





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From the Desk of Tom Carney

As our readers may not know, all of the stories you have been reading for the last 22 years that had no author listed, were written by Tom. He just called himself the copy boy, but he was so much more than that.

Scandal on Randolph Avenue

When John C. and Emeline were married on Christmas Eve, 1829, no one would have predicted the unhappy and scandalous end their union would see. Emeline was many years younger than John, a prosperous and distinguished land owner, who had come to Huntsville with his parents in 1807. He was the ideal husband for the young Emeline, or so everyone thought.

Emeline was barely 18 when they married, and was considered by many to be lighthearted and girlish. She possessed a trimfigure and an extremely romantic and imaginative mind. In this last characteristic, she and her husband were totally different.

The couple were married in Courtland and moved to Huntsville after the wedding. They began their married life in the home of his mother, about a mile or so outside of Huntsville. Living with them were John's two sisters, older ladies who had never married. Both spinsters took an immediate liking to the bright and flirtatious young woman, and the three soon became good friends.

When his mother died in 1831, John and Emeline moved to the brick home at the corner of Greene and Randolph.

On August 9, 1836 the trouble began. There was a high board fence that surrounded the home, and on that day a handbill was dropped over it. It announced that a certain Henry Riley, "stage manager of many of the principal theaters in the Union," would present an entertainment con-

sisting of recitals, imitations, and

This handbill was found in the garden by Emeline's favorite Negro girl, Ann, and plans were made to attend. John however, was not a theatergoer and chose to stay home that night and read. So Emeline, with anticipation of a good time, set off for the event with her Ann.

Arriving at the theater, Emeline went directly to the choice seats always reserved for the ladies at the front. The first act was horribly boring to Emeline, and she fidgeted badly. But the second act was one she would remember forever.

When Henry Riley first entered the stage, Emeline was struck. Here was her ideal of a man. As he began to give imitations of "celebrated performers," his glance fell often on Emeline who was sitting on the first row. Riley was intrigued by the young and flirtatious girl.

Although Riley had no chance to speak to Emeline that night, the whole city was soon aware of the looks exchanged between

In a few days, a note from Emeline came to Henry, brought by the servant girl. He didn't respond, as he had asked a few questions of the tavern owner and had found out that Emeline was married to a powerful man in the community.

Another note was delivered in two days.

"Henry, if you will come

down to the theater this evening, I will go there and tell you where you may see me. Let no one know of this, not for your life. Mr. C. is in the country, I am all alone.

Your Emeline."
In no time this innocent flirtation exploded into a fullblown affair. Almost everyone in town was talking about it by now, except for John, who remained unaware.

Emeline now thought of Henry every waking moment. Even though she was acting cheerful at home with her husband, and as if nothing bothered her, she knew her heart belonged to Henry. Infatuated with her new love, Emeline wrote in her diary every day. "My heart wanders like a drop from the ocean which cannot meet its kindred drop, like a voice which in all Nature finds no echo. Keep that ring I sent you in remembrance of me. One who loves you. Farewell. Farewell."

A few days later, Henry met Emeline again in the garden behind her home. The garden adjoined the lot where the theater was located and there was a fence between the two lots. They spent more time together than they had planned, talking in whispers. When they separated and Emeline ran toward the house, John stepped out the back door, anger clouding his face.

For several weeks John had ignored the whispers and gossip

he had heard around him. But now, before he could stop, he found himself accusing Emeline of meeting someone in the dark. She remained silent. He demanded to know where she had been for so long but she still refused to answer. Once inside the house, John's rage exploded as he began shaking her violently, while shouting all kinds of accusations. Emeline remained strangely unemotional, not bothering to reply to John.

Hours later, unable to sleep, Emeline was torn between loyalty to John and love for Henry. She thought of telling John everything, but she knew if she did

John would kill Henry.

On September 19, the actor was preparing to depart Huntsville when Emeline's servant girl brought him another note. It said that Emeline's husband had missed a favorite picture of her, the one that Emeline had given to Henry. She had to get it back, and in the note told him not to write

her again.

