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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Civil War Experiences of Hugh Phillip Bone

"I never saw men more completely transferred from the highest pitch of enthusiasm; they were at once reduced to the lowest depths of despair. I saw old hardened soldiers, the tears flowing down their cheeks like rain.

"Gen. Hood said the war was over and so it proved and at once set to striking like a black snake in August, and never halted until he [Hood] had completely destroyed an Army of the bravest and best organized men in the South."

Also in this issue: Coon Dog Cemetery

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The Civil War Experiences of Hugh Phillip Bone

*Edited by Thomas E. Badham,
Union Grove*

Sometime after the Civil War, Hugh Phillip Bone of the little northeast Alabama community of Maysville, wrote out his experiences in the war serving mainly as what is known now as a field medic and, later, as a hospital steward attached to Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne's hard fighting division from September, 1862 to Lt. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's surrender to Gen. Sherman. In his 1857 college graduating speech he made a plea for the peaceful settlement of the disagreements between South and North, but when war broke out, he knew he had to defend his home in spite of his less than robust health.

Below is a transcription of his handwritten account as best as could be made out by his granddaughter, Kathleen Paul Jones and his great-great grandson, Kennon R. Ledbetter.

(Explanatory Notes and approximate dates of action by

Kathleen Paul Jones, (you'll see "KPJ"), Kennon R. Ledbetter and Tom Badham appear in bracketed italics.)

In 1858, after graduating from Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., I went home. Casting about in my mind what occupation to follow, I concluded to adopt that of a doctor. My intention was to prepare myself thoroughly, first in dentistry, and then go on to the study of medicine. With this in view I went to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, attended lectures one year, and went home sick.

Recovering, I went back to finish the course of lectures. I took with me back to Baltimore a little girl I had run across down in Mississippi. Her name was Louisa A. Walker, my stepmother's niece. We were married Nov. 9th, 1859 which was also the anniversary of her birthday. We spent the winter in Baltimore and two young people I imagine never enjoyed a more blissful season.

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"The only reason I would take up walking is so that I could hear heavy breathing again."

Linda Drake, Huntsville



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716 East Clinton Ave.
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(256) 534-0502
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Internet Home Page
www.oldhuntsville.com

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gentleman and did everything he could to make his guests happy, and just to think all of this for \$26 per month for both of us.

In March 1860 I had conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. My wife and I went immediately back to our home at Maysville in Alabama. War talk by this time was rife throughout the whole country. States were seceding and armies mobilizing. April '61 the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumpter. Immediately Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to defend the Union. Hardly anyone thought up to this time there would be any fighting, but preparations went rapidly on, until the two armies met at the Battle of Manassas. [21 July 1861]

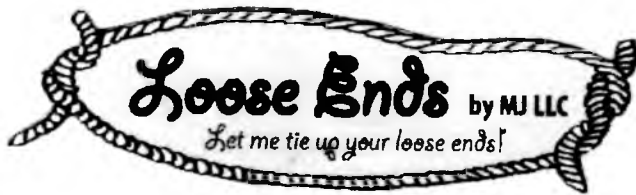
Everybody knows the result of that conflict. It seemed to infuse all through the North

a desire to put down what they termed the "rebellion." It couldn't be that, since it would be absurd to say that one people had rebelled against another people. So it was, I soon saw, that the services of every man in the South would be needed to defend our liberty, and set about preparing to join the Army.

Thinking perhaps the clash of arms would never reach Mississippi, I took my wife and our child (Annie) to Mr. Walker's [his father-in-law's farm five miles south of Aberdeen, Mississippi] to stay during the continuance of hostilities. Arriving home I joined a Cavalry Company that was being raised in my neighborhood known as the "Kelly Troopers." It was named in honor of Rev. D.C. Kelly, a Methodist preacher. The company was organized in New Market, Ala. by electing Rev. D.C. Kelly Capt.; J.M. Hambrick 1st Leut.; J.W. Nance 2nd Leut.; J. Matt Robinson 3rd Leut.; and Thomas King Ord. Sargeant. The company was immediately ordered to Kentucky, and joined in the formation of Forrest's Original Regiment.

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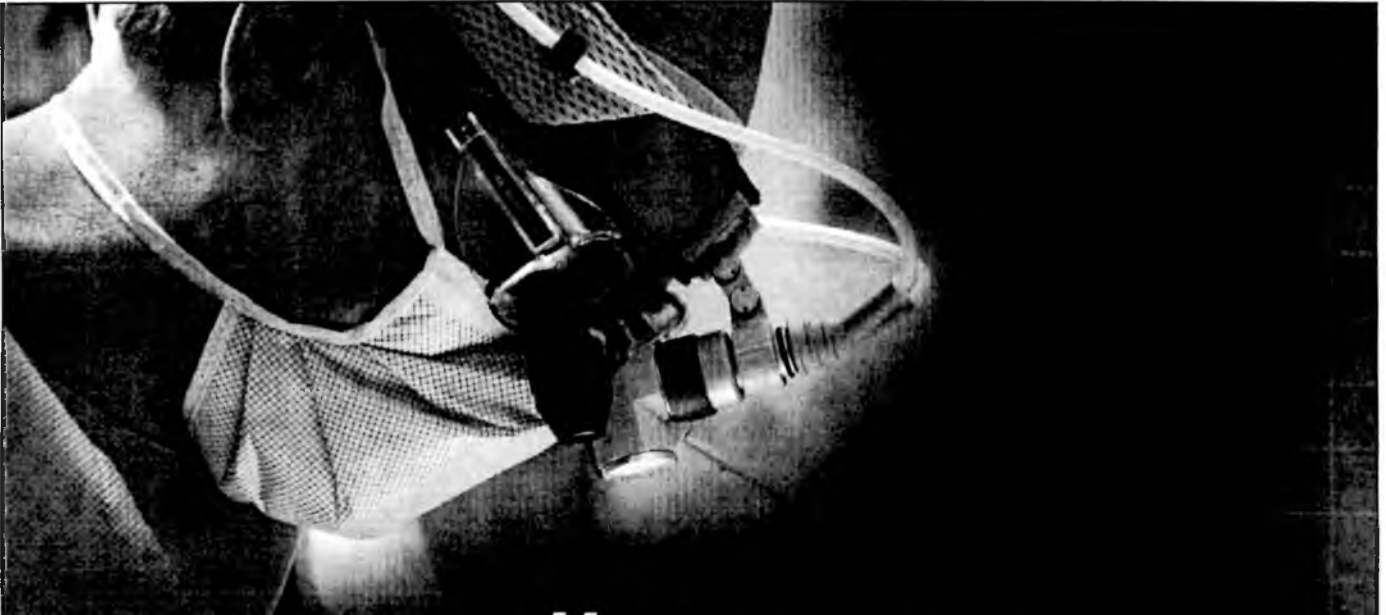
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I did not go with the Company when they first left for Kentucky in late August, 1861, being too weak from a recent attack of bilious fever to do actual duty in the field, but sent as a substitute, Byram Miller our farm overseer, who seemed to be fired with an intense desire to enter the Army. I gave him all of my equipment which was of the finest, in consideration of his taking my place. Miller served until just before the Battle of Ft. Donelson [February 12-16, 1862]. He took the measles, and tried to make his way to Nashville, but never reached it, and died at a farmhouse near Clarksville, Tenn.

My substitute having died, and my own health in the meantime having greatly improved, I concluded to go back to the Company and joined them as they were at Byrd's Spring below Huntsville [Alabama]. Gen'l Sidney Johnson had moved his Army back from Kentucky to a line covering Corinth [Mississippi]. The battle of Shiloh was fought in a few days, taking place on the 6th & 7th of April, 1862. I was engaged in the fight both days, but contracted an immense amount of cold which came very near carrying me off.

(Heavy rain occurred on April 5th as well as beginning at night-fall on April 7th with a violent sleet and hailstorm on the night of April 8th. With the drenching rains and near freezing temperatures, many of the exhausted Union and Confederate soldiers, including Confederate General P. G. T. Beauregard, suffered from exposure and became severely ill with pneumonia and colds.)

In order to build up, I asked permission to go down to my bro-in-law, Dr. W. F. Walker's farm, three miles south of Okolona [Mississippi]. The doctor was a good physician and with the aid of my wife pulled me through, and my wife came up from her father's, and

helped to wait on me. Had it not been for the good nursing, I am certain I should have died.

Soon as I had recovered sufficient strength [around May 30th], I returned to Corinth, Mississippi. Found the Army in retreat to Tupelo, Mississippi, 50 miles south of Corinth. Col. Kelly was in command of the regiment at this time, and very kindly suggested as I was not feeling very strong, that I go out to a sick camp near New Albany [Mississippi]. I did so, but very foolishly the next day joined with the boys in draining a fish pond. The sport was fine, but I did not realize what I was doing until I was taken with a chill.

The next morning I was too stiff to get out of bed with a severe attack of rheumatism. I begged the surgeon to send me to a hospital, but he said there was no hospital to send me to. I then asked to be discharged, since in the condition I was in,

was entirely unfit for service. Application for discharge was sent up and came back in a few days approved.

I got some friends to take me down to my wife's father's farm, five miles south of Aberdeen, Mississippi, and here I remained for three months a complete invalid. Soon as I had regained my strength sufficiently [around September 1862] I

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returned to the Army in Middle Tennessee and joined the infantry.

At the suggestion of Dr. J. M. Johnson, Chief Surgeon of Cleburne's Division, who was a strong friend of my father's, I applied to the War Department at Richmond for a commission as hospital steward. It was soon granted and I was assigned to duty in Cleburne's Division Hospital at Tullahoma, Tenn.

Continued on duty in this capacity until Bragg fell back to Chattanooga [7 June 1863]. For lack of transportation failed to get some of the sick to the rear until the very last moment, and came very near falling into the hands of the Yankees. I blamed the surgeon J. L. Dismukes in charge of the hospital for this.

The Army, having taken up its line south of Chattanooga, the Division Hospital was set up at Tynor's Station; and was next removed to Graysville, Georgia; next to Ringgold, Georgia. [Various skirmishes occurred in the area around 11 September.] Whilst here the battle of Chickamauga was fought [19-20 September 1863]. All day long we could hear the battle raging.