She didn't hear from Henry for some time. He was now in Tuscumbia appearing in another production. Emeline, missing him terribly, sent word, "Come to Huntsville to see me. I was once a bright jewel, but you have robbed me of its luster." Whatever hope John had in saving their marriage now seemed to crumble. Since August, he had been anything but a happy man. When his mind was not on the severe problems he had in his business, he brooded often about the ugly and malicious rumors about his wife that had originated among the Negroes. Disturbing stories had been brought to him directly by his sisters, who by now had had a falling out with Emeline.

A familiar face emerged around the middle of December, that of Henry Riley. Rumors traveled rapidly: why was he here, without his theatrical company, unannounced, and without any business? Then, around 2 o'clock on the afternoon of December 19, two men "minding their own business" saw Riley walking along Randolph, from the direction of the square.

As the actor passed Emeline's home, the two men saw the blinds of a window in the second story cautiously open and a piece of paper drop to Riley's feet. He hastily looked around him, picked up the paper, and quickly walked back toward the courthouse.

The two men could not keep information of this type to themselves, so they quickly went to the office of their friend, attorney James W. McClung, and told him what they had seen. McClung was a friend of John's, so he immediately rushed to the land office with the story. After hearing McClung's secondhand version, John C. sat back in his chair with a resigned look on his face. He said that, if there was enough evidence to prove that Emeline was unfaithful, he would proceed with a divorce.

The two men accosted Henry Riley a few minutes later in front of the Bell Tavern, and aided by a few curious bystanders, wrestled him to the ground. After a short struggle, they managed to pry the piece of paper out of the actor's

hand.

"I am so much pleased to see you here once more, but it is impossible for me to speak to you. I am still the same and ever shall be. Return home, Henry, and forget me, if you please, but if it is ever in my power to become the bride of H., with honor I will, and as soon as I can, you shall know it. Keep my secret. Never betray me so long as you live. Write a letter this evening, and tonight, after tea, slip it through the window blinds of the arch. I will be there playing the piano. Adieu, Henry, Yours"

John was still not satisfied with this latest proof, so he summoned his very best friend, Samuel Crusoe. He insisted that they should go to the tavern where Henry was staying and inquire as to whether or not Riley had any luggage with him. When the tavern keeper indicated that he did indeed have a trunk upstairs, John and Samuel insisted on searching the actor's room, over much protest from the tavern keeper.

Up until this moment, John

still did not believe that Emeline had been unfaithful to him. He remembered the early days of their marriage when every day was happy. He knew it could be like that again, if he would just be patient. But upon opening the trunk and gazing at its contents, John knew there was no more hope. He felt his heart sink within his chest, and tried to fight back tears of rage.

The trunk contained very little, just a few clothes, a hat, and a large bundle wrapped in a theater program. When they opened the bundle, a small miniature of Emeline fell out. There was a picture of her in it, one that John had made the day after their wedding. Letters, all in Emeline's handwriting, made up most of the bundle. John did not have to read many of them to know the truth about Henry and Emeline.

That night, after a long and painful deliberation, John called his wife into the parlor of their home. Emeline could tell by the look on his face, that her secret romance had been discovered. Without any sort of preamble, John told her that she had to leave. Their marriage was over.

When Emeline began to weep John announced that she would be sent back to her father's home on the very next stage out. He had already purchased a ticket for her. Late that night, in the midst of a blinding rainstorm, Emeline boarded the stage to leave Huntsville forever. The was no one to see her off. John sued for divorce the following March. The trial did not come up until October, and after reviewing all of the evidence for two days, Judge George W. Lane ruled in favor of the plaintiff.

Emeline's only comment about the decision was that she believed that John's associates had approached her under the guise of friendship and really desired to destroy his happiness

and her reputation.

Saying thus, Emeline was forever driven away from the home on the corner which still stands as a monument to her ill-fated romance.



News from the Year 1959

News from Huntsville and Around the World

Quarrels Break Out in Castro Regime

An agrarian reform bill, instituted by Fidel Castro, has ruptured the new government of Cuba. Five Cabinet Ministers resigned as a result of the new law which breaks up large landholdings, confiscating thousands of acres from Cuban and foreign property owners.

In Washington, the administration voiced "serious concern" that compensation be paid to Americans who owned some of the lucrative sugar-producing land. According to Castro, the policy is at the heart of the revolutionary sentiment. He also asserted the resignations do not splinter his regime. "The revolutionary government is as solid as a rock and is treated with respect by the great and the small," he said.

In a related note, the chief of Cuba's Air Force has resigned. Major Pedro Diaz Lanz quit today, citing Communist infiltration of the armed services as his rationale. "The Communist elements have exerted pressure to carry out a certain plan of indoctrination," he said. Castro has repeatedly denied Communist offiliation.

nist affiliation.

Space Monkey Loses Life after Returning

One of the two monkeys that circled the earth last week has died of causes unrelated to the flight. Able, a seven-pound rhesus monkey, was having its cerebral electrode removed in an operation last night

when it expired.

An Army representative at the Fort Knox, Ky. hospital said the animal probably received too much anesthesia. An autopsy is expected which will probably confirm that.

Able and her partner Baker, a tiny squirrel monkey, flew in the nose cone of a Jupiter ballistic missile. Electrodes recorded their heart rates, temperature and other data. No ill effects were noted at the the end of their 1,700-mile journey.

Today, Baker had its electrode removed without anesthesia.

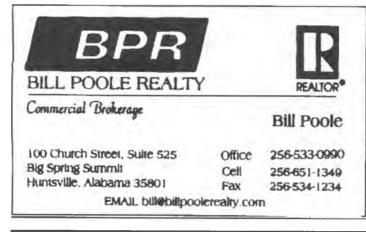
The animal seems in fine spirits.

Host of Mafiosi Conclave is Dead

Joseph Barbara, the man whose home played convention center to the Mafia, eluded the police just as he had most of his life when he slipped away due to natural causes last night.

In November 1957, 60 luminaries of the underworld, sport-







ing gold watches, diamond belt buckles and over three thousand dollars in cash, met at Barbara's house in Apalachin, New York. Over 40 of the "delegates" who were arrested by the police claimed they were paying their respects to the ailing Barbara and "just happened" to show up on the same day.

Police speculate that the real reason for the meeting was to discuss jurisdiction in various crime operations and the assassination of Mafia leader Albert Anastasia. Barbara, who had a wine and soft drink company, was suspected of four murders by the police, but his only conviction was for illegally procuring sugar

ing sugar.

Fallout Shelter Tested

A family by the name of Powners has tested a \$1,195 fallout shelter successfully. Cooking by candle, reading by flashlight, they survived two weeks and were aided by tranquilizers, whiskey and a copy of "Lady Chatterly's Lover."

Ethel Barrymore, Stage Royalty, Dies June 18

Her fans remembered that she was all warmth and dignity

on stage.

"That's all there is, there isn't any more," Miss Ethel Barrymore often explained to audiences demanding encores. Theatergoers today learned there will be no more forever. The great actress has died in Beverly Hills at age 79.

Miss Barrymore was born in 1879 in Philadelphia to a family of prominent thespians. She appeared on stage at age 14 but was not hailed until she played in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" in 1901. Among ensuing triumphs were "The Corn Is Green" in 1940.

Miss Barrymore's rich, full voice and stately walk earned her a regal reputation. "The Royal Family," a play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, is based on the lives of Miss Barrymore and her volatile brothers, John and Lionel.



"I don't remember being absent-minded."