In the evening the surgeon in charge of the hospital asked me to go up to the front and see how the fight was progressing. I reached Missionary Ridge just in time to see Bragg's line broken, and his Army go out in perfect route, except Cleburne's

Division which was the only division that come off intact, and to them fell the duty of guarding Bragg's rear.

A more complete demoralization of an Army I never saw. Pell-mell, helter-skelter they went tearing through the woods, frantic to get away. I soon saw that was no place for me and lit out for Ringgold on the gravel train. The distance was twelve miles. I covered it in about an hour and a half, got things packed and ready to move back by eight o'clock. The next morning Gen'l Cleburne took up his position at Ringgold Gap, one mile south of the town. Sixteen guns were double-shotted with canister and placed in the mouth of the gap.

The next morning the Yankees came bulging. They had heard that Bragg was cut off, and indeed he was. Cleburne's guns were masked, and the Yankees didn't discover them until they were within one hundred yards. The artillery threw off the brush and turned loose those sixteen cannon double-shotted with canister into a mass of men five or six lines deep.

Oh!.....the horribleness of that slaughter. Seventeen hundred men killed at one fire of that battery, and some of them most terribly mangled. Those who were uninjured recoiled as though they had run upon a mine of dynamite and made

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no further attempt to advance. Gen'l Cleburne won great credit for this fight, and he deserved it, for it was the only thing that saved Bragg's Army.

I took no part in the Battle of Chickamauga [19-20 September 1863]. Just previous to the fight I had been ordered to Atlanta in charge of a lot of medical supplies and did not get back until all the fighting was over. It was a grand victory for the South, but won at the cost of many brave lives. Gen'l Bragg just after the battle got mad with his general officers, and put nearly all of them under arrest. Jeff Davis had to come down from Richmond [9 October 1863] and hold a council of war over it.

Lt. Gen. Leonidas Polk, Lt. Gen. Daniel Harvie Hill and Maj. Gen. Thomas C. Hindman countered the charges against them by sending a petition to President Davis stating that the Army was "stricken with a complete paralysis" and that Bragg was unfit for command. Bragg resigned his command of the Army of Tennessee after his defeat at Missionary Ridge on 25 November 1863.

The result was that Gen'l Bragg was declared incompetent to command the Army and Gen'l Joseph E. Johnston put back in command [Decem-

ber 1863]. Very soon after, the Army under Gen'l Johnston went into winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., after the collapse and retreat from Lookout Mountain of Bragg's Army of Tennessee caused by Grant's assault on Chattanooga in December of 1863.

After the Battle of Chickamauga all Division Hospitals in the field were done away with, and I was ordered to report to Dr. D. A. Linthicum, Chief Surgeon of Cleburne's Division A.T. (Army of Tennessee). My duties in his office were principally clerical, as also Dispenser of Medical Supplies to the different Brigades. In time of battle it also fell to my lot to superintend getting the wounded off the field.

Some times in doing so I would be exposed to as much danger as the men in the ranks. In Jonesboro, Georgia, the shells from the Yankee battery fell thick all around me, whilst assisting a wounded soldier off the field, but none of them harmed me. I served under Chief Surgeon Linthicum during that memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta.

Saw Gen'l Joe Johnston with a force of less than 40,000 checkmate an Army of over 125,000

under Sherman. I was in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Georgia, and saw many amusing encounters between the two armies as Johnston's Army maneuvered to retreat.

I saw Gen. Hood the morning he arrived at Atlanta from



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R [KPJ] interpreted "R" as Richmond] with orders from Pres. Davis to relieve Gen Johnston [17 July 1864]. It was in the early morning I saw him sitting at the window of the train and told some of my comrades I knew from the haggard look on Gen H's countenance there was something wrong. Sure enough in about two hours we heard of Gen J's removal.

I never saw men more completely transferred from the highest pitch of enthusiasm; they were at once reduced to the lowest depths of despair. I saw old hardened soldiers, the tears flowing down their cheeks like rain. [Indecipherable word, could be Gen. Hood] said the war was over and so it proved and at once set to striking like a black snake in August, and never halted until he [Hood] had completely destroyed an Army of the bravest and best organized men in the South.

Was also with Hood in his

disastrous raid into middle Tennessee [December 1864]. Witnessed the battle of Franklin and of Nashville, and surrendered with the remnants that were with Gen. Joe E. Johnston at Greensboro, N.C.

Hood was a brave man, but certainly a poor general. I never blamed him for the mistake at Spring Hill, Tenn. He issued orders sufficiently (if carried out) to have captured Schofield's entire force at Col (KPJ) interpreted "Col" as Columbia], but his orders were not obeyed.

To my own personal knowledge Gen Ch (KPJ) interpreted "Ch" as Benjamin F. Cheatham] was as drunk as a biled owl, and knew no more what Hood wanted him to do than a monkey, but Oh!..... to look over that battle field as I did the next morning was enough to make the angels weep.

Men laying so thick over the field that it seemed you might walk on their bodies and never

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touch the ground, and in the trenches piled up like hogs in a slaughter pen five and six deep. If anyone needed any thing to make him realize that what Sherman said about war was true, a more realistic scene could not have been brought before him.

I followed the Army to Nashville [Hood's failed raid, November 1864] and then after the fight, back to the Tennessee River [at Decatur, Alabama, where Hood launched the raid north]. Forrest guarded the rear, and kept the Yankees back until Hood with his disorganized demoralized remnants of a once glorious Army had gotten on the south side of the river. I thought I would take advantage of the confusion and run by home [Maysville, Alabama] a few days. [December, 1864]

Found the folks at home all well, but mighty scarce of rations. The Y [Yankees - KP]] had stripped them of every thing.

(Since the Confederate retreat from Fort Donelson in April, 1862,

North Alabama was the scene of constant but sporadic guerrilla warfare and Confederate cavalry raids. The Memphis & Charleston Railroad stretched from Memphis to Corinth, Mississippi then along the Tennessee River from Florence, Alabama to Stevenson and Bridgeport, Alabama just south of Chattanooga. The railroad made all of North Alabama strategically important since it was the only railroad stretching from the Mississippi River to Charleston. Union Brig. Gen. Ormsby Mitchel's brigades seized Huntsville, Alabama, on 11 April 1862 after an overland march from Fayetteville, Tennessee. They burned the Memphis & Charleston's railroad bridge at Decatur, Alabama, then occupied Athens, Alabama on 20 April 1862. Confederate cavalry raids by units of Generals John Hunt Morgan, Joe Wheeler and Nathan Bed-



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ford Forrest, along with attacks by Confederate Colonel Lemuel G. Mead and Lt. Colonel Milius E. "Bushwhacker" Johnson's partisan cavalry against the Union controlled railroads and Union wagon supply trains, tried to disrupt the flow of supplies and men to the Union Army of the Cumberland.

Local Unionists also were organized into partisan cavalry detachments which were used as Union spies, reconnaissance scouts and guides. Union looting of the countryside with homes and barns burned was common and constant with civilian murders not uncommon. Fighting continued even after Lee's surrender in April, 1865.)

I sponged on them for two days, and beginning to fear the negroes might betray me to the Y [Yankees - (KP)], set out for the Army, overtook them just as the last stragglers were crossing the pontoon bridge at Bainbridge [Georgia]. Stopped a few days at Esq. Walker's, saw them all and then hastened on round to the rallying for all loose soldiers at Hamburg, SC. We soon got together a pretty good force of both cavalry & infantry, and under command of Gen [William Joseph Hardee?] made our way through the country to Charlotte N.C. Here we found Gen Joe E. Johnston.

He had been restored and ordered to reconstruct another army; but alas!..... too late. The men had become demoralized and were deserting everywhere. In a few days we heard of Gen Lee's surrender in Virginia. We were moving back towards Greensboro. Suddenly we were ordered to come to a halt. Negotiations they said had commenced be-

tween Gen J. [Johnston -KP]] & Gen S. [Sherman - KP]) looking to a surrender. Five days we lay in the woods there awaiting the result. April - we were informed Gen J. [Johnston] had surrendered [to Gen. Sherman on 26 April 1865], to stack our guns although Sherman allowed us 1/5 of our arms and get our paroles required several days longer. All being arranged satisfactorily to the powers at W. [Washington - KP]] we set our faces homeward. We were the most dejected, forlorn set of soldiers that ever returned whipped from battle.

I wished that it might be night all the way so that no one could look into our faces, until we got to Asheville, N.C. The women rushed out waving their handkerchiefs in defiance of the Y [Yankees - KP]], for they had a garrison there. We began to hold up our heads to show that we were not whipped yet. It was an inspiration to the old rebels, and caused some of them to forget the circumstances under which we were placed, and instantaneously break into the old yell.

"We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it."

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All our transportation [*what few horses, mules and wagons they had*] and all our guns which had been allowed to us by Gen S. were taken away from us, and we were put upon filthy railroad cattle cars and sent home. As we were marched into town to take the cars, the negro soldiers were stationed along the road to hoot at us, and make all kinds of jibes and flings, and pretended they wanted to attack us, but the sergeants and corporals with drawn swords marched up and down the line to keep them off of us. I heard many of our soldiers say in their deepest down heart that they could never forgive a negro after that.

I had the awfulest headache the night we left Greenville. I was on top a box car, at the rear, and sometimes coming round a curve I would nearly fly off, but Will Hall, a kinsman, sat by me and held me on. I am indebted to him for my life.

I left the main body of the troops at Stevenson, Alabama, to Brownsboro to Maysville and home.



History of the Family

This was the autobiographical account of Hugh Phillip Bone of Maysville, Alabama. Hugh was a confederate soldier and field hospital orderly during the Civil War attached to Patrick Cleburn's Division.

He was the grandfather of Katherine Paul Jones who married Howard C. Jones, Sr. of New Market. Howard Sr. was one of the brothers of Carl T. Jones, of the Jones Valley area. Howard was the oldest and, at 18 years his junior, Carl was the youngest of G. W. and Elvalena Jones' six children. One of Howard Sr.'s sons was the late Harvie Jones, the Huntsville architect, and Harvie's sister was Dr. Edith Jones Ledbetter of Rogersville, Alabama.

"The pistol of a flower is its only protection against insects."