Jenny Gerald, Florence



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The Maysville General Store

by Austin Miller

The center of Maysville, Alabama is where Ryland Pike, Brownsboro Road, Maysville Road and Hurricane Creek Road all come together at a four-way stop. The Maysville General Store sits on the Brownsboro and Hurricane Creek side of the intersection. There has been a store at that location longer than anybody alive today can remember. I don't know all the proprietors but it was run in the thirties and forties by Arthur Millsap. In the fifties, sixties and seventies it was run by Brooks Lewis. In past days, Maysville had two general stores; the other one sat at the corner of Hurricane Creek Road and Maysville Road. A Chevron Station now sits on the site. Until sometime in the sixties there was a cotton gin on the southwest corner of the intersection. The owner of the Gin was Harry Nance, Mr. Nance and his family lived in the old pre-Civil War Steger/Nance Mansion located in downtown Maysville; the house is still standing and occupied. Mr. Nance's son, Tiny, is a retired minister and now lives in Huntsville.

For years the Madison County Commission District 2 shed was located just below the Gin facing Brownsboro Road. In the mid fifties the position of road commissioner came open and resulted in one of the most hotly contested political races in Madison County history. The long time Road Commissioner, Robert Shelton, was killed in a car accident at the intersection of Dug Hill Road and Highway 72. An election was held to fill the vacancy.

The two candidates were Norman Swafford and Edwin Jones. Mr. Jones ran a store at Brownsboro and Mr. Swafford ran the store in Maysville where the Chevron Station now sits. In those days there was no county merit system and

county jobs were awarded based on political patronage. If your man won you kept your job or got a job, if your candidate lost you were usually fired. Feelings ran so strong that families were divided and long time friendships were lost. Mr. Jones won by about four

or five votes. Mr. Swaf-ford asked for a re-count but the results held and Mr.

Iones

pre-

vailed. I don't believe Mr. Swafford ever ran for office again. But he was a good man and served his community wherever needed the rest of his life. The old District 2 seat on the commission is now District 3 and the position is currently held by Jerry Craig.

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These days the Maysville General Store sells about everything you can think of except groceries. You can buy hardware, seed, feed, mulch, straw, flowers and garden plants of all sorts. The store is run by Floyd Frazier, his son Johnny and their able and highly regarded right hand man, Brandon Mitchell.

I have known Floyd since the eighth grade and I am pleased to say that he and his wife Lee live across the street from me. They are the best neighbors anybody could ever hope to have. Lee's family's is part of Huntsville's downtown history. Her father, Charles McBrayer, ran the old J.C. Penny's store located on the east side of the square until it moved to The Mall on North Parkway in 1966. The downtown store is where we bought all our clothes during an after-harvest shopping trip to town in the fall. The building is now a law library but a trip inside will quickly take you back in time. The old manual elevator still works and with a little imagination you can conjure up an image of a store filled with shoppers and racks of pleasingly displayed clothing.

Maysville is not without its history; over the years there have been stories about buildings being blown up, fires, fist fights, knife fights, drunken brawls and gun battles. Most of this occurred among people from around Maysville that knew each other since childhood. It is where my great grandfather and his brother enlisted in the Confederate Army. It is also where a more famous Confederate, Captain Frank Gurley joined. Because four trunk roads feed into one spot on a high ridge, it is a natural location for a town. In the 1800's Maysville was bigger than Gurley and not too far behind Huntsville. It probably lost ground in the 1900's because there was no river or railroad.

The Maysville General Store draws customers from all the surrounding communities. The store is conveniently located for people in Ryland, Brownsboro, Gurley, Winchester Road, New Market and beyond. The store has most everything you need or want related to hardware and feed but the real draw is that it is a place where everybody knows your name. Customers are served the old fashioned way with friendliness, expertise and a personal touch. It's where you can go to meet old friends; if you hang around long enough somebody will come in that you haven't seen for years, maybe since high school or even before. I like to go early in the morning and visit with old friends I have known all my life like Bill Gossett, Kenneth Taylor and Emmett Sanders. There

are new friends too such as Larry McBrayer and Greg Harbin. East Huntsville, Ryland, Maysville and Brownsboro are my old stomping grounds; those are the places where I belong in the world. I feel blessed to be able to go to the store and see people like me that went to Central and Gurley schools, picked cotton, were poor and remember the way things once were in Huntsville and Madison County. Every time I go there I hope to see an old friend that I haven't seen in a long time, and sometimes I do.

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News Briefs in 1923

For Rent - large private room with private entrance, close in and furnished. Suitable for two gentlemen. Rent reasonable. Mrs. F. C. Gates, 207 Oak Avenue

Man Run Over by Wagon

An old gentleman by the name of Johnson was run over by his own wagon out on Meridian Pike Thursday afternoon. It seems from reports that Mr. Johnson was walking beside his wagon when an automobile passed and frightened the team of mules causing them to take a dash, knocking the old man down and the wagon ran over him. He was considerably bruised and was picked up by a passing automobile and brought to the city hospital where his wounds were dressed and he went on home.

Cantrell-Lewter Drug Co. gives away Money and Candy The Cantrell-Lewter Drug Co. is now giving with each cash purchase at their drug store a coupon which entitles the holder to a chance on five dollars and a box of Whitney's candy. The drawing is held every Saturday night at 9 o'clock. The money was drawn by J. M. Bradford and the candy by Harry Hammons of the Grand Theatre last night.

For Rent - furnished apartment, two rooms. Comfortable and convenient. Apply 425 South White Street. Telephone 144-W

Fire at Jordan's Park

A large barn belonging to W. M. Jordan at Jordan's Park was totally destroyed by fire yesterday together with a large amount of hay and other food stuff and two large fine hogs. The barn was a large and costly one and the loss is very large. The fire occurred between 7 and 8 o'clock and the origin is not known.

15 year-old girl fined for Stealing

A very perplexing problem faced Mayor Adams this morning in city court when a 15 year old Negro girl by the name

of Louise Henley was arraigned before him on a charge of stealing some clothing from Mrs. Wilson on Adams Avenue. The girl admitted taking the clothing and lives away from her mother. It seems that her mother, who lives on Cruse Alley, has cast the girl aside and does not take any interest in her whatsoever. The mayor fined the girl \$10 and stated that he was sorry there was no place provided to send Negro girls to and that he regretted that he had to put children in the prison.

The goods were valued at something near \$100 and Mrs. Wilson appeared in court and said that she felt that she should be paid something as the clothing could only now be sold as second hand stuff. The

mayor agreed but said that he could not do anything for her along this line and that he would have to take that matter up with the girl or her people.

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Dear Mary

The soldier's life is never an easy one, as he must leave home and family to answer the call of duty in far away places. And during wartime, there are the added years of lonely death that mark his days. Beside the prospects of being killed or wounded, perhaps no other event was more dreaded than the receipt of a "Dear John" letter, telling the homesick young man that the woman he hoped to return to had found another Love. This was the case with Corporal Ed Snell who had left his home in Albany (now Decatur) in the trenches of World War I. When he received his "Dear John" letter from Mary Elizabeth Motherway, he poured out his heart in the following reply.

We know nothing more of Cpl. Snell than what is included in these pages. He indicates that he "never will see Albany again as long as I live, and maybe not the States." Perhaps he made good on

For her part, Mary Motherway became Mrs. Hudson. But some part of her never forgot her soldier boy, and she kept his letter and picture all her life. We would like to thank Pam and Darrell Milligan of Decatur for sharing this letter with our readers. Mary Motherway Hudson was Darrell's aunt.

Germany Feb. 24, 1919 Miss Mary Motherway, Albany, Alabama

Dear Mary,

I will try to write you a few lines to let you know I just received your letter today. I was glad to hear from you and sorry, too. Glad to know that you don't want me any longer. Well, dear girl, you may be happy and rejoicing over it, but you have made me feel so sad, for my heart is very heavy tonight. Just to think the only girl I ever did care for and the one that promised me so faithfully that you cared for no other in this world but me, and I have come all the way to this country to fight that our country might be free.

Many days and nights have I waited and longed to see the



Miss Mary Elizabeth Motherway (right) and companion.

day come when I could get to leave this country and to come back to Albany and see my little girl that I thought would keep her promise to me. But the War is over now and I am fixing to sail for home so I could get to see you and then I get a letter from the only girl I ever did love saying she cared nothing more for me and your heart has grown cold toward me. My friend, I can't explain in this letter how I feel tonight. I don't see how you could write such a letter to me. It hurt me to get a letter like that from you.