Tommy, age 8

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* People who lost at least 30 pounds and managed to keep it off for more than a year shared their strategies. They averaged 24% of calories from fat. In addition, 86% exercised regularly.

* Soaking a new shower curtain in saltwater for a few hours will prevent it from mildewing when you begin to use it.

* This is a good time of year to take some brisk walks around Old Town and Twickenham, downtown Huntsville. The leaves changing are beautiful, there are plenty of sidewalks and the homes are quaint. Get yourself some really good walking shoes and head out!

* Watch out for signs of diabetes - you're always thirsty or hungry, you have increased urination, there is unexplained weight loss, fatigue or impotence.

* Food really affects your moods! For instance, if you're angry or depressed, DON'T eat a sugary snack or pastry, either one may make you feel worse. Have you ever noticed that you'll get in a worse mood after a big bowl of ice cream? If you're stressed out avoid coffee, chocolate, alcohol or sugar. Instead try fresh or dried fruit, rice, baked potato, cereal or whole-grain bread.

* Adolescents who feel connected to and important to their parents are less likely to be involved in risky behaviors, one study found. Key times to connect are before

and after school, at dinner and before bed time.

* Exercise doesn't have to be vigorous to improve your mood. Even low-intensity aerobic exercise, such as riding a stationary bike for 30 minutes can help. Researchers believe such a workout triggers biochemical changes that lift your spirits, plus you feel good about doing something good for yourself.

* There really IS something to positive thinking. People who constantly put

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themselves down and tell themselves that they'll never amount to anything, usually don't. But those who constantly give themselves a break when something goes wrong are more likely to be successful.

* For some reason, insomniacs can benefit from a 30-minute nap in the afternoon. Researchers say nappers may be less desperate to sleep at night, so they don't worry about it so much at night and therefore sleep better.

* Having an overweight parent doubles the risk that a one-year-old child will be obese in adulthood, a study has found.

* Here's a great idea for a nutritious breakfast for us working folks who don't really have time for a good breakfast. Take a slice of whole-wheat raisin bread and spread some peanut butter on it. Wrap it around a small

banana. With only 269 calories and 9.5 grams of fat but loaded with protein, you can hit the road running!

* Most people don't really talk to their doctors. To get the most out of a visit, which are very expensive nowadays, ask questions when the treatment you are about to get doesn't make sense to you. Ask what certain words or phrases mean. Before your visit, make a list of your health concerns and take notes when the physician addresses your issues.

* To make a road trip with children more bearable, prior to the trip wrap several inexpensive gifts in paper to take and use as rewards for their good behavior and patience.

* Don't hand out your business card until you've had a chance to make a good impression. Many times, these cards are wasted because they're handed out immediately after meeting someone.

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THE FLINT RIVER BRIDGE

by Mack Vann

"Where in the world's the ground?" is what I was thinking when it came up to knock the stuffing out of me.

Before then I had been thinking: "Roll, Mack, roll. Remember to roll." Of course, that was if I hit ground. I didn't know what to do if I hit water. Would the water be 2 inches deep, 1 foot, maybe 10 feet deep?

The night I jumped off Flint River Bridge was a matter of have-to: what was below and how far down, I didn't know. One thing for certain, I sure couldn't stay on the bridge; Joe Ed felt the same way. The two cars racing toward us didn't see our two cars parked on the bridge. We, that is my father, Joe Ed and I, were trying desperately to get a tire on my car while our wives, Margaret and Mary Glenda, were doing their best to signal traffic with two cell flashlights.

It was a death trap waiting to happen.

We almost got away with it. Dad had just lowered my car back to the pavement. Now all we had to do was put the tools in the trunk, get in our cars, and all of us get the heck off the bridge. We almost made it.

Seemed you could

hear 'em before you could see 'em: two 8-cylinder passenger cars, a '56 Pontiac and a '56 Oldsmobile. Both cars packed with teenage boys vowed and determined to be first to get to Huntsville. Coming out of Gurley, it's a 3 mile straight stretch to Flint River Bridge and once across another 3 miles. The cars were doing all they could do. The drivers, driven by whatever it is that drives teenagers, never saw us frantically signaling, never saw us until it was too late.

I remember the first car fishtailing even before it came onto the bridge, its brakes locked, tires screaming, and right behind the first car: the second.

They would have hit us even if their braking had been controlled, but this was anything but. We were going to be hit. That was certain and the first car after it hit us was going to be creamed by the car right behind it; that car, too, hopelessly out of control.



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"It's hard to wait for something you know might never happen, but it's harder to give up when you know it's everything you want."

Unknown Lyric

Traffic in the oncoming lane had stopped, but stopped too close to keep from being involved in what was happening.

There wasn't time to worry. I'd like to think that, as I jumped, I said a prayer for all; but I don't remember. All I knew was there was going to be a huge pile up; and if Joe and I didn't move from between the rear of my car and the front of the car pulled up behind, Joe and I would be sandwiched between. We'd be killed, lose our legs at best. Our only chance was to get to the bridge railing, jump up on top, and stay there until we heard the impact. That's what we did.

Dad never made it. Margaret saw what happened. Dad was caught between the two cars. When Dad's car was struck from behind, his car was knocked into my car and both cars jackknifed straight up with Dad in the middle. He was unconscious as he went flying over the bridge, falling like a rag doll to the ground 25 feet below. He was thrown so hard that later when we went to the bridge we found pieces of Dad's trousers embedded in the concrete railing.

Dad wasn't killed, but he was severely hurt. Miraculously, he recovered. I thank God. Joe Ed and I got off reasonably light. I twisted my back but recovered in a month or so. The left side of Joe Ed's face hit an iron pipe lying on the ground. In time, Joe healed too, but he took a beating with that pipe. I remember a boulder about the size of a suitcase. I missed it by 5 feet, a miss as good as a mile. To this day I'm thankful for missing that boulder.

The two carloads of teenagers, ten of 'em at least, I believe twelve, had combined injuries of one broken nose and one broken little finger.

The cars coming from Huntsville had stopped. The first car was hit and knocked back into the car behind. These passengers were shaken but uninjured. That night ten, twelve, fifteen people, possibly more, could have perished. Thank God none did!

But where the miracle of miracles occurred was back at the rear of the two cars. Margaret and Mary Glenda, holding hands, jumped up on the bridge curb and leaned over the railing, their backs to the action. The crash went by them. My wife and sister weren't touched. I suspect God's Angels are always busy. That night, it was just more obvious.



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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



loved church at Holy Spirit. He cherished his wife **Jeanne** and their children, and they were married 60 years. He passed away at 88 years old. We send our deepest condolences to Jeanne and their many friends & family who will never forget this Notre Dame fan!

Woody Anderson Ford recently held their annual **Fin & Fowl celebration** to show their customers how much they are appreciated. There must have been 800 people there, it was packed but there was so much BBQ, slaw, potato salad, dessert and ice tea no one left hungry! This is the 8th year Woody Anderson has put this on with sales reps & notables serving up all that good food.

While there we talked with **Steve Gray** who was taking some great pictures, **David Waggett** who is a sales associate there, saw **Richard Showers** enjoying the food and company, and talked with **Betty Mullins McNeese** who lived in Moores Mill and went to school at Riverton. She was there with her friend **Billy Daly** who was

Congratulations to **Kenny Brooks** for being the first correct caller to identify the Photo of the Month for October. Many readers called later to identify the young man in the photo who is past **Sheriff Joe Whisenant**, who cooks some of the best BBQ in these parts! **Kenny** and his wife **Toni** operate the Brooks Market at the farmers market on Cook Avenue.

Six officers of the Huntsville Police Department were recently awarded the Safe Community Awards by the Huntsville Community Watch Asso. and we're so proud of them. They are: **Officer Karl Kissich, West Precinct; Officer Neal Jenkins, West Precinct; Officer Joshua Bates, North Precinct; Officer Steve Graham, North Precinct; Officer Will McDonald, South Precinct; and Officer John Citrano, South Precinct.** Thanks for ALL you do to keep us safe, and congratulations!

Liz Waggett was a lady who was loved by many in this community, and worked for many years for Beason & Nalley. Liz died way too early of pancreatic cancer. To honor Liz the em-

ployees of Beason & Nalley created the **Liz Waggett Memorial 5K Fun Run/Walk**. It will be held Saturday, Nov. 3 at 8am at the Beason & Nalley parking lot on Monroe Street downtown. All donations raised by this run will benefit the Huntsville Hospital Foundation.

An open message to all you **telemarketers** who are gathering data on the hours per day we are home. We all have caller ID now and when your call comes in, we don't answer it. So all your data is skewed. So quit wasting our time and go find a real job!

We got a note from **Bill Stewart** looking for information on the 1955 Parkers Baseball team for which he was pitcher. Bill asks if anyone else remembers this team, to send "Old Huntsville" a good story on them!

James King, Sr. was a funny, loving and spiritual man who

Photo of The Month

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

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Hint: This pretty little girl co-owns a popular place where dogs like to hang out.



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no doubt an Alabama fan! Billy happens to be the sweet Dad of **Jan Dorning**, who is married to our **Sheriff Blake Dorning**. Billy wanted to send a special hello to his cousins the **Mullins** and also love to Jan & Blake.

It was hard to believe that people in a pick-up truck thought it would be entertaining to drive through Old Town a week before Halloween and steal all the pumpkin decorations off residents' porches. I thought I'd heard it all.

Charlotte Mrazek was a beautiful, feisty, vibrant 100 year old lady who absolutely loved life and her family. She was born in Berlin, Germany in 1912 and ran Huntsville Bavaria Delicatessen for 10 years. In her later years she loved going out to lunch with her beloved granddaughter **Aunia Schrader**. She died Oct. 8, and we send our deepest sympathy to her son **Dieter Schrader** and wife, **Sonja**; granddaughters **Aunia Schrader** and **Andrea Coffin (George)**, and great-grandsons **Taylor** and **Jared**.

Major James F. Cole and his family, who are from Huntsville but now live in New Jersey, want to send out love and a special hello to his mom **Mary Frank Cole** of Toney, Al.

Bill Drake is sure proud of his newest great-granddaughter, **Brooklyn Grace Bogue**. He is just a pushover when it comes to these baby girls. Con-

gratulations to you and your sweet wife **Linda**!