There will be no nights that I can rest in peace for thinking of you, the one that has turned her back on me and learned to love another. But if you love him better than you do me I don't blame you one bit. But, dear girl, always remember if you and him get married that he can never love you as I do. I will always love you no matter what part of the world I am in. You asked me in your letter to come to see you when I return to the States.

Dear girl, how could I have the heart to see you when you have turned your back on me? How could you have the heart to ask me to come around and see you? Just mark this in your Book that if you don't change your mind I never will see Albany again as long as I live, and maybe not the States, for you have ruined my mind and heart as long as I live, for you have wrecked my life for ever, just as the Germans have wrecked many a poor French home over in France.

Dear girl, how in this world can you be so cruel? Have I wrote something or said something that makes you be so cruel to me? My heart is very sad tonight for I am thinking of you so much. But there is no chance for me, no help for me, only grief. Why did you not tell me before now that you did not care for me? Why did you keep me fooled all his time? There are many a poor soldier that has fought for his country that has got a dear girl to return to see and love. But what have I got? Nothing. I have not had anything to do with no other girl or not a letter have I wrote to any other girl, for I knew you would wait for me, for my return to you. But I will have to go now the best I can and love just any

Dear girl, have mercy on a poor soul. I have seen many a poor boy that feels just as I do tonight. But I never had thought of you doing me this way. That would be the last thing I would think of you doing. But the thing is done now and there is no help for me. Well, I have wrote all I can tonight so please do not, for my sake, let anyone read this letter. When you read it please burn it up. So I will ring off - so good night to you from a broken hearted Soldier Boy to Miss Mary Motherway. If you never write to me or change your mind toward me, then it is goodbye for ever.

girl that will love me.

Cpl. Ed Snell

Dog Gone Good Reading



Kiwanis Club of Huntsville Golden K

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Golden K Kiwanis Club distributes Old Huntsville in "honor boxes," and newspaper racks and in Wal-Mart and Dollar General stores in the Huntsville and Madison County area.

When you buy a copy of Old Huntsville, the 50 cents you pay helps to support the following youth activities.

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Reading Is FUNdamental-Head-Start Huntsville,
Riley Behavioral & Educational Center, Huntsville Salvation Army, Second Mile, Toys for Tots,
Madison County Special Olympics, Veteran's Memorial Museum
and scholarships for

Alabama A&M and Calhoun Community College

These Kiwanians, "the world's oldest newspaper boys," thank you
Clyde BARCLAY, Don BISHOP, Chuck BOBO, Bill BROWN, Hugh CATE, Neil COCKER, Gordon DISON, AI FARRAR,
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Goldsmith-Schiffman Field

by John Pruett

(*October* 2000)

It began with a joint act of sentimentality in the hard days of the Great Depression.

Sixty-six years later, Goldsmith-Schiffman Field still stands, an enduring graywalled monument to the vision and generosity of two old-line Huntsville families.

The city's venerable stadium near Huntsville's Five Points district will be back in the news Friday night when a handsome new plaque commemorating the origins of Goldsmith-Schiffman is dedicated in a pregame ceremony before the Huntsville-Sparkman football game.

The program will begin at 6:30 p.m. on the 50-yard line, a half-hour before the kickoff.

James E. "Jimmie" Taylor, who played football at HHS from 1936-38, will be master of ceremonies. Margaret Anne Goldsmith, the great-grand-daughter of the two women for whom the field is named, will make the presentation of the historical marker, which is already affixed to the wall at the main entrance of the stadium.

Alex Luttrell, chairman of the marker committee, will accept on behalf of the Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society and the Alabama Historical Association.

In addition to Taylor, three other former Huntsville High players from the '30s - Ed Mitchell, Ernest Bailey and Herschel Bingham - will take part in the festivities.