Be sure and check out the Botanical Gardens Galaxy of Lights - the Walking Tour starts Nov. 16 -20. Driving nights start Nov. 22 and go til New Year's Eve. There's a new entrance this year - off Bob Wallace across from Landry's Restaurant. Go to www.hsvbg.org/ for more info.

The Golden K Kiwanis held their annual Installation of Officers at Brookdale Place in late September. Officers were installed by the District 1 Lt. Governor, **Michael Hodge**. The meeting was closed by new President **Jim White**.

John Bzdell (Marathon Painting) & **Margaret Watson** are proud new homeowners in Old Town Historic District and to say hello to all their new friends & neighbors, they held an open house recently with over 60 people there. The food was great and they loved meeting and saying hi to all the neighborhood! Welcome, John and Margaret!

Happy Birthday to **Diane Owens** - she was so thrilled in October to share her day with her son **Brandon** who paid a visit from Tucson! Dad **Ken Owens** was pretty happy, too.

The day for the October **Maple Hill Cemetery stroll** dawned cloudy & with threat of rain but ended up with sunshine. The crowds who at-

tended all enjoyed the re-enactments of many of the famous & infamous who are buried there.

Henry Turner, **Christy Webb**, **Jan & Blake Dorning**, **Ron Cooper** and many others gave spectacular performances to the delight of all who attended.

The Historic Lowry House had many on edge for the first of their two **Family Fright Nights** this October. It has pretty much been proven that the ghost of **Anne Lowry** is still there.

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In a kettle, mix lemonade, water and Scotch or Bourbon. Tie cloves and cinnamon sticks in cheesecloth and add. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Serve in mugs with stick cinnamon to stir with and a slice of lemon studded with cloves for garnish.

Lentil Bean Soup

- 1 lb. pkg. dried lentil beans
- Smoked ham hocks with 1 c. ham on bone
- 3-4 qrts. water
- 1 c. celery, chopped fine

- 1 c. onion, chopped fine
- 2-3 carrots, chopped fine
- 10-1/2 oz. can tomato soup, undiluted
- 5 hot dogs, cut in chunks
- 4 oz. salami, chunk or diced
- 1-1/2 t. salt
- 2 slices Rye bread, toasted

Soak the lentil beans with ham hocks in water overnight. Next morning add celery, onions and carrots and simmer slowly for 5 hours. Remove ham hocks and cut ham into bite-size pieces, discarding fat, skin and bones. Add ham, tomato soup, hot dogs and salami to soup. Salt to taste and add the bread. Cook slowly for 4 hours. Remove bread slices and throw away before serving.

Fresh Mushroom Salad

- 1/4 c. red wine vinegar OR tarragon vinegar
- 3/4 c. olive oil
- Salt to taste

Freshly-ground pepper to taste

- 1 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
- Lettuce leaves
- 1/2 c. green onion tops, sliced
- OR chopped chives
- 1/4 c. chopped fresh parsley

Combine vinegar, oil, salt and pepper for salad dressing. Toss mushrooms in dressing and let stand for at least 1 hour. To serve, place mushrooms on lettuce leaves and garnish with green onion tops (or chives) and parsley.

Crown Roast Pork

- 10 to 13 lb. crown roast of pork OR full rib section of pork loin
- 4 t. salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- 2 c. orange juice
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 2 T. ground ginger
- 1/2 t. ground cloves
- 1/2 c. dry sherry

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1 T. flour
 1 T. water
 1 T. orange juice
 Orange wedges for garnish
 (If using pork loin roast, cut all ingredient amounts in half.) Season roast with salt and pepper. Place in 300° oven and roast, 35 minutes per pound. Combine orange juice, sugar, spices and sherry and pour over meat the last hour of baking, basting often. Prepare sauce by combining pan juices, flour, water and orange juice. Crown roast serves 10 to 14 people; pork loin serves 8 to 10 people. Garnish with orange wedges.

Baked Pork Chops

6 loin pork chops, 1" thick
 3 T. brown sugar
 3/4 c. ketchup OR chili sauce
 6 onion slices
 6 lemon slices
 Place chops in baking pan in single layer. Salt and pepper to taste. Spread 2 teaspoons brown sugar and 2 tablespoons ketchup on each chop. Top with slice of onion and slice of lemon. Add enough water to reach a level halfway up on chops.

Bake, covered, at 350° for 2-1/2 to 3 hours. Uncover last half-hour of cooking.

English Toffee Cake

1/4 c. cocoa
 1 lb. box angel food cake mix
 1 to 1-1/2 t. instant coffee powder (not freeze-dried)

3 - 5/8 oz. pkg. chocolate pudding (not instant)
 1-1/3 c. milk
 1 c. heavy cream, whipped
 5 English toffee bars (3/4 oz. each)

Add cocoa to dry cake mix, and bake according to package instructions. Cool. Mix instant coffee and pudding in a saucepan. Cook pudding, using only 1-1/3 cup milk. Cool and beat until smooth. Whip cream and fold into pudding.

Divide cake into 3 layers. Spread half of the pudding mixture between the layers. With remaining half of pudding mixture, frost top and sides of cake. Crush candy bars (easier if frozen) and sprinkle over cake. Chill. Serves 8 to 12.

Brown Lace Cookies

1/4 c. butter
 2 c. brown sugar, packed
 2 eggs, beaten
 1 t. vanilla
 1/2 c. flour
 1 t. baking powder
 2 c. pecans, chopped
 Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla, beating well. Sift flour and baking powder together and add to creamed mixture with nuts. Chill 1 hour. Spray cookie sheet with spray oil. Drop by half-teaspoonful 3" apart. (They will spread while baking.)

Bake 6 minutes at 400°. Cool before removing from foil. Makes 6 to 7 dozen cookies.



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LOVEDAY HOLLOW

by Malcolm Miller

Traveling east on Highway 72 over Chapman Mountain, then a few miles down Old Gurley Road, there is a country lane winding its way all the way back to the edge of the mountain and ending in what I believe has been known since before the Civil War as Loveday Hollow.

As a small boy I remember quite vividly my family's trips to visit the Lovedays of Loveday Hollow. Daddy would load all our family in the two-horse wagon early on a Sunday morning and head out for an all day visit with his nephew Bill Loveday and family. It was a very exciting time for me and I can still remember all the good food and fun we had.

Sam Loveday's family lived down in the flat before the climb up to where Bill Loveday lived. I still remember the house where we spent those summer days long ago. It was probably a pre-Civil War house with the kitchen built separate from the rest of the house. The women would cook and bring all that good food steaming into the dining room in the house.

Unfortunately this house burned down in nineteen fifty-nine and Bill Loveday was severely burned in the fire and died from his burns. Another house or two were built and the remaining family stayed on in the hollow. Several years prior to Bill and his wife Dovey's death, slowly one by one the kids left the home place leaving only John and Neal, (known as "Butch,") in the hollow.

In the meantime, John had met and married

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a pretty young lady named Mildred League. Then Mildred's sister Jinny came visiting I guess, and she and Neal were married. I say she came there because, knowing Neal as I did, I am quite sure he didn't leave the hollow to go courting her. Neal was one of the quietest and kindest people I have ever known, but he just wasn't one to venture out of the hollow for any reason.

My older brothers told stories about Neal throwing his books off the school bus and when the driver stopped he would jump off and head back to the mountain. I recall on one occasion when we pulled up at the foot of the mountain in the wagon I saw Neal heading into the mountain running. Later that day I got real thirsty and their water was awful because it had sulphur in it.

One of the girls told me there was a spring of good water up the mountain, so I went up a short distance with Neal and found the spring. I guess he wasn't retreating any further, trouble was there was a hound dog laying in the spring, but I was so hot and thirsty I ran the dog out, found a rusty tin can and got a cool drink.

I guess Neal got his love for the hollow naturally from some of his ancestors. Court documents show that

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My Grandmother



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before the Civil War the owner of what was then a huge plantation, a man named David Moore, made an agreement that George Loveday was granted permanent tenant rights to live on the plantation. George Loveday was Bill Loveday's uncle.

My older brother, James "Gib" Miller, who passed away at age ninety-four, knew George Loveday's three sons well and he related that two of the three sons of George Loveday never once ventured out of the hollow. The other brother looked after them and gave each of them a new pocket knife each year.

The owner of the property where Loveday Hollow is located, I believe, was owned by the prominent Rhett family and they decided to turn the place into a dairy farm. John and Neal and their wives ran the dairy for many years until John got disabled and he and Mildred left the hollow, leaving Neal and Jinny to run the dairy.

Finally the dairy shut down but the land owners let Neal and Jinny stay there until Neal passed away. Bill Loveday, Neal's nephew, a Baptist minister, told me at Neal's funeral that Neal had told him many times if he ever left the hollow he would be carried out, and he said he stood and watched them carry him out and as they did this, it marked the end of an era.

The Lovedays are forever gone from the Hollow but my memories of the trips to Loveday Hollow as a boy will remain with me as long as I live.

"If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would have put them on my knees."

Teddy Jonas, age 70



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* If you want to preserve your fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

* Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

* The more often carpets are shaken the longer they will wear. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

* To prevent fleas this next summer, take a few branches of Pennyroyal and hang it up or lay it on the bed; or carry a few sprigs in the pocket, and the flea will never make its appearance. This simple remedy has never failed of its desired effect.

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So I tried cream of tartar and peroxide, and you would be amazed at how quickly the stain came out.

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A Father, A Daughter and a Dog, A TRUE STORY

by Catherine Moore

"Watch out! You nearly broad-sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving."

My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts.....dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room.

"They cut us up like boarding house pie. And that's real small pieces."

Darrell Royal, Texas coach

He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regret-



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ted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind.

But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically, when they were given the responsibility of a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me.

I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons; too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen, a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided

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triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma 'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch.

"Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it!" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat

muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed, furious. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw, confusion replacing the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad



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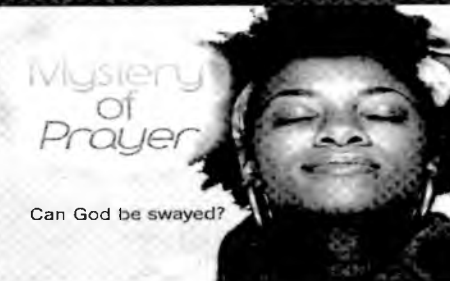
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was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named his pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends.

Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.

Two days later, my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it."

"I've often thanked God for

sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article... Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter...his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father... and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live while you are

alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second chance.

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ALABAMA'S COON DOG CEMETERY

submitted
by Don
Haines,
Woodbine,
MD



I was looking for Civil War battlefields when we visited Alabama in January of 2004. My wife Sheila was studying a map in our Decatur motel room when she noticed something so unusual that I had to take a second look to make sure she wasn't mistaken. But sure enough—there it was—Coon Dog Cemetery. Now, I'm the kind of guy who when he sees something unusual feels compelled to check it out. For that reason I soon found myself on a northwest Alabama back road on a chilly, rainy day looking for this Coon Dog Cemetery.

I know that pet cemeteries aren't that unusual anymore; but a Coon Dog Cemetery? Why? A good Coon Dog is a treasure no doubt—had one myself when I was a kid - a Bluetick named Tippy—loved that dog—but no way could I tell you where he's buried.

I have to admit that as I got deeper into the Alabama back country, I began to doubt the wisdom of this venture. I'm a country boy myself, but good Lord, did they have to locate this cemetery so far from the main highway? I began to have visions of the movie *Deliverance*, and wondered just what kind of folk would spend their lives back here.

Then, just as I was about to let my imagination run away

with me, I rounded a curve and there it was—a sign hanging from a pole—COON DOG CEMETERY.

As I've said, it wasn't a very nice day to be hunting for anything so I wasn't surprised that we were the only people there. My exaggerated fears abated as I walked among the various grave markers, some professionally done while others were hand carved. Only decent people with good

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hearts would take the time to honor their animal friends in such a manner.

The names on the markers are for the most part typical for a good Coon Dog. Ruff, Red, Rock, Ranger, and of course—Old Blue. But I think my favorite Haines/Coon Dog Cemetery has to be—Doctor Doom. Now there's a name to strike fear into the heart of any raccoon.

Some of the epitaphs are clever, some touching. For Black Ranger—"He Was As Good As The Best and Better than the Rest." For Track - "He Wasn't The Best But He Was The Best I Ever Had." And for National Champion, Creasy's Rock - "A Joy To Hunt—Top Coon Dog."

A monument surrounded by a fence adorned with razor wire shows two Coon Dogs treeing a raccoon. This monument sends a message, be on your best behavior here; this place is special, almost sacred—to be honored, not laughed at.

Nor is the Coon Dog to be laughed at, having been AKC registered since 1945, and having a history that goes back to the Duke of Normandy in the eleventh century. The Coon Dog has earned his rightful place in canine history.

The history of the Coon Dog Cemetery goes back to 1937, September 4th, to be exact, when Key Underwood decided his dog Troop deserved a special burial place. He and Troop were more than master and dog—they were best friends. Underwood also knew that Troop loved a grassy meadow in a place called Freedom Hills, where coon hunters from miles around gathered to socialize and swap stories. The conversation invariably got around to Troop, "the cold nose dog", meaning no matter how cold the trail, Troop could pick it up. He was the best.

When Troop died on Labor Day, 1937, Underwood wrapped him in a cotton seed

sack, carried him to the meadow, and Troop became the first of 200 Coon Dogs interred in the Coon Dog Cemetery.

But in case you're thinking this might be a good spot for your pooch's final resting place—think again. Be aware that only Coon Dogs qualify for this hallowed place. Some folks have pushed to change the rule and have been summarily rebuffed. In quoting Underwood: "Folks must not know much about the relationship between a man and his Coon Dog if they think we'd contaminate this place (Haines/Coon Dog Cemetery) with a Poodle or a Lap Dog."

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Even bona fide Coon Dogs have to go through an admission process. First, the owner must claim his dog is an authentic Coon Dog. Next, a witness must declare the deceased is indeed a Coon Dog. Then, a member of the local coon hunters organization must view the Coon Hound and declare its legitimacy.

William O. Bolton, Secretary/Treasurer of the Tennessee Valley Coon Hunters organization and current caretaker of the cemetery, says: "We have stipulations on this thing. A dog can't run no deer, no possum, nothing like that. He's got to be a straight coon dog and he's got to be full hound. He can't be a mixed-up breed dog, a house dog."

If you decide to visit the cemetery in January like I did, you'll probably have the entire place to yourself; but don't be fooled — this is a popular tourist attraction, both for individuals and groups. And come next Labor Day, Coon hunters from Mississippi and Alabama gather for a grand celebration which includes music, plenty of food, and the highlight of the day — a liars contest.

Any doubts I had about roving Alabama back roads in the middle of January while trying to find this special place had been completely dispelled by the time I returned to Decatur. I realized I'd just visited a slice of

Americana.

And too — for the first time in a long time, my thoughts went back half a century, to a Bluetick named Tippy.

If you want to get under the skin of those associated with the cemetery, start talking about the scene in the movie - *Sweet Home Alabama*. According to Drew "Buckshot" Werndli, who lives near the cemetery — "The movie had a Coon Dog Cemetery in it. Of course it was Hollywood made. The scene was shot in lower Alabama near a small town, while the real one is in north Alabama, out in the sticks. They actually sold props from the movie on Ebay. Of course, none of us bid on them."

The Coon Dog Cemetery is in Colbert County, seven miles west of Tusculumbia at Haines/Coon Dog Cemetery. From U.S. Highway 72, turn left on Highway 247 and go about twelve miles before turning right and following the signs. You can contact the Colbert County Tourism and Convention Bureau for more info. (800) 344-0783, or access the web at www.colbertcountytourism.org

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ON HURRICANE CREEK



by Tom Carney, in 1999

I pulled off to the side of the road and took a long look at Riverton School. There wasn't much left that I could recognize. The buildings had all changed, and looking into the faces of the young, bright-eyed children, there wasn't much that I could identify with, either.

I fell in love with Sally Baker while going to Riverton School. She was the most popular girl in school, and I was a runny-nosed little kid five grades behind her. I was also nine years old and she didn't know I existed.

Mrs. Riddick was my school teacher, my mother's, my uncles' and aunts' and everyone else's in Hurricane Creek. She began teaching at Riverton part-time during the second war, and she just never left. I hope there's a plaque or something in her honor inside the school.

We used to ride the bus to school. The best thing about riding the bus was that it would stop at Bobby Bragg's store, giving us a chance

to load up on Cokes and candy. Bobby Bragg was every boy's hero. He would fish all summer and hunt all winter. If he wasn't in the woods or on the creek bank, he would be sitting in front of the wood-burning stove, swapping stories with all the other men.

It's strange how a brief fleeting thought can stir emotions and cause a longing for times gone by. Using the excuse to myself that I needed gas anyway, I decided to drive on over to Hurricane Creek and visit the Bragg's store.

Stopping my car in front of the store, I stood there for a moment. I remembered the benches in front of the store and the old cotton gin next door. And if I squinted my eyes just right, I could almost

see the old school bus unloading its cargo of laughing, giggling children.

After pumping my own gas, I walked inside to pay for it. Nothing had changed. The building seemed smaller than I remembered, and the canned goods seemed a little dustier, but I still remembered it. Bobby Bragg was still sitting in front of the old wood-burning stove; only his hair was gray now and he seemed to move a lot slower than I remembered.

He looked at me with a quizzical look on his face as if he was trying to figure out what a stranger was doing stopping here. I paid and left. He didn't recognize me, and it was just as well. Sometimes it's hard to go home.





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Revival Meetings at Shiloh

by Austin Miller



A special time at Ryland each year was the annual revival meeting at Shiloh Methodist Church. It was always held around the middle of August at laying by time. The revival brought an air of excitement to the community. It brought out people that normally didn't go to church and the sanctuary was full for every service. It was a chance to see your neighbors, and teenage boys hoped they would be lucky enough to sit next to a pretty girl.

There were no ceiling fans or air conditioning; it was always hot and the windows had to be raised. Hand fans with a picture of Jesus on one side and a funeral home advertisement on the other were in rapid motion and as prevalent as song books.

With the windows open,

you could plainly hear the service in the church yard and there were always several men who stayed outside where it was cooler. As often as not they talked about their crops more than they paid attention to the preacher. On those warm August nights the prime seating was next to a window

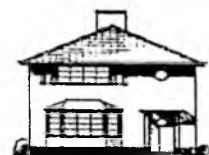
where it was possible to be hit by a cooling breeze. But the hottest nights didn't keep people away and few complained.

During the week, the visiting revival preacher and his wife stayed in a member's home and ate both dinner and supper from house-to-house. It occurred

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to me that I would like to be a preacher one day so I could go around eating good food. The meeting started Sunday noon and went through Friday night. If it was successful or if the preacher felt one more night might bring another reluctant soul to Christ, the service would go through Saturday night. Some speakers seemed to have a sense when someone was struggling to make a decision and extended it, hoping one more night or one more song would make the difference. Sometimes it did.

The sermons would last at least an hour. All of these preachers spoke without notes or a text. Most folks in those days thought a minister that used a written script was not a "God-called" preacher. The messages were usually about sin and the need to repent before it was too late. Often, there were verbally graphic images taken from Revelation that made you think the end was near. Sometimes the consequences of not making a decision to publicly accept Jesus were so powerfully expressed and frightening that many were scared into going to the altar.

One night of the week, it was customary for the preacher to let people in the congregation testify. Many did and told their stories of

salvation and how God had changed their lives. Often the speaker would request prayer for a family member or friend that wasn't "churched."

One that I remember well was Aunt Lillian Tipton. Aunt Lillian was sharp-tongued and said exactly what she thought about any topic or person. Woe be unto any unwitting visitor who sat in her spot on the pew. She would stand and name her family members and friends that were not in church. You could tell it was a burden heavy on her heart. She did not stop with her family and there have been occasions during the closing hymn when she left her seat, walked over to somebody, got them by the hand and brought or pulled them to the altar.

Sharp tongue and all, Aunt Lillian was a dedicated Christian and faithful church member at Shiloh for at least 60

years. She influenced many people to accept Christ but she was never able to get her husband and two of her sons to even set foot inside the church.