Mitchell, Bailey and Bingham played in the first football game at Goldsmith-Schiffman

Field on Sept. 28,1934.

Nine months earlier, in late January 1934, Oscar Goldsmith, Lawrence B. Goldsmith and his wife Annie Schiffman Goldsmith, along with Robert L. Schiffman and his wife Elsie, donated a tract of land to the city of Huntsville as a memorial to Mrs. Betty Goldsmith (wife of Oscar and mother of Lawrence) and Mrs. Betty Schiffman (wife of Isaac and mother of the other donors).

The property, 500 feet long by 200 feet wide between Ward and Beirne Avenues in the Dallas-Lincoln Mill Village area, was to be used as an athletic field for Huntsville High School and other public schools in the vicinity.

Financed with \$6,500 from the Civil Works Administration, workmen quickly cleared the site of trees, underbrush and two small houses, leveled a field to be used for football, baseball and track, planted grass, installed bleachers on the south side and put up an original fence consisting of creosoted cedar posts.

Eventually, the familiar gray-rock wall - nicknamed "The Dungeon" by an area radio announcer of the day - was erected on all four sides of the field.

By the middle of October,

the stadium also sported a sizeable Scoreboard, complete with a large circular clock, thanks to the donations of Dudley Powell's service station, Coca-Cola, Mason Brown Ice and Coal Co., Dark and Chaney Drug Co., Dilworth Lumber Co., and Dunnavant's.

In the inaugural game at the new field in late September, Huntsville High - led by a first-year coach from Tennessee named Milton Frank - defeated Elkmont 45-0. Despite a driving rainstorm, Ogden "Fatty" McAnally scored four times on touchdown runs of 40,20,45 and 80 yards.

The following Friday, Oct. 4,1934, Goldsmith-Schiffman was the site of the area's first night football game. The Acme Club of Huntsville raised enough money to purchase lights, but the equipment wasn't ready until the second game.

On another rainy Friday, a crowd estimated at 3,000 turned out to see Huntsville upset Gadsden 19-6.

The new field was officially dedicated that night. Speakers included W. G. Hamm, the Superintendent of the city schools; Addison White of the city Board of Education, and Lawrence Goldsmith, representing the donors.

Ed Mitchell, Herschel Bing-



fondness. "It started with Coach Frank," said Mitchell, who became one of the city's foremost civic leaders. "It was his first year out of college, and it didn't take long for him to teach us the importance of physical training. He'd get down in the trenches with you and he'd knock you down if he had to, but we all respected him and loved him."

Mitchell said he broke into the lineup only because the left guard, Shannon Ford, went down early with a career-end-

ing injury.

"Coach Frank didn't have much choice," Mitchell said. "I was the only replacement at that

position."

Bingham, who went on to a long career with Coca-Cola, played alongside Mitchell at left tackle. Both recalled the widespread excitement in the community when Goldsmith-Schiffman opened.

"After playing in the afternoon on those dusty fields, going to that new field was really something," Bingham said.

"Going to Goldsmith-Schiffman was like going from a boarding house to the biggest hotel in New York," Mitchell said. "From the first, it was an exceptionally good field."

"We all thought the new field was a great thing," said Bailey, the center on the 1934 team and later a longtime postal employee in the city. "It was a lot better than anything we were used to back in those days.

"Looking at it now, it still looks pretty good. I'd say the old place has held up pretty well

over the years."

(Editor's note: This story was originally published in The Huntsville Times on Oct. 26, 2000 by John Pruett)



Chocolate Sponge Candy

1 cup sugar 1 cup dark corn syrup 1 Tbsp. white vinegar 1 Tbsp. baking soda 1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips, melted

Combine sugar, corn syrup and vinegar and cook over medium heat, stirring until sugar melts. Cook, without stirring, to 300 degrees. Remove from heat and add soda. Pour into a well greased jellyroll or 9x13 inch pan. Sprinkle chocolate chips on top of candy and spread when melted. When hard, break into pieces. Very good coated with the chocolate.



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