Each night the service was closed with many repeat verses of, "Just As I am," a song, when sung by your friends and neighbors, wears on the coldest heart. The week's converts were sprinkled the following Sunday. A few chose to be immersed in Flint River.

For some, mostly young people, their new-found religion didn't last out the summer, but others became loyal members at Shiloh or other churches for the rest of their lives.

"I went to my doctor because I'd swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills. He told me to have a few drinks and get some rest."

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THE OLD BRICK POND

by Calvin Lee "Jabbo" Holder, Sr.

It's strange how much things can change in 60 years, for example from young to old and old to new.

I was born in 1942 at Huntsville Hospital. I was one of the first six babies delivered when they started delivering.

I was raised at 721 East Avenue, which was a gravel or dirt road then and now is called Pleasant Row. The only house left on those first two blocks from University Drive down is the one stucco house of the Rev. David Townsend. I lived where the "Ozz" Club now sits. The vacant lot beside Central Health Care is where Joe Humphrey lived. Where Central Health Care is located is where my step-grandmother Emma Campbell lived. I remember One-Leg Charlie who lived across the street.

We rented from the Shankley's who lived on Pulaski Pike above us. We had a 4-room house and big porch across the front of it. We paid \$7.50 a month for rent. We didn't get electric lights until the 1950's. We had to walk a path to an old outside pit toilet. We had a vegetable garden and well water. My grandmother washed clothes

in an old black iron pot in the back yard with a tub and rub board and hung them on a clothes line and punched the clothes with a wood stick.

We had to walk to go to Huntsville and pay bills until the buses started running (if we had the 10 cents to ride the bus.) My step-grandpa would tote a block of ice (from Clinton St. or Meridian St.) to the house on his back in toe socks to keep my milk cold. In the winter time they put it and other stuff out on the back porch.

My grandmother worked on the WPA and in the sewing room in the basement of the old Elks Building on Eustis St. or the "Old Bug House" theater (where we went to when we could afford the 10 cents.) My grandmother worked on the WPA in Maple Hill Cem-

etry. I remember hearing her say she paid two cents for a pocket handkerchief.

I fished at "The Old Brick

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Pond" which Frank Mannings owned at that time where Shoney's Restaurant's rear parking lot is. I remember John Wade who had the Horse and Wagon; Sergeant Petty and Florence Stewart, who lived on Wheeler Avenue. Wheeler ran from Church Street to Pulaski Pike.

My uncle ran a grocery store on the corner of Wheeler Ave. and Pulaski Pike for years called Crownover Grocery. My great aunt Mary Dollar would walk from Gardner St. to Huntsville and back. My grandmother could of bought the last block on Pulaski Pike from Holmes St. back for \$500 at one time. Yes, I remember Columbus Moore who had the drug store there, and T.T. Terrey's, Dobson's, I Winn, and the coal yards there used to be in Huntsville, like City Coal.

I went to first grade at Saint Mary's on Holmes Street. I went to school at Rison, the county school, to give Mr. Fain the job of keeping me straight. I ended up marrying the only 12-toed girl there, and she still can play softball and keep me straight. I also went to East and West Clinton. Ms. Laymond was my teacher there. Then Huntsville Junior High in 55-56-57. No, Mr. Jones wasn't my teacher but I still have a set of Red Back encyclopedias

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my grandparents purchased from him. Mrs. Broom was my last teacher there in the 8th grade. Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Bradford and Coach Ben Berry with the wooden paddle that was as long as he was tall, right? Then I went to the 9-10th grades in Decatur, AL.

How many remember when the Dallas streets were dirt roads and the Tick Tock Skating Rink on O'Shaughnessey, the White Castle on Meridian St., Mullins ten cent hamburgers and five cent Cokes and eating lunch at Baltimores store on Andrew Jackson Way? How many remember the "Clean Kitchen" cafe that Woody Harbin ran on Jefferson St. across from the No. 1 fire station downtown?

Me and the Lewter boys, Hall Bryant at H.C. Blake, Jerry Braisure at the barber shop on Governors and Gene Bailes' wife Charlotte, and retired fire chief Jimmy Tolan, and Doctor Bibb's two daughters, to name a few, all went to school together.

Do you remember when the funeral home Spry's and Mutual was at 5 Points and Laughlin was on Jefferson St.? Do you remember the Old Southern Cafe, Pullman, Golden Eagle, Bills' Drive-In, Old Rebel Inn?

I worked at Huntsville Mfg. Co., operated the quill

machine. I remember the old city buses, the Fairground, Lincoln, Huntsville Park, Arsenal, Drake, Crescent, Checkered and Yellow Cab and United.

My grandparents walked with me to and from school to keep me out of trouble. I had to walk from the depot to the school on Randolph there and back. Also from Pleasant Row to Saint Mary's on Holmes, rain or shine, cold or hot, didn't have no car.

I've walked from Oakwood over to Burger King on Whitesburg where Sno White Drive Inn Restaurant used to be, worked 8-10 hours and walked back, and people now days can't go anywhere without riding. I'm not the only one that did this, others did, too.

I remember if you needed

to see someone all you had to do is go up to the courthouse and hang around a few minutes and they would pass by.

Not everyone had telephones. We didn't get our first TV until in the late 50's. We went up to my uncle's and watched his nine inch black and white.

How many remember Booger Town and Chinch Row and Trash Pile Road? We played ball and didn't even have a bat and used just a stick of wood.

I got my school lessons by lamp light or fire place light. No, we wasn't poor, the poor didn't have anything. I remember when it wasn't but 5 blocks to downtown Huntsville in any direction.



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Boxing Analyst

New Child Labor Law Will Not Hurt Factory at Huntsville Huntsville, 1903

The new child labor law adopted by the Alabama legislature will not affect any of the cotton mills in Huntsville. The report had been circulated that the operation of the law would compel 300 children to quit working in the Dallas mill, but this is emphatically denied by W. R. Rison, General Manager of the Dallas company.

Mr. Rison states that it is against the rules of the company to employ any child under 12 years of age, and if there are any younger operatives, their ages have been misrepresented by their parents.

Other representatives of the mills praised the mills' policy

in providing work for children who would otherwise become vagrants and a nuisance to peaceful society. The spokesman also said that many of the children alleged to be under the lawful employment age of twelve were merely stunted in their growth, giving a false impression to people investigating mill conditions.

Mills in other states have overcome this problem by having potential employees swear they are at least twelve years of age, thereby relieving the mills of any legal responsibility.

Factories in Alabama are expected to implement the same policy.

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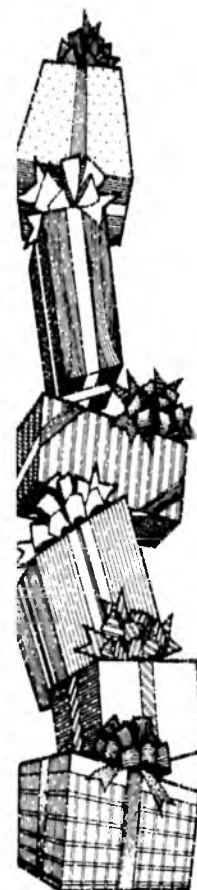
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CLINTON AVENUE ARCHEOLOGY



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

A skeleton, the biggest that anyone had ever seen, was uncovered. Everyone agreed that the bones were of some type of animal but no one could imagine what kind of a creature could be so huge.

Immediately, speculation began about the bones. As the word spread, gawkers began lining up on the street trying to get a view. Old history books, with pictures of dinosaurs, were hastily retrieved from dusty attics and neighbors began talking of the Tyrannosaurus, and Trachodons that once stalked this region. One person who lived on Clinton even suggested calling the Smithsonian Institute to have them fly in experts.

Unfortunately, the puzzle was quickly solved and Huntsville missed the opportunity to become the site for an archeological dig. A local historian (Old Town's full of them) remembered hearing tales of an elephant being buried somewhere on Clinton Avenue and by putting two and two together, solved the mystery.

It seems as if a circus had come to town in the fall of 1893 and erected its tents about a half-mile outside of town in a location now known as Five Points. As the circus was packing up and getting ready to leave town, one of its elephants died. Circuses and traveling carnivals were notorious for leaving sick and dead animals behind, so when Sheriff Jere Murphee heard of the dead elephant, he quickly informed the circus that they could not leave town until the elephant was buried.

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

In retrospect, it seems as if Mr. Gentry might have been a bit on the lazy side, for instead of digging a hole to bury the carcass, he took the easy way out. On the 500 block

of East Clinton, there had at one time been an old brickworks, and adjacent to the works was a large hole from where the clay for the bricks had been dug. It was here that Gentry dumped the carcass, and finished filling in the hole with old bricks and rubble.

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

So the next time you go by 507 East Clinton, take a long look. It's probably the only house in America with an elephant buried underneath it. (Story written in 1993)



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Tweetie's Pet Tips

"These are real parakeet tips. Enough already about dogs and cats." (Tweetie)

Parakeets make for fun and entertaining pets, without requiring a lot of maintenance or cost. Given the proper care, parakeets can live as long as 10 to 14 years—nearly as long as cats and dogs. Here are a few ideas you can use to raise a happy, healthy bird!

1. Parakeets like Company

If you have a single bird, a mirror is practically a must. A lone parakeet will enjoy your company, but a mirror helps him feel less alone when you are not around.

Consider getting a second bird for ideal level of companionship for your parakeet. However, you may want to keep multiple birds separate when they are young so they will learn to bond with humans rather than just other birds.

2. Be Sure to Vary the Food

Plain old bird seed gets old fast. Pet stores and most supermarkets sell a range of birdie treats, from clip-on treat sticks to millet sprays to birdie biscuits. You can also give your birds small pieces of fruit as a special treat. Tweetie just loves cilantro!

3. Parakeets Love Toys

Parakeets are playful creatures. There are many toy options you can get for your bird, from rings to swings to bells and beads. Parakeets are drawn to shiny things that make noise, and objects they can move around with their beaks or feet. Just take care that any toy you give your parakeet does not have small parts which can come off and become a choking hazard. Don't over-clutter the cage, either, but rotate through several different toys for variety.

4. Earn Their Trust

With parakeets, trust may take months to build. He will likely be very shy when you first bring him home, but his personality will



emerge within a few weeks. Build trust by placing your finger in front of your bird. Do this every day until it gets the courage to hop on.

After a few days of this, try coaxing your bird by gently nudging your finger against its lower chest. With patience, you will build trust in this way. Do not worry if your bird is slow to trust you. Eventually it will be climbing all over you. Just remember the next tip...

5. Never Grab Your Parakeet

To a small bird, few things are more terrifying than an open hand reaching in and grabbing it against its will. Trust between bird and human can evaporate quickly if you grab the little guy. Your parakeet might frustrate you in the beginning by refusing to sit on your finger. But resist the urge to grab. I've found it very helpful to buy a cage with a top that detaches—this allows you to easily let your birds out without grabbing and pulling them through the cage door.

6. Parakeets Love to Sing

In fact they can be quite loud! They will chirp, sing, and squawk on their own, but they love to sing along to music or even your own singing. If you're not vocally gifted, try playing some music near your birds and see how they react. If you are away all day, consider leaving the radio on for them at a moderate volume.



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From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Judge Lawler Murder

by Tom Carney

Murder, mayhem, black-mail, shoot-outs, bootlegging, election contests, and suicides were all part of the most scurrilous period in Madison County history, and before the turmoil settled, almost all of the county officials, Huntsville city officials, and judges were stained by it.

The most notorious political murder in the history of the state occurred in Madison County in the year 1916.

The weird beginning was on June 4, 1916, when Probate Judge W.T. Lawler was attending a Chatauqua on the school grounds of East Clinton School, with Japanese lanterns everywhere, gas torches flaring, and mobs of people enjoying the entertainment brought to them by the Red-path Chatauqua Company. Witnesses would later claim to have seen Judge Lawler talking to someone on the phone at about 8 p.m. that night.

That was the last time anyone ever saw Judge Lawler alive.

Huntsville and Madison County, at the time, were a hot bed of corruption. There were allegations of prostitution, policemen hauling moonshine in police vehicles, gamblers paying city officials in order to operate, and court cases being dismissed because of political "pull."

There were reports of gun battles between rival bootleg

gangs over territorial rights.

One store in West Huntsville, a front for gambling operations, was dynamited when the operators refused to pay for "protection."

Depending upon which story you want to believe, Judge Lawler was either a reformer who was going to rid Huntsville of corruption, or was as deeply involved in the graft as all of the other officials.

Judge Lawler's lifeless body was discovered the next day by ferry man Percy Brooks at the Hambric Slough Bridge on Aldridge Creek. The body was found to have been weighted down by heavy pieces of iron—later identified by Ed Green as having come from the Madison

County jail. Gary Clinton, a 15 year-old, told of seeing bloodstains on the bridge. The body was brought to Huntsville for burial. Accounts of the day claim that over ten thousand people attended the funeral.

Feelings in Huntsville ran so high that the Governor was forced to bring in three companies of National Guard to keep control in the area.

Upon being questioned, Brooks, the ferry man, told a story that implicated C.N. Nails and David Overton. Nails was the Madison County Court Clerk and Overton



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was an ex-Police Chief who had resigned to run for Probate Judge.

Nails was indicted by the grand jury and arrested. Later, while searching his offices, officials found evidence in his desk, consisting of a revolver that had been recently fired.

The same day that Nails was arrested, at exactly 4:45 p.m., a shot rang out in the county jail and Sheriff Bob Phillips was found dead with the alleged murder weapon at his side. A handwritten note stated that it was more than he could bear, just being suspected of involvement in the Lawler murder.

At this time, no one had even questioned his involvement.

Out of jail on bond, Nails tried to get Shelby Pleasants to represent him as his attorney. Pleasants was an attorney who was also a former legislator and had represented Lawler in earlier political cases.

Pleasants refused to see Nails. Then, to even further complicate matters, Pleasants committed suicide. No reason was ever given.

The grand jury, in its investigation, had condemned conditions in Huntsville. The report claimed that a whiskey racket was responsible for much of the corruption in the county.

Chief of Police Kirby and patrolman George Blanton decided to resign.

Again, no reason was given.

Meanwhile, Overton had taken off for parts unknown. He was later captured in Smithville, Tenn., on September 25, and returned to Huntsville to stand trial. Two days

earlier, a grand jury indictment was made public saying that Dave Overton and Charles Nails killed Lawler with a pistol. The city and county were inflamed with the latest accusations

B.M. Miller, later to become Governor of Alabama, was appointed a special judge for the case. Assistant Attorney General J.F. Thompson and Jefferson County Solicitor Joseph R. Tate were placed in charge of the prosecution, assisted by local attorney Douglas Taylor. B.M. Allen of Birmingham and Huntsville's Charles Grimmett were the defense lawyers.

The defense entered a plea of innocent for both Overton and Nails. A packed courtroom heard the State lay out a convincing case against Overton and anxiously awaited his appearance after the State rested its case on November 23, 1916.

On November 24, Overton broke down. He said he had killed Judge Lawler in self-defense, to save his own life.

His story was that he met the judge in the courthouse basement that fateful night and drove with him in Overton's buggy down Whitesburg Pike to a store building

on the Tennessee River. They stopped at the Aldridge Creek Bridge to talk.

Overton's claim was that Lawler wanted him to try and fix a grand jury investigation on election frauds. Overton said that he refused. Then, Overton said, Lawler became furious with him, grabbing him and slashing him with a knife across the temple, cheek, eye, throat, and chest.

At that point, Overton pulled a gun and smashed Lawler in the head time and time again, testimony claimed. Overton said he went to see the Sheriff at the jail and told him the whole story, and what had occurred.

Sheriff Phillips told Overton to go back and stay with the ferry man Brooks and to return the next day with Brooks. Phillips said he would then look after the body of the judge. Overton said he later saw Sheriff Phillips and that the Sheriff said the body would never be seen again.

Despite the plea of self-defense, the jury found Overton guilty and rendered a verdict of death. Overton was removed to the Jefferson County jail on December 8, 1916. Nails went free, totally exonerated.

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The citizens of Huntsville thought that now, finally, the case was over. However, the following year, on March 20, 1917, seven prisoners including Overton, escaped from the Jefferson County jail, reputedly using a wooden pistol. A waiting automobile sped off with the escapees.

On a tip, officers went to the neighborhood of J.R. Tate, who had prosecuted Overton, and a gun battle erupted with six of the escaped convicts. Two were killed, including Overton, who had earlier proclaimed, "I will never hang!"

The body of Overton was brought back to Huntsville for burial.

The Sheriff of Jefferson County had to face impeachment charges brought as a re-

sult of Overton's escape from jail.

Tragedy continued to follow the participants.

Percy Brooks, the able-bodied ferry man, met a horrible death two years later when he was run over by a freight train.

Former Circuit Court Clerk Nails died in 1918 from a flu virus. The son of Sheriff Phillips strangely committed suicide in Arkansas, also, in 1918.

No one has ever claimed to know the full story of how that bizarre case came about. Other theories exist today about who murdered whom, but the court record is the only documented evidence.

Part of the background undoubt-

edly dates back to the 1913 Grand Jury recommendation for impeachment of the Probate Judge, the Circuit Court Clerk, and County Commissioners.

Over the years numerous tales and legends have popped up concerning the Lawler murder case. There are people who claim that Overton took the blame for other officials. These officials supposedly then reneged on the deal that had been made and let Overton be sentenced to death.

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Street News 1904

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* When you get ready to move up to Monte Sano, let us know. Your groceries won't cost you one cent more delivered on Monte Sano than they do delivered to this city. John P. King, Grocery Co.

* Injured in runaway

As the result of a runaway accident near the Wade Mattress Factory yesterday afternoon, Mrs. R. B. Searcy was badly injured and Mrs. Frank J. Thompson was painfully bruised..

The ladies were driving in front of the factory when the horse got his tail over one of the reins and began to run. Mrs. Searcy attempted to jump out of the buggy and was thrown with great force against the ground, the back of her head striking against the stone curbing and cutting the scalp very badly. Mrs. Thompson did not jump but was thrown from the buggy a little further down the street. She was painfully bruised but was not cut.

Mrs. Searcy's wound is believed to be serious. The ladies were attended to by Dr. Brooks and last night both were resting quietly.

* Joe Mason Arrested - Egg King taken up for Retailing Liquor

He claims that he did not sell whiskey but only bought it for his friends. Joseph Mason, the well known egg and produce dealer, was tried before

Commissioner Greenleaf yesterday on a charge of retailing whiskey, and was placed under bond for appearance before the next Grand Jury of the US. Court. The revenue men claim that Mason has been violating the revenue laws with impunity for several years and has kept a wide section of Paint Rock Valley supplied with whiskey.

Mason, on the other hand, claims that he was not selling whiskey but that he merely took orders for it and delivered it to his friends and customers whom he desired to accommodate and, furthermore, that he made no profit whatsoever by delivering the li-

quor.

The case is unique and will be an interesting one for the next grand jury to pass upon.

* The funeral for Mrs. J. E. Pierce was conducted yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock from the residence on Meridian Street. Revs W. M. Murray and H. E. Rice officiated. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. Dr. O. J. Brooks, Dr. I. B. Wyatt, Will Dilworth, J. O. Jones, Prof. S. R. Butler, Jno. T. Jones, R. E. Pettus and Walter Miller served as all pallbearers.



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Fried Catfish: American raised catfish fillet breaded in cornmeal and fried to perfection. Served with your choice of two sides.

Smoked Beef Brisket: NO ONE DOES IT BETTER! Smoked slow and cooked until it falls apart. Topped with Brown Gravy. Served with two sides of your choice.

Sauteed Tilapia Fillet: For the healthy minded a nice boneless fillet seasoned with dill and lemon. Served with your choice of two sides.

BBQ Ribs: Mouth watering goodness guaranteed to make your tongue slap your brain crazy! Served with BBQ sauce and two sides of you're choosing.

BBQ Chicken: Hickory Smoked for just the right length of time, served with BBQ sauce or white sauce and two sides.

Cuban Sandwich: Thin sliced ham and smoked pork butt served with cheese, mustard and pickles on a toasted hoagie roll. Messy but worth it! Served with one side item.

Smoked Boston Butt: Slowly smoked, tender and juicy hand pulled, served with BBQ sauce. Served with two side items.

Black Angus Hand Pattied Burger: Black Angus lean ground chuck, cooked to order, and served with lettuce, tomato and onion, on a toasted bun. Add cheese and bacon if you like at an additional cost. And served with one side item.

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"New federal law requires that all nail clippers, screwdrivers, fly swatters and rolled-up newspapers must be registered by January 2036."

Headline in year 2030

A Notable Wedding

by the Editor of the
Huntsville Independent,
October 30, 1879

Enclosed is a very humorous newspaper report of a 1879 wedding that I thought might interest your readers since it has been written in such an unusual style — containing highly embellished figurative language that one never encounters today.

The two brides were my father's, (William Clyde Campbell), older sisters. He was 3 years old at the time of the wedding.

In the year 1879 it would seem that this particular man, Editor of "The Independent" reporting on a wedding was not concerned or interested in giving information about the brides and grooms, but rather was more concerned about the length of the ceremony and the food that would be available after the ceremony. This reporter was very free with his flowery and romantic descriptions of the setting and the reception.

Because this announcement is so different from today's elaborate write-ups of weddings, I wonder if this was typical of wedding announcements of that day or was this just one man's view???

Some of the descendants of these two couples as well as John W. Campbell and wife may still be in the Huntsville area today.

Sincerely,
Mary Sue Campbell
Oak Ridge, TN



This wedding announcement appeared in "The Independent", a Huntsville, Alabama newspaper on October 30, 1879.

"I desire to tell you of a notable wedding. Two miles northeast of Whitesburg near the foot of the lofty mountain which hides the early sunrise from that city, nestles quietly a romantic little villa, amid the sturdy oaks and giant poplars which fringe the scene with beauty and grandeur.

No lovelier natural spot decks the foot of Switzerland and no nobler heart animates the bosom of living man or woman than is possessed by its noble owner, John V. Campbell and his amiable and hospitable lady, the daughter of the late Dr. Davis Moore, of Vienna.

It was there on the evening of the 22nd, that I was among the hundred or more guests who had been summoned to witness the nuptials of two of his lovely daughters. Mr. Robert King led to the bridal altar Miss Mollie B. Campbell, Mr. Harvey S. Lee accompanied him and united in marriage to Miss Effie Campbell, the four being united at the same time, Rev. John M. Hamer officiating in the ceremony.

The minister, our quondam friend, whose hand I had not shaken since "Antebellum" days, delivered a short, pithy and pertinent "Salutatory" and I must confess that I was well

pleased with his brevity.

I am a believer in the prayers of good men, knowing that they, like bread cast upon the waters, will return after many days. Well do I remember, a quarter of a century ago, when I acted as groomsman to the father of these two lovely girls, standing on the floor for twenty minutes, listening to the earnest appeal of the late Rev. D. K. Hunter to the Throne of Grace, in behalf of the young couple.

Right well too, do I remember the suggestion of a friend that the parson prayed too long, as, he being a righteous man, every word would be answered and I reckon it has been.

As soon as the congratulations were over, we were led by my host to the spacious table, groaning beneath the rich collection of good things indigenous to the country, backed by a little foreign importation.

The nectar and ambrosia of the gods were not before us but were so well imitated that we partook freely and were as happy as the frequenters of Olympus. After supper, the Terrell band gave us some music, and the young folks lost no time in utilizing every stroke of the bow. The dancing continued to a late hour, when Morpheus began to make his demands upon the assemblage, and one by one we yielded."

Celebrating 26 Years of Service to Youngsters



golden K kiwanis

Golden K Kiwanis Club of Huntsville was chartered by Kiwanis International 26 years ago. During the last 23 years, members have distributed Old Huntsville Magazine in Huntsville and Madison County, raising more than \$500,000 for youth projects.

**For the magazine rack nearest to you, see location on Golden K website below or purchase a copy at Wal-Mart, MAPCO or Dollar General Stores.....
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Alabama A&M • Oakwood College • Calhoun Community College

Golden K Kiwanians meet on Thursdays at 8 AM at the Downtown Rescue Mission, 1400 Evangel Drive, for breakfast and programs of interest

JOIN US AND WE WILL SET ANOTHER PLACE AT THE TABLE

Golden K Kiwanis of Huntsville • Alabama

Elections

by Leo Larkin



We never enter an election period without my thinking of my family's stories and history of politics. Take the couple that lived next door to my grandmother Thomas. Will was a Democrat and Leoma was a Republican (or vice-versa). Will was a little, dried-up man who spoke harshly; mostly with grunts. Leoma was a fairly large woman with a loud, coarse voice that rattled when she talked. They always made sure to cancel each other's votes.

One year, they decided that they just wouldn't vote. There was no need, was it, since they voted against each other? Well, Leoma didn't go to the polls. Hadn't they agreed? Later that day, she met a woman at the store who commented that she had seen Will at the polls. Leoma hurried as fast as she could and got to the polls just in time to cancel Will's vote.

Will was real fond of sitting on the front porch and enticing folks to come on up, sit and talk, with the promise of dinner. Of course, he was trying to convince them to come around to his way of thinking.

One such day, he had

someone listening to his point of view and he kept promising that Leoma would have dinner ready. "I don't know what's taking Leoma so long to get dinner, but she'll have it directly," he said. And, he had to say it more than once. Finally, he went in to check and Leoma was nowhere to be found. There was no dinner on the stove, either. She had gone to my grandmother's to hide out because she was tired of cooking for his private political rallies.

When I was a child, my Grandmother Thomas was the chairman of her precinct. She would campaign for any candidate who would promise her a blacktop road. Of course, with no car or telephone and using a cane while walking over gravel roads, her campaigning was limited.

I can remember men in the community coming in a car to pick up Grandfather Thomas, who was blind from cataracts and nearly deaf. They loaded him and a wheelchair to take him to the polls. I'm sure they had to mark his ballot for him. (Notice how we've come back around to marking your ballot with pen?)

My grandmother Wilcutt voted for Hoover and never voted again. My Grandfa-

ther Wilcutt and my Uncle Bill were elected Judge and Mayor of their community. Most of their family was Democrat, with one son Republican. Discussions were lively. My mother quit voting when they started using voting machines.

Daddy was very intelligent and neighbors always picked his brain, trying to make a decision of whom to vote for. Daddy would say that if so and so says he's for so and so, then why did he vote no, or vice-versa. I believe he had a photographic memory that allowed him to remember how they voted.

He never told anyone how to vote, but I depended on him to help me decide who to vote for; I didn't pay attention to politics.

One year, the election

"In elementary school, in case of fire, you have to line up in a single file from smallest to tallest. What is the logic? Do tall people burn slower?"

Warren Hutcherson

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Michael Clay * Jeff Worley

Over 30 years experience

was one week after my son was born. I couldn't get into my clothes yet, but Daddy insisted that I vote, and took me to the polls in my robe.

Well, Daddy moved away and later died. I tried to do what I should and vote, but my voting place was moved from Hazel Green to Sulfur Springs. I had to go home from work a different route. A single mom and *working*, how dare they put more stress on me than I already had!

I quit voting unless it was someone I especially wanted to be elected. When I made it to the polls, the watchers laughed at me because I was angry at the change in the location. Then, many years later, I married a man who VOTES! He won't let me sluff off by not going to the polls.

We're bombarded with political news until I'm worn out with it. We've been married 21 years and, so far, we've always come to an agreement about the candidate. As of yet, we haven't cancelled each other's votes. I believe our marriage would still stand if we did choose opposing candidates.

Anita Clark was a friend and her father, Dudley, ran for County Commissioner. I was still in high school, but I went to some of the po-

litical rallies. The one that still sticks in my mind was at a black church. The candidates went, individually, on Sundays to speak to the congregation. This was a common practice back then. Dudley went on to win and continued to run for office until he retired.

On one of the later campaigns, my son, Dan, was about four years old. Like many young children, he talked like Elmer Fudd. We helped Dudley campaign and Dan would tell folks to

"bote for Dudwey Cwark."

One day, he'd been watching a movie on television and came into the kitchen to say, "Mama, I'm not going to bote for Dudwey Cwark." I replied, "You're not! Who are you going to vote for?"

He solemnly replied, "John Wayne." I thought, "Oh yeaaaah!"





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Anna Netrebko and Antonio Pappalardo in *L'Elisir d'Amore*

The Metropolitan Opera, Live in HD 2012-2013

The Metropolitan Opera's Emmy and Peabody award-winning series of live performance transmissions returns to movie theaters across the United States this fall. The seventh season of The Met: Live in HD begins with Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* on Saturday, October 13 and will feature 12 live and 12 encore presentations through May 2013.

All live events take place on Saturdays. In addition to the live events, encore performances will be exhibited on select Wednesdays after the respective live event*. The full schedule of events follows below.

Don't miss the chance to experience the excitement of the Metropolitan Opera, including interviews and behind-the-scenes features exclusive to the Live in HD series, all at your neighborhood movie theater!

Tickets are available at Regal's Hollywood 18 box office or online via FathomEvents.com - Hollywood 18 Theatre at 3312 So. Mem. Pkwy., Huntsville, AL 35801

PRICING Adult \$24, Senior \$22 and Child \$18.
+Prices vary by location

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10/13 - *L'Elisir d'Amore* LIVE

11/7 - *L'Elisir d'Amore* ENCORE

10/27 - *Otello* LIVE

11/14 - *Otello* ENCORE

11/10 - *The Tempest* LIVE

11/28 - *The Tempest* ENCORE

12/1 - *La Clemenza di Tito* LIVE

12/19 - *La Clemenza di Tito* ENCORE

12/8 - *Un Ballo in Maschera* LIVE

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Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

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2. **Growing up in the Rocket City: A Baby Boomer's Guide** (over 200 Photos/illustrations) by Tommy Towery \$15
3. **Historic Huntsville: (2002 edition)** by Elise Hopkins Stephens \$18 (new price)
4. **Huntsville Entertains - History & Recipes by** Historic Huntsville Foundation \$12
5. **Yankee Bands in Dixie's Land - Music CD** by Olde Towne Brass \$15
6. **Huntsville Sketchbook - over 100 color paintings** by local artists \$25
7. **True Tales of Old Madison County - back in stock -** by Pat Jones \$7.95
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